

MARCH, 1913

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The MASSES



Drawn by John Sloan.

The Unemployed

A STORY BY JAMES HOPPER IN THIS NUMBER

Contributing Editors

LITERATURE

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NOTICE

Subscription cards offering The Masses one year for 25 cents were issued some time before the re-organization of the magazine. These cards will be honored by the present management until March 15, 1913, if duly signed. After that date the magazine will be mailed **FOR THREE MONTHS ONLY** to those who send us 25 cents, whether with or without such a card.

A FREE MAGAZINE

WHAT DEBS SAYS:

THE MASSES has taken on new life and appears under the auspices of a new combination of social revolutionists which insures its future success. The current number of The Masses abounds with vital matter from the virile pens of some of the ablest writers in the movement. It is filled with first-class stuff from cover to cover. The clear cry of the revolution rings all through its pages, and the illustrations are such as could be produced only by artists animated by the militant spirit of Socialism. The Masses deserves the hearty support of all who believe in the overthrow of wage-slavery and in social regeneration through working class emancipation.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

THIS MAGAZINE IS OWNED AND PUBLISHED CO-OPERATIVELY BY ITS EDITORS. IT HAS NO DIVIDENDS TO PAY, AND NOBODY IS TRYING TO MAKE MONEY OUT OF IT. A REVOLUTIONARY AND NOT A REFORM MAGAZINE; A MAGAZINE WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR AND NO RESPECT FOR THE RESPECTABLE; FRANK, ARROGANT, IMPERTINENT, SEARCHING FOR THE TRUE CAUSES; A MAGAZINE DIRECTED AGAINST RIGIDITY AND DOGMA WHEREVER IT IS FOUND; PRINTING WHAT IS TOO NAKED OR TRUE FOR A MONEY-MAKING PRESS; A MAGAZINE WHOSE FINAL POLICY IS TO DO AS IT PLEASES AND CONCILIATE NOBODY, NOT EVEN ITS READERS—THERE IS A FIELD FOR THIS PUBLICATION IN AMERICA.

HELP US TO FIND IT. SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS WITH ONE DOLLAR FOR AN ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION. PASS US ALONG TO YOUR FRIENDS. TALK ABOUT US. PRAISE US. CRITICISE US. DAMN US PUBLICLY. WE MUST HAVE A LITTLE CONSIDERATION.

WHAT RUSSELL SAYS:

I think The Masses is a wonderfully strong, able, handsome magazine. It could hardly be otherwise with the talent at its command. Everything it says and everything it pictures comes home sharply to the mind and conscience. I wish it prosperity and a great circulation, for it will strike heavy blows against Capitalism, the bane of the world.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"NOW YOU GIT OUT O' HERE, YOUNG LADY, OR YOU'LL LAND IN THE WORKHOUSE!"

"I AIN'T AFRAID OF THE WORKHOUSE—I'VE BEEN IN A WORKHOUSE EVER SINCE I STARTED TO WORK!"

YOU see in this picture one incident of the great fight for life and liberty that inaugurates the year 1913 in New York. About 200,000 workers in the needle trades have come down from their shops and entered upon that self-starvation which is their only weapon against industrial tyranny. And this incident is not only true, but it is perfectly typical of their situation.

The moment they join together—as the oppressed of all times and all nations have joined together to the glory of Man—to resist that power which is depriving them of youth, of liberty, and the very spirit of life, they find the organized force of our government arrayed against them. They see it the moment they come out of the door of their shop. They see it in the broad back of a policeman summoned there by their employer, and dispatched immediately to his call.

The next morning they see it in the form of an "Injunction Against Picketing" pasted upon the stone at the door—a declaration upon the part of a Supreme Court Judge that these people *cannot walk up and down the street in front of their working places, with their arms in their coat-sleeves, warning other working people not to betray them in their fight by going into those shops.*

And underneath this injunction they see printed in large letters, that must burn the satire of our political democracy into their hearts, the words:

"THIS PROTECTS ALL WORKERS."

But they are intelligent, as well as resolute and

brave, these workers, and they *know enough to break the law* and break it in large numbers. If they did not know enough to break the law, they would lose their strike in two weeks, as both their employers and this Money-judge Greenbaum verily hope and expect they will.

But whether they break the law or not, they are dragged by the hundreds into the police courts, and there again they see our government in all its petty dignity and all its massive power, lined up against them. It seems they have disregarded that injunction in too great numbers to be conveniently arraigned for contempt of court. But they are convicted continually of such crimes as rioting, resisting an officer, assaulting a scab. They are convicted, fined, sentenced *upon the uncorroborated testimony of a policeman.* They see, however, that even the pimps who hang around a strike like this and try to persuade the girls to a life of prostitution, even they, when by a rare chance they are brought into court, are *never convicted upon the uncorroborated testimony of a policeman.* In short, they find the whole machinery of government, in what we suppose to be a democratic country, for some unaccountable reason very uniformly employed to kill their spirit, and whip them back into their stalls.

Now that unaccountable reason is nothing but the natural, inevitable, and oftentimes unconscious working of money influence and money power. There is no democracy, no equality of opportunity, no fundamental justice to be had, where this power is given into the hands of a part of the community, and the other part deprived of it.

Moreover, there is no way to *introduce* democracy or equality, or justice into such a community, but through the winning of that power by those who are without it. It will not be given to them by those who hold it. Every dictate of experience and common sense, and every principle of economics, proves that it will not be given. The workers must fight for this power. They must fight on the field of industry, and on the field of politics. They must fight in conscious loyalty to their class.

Do you stand with them in this fight? That is the square-cornered question for you to answer to-day. Whether you are "charitably inclined," whether you are "interested in reform," whether you are "benevolent," "philanthropic," "progressive," interested in the "New Democracy" so-called—that question is only a straw in the wind. Those progressive reforms will be accomplished whether you are for them or not, because they are to the economic interest of all society, of owners as well as workers.

But the establishment of genuine democracy, the winning of the money power from the people who possess it all, by those who possess none of it, that is a critical and great issue. Whether you will take your stand in that struggle upon the side of the dispossessed or not, is the vital question of this day. By your answer you place yourself in the fighting march of the heroes of human liberty, or you place yourself with the pompous battalions of hereditary power against which they have always fought.

M. E.



Drawing by W. Glackens.

On Broadway, Near Eighth

THE MASSES

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MARCH, 1913

ISSUE NUMBER 22

Max Eastman, Editor

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

THE "APPEAL TO MURDER"

ETTOR told the striking hotel workers to remember that they could create an atmosphere in the hotels which would make the capitalists think it was unsafe to eat food prepared by a non-union plant. The New York papers repeated this—with a malicious change of phrasing—in order to justify a scare headline and convey to their morbidly educated readers the thrilling idea that a labor agitator had advised "putting poison in the soup."

Did I say a malicious change of phrasing? I meant a criminal change of phrasing.

If there was ever a revolting exhibition of self-righteous hypocrisy, it was that on the editorial page of the New York *World*, entitled "Ettor's Appeal to Murder." There the editor quoted the words that his own bred scandal-mongers had put into Ettor's mouth for the sake of a sensation—words that he had printed, published and circulated to thousands of hotel workers who never heard of Ettor or the waiters' strike, and on the basis of those words, for which he and the policies of his paper are absolutely and wholly responsible, he had the cold insolence to say that "should any weak-minded waiter act on such advice, Joseph J. Ettor will at once become a prominent candidate for Sing Sing, if not for the electric chair!"

