

THE MASSES

A-MONTHLY-MAGAZINE-DEVOTED-TO
THE-INTERESTS-OF-THE-WORKING-PEOPLE

AUGUST, 1912

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STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN—By GUTSON BORGLUM

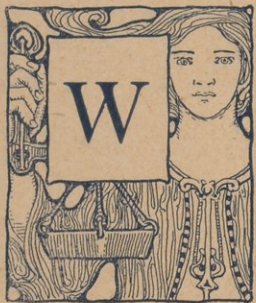
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THE CRISES OF 1860 AND 1912

CHattel SLAVERY WAS SMASHED THEN
WAGE SLAVERY TO BE SMASHED NOW

THE SOCIALIST PARTY AND THE LABOR UNIONS

By
JOB HARRIMAN



WHAT shall be the attitude of the Socialists toward the Labor Unions?

Out of this question arose by far the most heated discussion of the entire national Socialist convention. Every one seemed to realize that the future of the party largely depended upon how this question was settled.

There were two distinct factions with the lines between them clearly drawn, each knowing exactly what policy they desired. This made the question all the more difficult.

The one faction demanded an open and unqualified indorsement of industrial unionism. The other demanded that the Socialist Party keep hands off of the form of the economic organization.

Upon these points the committees on the relation of the Socialist Party to labor organizations and on platform and constitution could not agree. There was a minority report ready in each case.

Even though industrial unionism is developing within the A. F. of L., as evidenced by the United Mine Workers, the Federation of Federations and other organizations, yet the faction supporting industrialism was not content with a statement which merely recited these facts.

They demanded an open indorsement of industrialism.

Why this demand?

The reason is that the industrial unionism for which that faction stands carries with it a doctrine foreign to the other. They were all bitterly opposed to the A. F. of L. and demanded the indorsement of industrialism independent of the A. F. of L.

What is that doctrine? It is sabotage or individual covert direct action.

The indorsement of industrial unionism as distinguished from the A. F. of L. would be an indorsement of sabotage and of covert individual direct action.

The indorsement of industrial unionism as developing within the A. F. of L. does not include sabotage or covert individual direct action.

The former was indorsed and the latter was repudiated.

The important question for the Socialist Party to decide now is, What is producing this difference in policy within the Socialist Party?

As I understand it, the primary cause lies in the fact that many members of the Socialist Party, as well as many in the A. F. of L., are losing confidence, the one in the efficacy of political action, and the other in the efficacy of the strike and the boycott as means of solving our social problems.

The reason for this loss of hope is that these two organizations have remained separate in practically all their work for a third of a century.

The prejudices and hatred begotten of the Civil War, coupled with the war issues, were sufficient to hold the Republican party in power for a quarter of a century. This bitter feeling and hatred festered in the hearts of the Democrats and Republicans alike for many years even after the Democrats were returned to power. The Civil War, being a sectional and not a class war, the bitterness and hatred engendered by it set worker against worker, regardless of their interests.

This historical fact made it impossible for labor organizations to discuss political issues within their organizations. Hence there was incorporated into almost all their constitutions the clause "No politics in the union."

This fact prevented the otherwise normal relation of the trade unions and the Socialist Party from being established.

"Boring from within" and "boring from without" met the ever stern fact that politics within the union aroused the prejudices engendered by the war and its traditions.

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The separation of these two organizations gave rise to unjust criticisms on the part of both. Each thought the other was corrupt, and not understanding the cause that kept them apart, neither grew as they would have by joint action.

The economic organization was robbed of its political power and as a result was far less efficient and potent than it otherwise would have been. Remaining out of the political field, they were unable to make laws in their own interest, to elect judges to construe those laws, to appoint chiefs of police or generals of the army to enforce laws in their behalf. Being weak, many became discouraged and are losing confidence in the efficacy of the strike and boycott because the laws, the courts and the military power are against them.

On the other hand, the Socialist Party, being separated from the economic organization, gained but little power and still less experience in the actual affairs of the working class. Their criticisms became caustic, their theories extreme, and many of their members became fanatical.

The party developed into an organization headed

The articles by Bouck White have attracted national attention. We have decided to issue them in leaflet form. They are excellent propaganda matter and will be sold at \$1 per 100, 3 for 5c.

Leaflet No. 1—It is I who have called the Socialists into being.

Leaflet No. 2—Little man in a hurry.

Leaflet No. 3—Capitalism in convention assembled.

largely by intellectuals instead of by workingmen who had been developed by the struggle in the economic field. Not being able to reach the economic movement, many of the members of the Socialist Party are also beginning to lose hope. In the face of this fact, and not knowing the cause of this phenomenon, they proceed to protect their party against "too great and rapid" influx of organized workingmen. They increase the time that one shall belong to the party before he is eligible to office and throw all sorts of guards about their philosophic movement. This they will continue to do as long as it is a philosophic and not a fighting movement.

Being separate from the labor movement and confined rather to teaching their doctrines than to fighting for bread, many of their members are beginning to lose hope in the efficacy of political action.

Whenever a nation being sorely pressed with great social problems loses hope in the possibility of a peaceable solution, that moment all the elements of civil war are present.

So when any portion of any class lose hope in peaceably settling their pressing problems by the means agreed upon by their class organization, that portion losing hope is ready for some other method of warfare.

Political action, the strike and boycott having been separately tried in the most adverse, inefficient and incoherent manner, the members of each who have lost hope drift into and meet in one organization lying midway between them and there they join hands and adopt sabotage, individual direct action, as their method of warfare, all agreeing to fight political action and the form of existing economic organizations used by both the A. F. of L. and the Socialist Party.

This new organization is the germ of a syndicalist movement in America, and it is being fed by those Socialists who lose confidence in political action and hope of a peaceable solution, as well as by those in the A. F. of L. who are losing confidence in their plan of organization and methods.

So long as these two great movements remain separate and thus destroy their efficiency, this new syndicalist movement will feed on the members of both the Socialist Party and the A. F. of L. until, unless checked by the union of these two powers, it will absorb them entirely.

If, however, these two organizations should remain separate until thus absorbed, then the new syndicalist movement in America will meet the army and the navy as the syndicalists have in England, and their leaders will, like Tom Mann, be imprisoned while the movement will turn to Parliament for a minimum wage and minimum hour law. This fact will constitute the germ which will grow into a demand for political action within the syndicalist movement.

Will the American movement be compelled to pass through this fearful experience, or shall we in the political party support the great economic organization in every struggle, not theoretically, not with literature, but with men and money for the fight first, then with literature?

If this course is taken a unification of the entire labor force will rapidly follow, and their joint action will represent the full power of the class.

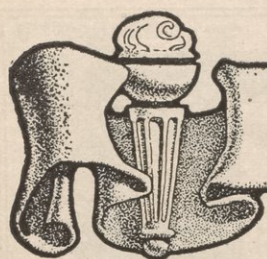
Out of this power in action will arise a hope and the very power itself will sustain that hope, and from a hope sustained will spring a constructive policy in line with the interests of the acting class power.

This is growth. This is what the conflicting factions within the labor movement are struggling for. The clashing of these elements is only the blind effort to adjust their internal relations to external relations.

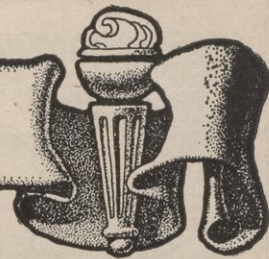
To accomplish this the convention indorsed the evolution now proceeding within the labor movement, condemned a dual organization by condemning sabotage, and thereby opened the way for a complete unified working class movement, economically and politically.

It now remains for us all to openly and aggressively support the workers in their economic struggle, and having done this they will soon see that their power may be almost equally effective in the political movement.

This was the work done by the convention. We can avoid passing through syndicalism only if we unite the working class on both the economic and political field. Every member of each organization should belong to the other if possible.



EDITORIALS



CHUCK STEAK



THE Republican convention in Chicago recognized that sooner or later there may be a remote possibility of inquiry into the increased cost of living.

Here is what they say in their platform:

"The Republican party will support a prompt, scientific inquiry into the causes which are operative both in the United States and elsewhere to increase the cost of living. When the exact facts are known it will take the necessary steps to remove any abuses that may be found to exist, in order that the cost of the food, clothing, and shelter of the people may in no way be unduly or artificially increased."

Very kind of them, indeed! And it surely scared the meat trust into action. They raised the price of meat another dollar the day after the adoption of this clause. They also issued a statement explaining this long-expected, most necessary raise. They said that you refuse to eat your chuck steak, therefore they are going to raise the price of tenderloin. But believe us, they did not forget to raise the price of chuck either. "My wife" is paying 20 cents a pound for it now, where it cost only 10 cents a pound a little over a year ago.

We most seriously urge our readers to purchase an extra supply of toothpicks before they have them cornered. It also would be well to make a contract with your dentist because chuck steak you shall eat, or none at all.

The oracle has spoken!



THE MASTERS BEWILDERED



"THE Masters Bewildered," by Charles Dobbs, is the first of a series of six consecutive articles. It reviews the present conditions in an analysis showing the utter inadequacy of conventional men and measures to solve the problem.

The second article, "Competition and Co-operation," will trace the growth of the trusts, discussing the increased efficiency attained through closer co-operation, with the conclusion that the only thing now needed is collective ownership of collective agencies.

This will be followed by "Dynamics and Dynamics," which will discuss the general theory of evolution with respect to industrial and social life, with a view to giving a comprehensive and popular statement of the Materialist Conception of History.

After that will come "An Awakening Giant," taking up the question of class solidarity and class consciousness.

"Who Creates Wealth" will be the title of the next article, wherein the author will consider the agencies of wealth production with a view to proving that the working class is the only vital element in production and that naturally all parasitic elements must be thrown off.

The sixth and last of the series of articles will be called "Machinery of Deception." This will analyze the channels through which the capitalist class spreads misinformation and succeeds in imposing its ethics and will upon society at large. This instalment will refer particularly to the hidden control of newspapers.

You dare not miss these articles. They will be of a high educational value and Mr. Dobbs knows how to say things, which counts even with Socialists.



A NEW MOVEMENT



SIX months ago we predicted a revolt of the women against the increased cost of living. We also predicted the formation of numerous purchasers' leagues all over the country.

At the time of this writing the revolt of the women has become a *fait accompli*. The women in Chicago

and New York have started a boycott against the meat trust, and not a mere passive boycott, either. They realized the necessity of prompt mass action. They called mass meetings, destroyed meat with kerosene in such shops as were kept open, and in one way and another actually forced these dealers to close their stores. In Chicago they went a step further. They formed a co-operative league which is taking the place of the retail places.

Even our friends the syndicalists begin to acknowledge the necessity of co-operation as a form of working-class activity. Here is what they say about the co-operative store in Lawrence, Mass.:

"The Franco-Belgian Union played quite a part in the New England textile strikes. This is a co-operative society. It owns and operates a bakery, grocery and large two-story building, containing an assembly and other rooms. The profits of this co-operative society have made syndicalist propaganda possible at all times in Lawrence. It was in the Franco-Belgian hall that the best strike meetings were held, and it was the business ability and credit of the Franco-Belgian Union that made the relief system of the strike a success. *L'Emancipation* is published by the Franco-Belgian textile workers.

Next month we hope to have a story about a newly organized wholesale co-operative in the Eastern States. The facts about this enterprise, which are now being verified, will surprise many. It is the most substantial sign of the progress of the workingmen's co-operative movement we have heard of in America. These Socialist workers not only run a string of stores, but maintain their own bank, large clubhouses, wholesale stores and monthly and weekly papers.

It is a big story, which will astonish our readers. Furthermore, it will prove most conclusively that Socialist co-operative enterprises are possible in America.



THE FARMERS' REVOLT



IF it be any consolation to you, Mr. Wageslave and Mr. Starving Consumer, allow us to inform you that there are others who suffer from the "do as they please and public be d—d" tactics of the meat trust. Only they are not quite as slow as you are. They are not merely kicking—they are going to do something about it.

There is in Wisconsin a large farmers' organization known as the American Society of Equity. The members of this organization have made a discovery. Here is what they found, and also what they are going to do about it. Writes one of their leaders:

"In one Wisconsin community a shipper of live stock and farm products has been in the habit of picking up about \$500 a month in clean profits from the stock which he bought from the farmers and shipped. This community has taken hold of the matter and appointed a shipper on a salary of \$100 a month, to whom they all report stock which they have ready for shipment. When there is a car load he notifies them, and the stock is brought in and shipped. The result is a saving of \$400 a month to the farmers of that community, or about \$5,000 a year. Another middleman is out of a job.

"The organization of such shipping unions among the farmers would furnish exactly the necessary basis for the organization of a co-operative packing house properly located, and steps are now being taken to promote the further growth of these unions among the stock growers of the state.

"Just as soon as the work assumes the strength of a movement, efforts should be made to organize the different local shipping associations into a state shipping association, just as has been done in Minnesota. With such a plan working, the establishment of a packing plant at Milwaukee would come as the very next step.

"The effect of such a plan upon the possible reduction of the cost of living, when the farmers and the

city workers get to co-operating for the proper marketing of their product, is apparent.

"One of the logical consequences of such a step would be the development of co-operative stores for the distribution of the product of the packing house."

But people are not always logical, and especially not "wage slaves and starving consumers." They kick and nag, but that is as far as they usually go.

As to reduction of the cost of living through the proposed plan, we may say that unless the above mentioned consumers and slaves get busy and do something, they will not benefit one iota by this new plan. All the benefit will go, and justly so, to those who have worked for it—the farmers.



PROGRESSIVE!



A GOOD many Socialists, like others, have the pleasant habit of trying to dispose of their opponents by calling them horse-thieves or other objectionable names. This is a method of controversy which may draw the lines very sharply, call forth fanaticism and increase the circulation of the horse-thief yelling paper, but we doubt very much whether it convinces anyone. And if it does, we still more seriously doubt the advisability of that form of attempted vote-catching.

Supposing it is true that Tim Woodruff, William Ward, Aldridge, Flinn, Halpin, Cecil Lyon, Tom Taggart, Sullivan and the other political bosses who are backing Roosevelt and nominated Wilson are as crooked as some say they are. Supposing it is true that they are backed by Perkins of the Steel Trust, McCormick of the Harvester Trust, and other similar interests. Supposing all this and more is true. What does it matter?

The moral or immoral standard of these men did not create the Progressive movement. That being so, what is the use of discussing it? What we want to get at is this: What does it mean to Socialism? This is the question we have to consider when we are going to face the people in the coming campaign.

Well, then, it is clear that the Progressives are backed by interests almost as strong as those that are behind Taft, and yet, it is not merely a question of competition between two groups of interests, but a battle between a group of long-headed, far-seeing capitalists and another group of inconsiderate, desperate capitalists.

In other words, the Taft interests will not consider the possibility that capitalistic society may burst up in the near future and they want to keep on draining us to the limit. The opposing interests on the other hand realize the necessity of going slower and of compromise at times. Of the two interests, the latter is by far the more dangerous to us. These men are the best informed of our enemies. They understand our campaign. If they prevail they may establish the one possible thing that can stave off Socialism as the next step.

They will give us "Benevolent Feudalism." And what does that charming prospect mean?

Benevolent Feudalism means that the big capitalists will be firmly fixed in their ownership of the great industries; the middle classes, which have been uneasy about the Trusts, will be pacified by some benevolent concessions and will silently consent to the established fact that the Trusts are the economic masters of us all.

Still the strangle hold of Big Money on all our production and trade will be the same as now. The working class will still be in a state of virtual slavery. They will still be governed by non-elected bosses. They will still keep on bearing on their backs the same vast horde of idlers and uselessly busy persons as now.

And why should this be? If the working class only wills it, it can advance at once to the stage of Socialism, of the workers' ownership and control of the industries. Why should you be fooled into voting "Progressive" when it is so much more sensible and practical to vote Socialist?



Drawn by Philips Ward for THE MASSES.

TAKING OFF THE BANDAGE

By JOHN R. McMAHON

"Do not take the bandage off your eyes!" shout the pigmy retainers of Capitalism to the Giant Worker.

"It is irreligious and blasphemous," chants the black-robed anesthetician of the church.

"The sunlight is bad for your eyes," yowls the professor of pseudo-science.

"It is forbidden by the Constitution that you should see," bellows the learned jurist.

"You never have seen and you never will see," caterwauls the eminent journalist.

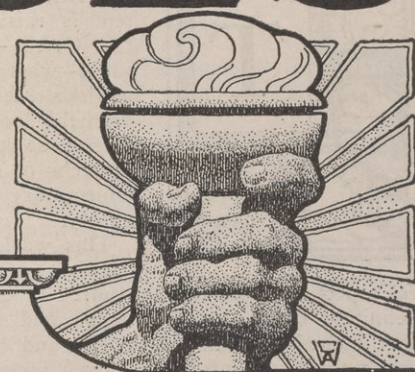
"Irreligious, dangerous, forbidden, impossible!" shriek the full pack of pigmy hired men, priest and professor, jurist and journalist.

