

APRIL, 1912

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THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



Drawn by Alexander Popini.

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Read what ARTHUR WALLACE CALHOUN says on

SOCIALISM vs. INDIVIDUALISM



THE COLUMBUS SPEECH

By MATTHEW R. EMMONS

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S much-heralded and now everywhere-read address of Washington's Birthday marked a turning point in the 1912 campaign; but it is not in that aspect that it has greatest interest to the Socialist. From two short subsidiary paragraphs in the address the Socialist may draw a pointer far more vital than any result of the present campaign, a pointer towards the path which this nation is going to take on its way from the jungle of Capitalism to the fair land of Co-operation—the road by which we Americans shall reach the Socialist commonwealth.

To the Socialist one thing in the present business situation is plain: that the trusts are here to stay; that they cannot be broken up; that business cannot be turned back into the old channels of competition. This one thing ought to be plain to any sensible observer, Socialist or not; for by necessity the masses of the people will not sanction any act which would stop the wheels of business, produce a crash in trade, and so take away the jobs and incomes of multitudes. Yet this evident fact the leaders of the old parties refuse to recognize; they evade it in all sorts of ways. Taft, Bryan, Cummins, La Follette still profess to believe that we are going back to competition, that by legislation we can and will bring back the day of independent small corporations eternally striving to snatch business from each other. The canny Wilson gives us delphic utterances about the immense transformation which business has undergone and which calls for a corresponding transformation in our system of law for business, but he does not tell us in the concrete what he means, what kind of change business has been through and what kind of change law must take on.

Only Roosevelt puts forth a frank proposal as to the Trusts. This proposal is two-fold: one-half is "stand pat," the other half is "progressive." He proposes, on the one hand, that we stop trying to break up the big corporations; and, on the other hand, that we set up a power over against them, a bureau of government, which shall rigidly control them. In this two-fold scheme of legislation, he is defining the only attitude the people can take which will put into effect their opposing states of feeling towards the Trusts—despair of doing away with them, yet thorough distrust of them. This is therefore the attitude to which the people must shortly come, and Roosevelt's greatness lies in the certitude of genius with which he has discerned the inevitable in the people's minds and has put it into form.

All this is interesting, but to the Socialist it is not yet the vital point. That is found in the specifying of certain of the powers which the controlling bureau is to have, those powers which are stated in these two little paragraphs in Roosevelt's address:

"We should not fear, if necessary, to bring the regulation of big corporations to the point of controlling conditions so that the wage worker shall have a wage more than sufficient to cover the bare cost of living, and hours of labor not so excessive as to wreck his strength by the strain of unending toil and leave him unfit to do his duty as a good citizen in the community."

"Where regulation by competition (which is, of course, preferable) proves insufficient, we should not shrink from bringing governmental regulation to the point of control of monopoly prices if it should ever become necessary to do so, just as in exceptional cases railway rates are now regulated."

The controlling bureau is then to have power to fix, on the one hand, prices; and, on the other hand, wages. Let the Socialist imagine this controlling bureau established and working; let him also imagine the government transformed into what Roosevelt calls a "pure democracy," under which every branch of the government will be quickly responsive to the will of the people. The controlling bureau will have three interests to consider in its course as to prices and wages; the general public as consumers, demanding low prices; the workers in each several industry demanding high wages; and the stockholders demanding high prices and low wages, for the sake of their dividends. The pressure of the general public and of the wage workers will grow stronger and more compelling year by year, while the pressure of the stockholders will grow relatively weaker. The stockholders will by and by find themselves between the upper and the

CONTENTS

Cover. By Alexander Popini.....	1
The Columbus Speech. By Matthew R. Emmons.....	2
Editorials.....	3
The Question. By Mary Ellen Sigbee.....	4
Our Presidential Candidate.....	5
The Changing of the Looms. By Gardiner Ladd.....	6
Plumley. Illustrated by Maurice Becker.....	6
Direct and Indirect Action. By Ellis O. Jones.....	8
The Mother.....	9
A Revolutionary Transformation. By Piet Vlag.....	10
Collectivism vs. Individualism. By Arthur Wallace.....	11
Calhoun.....	11
Socialism of Today. By John Temple Graves, Jr.....	12
Two Months in Schenectady. By Walter Lippmann.....	13
Germinal. Part II. By Emile Zola.....	14
Illustrated by H. J. Turner.....	14
The Minimum Wage Across the Water.....	16
Jeffersonian vs. Social Democracy. By Lena Morrow Lewis.....	17
The Way You Look at It.....	18
The Doctors of Social Ills.....	19
Premium Offers.....	20

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nether millstones; and must eventually be squeezed out. The moment must come when they (as Kautsky has prophesied) will appeal to the government to assume ownership of the industries, on terms as favorable as the people will then stand. After that step has been taken, the government will have only two interests to consult in regard to any given industry: the interest of the consumers, and the converse interest of the workers in the given industry. The natural way to organize these two interests in permanent equilibrium will be to put each industry under control of a board of directors of whom half are appointed by the workers of that industry and half by the government on behalf of the consumers.

By this path we shall have arrived at a fragment of the Co-operative Commonwealth, a fragment as large as any one great industry so transformed; and, when all the great industries have been so transformed, and the federation of the great industries sits down in legislative bodies with the representatives of the farmers and of the other individual workers, and establishes the provisions, natural then, for the young, the disabled, the old and those out of employment, we shall have the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Taking the situation as it is now, do not these steps appear probable, one by one in sequence; and are they not therefore the likely steps of Economic and Social Evolution during the twentieth century?

AN APOLOGY

By a regrettable oversight, in the last issue of THE MASSES Mr. Dean Langmuir, of Schenectady, was referred to as the Comptroller of that city. Mr. J. L. Meyers is the incumbent of that position and Mr. Langmuir is Deputy under him. The error was entirely the fault of one of THE MASSES' staff, and is greatly regretted.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

THE following amendment to the constitution of the Socialist Party has been proposed by Local Meridian, Washington. We hope it will soon find many indorsements and be put to a referendum vote before our National Convention takes place:

"Any member of the party who advocates illegal methods or violence as a means of working-class emancipation, except when such may be justified in defense of our acquired rights of suffrage and our other constitutional guarantees, shall be expelled from membership in the party."

"Comment: The tactics of the Socialist Party proceed from the theory that our present rights of suffrage, free speech and free assemblage afford the basis of working-class emancipation through peaceful means. The present laws represent the will of the majority which has returned their makers to power repeatedly. By doing violence to these laws, capitalistic though they may be, we would do violence to the will of the majority."

"As Debs, in substance, says, the American workman is law-respecting, and no amount of sneering will change the fact. And it is our great hope that in case the capitalists attempt to cheat us out of our elections, this very respect for the law will rally to our aid those who are otherwise indifferent to us. Let the capitalists be the first to break the laws and our task of overthrowing them will be the easier."

"Finally, if we allow to continue the present propaganda for 'sabotage' and violence as working-class weapons, the capitalist class will logically conclude that the party is too saturated with such ideas to permit their denunciation. The party will then become the stamping ground for police spies and provoking agents, who will work untold damage therein."

"Our true task at the present time lies in the education and organization of the masses. Our work at present must be, not destructive, but constructive."

The phraseology of the above has not been copied from THE MASSES, as we are not aware of having readers in Meridian, Wash. It merely shows how thoughts traveling in the same direction will produce similar results.

THE DAY OF A MAN

"THE DAY OF A MAN" is the title of a story written for THE MASSES by Mary Heathor Vorse, the popular magazine-writer, which will appear in the next number of the magazine. Mrs. Vorse writes well, is a keen observer and a big woman. That is why she is well paid by the capitalistic magazines, but never have they published a story like "The Day of a Man." Read it and judge for yourself.

We shall also have another Zola story next month. Do not miss it. Keep these stories. There will be five of them altogether. They contain a deep fund of information on the struggles of the working people.

Last month we published the first story, "The Mine." In the current number you will find "The People," the second story. Next month we shall publish "The Strike," followed respectively by "The Riot" and "The Organization."

Another very important feature of the next number will be "Working-Class Political Action" by a number of well-known European Socialist representatives.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ

"Socialism and Success: Some Uninvited Messages," by W. J. Ghent. Price, \$1.00 net; postage, 15c.

"Socialism and Individualism," by Sidney Webb. Price, 75c. net; postage, 10c.

"Socialism and Superior Brains," by Bernard Shaw. Price, 75c. net; postage, 10c.

"The Commonsense of Municipal Trading," by Bernard Shaw. Price, 75c. net; postage, 10c.

"American Socialism of the Present Day," by Jessie Wallace Hughan. Price, \$1.25 net; postage, 12c.

"The Criminal and the Community," by Dr. James Devon. Price, \$1.75 net; postage, 15c.

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EDITORIALS



THE LESSON OF LAWRENCE



THE Lawrence strike will, in all probability, have been settled by the time you read this. The strikers will have won either the entire 15 per cent. increase demanded, or a large part of it.

And as it is a struggle of the past, we may well consider, for the benefit of future similar occasions, what caused it, how it came about and how it was won.

In the first place, it was not a "strike"—it was a revolt. A strike had not even been thought of by these poor mill slaves five minutes before they revolted because of their decreased pay. They had been driven too hard to be able to think of organization, ballots, or anything else except bread, molasses, water, and the infernal whirring of the mills. They were enduring the last strain of human resistance. The mill owners did not know this. They thought there was no last strain to the bow with which they were shooting it into the people. Then, entirely unexpectedly, this good old bowstring snapped and produced a most extraordinary condition.

A most extraordinary condition, indeed, when strikers will not even take notice of the most extreme violent measures against them, much less waver in their demands.

The Lawrence situation was extraordinary in more ways than one. Not only the mill slaves but the outside public revolted against the mill owners of Massachusetts. Think of it! The public actually protested against the infringement upon constitutional guarantees and liberties! For once the Anglo-Saxon race showed that these political liberties, which they had established after centuries of struggle, could not be annulled without a battle.

When, without a shadow of legal right, the Lawrence authorities stopped the strikers' children from going to friends who could maintain them while the strike lasted, a clamor of protest arose all over the country from all sorts of people. Among the many prominent people who personally investigated the conditions in Lawrence was Senator Poindexter of Washington, and as a result of his observations he said: "Practically all constitutional guarantees and immunities had been suspended." He further said: "There is no free speech, no right of assemblage, no right to know upon what charge one is arrested, no right of habeas corpus, at present in Lawrence. One is conservative in saying that Russian conditions exist in that city. Conditions as they are in Lawrence have only been equaled in modern history by the English in their war against the Boers, when they starved the women and children of the Boer fighters in the English concentration camps, and thus forced their surrender."

After this declaration, Berger and Wilson moved the Congressional investigation which is now going on. Next to the organized activity of the Socialist party, this was undoubtedly the most important factor in winning the Lawrence strike.

Furthermore, the Congressional investigation has caused the lifting of the curtain which is usually hung over the class struggle. Berger's protest against the acceptance of blood money by the children from the Lawrence bosses' representatives when a collection was made before the committee to pay their hotel and traveling expenses, revealed to the whole country like a flash of lightning the deep abhorrence of the Socialist heart for Capitalism, its hateful spirit and ways. It was a wholesome lesson. The country for once saw behind the geniality which has made Berger a favorite in Congress, the steely glitter of his devotion to cause and class.



THE BIGGEST EVENT IN A CENTURY



JUST a half a century ago Karl Marx decided to prove the workability of his theories by organizing "The International."

"Organize the workers of all countries into one union, and they will be provided with a most powerful

weapon against the capitalist class," said Marx, and then proceeded to organize.

Easier said than done. Because all theories have to be propounded before they can be practiced. Big theories like those of Karl Marx require many years of preparatory propaganda before they can be tried.

To-day, after many decades, the workers of Europe are demonstrating the correctness of the theories of Marx.

The English coal miners have gone on strike *en masse*. At the present writing the German coal miners are ready to go out, and the French to follow their example. Not some of them, but all of them, and there is even a probability that the Americans will have joined when you read this.

This is exactly the kind of strike Karl Marx tried to promote by means of the International. That is why the capitalist press exclaims, "This is not a strike—it is a revolution!"

However, this exclamation of the press does not surprise us, but it does astonish us to hear that the English Government, instead of pursuing the usual course of protecting the employers without regard to the rights of the toilers, has apparently executed an about-face and has suggested to the mine operators to pay their workers a living minimum wage or else that they may have to abandon their property and let the Government run it. All scruples and debates about the evil influences of paternalism seem to have been abandoned. The sacred right of property has been ignored as if it were just so much piffle. Some people say it is piffle, but then—oh, well, the cranks will always be against us, says the fat man!

But seriously, why this inexplicable wonderful change on the part of the English Government?

Why? Because might is right! The European miners have the might just now! That is why the theories which serve their interests have become right!

Karl Marx's idea was a little bigger than "Miners of the world, unite!" His dream was, "Workers of the world, unite!"

We assure you, the capitalists will have visions of the realization of this dream before long!



GERMANY OR FRANCE?



WE have been rebuked for what some have considered a personal attack upon Haywood and others in recent issues of *THE MASSES*. For once and all, we wish to state that we sincerely regret that such sterling devotees of the working class do not place themselves among the exponents of political action. Such men, ardent and loyal, should add to their sincerity of devotion, the clear-sightedness that would range them with the rest of us on the political field; for wherever in any country revolutionists of the quality of Haywood and the others alluded to have denounced political action and consequently parted from the Socialist mass, deplorable results have followed for the entire working class.

In France, for example, on the one side the Syndicalist movement has developed to an extent where they apologize for (in fact sometimes eulogize) the murdering and thieving Apaches. For reference, read the stories in "Le Bataille Syndicaliste." Think of it, defending the Apache who is clever enough to use the philosophy of the Syndicalist as a cloak for his thieving operations. The Apache who is better known in this country as a "cadet" or a hoodlum. The Apache who will only steal when no one else will do it for him.

At the other extreme, the French Socialist political situation has produced renegades such as Clemenceau, Briand, Viviani. What is the result? The Socialist party of France has actually decreased, both in numbers and in influence. If these comrades who had the making of extremists in them, one way or the other, had conformed to the discipline of the Socialist party as they have done in Germany, the movement would have benefited by their influence, would have grown in numbers and in strength. But their rejection of united Socialist political action put these active-minded comrades out of the ranks, more's the pity!

Nor is France the only country where such harm has happened. Practically the same conditions exist in Italy. In Holland likewise the growth of the party is practically at a standstill, because the extremists, first under Nieuwenhuis and later under Roland Holst, withdrew from the ranks of the party. The Labor party in England would be much stronger and more radical to-day had the English extremists remained active within the party instead of excluding themselves from it.

Therefore we consider it of the utmost importance to bring this matter to a focus here in the United States. It must be fully discussed. The party's future depends upon it. Which shall it be? The tactics of the German Social Democratic Party—a highly organized unit which abides its time for the ultimate blow without losing a single chance to do the right things now? Or shall a few fervid but unreasoning emotionalists lead us through the diastrophic course from which France and other countries have suffered and are suffering?



THE ONE BIG PARTY



THE "One Big Union" idea is all right. So is the agitation for Socialism within the American Federation of Labor. Nor is there anything wrong with the movement for "One Big Family of Consumers."

All these movements have their place and should be supported by Socialists, provided they tend toward the making of a "Big Party." Then, and then only, should we favor these movements.

Those who work within the American Federation of Labor because they are dissatisfied with the character of the Socialist party, and somewhere in the recesses of their heart of hearts foster the notion that the American Federation of Labor may be turned into some sort of a Labor party, are wrong and should be severely criticised.

Those Industrial Unionists who decry and disclaim political action because of their emotional sympathy for the politically and industrially disfranchised workers, are also to be criticised. Such action is as silly as to throw away your own gun when rushing to the assistance of a group of unarmed comrades because you discover that unluckily they have not been able to secure weapons with which to fight their well-armed opponents.

Those co-operators who look upon their movement as a *cure-all* instead of considering it merely as a phase of the emancipation of the working class and an economic support to the Socialist party organization, are just as wrong.

The One Big Party should be the one idea of every Socialist, whatever he does. Whether voting, striking or buying together, it should always be done for the One Big Party. Then, and then only, shall we be able to develop an organization which may hope to combat successfully with organized capital.



THEY ARE COMING



IN the September, 1911, number of *THE MASSES* we said:

"Co-operative stores will form themselves into wholesales when they have grown so thick that there are twenty or twenty-five within what is known to-day as a wholesale district. A wholesale district has been narrowed down to a central delivering point with about twenty-five miles radius, or, in other words, within distance of easy truck delivery."