If the prominent candidate for Sing Sing is the man who first suggested that waiters put poison in the soup, I believe that candidate for Sing Sing is working on the New York *World*. But the man who suggested it is not the right candidate. The right candidate is the man who hires him, and trains him, and teaches him day by day to corrupt the words of good men, and create scandals in peaceful families, and turn swear words into murder, and pepper and salt into poison. The prominent candidate for Sing Sing, in case anything happens, is the man who first published the suggestion, which Ettor never made, that the hotel workers should poison the patrons of their hotels. And that man is not far from the other end of the pen that wrote this editorial in the New York *World*. If there is any genuine moral indignation in the heart of this community, let it be turned not against the few fearless champions of human liberty, but against the many who slander them and paint them with dirt, in the name of respectability—the kept newspaper editors of New York.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE New York Times is printing arguments in favor of Child Labor. Read them. They are good for your class consciousness.

Drawings by F. M. Walts

ONE OF THE ISM-ISTS

YESTERDAY coming into the subway I was greeted, or rather seized by, a large acquaintance of mine—one of those voluble and vivacious sisters who make a quiet man feel like a corpse.

"O, Comrade Eastman," she exploded, "I'm so glad to see you! I was just wanting to talk to a party member! I—"

"Are you a party member?" I said. "Then I can't talk to you. I'm sorry. I don't talk to party members. It isn't safe."

"Why? What's the matter? You're not a Syndicalist, are you?"

"O, no!—no! no! no!"

"Direct Actionist?"

"O, my, no!"

"Sabotist?"

"O, my God!"

"Well, what are you then—a Laborist?—Industrialist?—Anarchist?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"A Syndicalist, you know, is a Possibilist Anarchist, just as a Socialist is a Possibilist Utopist, but a Syndicalist is an Impossibilist Socialist. The truth is, a Syndicalist is an Antistatist, whereas a Socialist is a Statist and Political Actionist, only an Antimilitarist and Pacificist. I'm a Collectivist Revisionist myself. Now, it's a funny thing, but my brother claims to be a Hervéist, and says he's a Possibilist Sabotist, but at the same time an Extremist Communist and Political Actionist. I don't think that's a possible thing, do you?"

"I thought he was a Chiropodist," I said.

"Well—what's that got to do with it? I'm talking about what he believes in!"

"Oh, I see what you mean. He practices chiropody, but he believes in political action?"

"I guess you're joking."

"I think so—a little."

"Well—I'm serious. I think things are getting awfully complicated these days. Sometimes I feel as if I just couldn't tell what I do believe in! I feel like throwing over the whole business and going about my work."

"Yes—that's a good idea," I said. "When you get that idea carried out, I'd like to talk to you. I'm sorry I must leave you now."

"O, are you going?"

"Yes—I'm a Get-offist. That is, I'm going to get off at this station."

NAKED YET UNASHAMED!

A PROTEST has been recorded in this office against our interpretation of that famous incident, the creation of man. Our depiction of the eternal, maternal and paternal inheritors of the kingdom, although it brings forward no objection upon the ground of historic or ethnological accuracy, has appeared to some of our readers untrue to those ideal considerations which ought to invest the mind in the contemplation of cosmological phenomena. To put it in shorter words, Eve is too fat. And the sensibilities of some of our readers are offended.

Now, although committed perhaps more unreservedly to scientific accuracy than emotional sensibility, we do also pride ourselves upon a certain perspicuity of feeling, and yet, strange to say, we are quite out of accord with those who protest against these scenes from the Garden. We find a certain beauty of magnificence, even in the goodly and not altogether spirituelle proportions of the First Mother. We cannot discover at any point in her career, as so far portrayed, the least manifestation of what we might, for the lack of a more reliable term, designate as coarse. Moreover, we have questioned some persons of sensitive perception who agree with us. We have questioned others who agree with those who protest.

This is perhaps an illuminating difference of opinion, and if we could learn its exact causes, they might prove a genuine addition to the small store of wisdom that the world possesses upon the matter that these pictures touch upon. I suppose we should find those causes in the past experience of the persons who enjoy, and those who are repelled by, the pictures. And I venture to propose this hypothesis: that those who are able to enjoy the pictures are distinguished by an experience which has taught them to think of the human body as the reality of man, and his garments as matter, for various and somewhat equivocal reasons, superimposed upon it—"troublesome disguises that we wear," as even the poet of a Puritan paradise called them. On the other hand, those who are repelled by the pictures, have been taught by their experience to regard man, the reality, as a thing rough to the touch—an article essentially sewed together and constructed out of cloth, but by the accidents of fortune occasionally reduced to the pitiful extremity of revealing to the air his wormy core.

The reason we venture this hypothesis upon this occasion, is that we find our pictures on the whole acceptable to all the artists we know, whether men or women, and whether more or less sensitive. And it is a sad truth that artists are the only ones who

have as a class retained throughout the disaster of general civilization a naive and pure-reaction to the naked realities of man. In short it is not in the portrayal of a somewhat ample ancestress clad in the garments of her nativity, that any indignity or unworthiness resides, but the indignity and unworthiness reside in the mind that cannot behold such a portrayal with simplicity and a childlike appreciation of its humor.

In so far as an artist should appeal to and play upon this unworthiness of the civilized mind, you might justly condemn his pictures, and perhaps call them coarse. But in so far as he naturally ignored it, those who were unable to appreciate, would do well to envy his superior equilibrium.

FREE SPEECH IN NEW YORK

THE constitutional principle of free speech was symbolically portrayed at a recent meeting of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society in Carnegie Hall. Frank Bohn, Max Hayes, Ettor, and Gio-



GIOVANNITTI

vannitti were the free speakers. The constitution was represented by Harburger, the Sheriff of New York County, and fifty special deputies, who took up a line formation at the rear of the platform, where they could outflank the speakers and close in on them, if anything happened.

Just why these defenders of the constitution attended that particular meeting was not given out, but it is supposed they were afraid that, for some reason, the rights of free speech were not going to be maintained, and they wanted to make sure that these labor agitators said all they had to say. At least, there can be no doubt that the oratory was considerably warmed up by their presence.