Nevertheless, the Worker is taking the bandage off his eyes!

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CAPITALISM IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED

(Put into written form for THE MASSES.)

By BOUCK WHITE

UPON Chicago—voice of the Eternal speaking to-day—upon Chicago mine eye was turned. To a scene there enacting, mine ear was attentive.

In that city a political party was foregathering, rulers of this people, of this generation the express image.

They who came together were the elect spirits of her. From all her host, these had been chosen out, the picked ones in whom her mood and temper were most perfectly to be seen.

Therefore I drew near. I said: I will behold these men. For this is the party that has been exalted to sovereignty over this present age; wherefore, in beholding them, I will behold what this present age is like unto.

So I turned me thitherward. And tensely I hearkened.

OPEN your ears. For I am to tell you what I saw there.

This was the scene: A brawl and a bedlam. Everywhere the prides of life—pride of place, pride of power, pride of pelf. Ambitions swollen to the seventh power; but they were ambitions for self, they were not ambitions for service.

Private aims had puffed themselves into the bigness of a tumor. Quite forgotten, the communal aim. No Cause, high and holy, for which to live, for which to die. To get—that was the be-all and the end-all. To give—this was perfectly out of fashion.

'Twas not a Movement, but a mob. A scramble, a pandemonium! As it were a parcel of dogs when a bone is thrown to them; in tearing each other, the morsel in the midst is untasted.

WHY these fierce energies in collision? I asked. And for answer I swept mine eye over the land—I who see wider than man sees, beholding things that his vision is over-narrow to encompass.

Then I perceived the reason of that bedlam event, their spittings and clawings each at the other.

This was the reason: The generation now upon the earth has gone mammonized. An age of profit-takers! Gain their only god, dividends alone their credo!

The human family is no more. Instead, a competitive gehenna. Each for each, and none for all. The public Cause sickens unto death. Private greeds swell like the inflamed swellings of a wound.

THEFORE has the politics of this people corrupted likewise into a thing of Grab and Get. Private pickings at the expense of the collectivity! Personal ambitions glutting their lust of power! Factionism hawking and tearing at the fabric of the party!

Ever the tone of the political world reflects the tone of the business world. I say it: A people that goes into business for private ends, soon or late will go into politics for private ends.

Never have I seen—and I have seen much, I the Lord of the time-stream in its flow across the centuries—never have I seen a nation that was sordid in its commercial doings, but it went equally sordid in its public doings.

Once let ingress, though ever so little, be ministered to the piggish plague no quarantine can barricade its further advance. Widestly the pestilence of self-interest will march, and will affect destroyingly all the life area.

'Twas capitalism that assembled itself in convention there in Chicago—capitalism, whose master word is Profits. Therefore the untrammelled display of tusks and bristles in that conclave. Hoggish greed for dividends, hoggish greed for office—are they not twins, offspring of the same hell-born hag?

Those suicidal doings at Chicago were capitalism come to its maturity. In all thoroughfares, greed is a divisive devil. It spells strife in the world of business, it spells strife in the world of politics. Mammon when it is full grown brings forth self-destruction.

LOUDLY decried was that third-term monopolist. And with right. His raid upon the White House was with importunities and audacity, a brazen-facedness unparalleled. Of a truth, he was a nausea to behold. But is not a self-seeker in the business world also a nausea to behold?

Wherefore should hoggishness for office be unseemly, but hoggishness for wealth is not accounted unseemly?

I am the Weaver of fellowship. Mine, the tying of human-kind into one. I am the nexus that ligatures society into wholeness. So that they who rend the social mass rend me.

But the self-seeker in the business world, does he not rend me as mortally as the self-seeker in the political world? Capitalism is the ethics of the pigen; to get, and to get, and to get, is alone its code and rubric. The third-term raider did but carry those ethics into his candidacy for office.

In him and the disruptions he has caused let this generation behold itself mirrored. Mammonism has brought forth its perfect work—and behold, he is a hog.

CAST out from the pen by his fellow-porkers, this ego-man enterprizes a new political party. With great swelling words he gathered his henchmen about him, with pomp of proclamation he was christened the new-born Messiah.

In a gala hall they assembled, these new-party saviours of a country in the devouring rapids. 'Twas on a Sabbath day. They lifted a prayer unto me, unto me in my high habitation.

But never shall prayer from such an assemblage

arrive to the ear and heart of me.

Pleasing to me is the sound of prayer, from men gathered in earnest. But the sound of prayer from these men was not pleasing unto me. Shrill lust of office out-clamored it. A mockery was that invocation. It offended mine ear-drum. The prayer was make-believe. I laughed at the men that were uttering it.

WILL I be invoked to forward third-term designs on the White House? Not tasteful unto me are monopolizers, neither monopolizers of wealth nor of power nor of honors.

The founder of a new party must needs have me with him—I who sway the silent soul of the millions. Else how shall he make head against the establishment entrenched through long years of possession?

But am I with a third-term, unabashed in his greediness, breaker of covenants, a glib promiser, adept in the arts of intrigue?

What principle incarnates he? What Cause that is holy and uplifted?

His fight is against dictatorship? But himself is a dictator utterly.

Forsooth, fair-dealing is his battle-word? But in all the annals of cunning, has a trickier than he appeared?

Forsooth, he is waging deadly combat against the lords of money? Then whence comes the stink of the stolen wealth that is backing him? Stenchful it mounts to my nostrils. I cannot away with the malodor of it. In truth, tainted money pouring copiously to free the land from the taint of money!

Piteously he cried against the political steam-roller. But say unto him that quite as odious unto me is the political cash-register.

Let him be, if he will, the tool of ambitious rich men. But let him not insult my heaven by invoking my blessing upon the performance.

NEW party? But I desire not another new party—voice of the Eternal now speaking.

For there is a new party. Already they are in being. Fortright they stand—with outspokenness, that all may know them. Their name? The Socialists.

In very deed, a new party was needful. For the old were maggot-infested. The soul was gone out of them—derelicts from which steam and steerage-way had departed.

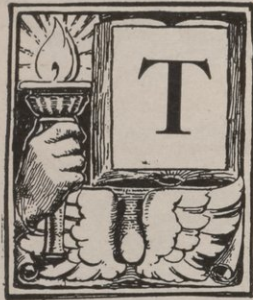
Therefore I raised up a new party—the Comrade Host. They are my builders, building my Commonwealth to displace the capitalist ruin that is now defacing the earth.

Double-heartedness is not in them. Single-mindedly they make war on Dollardoms. Single-mindedly they make war on Bossdoms. Single-mindedly they make war on Priestdoms.

And these, my Socialists, I will make to be the second party instead of a third party. For against them shall be arrayed all who are arrayed against me—voice of the Lord of workers.

THE MASTERS BEWILDERED

Written for THE MASSES.



THE world is in revolt. In America and Europe discontent is raising its cry. In the Orient—in China and India—where hundreds of millions seemed robbed of even the capacity of protest, there is sounding an answering echo of rebellion against unnecessary and intolerably misery.

This world-wide rebellion has its sinister and frightful aspects. What has transpired in China we do not definitely know, but the vague and ominous stories that seeped beneath the closed and bolted doors of that unhappy country have given imagination and apprehension ample food to feed upon. We know that rivers of blood have been shed. The reaction from centuries of oppression has come. A population robbed and brutalized for generations will not concern itself with considerations of gentleness and kindness when the day of reckoning comes.

What if the heat and rage of China should leap as a flame the barrier of the Himalayas and the tinder of Indian misery burst into a blaze of wild revenge?

The question does not come from any wanton desire to create alarm. It is a question that has given grave concern to thoughtful men everywhere. It is a problem not confined to Asia or to what we in our pride are pleased to term "the more backward races." In America and in Europe as well as in Asia there is the possibility that human patience, strained to the breaking point, may find vent in bloody reprisals. What are the facts of the problem? What is the path we must travel? I ask the reader to come with me in an honest effort to find wise answers.

An overwhelming majority of the thoughtful people of America are convinced that something is radically wrong in existing economic, political and social relations. There is abundant evidence that this conviction is vastly more than a mere passing sentiment such as from time to time finds expression in so-called "waves of reform." With the natural inertia of large bodies, the people of the nation have moved slowly, but the most superficial observer is now conscious of an accelerated progress in the masses.

It is true the "stand pat" type of mind still persists. There are still men who contend that things at bottom are sound and that everything would be all right if it were not for "agitators," but no one with "a decent respect for the opinion of mankind" now dares publicly to assume such a position. Not so many years ago it was seriously argued that if one were poor it was one's own fault and that by "thrift, sobriety and honesty" any man could be prosperous. With great fervor some leaders of thought contended that poverty was a result of individual wickedness and that to be prosperous and happy it was only necessary to be "good." Now all this is changed. Everywhere the need for readjustment in human relations is conceded.

With all agreed that "something must be done" it is easy for any glib demagogue to gain some sort of following. Lincoln said it is possible to "fool all the people part of the time," and the demagogue has been in his glory during these times when even the most stupid have been able to recognize that old conditions of industry and old theories of government are giving place to new. There has been much of downright deceit practiced on the people. Unscrupulous men have made in exchange for votes promises which they had no intention of fulfilling. And it may be added that even if the promises had been fulfilled they would not have brought the relief desired and demanded.

On the other hand, we have had a type of public men who have honestly sought to secure a redress of grievances, but who have lamentably failed through lack of understanding of the causes of present evils. They have assailed this or that evil and have enforced this or that "reform" law, but in no direction has substantial relief been given. As far as the increasing cost of living is concerned we are clearly worse off than we were ten years ago, and this in spite of the complete control of industry and government by those who have affirmed their desire to relieve the people of unjust burdens. Only one logical conclusion is possible. Either those who have been the masters of our destiny have deceived us consciously in their prom-

By

CHARLES DOBBS

ises of relief or they have demonstrated that they do not know how to proceed to lighten the burden which presses ever harder upon the shoulders not only of the poor, but upon that well-intentioned person known as "the average man."

In the present condition of the public mind, as described at the outset of this discussion, there is the conviction of "something radically wrong," but it is not contended that more than a considerable minority are ready to admit that the leaders of the dominant political movements are ignorant of the causes of misery. Rather is it obvious that men like Roosevelt, Bryan and La Follette have a strong hold on the confidence of the majority. It is plain that the majority still hold to the belief that honesty in the administration of the various agencies of government is all that is needed to put bread in the mouths of the hungry,



clothes on the backs of the naked and bring security into the lives of the millions bedeviled by the specter of uncertainty. It would appear, indeed, that the utter failure of La Follette's "ideal" commonwealth of Wisconsin to touch the problem of poverty should create distrust of the efficacy of so-called "progressive" policies. The lack of any amelioration of poverty as a result of Roosevelt's years of domination is plain and there is an element of the tragical in the mockery of Bryan which we find in those sections of the country controlled by the Democratic party. In the cities the Democratic party is the willing tool of corrupt interests and in the South, where its sway is undisputed, the rights of the working class are ignored and crushed with a brutality and cynicism unmatched in any other section or nation.

It is not needful to prove that "the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer" in order to establish a basis for an argument in favor of a change. Indeed, the reactionaries can marshal strong evidence to show that the poor were never in possession of so many advantages as now, but such a showing does not serve to allay discontent. It signifies nothing to prove that the average workingman now has more advantages than his forefathers. As adults we require more food

than we needed as babes. Human needs constantly expand with civilization.

Discontent grows with the widening gulf between what we have and what we might have.

In case of famine it is conceivable that we might die with reasonable resignation, but we will not be content to starve our bodies or our appetites for the fruits of civilization when the means of satisfying our desires abound all about us. Hence it does not matter whether the common comforts are greater now than fifty, a hundred or five hundred years ago. The only thing that matters is that the contrast between affluence and poverty was never so sharp as in our day. Never before did misery bulk so large as now.

It is very likely true that politics is not more corrupt now than in the past. Every age has had its scoundrels on thrones, on the bench of justice and in the council chamber. The modern "muck-raker" has had his prototypes who have exposed the rottenness of their day. Oppression has always been met by—

"Some village Hampden, who with dauntless breast

The little tyrant of his field withstood."

But a vast change has come upon the world, a change of continuing transformations and wonders. With the various sections of countries brought into closer touch through improvements in the means of travel and communication, it is becoming more and more difficult to smother the truth about any given incident or condition. Consider the case of the strike of the textile mill workers at Lawrence, Mass. Indisputable evidence of wanton brutality of police and soldiery has been spread throughout the world. The world is pondering the cases of two working-class leaders in prison on the obviously trumped-up charge of being accessory in the killing of a woman during the time the workers were on strike. Nor has the world forgotten the evidence that agents of mill owners at Lawrence "planted" dynamite in strikers' homes with a view to creating the impression that the workers were preparing for a resort to bomb throwing and terrorism. If the conspiracy had not been promptly exposed it is plain that in the physical and mental confusion following an explosion of dynamite police and soldiery would have been turned loose like savage dogs upon the defenseless workers.

The failure of the attempt of the mill owners to create a pretext to crush the strike by force is significant. Hitherto the public has not been particularly concerned with the miseries of "ignorant foreigners" who have come to America and now constitute the bulk of the wage-earning population living on the edge of starvation. Now it would happily appear that the suppression by slaughter of even the lowliest of the workers may not be perpetrated with impunity.

Not alone is there evidence of an entirely remarkable education among the masses of the people as to the merits and methods of industrial conflicts. This education embraces a constantly growing knowledge of the heretofore hidden meanings of events in business and politics. There is a widespread cynicism concerning the honesty of business methods and the integrity of men in public place.

In the face of numerous instances of usurpation and downright corruption, complete and miserable failure has attended the effort to invest the judiciary with a sacred character and to convict of "lese majeste" those who have dared to criticize judges. Indeed, the judicial betrayals of the public interest have been so flagrant and numerous that state after state has provided means for a closer control of public servants on the bench. If all past history were not sufficient to prove that the judiciary as an institution has always leaned in its decisions to the side of established conditions—whether those conditions were right or wrong—current events would explode the fiction that the mere transfer of a lawyer from practice to a seat on the bench invests him with a sacred character or removes the bias due to temperament and prior environment.

No sane persons would demand that judges should alter their course in response to every vagrant breeze that blows. There must always be tribunals for the adjudication of disputes and it would make a farce of justice to substitute clamor for the orderly ascertainment of the popular will. If lack of ready responsiveness to the popular will were the whole substance of the distrust of the judiciary the fault would not be alarming. The indictment of the judiciary—at least

the Federal judges—is much more serious. The lack of concern for the public interest on the part of the judiciary is much more sinister. Human rights have too often been worsted in conflicts with vested interests to enable us to attribute the judgments to an over-scrupulous adherence to precedent.

Free speech and a free press, despite suppressions and corruptions, have proved their efficiency. Now as never before the masses have opportunity to learn the truth. Exposure follows so fast upon exposure that every day the conviction grows that in practical wisdom of administration as well as in moral responsibility the whole fabric of civilization based on private property is bankrupt. It is certain that the people will not permanently be content to receive, when they cry for bread, the stone of pious platitudes given them by reformers of the Roosevelt-Bryan-La Follette type. There is bread abundant to satisfy every hunger. Of course, we who believe we see clearly the cause and cure of poverty would rejoice if the scales of delusion would immediately fall from the eyes of those to whose interest it is to change conditions, but miracles of that sort do not happen in the case of great masses of people. The only alternative is to be patient for results, but unremitting in effort to explain why poverty continues when it is so clearly unnecessary—unremitting and uncompromising in the demand that private ownership of the things which all must use to live shall be abolished. The abolition of that private ownership will mean Socialism.

In subsequent articles it is my purpose to set forth in more detail the facts and contentions for which Socialists stand, but for the present the problem and its solution will be indicated briefly.

We are living under a régime which, by common consent, has come to be called Capitalism. This means the private ownership and more or less autocratic control of social necessities such as the means of transportation and communication, the factories, the mines, and the land.

Capitalism also means the Competitive Wages System and out of this Wages System grow all the burdens and disappointments which are at the bottom of world-wide discontent. A moment's reflection should be sufficient to show the impossibility of material improvement in the status of the working class as long as this Wages System endures. It means that every person who works for wages is, so to speak, a merchant selling the commodity of Labor Power. In certain skilled trades the workers are able by combination to command some advantages in the way of comparatively high wages—or price—for the commodity of Labor Power which they sell. For the great bulk of the working class, however, effective permanent combination has been impossible. The result has been that the workers have competed with one another in the market to sell their Labor Power—competed for the chance to work.