"Only under these conditions can wholesale co-operatives exist. Until such a wholesale is possible, the stores must buy from local wholesalers. It is to their advantage."

The comrades across the river in New Jersey have formed a purchasing alliance, taking in about ten retail Socialist co-operatives. The Italians are organizing a wholesale which will supply some fifty stores, and we have just received a letter from the Finnish Socialist Co-operative stores in Massachusetts, telling us they do a business now of over \$150,000 annually and want to form their own wholesale society.



Drawn by Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

THE QUESTION
WHY ARE WE HERE

?

THE MASSES



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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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OUR PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

IN the coming national election, for the first time in the history of the United States, the personnel of the Socialist Presidential candidate is going to play an important part.

You have been worrying your head about a good many candidates, from Teddy Roosevelt down to Willie Hearst. Don't you think it is about time you took a hand in the selection of the candidate of the party of your own class?

We don't care what you say about the Socialists, but you can't put it over on the Socialist party. If that party is not all you want it to be, don't blame any one but yourself. You are the man who is to decide upon that. It is to be shaped according to your will.

What have you done for the Socialist party beyond voting the Socialist ticket? Have you joined it? Are you helping it in finding its way? Or are you one of those disgruntled individualists whose struggles against the present system consist of merely casting a protest vote? If you are one of those, you are NOT one of us.

If you want to be one of us, as we want you to be, you must join our ranks, pay your twenty or twenty-five cents monthly dues, with which the organization is maintained, and participate in our conventions.

But, beyond that, you must help us to decide what policy, what tactics the party is to pursue to best further your interests. Right now we want you to decide with us and for us whether or not we are going to be a political party.

Of course, 95 per cent. of those who call themselves Socialists have fully made up their minds about that, and as you are part of the 95 per cent., you think this question is out of order. But you are wrong, my friend. It is not out of order, and what is more, it is up to you.

Until to-day you have left the entire management of the Socialist party to the militants—the fellows who were so bitter against the capitalist system that they were willing to undergo any personal sacrifice and even to beg for the Cause. Willing to do the work. Willing to write, to speak, to propagate and distribute literature.

These militants constitute a very small percentage of the membership of the party, yet they are about to decide upon a certain course of action for you of which you do not at all approve, and little will they be to blame if you permit them to do this.

They are about to present you with a Presidential candidate who considers political action as just so much piffle. Here is what Charles Edward Russell says about working-class political action in the September number of the *International Socialist Review*: "A proletarian movement can have no part, however slight, in the game of politics. The moment it takes a seat at that grimy board is the moment it dies within. After that it may for a time maintain a semblance of life and motion, but in truth it is only a corpse."

Sounds queer for a man who is about to run for President on the only working-class ticket in the country, doesn't it? And yet, unless you stop them, the militants, whose emotion is so much stronger than their logic, will make him your candidate unless by some miracle you wake up.

Nor is this question from Russell an unguarded or stray expression. If that were even possible, we would not comment upon it. No, my friend, there is about to be born in the United States a new movement, a movement with a well-defined policy, the policy of "Direct Action." Little use have the Direct Actionists for organized political action. Sabotage (plunder and destruction of the products put forth by their employers), general strike, and any other action (lawful or unlawful) which may be of seemingly immediate benefit are the tactics adopted by the "Direct Actionists" all over the world. Following the logical line of events such will be the tactics sooner or later of the Direct Actionists in America. They are the only possible tactics for that part of the working class who largely through their own lack of appreciation are industrially and politically disfranchised.

Surely, situations such as exist in Lawrence are well calculated to seemingly justify such action, yet no sane, sincere, well-informed Socialist will allow his emotions to get the better of him. These outrages only strengthen his determination to control the political power. To get on the right side of the gun.

Had the toilers in Lawrence voted right or even tried to get a vote, this awful blotch upon the history of the United States would never have been, and unless you take a little deeper interest in the party of your class, conditions like that will exist before long all over the country. Why not? There is nothing to stop them except your vote. A hundred or a thousand strikes like that in Lawrence will not stop the capitalists from exploiting you. They do not fear these unorganized, spontaneous outbursts. They are easy. These strikers can be shot down at so much per head.

What they fear is organization. If this Lawrence strike is won, as we expect it will be, the biggest part of the credit will go, whether the members realize it or not, to the Socialist party organization. Its prompt, concerted, intelligent action is the only effective weapon thus far used in this struggle. Only if the workers of the United States intercede and protest against the violation of all constitutional guarantees and immunities in Lawrence, will the mill owners of that city give in.

No declamations like Haywood's last Sunday, that he will not vote again unless conditions are changed, will stop the American Woolen Company in its purpose.

This method will be as ineffective as that of the Chinaman who commits suicide on the doorstep of his enemy's house.

Nor do the capitalists fear any such political action as that proposed by some of the half-and-half Direct

Actionists. They propose to vote, but not to elect; to consider the Socialist vote as an index to the number of converts we have made, and if we do elect some one by accident—like Berger, for instance—he should not propose anything new. He should just sit down and kick and kick and kick, and according to them the capitalists will get scared and set up the Co-operative Commonwealth at once!

Such is the kind of political action recommended by Charles Edward Russell in the March number of the *International Socialist Review*.

We believe it would pay J. P. Morgan to boost the circulation of such literature. Little have the capitalists to fear from such tactics.

What you need is what the capitalists fear—a thing they cannot shoot down with guns. You want a strongly organized political movement like the German workers have. The German Kaiser welcomes violence. That is the easiest of all to deal with. But he does not like the organization which teaches the workers to vote, buy and strike together. That awful organization of German workers which left all discussion of abstract questions behind, which abandoned metaphysics, and started a practical course in "How much can we take from the Kaiser this year?" And I assure you, my friends, they are taking it!

Ten to twenty-five years ago the radical and discontented Germans came to this land of plenty in large numbers. Not any more so to-day. They get as much if not more out of life at home than they do here.

That is the sort of organization you want, and you can have it. All you have to do is to take a little interest. Don't let the militants do all the work. Suppose you help them in selecting your next candidate. Suppose you see to it that you get a candidate who is more fit to represent you. If possible, a man of your own class. A man who has developed from your own ranks. There are plenty of good men among you. There is James A. Maurer, the Socialist legislator from Pennsylvania. He has spent a lifetime in the struggles of the working class. There is Adolf Germer, that sturdy organizer of the miners. Besides there are men like George R. Lunn, the enterprising young-blooded Socialist Mayor of Schenectady; Job Harriman, of Los Angeles; Carl D. Thompson, of Milwaukee; Max Hayes, of Cleveland, and J. Mahlon Barnes, of Philadelphia, and plenty of others who have proven by past performances to be reliable. Men who cannot be carried off their feet by their emotion.

Don't misunderstand us. There's nothing the matter with Comrade Russell, as a heart-Socialist, truest of the true. But he's on the wrong side of the big practical question that confronts the Socialist Party right now. That question is: Shall the working class vote to elect, and then use the power so gained, little or great, to better its condition? Comrade Russell answers "No." And that is the wrong answer!

THE CHANGING OF THE LOOMS

HOW JOSIAH HAMPTON DISCOVERED THAT THINGS HAVE A WAY OF COMING BACK, EVEN TO MILLIONAIRE MILL OWNERS

Written for THE MASSES

Illustrated by Maurice Becker.



HE electric lights of the mill in the valley below, violet, yellow and white, glowed and sparkled. On such a night the Rev. John Merton felt it was good to be alive and his voice broke out into a college song.

Beyond the mill the clergyman came into the unkempt fringe of the city's garment. The violet-tinted arc globes above showed blackened blotches of snow and puddles of filth covered with skins of gray ice.

Under one of these lights Merton came to a standstill. The imprint of a child's foot indicated that the bare toes had projected from a broken shoe. And near the print was a little splatter of blood.

A little farther Merton found that hob-nailed feet had obscured the other footprints. With difficulty the clergyman followed the double track. Down unpaved streets he hastened. Reeking tenements were on both sides, and with the yellow light from an open door came words in foreign tongues and shrill cries of infants.

At the end of the second block the footprints had separated. The boots had turned toward a saloon from which came the scraping of a fiddle; the bare toes and the blood stains continued for a short distance farther.

On the side of the street at the middle of the block sat a little girl. Her gown, made of one piece like a mealsack, clung closely to her slight body. The dirty white of her thin legs showed through her torn stockings, and her toes projected through the broken leather of one shoe.

She hid her face in her bare, bony arms, her tousled black hair falling over them. One hand was wrapped in a mass of stained rags.

Merton moved nearer. It was as he had thought; the rags were a bandage, stained with blood.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I don't darester tell you!" she exclaimed.

"Why not, you poor child?" he asked, moving nearer.

She made no reply, lowering her face so that the clergyman could see only a mass of tangled dark hair. Behind him he heard stumbling footsteps, and turning found himself confronted with a man of heavy features and dirty clothing.

"What yer chinnin' about?"

"I was asking the child what was the matter," quietly explained Merton.

"Is it any of yer — business?"

"It is my business!" exclaimed the clergyman.

"She works in the silk mill on Lincoln street. Th' boss is me friend. 'Tis he tells me she's — careless. That's how as she got her 'and inter th' cog! Then she has ter go an' pull off th' bandage comin' from th' mill doctor 'cause it hurts."

Merton turned his eyes toward the child. She sat quietly sobbing, leaning over the bandaged little arm.

"An' ye sees she's lost 'er job," continued the man in drunken reproach. "Winter's comin' an' she's gone an' lost her job! I tells ye" (he raised his voice to a sodden whine), "she's up an' lost her job an' winter's comin'."

"She's too little to be earning money," exclaimed the young man.

"Are you her father?" the clergyman asked. He did not believe it. There was something about the little figure that told a different story.

"I'm no tellin' ye!" came the sullen answer. "I'm no tellin' ye!"

A new element in the affair suddenly appeared in the street in the form of a very tall woman.

"What ye jawin' me man about?" she asked.

The woman strode to the girl's side and pushing her across the street, the two went into the open door of a tenement.

"Does the girl live there?" asked the clergyman, pointing toward the building.

By

GARDINER LADD PLUMLEY

"She does that," sullenly replied the man.

"I shall come back to-morrow," said Merton.

"Do an' be — ter ye!" exclaimed the other, as he shambled in the direction of the saloon.

John Merton had lately graduated from a theological seminary. For two years he had preached in a small New England town. And when he had been selected for a prosperous church in a Pennsylvania mining city it had seemed the realization of almost all his hopes. But already the mechanism for the exploitation of human lives, the hideous alchemy which turned flesh and blood into gold, had brought repugnance and horror.

In a town where, of sixty thousand adults, fifty-eight thousand work at filthy and painful tasks that a small minority of the remaining two thousand may roll in automobiles, and in general live a life of luxury, and a smaller minority yet collect pictures and endow colleges, if a man has a fair head-piece he will see almost at once into the devilish ingenuity of the whole scheme. And the young clergyman had an active brain and a sound heart.

The Sunday evening after Merton had trailed the child with the wounded arm he rose in his pulpit and opened the manuscript of his sermon.

"The Children of God!" The voice trembled and the clergyman was not conscious that again and again he repeated the words, his tongue lingering on the dissyllable "children." The last time he ended with this word, forgetting the final significant statement "of God."

Leaning over the desk, he pictured a scene in a house where he had been a guest. Supper had been served at a table of polished oak where stood a great bowl of roses. The soft glow from candles illuminated the merry faces of three children, and one of them, a girl of ten, was like a fairy princess. The youngest, a little fellow with curls, sat at the guest's side.

Merrily the meal proceeded. Such laughter! Such delight at small jokes! Such dainties eaten as a matter of course by dainty little people who were closing a day filled with tennis, books, rides and other delightful things.

Then rapidly came the other picture. The preacher told of the child's footprints, the drops of blood, the wounded little hand, and the reproaches of the drunken brute.

"The child was employed," continued the preacher, "in a silk mill on Lincoln street, together with scores of girls most of whom are below the legal age." Here the preacher mentioned the name of the mill. "But," he added, "it could be more accurately designated as the mill for crushing girlhood, for crushing their bodies, minds and souls! If I had a daughter, I would rather, so far rather, see her lowered into a grave than to see her go gladly into those gates!"

The clergyman told how the injury had come to the girl, and quoted the manager of the mill, who had said that the child was "incorrigibly negligent." Merton also informed his hearers that the day following the trailing of the girl he had visited the tenement, but had been told that the woman and child has gone away with the man.

The clergyman was an observant young fellow, and when he had mentioned the name of the mill, he had not failed to notice a stout man in a front pew. The broad face had turned purple and the little eyes under the bristling white hair, had snapped and glowered.

And the woman sitting at the side of the man of the stiff white hair and purplish face, had rustled her gown as if she were greatly annoyed.

And the clergyman knew that he had deeply offended Josiah Hampton, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. Hampton owned as many acres of coal lands as his

wife owned blossoms in the conservatory adjoining the pretentious stone mansion. For unknown services to his State and country he had recently been selected for a position of great political power.

The evening after his first of the course of "practical sermons," as he had decided to designate his talks on the conditions of life in this town, the clergyman dined at the house of the Chairman of the Trustees. The invitation had been given at the close of the services of the night before.

Mrs. Hampton's congratulations on the "extraordinary sermon," suggested that the least said about it the better. With a woman's skill she couched her thanks for the young minister's "unexpected eloquence" in such terms that in comparison the warning of a rattlesnake to Merton would have seemed cheerful music.

When the stiff meal was over, Mr. Hampton took the minister to the seclusion of the smoking room. After the maid who served the men with coffee had left the room, Mr. Hampton shut the door.

"Did you know sir, that I am the principal stockholder in the Lincoln street mill?"

"I did not," replied the clergyman, and added: "If I had known, it would not have prevented me from giving the name. But it was not my original intention to designate the mill. I became so absorbed that I forgot my notes."

"You're young, Merton, and need advice. In future it will be better if you confine your sermons to religious subjects."

"You want me to remain silent about such things as child labor?"

"Certainly. The conditions in the valley require an expert to understand them. We, who own the mines and the mills must be the judges. Those things are in the hands of the Board of Trade, the State authorities and the mill owners."

"And if I am not silent?"

The political magnate pursed his lips and his small eyes glinted with shrewdness.

"Merton, I never threaten. I warn my friends."

Notwithstanding the warning, the following Sunday the clergyman preached again on child labor. He had managed to obtain an estimate of the number of children of illegal age employed in the mills of the valley. And he was able to present figures that should have been startling, but no one seemed astonished.

The two leading newspapers of the city were controlled, one by Mr. Hampton and the other by the owner of the largest bank in the place. On occasion these papers denounced strikes, suggested that the State constabulary be increased, and in general threatened the laboring classes. Both papers ignored the sermons on child labor.

There was another paper that called itself "independent." But its "independence" was of that profitable kind that can be bought at critical times. Generally this publication was very abusive when it referred to child labor, denouncing the mills in the violent words that such papers keep in stock.

Something must have happened. In an editorial the paper of purchasable independence, warned its readers to pay no attention to "those who must be regarded as novices in labor matters." It said further that "the pulpit of a church that had been built and supported by mill owners could hardly be the proper place for calling those owners to account."

The clergyman's influence among the business men of the town began to wane.

It was true that the church on Sunday evenings was filled, but the audience had changed. In the words of Mrs. Hampton, it had become "as common as dirt."

It was therefore not a surprise to the clergyman that before many weeks had passed his resignation was duly requested.

"And if I do not resign?" he asked Mr. Hampton.

"In that event," replied the mill owner, "you can count on what we wish to avoid—a disintegration of the church."

Merton gave himself a few days to talk the matter over with his friends. In the end, he concluded that it

would be foolish to attempt to stay in a church without the support of the principal contributors to its finances. He therefore took measures to secure a call to a small charge in a Western city, and sent in his resignation.

One afternoon he was seated in his dismantled study when a Catholic priest, whom he had met on many occasions, was shown in.

"I am sorry you are to leave," said the priest. "It is too bad—you are a martyr." After a moment, he continued: "But my visit relates to the child whose hand was injured in the mill on Lincoln street."

"You have found her?" asked Merton.

"Yes," replied the priest. "The woman is dying. She has a confession to make and a duty to perform."

"I will get my hat and coat," said Merton.

"Just a moment. We are to act as witnesses. The matter concerns Josiah Hampton. His car will be here presently."

In less than ten minutes Merton and the priest took their places in the mill owner's automobile. The car stopped in a village at some distance from the mining city, and the three men entered a cottage. Within, the living room was in disorder, articles of clothing and unwashed dishes littering the chairs, table and even the floor.

"How is the child's hand?" asked the young clergyman.