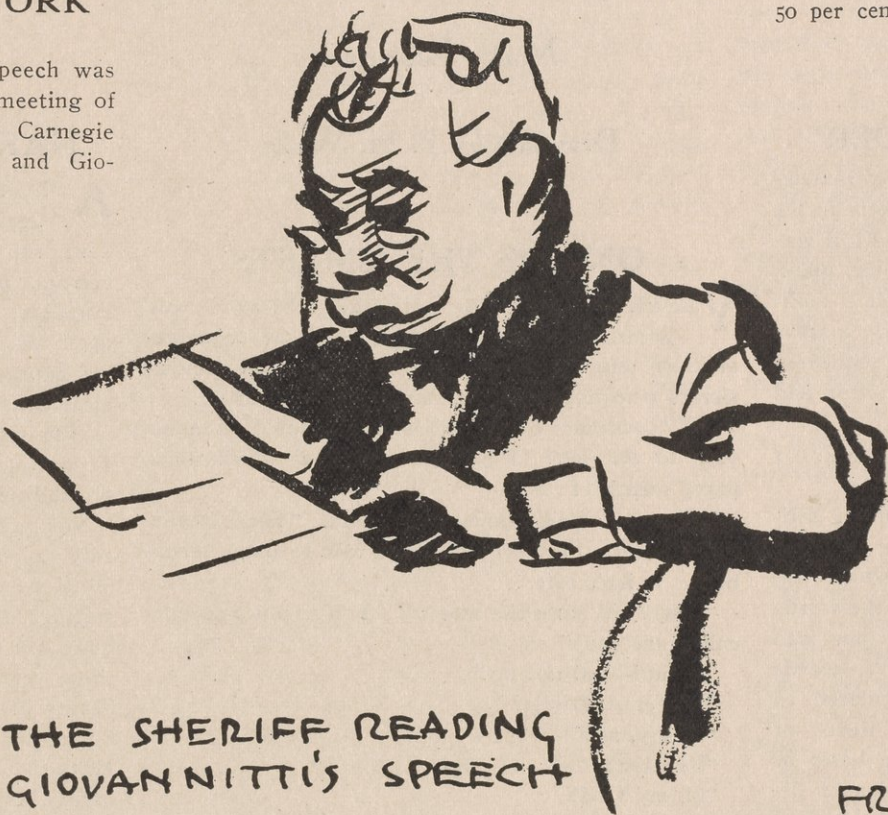
Frank Bohn led off in the true spirit of the constitution by telling the deputies themselves exactly what he thought, and practically all that he thought, about them.

Giovannitti further reassured Mr. Harburger by passing over to that defender of liberty the entire manuscript of his speech on sabotage. It was his first speech in the English language, and for that reason he had intended to read it, but he confessed that he felt so much stimulated by the presence of these representatives of free American institutions that he thought he could get off a few extemporaneous observations in almost any language that was strong enough.

There were many lovers of liberty in the audience, and they appreciated to the full this public manifestation of the free speech principle as it exists to-day in New York. We are glad to offer them a few happy memories of the occasion, preserved by one who knows how to see with a pen.

THE FRONTIER OF THE REPUBLIC

COLOSSUS NAGEL (at the Port of New York):
"What's yer name, there?"
"Garibaldi, your honor."



THE SHERIFF READING GIOVANNITTI'S SPEECH

"Where's your character?"

"I haven't any, sir. I had a little disagreement with a royal family."

"Moral Turpitude! Go back where you came from. We've no place for you in this republic!—What's your name over there."

"Bridget Malone, if you please, sor."

"Where's your character?"

"Here it is, sor. I was cook for sixteen years in the house of a Rothschild, niver ast fer a raise, an'—"

"Come in! Come in! We were expectin' you!"

PROFESSIONAL AMATEURS

IS Jim Thorpe, the greatest athlete of modern history, going to be deprived of his Olympic medals for "professionalism" without any publication in the wide world telling the truth about this fetish, amateur sport? No, he is not.

The truth divides itself into two halves. First, the basic reason for the worship of amateurism is that it implies leisure, and leisure implies wealth. A poor man *can't* be an amateur athlete; an amateur athlete therefore is a "gentleman." Amateur sport is worshipped for exactly the same reason that a high hat, or a classical education, or a monocle, or a hobble

skirt is worshipped, namely, that a person who has to work for a living can't afford to bother with it. *It is an evidence of money.*

That is the first half of the truth. The second half is this: that as a matter of fact money does not turn out good athletes. A "gentleman" generally has a glass arm. And therefore, if you really want to run off a good contest, you *have* to bring in the people who can't afford to be amateurs. And this is exactly what you do. It is what every big athletic association in the world does, only it doesn't say so.

Professional athletes are paid on the quiet, or by some subterfuge which enables them to sign up a statement that they never received money for a contest. This is a regular thing, and every sporting man knows it. Any one of the men who ran off the Olympic Games would put up his fortune on a bet that 50 per cent. of the contestants were professionals.



FRANK BOHN

F m walt

And yet here is that simple-hearted Indian compelled to write a humble letter like this to these excessively moral gentlemen:

"I hope I will be partly excused by the fact that I was simply an Indian schoolboy. . . . I was not very wise to the ways of the world. . . . In fact, I did not know that I was doing wrong because I was doing exactly what I knew several other college men had done except that they did not use their own names."

If that letter does not make the professional fakers that preside over this gold-bellied idol of amateurism sick of their own faces, they are beyond shame. They will just have to die off with the rest of the trumpery that attends a regime of money aristocracy.

THE JOB—A STORY

By James Hopper—Author of "Caybigan," "Trimming of Goosie," etc.

WE were yet "new ones," Gray and I, and we thought that we were seeing Paris. We had been spending the late hours up on the Montmartre, in red windmills and cabarets of death, when we came upon a place which, we decided, might well close the evening's entertainment.

In a vacant lot, between two high buildings towering black, was a booth of painted cardboard and wood. Flanking the entrance like statues, were two men in red and gold livery, each holding in his right hand a roaring torch. Between them, his lined face very yellow in the light, another man stood, clad in evening dress.

His apparel was very correct—which means that he was all black with three exceptions: his white gloves, his sepulchral bosom, and a livid line upon the top of his head, impeccably drawn, from which his bluish hair fell off to the right and the left in pommaded rigidity. A collapsed opera hat was upon his hip, a monocle in the convulsed arcade of his right eye; we felt that he also must be perfumed.

At regular intervals, standing there with his heels together, his bust tilted slightly forward, he delivered, without a movement, without a gesture, in a manner frigid and disdainful, the following speech:

"Mesdames et Messieurs: We have here, within, the marvel of the Universe—or rather, should I say, the marvel of this little old ball which you, with a certain fatuity, insist upon calling The Universe. When I say 'marvel,' mesdames et messieurs, I mean none of these puerile and ridiculous objects which you, in your childhood, have been trained to consider marvelous. Inside of our little barrique, you will find no Eiffel tower, nor Bridge of Brooklyn, nor Colosseus. No, mesdames et messieurs, you will not find that. The marvel that we present to you is not material and gross; it is scientific and psychologic. The marvel we present to you consists of men. It consists of two men. These men are savages. Incidentally, for those who are patriotically inclined (patriotism, ladies and gentlemen, among the superstitious is one of those which I admit as, after all, eminently respectable), I will add that these savages are the latest acquisitions, down on the shores of the Ougandi, to the citizenship of the French Republic. Like all savages, they are very ugly and very black. But that which marks them apart from other savages who are very ugly and very black, and which makes them the marvel which I promise to you, is the matter of their diet. These savages, ladies and gentlemen, eat rats. And the rats that they eat, ladies and gentlemen, are alive. If you do not believe me, enter and view. They eat the rats, and the rats are alive. The proof of this is that, while being eaten, the rats squeal. Also, they bleed."

We entered—moved by a curiosity neither scientific, psychologic nor patriotic. The place was small; some twenty spectators were standing, while others were on the one bench, forward. Among these, and right before us, were a little shopkeeper, and his wife with a beflowered bonnet, side by side like rotund little pumpkins. Up on the stage, seated on stools, were two extravagant beings. Their faces were smudged with soot; and black tights, carelessly wrinkled till they looked very little like the skin they were meant to represent, were their only clothing. Curtain rings were through their nostrils,

wigs of black wool upon their heads, and upon the wigs were crushed stove-pipe hats. They sat there motionless in the flare of the gasoline torches, in postures meant to be rigid but which were creased with weariness.