It is characteristic of Capitalism that there are many more workers than there are opportunities for work—there are not enough “jobs” to go around—and consequently we have constantly an over-supply of Labor. Over-supply means reduction in price and this in turn means constantly low wages. With this competition for jobs going on always it is obvious that the great bulk of the population will receive in wages—the price of Labor Power—only enough to provide a bare existence.

Under Capitalism it does not matter for the workers how greatly the productive power of labor may be increased by organization and improved machinery. If by improved methods the \$1 a day worker increases his product three-fold it does not mean that he increases his own return three-fold. Competition in an overstocked Labor Market condemns the worker always to a rock bottom price for his labor. The constant increase in his product goes to the owner of the job—the employer—the Capitalist.

In view of the marvelous advances that have been made in methods of producing necessities and luxuries, and the plain possibility of providing enough and to spare for all, the Wages System takes on a devilishly malignant aspect when we see it automatically operating to pauperize those who produce all the good things of life. The modern worker starves in the midst of plenty. The fable of Tantalus is told again.

It should be obvious that as long as the Wages System continues poverty must continue. Manifestly, therefore, schemes of reform which are not designed directly to soften the asperities of the competitive wage struggle, and eventually to abolish the whole horrible struggle itself, is foredoomed to failure. No man can be a real statesman who fails to see in the Wages System the central fact of all present day misery. No public policy is worth while that does not aim at the abolition of this central evil. No ideal of public peace and comfort is realizable which does not call us toward an industrial democracy in which there shall be an equitable distribution of the comforts which we all unite to produce.

ROOSEVELT AND THE THIRD PARTY

By CHARLES T. HALLINAN

ASKED a workingman at Birmingham what party he belonged to. “I follow Mr. Chamberlain,” he replied. “Then,” I said, “you are a Liberal Unionist?” He merely repeated with an air of calm resolution: “I follow Mr. Chamberlain.” — Ostrogorski’s “Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties.”

When Theodore Roosevelt was the Little Rollo of bourgeois America, we Socialists detested him meantly.

By his militarism, his smug moralities, his interminable platitudes, no less than by his antiquated philosophy and his class cruelties, he aroused our antagonism as perhaps no other American has done. We were the first to hurl bricks at him, for which we got some bricks of vitrified virtue in return—and the first to denounce him as outside the pale of the “children of light.”

On the whole, we were perfectly right about it. I like to recall some of the keen analyses of Mr. Roosevelt’s mind and character which appeared early in the Socialist press. They antedated by far the horrific discoveries of our neighbors to-day regarding his intellectual villainies. Indeed, the gauging of this great middle-class phenomenon was, I think, one of the best little things of the sort we have ever done.

But I couldn’t help feeling as I watched the developments at Chicago and Baltimore and noted the perfunctory comments of our party press upon them, that our collective opinion of Theodore Roosevelt had crystallized a little too early.

If a large section of the capitalist press exhausted the downfall of Rome, the French revolution and the career of Napoleon the Third in its efforts to block the progress of “this man Roosevelt,” we Socialists went to the other extreme. He was a joke to us. He was the Mountebank of the age. We had discounted

him fifteen years ago when everybody else put his stock above par, and the habit had not only clung to us, but had sufficed.

These two attitudes miss equally the real situation.

Up to the close of his second term, Mr. Roosevelt was a perfect conventional American “statesman.” The story of his life, written up to that point, would have been just as dull as Blaine’s “Twenty Years in Congress,” or any other of those heavy memoirs with which Grants, Shermans, Hoars, et al. have loaded the shelves of the faithful. Even his eccentricities would have relieved but slightly the intrinsic conventionality of a career which, after all, had merely climbed an official ladder, round by round and in deadly respectability.

But to-day that is not so.

Theodore Roosevelt’s life has escaped from the heavy two-volume memoir class in which Americans embalm their “great dead.” It has escaped over into a fluid, adventurous, picturesque novel, like “Tom Jones,” in which most anything can happen. For many months now he has acted like a man whose feet have forsaken the everyday ways and are on the trail of the Great Adventure.

This may sound like romantic nonsense, but it isn’t. It is one of the more important aspects of contemporary bourgeois politics. The secret of Theodore Roosevelt’s activity to-day and the secret of his hold upon a large section of the public, is his remarkable affinity for what Ostwald, the German scientist, calls “hero-happiness” as contrasted with “nut-happiness.”

Grant, Sherman, Hoar—after all, they chose “nut-happiness.” It is the great bourgeois elective. It is what one “rounds out” his career with. It is what Roosevelt, by the high traditions of his office, by the counsels of his class, by the demands of his own historical sense, should have chosen.

But he couldn’t. He could not keep out of the struggle. The struggle for what? The struggle for power, if you want to put it that way, or for self-expression, if you are not afraid of that well-worn phrase. But struggle, and effort, and excitement, a great congeries of high values and intense satisfactions, mingled with pain and risk—perhaps that sums it up as well as anything can.

There is no telling where it will land him. Just at present he is using public opinion and in his private

life he conforms with the punctilio of the American politician to all the demands of public opinion. But he might conceivably defy it. He might go smashing through a scandal like that of the late Sir Charles Dilke, or become a fiery preacher of God knows what, or do anything that, as the phrase goes, “costs like blazes.” Even to-day as a political phenomenon, he is largely non-political. I mean by that, while heretofore he has been pretty much the politician, to-day he is certainly as much the adventurer as he is the politician, and I use the word “adventurer” in no invidious sense.

When his followers swarmed into Orchestra hall at Chicago—after his delegates had withdrawn from the convention—and the Hero entered to “accept the nomination,” he was a study. His face was no “statesman’s mask.” It wore the grin of frank, unadulterated enjoyment, the fighter’s grin. The band was playing a lively tune and the candidate’s arms went a-jiggling in time. One glimpse of him, and the audience “let out” that whoop of rapturous adoration which audiences have been giving him for months. Political demonstrations are usually pretty thin stuff, as everybody knows, but it would be hard to find a modern instance where the intellectual basis of the demonstration was so slight in comparison with the personal element, the element of hero worship, the sense of “being with a winner!” Like the Birmingham workingman whom Ostrogorski interviewed, these folks could only say doggedly that they “followed Mr. Chamberlain.” It was all they cared to say.

This is the source of Mr. Roosevelt’s strength as a politician and it is upon this that his chances of establishing a so-called “Progressive,” or capitalist-reform party, very largely rest.

His followers are “progressive” mostly because he has called them so. While he has tapped to some extent, the vague, political dissatisfaction of the country, the larger part of his strength comes from quite another source. It comes from that sense of the Elizabethan richness of life which constantly and aggressively challenges the monotony of modern machine production, that Elizabethan relish for adventure and achievement which turns the bicycle repair-man of to-

(Concluded on page 17.)

THE MAKING OF A MAN By FLORENCE PHINNEY

Written for THE MASSES.

Illustrated By B. J. MUSSER



WHEN a boy's mother fails him, the universe is turned upside down and the history of that boy and that man is a cataclysm.

The trouble with Clint Ford began before he was born. She seemed harmless enough—a pretty, spoiled woman, who drifted soon into interesting invalidism. Then came pain, days and nights of it; then,

a too pitiful doctor with the blessed relief of the medicine; finally, when he pronounced her cured of disease, a worse misfortune had overtaken her. She was in the grip of the morphine habit.

No need to trace the downward course of that family, step by step. They had owned a small farm on the outskirts of a village. They had been respected members of a church. They had had friends. Before Clint was old enough to go to school, all that was past.

When the mother was not asleep in her darkened bedroom, she sat all day by the window, a shifty smile in her sly eyes, her trembling hands pretending to busy themselves on a piece of sewing that never got finished. None of the village women visited her, because—well, because it was whispered at sewing circles and afternoon teas that some of the men did.

Sometimes, usually at dusk, she would slip out of the house like a shadow; then Clint's father would follow and bring her home. Clint did not remember his father as he had once been—a pleasant-mannered, honest, rather shallow man, vain in his pretty wife and his home. The father that Clint knew was simply the bond-slave of an overpowering Shame. That was the first thing the boy remembered, because, somehow, it made him different from the other boys. How he envied those boys whose fathers frequented the village store, talking loudly and looking each other boldly in the face with an occasional oath, and much bragging of their prowess in horse trades. Clint meant to be that kind of a man some day. For the present, he had his own special load of shame to bear: shame of his rags, of the poor food that made his lunch, of the slow brain that would not let him learn as quickly as the other children, of the dirt that more than anything else made him an alien.

His school days came to a sudden end when he was twelve years old. The poor mother had slipped past the school house on one of her shameful errands. She had become utterly unscrupulous, now, about how she obtained the drug. Have it she would and did. A boy older than Clint, and twice as large, said something. Clint sprang for him. As soon as they could, they dragged him off. The big boy was a good deal damaged. They did not send Clint to reform school, because one man in the village, whose word was law, said no boy should be punished in that town for defending his mother; but Clint's school days were ended, and he was labeled a dangerous character.

He began to help his father in his business of making cider for vinegar. Strange that men, left to themselves, seldom cook successfully; but when it comes to making drinks of an intoxicating nature, they do it to perfection. The two Fords, father and son, had to do what cooking there was done in that house. They did it very poorly. But a piece of poor bread is not so bad, if you can have really good cider to drink with it.

Clint was twenty-two when at last the poor wreck that had been his mother died. He was a great, hulking, black-browed fellow with strong hands and tragic eyes. He had no friends and only one admirer. The poor, weak father, who had once been proud of his pretty wife, had long since transferred that pride to his big son. The creature who died when Clint was twenty-two, the poor, pitiful wreck that had ruined them both—what did they call her to themselves, I wonder, when they laid her away at last?

They had a nurse for her, those last days. They were not quite so poor, now, because Clint was a

good man to hire when he would let drink alone, and could earn good wages if he would.

The nurse was another derelict, a widow left with three small daughters and no means of support. She had been obliged to give away the girls. Three overworked farmers' wives received a little drudge apiece gladly. The widow supported herself by going out nursing. She was an easy-going, comfortable creature, who made the house of Ford seem more like home than it had for many a year. After a very short widowhood, the elder Ford asked her to remain as Mrs. Ford number two. This was the seventh year of her wanderings, and she was weary. With a sigh she became Mrs. Ford.

Her youngest daughter at this time was seventeen years old. She had earned her own living and some over ever since she was ten. She was a pretty girl whom drudgery had not been able to subdue as yet, pink cheeked, brown haired, hazel eyed, strong, slight, quick as a cat, and nobody's fool either, as she proved by breaking away from the bondage of the farmer's wife and going to work for herself in the canning factory. She came to board with her mother, who now had a home of her own once more. Her stepfather also welcomed her very kindly.

Only Clint stood aloof. He hated girls, he told himself—proud, silly creatures, who would ruin a man if he gave them a chance. Clint had a job in the canning factory, too. To prove his hatred of girls in general, he went to a dance, got very drunk, and made a disturbance. Next day he did not appear at the shop, and so lost his job. Amy, that was the name of his stepmother's daughter, was so ashamed of him that she cried.

Clint told himself he did not care. He got a job blacksmithing and took his dinners at the smithy, so that he was only home nights. He used to see Amy go past, to and from her work, but she never spoke to him. She made many friends among the young people and was a member of the Temperance Society.

That was the year of the great freshet. It had rained steadily for a week, but no one expected any trouble, because no one knew about a certain dam up among the hills. The man who built it had known, but he had gone West to build more dams of the same kind. So when, one moist afternoon, that dam slid gently down stream, taking with it two mills and a bridge, there was astonishment as well as dismay in that town.

A quick-witted telephone girl had the presence of mind to send the news all down the river. Of course she had only time to tell one man in each

village. The boss of the canning factory was the first man to know what was coming in our town. The factory was on the river bank below the bridge. Most of the help lived on the other side. It lacked half an hour of closing time, but he instantly gave the word to blow the whistle, and the workmen and women filed out without a panic. All crossed the bridge in good order before the flood struck, but Amy went back after a forgotten umbrella. The boss was trying to save his books and did not see her.

Clint was standing in the door of the blacksmith's shop when the bridge went. He saw Amy start to run across and heard her cry of fright as the wreckage struck the bridge. Then she went down with it. In a minute he was across the street and had leaped in after her. There was wild confusion in the village. The workmen from the factory and the people from the houses and stores gathered close to the water's edge. The bridge had not broken up when it was swept away. The current had carried it almost entire against the factory; but any minute it might go to pieces. They could see Amy clinging to it still. Clint, who was a good swimmer and a very strong man, battled his way inch by inch through the flood. He reached the bridge just as it broke up, caught Amy and started back with her. That was harder work, but the people on the shore had found their wits by this time. A man went out with a stout rope and all three were dragged in. Amy was unhurt, but Clint had been hit on the head by a heavy beam. They carried him home and sent for the doctor.

Then there were days and nights when Clint Ford lost all count of time as he lay in the spare room of his father's house. This was a pity, because, for the first time in his life, he was an important person. More than that, he was a hero. The whole village went wild over him. They brought him dainties that he could not eat. They made the doctor's life a burden with endless inquiries.

"O, yes," that long-suffering servant of the public assured them, "he'll get well." To himself he growled: "More's the pity! When a man has struck twelve, he ought to have sense enough to quit."

But all the while Clint remained as unconscious of the change in his social status as he was of the desirability of his quitting now that he had struck twelve, as he was, too, of the tender care of a certain little brown-haired nurse. What a wonderful day it was when her hero finally consented to open those pathetic dark eyes of his, and even to sit up and eat gruel out of a spoon!



Truly, it was a beautiful world to which Clint Ford returned, a world where all good things seemed possible because everybody was kind. What delicious meals his stepmother prepared for him! How many times a day his foolish old father would come in to repeat some kind word a leading citizen had said about his son! And there was always Amy, sweet Amy, with her whole transparent, girlish soul shining in her hazel eyes.

Of course it could end but one way. The first time Clint was able to leave the house, he went with Amy and joined the Temperance Society. The village received him with open arms in the doubly interesting character of hero and penitent. The next day Amy told her mother she was engaged.

"O, deary me!" sighed the second Mrs. Ford. "Your father used to drink, and so does your stepfather. I was hoping you would marry a man that didn't."

"Why, mother," cried Amy in hurt astonishment, "Clint isn't going to drink any more. He has taken the pledge."

"Perhaps he won't, dear; we'll hope so."

There was quite a festival when Clint and Amy were married. The village, having done its best to ruin the boy by neglect, now turned completely around in the enthusiastic American way and made a hero of the man. A fund was collected in the name of the village which enabled Clint to buy a small farm, decorated of course with a large mortgage. Amy, too, was liberally showered with gifts; and everybody went home pleased with themselves and each other.

So they were married, and—wait! No, this story is not finished yet. They did not live happily ever after. There is every reason to believe that they lived happily just six weeks. At the end of that time a farmer in an adjoining town held an auction. Clint said he thought he ought to go. He needed a plow and several other things that might be sold there cheap. He went.

When a man sells his household goods at auction in the country he is expected to serve a lunch of crackers and cheese and dry codfish. It is as much a matter of etiquette to do this as it once was to serve New England rum at a barn-raising. Crackers, cheese and dry codfish are good in their way, but no man can eat them and not suffer thirst, especially if the lining of his stomach has been preserved in old cider from his youth up. They do not serve old cider at auctions in Maine now, but few of her sons are so unsophisticated that they do not know where that or some kindred beverage may be found.

It is better not to tell how Clint Ford came home from that auction. The critics say that it is poor art to load a story with revolting details, even though, as in the case of Mrs. Wilfer's petticoat, we cannot help knowing they are there. Always bearing this in mind, let us touch lightly, not to say gingerly, the record of the next ten years.

Clint was always truly sorry when he was sober, and would promise faithfully not to do it again. But after the first glass—some friend was always ready with that first glass—he was as helpless as his mother had been in the grip of her own particular demon. He was not an habitual drunkard. He knew, too, he realized as no one else could, just what a dangerous beast he became in the hands of his enemy. He knew that he might some day return from that confused shadow-land where he occasionally wandered and find himself the murderer of the creature he loved best. There had been more than one narrow escape of that kind. He knew all this, and he was a strong man; but the overwhelming forces that heredity and habit could always bring against him worsted him again and again.

It is not pleasant to think what those ten years must have been to Amy, his wife. Children were born and died. There was quite a row of little graves in the cemetery under the hill. At the end of those ten years the woman, Amy, was still unconquered by sorrow, as the child, Amy, had been unsubdued by druggery. She was of the true, heroic fiber, loving, daring, undespairs. She worked early and late, seldom leaving the little hillside farm. She paid the interest on the mortgage by selling butter and eggs. She worked in the fields as well as in the house, and that saved her; for the winds and the sunshine, and the beauty of those far-reaching solitudes were kind. How gently and tenderly, too, she used all her simple arts in that losing battle against the common enemy. Oh, if poor Clint Ford could have had the wholesome food and the loving care as

a boy that she gave him now, this story need never have been written!