"The girl will have everything that wealth can give, but the surgeons at the hospital say that she must lose her right arm," remarked the priest, lowering his voice to a whisper. "She is across the street at a neighbor's."

They passed into an inner room. A woman lay rigidly on a bed there, her face turned outward.

"You've come!" she exclaimed. And addressing the priest, she asked for a bottle on top of a bureau.

The woman swallowed the medicine and propped herself on one elbow.

"Before I goes I has ter turn over th' child to him as has his rights," she said, staring with her filmy eyes at Mr. Hampton. She added: "Me man in his drink is th' devil! He's a bad un when he has liquor. Once his heart was like most. But now he ain't fit ter be wid a girl if there ain't women about." Her eyes sought Merton, then she turned them again toward Mr. Hampton as she added: "Besides, Josiah Hampton has his rights."

The voice had grown faint and the priest poured out a glass of water from a pitcher at the woman's side and held it to her lips.

"It's me heart," she hoarsely whispered. "It grips me at times and then lets up again!"

The priest wiped her lips and she continued: "Me man, he doesn't know. I've kept it from him. Yer see, he remembers an' it's no ways sure he wouldn't be worse than he is if he was told. Besides, he might have blabbed! 'Twould have spoiled it all!"

"Tell your tale, woman," suddenly commanded Mr. Hampton.

The face on the bed turned from the color of ashes to carmine. The woman choked as if she were about to strangle.

The priest hastened to give her some of the restorative. Addressing the mill owner, he exclaimed:

"I warned you, sir. It is better that you do not anger her!"

"Let him alone!" exclaimed the woman. "Ain't Josiah Hampton got his rights? God! he'll take 'em anyhow; he always does! But, Josiah Hampton, ye can speak or ye can keep yer mouth shut; it makes naught difference! Yer money can't help yer, for I've had me satisfaction."

The mill owner dropped his head forward and gazed at the floor.

The woman's voice went on: "I was young when I was married, an' ye won't believe it, but they say I was pretty. An' I'd been workin' from th' time I was six! Think of it, ye men! I say, I'd been in a cotton mill from th' time I was six! Ye see, it was worse in them days! It's a wonder I'm livin', indeed it is! That was far from this valley."

She lay back and the priest stepped to the bed and arranged her pillows. She lifted herself again and her hoarse broken whisper went on.

"I married th' man who in them days was bad, maybe, but trouble an' all hadn't made him a devil. That's what he is—a devil! But then he was different an' the last baby comed. There was three, and they comed dead, all but one. Ye sees a woman can't work ten an' twelve hours a day from th' time she is six till seventeen without she isn't much in doin' what nature intends. An' after the last comed, for years an' years I got out of me bed but it might be a day or so a week. An' when th' hard times made food high, an' what with the whiskey for him an' all, the poor darlin' went to work in th' silk mills. The only, an' she a girl! Nothin' but a baby, as ye might say."

The whisper had diminished to a faint hiss and Merton heard through the walls the rattle of a trolley car and the calls of street vendors. Suddenly, the woman's voice broke out fiercely:

"Talk of kidnappers! Talk of kidnappers! If all th' girls th' mills has taken from their mothers an' sent to their graves could come back, the big factory yards of the Hampton mills, big as they are, couldn't hold 'em. Talk of kidnappers!" She raised herself and weakly shook a gaunt, clenched fist at the mill owner, who shrank backward and turned his head away.

"Talk of kidnappers! When your time comes, Josiah Hampton, as it's comin' ter me, may all th' poor little faces of them yer mills has murdered come ter ye!"

"An' the silk mills kidnapped me girl an' killed her; killed her as much as if they had dashed out her brains! What's the difference? Hard work; gettin' up long

'fore day; poor food; ten or maybe twelve hours stoopin' an' risin' an' stoopin' again; an' all th' other things! An' a wee bit of a girl! God!"

The accusing voice had ended once more and Merton could hear the mill owner breathing heavily.

"I'm almost through!" suddenly exclaimed the woman. "You've been a hard man, Josiah Hampton—a hard man! An' when yer daughter ran away with one of yer clerks, ye wouldn't see her again, an' ye wouldn't read her letters. She told me that th' night she died. And she left a little girl. Ye knew that, 'cause ye were told. An' ye didn't care enough to try to find yer own grandchild! Yer a hard one, that's what ye are! But it's all comin' back ter yer. Yer'll sit an' think an' think, an' wish an' wish!"

"An' say what yer will, Hampton of the kidnappin' mills, I've had me revenge!"

The priest raised his hand.

"Let me speak!" exclaimed the woman. "Let me speak! I say I've had me revenge! He wouldn't understand it if I didn't say why I kept her. I ask ye, and she turned her dim eyes to the clergyman; "I ask ye, sir, ain't it revenge? Ain't it, sir? To see th' grandchild of Josiah Hampton gettin' up in th' dark an' cold of a winter's mornin' an' takin' her bit of a lunch an' goin' ter th' mills an' the back-breakin' looms, same as me own poor kid! Think of the child workin' an' her grandfather wid his millions makin' his stint out of her achin' fingers! I ask ye, ain't it revenge? Ain't it, sir?"

"I'm near me end. I've had me satisfaction, an' I'm sure I'm not sorry! Go get him his grandchild!" she exclaimed, turning toward the priest. "An' if he will not believe the God's truth I've been tellin', let him have th' old trunk in th' corner there. It's got some of his daughter's things in it. But he knows I'm tellin' the truth. He must have heard how her husband ran away an' how she died of the typhoid! Oh, he knows the story well enough! An' he thought it wouldn't come back! Things has a way of coming back! They've been comin' ter me as I've been lyin' here; they'll be a-comin' back ter him an' me till the end."

* * * * *

John Merton did not go to the western town. The looms in Josiah Hampton's mills have been changed. No longer are young girls employed there. A sad-faced young woman, one arm crippled forever, goes about the place trying to bring a little of the joy of life to those whose sufferings she knows so well from her own hard experience. And a gloomy-faced old man and gray-haired woman do the little they can to atone for their years of greed and callousness to the suffering of others.



"I SAY I'VE HAD MY REVENGE."

DIRECT AND INDIRECT ACTION

Written for THE MASSES



AFTER talking with a number of "Direct Actionists" and hearing them make speeches and reading their articles, I have come to the conclusion that I have discovered one of the principal sources of their difficulty. They are hypnotized by a phrase. They ran across the words "direct action" and they sounded so good to them that they made no great effort to find out what the expression meant. The result was that they started off at a tangent, struck out right and left, and forgot what constituted the task before them. This was in fact immediate action, but immediate action may be either direct or indirect. I charge that the action they propose is indirect with reference to the task before us. That is my quarrel with them, or would be my quarrel if I had to quarrel and quibble.

This article, therefore, is a straight protest against quibbling, against calling things by their wrong name and thus shifting the argument to vacuous and inconclusive grounds. I am in favor of direct action myself. Every sane man is in favor of direct action. We have had altogether too much indirect action. The whole capitalist system is a tissue of indirect action. Collecting taxes by import duties is indirect action, a means of plucking the goose with a minimum of squawking; electing "good" men to office on those hazy, meaningless platforms which the old parties are always careful to adopt, and then trusting to luck that the elected officials will do the right thing, is indirect action. Issuing currency through private bankers as intermediaries is indirect action. Having the welfare of the whole people subject to the profits of the few is indirect action. Allowing political bosses to make slates and allowing Legislatures to elect Senators is indirect action. Allowing workingmen to be at the mercy of unrestricted immigration, and allowing monopolists to get all they can, is indirect action. President Taft has just suggested an international commission to consider the subject of the cost of living. That is indirect action. The whole capitalist system is running at loose ends, is steeped in hypocrisy, puts a premium on lies and the ban on truth. It is indirect action gone mad.

It is the Socialists who stand for direct action; not a few of them, but all of them. When a reformer ceases to be indirect and sees that direct action is necessary, he becomes a Socialist and there he stays. Many reformers adopt the indirect method of trying to work through the old parties and gain a small point here and there. They do not go straight for the goal, but beat around the bush and try to fool the grafters into giving up their grafts. That is pitiful indirectness.

Indirectness is the very thing we object to in otherwise earnest and well-meaning reformers. Many of the things they stand for in a detached way are part and parcel of the general Socialist program. But the reformers are attempting merely to patch up the political and social suit. They do not take a comprehensive view of affairs. They hope against hope. Constituting a small minority of one or the other of the great parties, for instance, they try to wedge in their reforms, to graft a bit of honesty upon a corrupt body. They are indirect. After all their struggle, the party to which they give allegiance remains the same old boss-ridden affair, and the influence of the reformers is always secondary and therefore precarious. Now and then a local victory may be gained, only to be wiped out in a succeeding election, the result being merely to prove how much out of harmony with the whole this local section is. Their ideas as to many matters are good, and the educational work is not without high supplementary value, but their methods lack the directness necessary for high and lasting efficiency.

The Socialists, however, know where they are going and are making for that goal in as direct a manner as has been devised. The positiveness and con-

By

ELLIS O. JONES

structiveness of their philosophy and their program are direct. They are not arranged in secret caucuses. They are not the creatures of the moment. They are not the whims of temporary expediency. They are not affected by local crises or minor phenomena. They are always the same, open and above board, direct and definite, marching steadily and relentlessly to the goal of their desires.

What is the goal of the Socialist desires? It is the overturning of one political and industrial system in favor of another. It is the substitution of one ideal for another, of the welfare of man for the welfare of property, of the welfare of the workers for the welfare of the owners. It is the establishing of the idea that the fundamental cause of our industrial and social evils is the fact that the workers do not own the tools of industry with which they work, and consequently are at the mercy of those who do own the tools.

But here we have a vast community of people who have evolved out of the past, who find themselves in the midst of political and social institutions which have grown up and which have moulded the psychology of the average twentieth century individual. Up to now the large majority of the people believe in the essential goodness of these institutions, and the ideas of property upon which they are based. It is out of these people that the Socialists evolve, and when some Socialists have evolved and begin their propaganda, it is out of these people that more Socialists must be made. We must take them as we find them.

It is our task as Socialists who find fundamental objection to the present institutions, to point the way from chaos and indirection to science and sanity, and the direct application to life of the means of life. There is only one broad way in which this work of the Socialists can be carried on, and that is by taking the rest of the community, one by one, man by man and woman by woman, group by group, or class by class, and explaining the situation to them, telling them what we have discovered. The Socialist philosophy and the Socialist remedy having been discovered, the problem becomes essentially psychological. In order to make headway, therefore, the propagators of Socialism must get the attention of the rest of the people and talk in the language that the rest can understand. They must, and can only effectually, begin at the precise point where they find those whom they wish to convince and convert.

The Socialists find an organized political unit, with all the machinery requisite for a democracy, with the general idea of democracy well established, with the people possessing the power to do anything they wish in the way of overturning or changing the economic institutions. This political unit and the institutions and customs thereof, exist by the will of the people. No other hypothesis is workable. The people may be blind; they may be fooled and hypnotized. But nevertheless they have sanctioned and do sanction the present arrangement in its essentials. They believe, up to date, that the welfare of the nation depends upon keeping our magnates and captains of industry on top, in keeping the political control in the hands of two nearly equal party organizations which have long since lost their points of view and their power for progress. They find that while there are many things to which the public objects and under which the public chafes, the public, in a broad sense, has what it wants. They find a public which thinks it is big and world-powerish and noble and enviable. They find a public which walks up to the polls on each recurrent election day and votes for the same old thing, even though the names of the political parties may have changed.

They find a public which thinks that it can settle the tariff question by putting representatives of protected industries into office; which thinks it can settle the money question by putting representatives of the

frenzied financiers into office; which thinks it can settle the cost of living question by putting monopolists into office; which thinks it can settle the wages question by putting employers into office.

Finding these things, the Socialists start right in, in the most direct manner possible, to tell their fellow-men how foolish they are; to tell them that no hope can be vested in the two old parties, and show the reason. They show that both parties are corrupt, self-seeking, devitalized and lacking in ideas, ideals and public spirit. They show that the Socialist party is tarred of a totally different stick. They point out that we are living under the profit or capitalist system and that it is desirable to make a complete change to a system called Socialist, in which the capital of the country is owned by the people and democratically managed in the public interest. In short, the Socialists begin with what they find and work for what they want. They do it directly and comprehensively and simply, without guile or circumlocution.

This does not mean of course that every Socialist uses the same words or exactly the same methods. Some may speak on the street corners. Some may write for general consumption. Some may talk to their fellow-workmen as they come upon them in shops or factories or social meeting places. Each man reaches out to get the attention first and foremost of those near at hand. This wonderful idea has taken possession of him and he must give it forth whenever and wherever and as often and as convincingly as the occasion offers. His knowledge of the intricate details of Socialism may be slight, his powers of expression may be limited, his explanations oftentimes may be crude and faulty. All those are secondary matters. They merely affect the rate of conversion, but the progress is nevertheless toward the same point in every case.

The point toward which we are working is the capture of the political power, first in part, and finally in its entirety. Here and there offices are secured. When a Socialist is elected to office, he does the same general work that he did before. The only change is that his field of action is broadened, his influence is extended. He continues to propagate Socialism in the best way that comes to his hand. For him to do otherwise would be a gross dereliction of official duty. A prominent "direct actionist" told me that the other day Congressman Victor Berger should do nothing whatever in Congress. How absurd! That would certainly not be direct action. That would be nothing but direct inaction. If Victor Berger should do nothing, then nobody should do anything, but that wouldn't satisfy the "direct actionists." They are certainly active. None can deny that.

But so is Roosevelt active. Where is there a more active man? And I rather think he would call himself direct! In one breath he inveighs against the malefactors of great wealth, and in another breath he inveighs against the malefactors of no wealth, calling them "undesirable citizens." Such remarks contribute nothing to social progress. They are highly indirect. They merely skim the surface of things without touching the foundation. They are a commentary upon effects without reference to causes. The methods of Mr. Roosevelt are very much like the methods of Csorgosz. He no doubt thought he was a "direct actionist" when he shot McKinley. With crazed, exaggerated ego, the idea possessed him that he could improve the lot of mankind—surely not of himself—not by talking to the people and showing them where they were doing wrong, but, single-handed, trying to undo the work the people had done, by shooting the man the people had chosen to be at the head of the political organization. He succeeded in bringing about a sudden change in rulers, and I am prepared to argue that the change was rather for the worse than the better, but he did not aid one jot or tittle in bringing about a change in the character of the rule. He did not make a single contribution of value to a people distressed with economic ills of great magnitude.

The "direct actionists" among the Socialists as well

as elsewhere may be explained, but they must not be encouraged. They find themselves burdened with unjust laws and rules and regulations and traditions which the people have made and in which they believe. But, fired with a new truth, the "direct actionists" become impatient and seek to fly in the face of all this popular belief by deliberately ignoring existing rules and regulations and ideas; by adopting an attitude of anarchistic contempt for the opinions of those about them. Very well! Let them do so, if they wish, but they must do so at their peril. They will find that they are injuring themselves rather than helping the cause they wish to represent.

To dynamite a building is direct action so far as the building is concerned and the quickest way to destroy it, but it is a wofully indirect way to raise wages or lower the cost of living. To put a magnate in jail is direct so far as the magnate is concerned, but a wofully indirect way of settling the trust question. These

things will continue, but let them not be laid at the door of Socialists. They are the product of Capitalism, and Capitalism should receive the blame. They are the very thing that Socialists are trying to avoid.

And so, while I would not wish to put a single stone in the way of those earnest Comrades who style themselves "direct actionists"; that is to say, it is not for me to sit in judgment upon their individual problems or upon the bent which a particular capitalistic environment has given to their minds, I accuse them of quibbling. Many excuses can be found for the bitterness which permeates Comrade Haywood's utterances, but let him understand exactly what he is doing. If the "direct actionists" want to quibble, let them quibble about such things as Bacon and Shakespeare, or the location of the Garden of Eden, or the age of Methuselah, or the tonnage of the ark. But I do not want them to quibble at my expense or at the expense of the movement of which I am part. That's what the

capitalists have been doing so long. That's what the capitalists do when they arrange a war and tell us to go out and fight for the country, when what they mean is to go out and fight for them. That's what the capitalists do when they stick a flag upon their property and tell us we have to fight for the property because the flag is there.

I believe in direct action myself, and therefore it annoys me to have these comrades, turning themselves into language-twisters, take a perfectly good and serviceable word and mess it and muss it all up so that I can't use it any more, so that dear old Noah Webster himself couldn't recognize its thumb prints with a microscope.