A violin, a cornet, a bass-drum and cymbals suddenly struck up a violently rhythmized cacaphony, and the two "savages," springing up like automata, began to dance. They stamped, bounded, shouted, slapped their thighs, made hideous grimaces. One was a big, deep-chested man, with the torso of a wrestler; the other was thin, with rounded shoulders and caved in ribs; in spite of the smudge upon his face, his nose showed long and sharp, and this long, sharp nose, motionless and frigid, reserving its character, its dignity, as it were, above the mad trepidation of the body, in the midst of the convulsions of the visage, somehow was very sad.

The music quickened its precipitate beat; they gyrated clumsily, sprang up into the air, contorted themselves, howled like dogs. Suddenly, from a table behind them they picked up each a cage—one of these cages in which rats are caught alive. Holding them with outclutched fingers, they whirled them in circles at the end of their arms, their frenzy, consciously worked up and partly real by now, rising the while. Then, in unison, they snapped open the steel doors and pulled out, each, by its long tail, a great gutter rat.

And then—we turned our faces away. We could not look. And the fat little shop-keeper's wife cap-sized upon the bench, and hid her pudgy face between her pudgy arms, oblivious of the damage to the beflowered bonnet. But the husband, very stiff, his hands upon his knees, looked on with eyes round as an owl's.

Two street gamins near us kept us appraised of the progress of the performance. They were continuing a discussion.

"But I tell you that they are savages."

"Allons!—do skins of savages wrinkle like that—like accordeons? They are black tights. They're savages from Batignoles!"

"But they eat the rats."

"That is a trick."

"No—they eat—look at that one's teeth—see?"

"It's a trick. They slide them under the tights."

"But I tell you they are eating! Here them squeal?"

"Yes, they squeal—tonnère de Dieu, that is true! they are eating the rats!"

"And look at the blood."

"Br-r-r—that is true; they eat the rats."

"And they are alive."

"They are alive!"

"And they are not savages."

"They are not savages, and they eat the rats."

"Alive!"

"Tonnère!"

The music stopped abruptly, as if it had struck a wall. We looked up. The "savages" were again upon their stools, motionless, except that they oscillated from side to side unconsciously, as if dizzy.

We went out. The night was very black and a cold wind had sprung up, but somehow we could not bear the thought of walls. We strolled to and fro up on the hill, taking big gulps of frigid air, which came from the East, where, we knew, there

were mountains, and pines, and we looked down upon the city, glowing dully beneath a sky low and opaque like a cupola of lead. And within us there was the same torment, for when Gray said, hesitatingly, "Let's go back, what do you say, down there, to the barrique, to see them come out?" he said what I wished to say.

So we went back. They were still there—the man in full-dress and the torch-bearers—but they were all shivering miserably. He said his speech once more, in precisely the same detached and contemptuous manner, but this time he followed, within, the little band of midnight derelicts he had persuaded. The torch-bearers disappeared behind him, and we were alone in the deserted street, unconsciously hugging the wall as if planning evil.

The madly rhythmic music came attenuated to our ears, and also a stamping and clogging and hoarse cries. This ceased after a time; the door opened and the spectators trooped out. We watched the side door. It opened, and through a pool of light splashed down from the near gas lamp, the spieler passed, a thread-bare cape over his full-dress, a cap upon his head (the collapsible opera hat evidently was stage property). Then came the musicians and the torch men.

Another moment passed, long to us, hiding there in the dark. The door went open again—and a man burst out.

"It's the big one," whispered Gray.

It was the big "savage." He fairly ran by us, his face purple—and we saw him go down the street with great strides and dive head first into the luminous rectangle made by the open door of a drinking shop.

After a while, the door opened once more—but very softly, and the second "savage," the thin one with round shoulders, shuffled slowly into the light. His hands, in the pockets of his thin jacket, drew it tight over his caved-in ribs; his neck was bent, chin forward, with a mournful stork-like expression, and in the smudge of his visage, only partly cleaned, his long sad nose shone very white.

He stood there a moment, uncertain—and suddenly we saw that he was not alone. From the darkness across the street a little girl had emerged; she now stood before him—a little girl of misery, clad in tatters. A shawl was upon her head; it descended down both sides of the face, but far back, enough to let us see her profile—and this profile, weazened and pinched, was the man's.

"Oh, here you are, la p'tiote," he said, hoarsely.

She looked up at him, sharply, like a little squirrel. "What luck to-day?" she asked.

"Better," he said. "Yesterday, I couldn't—I couldn't. But to-day, I did—several times, I did. I made one franc."

She seized his hand, feverishly. "Vite," she said, "quick, père, let's eat; quick, let's eat; there is a bouillon over there"—she pointed down the street—"I smelled the soup of it all to-day. Let's eat."

But at these words a weakness seemed to seize him—and, as if dissolving, he crumbled down upon the curb, and sat there, both his hands sunk into the hollow of his stomach, his long nose almost touching his knees.

"Oh, père," she cried, impatiently; "come on now, quick now!"

The Job—Continued

"Yes, ma petite fille; yes, ma petite fille," he said at length; "yes—you go—here it is, the franc." He fumbled in his pocket. "Take it and go—do what you want to do—but do not talk—say no word to me about it. Go—I'll wait for you here—till you have finished."

She took the money, eagerly, ran a few steps down the street then came back. "Père, come with me; you must eat," she said.

"Go!" he cried, hoarsely. "Go!" he bellowed, in sudden rage. His hand rose above her, hovered—but when it came down it lit gently upon her shoulder. "Go, little girl," he said. His voice rose again, threatening. "But say not a word to me about it! Don't say that word!" he screamed.

She flitted off into the darkness. And he, on the curb, doubled up, his hands sunk into the pit of his stomach, trembled long with convulsive disgust. Finally, he seemed to master himself; he passed his hand, limply, over his forehead—it must have been wet with a cold perspiration.

"Quel métier," he muttered, whimsically; "ton-nère de Dieu—what a job!"

Concertina Coinage

Eugene Wood

MORE people are jumping on Professor Fisher than I like to see, because of his suggestion that we have an expansible gold dollar, a kind of concertina coin, that can be pulled out, sort of—more gold put into it—as gold gets cheaper, and squeezed up small again when gold gets dearer, if it ever does.

Some get really excited, and declare they don't believe that the High Cost of Living is wholly due to the undoubted fact that it is a lot easier to make gold than it used to be. "A dollar is a dollar, isn't it?" they ask. And, just because it's easier to make postage stamps than it used to be, is that any reason why we should pay more postage on a letter than we used to? Then why pay higher prices for everything else? I'll tell you what's the matter," and off they go in a wild harangue about the middlemen and trusts, calling Fisher fakir, if not fool.

Others want to know: "Who's going to get stuck with all the old-fashioned light-weight dollars when the new, heavier ones come out? Somebody's going to get hurt, but who? Fisher? Fisher's

friends?" And, if the light-weight dollar will still circulate as a dollar, then what a gone gump Fisher is, not to perceive the difference between a medium of exchange and a standard of values.