Ten years! and she began to see that she fought a losing fight. Very often now she heard the stumbling step come in at night. And now she feared it as she had never feared before, because there was a tiny new baby in her arms. How she prayed that she might keep just this one!

She sat one winter eve holding the helpless mite and waiting. It was late; that was a bad sign. She was thinking of a package that had come to her that day in the rural mail delivery. She had sent for it, having read in a small monthly paper that the stuff, mixed with coffee, would cure inebriates. Something must be done; but now that she had bought this she was afraid. She wondered what Doctor Blake would say about it. She slipped the package hastily into the front of her dress, for she heard Clint's step outside. She listened fearfully. Yes, he was not himself to-night. The sudden unreasoning panic of the mother's instinct caught her as she looked at the tiny creature in her arms. Throwing an old shawl around the child, she slipped out into the shed as her husband stumbled in through the kitchen door. She got one glimpse of him as she went. He was muttering savagely to himself, and he gripped an ax in his hand. Only once before had she seen him as bad as that. She shuddered as she remembered that time. Hastily fastening on her snowshoes, and wrapping herself and the child in an old coat, she left the house, and set out to walk across the glistering, moon-lit fields of snow. She was not afraid. She had left behind the only thing she had cause to fear, the man who should have been her safeguard against all the world, now, for the time, no more a man, but only a ravening beast.

An hour afterward old Doctor Blake, going to his door for one last look at the starry skies, saw Amy coming up the walk with her child in her arms. With a gruff exclamation of pity, he opened the door wide and drew mother and child in. He did not need to be told why they had come. Now that the long walk was over, she began to tremble a little from weakness and excitement. She sank into a chair and the doctor removed her snowshoes and gave her a cup of hot milk to drink. His housekeeper was away for the evening.

Amy soon recovered her self-command and confessed with some shame to the sudden panic that had driven her out.

"I guess the baby has taken away all my courage, Doctor," she said.

The old doctor began to pace back and forth before the fire, as he had a habit of doing when anything troubled him.

"It's too bad, Amy," he exploded; "it's too bad! They never ought to have let you marry him, a smart girl like you. He never ought to have married any woman. I know the whole tribe, father and son; yes, and mother, too. I know what you've had to put up with, you poor child. Now, you must not go back. I will see him to-morrow and tell him that this has gone on long enough."

Amy looked at him, uncomprehending.

"Oh," she said, "Clint will be all right to-morrow after he has had his sleep. I'm not often such a coward, Doctor; but it would kill Clint if he should happen to hurt the baby when he wasn't himself."

"Do you mean to say you intend to go on living with that beast, Amy Ford?"

Amy straightened up suddenly, her eyes flashing. "He is my husband, Doctor Blake," she said. "He don't want to drink, poor Clint. Why, you know he don't. How can I leave him? I just can't let him hurt baby, that's all."

"Well, you do beat me," admitted the doctor.

Amy drew the package out of her dress.

"I want to ask you about this," she said.

The doctor took it, opened it, sniffed, tasted it with the tip of his tongue, and set it down with a shake of his head.

"Where did you get that stuff?" he asked.

Amy told him.

"Just trash," pronounced the doctor decidedly.

"Oh," said Amy with a little sigh of disappointment, "but people are cured, sometimes."

"Yes: the sanatoriums help, sometimes."

Amy's head drooped.

"We haven't the money," she said; "there ought to be something to help poor people."

The doctor thought a moment with knitted brows. "Perhaps there is something," he answered. "See here, Amy Ford, I am going to tell you one of my secrets. I have been looking into this thing all my life and I haven't found out enough, surely, to tell any one yet. You see, the trouble with Clint and a good many like him, is the stomach, primarily—the lining of the stomach and old cider. When he was growing and needing good food, he didn't have it, at least not enough of the right kind; and he did have cider, too much of that. Now, I haven't time to tell you what happened to that stomach of his; but suppose I know a treatment that would change it back again to something like a natural stomach, instead of a cider barrel. Suppose it is rather a dangerous experiment, but with a chance, a good chance, of success. Are you game to take that chance?"

Amy understood. She did not answer at once, but sat very still, gazing at the fire. Suddenly, the little creature in her arms moved restlessly with a single pitiful wail. She looked up, decision on her face.

"I'll do it," she said.

The next morning the doctor drove Amy and the child home in his sleigh. They found Clint sleeping heavily on the kitchen lounge, where he had fallen, the ax beside him.

"When he wakes," said the doctor, "give him a cup of coffee with five drops of the medicine in it. If it makes him sick, send for me." Then he drove away.

Amy went about her tasks that day with a sad face. Sometimes it seemed to her that she could not deceive Clint; but a glance at the baby always strengthened her resolution. It was late in the day when he woke, very thirsty and much ashamed of himself. She gave him the coffee, and he drank it without a word. She watched him fearfully, but he seemed as well as usual. It was a week before the medicine showed any bad effects. Amy was so much alarmed that she had hard work to keep from confessing. She finally induced Clint to go to see Doctor Blake. He came back with some medicine that she understood was to supplement hers. When she had finished her work in the kitchen, and sat rocking the baby, Clint came and sat beside her.

"The doctor has been talking to me, Amy," he said. "I am going to try once more. Lord knows, I want to give up drink, if I can."

They were not demonstrative people. New Englanders seldom are. But words seemed inadequate here. They kissed each other solemnly over the sleeping child.

This is not an "ad" for Doctor Blake's Cure for the Liquor Habit. His name, as it happens, is not Blake, but—I promised not to tell. Still, it is a fact that the medicine was a success. That was seven years ago. Clint has never tasted any kind of alcoholic drink since the night his wife took that long walk on snowshoes. He says he does not want it. Just what part moral suasion had in the cure it is impossible to say. The doctor has a tongue like a rapier when he chooses to use it. Amy's deception so weighed on her conscience that she confessed her part at an early date.

"Bless your heart," said Clint, "the doctor told me all about it."

Clint Ford is not, perhaps, a perfect example of a reformed character. He persists in voting on the wrong side. When he goes to the country store, he expresses his opinions loudly with an occasional oath, looking all men boldly in the face. He is said to be rather too sharp on a horse trade. But he is one of the best farmers in town. He has a silo and a cream separator, and his orchard is a dream of delight. Three sturdy children, clean as new pins, go to school from his house every day. Strangers always notice the trim Ford place. It is a model in its way.

Said the doctor to a returned native last summer, as they rode past:

"Old Joe Ford's son? Yes, it is surprising how marrying a good woman will bring a man up, sometimes. She surely has made a man of him!"

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THE MASSES

THE WORST TRADE IN THE WORLD

By PIET VLAG

Illustrated by MAURICE BECKER

THE waiter business is the most exacting, nerve wrecking trade in the world. This is a bold statement, which many a patron of the large hotels may doubt, but little doubt would remain in his mind if he could be induced to work for six weeks or so in one of those establishments in New York. It is exceptional for a waiter to work six weeks at a stretch in a first-class New York hotel. At the end of that period the average hotel employee either quits or gets discharged, apparently as the result of a quarrel with some other employee or on account of having committed some error. Actually they get into trouble because they cannot stand the mental and physical strain any longer.

The writer has worked as a sailor, factory hand, coal-passer, longshoreman, lion-tamer, truck-driver, and performed all the odds and ends which the average globe-trotter is forced to take up in order to continue his travels. But, however hard or exciting some of these experiences may have been, they did not nearly equal the hardships he had to endure as a waiter or a cook.

As an illustration, let us consider the working hours and conditions of a waiter. I worked a "four-watch" day in the Louis XIV room of the Hotel Astor. That means serving breakfast from seven to ten a. m., luncheon from twelve to two-thirty p. m., dinner from five-thirty to eight-forty-five p. m., and supper from ten-fifteen to eleven-forty-five p. m. As the reader may notice, this is only eleven actual working hours per day, ranging from seven in the morning till near midnight. The off hours we spent either in a saloon or in the dressing-room which was attached to the toilet. We worked only seven days a week and every fourth week we got a day off without pay.

There is a great deal of loose talk about the enormous tips waiters are popularly believed to receive. Perhaps it may astound the reader to know that the average waiter would gladly sign up for \$3 a day straight, without tips. It is true, I have worked in places where my tips averaged more than that. Still, I would have been glad to have worked for \$3 a day without tips.

We hear a great deal about the abolition of the tipping system, but it is mostly talk. Tips are not paid for the mere service of the food. They are paid for thousands of little reasons—because we tickle the vanity of the customers; because we permit them to work off on us the grouches they have accumulated in their business; because we assure our customers in numerous ways of our good will towards them; and no man likes to be fed by anyone unless he feels assured he has the good will of the man who is feeding him. As to the tipping system, if it ever is abolished it will be replaced by a profit-sharing system. A system by which the hotel will pay wages and an additional percentage for the total amount of business done. With that system the interests of the hotel and of the customer alike would be protected by the waiter's desire to retain old customers and get new ones in order to increase the total sales.

Many people believe that a waiter has a special kick coming because of his state of servility and his dependence upon tips for a living. Wrong again. People have a peculiar way of pitying one where it is not wanted. I don't know of a single waiter who does not delight in taking tips. What he objects to is your view of the tips. He considers it rightfully earned money, the customer looks upon it as charity.

Another erroneous popular belief is, that whatever may happen to one while working in a first-class hotel, one will be well fed. I assure you, if the Board of Health would investigate the stew, the hash, the eggs

and the other food upon which the help is supposed to exist, many startling things would happen in short order. The food which they expect one to eat is hardly fit to feed to the pigs. With the exception of some dishwashers, few of the hotel help touch it. The chambermaids, the hallboys and the waiters all bribe the cook in order to get something really eatable.

This is especially hard on the waiters, as they serve all day the richest and most delicate foods and wines, and they have to steal or bribe in order to secure the smallest piece of steak or chicken, which even then they dare not eat, but are forced to swallow standing in some corner of the pantry, kitchen or lavatory.

I worked at one time in the Waldorf-Astoria, where they have a severe fining system. They fine you for eating or drinking in the pantry or elsewhere; for breaking china or glassware; for silver lost (which is usually taken by the guests as souvenirs); for a speck upon your clothes or white shirt; for unpolished shoes, and what not.

Yet the dressing room was as usual connected with the toilet, and often so full of water that we had to walk tiptoe. The locker out of which I had to make an immaculate toilet was just three feet high, one and a half feet wide, and the same in depth. In it you must keep overcoat, uniform, collars, ties, shoe polish and a few other necessities. In that particular place there was an indescribable draft, which was anything but welcome when undressing, especially as one usually is wet to the skin with perspiration when coming from watch. Out of such an unsanitary, dirty place we were to appear four times daily spick and span, and retain our self-respect.

No waiter or cook is ever certain of his position for longer than the next watch. One never knows when the thing is going to happen, but the dread of it is with one always. You are bound to get into

a scrape with some one some time. The system forces it.

To illustrate, I will describe a three-hour breakfast watch in the Hotel Astor. After reaching one's tables in the dining room we had to stand stock still with military precision between our tables until our guests entered. My steady breakfast customer was a well-known society woman who was very liberal to the captains and headwaiters. Perhaps she thought the captain or headwaiter would share with us at least partly the tip which she handed out almost every morning. When she entered I disappeared behind a pillar, so that the captain might show his usefulness in pulling out a chair and taking the order, because she had handed him a five-dollar bill at the door.

It so happened that the woman had no appetite that morning, primarily because she did not work at anything and had too little exercise, but this morning it was merely because she and her husband had taken a too prominent part in a vigorous and prolonged theater party the previous evening. Her supposed better half had been late and had therefore ordered some coffee and rolls in his apartment. Contrary to her usual manner she was cross this morning.

The captain tried to earn his five dollars by talking her into an imaginary appetite. After about ten minutes he rushed into the pantry, I following close at his heels. There all pretense at gentility was thrown to the winds. He grabbed me by the shoulder, and while pushing me down the stairs shouted the order at me. Before I had reached the bottom of the steps he had hurled every strong epithet in his vocabulary at me, and I assure you his vocabulary was far from meagre. He concluded by urging me to hurry up in a particularly forceful manner. All this while I was falling, flying and jumping down the stairs with the written order slip in my hand.

Then came my turn at administering instruction with epithets attached. First to the cook about broiled squab-chicken with bacon, because that takes longest. Then I told the pantry girl in a most gentle manner how to prepare that particular grape fruit a la maraschino. While she did this, I ordered coffee and cream from the other girl and put some eggs in the automatic egg boiler for a gentleman who had come in while I was downstairs. A bus-boy had brought me the order slip.

By the time the grape fruit was prepared the two and one-half minute boiled eggs were also ready. So up I went with the grape fruit and the gentleman's breakfast, but not until I had been searched by the checker at the door and had the proper amount entered against me on my book.

Thus after four minutes of actual Hades, I had to re-enter the dining room, cool, composed and well mannered. No signs of rushing or bustling there; if I did, it would have annoyed the guest and this of course would have meant instant dismissal.

I opened the eggs, served the coffee and got the man's check ready so that he could leave the moment he was through. This left only the balance of the lady's order to be disposed of. She was to get squab chicken and bacon, coffee and toast. A simple order, indeed, but not so simple a matter to get out of one of those gigantic kitchens, where about two hundred waiters rush about, pushing and jostling each other, trying to get waited on first. To form a good picture, you must know that these kitchens are very large. They take up in width an entire city block. When you stand at the range of the sauce or "entremet" cook, the distance seems so far that you can hardly distinguish what is going on at the farthest range—that of the "friturier," or fry cook.

But all these things you do not notice



When she entered, I disappeared behind a pillar.

when you are getting a broiled spring chicken with bacon. All you can see then is the face and the knife of the "rotisseur" or roast cook. If you see anything else you are in danger of getting into close contact with the knife, because you are none too gentle in demanding your order.

Nor is the cook, for that matter. He is very positive in his statements regarding your ability to understand that your chicken cannot be ready in such a short time. To which you retaliate in like manner, trying all the time to "bluff" him, confuse him, so that he may give you a chicken ordered by some one else a few minutes earlier than yours.

As it happened I did not succeed in bluffing him this morning. Not because I did not put up as good a bluff as usual, but for the simple reason that some one else had already bluffed me out of the broiled squab-chicken.

This meant a delay of five minutes. To make up and gain time I went for the coffee and toast. While getting this a bus-boy came rushing up to me with a half-finished grape fruit a la maraschino. The lady had no appetite, and the captain, influenced by a five dollar bill, had convinced her the grape fruit was not just right and induced her to try an alligator pear instead. I let out a yell like a Comanche Indian, pushed the other waiters aside, invoked the co-operation of an assistant steward who was a friend of mine, and secured an alligator pear in record time, which the bus-boy took into the dining room as fast as his legs would carry him. I don't think a single waiter in New York could have handled the situation any better. But it was of no avail. When I came up with the order, the lady first of all complained about the chicken, which, according to her, was underdone. By the time we had given it a little more fire her coffee had grown cold, the toast stale and the lady had lost her appetite and left the table. And I was fired by the captain as soon as I came back with the chicken. He had to earn his five dollars in some way and this was the simplest one.

Nor was the Hotel Astor by any means the most trying place to work in. I worked at one time in the South Café of the Waldorf-Astoria. This was surely one of the most exhausting places I ever worked in as long as I was in the business. In the center of the room they have an electric grill, where they broil steaks, chicken, mushrooms, etc. Also a chafing dish department. A moveable bar wagon with bartender attached goes from table to table. To the uninitiated it would seem as if such an arrangement would make things easier for the waiter and expedite service.

The fact of the matter is that it did not expedite the service a bit and made it much harder on the waiter. It was good advertising for the house, that was all.

Here is how it worked. For example: A party orders some chicken a la King, some lobster a la Newburg, a broiled partridge, various vegetables, some cocktails and wine. You first get your cocktails, but not until you have gone about half a block out of your way to get a check for them. That takes at least five minutes. Then you go down to the cold meat room for the ingredients of the various dishes which have been ordered. While they prepare this you order your vegetables in the kitchen and go for your wine. Frequently the cold meat room cook does not know what is required for the various dishes, and the chances are that you have to fight with him for some onions, green peppers, or some other ingredient, because he does not like to appear at all ignorant and therefore resents your knowing it.

By the time you get upstairs at least ten minutes have elapsed since you took the order. Then it is

put on the fire, and any time gained by the electric method of cooking it has fully been lost before the order is put on. Physically this system is much harder on the waiter than when he gets the entire order from the kitchen, not to speak of the nerve-wrecking confusion it causes.