By all means let us have direct action, but let us be sure that we know what it means. Let us not forget what we are trying to accomplish. Let us not try to aviate with a toy balloon, go fishing with a pinhook, or learn political economy by studying the stars.



THE MOTHER



OBSERVATIONS MADE BY OUR TRAVELLING EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE



On the outside it was an ordinary, European third-class carriage, its glaring windows discouraging intrusion, its door knobs leaving grimy imprints on hands and garments. But immediately on entering it I felt that it was in some way different from ordinary railroad carriages. I felt as one does on entering fresh woods in the springtime, a timid starting

and stopping in anticipation of wonders, a breathless expectation of something new at every turn. Possessed by this feeling I traversed the length of the car until I reached the last section, and there I came upon the wonder, although I did not at first recognize it as such.

The section had four occupants. On one side sat a florid German couple, on the other a young Hungarian peasant with a little child of about thirteen months. There was nothing particularly noticeable about the Germans except their floridness, but about the little peasant there were a thousand noticeable things. First of all there was the way in which she regarded her baby every little while, the way she kissed it, saying, "Ach, Maria," the way she smiled when it smiled, the way she encouraged its lively curiosity by calling attention to objects in the passing landscape and to things within the car. She was quite noticeable, too, aside from her evident fondness for her kindchen, being very much worth while for herself.

Her dark eyes had no mysticism in them, her forehead was untouched by superstition. In her features was portrayed great determination and yet much tenderness. Although her clothing, consisting of rough, low shoes, the short thick skirt and colored blouse of the peasant, was coarse, it had a certain beauty about it, the expression of its utility. Every movement of her strong, lithe body, every tone of her rich voice spoke of freedom and lack of fear. She seemed to be bothered as little as her baby with the various terrors that harass average individuals.

And the baby! Have you ever seen a little rosebud early in the morning, with the dew still clinging to it, its half open petals barely touched by the rays of the sun? So was its face. Or deep blue, shadowy water, still and clear? So were its eyes. Or the young, nimble deer? So was its body.

Having tested the edible value of everything else within reach, the youngster decided to try me. It put a corner of my coat sleeve in its mouth, but pushed it away again in disapproval shown by a funny baby grunt, at which the mother and I laughed in unison. Then we proceeded to "get acquainted."

She conversed freely about herself without self-consciousness. She said she had been working all summer in the fields of Germany and was now returning to spend the winter in her homeland as was the custom of her countrymen. She had two more days of travel before her; and feared that she might be

forced to travel part of the way in a fourth-class carriage, as her supply of cash was very limited. If she were reduced to that, it would prove to be a great strain for the baby as well as for herself; if she obtained a seat in one of those cars it would be through sheer luck, for usually they are as crowded as a New York subway at dinner time. After that she talked about the baby, enlarging on its first prattlings, and on the many gifts it had received from adoring friends. She spoke also of the pleasure she anticipated in working for their future happiness.

The more she talked, the more animated she became. The man opposite looked on astounded; his wife expressed her appreciation and sympathy by nods and smiles directed toward the baby. Others passing through the car also paused at sight of her. A stout, aggressive man, of the sort that have prosperity written all over them, and a young lady possessing suspiciously much hair and coquettish brown eyes, stopped their lively flirtation, the result of a few hours' acquaintance, and forgot their worship of Venus in paying homage to this Ceres.

The flirtatious girl sat down opposite the baby and contemplated it with wonder, shaking her head from side to side to signify that it was beyond her comprehension. The corpulent man came and went, sometimes stopping only to make grimaces at the little one, and again presenting it with an apple, a card, or some other trifle.

"Say, you little shaver," he said, in response to its gurgling thanks for an especially attractive picture, "you're all right, aren't you?"

A young girl of seventeen or eighteen, who had also joined the group, stood with shining eyes and clasped hands, oblivious to all but the mother and child.

Just at this moment, when all were looking on with full hearts, a colossal matron invaded the sanctuary,



declaiming vigorously as to the extent of her thirst and at once ordered a glass of beer. But just as she was in the act of raising the glass to her lips she espied the Hungarian and her little Maria.

"Ach, mein Gott," she exclaimed, and forgot to quench her thirst for fully a minute, during which time she glanced at the cause of her exclamation. Then she pronounced sentence.

"It's strong," she said, "they generally are; and that's the only good thing."

And strong it was: it had every reason to be. It was strong with the race strength of its mother, strong with the joy of her and the hope of her, strong with the strength of her ideals. In its far-seeing, clear blue baby eyes were implanted, unconsciously, her hopes and strivings. Its straight little limbs were the result of that superabundant strength she had so sportaneously given, Nature's exquisite sculpture, carved from the mother's own body.

This was no product of forced motherhood; no offspring of a marriage of economic necessity, no hot-house flower that would break under the first strong wind. This was a child of free Nature and free Womanhood, uninjured by the misdirected desires and false reasoning of Man. This was as the race would be if women were mothers from inclination, instead of by accident or through compulsion.

This was Beauty and Power; a beauty which most women aspire to produce in their children, but cannot achieve because men will not let them; which men have deprived them from achieving because they have subjected race function to their individual feelings; a power which they cannot achieve either because they do not live truly. Power can come only from following natural laws.

It was this they all felt and unconsciously respected, honoring the moral superiority even more than the physical. It was because he felt this that the stout, overbearing capitalist treated the Hungarian mother with real respect, while he accorded the companion of his flirtation only a mocking chivalry and the matron an amused tolerance. It was this that caused the fashionable doll to discontinue her flirtation and assume for a time a more sober air. It was this that caused the young girl to dream dreams that we can only timidly imagine.

The thirsty lady, the Hungarian and I were the last passengers to leave the car. As the thirsty matron rose to go out at her station, she once more directed her massive intellect to the solution of the problem before her.

"Is he going to marry you?" she demanded.

At this the face of the Hungarian became suffused from her lithe neck to the very top of her forehead. Her only answer was a glance—a glance not of shame, but of resentment.

And the stout lady disappeared, muttering virtuous condemnation of the "dangerous immorality" of the "lower classes."

"We don't need him, we don't want him, Maria and I," said the peasant. "He was no real father. They aren't real fathers—most men. They are only the owners of women and children. But we are free and strong and belong to each other—eh, my Maria, my darling?"

Having uttered these words with intensity she threw her wide shawl over her shoulders, gathered her baby in one arm and her bundles in the other and departed—departed with erect carriage and easy swing, into the wider world, leaving me with the deep pain felt at the decline of inspiring music, but also with the great pleasure of something newly gained.

A REVOLUTIONARY TRANSFORMATION

By

PIET VLAG



LITTLE more than a year ago one of the editors of a certain Socialist magazine found occasion to take a fall out of the co-operative movement. He playfully referred to the co-operators as "big-bellied, bean-selling Dutchmen."

About six months later the present writer sent an article on Co-operation

and Constructive Political Action to the same magazine. It was promptly returned with a quotation from Karl Marx to the effect that all attempts to decrease the cost of living were not only nonsensical, but to all intents and purposes they were contrary and detrimental to the revolutionary working class tactics advocated by the only sincere champions of the working class—the Impossibilists.

I will not swear that such was the literal text of the reply, but I am ready to bet a nickel that it expresses what was implied. At any rate, we do not need to doubt any longer as to the attitude of the Impossibilists toward the co-operative and constructive political movement, because, lo and behold, here comes a third editor of the same magazine with an article in the Socialist press which attacks us in terms so much like the second assault that one might think they were twin sisters.

Perhaps it is the regular formula which they prescribe as an antidote for all attempts to decrease the cost of living, and which, in spite of a number of experimental failures and the antidotes as well, keep on growing.

It is a curious fact that the corporation by which these industrious foes of co-operation are employed is offering its stock shares to the public as a co-operative! I purposely refrain from mentioning the name of the magazine and of its editors, as I wish to avoid the personal element and to treat the attack as a pronunciamento against these movements by the Impossibilists.

Here follows the attack:

"Any and all schemes to reduce the cost of living can only work injury to the working class as a whole, no matter whether it is promulgated by capitalist philanthropists, middle class politicians or Socialist administrations.

"As far back as 1848 Marx showed that: 'If all commodities are cheaper, labor, which is also a commodity, will also fall in price and the labor commodity will fall proportionately much more than the other commodities.'"

"There is no escape from that. It is an absolutely iron law of economics; and it applies to all such ideas as cheaper coal, cheaper gas, lower water charges, less costly food and lower rent.

"In 'Capital' Marx repeatedly emphasizes the fact—and a hundred thousand times since it has been proven to be true—that any general fall in the cost of living is sooner or later followed by a general fall in wages.

"It must be eternally kept in mind that the capitalists constantly keep wages for the

The picture below shows the employees of the Hamburg Co-operative store. The last report of that society shows they do a total annual business of \$108,000,000. This society is controlled by the Socialists.

workers as a class down to the point of subsistence and pay them just enough to live on and reproduce their kind.

"Just now when the party is capturing so many municipalities and is preparing to take so many more, it would be well for Socialist officeholders to keep these facts in mind.



"Let us suppose that a Socialist administration by a general scheme of municipalization has succeeded in securing cheaper car fares, lower rents, cheaper gas, cheaper coal, and cheaper everything else, until the cost of living for the working class has been reduced 10 per cent. all around. As soon as the capitalists discover that the workers can live on 10 per cent. less, they will reduce wages just 10 per cent.; unless—mind you—the workers are so thoroughly and completely organized as a class that they can resist such reduction.

"Moreover, the generally better conditions thus created by a Socialist administration would attract so many workers who are worse off elsewhere that competition for jobs would soon be set up and the capitalists would have a fine recruiting army for scabs.

"Any and all present day schemes for reducing the cost of living arise from the middle class, and are essentially capitalistic. Let that fact be borne in mind."

So there you are! According to page 397 of the original and unadulterated version of the Marxian Bible, it is of absolutely no avail to decrease the cost of living—in fact, such attempts may be looked upon with suspicion.

Do not be shocked, however, if to-morrow some other pious Marxist discovers that on page 243 of the same Bible the author says that the Co-operative Commonwealth cannot be established without

being preceded by an extensive and influential consumers' co-operative organization. In fact, I have a faint recollection that some one made such a statement not so very long ago.

But to come to the point. Let us for a moment agree upon the correctness of the assertion that a general reduction in the cost of living will be accompanied by a corresponding decrease in wages.

Then why should it not also be true that a general increase of wages is accompanied by an increase of the cost of living?

Even if both these assertions should be correct, I could still see the usefulness of a fight for increased wages. The very battle is a stimulant to the workers. Once they realize that they are entitled to shorter hours and more wages, it may dawn upon them that they can have the Co-operative Commonwealth for the asking.

And if this is true of the men who ask for more wages and shorter hours, why should it not also be true of the women who no longer allow the middle class to exploit them and to poison their families in a service which they can do themselves more conscientiously, efficiently and economically?

But even then the women's battle has a certain point of advantage over that of the men. The women not only benefit by the experience of organized and concerted action, but they actually participate in the process of distribution, which we consider a valuable and extremely educational experience.

Now as to the main point of contention: "The decrease in wages which comes with the decrease in the cost of living, and vice versa."

Thus far we have been going along with the assumption that this assertion is correct.

Well, then, the Industrialists (whose battles I do not intend to fight in this article) will prove to you with statistics that the cost of living has not gone up correspondingly with the increased wages. They say: "If this were true, why should the bosses oppose an increase in wages?"

We, the Co-operators and the Constructive Political Actionists, are ready to prove that cheaper gas, carfare, rent, bread, meat, clothes and so on, do not involve a corresponding decrease in wages. If so, why should the trusts fight like wildcats all propositions for municipal ownership or State control of industries? Because appropriating the goose which laid the golden egg is not a mere dicker for a rake-off, as is an increase of wages. The trusts cannot fight that battle with the brutal, ignorant force of rifles and guns. To stop you from yourself controlling the State they must use brains. They must scheme, combine and intrigue. They must divide you against yourself. And you and I know that thus far they have been rather successful at that game. But do not worry. They can fool a lot of people very often, but not all of them all the time. Some day the American Impossibilists may tumble to it that all this ranting against capitalism is of little value in comparison with the course of the German Socialists who in a quietly and intelligently organized manner proceed to take hold of, to actually appropriate, the State, for the benefit of the working people.

Even Herve, editor of *La Guerre Sociale*, the most

extreme of the Impossibleists, has realized the fallacy of this noisy, ineffective ranting, and he is big and broad enough to admit it. Here is what he says:

"I have formerly jeered at the German Socialists somewhat. I believe that I even said once to its face—to be sure it was only for the purpose of spurring it on—that it was only a machine for gathering votes and dues.

"When last summer our German Comrades made their splendid manifestation against war, and when, in France, we had shown so little of brilliancy—we who are usually so noisy—then it was that I recognized that this formidable machine for the gathering of votes and dues might transform itself, if the Kaiser became too brutal, into a formidable machine with which to smash him and his supporters. Then I began to wish that we had such a machine in France.

"And I wished this all the more when I came to see that the Socialists were moving further and further from dogmatic doctrinairism into actual life.

"Now that the German Socialists have turned from metaphysics to practical tactics it is time to quit smiling, my Emperor."

Now as to the effect of Socialist consumers' co-operation: It is not true that wages have decreased with the cost of living. In Belgium, for example, wages are considerably higher in Liege, Vervier, Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and other co-operative centers than they are in Bruges, Courtray, and all of upper East Flanders, which is still under the full control of capitalism. In fact, there is hardly a single Socialist co-operative in Belgium, Holland, France or Germany, which has not to its credit the foundation and organization of a number of labor unions. The co-operatives in Belgium were the result of a defeat of the workers on the industrial

field. The bosses combined and organized in exactly the same manner as they use in the United States. The organized Belgian workers did not exclude themselves, as the American workers have. They continued to fight the battles of their class, not merely of the organized workers. Therefore, they had to find an additional means of defense, which they found in the consumers' co-operative. Then with the strength gained by this new move, they reorganized on the industrial field and put new life into the political movement.

That's why we have a more class conscious proletariat in Belgium than we have in America. They vote, buy and strike together. Men, women and children of the working class are all combined in one fighting organization, which has only one ultimate aim—the emancipation of the working people.

That's why the Belgian worker with his blue shirt has more common-sense knowledge of working class fighting methods than the bourgeois-aping, stiff-collared, Derby-hatted American worker.

They, the Belgians, all of them—men, women and children—have long ago realized that their one and only future is as members of the working class. They are not raising their children to become lawyers or professionals. They want them to be useful members of the organized proletariat.

If this is true of Belgium, it has also become true of Holland, the northern part of France, and of Germany especially.

Perhaps you do not know about the phenomenal growth of the German Socialist co-operative movement during the past ten years. Perhaps you do not know that they are very rapidly approaching the high water mark set by the much advertised capitalist spirited English co-operatives. Perhaps you do not know that the Consumers' co-operative was one of the most important factors in bringing about the recent victory at the polls in Germany. If you doubt this, and will investigate, you will find that many local election battles would have been lost without the funds supplied by the co-operatives. You will find that many strikes in the past ten years

would have been lost without the support of the co-operatives.

Incidentally we may remark that we know of a number of similar occurrences in the United States. Only a few months ago we received a letter from a Socialist in Arkansas showing how a number of retail co-operatives had formed a wholesale, and how the support of this newly organized wholesale proved to be the means of winning a local strike.

However, all these exhibitions of class solidarity and the educational aspect of the co-operative movement are of little importance compared with the new turn which the Socialist co-operative movement has taken in Europe during the past few years. There is rapidly developing, especially in Germany, an understanding among the co-operators that the principal object is not the reduction of the cost of living, but to "take control of the means of production and distribution."

That is why a large number of the German co-operatives have decided not to return the dividends to the consumers, but to reinvest them in factories and other enterprises in such lines as are most exploited by the trusts.

Please note the difference between co-operative ownership by millions of consumers all over Germany for the purpose of socializing industries, and the communistic ownership by certain exclusive groups of individualists who collectively manufacture commodities to be sold to society under the competitive system. The benefits derived from these communistic co-operatives go only to the respective producers of the articles, and they are therefore of not such social importance as are the true productive and distributive co-operatives which are owned by the consumers, workers of all trades.

In conclusion, I wish to say that this new form of co-operation and the constructive form of Socialist political action—I mean the sort of political action that takes, that grasps, that works collectively owned gas plants, railroads and the like—are economically the only methods of working class defense which have passed the stage of mere dickerings.