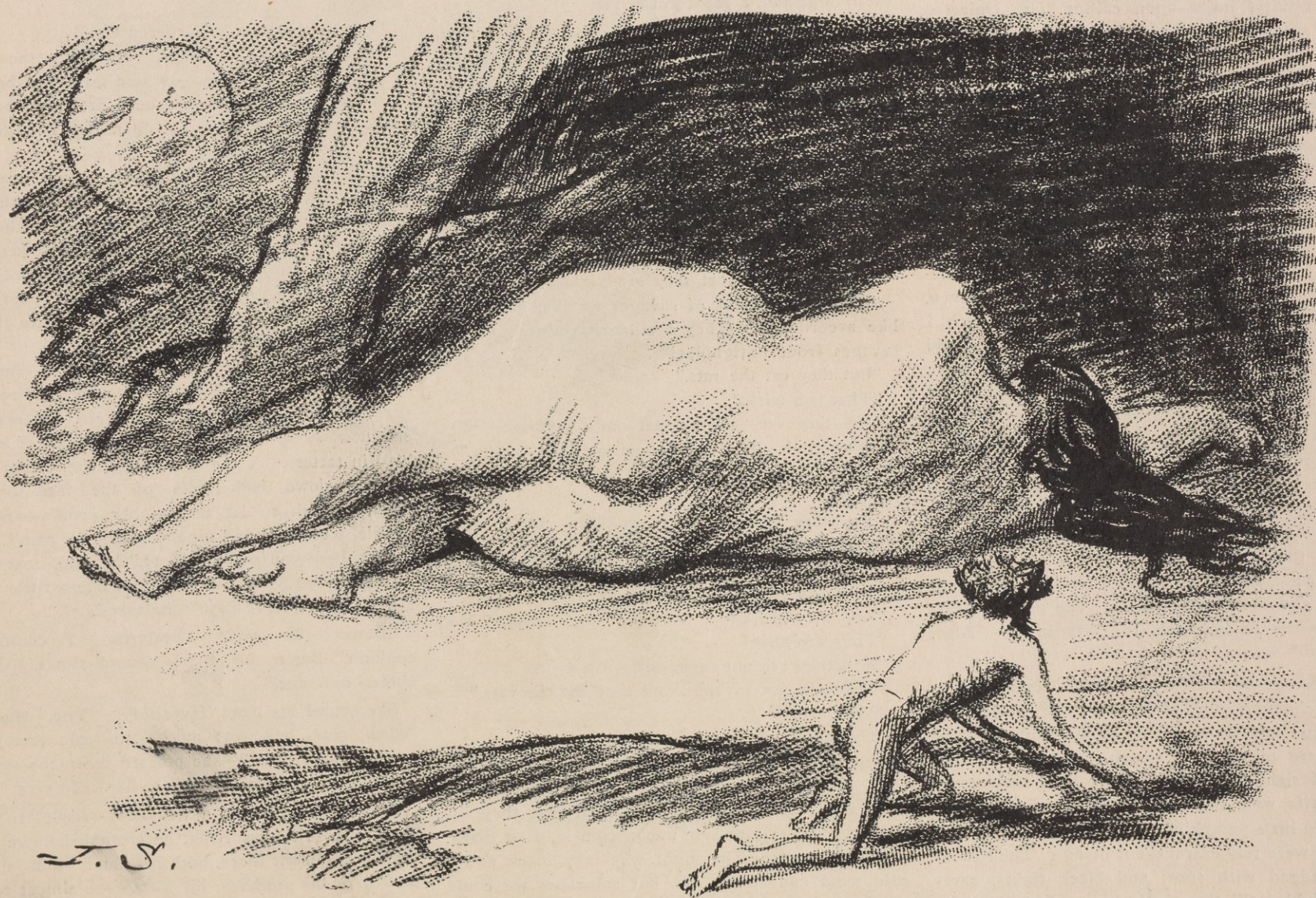
Still others draw a picture of the jack-leg lawyers and all-around blow-hards, of which the Congress is principally composed, ever being able to pass a bill soon enough to catch up with the ever-cheapening gold. By the time they had jaw-Smithed one coinage measure through, it would be time to pass another. If Fisher had the sense that he was born with, he'd know his proposition wasn't feasible.

It scares me, I repeat, to see so many jumping on poor Fisher. We're in a worse fix than I imagined. We have been skinned out of 'most everything else, and now it appears we've lost our sense of humor, too. Good land of living! Can't you see he's kidding you?

AFTER outraging women, bayoneting wounded, and carving little children, the Servians lined up two rows of unbelievers and ate them up with machine guns. Come to think of it, the infidel Turk hasn't so very much on us Christian boys.

HORATIO WINSLOW.

ADAM AND EVE, THE TRUE STORY—Concluded



Out After Hours

A Jolly Dialogue

Bolton Hall

BIG BILL TAFT SPEAKS: "Wick, can't you cook up some saying like Teddy used to make, to quiet the people about this high cost of living?"

Wick: "Hum, ah—well—let's see. 'It's the High-way Men that make Prices High'—how's that?"

Big Bill: "I'm afraid the people would think you meant us by the 'High-way Men.' You mean the railroads, don't you?"

Wick: "No, I mean the grocers and other middle-men. Well, how's this? 'The goose and Everything Else hangs high under a Republican Administration.' I'm afraid that won't do. Goose is too high for plain people even to think about."

Big Bill: "No, that wouldn't do; they'd think of me again when you said 'Goose.'"

Wick: "But I didn't say 'fat goose.' Well, how would this do? Something about 'Big Bill's Billion Appropriation Congress?' No! It's big bills the people are kicking about. Why not versify your own immortal phrase?"

Everything is high,
"God knows why,
I don't."

They'll come down again,
You can't tell when,
I won't.

"That's characteristically short—like your message."

Big Bill: "But they won't come down at all, at least not under our Tariff and Trusts."

Wick: "Well, I have it now: 'Food is High but Wages are Hire.' That certainly looks true."

Big Bill: "I'm afraid even the Hay-seeds wouldn't believe that wages are higher than food."

Wick: "Oh, yes they would, the farmers would believe anything. Why, they believed your pre-election Tariff promises."

Said Bill: "Ye-es, but that was before they knew me."



He Won't Be Happy 'Til He Gets It!

Is Annapolis An Anachronism?

Ellis O. Jones

THE question here propounded, "Is Annapolis an anachronism?" is difficult to answer, but it is interesting because it is so alliterative.

We advert to the matter because of the recent exclusion from those martial precincts of all modern dances, the generic name for all modern dances being the "turkey trot." Before we can decide whether it is altogether fitting to do this, we must first decide whether Annapolis itself is modern or whether it is merely a hang-over, so to speak, from

days when militarism was a popular and necessary part of us.

But whether or not modern dances should be proscribed at this sailor-factory, one can't help admiring the characteristic minuteness of detail with which the bebuttoned and bebraided officials put forth the regulations. "Midshipmen must keep their left arms straight during all dances." That may be intended as a death blow to the Delsarte system, and, of course, one could never be lured into the deadly excesses of the Spanish fandango so long as

one's left arm refused to recognize its own elbow.

"A space of three inches must be kept between the dancing couples at all times." This, no doubt, has been figured out by logarithms, binominal bigamy and comic sections. Let conscientious chaperons everywhere be advised. Three inches at least. A greater distance than this would, perhaps, be unsociable, but a lesser distance is certainly a *casus belli*.