A day's work for a waiter in this exceeding comfy, entre-nous, ueber brettel sort of place, runs as follows: I came in at ten a. m. to set up the room, fill pepper and salt shakers, vinegar, sauce bottles, etc., until twelve. Then lunch began and lasted until two-thirty p. m. Until four p. m. we were free. That means free to go to a saloon. Time was too short to go home. There was no place in the house for us to sit down except a dingy place called, for decency's sake, a retiring room where no one ever retired. The locker-room which was connected with the toilet was altogether impossible. There were no benches or chairs, and even if you succeeded in capturing an empty case somewhere it was as much as your life was worth to sit down in that place. It was at the foot of the basement stairs and there

ons who were usually employed by some big sharks to decoy the jays. These two fellows had the habit of talking big so badly that they kept it up when there was no occasion for it, which naturally evoked many smiles from those acquainted with the facts. One afternoon after a particularly noisy and boastful lunch party, the two of them had tea together. Whether it was the tea or a general retrospection of their lives which brought them to their senses, I do not know, but accidentally I heard one confide to the other that the first time he got five hundred dollars together he was going to quit the game. Poor fellows! They sometimes spent that amount on a jay for food and drinks within a week.

During the last panic I was working at Sherry's, where Morgan pulled off his conferences. We had reliable information nearly twenty-four hours in advance of the press. By the bye, I have often wondered why some enterprising newspaper has not organized the waiters into an information bureau. It has been done with great success in France.

It has been my privilege, or misfortune, as you look at it, to witness numerous tragedies and comedies during my life as a waiter, and these usually because the public refused to consider the waiter as an understanding, feeling and generally human being. Sometimes this attitude of the public toward us proved to be decidedly uncomfortable. In the Hotel Marie Antoinette a certain lady was in the habit of calling for a waiter while she was in her bath and there order her breakfast. I remember feeling decidedly uncomfortable on these occasions, but it was evident that the lady was perfectly at ease. She was in a class with that Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, who, when told that the people were clamoring for bread because they were hungry, suggested that they eat cake. I believe this lady had given as much thought and consideration to the people out of her class as that queen.

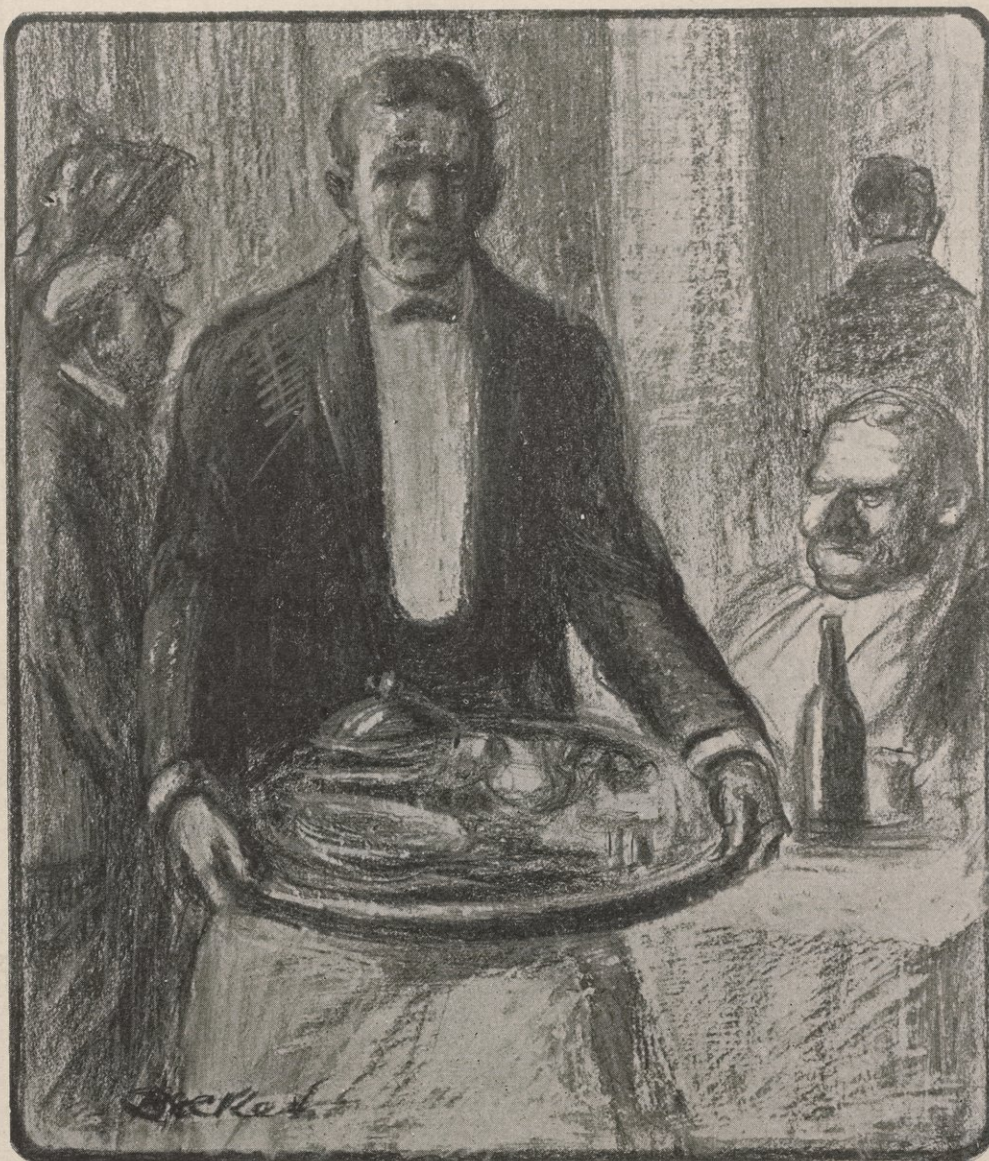
Large fortunes are spent yearly by the New York hotel proprietors in maintaining a system by which they check and search the waiter. Every waiter is treated as an out-and-out grafter of extremely desperate character. Not only is a checking system maintained at the entrance of each dining room, but a number of detectives, so-called assistant stewards, patrol the kitchen and pantry from morning until night. These fellows are trying to earn their salaries by constantly imposing fines and foolish interference with the services. It would be much more profitable, however, if a more strict control was maintained over the public.

In connection with this I remember especially a banquet we served in one of the largest and most prominent clubhouses of Brooklyn. The father of the man who ran the club was a judge. It

was a rather out-of-the-way place. After the banquet the guests and waiters went home on the same trolley line. The father happened to be on the same car with us.

Soon after the car started the guests produced the souvenirs they had taken from the club and commenced to play ball with them. Spoons, demi-tasses, napkins and what not were flying to and fro through the car. Suddenly the father and judge arose from his seat and gave those people one of the most humiliating lectures they ever received. Tableau! Nobody wanted to catch. They all wanted to throw. One young woman in whose lap they had thrown a number of articles got up and dropped the whole affair on the floor of the car. They treated the souvenirs as if they were snakes.

When working in the roof garden of the Hotel Astor I was discharged as a result of one of these souvenir incidents. There had been some trouble with the wiring and the management had provided some attractive little porcelain candelabras, worth



A flunkey and his superiors

was a fearful, constant draft. It was especially dangerous, as we were exhausted and perspired heavily after the watch.

At four o'clock we came back to serve before-dinner drinks, which lasted until six, when dinner commenced. After dinner one part of the watch which had stayed on in the afternoon went out for about an hour and a half. We stood right through until one in the morning without getting anything to eat unless we practically stole something and succeeded in eating it on some stairway or in a corner without being caught or fined for it.

The place is largely frequented by a stock-gambling element. Directly connected with the dining-room is a well-known stockbroker's office. John W. Gates had his headquarters in the Waldorf, and the well-known poker parties were held in a small room, likewise connected with the South Café. The guests there, as everywhere, treated the waiter like a fixture and talked freely in his presence.

I particularly remember two four-flushing come-

probably about twenty-five cents each. A lady asked the captain to give her one as a souvenir. He told me to wrap it up for her. Unfortunately she forgot to take it along. Without further thinking about the matter, I took it myself when we went home. It never dawned upon me that there might be trouble about it until one of the thief-catching timekeepers asked me what I had in my hand. That finished my career in the Astor.

The newspapers have played up a number of sensational stories about the wholesale theft of provisions by the kitchen help. I recollect one of these stories about a man who had a large number of squabs, chickens, and steaks wrapped around his body. The truth of the matter was they had caught one poor fry-cook with a piece of chicken. He surely did not take the chicken to sell it. He took it because he was hungry. This may seem odd, but it is the truth nevertheless. Those boys work sometimes for ten hours under an indescribable temperature, a feat which in itself is sufficient to knock out physically the strongest of them. In addition to that they have to cope with a few hundred howling dervishes. That's how the cooks look upon the waiters. As a result they cannot bear the sight of food when dinner time comes. All they can stand is a few glasses of sour wine or stale beer. The cooks' table is, as a rule, well supplied with appetizing food, but it is hardly touched. They are all too exhausted. That's why these poor fellows get in the habit of taking something home. After they have washed up and rested for an hour or so, their appetite returns. Then a piece of chicken or tenderloin fried on a gas stove in their hall room is exceedingly welcome to them.

I have stated in one of the early paragraphs that I gladly would have signed up for three dollars a day steady without tips, although my tips in some places averaged more than that. This statement requires an explanation. Note well—three dollars per day *steady*, I said. Do you know what it means to change position every six weeks or so? Number one—it means to be out of work at least three months during the year. But that does not imply that one is free and at ease during that period. Quite the contrary; we worked and worried just as hard when looking for a job as when trying to keep one.

Especially bad and disgusting is the employment system. In some places the head waiters engage their men directly at the door. In many others, however, they get their help through these so-called Waiters' Associations. These associations are supposed to be benevolent in character. They disburse sick and death benefits to their members. They are also supposed to provide the members with jobs, and they do all that and more. In fact, the members are usually supplied with the nice fat jobs. But as you might expect, the motives are not always on the surface. The membership of these organizations is very limited. They maintain high initiation fees, blackballs, and so on. As a result there are always a number of jobs on hand that cannot be filled by the members. These jobs are disposed of in the barroom. The man liked best by the boss of the saloon is the first to get a job. This naturally implies that he knows how to consume a large quantity of beverages.

These saloon sharks get their biggest graft, however, from what is known as the "extras." I remember a time when one of these saloons had about *four hundred* extra jobs on Saturday, and about one hundred daily during the rest of the week. These were glorious times for that saloonkeeper. He manipulated these extras so well that he had at least a thousand applicants visiting his barroom on regular week days and many more than that on Saturdays.

These conditions exist to-day, only now there are at least five times as many saloon sharks as there were then. This makes it still harder on the waiter, as it means a larger number of saloons to frequent.

Another popular error is that the waiter business is not a trade. People think a jacket, an apron and a towel make a waiter. "Surely," they say, "anybody can be a waiter." Perhaps! In Flanagan's beef-and-beans joint, but surely not in the St. Regis, where it keeps two experienced waiters and a captain very busy to properly serve a party of four.

To give "service" in a high class hotel one must have training, brains and be very alert. I have seen the Michaels from Flanagan's tackle a job in a first-class hotel and invariably they were content, yes glad, to be fired before the meal was over. Can you imagine Michael carving partridges or an elu-

sive duck in front of his guests? Or detaching the heart from an artichoke a la Hollandaise, or serving a bottle of Chateau Haute Briand without spoiling it before he gets through with the first glass? These are some of the more obvious difficulties of Michael. But how fine Mike gets along in the kitchen! The French and Italian cooks know what he wants before he opens his mouth. Surely much better than after he does so.

I distinctly remember a Michael who worked with me in the Knickerbocker. A guest tried to attract Michael's attention by holding up his hand. He promptly walked up to the man, shook his hand most cordially, and said: "How do you do, sir?" I have seen him when asked for a knife turn around and around like a puppy finding a place to lie down, and finally make a bee-line for the pantry, to return with a carving knife to serve with cheese. I have seen him bring on a pitcher of cream and some mint leaves to a lady who ordered "creme de menth." I have seen him apply with a silver pitcher at the pantry for a "creme de cocoa." I could write a thousand words or more about the funny things Michael used to do.

Also, contrary to the public opinion, the first requirement of a waiter is not a strong sense of servility. The waiters of America are mostly foreign, but they do not represent the nationalities which are known for their servility. In fact, you will find only those countries represented where a strong public school system is maintained. Only from those countries where the people have had a chance to develop.

A successful waiter must be strong physically, good looking, be a good psychologist, a good book-keeper and salesman, and have sufficient of the artisan spirit not to be clumsy with his hands.

Such is the kind of a man who makes a successful waiter—an intelligent and efficient waiter. It is wrong to interpret his desire to show you his good will as a sign of flunkysm. He is not a flunky, nor does he want to be. Sooner or later you will have to recognize him as one of the most useful servants of society. Until then the trade of the waiter will continue to be one of the most intricate, menial and exasperating in the world—a trade calling for maximum endeavor in physical as well as mental effort—a trade you would not like your son to learn.

AS MARS SEES US By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

IN a curious volume called "Impressions of the Earth," written by a visitor from Mars, there are two sections of a peculiarly interesting nature. Chapters and sub-chapters are headed as follows:

The Males

- (a) The Dominant Sex.
- (b) The Civilized Sex.
- (c) The Utilitarian Sex.
- (d) The Honorable Sex.
- (e) The Creative Sex.
- (f) The Articulate Sex.
- (g) The Laughing Sex.

The Females.

- (a) The Submerged Sex.
- (b) The Uncivilized Sex.
- (c) The Toy Sex.
- (d) The Codeless Sex.
- (e) The Decorative Sex.
- (f) The Inarticulate Sex.
- (g) The Sex that has Never Laughed.

In reading the work of the distinguished muck-raker from Mars one is impressed by many fine qualities, his candor, his liberality, his open-mindedness; but most forcibly of all perhaps, by his impartiality. A statement in the preface that, by an accident of evolution there is but one sex on Mars, explains this complete lack of prejudice. He has, of course, come to us with no pre-conceived ideas either of the sexes or of the sex. Of all the writers who have considered this subject, he is the only one who has brought no sex-partiality to bear upon it.

I will quote here and there from his "Impressions."

"The Earth-people are divided into two sexes, the males and the females. But the males are physically so much stronger than the females, and mentally and morally so much more developed, that they control their world. Roughly speaking, there is but one sex. The Earth-people themselves recognize

this condition in such phrases as 'the stronger sex,' 'the weaker sex,' 'lords of creation.' Women often refer to their husbands as their 'lords and masters.'

"The Earth-men exist, so to speak, in two ways—individually and collectively. As an individual man is a small king. His domestic title is The Head of the House, although it often happens that he stays in the home less than any other member of the family. A minor portion of the individual life of the men is intertwined with the lives of their women in the home and in various minor social recreations. But their real life, both at work and at play, is with their own sex—in business, in their clubs, in their sports. They have developed a sex-code, a sex sense of humor, even a sex vocabulary. The Earth-women exist in but one way—as units. They have virtually no vital and real association with their own sex—no sex-code, no sex sense of humor, and only the rudiments of a sex-vocabulary. The men always stand together; the women never. Socially every woman is every other woman's enemy. She always plays a lone hand and a cut-throat game.

"George Meredith, an Earth-writer, says that women will be the last creatures to become civilized. This may or may not be true. Certainly, men will be the last to become democrats. Nature and fate have conspired to make of them kings, emperors, tyrants, dictators. Life is their oyster; they devour it and toss the shell to the women. Only women-queens, such as Cleopatra of Egypt, Elizabeth of England and Catherine of Russia, have lived in the way men live.

"The Earth-laws are entirely made by men. They are inadequate to protect the weaker sex. And so, for the further protection of women, men have developed a supplementary system called 'the man's code.' As the law neither compels the man to adopt this code nor punishes him if he offend against it, the women find it a highly unsatisfactory arrangement. But they themselves are equally open to criticism. For, just as they have developed no code

in regard to each other, they have evolved no code in regard to men.

"I was forcibly impressed by a curious paradox in the lives of the women. Most of them still stay secluded in the home; but within the limits of that home they enjoy no spiritual privacy. It is as if they dwelt in houses of iron, divided by partitions of glass. The life of the woman lies like an open book for her male relatives to read. She must submit to his comments, answer his questions. The man, however, enjoys a spiritual freedom almost unrestricted. Nobody can question him but the police.

"The Earth-men possess that extraordinary sense of humor which it is my conviction after many years' study of the planets in the sidereal system, characterizes all dominating sexes, races and nations. The Earth-men contend that the Earth-women possess no sense of humor. In passing, I would like to say that people who must practise a questionable virtue called **economy** are almost always humorless. And as a sex, the Earth-women are, perforce, committed to economy. There is, however, another aspect of this question. The Earth-men dictate to the Earth-women in many things. And although they themselves find much to laugh at in the universe, they prefer that women should laugh at only one or two of its aspects. If the Earth-men were to publish their wishes in this matter, the diagram and directions would run as follows:

A ————— B ————— C

"HUMOR.