"SOCIALISM vs. INDIVIDUALISM"

A PLAUSIBLE BUT DECEPTIVE CRY

By

ARTHUR WALLACE CALHOUN

Written for THE MASSES

THE title suggests antithesis. It voices the commonly expressed notion of a contrast and possibly an antagonism between the two life principles in question. So generally is this view a part of men's mental furnishings that the enemies of Socialism bank on the idea and declare themselves champions of individualism against the encroachments of society. It is important, therefore, that we make clear to ourselves, in order that we may make clear to others, just what this supposed conflict amounts to.

Literature abounds in apt phrases expressive of exaggerated individualism. We read of one whose "hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him." Again the record runs, "There was no king in Israel; every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Or, to descend to present-day parlance, we have that choice bit of business ethics, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," and the equally apt pronouncement, "The people be damned; I'm not running this railroad for the benefit of the public. I'm running it for my own benefit."

It is not to be denied that to a certain type of mind, and perhaps to all of us in certain moods, there is a charm in the ideals of extreme individualism. How many a boy has longed to abandon the haunts of his kind and live untrammelled a hermit in the wilderness! The writer well remembers one period in early life when his individualism was so extreme that he ventured enthusiastically to uphold in debate the absurd proposition that "the so-called right of eminent domain is a wrong rather than a right." Undoubtedly when a man feels his own potentialities for achievement there is a disposition to renounce the ties that conventionally bind common men, and to launch out independent on the sea of life.

On the other hand we find instances of organizations of men where individualism was utterly submerged, private judgment abolished, and self annihilated. "Their's not to make reply; their's not to reason why; their's but to do and die." Such an organization has power, but we shudder at its living death. It represents perverted collectivism; it is a social monstrosity.

Obviously, then, the extremes of individualism and collectivism are far apart. There is some significance in the contrast that anti-Socialists are fond of making. Men do not gladly crucify self, and if our foes can persuade people that Socialism will abolish all that individualism holds dear, they will have scored heavily in the contest.

But though the extremes of individualism and collectivism are sundered far, the fact remains that there is an extensive area midway where the two principles interweave into richer life than either alone can produce.

Analyze the individual; what is he? He is a social product. All that makes him a man in the high sense is a gift of collective society. He talks because he first heard others talk. He thinks because he has acquired the habit from those around him. His customs and ideas were imposed upon him conscious, or subconscious, or unconscious, by the collectivism—society—in which he has his life. He is a product of his environment, and that environment is not a medley of isolated individuals, it is a collective whole. What man is and has is not of himself; it is a gift that comes to him from the blessed fact that "none of us liveth to himself." Collective society makes man in its own image after its likeness. His individuality is more imaginary than real. "He is a chip of the old block" with small ground for being individualistic. Had it not been for the social passion he would never have been born, or would have perished miserably and unwept. Had it not been for collective association he would be roaming the wilds a gibbering ape—animal, not man. And this is true not merely of the race. It is true of every one of us. All that we are or even can hope to be we owe to society.

Analyze society; what is it? It is a complex of human relationships, living, throbbing, growing, expanding into an ever higher order or decaying into death.

Society is not a totality of individuals. It is a psychic fact, and is possible only as such. Gather a miscellaneous mess of men from all corners of the globe and put them together into a city, and do you have a society? By no means. Thus it is evident that society—the collectivity—is a product of the psychic life of its individual members. Thus society makes the man, and he reacts to remake society, and so it may continue in an endless spiral onward and upward toward the perfect day.

We see them the interdependence of the individual and the collectivity. The man is what he is because society has been what it has. Society is what it is because the men that compose it have been what they have. Individualism emphasizes the man; collectivism emphasizes his relationships. To ask which principle has a right to pre-eminence is absurd. He that would make social regeneration his goal must make his appeal to the soul of the individual. He that would make individual regeneration his aim must set in motion the redemptive power of society. Sane individualism and wholesome collectivism coincide.

Ours is an age when the principle of collectivism is being asserted. This emphasis on community-interest is no whim. It is the outgrowth of great material forces. A machine age such as ours is perforce an age of collectivism. When industry became a group-process, bringing into close contact vast numbers of men and women in co-operative toil, the walls of the co-operative commonwealth began to rise. The world's work is done no longer individually, but collectively. The world's life is lived no longer in relative isolation but in the closest contact. Hence the rising spirit of solidarity among the proletariat, and the wide sweep of collectivism under the red flag.

It is hard to realize how men's ideas have changed. It is not so long since thoughtful men conceded only police functions to the State. Any State activity beyond the necessary measures for keeping order was deprecated and the individualist doctrine of "laissez-faire" prevailed. It was the golden age of "free competition" and "freedom of contract."



But to-day men's horizons are opening. Only the reactionary would attempt any theoretical limit to the functions of the State. The sole test is to be the practical test—efficiency, and that in the widest sense, embracing the highest good of the collectivity. The ground is being cleared for Socialism.

To-day as society is slowly applying the principle of collectivism; as we are broadening our conceptions of democracy to include all social concerns; and as the way is being opened to community ownership of the industrial system, some see grounds for fearing a suppression of individuality, an eclipse of personality, under an oppressive cloud of collective tyranny. Should such an event ensue, the results could not but be lamentable. If direct legislation and the recall are to banish individuality of action on the part of legislative, executive, and judicial; if socialized industry is to mean the

end of personal initiative in the industrial world—then will not society be a burden to itself, a huge mass of mediocrity, with a sort of dull, monotonous inefficiency that spells death in life? Such is the nightmare vision of the "individualist."

The suggestion of such a possibility leads to this question: How can we secure the supremacy of the collective will, without sacrificing the best fruits of individual enterprise? It would seem that in the coming co-operative commonwealth society must decide to govern itself by this principle: In matters of policy, in deciding what course is to be taken, what thing is to be done, let the majority rule. In points of detail, in technical processes, and questions of practical method, commit the decision to experts, giving the freest possible scope and the fullest measure of stimulus to genius, inventive ability, and trained thinking. Thus the rights

of society will be secured through democratic control, and the fruits of personal enterprise will be safeguarded.

It appears then quite possible to make collectivism almost all-inclusive without forfeiting the advantages of individual initiative. It appears equally possible to secure the fullest development of the individual life that any devotee of "individualism" could desire, and that while increasing the scope of collectivism. Within sane bounds the two principles—collectivism and individualism—mutually promote each other.

The collectivist ideal of Socialism is a redeemed society, a perfect social order. The individual ideal of Socialism is a redeemed man, a perfect life. Thus in Socialism extremes meet, and blend together into a harmony of universal humanity.



Decorated by H. Pizer.

SOCIALISM OF TO-DAY

By

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, JR.



"Not in vain the distance beckons;
Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever
Down the ringing grooves of change."



Written for THE MASSES



THE history of the world is the history of change. Nothing stands still, nothing is eternally established. Change is the age-long law of the universe. There is an evolution of the species of man and there is a like evolution of the morals and institutions of man.

The world to-day approaches its greatest and noblest change. The dream of Democracy is about to fulfil itself. A real brotherhood of man approaches with the sweep and onrush of the inevitable tide of Socialism.

Socialism is here! The great crusade is organized. Its cohorts are assembled, its legions enrolled. The captains of the faith are self-appointed, the plan of campaign is outlined and concise, the watchword is justice and the battle-cry is love. Heralds of the Cause have proclaimed it in every land and nation, harbingers of humanity have spread abroad throughout the earth their great doctrine of good will to men; eight million patriots of the rank are laboring, eight million consecrated souls are on the march, platform and pulpit echo with the din of a battle well begun.

Socialism is to-day an issue. In ten years it will be a dominant and absorbing issue. And as such it commands the study and tolerant criticism of every right-minded man. It is no longer to be avoided as the creed of the boom thrower or the Utopian dream of some wild-eyed fanatic. Socialism to-day need not fear the tongues of logicians nor the inquisitions of practical minds. In the perfecting processes of evolution it too has changed, and to-day, shorn of every shred of impracticability, its great original truths stand forth in the clear light of Justice and Equality.

Let the young man study Socialism. School boys, college men, men of virility and ambition, look well ahead to the issues that will confront your entry into the world's great arena. Examine and overhaul Socialism and then reject and denounce it or take it and fight for it.

It is Money that Socialism fights. Money, the arbiter of every dispute, the incentive to a thousand crimes, the ultimate ingredient of all selfishness and fraud. Money that cramps justice, money that laughs at honor and slays the God in man, money that divides the race of man and establishes him who has it as lord and master over him who has it not—a pest that has crept over God's green earth and smothered all that is noble or divine in man—a vast octopus that has clutched at the vitals of all our institutions and lies to-day blocking the broad paths of progress with his yellow claws of avarice!

The chief end of man is money! In the beginning man is noble, man is talented, man is unselfish and inspired. But the system of dollars and cents seizes him. Fear creeps upon him—fear of starvation, fear of getting behind in the mad race. And in fear he forgets the dreams and noble ambitions of his youth—in fear he falls into the sordid routine of wealth seeking, and

in fear he too learns to preach that man's chief end is money.

Socialism seeks to eliminate this fear; seeks to guarantee to every man who will work the opportunity to work and the just products of his toil. It seeks to change man's incentive of endeavor—to let man work not with fortune as his goal, but with the nobler goal of honor and achievement and broad humanity. Socialism sets forth to destroy a condition of poverty that is as unnecessary as it is widespread. Look at our great land of America—the broadest and richest country in the world. We live in a land literally flowing with milk and honey. There is enough to go around. There is enough for all, and more. But a crooked capitalist system concentrates 80 per cent. of the wealth of the land in the hands of a paltry ten per cent. of the people. The rich grow richer, the poor are poorer, the cost of living increases, the breach widens, discontent flourishes with poverty, and an imminent physical revolution hangs like a pall over the great land of America.

The old parties of capital and corruption are awake to the danger. In haste they give to the people an anti-trust law which they know won't work. In haste they fling to the growling lower dog an Interstate Commerce Commission which is from the nature of things a delusion and a farce. They investigate and perambulate and imputate and prevaricate, and there is no end to their maneuvers nor any lessening of the ills that beset a sick republic.

No! Critical issues demand sweeping measures. The State faces a crisis. Shall we hope to avert it with a check here, a paltry commission there, or an ineffectual and temporary attempt at regulation? Shall we move a mountain as if it were a molehill? Shall we shun the surgeon's lance when it is needed? Shall we fear to take steps that are comprehensive and world significant and revolutionary, when such steps present themselves as the only sane or saving course? Shall we prevent the trend that economic forces have determined and deny the logical, inevitable necessity of Socialism?

What is Socialism? Socialism is the simple philosophy of justice. It is the theory of equal opportunity for all. It is the demand of the producer for the products of his toil.

What do Socialists want? They want the national or municipal ownership of all the means of production and distribution. They want a government by the people, with the Initiative, Referendum and Recall. They want old-age pensions for the veterans of industry; maternity pensions for mothers with children under twelve years of age; a minimum wage and a maximum working day. They want a sounder educative system; child labor laws; more efficient health commissions. They want woman suffrage. They want universal peace. They believe that the Government contains superfluous and rotten forms that should be abolished. They believe that the age of monopoly is passing as did the age of competition, and that the economic forces now in play have decreed the next move to be communism. They know that Socialism is inevitable and they consecrate their efforts to hastening the sure approach of the millennial Socialist State.

These are the wares of Socialism. Look well upon them, weigh them, overhaul them. Are they drastic, are they fanatical, impracticable, illogical? The Socialist is "the nerve o'er which do creep the else unfelt oppressions of mankind."

Men of the twentieth century—the world has progressed. The record of the past century is of a nobler manhood, a broader civilization, and an uplift of humanity. The world is better than it ever was before. We are "joint heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time." Shall we stop? Shall progress stagnate? In God's name, no! We will hand down to our offspring the royal heritage we have received, and we will hand it down enriched by our inspiration and enlarged by our toil.



SONGS OF PROTEST

By Louis Untermeyer

Underneath the muck of things,
Underneath the whole world's blot,
Something, they tell us, always sings—
Why do we hear it not?

In the heart of things unclean,
Somewhere in the furious fight,
God's face can be clearly seen—
What has destroyed our sight?

Yet have we seen enough to feel,
Yet have we heard enough to know
Who bound us to the awful wheel—
Whose hands have brought us low. . . .

And we shall cry out till the wind
Roars in their ears the thing to come—
Aye, though they made us deaf and blind
God could not keep us dumb!



TWO MONTHS IN SCHENECTADY

By
WALTER LIPPMANN

Decorated by Chas. A. Winter.

Written for THE MASSES

AT first glance it seems presumptuous to say anything about Schenectady at this early date. It would be if we were looking for results. It is not, if we are studying questions of policy. For the laws under which a city like Schenectady operates compel every administration to block out its work a year ahead. In the first two months the expenses of the coming year have to be estimated in the budget. For all practical purposes this is all the money that can be spent. And as unfortunately you can do very little without money, the budget-making at the beginning of the year is really identical with program-making.

The budget is done, and a splendid piece of work it is. It has the rare virtue of being intelligible to a layman. Thanks to the work of Deputy-Comptroller Dean Langmuir, with initial suggestions from Henry Bruere and Paul Wilson, of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, the Schenectady budget has been transformed from an inchoate mess of figures into an interesting forecast of the year's work.

The principal extensions of municipal activity planned fall within three departments—Health, Charities, and Public Works. It is in these divisions of a city government where Socialist activity finds most scope. In other departments the work is far more a mechanical routine than a matter of social policy. It would be impossible to state the increased effectiveness which has come in mere administrative efficiency from the fresh enthusiasm of the new officials. An enormous amount of dust has been removed, and a great many rusty joints oiled. It is, however, in Health, Charities and Public Works that we find the new projects.

To a resident of Cleveland or Kansas City and many other towns in the west these innovations will be an old story. It is in the backward cities of the east that they will, perhaps, sound a little strange. But even there among men in touch with civic affairs there will be some surprise that a twentieth century city had to wait for the Socialists to install the obvious.

The Health Department is preparing a system of records to follow the child from birth to the time it begins to earn a living. A maternity nurse has been appointed whose duty it is to teach expectant mothers the hygiene of the lying-in period and the care of the infant, and to watch the child's health until it goes to school. There it passes under the inspection of city physicians who safeguard its health until it enters industry.

A tenement house inspector trained as a social worker has been added. Milk inspection has been extended from the dealers back to the dairies. This inspection will be helped by the appointment of a special Milk Chemist and Bacteriologist. A special physician for "subnormal" children and an open air school are being provided. A dental clinic for school children, and a specific clinic have been created.

In the Department of Charities great progress has come from the change in point of view. The old system of doles plus a stigma of shame is being eliminated as quickly as possible. The Socialist Commissioner of Charities, Walter Kruesi, is conducting his department under a policy which may be summarized in some such way as this: To those who are destitute because they are too old or too young to support them-

selves, or because they are sick or injured, the city owes not charity, but a pension. He has been granting relief to these people in that form. To the able-bodied who are destitute because they cannot find work, the city owes not charity, but work. And if work cannot be had, a temporary loan. By arrangement with the Street Department men are given a chance to earn their relief.

Three extensions to the work of the Charities Department are planned: A municipal grocery store for supplying the food given as pensions, a lodging house, and a farm where able-bodied men can repay loans in healthful work.

Under Public Works would come naturally the actual advances in municipal trading. An ice plant as part of the Water Bureau was at work during January harvesting ice. Whether or not the city can sell ice to the public at cost is a legal question. But the supply on hand can certainly be used by the city—that is sold to the city—and will save money this summer for the schools and the Charities. Playgrounds will be added, new schools built—skating rinks made by flooding vacant lots have been in operation the last two months. An asphalt plant for use in street work is provided for. A Free Labor Bureau is in operation. The official telephones have been centralized, saving money and time. Official mail is now delivered by patrolmen. The wages of city laborers have been increased from \$1.75 to \$2.00 a day. And finally all the purchasing done by the city is centralized in the Public Works Department.

The Common Council is at this writing about to establish a Board of Public Welfare, consisting of the Mayor, the President of the Common Council, the heads of such departments as Health, Charities, Schools, Public Works, the Secretary to the Mayor and two private citizens. The work of this board is first of all that of co-ordinating those city activities which bear particularly on human welfare, then of making a social survey, and finally of supervising and extending child welfare work, recreation, social centers, free

legal aid and other services for which no machinery has existed up to this time.

This in brief is the work cut out for the year. The cost of it might well be expected to exceed that of the previous year. Yet as a matter of fact the administrative cost is \$22,000 less than last year. The budget as a whole is about \$37,000 larger, but the difference is made up of debts incurred before the Socialists came into office and left for the Socialists to pay.

This program, important as it is, should be recognized for what it is. When accomplished Schenectady will be more advanced than the average American city, but it will not be ahead of the best. In large measure this is due to Schenectady's backwardness when the Socialists took office. In a measure, too, it must be charged up to the small amount of home rule allowed under the State charter.