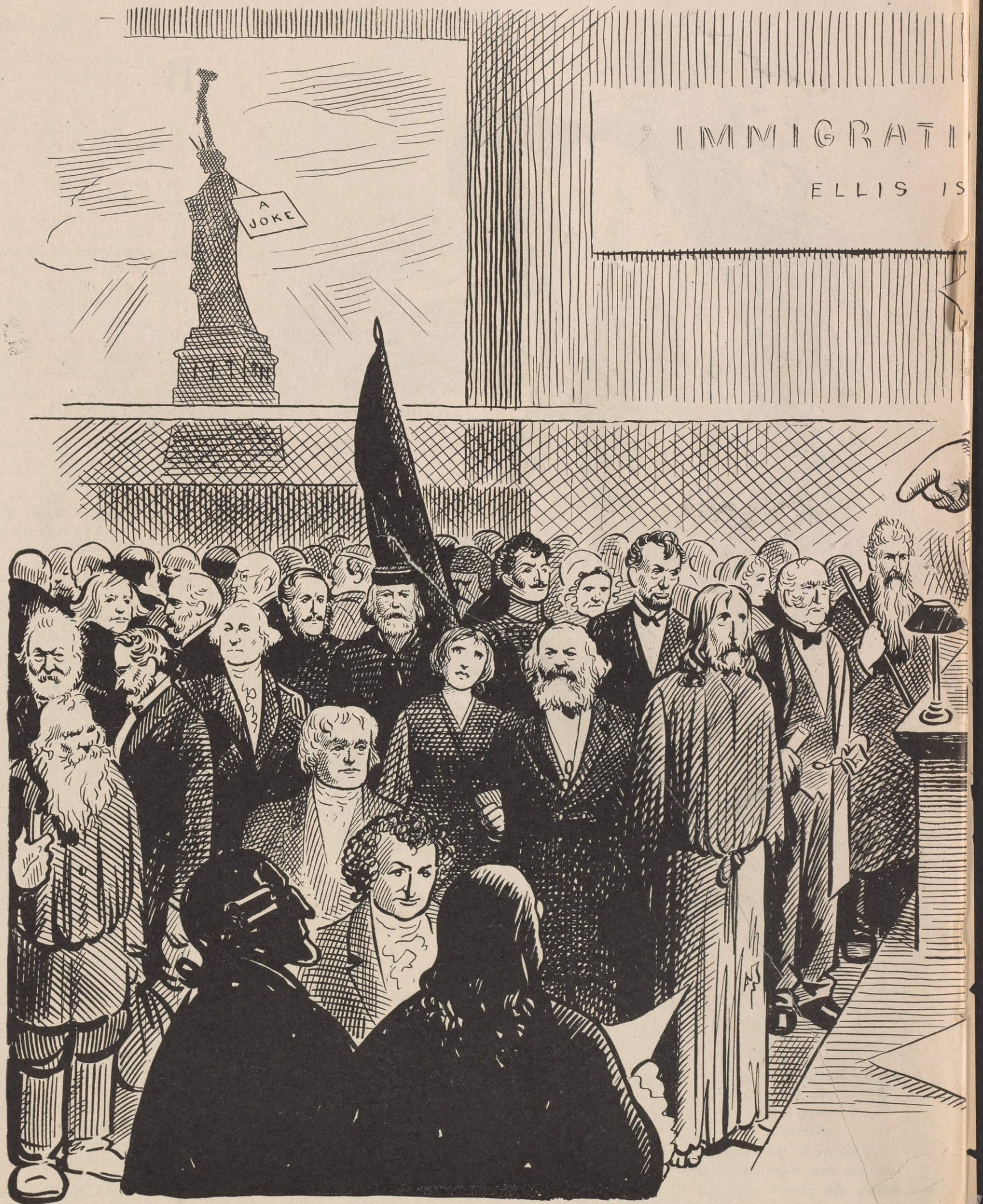
May we hope that other regulations are in process of formulation, such as the exact length of two-steps, sidesteps and missteps? Our fighting middies should be cultivated with super-motherly care until they become entirely automatic and *en regle*, until we know exactly what they're going to do whether at play or at work, whether awake or asleep, whether at home or abroad.

THE New York, New Haven and Hartford when it kills a carload of passengers, seems to feel about the way the Sandwich Island lady did when she ate her own baby.

"Him plenty come again!" she said.

B. H.

IF THEY SHOULD COME



BACK, VIA ELLIS ISLAND

11

ON OFFICE

LAND N.Y.

ENTRANCE

To the
land of the
free and the
home of the
brave

UNCLE SAM
PLUTOCRAT

THE FOLLOWING
ARRIVALS DO NOT
QUALIFY.

SOME OF THEM
MIGHT ATTEMPT
TO 'OVERTHROW'
GOVERNMENT
(OR LIBEL KINGS)

OTHERS SHOW
STRONG EVIDENCE
OF 'INSANITY' OR
'MORAL-TURPITUDE'

U.S. Judges
of Immigration

JESUS CHRIST
JOAN OF ARC
GARIBALDI
LOUIS KOSSUTH
WENDELL PHILLIPS
JOHN BROWN
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
GEO. WASHINGTON
PATRICK HENRY
THOS. JEFFERSON
BEN FRANKLIN
THOS. PAINE
LEO TOLSTOY
KARL MARX
VICTOR HUGO
WM LLOYD GARRISON
HENRY WARD BEECHER

SIMON BOLIVAR
DANTE
HENRY GEORGE
LUCRETIA MOTT
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE
CARL SCHURZ

reheads and you Can't Land Here."