"FOR MEN.

"The line ABC represents the entire gamut of humor. Laugh at everything between A and C.

"FOR WOMEN.

"Laugh at everything from A to B. If, however, you laugh at anything between B and C, you cease to be a lady. On the other hand, if you don't laugh at everything between B and C, you have no real sense of humor."

A BIG PAYING INVESTMENT

By EUGENE WOOD

Written for THE MASSES.



EROSENE is about the one price the country over, and so shoes and all the other commodities, just as fast as they can, are getting to the point where they will be the one price the country over because they are controlled by the Interests, so that there is no cutting prices of competition. But I do not think that there is any ruling price for votes. A good, sound, healthy vote, blind in both eyes but otherwise free from defect, doesn't seem to have a definite price, so that a man who sells his for more is considered a smart bargainer, or the man who sells his for less is considered a "simp."

Votes run away down to nothing at all in the great majority of instances. Those who are interested financially in getting them as cheaply as possible are simply horrified that citizens should be so shamelessly out for the "long green" as to want money for the priceless privilege of handing the government over to the corporations. And so at least 50 per cent. of the electors simply throw their votes away. Their sporting interests in the success of one side or the other, their friendships or hatreds and their prejudices get the better of their judgment, and they don't make a cent, either present or prospective, out of their ballots.

And yet a vote must be worth something.

I am not now speaking of its sentimental value as the solemn sacrament of citizenship—that true communion wherein rich and poor are for one moment at least on as even a footing as before the altar of God; I am not now speaking of the sincere and earnest devotion to our country for whose welfare we feel no sacrifice can be too great, for the Flag whose broad stripes and bright stars we resolve shall always wave over the brave and free! No. You and I are practical men, Mr. Harriman, and as such, when we get down to business, everything, I don't care what, comes down to money-values. What's a vote worth? How much bacon will it bring home for the old woman to fry?

I don't remember that I was ever present at a vote-buying transaction. I haven't had much to do with practical politics—any politics except those of the Socialist Party, and Socialists don't buy votes. They wouldn't if they could; they couldn't if they would. If you don't believe one statement, you must the other. Anyhow, they don't buy votes. Also, I am in the effete East, where they are kind o' sneaky about such doings. But out in God's country, out in the West, where they do things so much more generously and open-heartedly, there should be people who can give an idea of what a vote is worth, cash in hand paid for same. In the effete East, a common plug of a voter gets about \$2, I hear. But when I was out in Paris, Illinois—that's in Uncle Joe Cannon's district—they told me, if I remember rightly, that the going price was from \$20 to \$25. The buyers for the great concerns had little tables out in front of the polling booths, these collapsible sewing tables, with stacks of money in front of them, and they paid the highest prices for country produce in the open market. The election preceding my visit had for its issue the question as to whether saloons should be allowed to run, and it was a joke around town that the Baptist minister had bought "dry" votes as shrewdly as the next man.

But even so, I don't suppose that anybody will contend that \$25 is anywhere near the true and proper price for a man's vote. Even in Uncle Joe Cannon's district, where they have lost all sense of shame too long ago to talk about, you can't get up on a box and call out: "How much am I offered for this likely nig—" I'm getting this thing mixed, I'm thinking of the old-time slave market—"How much am I offered for this ballot of a citizen of the land of the free and the home of the brave? Make me a bid, gentlemen." You can't do that. Not even

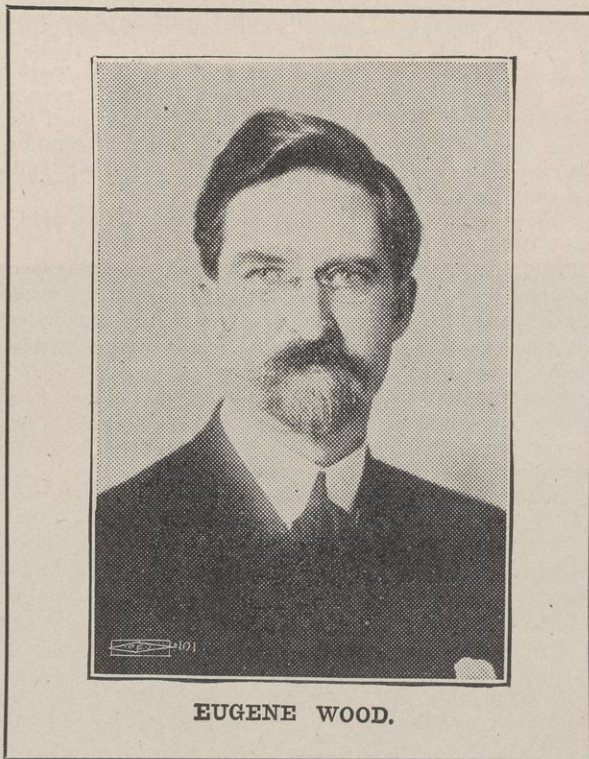
Author of

"Back Home," "The Big Change," etc.

in Uncle Joe Cannon's district, where the preachers buy votes. You don't get the benefit of an open market.

And it's a slaughtered price. There are only a few hours in the year when the big moneyed interests will buy votes for cash. It's sell then or not at all. Consequently the crop of the whole country is dumped on the market all at once.

And it stands to reason a man's vote must always be worth more than is paid for it. The buyer wouldn't buy, as a rule, unless he expected to make a little something for himself out of the transaction. And the Interests for whom he acts must expect to make a great deal. To have a majority of the votes cast is to have control of the powers of government, and that's a big thing. They can stick up the prices by means of the tariff; they can combine to raise prices, and if they control the government they can



EUGENE WOOD.

have a great fuss made about unscrambling the eggs, and still have nothing done to the eggs. On the other end of the transaction they can keep down wages, and if the workers strike for more pay and shorter hours, then all the police and militia, the courts and all such, are right there on the job to break the strike.

It's a big thing for any class to control the government. It is so fine a thing for the Interests that it is only good business for them to put up the money for the nomination of suitable candidates and for the purchase of enough votes to put them in office, provided the price is reasonable, somewhere under, say, \$25.

I suppose that if votes went up to \$100 apiece on the average, the Interests would probably arrange it with the responsible managers of the Republican and Democratic parties that, no matter which side won, the Interests should still control the government. I should think it would come cheaper that way, especially if the managers would make the Republican and the Democratic parties so nearly alike that you couldn't tell t'other from which. In that case, if the Republican party got so rank an honest man couldn't stand for it unless he was bought and paid for, he would reflect that the Democratic party was just as rancid, if not more so. Even if it were well known that the names Republican and Democrat were but names for the two ends of the same hollow log, there would always be suckers enough to be fooled by that trick to keep up the institution of elections, those who like to brag how they have

voted the Republican ticket straight ever since 1856, or who declare loudly: "I am a Democrat!" and look around for the applause that is sure to be the reward for so bold, not to say foolhardy, a trick.

At present I suppose that a common ordinary vote would never go up as high as \$100. Members of the legislature who have the privilege of selling the rights and franchises of the public to the Interests can do much better, but I am speaking of workmen who are poor and meant to be poor.

But, even so, call it \$100 for the sake of argument.

Now we are always hearing talk about the improvidence and short-sightedness of the working classes. They don't look ahead. If they happen to have a small sum of money over and above their needs they are not happy until they spend it, fritter it away, and have nothing to show for it. They haven't gumption enough to put it by, to invest it at interest. Many a mickle makes a muckle in the course of time.

Supposing, then, that a man's vote is worth \$100. Since he is willing to throw it away by giving it to the Interests, we may say that he could just as well as not save the money that he'd get for it if he could sell it for \$100. Put that annual amount by for twenty years at interest, and it would come to something like \$3,000. Which would be a tidy little sum. He could start up a shop with that—and lose it inside of six months. It would be pretty certain to be skinned off him by some shrewd person. And, anyhow, if the Cost of Living goes on increasing, in twenty years \$3,000 would look like 30 cents in purchasing power.

But supposing he invests his vote with the Socialist Party? The boneheads who spend everything as fast as they get it will probably laugh at him; they may even, in their twisted way of looking at things, consider that it is he, and not they, who is throwing his vote away. Never mind them.

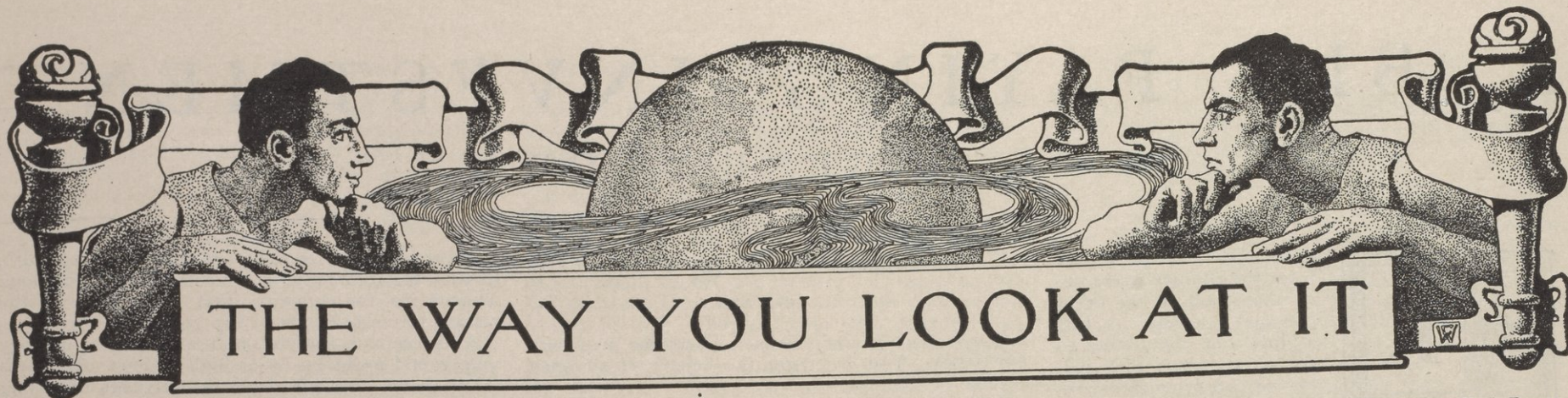
Anybody with any head for figures at all can see that it won't take twenty years for the Socialist vote to gain control of the government; nothing like twenty years at the rate it is growing now. But call it that for the sake of argument. When it pays out it will amount to this: That there will be steady work all the year round, with no deductions for Rent, Profits and Interest, which will be about \$5,000 a year for every laborer, sick and death benefits, and an old age pension; that there will be no adulterated goods, but everything made for use and not to see how rotten it can be made and still sell; that the Cost of Living instead of going up all the time will be coming down all the time, since the natural tendency is continually to invent new and improved methods of production, so that with less and less labor-time a better and better living can be made.

Instead, then, of one little measly dab of \$3,000 to be hung fast to or have robbed away from you, there will be at the least calculation \$3,000 a year as the result of investing, not the proceeds of your vote in a bank, but the vote itself with the Socialist Party, which is the trustee of the interests of the working classes.

How foolish then to sell your vote for \$20 or \$2, or more idiotic still, to give it away!

This is no appeal to your manhood, to your nobler nature, to your patriotism, to your yearning to be free, to your hunger for righteousness and justice—to anything that is fine about you. It is right in the spirit of this present, penny-pinching, sordid business age. You and I are practical men, Mr. Harriman. We're out for the dough. Here's a fine chance for investment on which you are sure to win out big. You know that. You know that if every workingman in the country went into the enterprise it would win out bigger than anybody has yet dared to think. All you're afraid of is that other people won't go into it. But you've nothing to lose. You're throwing your vote away every year instead of investing it. Don't you mind what other people do or don't do. If you think it looks good, why invest. And very probably you'll find that other people have as much sense as you, and will come into the thing too.

A world to gain and nothing to lose! Think it over.



Illustrated by H. J. Turner.

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

WISEGUYS ABROAD

WHEN the yacht was wrecked the Busy Business Man swam ashore to a cannibalistic but ambitious island.

"Now, you get together," he said to the Native on the beach, "and build me a boat. I must get back to Wall Street because my time is worth \$100 a minute."

"You're the right man in the right place," said the Native, "and you must come to our chief because ever since a New York newspaper blew ashore last month he has been longing to see one of you \$100-a-minute men. Follow me."

"Great!" said the Chief as he rose to greet the newcomer. "Let's see you make about five hundred dollars. What sort of an outfit do you want? Are you a chemist?"

"Certainly not," snapped back the Busy Business Man. "I hire chemists sometimes, but I hope you don't think I putter around personally with the test tubes."

"Then maybe you're an inventor?"

"Of course not."

"An architect?"

"No."

"A doctor?"

"Never."

The Chief thought. "How do you make money?"

"This way," said the Busy Business Man. "When



things are long I buy, see? and when they're short I sell—see?"

"I don't understand," said the Chief, "but here is the whole island at your disposal. Take all the time you want, but produce an hour's worth of wealth by night and we'll row you back to Wall Street in a boat full of roses and cocoanuts. If you can't produce six thousand before supper, then—"

The *piece de resistance* at the tribe banquet that night was much enjoyed by those present.

TWIN SISTERS—ART & BUSINESS

I

a. George W. Broker is a rising young man.

b. Teenie Twinkletoes is a beautiful young woman. She dances third from the right end in the front row.

II

a. George W. Broker guesses right on the cotton market.

b. The beautiful Teenie Twinkletoes leaves the



chorus to star in a new comic opera.

III

a. George W. Broker guesses right on the wheat market.

b. The beautiful Teenie Twinkletoes enjoys a tremendous success in her first comic opera. Or at least it's liberally advertised all winter.

IV

a. George W. Broker guesses wrong on the steel market and goes broke.

b. The beautiful Teenie Twinkletoes goes back to the chorus.

HOPE FOR THE YOUNG

WHEN William W. Whateveryourname is was born his father bought cigars and said, "Now, there's a boy with ambition. There's a boy who's going to go after something and do it."

That's what the boy thought, too. Fact is, he wouldn't have married at twenty-two if he hadn't felt in his bones that somewhere ahead there was an AMBITION—all spelt in capitals—which he could spend his life in attaining.

So, as we were almost saying, he got married (fine girl, too), and after living unhappily for awhile at a boarding house they up and looted their savings bank account and bought a house.

It wasn't any Biltmore, y'understand, and it wasn't any ex-Senator Clark residence, and it wasn't even a humble thing like Windsor Castle. But it had an open fireplace and a butler's pantry and an imitation stained-glass window in the hall and a great, big, ball-bearing back-action Mortgage.

"Five years from now that mortgage will be paid," said William.

Was it? Read this simple tale and see. William wouldn't have qualified as a weather prophet in a fifth-class post-office. He meant well, but he hadn't counted on two babies, some appendicitis, street improvements, high cost of living and a twenty per cent. cut in salary.

Five years after marriage William had worn a path where he went to pay interest at the bank; he had twenty-four gray hairs in his head and the Mortgage was as big as ever.

In the sixth year of the Mortgage William tightened his belt.

"I'll sponge it off the slate or bust," he said.

At the end of the tenth year little old Mister Mortgage was rosy and hale, while William had begun to stoop a little.

But ambition kept William up.

"I'm going to pay that Mortgage," he told himself.

Fifteen years after they moved into their home the Mortgage was the worse for wear, but in the twentieth



year it jumped back and began growing worse'n dandelions. One of the boys was at college. At twenty-five it was larger than at any time since the start. At thirty it was still bigger and at forty it was a sight.

The fiftieth year of the mortgage came and then old Uncle Pigbody died, leaving William all he had saved up.

William, now aged seventy-two, tottered down to the bank, paid up everything, and took a receipt.

Then he came home and died.

"After all," he said by way of last words, "there's no particular reason why I should go on living. What is there left in life for me? I have achieved my ambition. I have paid off my Mortgage."

EFFICIENCY BEGINS AT HOME

THEY were wrathful—good and wrathful if their red necks and popping eyes meant anything.

"Darn 'em, the blinged fools have gotta accept it," said Stockholder One.

"They can't do anything else—why, it means a hundred thousand more profit a year," said Stockholder Two.

"We'll make 'em take it up. We'll make him apply it to everything about the works, too," said Stockholder Three.

"One minute," interrupted the Mildly Inquiring Person, "but do I understand that the trouble has arisen because the workmen in the factory won't adopt the new efficiency system that you are so anxious to install in every department?"

"That's it," said the Chairman.

"You want everything efficient? You don't want any waste material or waste time or waste lumber generally?"

"That's it."

"Gentlemen, there's a way. There is a certain wasteful, inefficient, costly set of men connected with your factory. Eliminate them and I'll guarantee that the rest of the efficiency program will be adopted in a hurry."