But there are other reasons—reasons of larger importance which Socialists all over the country will have to face as they go on capturing cities. Schenectady is after all a laboratory in which we can hope to develop a certain amount of experience.

In the first place, Schenectady is not a city of Socialists. It is a city in which the Socialists are in power, although the actual number of convinced Socialists is a minority. It is undeniably true that without the aid of a large number of protest votes and the division of the anti-Socialist votes between the old parties the Socialists would not be in office. When a minority sets out to govern a majority its hold of the government is a ticklish affair.

How to become a majority before the next election is the problem that confronts it. For the old parties are sure to combine, and the protest vote is fickle. Shall the Socialists play safe, or shall they inaugurate a bold policy and let the next election take care of itself? A bold policy means spending money, and that means high taxes, and that by the laws of economic determinism makes the old parties howl and the insurgents grumble. Playing safe, on the other hand, may be very dangerous in the long run. For it confuses Socialism with reform politics and tends to impregnate the movement with half baked people who don't understand Socialism.

Another thing that these two months in Schenectady have made clear is the absence of any careful preparation for our immediate demands. The things that a Socialist city should undertake at once are not formulated. It is amazing to see the number of letters that come to Schenectady from Socialists all over the country asking what they can do if they are elected. We are in danger of winning victories faster than we can use them.

One other thing of tremendous importance has come into the light of day. That is the question of what a Socialist city would do in case of a big strike. Schenectady got a whiff of the problem the first ten days the Socialists were in office. There was a strike on at the American Locomotive Works among the boiler-makers. The force of it was almost spent, and it was settled in the second week. But there was enough in the affair to suggest more. What would the Socialists do if they controlled the city government at Lawrence, for example? These questions are very pressing indeed, and our attitude is not clearly defined.

They are typical problems that all Socialists ruling non-Socialist cities will have to deal with. They are problems that must be considered at once—for each city will have them as it comes under Socialist rule. The two months in Schenectady have helped to clarify these problems. They are valuable for that reason.



WALTER LIPPMANN.



CERMINAL

By EMILE ZOLA

SECOND PART

THE PEOPLE

Edited by Albert Sonnichsen.

Illustrated by H. J. Turner.



THE wooden clock downstairs struck six. Down the alley was heard the sound of closing doors and the click-clack of wooden shoes on the walk. It was the screeners going to the mine. Until seven o'clock all was silent again. Then shutters were thrown back and through the walls came the sounds of yawning and coughing. Now the grinding of coffee was heard; yet no one awoke in that room.

Suddenly Alzire ran barefooted to her mother's bed.

"Mother! Mother! Get up! It's late! You know you have to go out. Take care, or you'll crush Estelle!" And she pulled the baby from beneath its mother.

"Oh, God!" groaned the woman, rubbing her eyes. "I am so tired—I could sleep all day. Dress Lenore and Henri, I'll take them with me; you must mind Estelle. I don't want to drag her along; she'll catch cold in this weather."

She hastily dressed and washed herself, putting on an old blue skirt, her best one, and a gray, woolen jacket, on which she had sewn two patches the day before.

"What shall I do?" she murmured. "The little ones must have something to eat."

As her mother descended the stairs Alzire re-entered the room, carrying Estelle, who was crying. Though she was only eight years old, she calmed and amused the baby with the tender solicitude of a little woman. Putting it into the still warm bed she coaxed it to sleep again. Now another uproar arose; she was obliged to make peace between Lenore and Henri, who had just awakened. These children only agreed when asleep. The girl of six, on awakening, flew at the boy of two, who could not defend himself. Both had big heads covered with yellow hair. Alzire pulled them out of bed. Then they stamped while she washed them and put on each article of clothing. They did not open the shutters for fear of disturbing old Bonnemort, who continued to snore amid the confusion.

"Come down, if you're ready," called the mother.

Then she opened the shutters, raked the fire and put on some coal. A glance into the saucepan dispelled the hope that the old man had left a little soup. She cooked a handful of vermicelli which had been held in reserve for three days; not a crust, not a bone remained. What would become of them if Maigrat stopped their credit and the rich people at Piolaine would not give her five francs? When the men and the girl returned from the mine there must be something for them to eat. They could not live without food.

"Come," she cried, "I must be off."

When Alzire and the two children were there she portioned the vermicelli out into three little plates, saying she did not wish any herself. Although Catherine had already used the coffee grounds, left over from the day before, she poured some water over them and drank two great bowls of coffee, so weak that it looked like water with a little iron rust. It was good all the same. It would strengthen her.

"Listen," said she to Alzire, "you must let your grandfather sleep, and see that Estelle does not break her neck; if she wakes up and cries too much, here's a lump of sugar you can melt and give her in spoonfuls. . . . I know you're too sensible to eat it yourself."

"How about school, mamma?"

"That will have to wait another day. I need you now."

"And the soup, don't you want me to make it if you're late?"

"No, you'll have to wait 'till I get home."

Alzire, with the precocious intelligence of an invalid, knew how to make soup. But she did not insist, she understood why she must wait.

Now the whole alley was astir; troops of children were going off to school with loitering step. Eight

o'clock struck; the sound of voices arose at the house of Levaque, on the left.

The wives' day had begun, which would be spent in going from house to house, their hands on their hips, their tongues running without a break.

At that moment a wan face, with large lips and a broken nose, was flattened against the window pane, while a woman cried:

"Listen! I've something new to tell you."

"No, not now," replied Maheu's wife. "I'm in a hurry."

And, refusing the offer of a cup of warm coffee, she set out, pushing Lenore and Henri before her. From the room above Bonnemort's regular snore filled the house.

Outside, the mother was surprised to find it was no longer blowing. The sky was heavy, and a chilly thaw was dampening the walls and filling the roads with the mud peculiar to coal regions, black as soot, thick and clinging. Boxing Lenore's ears for heaping the mud on the toes of her shoes, she left the alley, passed along the canal-road, and then, to shorten the distance, cut through fields enclosed by moss-covered fences. Manufactories succeeded each other, with high chimneys, denoting a country of industry. Behind a group of poplars was the old Requiart mine, whose wooden staging alone remained standing. Turning to the right she came out on the main road.

As she approached the warehouses and shops belonging to the company the mother decided to take the hands of Henri and Lenore. Before them was the house of M. Hennebeau, an enormous building which was separated from the road by a railing and a garden. A carriage had stopped before the door from which a gentleman and a lady were alighting, visitors arriving from Paris, for Madame Hennebeau, who appeared in the vestibule, gave an exclamation of surprise and joy.

"Come on, now," muttered the mother, pulling the children out of the mud.

Very uneasy, she arrived at Maigrat's store, which was next to the director's, a simple wall separating them. The store in front contained every saleable article; meat, fruit, bread, beer, crockery and notions. Maigrat had been an overseer of the Voreux—he had started out in a small way; then, thanks to the protection of the company, his business had enlarged little by little, driving out all other shops in Montson. Having monopolized trade, he was able to sell cheaper and give credit. But he still remained in the hands of the company, which had built for him his little house and store.

"Here I am again, Monsieur Maigrat," humbly said the woman, finding him standing before his door.

He eyed her without a word. Fat, cold and polite, he prided himself on never changing his mind.

"You won't turn me away like you did yesterday, will you? We must have bread to eat until Monday. I know we've owed you sixty francs for two years."

She spoke in short, faltering sentences. It was an old debt, contracted during a strike. Twenty times they had promised to pay up; but were unable to do so; last pay day they had given him forty sous; then, a shoemaker whom they owed twenty francs, threatened to have them arrested, and they were obliged to pay him all the money they had left. That was the reason they were now without a sou. At other times, like their comrades, their money held out until more was received.

Without opening his mouth and with arms crossed over his stomach, Maigrat shook his head at each supplication.

"Nothing, but two loaves of bread, Monsieur Maigrat. I'm reasonable, I don't ask for coffee. . . . Only two three-pound loaves a day."

"No!" he thundered at last.

His wife came forward, a wretched creature, who passed her days over a register without even daring to raise her head; but she moved away in fright on seeing the unhappy woman turn her beseeching eyes toward her. They said she yielded her conjugal relations to the girls of the town. It was a known fact, that when a miner wished a prolongation of credit, by sending his wife or daughter, whether pretty or ugly, it was obtained if only they were compliant.

Sick at heart and followed by the cold looks of Maigrat, the mother turned away, pushing her children before her.

Only one hope remained; the rich people at Piolaine. If they would not lend her five francs they must all lay down and die. Walking on, she planned how she would spend the five francs; first, some bread, then coffee, potatoes, a quart of beer and, perhaps, a little hogshead cheese for the men who needed meat.

The Monsoon priest, the Abbé Joire, passed her, picking his way through the mud like a well kept cat who was afraid of soiling itself. He was a good man, who lived at peace with the whole world. "Good morning, Monsieur le Cure."

He smiled at the children and passed on, leaving her standing in the middle of the road. She was not religious, but the thought had come to her that the priest might give her something.

The journey through the black and sticky mud was resumed. There were still two kilometers to drag the now worn out children. Twice she nearly fell in the soft road. When they had at last reached the doorstep, three large dogs sprang upon them, barking so loud that the little ones screamed with fear.

"Leave your shoes and come in," said the servant.

In the dining room the mother and her children stood motionless, uneasy under the glances of the old gentleman and lady who were stretched out in the arm-chairs.

"You must attend to them, my daughter," said the latter.

The Gregoires charged Cecile with their almsgiving. That entered into their idea of a good education. It was necessary to be charitable, they said. But they flattered themselves that they dealt out charity with intelligence, having a continual fear of being mistaken and encouraging vice. No, they never gave money, not ten sous, not even two; for it was well known that as soon as a beggar had two sous, he spent them for drink. Therefore, their charity especially consisted in the distribution of warm winter clothing to the poor children.

"Oh! the poor darlings!" said Cecile, "they are pale from the cold! . . . Honorine, go up stairs and get the bundle."

The maids were also eyeing these miserable people with the pity and feeling of girls never in want of a meal. While the chamber-maid went up stairs, the cook, forgetting herself, set the milk-bread back upon the table and stood looking on with folded arms.

"I still have two good woolen dresses and some little capes," said Mademoiselle. "The poor little things shall be warm."

Then Maheu's wife found her tongue, stammering:

"Thank you, Mademoiselle. . . . You're very good."

Her eyes filled with tears; she was sure of five francs, she only occupied herself in studying how to ask for them, if they were not offered. The chamber-maid not returning, a moment of embarrassed silence followed. On each side of their mother, holding tight to her skirts, the little ones fixedly regarded the milk-bread.

"Have you only those two?" asked Madame Gregoire, to break the silence.

"Oh! Madame, I've seven."

M. Gregoire, who had resumed his paper, gave an indignant start.

"Seven children, good heavens!"

"It is imprudent," murmured the old lady.

The mother excused herself with an uneasy gesture. She was thinking of the five franc piece and her voice, at first low and timid, became loud and eager, as she explained that fatal debt. They had paid regularly for some months, but one day they got behind, then all was ended, for they could not catch up again. The men were disheartened with the work which did not pay them enough to keep straight. They could not get out of this scrape. But they must understand the whole affair. A shoemaker in want of a drink to wash down the dust, had begun their trouble. Perhaps it was no fault of his. At any rate the workmen did not earn enough.

"The company gives you fuel and houses, I believe," said Madame Gregoire.

With a glance at the coal flaming in the fire-place she answered:

"Yes, they give us coal. It's not very good, but it burns. . . . The rent's only six francs; that don't seem like much to you, but sometimes it's pretty hard to pay it. Why, to-day, if they were to cut me to pieces I couldn't hand them a sou, for you can't give what you haven't got."

The gentleman and lady were silent and yawned a little languidly, depressed and uncomfortable by the exposure of this misery. She, fearing she had offended them, added with a wise and calm air of a practical woman:

"It does no good to complain. Things are so and we'll have to stand them. No matter how much we tried, we couldn't change anything. So, Monsieur and Madame, it's best to be honest and work on with the strength the good God has given us, isn't it?"

M. Gregoire nodded his head approvingly:

"With such sentiments, my good woman, one is above misfortune."

Honorine and Melanie brought in the bundle. Cecile opened it and took out two little dresses and capes, also some stockings and mittens. Those would do very well, and with the maid's assistance, she hastily tied up the bundle, for her piano teacher had arrived at last, and she pushed the mother and children towards the door.

"We are so short," stammered the woman. "If you've only a five franc piece."

The words choked her, for the Maheus were proud and would not beg. Cecile glanced uneasily at her father, but he slowly refused with an air of duty.

"No, it is not our habit. We cannot."

Then the young girl turned to her mother, wishing to give something to the children. They were

still looking at the milk-bread, and cutting it in two she gave it to them.

"Here! this is for you."

Then she took it back and asked for an old paper. "Wait, you can share with your brothers and sisters."

And, under the watchful glances of her parents, she ended by pushing them outside. The poor, hungry little things went off holding the bread carefully, their little hands benumbed with the cold.

Pulling her children along the road, the mother no longer noticed the barren fields, the black mud, or the livid sky. When she arrived at Montson, she resolutely entered Maigrat's store, begging so piteously that she ended by carrying away two loaves of bread, other provisions, and even a hundred sou piece, which was lent her for a week. When he told her to send her daughter to get the provisions she understood his kindness. But she did not fear; Catherine was a good girl, and, for any insult, would slap his face.

The women had been sitting, gossiping, when one of them arose and went to the window.

"Who's that?" she cried. "Why, it's Madame Hennebeau with some people. They're turning around. Look, my dear. I think they're going to your house."

La Maheu was filled with fear. Who knows whether Alzire had cleaned up; her soup was not ready, and she was not dressed. She stammered "good day" and flew off without turning her head.

But everything shone. Alzire, very sedate and with a house cloth before her, was making the soup, seeing her mother did not return. She had pulled the leeks, and gathered some sorrel in the garden, and she was now cleaning the vegetables, while upon the fire a large kettle of water was heating for the men's bath on their return. Henri and Lenore were peaceable by chance. The father Bonnemort was silently smoking his pipe.

As the mother drew a sigh of relief, Madame Hennebeau knocked and entered.

"You will permit me, will you not, my good woman?"

She was a large blonde, a little heavy in the maturity of her forty years, and she smiled, without showing her fear of soiling her toilet, a dark green silk, covered with a black velvet mantle.

"Come in," said she to her guests. "There is nothing to be feared. . . . Well! is it not clean? This good woman has seven children. All our housewives are like this. . . . I have explained to you that the company rents them the house for six francs a month. There is one large room on the first floor, two bedrooms above, a cellar, and a garden."

The gentleman, who wore the insignia of some order, and the lady in a fur cloak, who had that morning arrived from Paris, opened their eyes in astonishment at this life, which was so entirely unknown to them.

"And a garden," repeated the lady, "why, it's charming."

"We can give them more coal than they can burn," continued Madame Hennebeau. "A physician visits them twice a week, and when they become old, they receive pensions, although we do not deduct anything from their wages now."

"A veritable country of Cocagne," said the gentleman, enchanted.

La Maheu arose hurriedly, offering them chairs.

The ladies refused. Madame Hennebeau was already fatigued. For an instant she forgot her ennui in this role she had assumed; a herd of beasts, she thought, and repugnance immediately followed in this heavy atmosphere of misery, although she never made herself uneasy by thinking of these people working and suffering beside her.

"The beautiful children!" murmured the lady, who in reality thought them frightful, with their immense heads covered with straw colored hair.

Out of politeness they asked their ages and also some questions about Estelle. Old Bonnemort had respectfully taken his pipe from his mouth, but he none the less remained an object for sympathy. When a violent fit of coughing came upon him he preferred to go outside to expectorate, fearing the black spittle would frighten these people.

Alzire was a great success. What a sweet little housekeeper! They complimented the mother on having such an intelligent child. No one spoke of her hump, although compassionate looks were cast on the poor, infirm being.

"Now," concluded Madame Hennebeau, "if they speak in Paris of our alleys, you will be able to reply. No more rumors like that, for mothers, old people and all are happy, as you see."

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" cried the gentleman in a final burst of enthusiasm.

They went out, enchanted with this sort of phenomenal hut and La Maheu stood in the doorway, watching them slowly go off, talking very loud. As soon as their backs were turned the other women joined La Maheu, who still had Estelle in her arms, and they stood watching the retreating forms of Madame Hennebeau and her guests. When they were out of hearing the gossiping was renewed.

"They've got some money on their backs. Their clothing is worth more than themselves."