1 it

Randall Praises Wilson

Youthful Cotton Worker Thinks
Inauguration Marks New Era
For Child Laborers

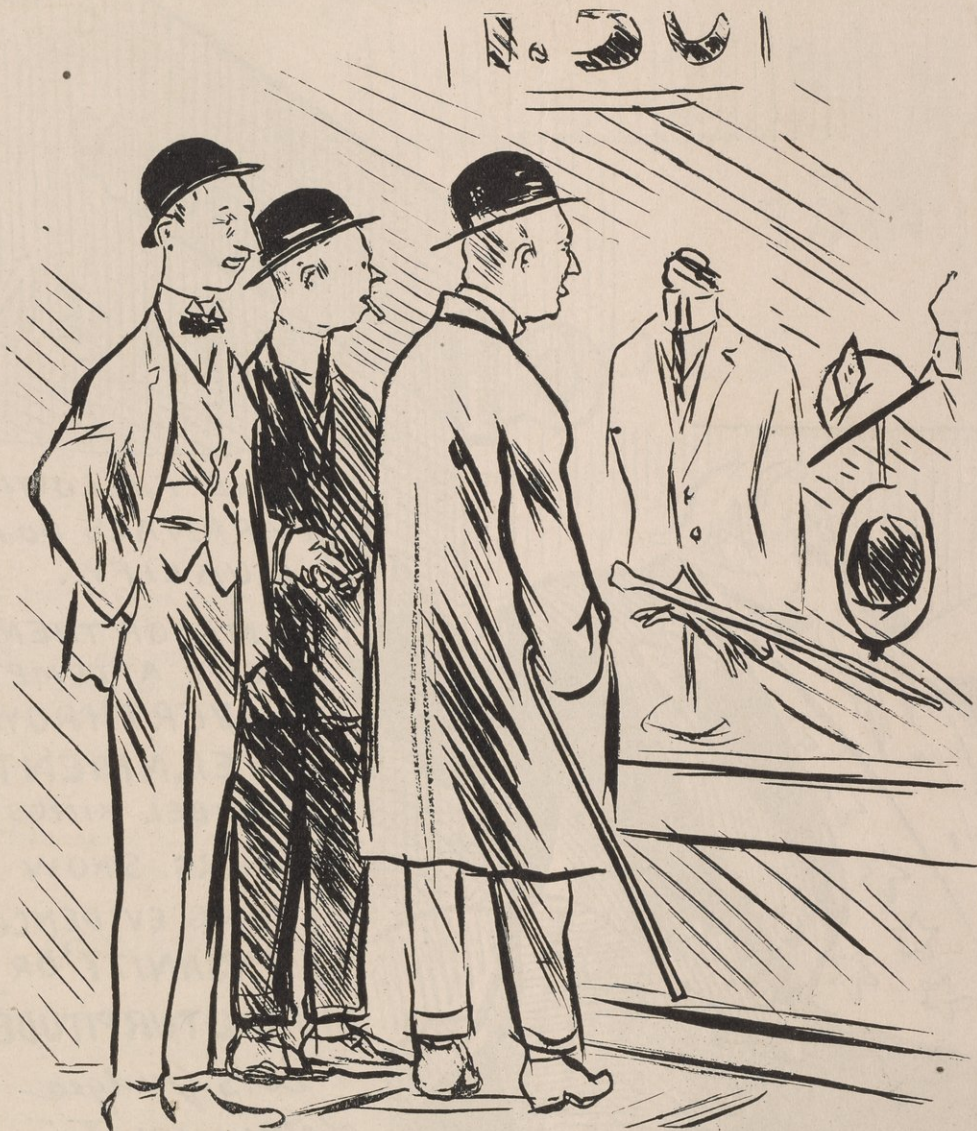
E. J. RANDALL, aged ten, better known to his parents and foreman as Eddie, told a representative of this paper that he regarded the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson as a great blessing to those under twelve who are employed in the mines and factories of the country.

Eddie was approached just as he was about to enter the Carolina Cotton Mill, which he visits daily shortly before daybreak. By striking a match, the reporter discovered that the youthful devotee of industry had an honest, white, intelligent face.

"In some quarters," said Eddie, "dissatisfaction has been expressed by my co-workers over the Wilson attitude on child labor. This criticism, I feel, is ill-advised. While I have long been in favor of a law which would make it possible for me to discontinue my attendance here and complete my life. I feel sure that Mr. Wilson is right in saying we must do nothing to interfere with the doctrine of States' Rights, which I have always heard highly spoken of. My employer agrees with this view, as does also my father, who, because he is so seldom at work, has abundant leisure to study these questions. My mother would prefer to have me go to school, but, she being only a woman, though an estimable one, cannot be expected to know about political matters."

Eddie excused himself from further remarks, on the ground that fines were inflicted for tardiness.

"I feel sure," he said in conclusion, "that, whether Mr. Wilson does anything for us or not, we can at least be sure of his heartfelt sympathy."



Drawn by Cornelia Barns.

ANTI-SUFFRAGE ARGUMENT NO. 187: "WOMEN ARE TOO FRIVOLOUS. THEY THINK ABOUT NOTHING BUT STYLES AND FASHIONS."

Sunken Gardens

THE two million dollar home of Henry C. Frick on Fifth avenue, New York, we are told, will boast a unique and beautiful sunken garden, containing a pool and a large fountain.

Sunken gardens are such a rarity in New York that the steel man's enterprise in tearing down a library to make one is worthy of the greatest praise.

In constructing this sunken garden, however, Mr. Frick, is only following out the best traditions of the steel corporation.

Sunken gardens are quite the thing in Pittsburg. One employee and tenant of the Trust has had one in his back yard for ten years. It is elaborately fitted up with tomato cans and contains a unique collection of rare old shoes. In the pool the prevailing color scheme is green. The whole forms a restful and refreshing picture for any one who may be confined to the home by illness.

Chivalry

PRINCE ALBERT, son of King George, recently stood sixty-fourth in order of merit in a list of sixty-five persons examined for the navy. A grateful British people should confer a knighthood upon the modest hero who saved His Royal Highness from falling into the cellar.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Casabianca

Ellis O. Jones

The boy stood on the burning deck;
You've heard of him before;
He did not reason, did not reck,
Amid the battle's roar.

Both foolishly and dull, he stood,
His face all wan and wild,
Yet fable makes him calm and good,
This poor, misguided child.

The flames rolled on—he might have guessed,
Had he had half a brain,
His father, dear, had gone to rest,
Was either burned or slain.

But, e'en had daddy been alive,
This child's weak, plaintive bleat,
'Mid cannon's din, would reach nor five,
Nor six, nor seven feet.

And yet he stood and called his sire,
With eloquent appeal,
Meanwhile the ship was all afire,
From mizzen-mast to keel.

And this is he, whose tragic fate
Is trimmed with halo bright,
To walk our little children straight
And keep them sitting tight.

But stay, be not harsh with this lad,
Who stood there all alone.
Suppose he'd disobeyed his dad,
Where would he, pray, have gone?

He stood, remember, on a deck,
Whence all, they say, had fled,
But fleeing from a burning deck
Is harder done than said.

This may console each goodly man
Who would this child admire.
He did not like the frying-pan,
So perished in the fire.

View as of old this val'rous verse
Or reconstruct your notion,
The burning deck is not much worse
Than drowning in the ocean.



EDGED TOOLS

Horatio Winslow

TWO little girls in blue—in yellow and purple, that is to say—were very indignant with their dear Mamma.

"We don't see," they said, "why we shouldn't have just as much to say about the hammer and saw and plane as brother Jack. We're just as good as he is, and we know just as much."

"Well," said their dear Mamma, "I'll think it over."

When the two little girls were alone the Older said to the Younger, "Honestly and truly, and cross your heart, now, why is it that you want to have a say about the tools?"

"My reason is the same as yours," said the Younger crossly; "I want to be able to make him stop using them when the hammering annoys me."

"Is that all?" said the Older slowly.

"Of course. Why do you want a say about them?"

The Older was silent for a moment. "I want a say about the tools because I want to use the tools my own self. I want to build with them. I don't see why I can't build just as well as Jack, and I'm going to try. I think if I had a chance I could build, with Jack, a wonderful palace."

The younger girl flounced away.

"You're a regular tom-boy," she said, "and you're a bad, bad girl, too, or you wouldn't have such thoughts."

WHERE ARE MY COPPER-TOED BOOTS?

LET us all go out on this fine, bright morning and kick a cop.

Why?

Because a cop is a bad man—he grafts.

Does no one else graft?

Of course yes; everybody grafts; we have to graft to eat.

But perhaps the cop grafts wilfully.

Oh, no; his reason is the same as yours.

Then why pick out the cop to kick?

Simply because on account of his brass buttons it is so easy and so obvious to kick a cop. Moreover, if we only kick the cop often enough and hard enough no one will think of kicking us.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US

"BUT you robbed him of his watch, didn't you?"

"Oh, no, your Honor, nothing like that, your Honor. I wouldn't rob no man of nothing. But I'd

just been reading about one of them benevolent financiers, your Honor, and how he done things, and when I see this poor fella with his gold watch chain strung across his vest and him so innocent and the street so dark, I kind of sticks my right forefinger into his stummick by way of calling his attention, and then I says benevolent like, 'That watch ain't safe with you.' I says, 'You give it to me because I can take care of it.' And, your Honor, he give it to me right on the spot."