"Sure, we'll eliminate them—who are they?" clamored the Stockholders.

"They are yourselves," said the Mildly Inquiring Person.

Then the riot began.

ALMOST UNANIMOUS

"PROPERTY is sacred!" screams the Anti-Socialist Lecturer.

"Quite right," agrees John D. Scadsworth, who has just paid a million for a country home.

"No man must attack unscathed that palladium of



our liberties—our lawmakers!"

"Right you are," nods the Honorable James J. Cigars, Representative from the Fourteenth District.

"How dare they criticize the action of our clergy in accepting large money gifts from grateful parishioners!"

"Kill 'em," says the Bishop in the front row.

"We must take a stand! We must resist these usurpers who would destroy our personal liberty!"

"You bet," assents Mr. George W. Scrooge, who employs fourteen hundred children in his factory.

The janitor yawns wearily. "I wish they'd get through," he says. "If I don't get up early to-morrow morning and distribute literature we'll probably only elect fourteen to Congress next November instead of fifteen."

MISTER EVERYMAN ADMITS IT

"Of course, these Socialists are all visionaries," says the Doctor, "still it seems to me that Society might be so arranged that a doctor wouldn't have to spend his time tending the stomachs of a lot of fat pigs who happen to have money."



"Of course, these Socialists are all dreamers," says the Grocer, "still it seems to me that things ought to be fixed so that a man in my business could be strictly square and yet make a living."

"Of course, these Socialists are a pack of fools," says the College Professor, "still it seems to me that the world might be run in a more orderly fashion and that rewards might be a little bigger to people who don't spend their lives looking for a chance to take candy away from babies."

WAR AND CIVIL WAR

By NICHOLAS KLEIN & RALPH KORNGOLD

THE BENEFICIARIES OF WAR

Painted for THE MASSES

WAR—By Nicholas Klein

IF you shoot a man in the heat of an argument and take his life, you are guilty of homicide and the State may forfeit your life for the crime. But put on a uniform, kill a dozen men in war by shooting them in the back; men whom you have never seen and do not know, and you get a medal for bravery. There is a difference, to be sure. This difference: One is retail murder, an accident; the other, well-planned wholesale murder.

Just imagine an army in overalls! It would never work. It would be no army. There must be the glitter and the show; the drums, trumpets, medals, shoulder-straps, lace and the sash. This is more important than the sword and the gun. It is the big thing in the war business. And you find it so everywhere. Overdressed women lack brain, and seek to attract the male sex by a display of jewelry and dress. The tiger has a gaudy skin. Most snakes have remarkable skins and cheapen in our eyes the sombre coat of the useful horse and cow. The polly has a gay coat, but is useless. The peacock is strong on the dress proposition, but is of no real value. Then there is the leopard, too! How long would an army last if the stage effects were removed? If recruiting offices would explain the cannons, the flying legs, the smokeless powder, the leaking brains, the rotting bodies, how many would join?

Of course the war business has changed since Caesar's time. Our friends, Caesar, Hannibal and Charlemagne, would stop a revolution in first class style. They simply went after the leader and picked him off. This killed the war. They then killed all the warriors, of course. They were sensible with the war proposition. No dilly-dallying then. An enemy was an enemy and he had to be killed. Sometimes they would kill the enemy on the battlefield. Often there was death by way of taking their enemies to religious sacrifice, and often the captured were slowly killed through slavery. But killed they were, because they were enemies and had to die. But then came Napoleon, the insane; the man whose crazy ambition (he called it "Destiny") was to place Europe under his crown. He "civilized" war! This man whose fancy cost Europe seventeen million lives, or two thousand a day for twenty-three years, got a new scheme. He would improve on Caesar! He pensioned the captured enemy and feasted them at banquets. And this has been done ever since.

During the Spanish-American war we worked it. Admiral Cervera and his officers were captured and feted at Annapolis. They had private chambers, elaborate table delicacies and pin money. Shades of Alexander, what a joke! First we line up the armies to slaughter one another, then leave the dead behind rotting in the sun, and the captured foe who escaped death on the field of battle is feted and dined; exchanged off, only to go through the same stunt again until all are killed off or the war is stopped. It is just like having one set of men rolling stones up a hill and another set throwing them down again. Like digging holes and filling them up again. Like starting fires for the purpose of paying off the losses.

Take the *Titanic* disaster. Suppose the White Star Company officials had planned the disaster? Surely the officials would have been fit for the coroners immediately. But let a nation plan a war and kill thousands for trade—and the women cheer the boys who march to kill for the sum of \$13 per month and board. Since the siege of Troy 40,000,000 persons have been killed every century in this war business. DURING THIRTY CENTURIES 1,200,000,000 men, women and children have been killed in war. This is almost the present popula-

By BALFOUR KER

"War is organized murder, pillage and cruelty. I acknowledge ourselves to be a bloodthirsty horde of brigands."—Gen. "Chinese" Gordon.
"War is hell."—Gen. Sherman.
"War is the work of butchers."—Kipling.
"To carry on war, disguise it as we may, is to be cruel. It is to kill and burn, burn and kill, and again kill and burn."—Gen. Young.

tion of the entire globe. Does the war business pay? The English worker is still paying the bills for Waterloo, and will in centuries to come keep paying for the murder of the Boers. We are paying dearly for Gettysburg and the Wilderness, and Congress just voted a big funeral bill in a graft pension.

War cannot be justified. Of course there is always a pretext for wholesale murder. Alexander wanted more worlds to conquer. Caesar wanted all of the known globe under Roman dominion. The United States obtained its freedom by throwing off a foreign power, and then started the Spanish-American war and put the fetters on Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines.

If all the mankind murdered in wars could raise their voices from the grave! If the pillage, rape, fire, mangled bodies and flying arms throughout the centuries could only be thrown on the motion picture screen! If the billions could only reply to the question of war, we would abolish it at once. There would be no more license to murder.



THE BENEFICIARIES OF WAR—Balfour Ker

You cannot make a civilized man believe that war is necessary, or even good. If it keeps down the surplus

population, then why the Red Cross? Why not kill them all off and be done with it? Why bandage the wounded? Why the exchange of prisoners? As the hunger for Brotherhood becomes strong, the stock of war goes down. Intelligent beings do not murder wholesale. Only insane men desire to strut about in uniform. Normal men desire peace and sombre clothes.

We weep when a *Titanic* goes down. We demand justice when a grasping theater proprietor is negligent and causes loss of life. ALL the world contributes to save the starving Indian. We shed crocodile tears for the flood and volcano sufferers and the dead. But get up a war, buying out the tomtoms and the show, the brass buttons and the flags, and the people go wild. Hurrah! The war is on! The fellows who come back without being killed are idolized and feasted. The dead ones are heroes and their widows are entitled to a pension. Great business—this war business. Fine way of settling your quarrels. Just kill the other fellow and you have triumphed. God was with the right—and of course you were right, as usual.

But war is war and murder is murder! THERE IS WHOLESALE MURDER AND RETAIL MURDER! THE FORMER IS RESPECTABLE AND HONORABLE, FOR IT IS THE WAR BUSINESS! BUSINESS IS BUSINESS, YOU KNOW!

CIVIL WAR—Korngold

THERE are some timid souls who imagine that the victory of Socialism at the ballot box will be followed by a civil war, the most terrible the world has ever known.

I have no fear of such a thing ever happening if the Socialist Party does its duty.

Its duty is to educate the soldier and the sailor.

The soldier and the sailor come from the working class. They are average boys of the working class, no more ignorant than the average workingman, perhaps a trifle more ambitious or a trifle more unfortunate.

It is no harder to make a Socialist out of the soldier and the sailor than it is to make a Socialist out of any other workingman. In fact, it is easier. The eyes of the soldier and the sailor have been opened. The professional soldier is, as a rule, the most unpatriotic person in existence. He has been betrayed into a dog's life by false promises, false advertisements, false sentimentalism, and he resents it.

The soldiers and sailors are taking an intense interest in our propaganda wherever they have become acquainted with it.

When a couple of years ago I spoke at Vallejo, California, I was introduced to a sailor who was known as the secretary of the Socialist Local on the battleship *West Virginia*. This man informed me that there were seventy-eight Socialist papers coming to this battleship alone, that they had quite a library of Socialist books, and that several of the officers were interested.

When the majority of the people are Socialists, the majority of the soldiers and sailors will be Socialists, and when the capitalist class attempts to use these Socialist soldiers and

sailors to keep the people from coming into their own, the guns may pop off the wrong way.

(Concluded on page 17.)



THE-COLOR-OF-LIFE



AWARDS AT DUSK

By M. B. LEVICK

Written for THE MASSES.



It seemed to the two diners that the orchestra was playing a waltz for the home-bound crowds outside. Dusk tinted the lower avenue. Lively with the placid bustle of the first hour of recreation, the broad thoroughfare deflected part of the major throng at every corner; but the side streets retained the bulk.

The lights of the avenue's shops and restaurants were clear points in the waning day, rather than the diffused illumination of a later hour. The cross streets were dark, except for the gas lamps at the curb. The workers followed them in dimness, the size of the crowds exaggerated by shadow. Here and there was a man, but for the most part these passers-by were girls—girls from the office buildings, the stores and the factories further west on Manhattan.

They emerged from obscurity into the avenue crossing, passed through the chastened brilliance without pausing, and again became shadows. In the reflection from the restaurant the crowd was brought past in review.

A man walking down the avenue stopped abruptly, and wheeling to the edge of the sidewalk, faced the home goers. From his shoulder he slipped the strap of a satchel around his neck and opened the bag before him. He stood silently regarding the girls.

The two in the restaurant could not see his face. From their corner of the glassed-in balcony they looked down on his back with the careless interest of the coffee course.

The man had been there less than a minute when a young woman left her path at a tangent, sidling from the crowd. From the satchel she took an envelope and glanced at it anxiously before she gave payment and hurried on.

A moment later a second followed.

"What is it?" asked one of the two at the window above. His companion did not answer.

A third woman turned out as suddenly as had the others, took her envelope and paid tribute; then another and another. They came quicker, each duplicating the actions of her predecessor. They seemed almost to follow a formula. None failed to peer hastily at what she received. As their numbers increased with the swelling of the crowds, it was like a sea light's growing deflection of birds from a passing flock. Through it all the man remained motionless, apparently silent.

"What can he have that makes them go to him like that?" again asked the man above.

"It almost seems as if he had an expected message for each," the other suggested.

For a moment they watched the little mystery in quiet.

"They seem to know," the first commented.

"Yes. . . . See, not one pauses; a second or two and they're off."

"Without questioning. He must deal in the irrevocable."

"No, not all—look."

A woman older than most was talking to him. Her lips moved emphatically. She gesticulated and spoke louder, and the diners fancied they caught a word now and then—"trickery," "cheat"—but the orchestra kept the ascendance. The man with the bag remained imperturbable, and finally the woman turned away, half crossed the sidewalk, and then went back. She took her pick of his wares and hastened on like all the others.

"He won," the first watcher commented, and checked

the passing waiter. "What does that man deal in?" he asked.

"He sells—" the waiter began, but the second man at the table interrupted.

"He seems to sell—?"

"Hair nets," the waiter concluded. "I bought one last night for my wife."

"He seems to you to be a dealer in hair nets. But you are a man, beyond the pale; that was his ruse against you."

A girl of sixteen was the customer of the minute. As she left the bag they heard her laugh above the music.

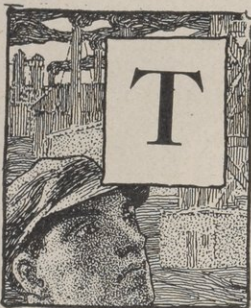
"But he is no common peddler," the man at the table went on. "See how they turn to him. They don't question; they accept. For those who may not see, he is the hair net seller. But in truth, he is Fate—waylaying them there to dole out his decrees and take the token of tribute. He is Fate, singling out those for whom this night has a meaning above other nights. He is giving his awards. They try to pass, and they cannot. They try to escape, and find they must turn back. They try to quarrel, and he remains silent. He is not vending frivolity; he is distributing the edicts of the gods. . . . He gives nets of another kind than that you bought."

Below, the girls continued to pass in review and the crowd steadily yielded its quota of customers for the man with the bag. He himself still took his fee and gave his goods with a manner betraying a disdain approaching pity. The orchestra kept on with its waltz.

I WILL LIVE

By ISABELLA JONES DAVIS

Written for THE MASSES.



THE Spirit communed with the unborn soul.

"Look before you, on the world. It is peopled. It is waiting. Do you want to go?"

The heavenly sphere seemed to be falling away. Its perfection of bliss, its endless, calm joy.

The celestial one let his eyes dwell upon the world and did not answer.

"Think," said the Spirit again. "Do you want to be born? And where will you choose your birth-roof? Among the high, or low—in what part of the world? One race, aye, one family, is much the same as another in feeling; all have passions and impulses, whether civilized or uncivilized. Some differ a little in their standards of looking at things—that is all."

"Yes, yes, let me go," cried the soul of the man unborn.

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"Wait, son," admonished the Spirit. "Think well. Great opportunities for doing good await you there, that you cannot accomplish here. Perhaps you will be a musician, an artist, a scientist, an inventor, a great author—it depends largely upon the family of your birth. Perhaps you will prove a blessing to those who give you your birthright. It is a beautiful world. We know who made it."

The heavenly one clasped his hands upon his breast and an angelic smile illumined his features. "Yes, yes, Spirit, I choose to cast my lot where'er it falls in that world which God has created for His children."

And still the Spirit detained him.

"Consider," said he, with a gentle patience; "think; you will make or mar a life down there. Time in this heavenly sphere is not reckoned by years—it is eternity. There, it is only a short while, into which is crowded the helplessness of infancy, the diseases of childhood, the struggle of youth, the cares and regrets of middle age. And then come the declining years when you must give up."

The other raised his hand, but the Spirit continued relentlessly.

"Gradually age creeps on you. Oh, no, you cannot remain strong with the strength of youth; you will turn gray and wrinkled; your step will halt, your faculties become weak. A living death comes to many who lose their minds; perhaps, worse yet, you are alone when you die."

The celestial one started. "Die!" he echoed. The Spirit smiled. "Aye," he answered, "or perhaps you will be cut off in your youth. It is a great question. Think well, for if you decide, you leave immortality and put on mortality. You will live and yet you will carry no realization of this being—this blissful spirit-life; you may be born a cripple, an idiot; you may come into the world saddled with the craving for vice, handed down to you from a sinful preceding generation." The celestial shuddered. "But many," continued the Spirit, "are happy. And I would take the experience, even though mortals must struggle in that seething mass called 'Earth'—yes, even though jealousies, hatred and revenge mar life. Even though some battle with poverty, others with sorrow, and all with sin. Think well! Will you, as the world calls it, 'have your fling'?"

The other hung his head. "I—I do not know. I have heard spirits are given this one chance to be born in the world of men, if they wish—I—I do not know—I do not know!—I am afraid."

The Spirit touched his arm. "The Master of Heaven and Earth was born in a manger among the lowly. The world still celebrates His birth, at Christmas. His life has lightened the world. His death has saved the world. For through his life all the world was redeemed. And through his resurrection the world achieved a Savior!"

There was a gentle pause. "If you are born in a humble home," said the Spirit kindly, "you have only a little chance to help. If you are born powerful and rich, you have a wide opportunity to help. But the Christ was neither rich nor powerful."

The Spirit sunk into a deep study. Then: "I elected not to be born—it seemed egotistical—to think that down there, in that great world of humanity—I could do anything—or that my life would be worth while. But listen. Since I am your guardian angel, I will, in confidence tell you. I—if I had the chance again—I would go. It is a great boon—that mortal life. Sometimes wicked men confined in prisons will fight desperately against death. There is more joy on earth than sorrow, my son, if the people only will it so, themselves. God has given them a beautiful world, truth and love and honor; he has given them a heart and conscience, and each one can accomplish so much good in his own little sphere, that it will last through all the ages."

For the first time the celestial one forgot self. He lifted his head and a glory shone in his countenance. "I will live!" he cried. "I will live!"

CIVIL WAR—KORNGOLD

(Continued from page 15.)

The majority of the people of Germany are not yet Socialists, but during the recent Socialist demonstrations in the city of Berlin it was found necessary to lock some of the regiments in their barracks, because of their boldly expressed sentiment for the working-class movement. Even then the soldiers could not be prevented from waving red handkerchiefs out of the windows.

If these things take place with only about one-fourth of the voters of Germany in the Socialist ranks, what would happen if a majority of the voters were Socialists?

ROOSEVELT AND THE THIRD PARTY

(Continued from page 7.)

day into the aeronaut of to-morrow, which "makes the crowd go wild" at the ball park, which has a thousand manifestations that constantly defy even our own cherished formulas. This is the stratum of consciousness which Roosevelt is tapping. It is deep answering to deep.