"I don't know anything about the others, but I wouldn't give four sous for that one from here, fat as she is. They tell some strange stories about her."

"Well, what are they?"

"Oh! about men. The engineer is one of them."

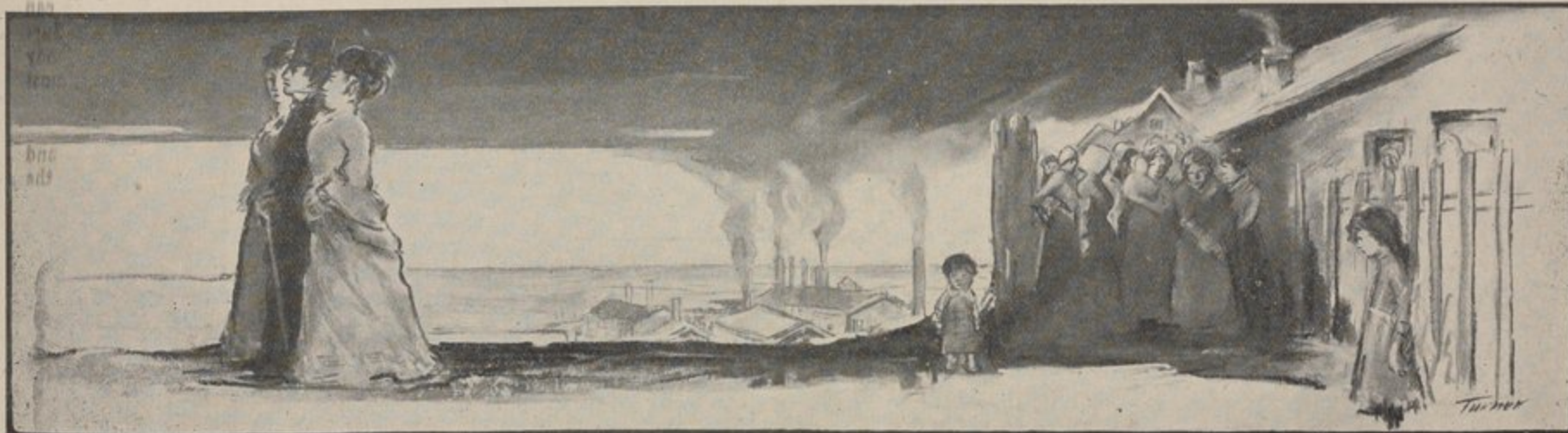
"That little thing?"

"What difference does that make, if it amuses her? I don't think much of a woman who never acts as if she was pleased with anything. . . . Look! she turns her back on us, as if she despised us all. Is that right?"

Madame Hennebeau and her friends were going on with the same loitering step, still talking, when a landau drove up before the church, and from it alighted a dark gentleman, about forty-eight years of age, with a strong face, and his form muffled up in a long, dark overcoat.

"The husband," murmured la Levaque, lowering her voice as though he was by her side, filled with the strong fear which the director inspired in his ten thousand workmen.

Now, everyone in the alley was outdoors. The women's curiosity became greater and greater, and the groups drew closer together, becoming a perfect mob; while the dirty children lay upon the pavement with gaping mouths. The pale face of the school teacher was seen an instant peeping from the window. The man, who had been digging in the garden, rested his foot on the spade, while he watched with the others. And the murmur of the gossiping voices swelled out little by little with a rustling sound like the wind sweeping through a forest of dead leaves.



THEY STOOD WATCHING THE RETREATING FORMS OF MADAME HENNEBEAU AND HER GUESTS.

MINIMUM WAGE ACROSS THE WATER

RARELY is it that we so far forget our manners as to explode with a coarse guffaw when an esteemed contemporary slips down on the ice but the present occasion is too tempting.

Upon our helpless heads for the past several months—in fact dating from the beginning of the Masses Labor League—there has been descending a regular down-pour of criticism, good-natured, bad-natured, and other sorts. The genial critics said that the idea of the League was absurd and far-fetched and entirely out of place and not at all needed in America. The grouchy ones called it self-advertising, grand-stand playing, treason, and several other things.

We said that the idea of the Masses Labor League (the Minimum Wage and the Limiting of the Work-day) was the most revolutionary practical movement in the field to-day, and moreover a revolution that might be accomplished by political action.

WITH this idea it is plain to be seen that the trouble of the English with their coal supply has rather interested us. *Because what the miners want and what the operators will establish and what the government will put through if the operators don't—is a Minimum Wage.* There is no dodging around the fact that this is the most important issue now before the makers of a new civilization. If the English government acts as it undoubtedly must act, it will be an official recognition of the fact that labor is entitled to a certain standard of living below which capitalists are forbidden to drive them.

IN England this Minimum Wage is being forced by a great strike of the coal-miners which extends to the continent. When the minimum wage is granted it will benefit the coal-miners only—with perhaps a few trifling exceptions.

The Minimum Wage is the issue of the hour and also the issue of the next few years. It may come with strikes and bloodshed or it may leave its victories recorded wholly in the election returns, but coming it is.

We want this change brought about peacefully and through the accepted channels; not because strikes are not picturesque and interesting, but because as a rule the ballot box is a better means of getting there. We believe in political action as the most efficient means of progress for the working class.

There is no room for any more destructive criticism of our agitation for a Minimum Wage. Events have proven that it is a most necessary form of agitation at present. A task which the Socialist Party has not the time to perform. The points we are emphasizing are the very points which will be most in evidence in the coming decade.

NUMEROUS letters have come into our hands inquiring about the League and offering suggestions and asking questions. Some of the questions and hints are quite in line—others are not so helpful.

Mr. A wants to know about the man who can't earn three dollars at his trade. Suppose such a man be an apprentice or disabled in some way so that he cannot turn out three dollars' worth of work? What then?

Well, that seems simple. Let three dollars be the minimum wage. If a distinction be necessary, pay the skilled workman more, but give the man at the bottom enough to enable him to live decently. In the case of a man so far below average that he cannot actually accomplish three dollars' worth in a day—well, it seems plain that he is in the wrong trade, and sooner or later under Socialism or capitalism he will be forced out into something that suits him better. Some day there

will be great public works where men who are unable to work economically at a specialized trade can earn a minimum wage doing unskilled labor. But just now it is enough to help the more capable and skilled workers out of the pit. Give them a chance and they will be in a position to help the rest.

ANOTHER correspondent finds faults with Socialist speakers who say that each laboring man produces \$2,550 annually and ought to receive that amount. He says the figures show nothing of the kind.

Without trying to mess with statistics, one thing is certain, and that is that if everyone in the United States should do each day a fair amount of socially useful work we should all have an income big enough to satisfy our ordinary wants. Probably it would range around the \$2,500 mark. At any rate the best way to work for it is to work for The Masses Labor League.

FROM Los Angeles a comrade endorses our plan, but wants the League, while it is doing the good work, to abolish Sunday and set up the Co-operative Commonwealth as a side issue.

This is asking a bit too much. The League has just one purpose and that is to awaken the people to the fact that they can secure a reasonable workday and a Minimum Wage by political action and that a party is already in the field waiting to carry out the wishes of the workers.

We want the people of this country to wake up to the fact that if they demand More Wages and Shorter Hours hard enough something is going to happen. We want the League to start working people thinking for themselves. After they have thought for a while it's pretty safe to predict what their future political affiliations will be.

PROPOSED ACT TO REGULATE INTERSTATE COMMERCE

ONLY such individuals or concerns as comply with the following conditions, shall carry on any commerce between the States; nor shall any articles made in the United States be transported from State to State unless made under these conditions:

1. No more than 44 hours' work in any week or 8 hours in any day.
2. No person under 16 to be employed.
3. No man or woman over 21 or under 55 to be employed at wages less than \$3.00 a day.
4. Wages to be paid for week-day holidays.

WE believe that the best way to make a man a Socialist is to improve his living conditions until he has leisure to look around him comfortably. The worker goaded by a sense of great injustice does not necessarily make a good comrade in a long fight. He wants to end things at once. He demands quick, direct action. On the contrary, the man or woman with time to breathe can look at matters more calmly and can see the advantage of being right before jumping too much ahead.

A man may be a Socialist by instinct, but he must have time to reason and think a bit before he can qualify as a helpful worker for the Co-operative Commonwealth.

WE know that the best way to make people think about a political party is to show them tangibly what a powerful party it is. If we Socialists are able to have the law passed forbidding interstate shipments of articles not made under certain conditions we will have five votes where we had one before.

It is only a question of time before the Minimum Wage agitation is started. Why shouldn't it be organized and kept efficient by Socialists?

We have come to feel that the League is so big a proposition that it is too big for any magazine or set of men to control and have therefore decided to continue the agitation under a new name, "The Minimum Wage League." We want the League taken up by the National Convention and officially recommended to the Socialists of America by their representatives.

WE want you to persuade your local to send a motion to the convention moving that the Minimum Wage League be officially adopted and promoted by the Party.

We want you to agitate this—to take it up with your local at the next meeting.

The Minimum Wage League with its cry of "More Wages and Shorter Hours" will reach these people as nothing else can.

THE progress of the cause of humanity is very much like the progress of a boat when you are rowing against wind and wave.

It seems for a long while that you are not moving. The pull of the air at your oar blade hampers you; the big waves seem to toss you back farther than your muscle drives you forward, and as you look at the green welter of water you lose heart and you feel that you can never win where nature seems so dead set against your purpose.

Yet if you are noticing you will observe on shore that the church spire behind the trees seems to be traveling with you. When you first saw it, its weathercock overhung the little brushy hill and now it is directly above the red boat-house and is moving slowly but determinedly toward the wharf whither you are bound.

You are moving. Every stroke of the oar, futile as it may seem, sends you forward.

THE Minimum Wage League is a stroke of the oar. It is a big stroke, and a strong stroke, and it will send us ahead, but it is only a stroke. It is at present the best thing we can do; it beats paddling with the hands or preaching Surplus Value all hollow. It is so simple that everybody can understand it, and it is so reasonable that almost everybody will help it along.

More Money and Shorter Hours!

Comrades, bend your back to this new effort and watch the boat jump along on the good old trail to the New World.



If you want the minimum living wage bad enough, you can have it. If you show you are determined to get it, the above law will be passed in a hurry. But you must show you want it, and this can be done by organization only. Therefore, organize, agitate and educate among your friends, in the socialist local, in your labor union, on the street corner, in fact anywhere and everywhere. Tell us what you are doing.



JEFFERSONIAN vs. SOCIAL DEMOCRACY

Written for THE MASSES

CAPITALISM has perhaps contributed more to the progress of the human race than all other systems combined. Notwithstanding this, its inefficiency and inadequacy to any longer meet the economic wants of the great mass of humanity are the strongest proof of its ultimate disappearance. Society is instinctively seeking to readjust itself to a more rational social order, and in this struggle to reorganize and to construct the new social order, there naturally arise two schools of thought, two phases of interpretation—the Individualist and the Socialist.

Between these two types there is a controversy, a wide difference of opinion, as to whether or not the future state of society will place the individual or society supreme.

The claim of the individualist is that the Socialist state will become a tyrant and that the rights of the individual will be completely obliterated.

For the purpose of clarifying the issue let us analyze and compare these two types. Our ideas and concepts evolve out of the subsoil of material and economic environment and experience.

The savage with his bow and arrow obtained food, clothing, and shelter. It was also his means of defense.

In the days of the hand tool the man who had access to a few acres of land and owned a few tools could supply all the necessities of life. He was independent of the rest of the world. He was sufficient unto himself. All the economic processes were within his grasp, and from this material condition these evolved the spirit of independence, the doctrine of individualism.

But the discovery of steam and electricity as useful forces in production, altered the economic processes.

The machine method of production developed the specialist. As the system evolved the workers became more and more *DEPENDENT* on each other.

And out of these new material conditions, this new economic environment, men evolved a new sense of relationship.

The bread-and-butter problem could only be solved by men working together. The men who made the machines were dependent on those who bought the coal and the ore from the earth. Those who made the shoes and wove the cloth were *DEPENDENT* on those who made the machines.

The independence of the worker with the hand tool has given place to the dependence of the worker with the machine.

A new sense of social dependence takes precedence over the independence of the individualist.

In the organic world the simple celled organism performs all the functions of its life with but one or few cells. As we ascend in the scale of life, the functions become specialized, until we reach the human, and there we find the most highly specialized organisms. The life only continues when each and every vital organism does its part. The heart cannot do the work of the stomach, or the liver the work of the lungs.

SPECIALIZATION MEANS DEPENDENCE. The more highly organized a body is the greater its capacity for life, the better it is qualified for appreciating and enjoying life.

The hand tool meant limitation in production. The machine process gives us abundance in production.

In the sum total of human experiences, it is safe to say that we get more out of life to-day than our ancestors did, for the reason that we have more to enjoy to-day than they had.

Let us look still further into the study of human society, and the relation of the individual to society, and see if the observations and deductions we arrive at in the biological world obtain in the domain of society. So long as men can make a living with the bow and arrow or simple tools, whatever sense of relationship they may have must grow out of other conditions than that of economic dependence. It must be based on sentiment, or feeling. The parent feels a responsibility for the child, but the father may take an aversion to his offspring and no longer feel any obligation to it.

It is not impossible even for the mother to lose her interest in the child.



BY LENA MORROW LEWIS

BLOOD TIES MAY BE STRONG, BUT THEY ARE NOT INVINCIBLE. It is only in the highly organized machine age that we find the environment that produces a sense of dependence and relationship toward our fellow men. Our economic processes bind us together even when our feelings and our sentiments might separate us.

From these arguments we are forced to conclude that there are two kinds of democracy.

The one growing out of the handcraft system—common in the days of Jefferson—a period in which the individual is independent of his fellow man, with a sense of relationship based purely on sentiment or feeling.

The other, evolving out of the machine process, and the necessity of a social adjustment, in harmony with the economic relation and dependence of the members of society on each other.

The Democracy growing out of individualism has its origin in the doctrine of natural rights, which doctrine has no longer any standing in the scientific world.

The Democracy of Socialistic production has its basis in the economic power and mutual dependence of the workers.

The hand tool does not require any special skill. There is nothing to call forth the specialist, or a variety of talent, therefore, in a democracy growing out of individual production, we find the idea that one person is as well qualified to fill a position in the government as another, and hence arises the principle of rotation in office. This doctrine of rotation in office belongs to the Jeffersonian Democracy of the past and has no part or place in the Social Democracy of the future.

It has been claimed that the right to vote carried with it the right to hold office, and since the holding of office was a personal gain and advantage, there would be more people enjoy this privilege if no one could hold an office more than one or two terms. Party members who advocate rotation in office are individualists, Jeffersonian Democrats, and not Social Democrats.

The machine requires skill, ability, genius, adaptation. Not every Tom, Dick, or Harry can operate a gigantic Baldwin locomotive engine.

The Democracy growing out of the age of social production, requires the specialist in the various departments of social and public service, even as the economic process requires the specialist in that phase of life.

In a democracy growing out of a state of individual production, people will be governed by their personal likes and whims and caprice in the selection of officers.

They will be governed by their feelings and prejudices. In a highly organized co-operative State, the selection of officials will be made according to their fitness and ability.

Officers under "Jeffersonian Democracy" secured their positions largely as the result of personal effort and popularity. Officers in a Social Democracy will be chosen by the people according to their ability to fill the place.

If society selects incompetents it will suffer because of its stupidity. If it permits itself to be governed by its prejudices, it will not obtain the best service.

Efficiency, ability, must be qualities required in the officials who are to *serve* society in the future.

One does not himself necessarily have to possess the qualities required to fill a position to be able to select one competent for the place.

Mayor Lunn, of Schenectady, the Socialist executive of that city, has appointed men to certain departments in the city government who are far better equipped to fill the places than he himself. But Dr. Lunn's inability to render efficient service in a particular department does not disqualify him from being able to select and appoint the man who is properly qualified.

As the social organism the body politic reflects more and more the economic processes, or rather harmonizes and adapts itself to the economic conditions of the time, society will come to appreciate more and more the need of the social expert, the specialist. A person is valuable under Socialism or in a collectivist state as he recognizes his dependence on his fellow-man. Individualism cannot survive in a highly organized co-operative state of production. The more efficiently we adapt ourselves to each other in a collectivist state, the more harmoniously we will get along, and the more in turn will be got out of society.

In summing up the argument, we make the following comparisons or observations: Individualists look back to the days of the hand tool for a basis for their ideas. They are essentially reformers, and this type of people within the Socialist party organization exploit the movement for their own personal advantage. They advocate rotation in office and are essentially Jeffersonian Democrats and not Socialists.