From our standpoint, this is certainly a weird basis for a political party. And in this conclusion we are in perfect accord with the old-line Republican. In fact, we touch at this point precisely the greatest difficulty which confronts Mr. Roosevelt in his attempt to lead a "bolt" from his party.

That is to say, the Republicans and the Socialists are very much alike in their political habits of mind, in their respect for the party. While the Democrat never thinks of the history of his party as that of an organic body, but only of the successive leaderships of individual men, like Jefferson, Jackson, Tilden, Cleveland and Bryan, the Republican always thinks of the party first and of the leaders as secondary and unessential. With him respect for the party is an ingrained habit of mind. In leading a bolt from the Republicans he is attempting something which is about four times as hard to make a rough guess as a similar feat would

The class-consciousness of the sailors and soldiers, far more than the general strike, will have to be depended on by the working class when the crisis comes; for it is well to remember that an armed minority can easily hold in subjection an unarmed majority, even to the extent of compelling them to go to work. With the soldiers and sailors on our side, however, the capitalist class is helpless.

But even if worst came to worst and civil war were unavoidable—what of it?

Peace under capitalism is more bloody than any war the world has ever known.

There are about twice as many men, women and children killed, maimed and wounded by the Jug-

ernaut of capitalist industry in one single year in the United States than there were soldiers killed, maimed and wounded during the entire four years of the Civil War—not counting the two hundred thousand or more people who are the victims of consumption, and the thousands of others who die of the various preventable diseases which capitalism fosters—not counting the many who perish as a result of food adulteration, overwork and exposure, all of which are attributable to the capitalist system.

The reign of capitalism is one continuous reign of terror, and no price the people might pay for its abolition is too great a price to pay.

be for Bryan. And he has failed already in such conspicuous instances as those of Senator Borah and Governor Hadley.

Some of his other difficulties are even more obvious and have been discussed endlessly in the capitalist press. Much of the real "progressive" sentiment in the country is already well content with the leadership of Woodrow Wilson and of a Follette. Furthermore, Roosevelt is still woefully without a platform, since the historic "theft of delegates" can hardly be said to survive, as an issue, the convention which gave it birth. And finally he has assuredly excited widespread apprehension among those who, to put it psychologically, think of politics in terms of political institutions and who distrust this, to them, abnormal emphasis upon a personal leadership.

On his side is chiefly, as I have suggested, his personal, non-political appeal to wide classes. He is to thousands a tempting opportunity to "start something." The reaction against him has set in a dozen times since his triumphant return from Europe, but he rides it, partly by ignoring it, partly by breaking the "rules of the game" and partly by a broad, brutal attack upon his foes. In addition to this personal element, he has

the ability to raise very considerable sums of money and the further fact that his movement, unlike the Populist and the Greenback movements to which it is frequently compared, is not sectional in its appeal.

What the immediate outcome may be, no one can tell. Mr. Roosevelt may carry two states, or ten, or none. The real question, from our point of view, is whether he will succeed in developing a permanent "third party," based on a capitalist reform program to compete with us for favor.

He says he intends to do it, and that is certainly something.

At present the odds, for the reasons which I have stated, seem to me very much against him. In a mild sort of way they are not insuperable. Another "third party" would be, as they say, "the best thing in the world for us." These minor parties, when they die, fertilize with their bones the soil in which we flourish. They train men to regard issues, rather than the trumpery appeals of tradition and we owe something to every last one of them.

And another "third party," alive and kicking, would draw away from us every last ounce of fictitious strength.

MASS ACTION By LOUIS UNTERMAYER



WHEN the strike at Perth Amboy was at its most feverish a few weeks ago, one of the New York newspapers printed some photographs showing groups of men going about armed, destroying fences and seemingly engaged in violent tactics. Immediately the press set up a howl which was unnoticed merely because of the still

louder and more confused echoes of the political tumult. Our friendly contemporaries, the Socialist papers, for the most part protested against judging these "insurrectionists" as Socialists. They were, so they said, "hired thugs," "paid rowdies," etc., who were endeavoring to offset by such means the sympathy which the strikers were arousing and bring them into disrepute. . . . It is here where many of our contemporaries shirked the real truth, for let it be understood at once that not all of these men were "outlaws engaged by the big interests." Many of them came undoubtedly from the strikers themselves. They were doing this because there was nothing else for them to do; they were violent because their employers had, unconsciously, trained them to it.

For though direct action is the battle of despair, or rather because of it, such outbreaks occur instinctively. And they will happen with greater frequency as long as men are fired by a wild hope even in the midst of hopelessness. The *Evening Mail*, a typical capitalistic New York journal, threw over its

usual careful and conventional standards when, a fortnight ago, this paragraph appeared in an editorial on the horror of war:

"It is true that there are issues before this people as potentially explosive as the question of slavery. If a comparison is made between the anti-slavery sentiment of fifty years ago and the cost-of-living problem as inwoven with the selfishness of the trusts, one would instantly decide that the present problem had more explosive power than the older problem. A man may be very indignant when he thinks of a black man held in slavery. But a man will get more than frenzied when he thinks of his own children in chains."

It is, and there can be no doubt of it, no mere agitation that is the center of such revolt. It is bread and butter that is in back of it all, not any organization. And Capitalism knows it. There is even a well-defined rumor that Capitalism discourages the use of soldiery in matters of violence—for the simple reason that the soldier can no longer be depended on to fire into a group of half-starved and desperate workers. Capitalism has ceased to look upon the army as its special and effective instrument; it is beginning to find out that strong-armed desperadoes without uniforms are more to their purpose than the very army which was trained for violence. This spirit of resentment is growing among the volunteers; in the regular militia it is already strongly grounded. I have heard a young fellow, in a moment of mortification, blurt out: "It's a rotten business, this thing of going into dirty little cities, prodding a lot of crying women and pounding into a bunch of men out of a job. I enlisted, just like hundreds of us boys, because I thought I was

'patriotic'; I wanted to 'do something for my country.' . . . I never bargained to be sent out to frighten and maybe shoot up a crowd of hungry dagoes and other helpless foreigners. It's not much glory to feel you're putting a man out of business because he's fighting for a living. It's humiliating—that's what it is!"

Soldiers who have been to any of the recent strikes talk this way. They, too, know that most of the outbreaks are due, not to the unions or the I. W. W., but the revolt which is as sincere as it is spontaneous—mass action. Lawrence, Perth Amboy and Hastings, these are all merely incidents in the struggle.

The last-named furnishes an excellent illustration of the intensity of mass movement. At Hastings-on-the-Hudson over two thousand employees of the National Conduit and Cable Company walked out. There was no union to call the men out. This strike, like the Lawrence strike, was a mass-strike; the leaders came after the movement; the mass began it!

And here is disclosed the astounding phenomenon which is becoming more manifest every week: Men striking and making logical demands for better conditions, shorter hours, sanitary surroundings, all without important aid from leaders or agitators of violence. As the *Globe* commented, "There is something of the element of what we call real democracy in this." Such explosions as the anger at Perth Amboy are not to be denied and "explained away"—they are logical and therefore representative. We do well to heed such outbursts; we must understand them if we are to help. For though the workers must be self-controlled, they can only become so after their demands are made known. And to make them known they must make themselves heard!

DON'T MISS THIS

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

Only when the workers are taught that they have been disinherited and that the world is for all and must be managed for all, can there be any hope of a change.

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FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS



MARTYRDOM By WILL HERFORD



In these days everything comes in different brands, whether it is religion or stomach bitters, collars or carnations. When a crucified slave hung at every cross-road, half-starved lions waited for public holidays to get a square meal and the people thronged the arena seats like a Chicago crowd at a baseball match, the Christian religion was not nearly as popular as it is to-day. In those days a minister of the gospel was not accepted even by the fraternal insurance companies, whereas to-day there is no better old line risk. What a change. The modern brands of religion are absolutely martyr proof. When Constantine took hold of Christianity it was a very uncertain affair, but he saw its possibilities as a business proposition and its weak and strong points, and, by a manipulation and development worthy of a Burbank, an article has been developed that has all the advantages and none of the objectionable features of the original. It is universally accepted. Constantine put the Christian Religion on a business footing and to-day it is being sponsored and put forward by the worldwide firm of Big Business & Co. as the great reward for meekness, the universal panacea for the pains of injustice in this world and an ever present hope for better conditions in the next.

Now, would it not be possible for the Socialists, for instance, to take a leaf from the Christian book and eliminate from their propaganda, their religions, let us call it, all the most objectionable features that make for martyrdom and give us something that will be really as acceptable and adjustable to the business world of to-day as Christianity is, and possibly even a better drawing card for the discontented classes? Then everything would be lovely and prosperous, at least for the prosperous ones, and the rest of us would try to be satisfied. Is it not better that a few should be very well-to-do and have nearly everything in the world, or at least control it, which is the same thing, and have the loyal, contented support of the rest of us, than there should be this everlasting discontent and this growing menace of the spectre of Socialism? Have we not the bright hope for the next world and ought we not to try to be satisfied with that? Was not that about all that the noble army of martyrs had who died for Christianity; though it is true they would not be considered good business examples for to-day? Certainly this would be better than to have this everlasting questioning of the methods of such leaders of the people as Cannon and Taft, Aldrich and Roosevelt. How many popes, bishops, clergy, ministers and evangelists, to say nothing of the millions of us common folk, have been praying for something like two thousand years in the words taught us by the Carpenter of Galilee, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," and yet there never was in the world so much unemployment, poverty, crime and insanity as there is to-day. These features of our civilization are increasing faster than the population of the big cities, and the population of the cities is increasing faster than that of the country districts. Yet we have more religion in the world to-day than ever before. Is it the right brand? But then there are so many brands and none of them seems to be the original one. Still, the objection to the original brand, a fatal objection, indeed, was that it produced martyrs about as fast as it made converts. Well, we have at least eliminated that feature, for the Christian religion to-day is as safe as a postoffice savings bank. In these days, you know, "Human nature is human nature" and "Business is business," and the two get along together all right. But martyrdom interferes with "business." Constantine found that out,

and so the brand has been improved, and to-day we have a brand that is a vast improvement on the original, at least for business purposes.

BOUCK WHITE-MAN AND AUTHOR

By MARGARET LACEY



BOUCK WHITE was born in one of the beautiful villages of the Catskill Mountains. He was graduated at Harvard, and later at the Union Theological Seminary of New York. He has been in charge of two churches and of several boys' clubs. For four years he has been head worker at Trinity House of Holy Trinity Church of Brooklyn, New York.

To mould public opinion was doubtless one of Mr. White's earliest dreams. His course at Harvard was taken with this end in view, and this, with the later experience on the editorial staff of the Springfield Republican, equipped him for literary work.

In ten years Mr. White has published three books, "Quo Vaditis," "The Book of Daniel Drew" and "The Call of the Carpenter."

"Quo Vaditis" was published in 1903. The book is full of lofty strength and rugged satire. It is a book of prophecy, of epigram and of startling analogy; though it is less a book indeed than a cry, a cry to the children of men, a cry to come out from their selfishness and greed and sordidness to a new life of consecration.

Let the book speak for itself, in such words as these: "Naught but God-Who-Is can satisfy the soul's unquietable quest. Until then, depression, unease, the asking look in the eye of the passers-by on the street."

"For there is no cry like the cry of God-forsakenness, and a people, though loaded with fatness, cannot be happy in the rotting away of their soul within."

"Too much grubbing in the dirt, brother, too little lifting of the face to the sky."

"Out of God a nation is as a ship out of water. The masters have much ado to stay and shore up the hulk's great bulk. They brace the deck here to find it weaken there. And when every part is at last propped, it is an unstable affair and will collapse at a shaking. But they thrust the vessel upon the waters. And now what many props could not do, His Oceanic presence effortlessly accomplishes. For the deep reaches up an arm to every part and the ship rides an even keel, all-butressed, balanced and buoyant. Now that America is at fore in the world's life and perplexities thicken

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about her, will she loosen her hold on the Unseen in whom alone is the hiding of her power?"

"Earth has seen many sorry sights. But never has she seen a man who kept the path of duty, lose faith in God and Heaven."

"Why should man persist to bereave himself of the august and reverential Presence? They are indeed the wise who make themselves guests in their own brain chambers, the Host another than they."

"Man's ever better prompting, each true word that speaks within, all strivings to higher things, are pulses of the heart of God."

"Except as outgivings of the heart of God, whence the inward strivings, the swift risings of honor, the manifold quickenings? Holding the form of godliness, ye deny the power thereof. But know, that goodness when derived from precept is veneer and spotty at that."

"When a soul is made acquaint with God, a miracle of transubstantiation befalls; the cold dead wafer Conscience transforms into a flesh-and-blood of the Highest; the Time Spirit, the Public Conscience, and that mystic something, Mankind, become transcendences, unfolding into the Presence and Person of the Living God."

"Not in, but above Nature dwells the Living God. Not above, but in man dwells the Living God."

"He is the tie which ties mankind together, else men were mere atomies, each solitary sealed, and walled about."

"The Social Tissue, the Age's atmosphere—that is He; He the personality confederate of all personality, the Nation's ligament and cartilage, Society's cement, the Heart interlocking all hearts. Thou, O man, art but a lobe of a Brain that is larger than thou!"

Mr. White's second book, "The Book of Daniel Drew," has nothing in common with its predecessor. It is a revelation of the inner workings of Wall Street methods, and deals with the facts of the Gould-Fisk ring in the early seventies.

The art in making such a book can only be appreciated in the reading. It is, perforce, a disagreeable book, dealing with treacheries and hypocrisies *ad nauseam*, an autobiography of coarse raillery and illiteracy, for the author never loses for a moment the consciousness of the personality he has affected, but it is a book of consummate genius, nevertheless.

Mr. White's latest book, "The Call of the Carpenter," has been probably the most discussed book of the year.

"The Working Man's Bible" a University professor has called it, "to be known in ten years in every language."

It is the call of the greatly simple man of Nazareth, a literal translation of the literal man, with every other idea excluded, to bring out the ignored and forgotten side of Jesus' message;—the literal translation of Jesus' life, with all its abnegations and heroisms and revulsions against the idle and ruling classes.

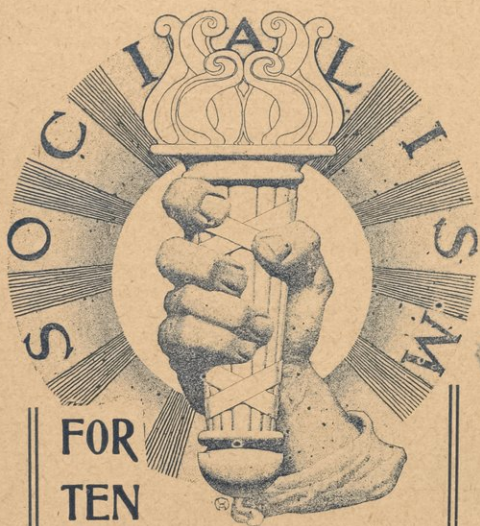
After twenty centuries to have presented to the world an entirely new view of Jesus' message is a startling fact in itself, but the book is in accord with the modern advanced viewpoint of scholarship in its economic interpretation of his story. The book is written in a style as astonishing in its originality as is the outlook of its subject matter. The style is breathless, vigorous, intense. One is swept by the vehemence of it all and we live again in the scenes of those centuries past.

What a background has been reconstructed for us! We quiver with the injustice and terrors of that ancient dominating political order, and the cause of the confusion and distress of our present day social conditions is laid before us.

There is no doubt the "Call of the Carpenter" is a rallying cry as well as a book of fierce invective. It is an undoubted contribution of great and original thought to all time, as the eloquent testimony proves, now pouring in from all over the country, laden with query, argument, dissent, affirmation, gratitude and blessing.

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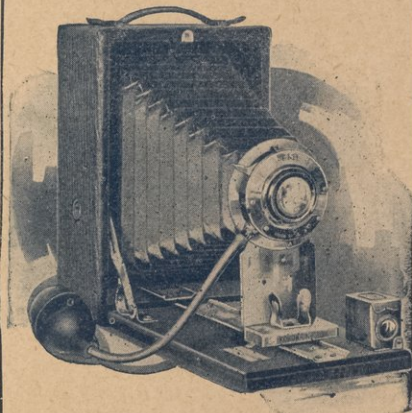
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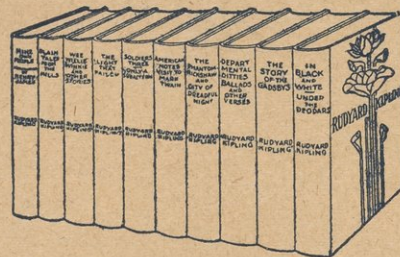
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