Socialists, real Socialists, belong to the machine age. They are revolutionists in that they see the necessity of a reorganization of society in harmony with the economic conditions of the time; advocate officials *elected* and *selected* because of their ability and efficiency, the term for the holding of an office not to be determined by an arbitrary rule, but whether or not those holding office are the best persons that can be secured for the place. The Socialist surrenders his personality for the common good.

The body politic, functioning through the services of the social expert, will render better service to the individual than ever was possible in the days of the hand tool.

Specialization means dependence. Specialization means service.

Socialists discard the inherited ideas of the past and they evolve the rules and procedure that are in keeping with the economic interests and conditions of the times.

Let us away with the ideals of Jeffersonian Democracy!

Let us be Social Democrats!

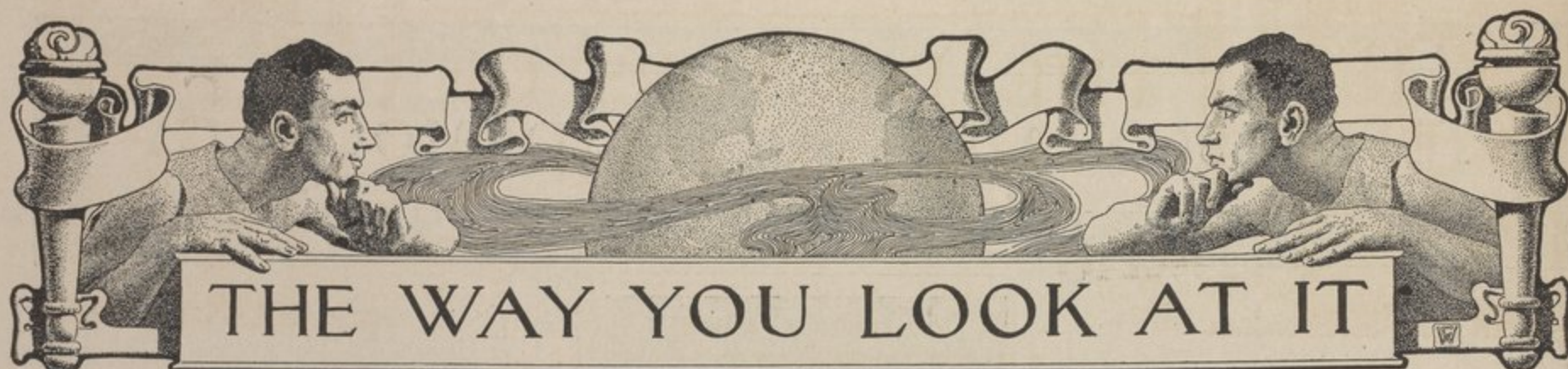
TWO NEW STRIKE BREAKERS

"POSTMASTER MERRILL, of Washington, D. C., dropped the first letter into one of the traveling mail boxes with which the trolley cars of the city are equipped."

Moral: A striking conductor or motorman will interfere with the United States mail service, which they claim to be a rather serious offense. Are you on?

(From a circular received.)

DEAR SIR: We note by the papers that a strike of the gas workers of this city is imminent, and would call your attention to the fact that we can install, at any time on a few hours' notice, Pacific Green Gas for your plant.



IMMIGRATION NOTES

TO-DAY Ivan Owzowsky landed from Poland bound for Pittsburg. Ivan will be melted up in a cake of hot iron along about June, 1915.

With his family M. Pierre La Venue touched America for the first time to-day. He is ticketed for the mills in Massachusetts, where he will work about six years for seven dollars a week before consumption gets him.

Fresh from Germany, Miss Olga Schmitz landed to-day at Hoboken on her way to Chicago, the center of the White Slave Traffic, where she will enter domestic service.



Bundle in hand Sig. Giovanni Rocco jumped ashore at the Battery and took himself to the gang engaged in excavating the new Cosmopolite Building. Sig. Rocco will be struck on the head by a falling beam two months from next Friday and he will be buried in an obscure cemetery as Jim Rice, so that his relatives won't get on the trail and demand damages.

THE ADVENTURES OF GEORGE W. BOOB

I.
EVERYONE was het up about the high cost of living.

George W. Boob was just as het up as anybody else; in fact, he had come to the hall early so that nothing should escape him.

"Yes, my friends," said the Banker, "we can only account for the present high cost of living by the increased production of gold during the last couple of decades. That explains everything—everything." And he departed to his club to sample his favorite cut of beefsteak.

"For my part," announced the Practical Business Man, who addressed the meeting next, "I believe the excessive price of everything is due to our reckless style of living. We must go back to the simple life." And he recovered from his oratorical effort at the nearest hotel where he opened some champagne and tipped the waiter half a dollar.

"I will tell you the cause of it," said the successful lady novelist, "it is the waste and lack of economy of the lower classes. Why, I have a cook whom I pay seven dollars a week and yet she wants more!" And justly indignant the authoress went on to her box at opera.

Now George W. Boob had cheered impartially at all these wise and penetrating remarks, but just



as he was leaving the hall he was stopped by a Mildly Inquiring Person in spectacles.

"My friend," said the Mildly Inquiring Person, "if you really wish the present high prices to go down why do you not join with me in a plan to set every man, woman and child at some useful productive work. Why should not Mr. Rockpile, the Banker, sole shoes, and Mr. Bix, the Practical Business Man, hoe gardens, and Miss Dumberry, the popular lady novelist, get a job in a laundry?"

In a moment the blood of George W. Boob was up. "What," he cried, "take them people out of

their fine houses and make 'em do rough work like me? Why, I never heard such a thing! Good thing you're wearing glasses or I'd up an' punch you right in the eye."

THE AGITATORS

THE recent founding of several Anti-Socialist Leagues brings to mind those splendid old Anti-Socialist organizers who have spent years in their work of propaganda about the country. The first of these sterling fellows to merit attention is Old Doctor Ugliness.

The Anti platform wouldn't be complete without him. Old Doc has been on the stump for Capitalism ever since the middle of the eighteenth century and some say before. There isn't a town, city, village or countryside where Doc hasn't left his imprint.

There may be people who hate Socialism worse, but nobody is so insistent in fighting it as Old Doc Ugliness.

This is his style of attack.

"Ladies and gents, look at this manufacturing town. Isn't it great! I planned it myself. You can't see the sun because of the factory smoke. The city hall is falling to pieces every time the wind blows. Don't you like it? The architect was a friend of mine—so was the contractor. Hear that noise from the street car wheels. Doesn't it set your nerves on edge? And yet my friends if the Socialists came in they'd probably rob you of that sound and a lot of others."



"See this little boy, here. That's the way I like to see a boy look! No chest. He's fifteen but he looks fifty. That's because he's doing his eleven hours a day in the factory."

"Ah, my friends, if you like what I like you'd better look out! If the Socialists come in they won't leave those dear old tenements standing. No, sir, they'll fill out little boys' chests and they'll take away dirt and grime. In fact, gentlemen, it's likely that they'll do away with me. Think of that, now! They'll do away with your old friend—Old Doc Ugliness!"

It's a funny thing, but Old Doc isn't as successful as he used to be. Fact is, things have come to pass where many citizens just take one look at him and then go and vote the Socialist ticket.

THINGS YOU NEVER READ.

II.
At his home yesterday President Dollarby, the head of Golconda University, spoke to a reporter on the problems of higher education.

"The greater part of the average college course is poppycock," said the well-known educator. "It might be worth while if we had plenty of time—in fact we present many ideal studies for old people—but when it comes to young, alert men and women most of our curriculum is dry rot. We ought to touch life; we ought to deal with life frankly and freely and thoroughly. We ought to analyse life without fear. As the class which is in possession of special knowledge we are in a position to point out a path to a more orderly world."

"But we can't. To keep things going we must have money from the people with fortunes to give away. So to hold our jobs it is necessary to keep our mouths shut and our hands open."

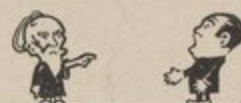
PASS ONE

THE rich man was more than indignant. "Don't you try to stop me," he said to Saint Peter, "I've got a pass."

"Let's have a look," said the venerable gatekeeper as he laid down his list of privileged entrants upon a nearby cloudbank. Rapidly he ran through the lines of the scroll.

"H'm, so you're Mr. Chinkley, are you?" "That's who I am." The rich man inflated his chest as much as possible.

"And you gave this magnificent orphan asylum to the children of the men who were killed in your factory?"



"That's me—yes, I did just that."

"And where did you get the money for the erection of this asylum?"

"Why from the factory, of course."

"And did you spend it all on this orphan asylum?"

"All? I should say not. What do you take me for? A Boob? I just spent a small part of it that way, the rest—"

"Don't bother explaining," said the Saint. "I see it all. You made money by killing men in your factory and with a part of that money you built an orphan asylum for their children. You don't belong here, Mr. Chinkley; you're due about two hundred and fifty-six million miles straight down."

NO, THIS NEVER HAPPENED TO YOU

BARNEY jumped from the bed because the tel-orchestration had begun its matutinal Sousa March. Lately he had taken occasion to rouse himself in this manner for there was something about the stir and the tramp of the music that warmed his blood and made him feel fighting fit—ready to tackle the day's work with a rush.

Through the open window the blue sea wrinkled and glistened while, beyond the float, heads of adventurous swimmers bobbed in the rising sun. Along the bathing beach from Curve's End to the Point a myriad children paddled, their gay dresses adding just the right touch of color to the gray sandy shore and the long graceful white stone sleeping quarters.



But Varney looked out beyond the swimmers; beyond the utmost waves, beyond even the plume of smoke that trailed faintly from some old-fashioned steamer. The starved longing woke in him.

"Marjie," he called, "are you awake? I've got a splendid idea, Marjie. Let's work nine hours a day for the next six months and then get a year off. I'm sick of America; I want to see Naples again and Rome and the Orient. Come on."

AND IT WON'T HAPPEN TO YOU EITHER IF YOU KEEP ON SITTING CONTENT WITH THINGS AS THEY ARE.



THE DOCTORS OF SOCIAL ILLS

OUR STOLEN YEARS

BY EDWIN W. WHEAT

YE Masters of the Mills, we seek a treasure you have robbed us of; a jewel that is gone, and gone forever; something that with all your millions, billions, you cannot restore to us—we seek *our stolen years!*

'Tis you, O Masters of the Mills, who stole from us these previous years! 'Tis you who chained us to the wheel, the forge, the loom, the desk! 'Tis you who blanch the roses on our cheeks; who creased these wrinkles on our youthful brows; who stole away our childish hopes and aspirations, leaving us but wrecks! Just pitiful, despairing, sad, sad wrecks of what we might have been!

What ask we, then—for charity? Ye mock us, giving us a crumb for every loaf you've stolen! Restitution? No, 'tis useless. Never can the years that might have been so full of joy-work and ideal-search, be given back to us. But, Masters of the Mills, hark well! Make wrecks of these *our children*, take from them "the upward looking and the light"—you *must* not, you *shall* not!

Therefore we demand not restitution, neither charity, but *revolution*. Then this mighty power that you have, to steal the life-blood of the race, ye Masters of the Mills—this shall be yours no more! It shall be wrested from you! *We*, whom you have wrecked, shall wrest it from you!

The Revolution! Speed it! These our children—made by Nature equals of *your* children—shall be then your children's equals in the mills and in the market place; shall be with them the workers in the mills and masters of the mills. Nor these nor those shall either be enslaved, nor others held in bondage; these and those shall labor side by side, and shall alike enjoy the fruits of labor.

Aye, and *all* shall LIVE!

PERSONAL

WE know that you read Socialist literature. We have been told you have listened to Socialist speakers. Facts which we greatly appreciate. Still, this does not mean that you are a Socialist. It probably means that you are wide-awake, fair-minded and progressive, and this is appreciated by us. But if you really want to please us, join the Socialist Party. Let us know, and we will see to it that you are called upon and given the necessary instructions.

SOCIALISM AND SUCCESS

BY W. J. GHENT

THIS is a book that will rouse discussion, a book that hits hard at human foibles. Whether Socialist or non-Socialist, the thoughtful reader will enjoy the keen analysis of motives, fearless criticism and pithy suggestion.

"Socialism and Success" is an important contribution to the literature of Socialism, not only because it presents the subject clearly, in crisp, invigorating style, but because it pleads with Socialists themselves for the best kind of Socialism. It will appeal to an even larger circle than Mr. Ghent's previous books, "Our Benevolent Feudalism" and "Mass and Class," which won such wide popularity.

Price, \$1.00, postage prepaid. Reduced rate for club order. The Masses Pub. Co., 150 Nassau St., New York.



This well-known tool, used in every home, for repairing shoes, furniture, and many other articles, and The Masses for one year for \$1.00.

See Page 20

RESTORING COMPETITION

BY VICTOR J. MCCOSE

THIS statement was made by President Taft in one of his speeches when on his recent "swing around the circle."

Our genial President evidently sees "the handwriting on the wall."

The President's statement puts the thing in a nutshell. There is but one alternative—a return, going back, to competition in big business, which is as possible as—to use a phrase of President Gary of the Steel Trust—to "unscramble a scrambled egg."

It is just as impossible as to do away with steam, electric power, and modern machinery. Or to go back to the ox team, stage coach and prairie schooner, to do the transportation business of this country.

Mr. Taft shows in a few words the inevitability of Socialism.

Socialism is inevitable, because, first, competition is gone forever. Second—because the markets of the world, domestic and foreign, are shrinking. Capitalism, which depends upon a free exchange of commodities for its existence, cannot live without a world market.

Third—the workers are becoming less conscious.

Fourth—because the ownership and control of the wealth of this nation are drifting into the hands of a very small minority. Thomas G. Sherman declares that 200,000 persons, or less than one per cent. of our population, control 70 per cent. of the wealth of the nation. It was concentration of ownership and control that caused Rome to tumble. It was concentration of ownership and control of the land under feudalism in the hands of the Church and the feudal nobility, that caused the downfall of that system and the rise of capitalism upon its ruins.

Fifth—economic determinism will settle the matter anyway and insure the triumph of Industrial Democracy.

Tons of books and pamphlets have been written to show that it must come, but President Taft has greatly simplified the matter in one short sentence: "We must restore competition, or we will get Socialism."

BUSINESS

BY CHAS. EDW. RUSSELL

THE book is written from the Socialist's point of view, and presents an entirely new consideration of the subject.

It recites many illustrations and incidents of Business in America to enforce its point of reasonableness and necessity of business.

It shows that under the existing conditions Business is obliged to do the things it is condemned for doing, and it argues for the freedom and honesty of Business that would come under Socialism.

It also shows clearly the recent tremendous development of Business toward the Socialist state, and the inevitable results of these tendencies.

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BREAKING THE LAW

BY T. C. RIVERA

IT is the conviction, or should be, of every Socialist, that no man has the moral right to believe in, advocate or use violence to change conditions or laws when he has a remedy in the vote which can be made effective.

The laws at present in effect were made by men elected to office by the working class. The great bulk of working men belong to the old parties, vote their tickets and are responsible for results.

Rebellious bitterness over conditions existing because of ignorance, has no place in a political party devoted to the education of the ignorant, and the permanent relief of the conditions.

Our coming National Convention when confronted with the proposition that will be presented, should put such emphasis in its rejection of the doctrine of violence as a weapon that it will not be heard from again.

The Socialist Party occupies a legitimate field, its position is impregnable, its membership is growing with wonderful rapidity and it is imperatively necessary for ultimate success in the shortest time that it keep in the straight and narrow path.

Its weapons are education and the ballot. When a sufficiency of the first brings enough of the second to bear on the Capitalist system, it will crumble.

I, for one, don't want a placard hanging from my neck saying, "I will use any weapon to win the fight against Capitalism, and will therefore not hesitate to break the present laws for which I have no respect."

So far as I am concerned none of that is true and never will be as long as we have the genuine ballot.

If our party is to continue to exist and retain equal legal rights that sign had better not be put up.

If there were a design to destroy the Socialist Party this year, no better scheme could be devised.

The Socialist National Convention should itself bring up the question, if not presented as proposed. Right now is the time to bury it so deep that even a gold miner could not find it.

I AM WITH YOU

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON

I DISAGREE with your friend who writes you that the Socialist movement in America is not ready for stuff like that furnished in your magazine. Many people are hungry for it. Your editorial on "Sensationalism" by Piet Vlag in the December number rings true to me—good and true. I would like to cast my lot with you, as you appeal to me in the right way. You haven't made as much noise as some, but I believe you are going to "come strong," and I feel qualified to pass that opinion. I wish you success.



This high-class set of cutlery as a premium with a yearly subscription to the Masses at regular price of \$1.

See Page 20

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