ONWARD! UPWARD!

"BUT do you realize what you are about to do?" peeped the small green caterpillar.

"Certainly," said the Mamma Wasp, "I am going to sting you below the fifth rib so that you will remain alive, but paralyzed until next spring, when my brood of youngsters will hatch out of the egg and use you for baby food."

"But," pleaded the grub, "doesn't this seem just a bit brutal?"

"I used to think so," said the Wasp, "but now that I understand we are all part of the Great Cos-

mic Consciousness, I know better. If I seem momentarily to throw the hooks into you it is only for the good of the Larger Life. In my attention to this Higher Ideal I feel I am fully safeguarding your interests."

And having thus justified herself, the Philosophic Mamma Wasp unlimbered her artillery and stung the Caterpillar good.

SALES

THE Sale is the breath of life in the Department Store's nostrils; or, to be modern, Old Man Sale is the guy who first put Cash in Cashdrawers.

There are three kinds of Sales. The first is surnamed Pre- and the third kind is known as Post-

Any old date is a good excuse for a sale. If it is the birthday of the great-uncle of Christopher Columbus—fine! couldn't be better. If it's the sultry season—there's the chance of a lifetime. If Winter should accidentally happen—pull off the Great Mid-Winter Sale and watch the dollars crackle in. When there is no other reason for holding a Sale put on a Big Extra Special Jubilee Sale.

If that doesn't draw fake up a deceased grandmother and hold a Memorial Sale.

Sales differ in many ways, but in one respect they are all the same. Every seventy-five cent article in the store is labelled in large type, "Only Ninety-nine Cents: marked down from Two Dollars for this date only."

The most commonly sold thing at a Sale is the customer. He is always sold.

One other thing is sold. That is small sections of the life of the six-dollar-a-week salesladies who make the wheels go round. It's sold and they aren't paid for it. Wonder who gets the rakeoff? Do you?

Just think that over when you're pasting your next trading stamp.

HOME BREAKING

FOR the thousandth time the spring flood leaped the river banks to carry away houses without number.

"Ah," said certain much-bespectacled persons "this proves what we have always said. Houses—without exception—should be built with hulls and masts and auxiliary engines."

"True, that is one way—but in the end won't it



Drawn by Alexander Popini.

"WAITER, THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! I ORDERED SOME POTAGE!"

"I PEG PARDON, MISTER; I TINK YOU SAY SAPOTAGE!"

Elephant Advertising

Eugene Wood

WALKING up Sixth avenue the other Sunday evening, my companion nudged me with: "Look over there!"

"Where?"

"Right across the street."

I looked, said, "Ah, ha, I see," and went on talking of more interesting things. Yet, I did turn my head over my shoulder to look again—I'm kind of inquisitive, anyhow—and in that glance I saw that those behind me also gave but one look, or maybe two, and then went on. Nobody stopped to gawk, no crowd of boys tagged on behind.

And yet, without much straining of the point, the spectacle might fairly be called unusual. Four elephants were slouching along the street—an elephant always looks as if its trousers needed pressing—the first one led by a keeper, the others following along in single file, each holding by its proboscis to the tail of the one before.

You don't see that so very often, yet people hardly turned a head.

But let a horse fall down, and, whee-ee-ee! there's a crowd around in no time. If the horse struggles much, policemen will have to clear the street for traffic.

I have been puzzling this matter over, and the nearest I can come to anything like a solution is this: The horse's falling down is quite sincere; it has no ulterior motive; it isn't an advertising scheme. We have been worked too many times to give much heed to the unusual. I don't believe the seasoned Manhattaner would give two looks to a procession of boa constrictors squirming up Broadway. He'd be afraid that on the second look he'd see: "NO SNAKES IN SNIGGLEFRITZ'S WHISKEY. TRY IT. BUY IT!"



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

MR. DE HYDE, OF THE FORMALDEHYDE PRESERVING COMPANY, HAVING BEEN DRIVEN FROM HIS CUSTOMARY TABLE AT THE SPLAZA THRO' FEAR LEST THE STRIKING WAITERS PUT FOREIGN MATERIALS IN HIS DINNER, WILL NOW SEARCH IN VAIN AMONG HIS OWN CANNED GOODS FOR A PIECE OF FOOD THAT IS FIT TO EAT.

not be cheaper to experiment till some way is found of preventing this annual catastrophe?"

"Oh! Oh! Oh! you are trying to break up the home!" cried the horrified multitude, and led by the much bespectacled persons, the lynching bee began.

UNEXCELLED as a horse-faced perpetrator of nonsensicalities, Jim Hill ought to be sure of a place in the new President's cabaret.

HORATIO WINSLOW

Disturb Him Not!

A DISPATCH from Washington says that much sympathy has been aroused there by Woodrow Wilson's announcement that he needs nine hours' sleep per night, and doesn't see how he is going to get it.

This looks like misdirected sympathy. An examination of Wilson's views on restoring competition forces me to conclude that he has had enough sleep to last him a long time.

Covering Ground

WILLIAM H. TAFT, during his term as President, travelled nearly 125,000 miles, or five times around the equator—the earth's equator I mean, not Taft's.

If he had started right, he could be half-way to the moon by this time.

Mr. Taft will be remembered as the gentleman who received eight votes in the recent meeting of the electoral college. At this rate, he would have had to travel over four million miles to get a bare majority.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Yesterday, Today & Forever

PROFESSOR BONNI, who has been poking around in the Palatine Hill, finds that Caesar had three elevators in his house. I'll bet you from 8 to 3 the operators gathered on the top floor and talked about yesterday's game in the Coliseum.

H. B.



Drawn by Art Young.

"DON'T YOU THINK IT WAS A MISTAKE TO BUILD YOUR BARN IN FRONT OF YOUR HOUSE AND OBSTRUCT THE VIEW OF THOSE MOUNTAINS?"

"WAL, YOU SEE, WHEN I BUILT THET THAR BARN, THEM MOUNTAINS WANT SO STYLISH AS THEY BE NOW."



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"OH, I THINK MR. MORGAN PAINTS AWFULLY WELL, DON'T YOU?"



Drawing by Robert Henri.

The New Superintendent

AFTER presiding over these United States as their chief executive for two terms. Mr. Roosevelt fell into a position where he was literally compelled to find out something about the conditions of the people, and the ideas of those who wish to help them. He found it all so interesting that he began to talk about it, and this has almost set a fashion. It looks as if all the chief executives are going to go round now and find out a little something about the people they govern.

Of course there is nothing binding about it, and they don't need to do this before framing up the policies that will elect them. But after they are safely elected, a little look into some of these matters seems to strengthen their position. Mr. Wilson, who is a little inclined to be extreme, even went so far as to take a boat over to Ellis Island and have a look at the animals before they come out of the cage.

TOD O'SHEEL

THE Socialist heart which hungers for the music of the future must at times listen for notes floating down from the heights mankind is yet to climb, and take in those harmonies as if they were sounding now, thus creating a present joy out of the joy of the coming generations.

RUFUS W. WEEKS.

BUGLE SONG

(After reading the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.")

In the cold, wet, and moaning night,
I left my home, its warmth, its light,
To pace alone through many a dark and silent street;
The old, cold, blood of many kings long dead,
The heavy lips of many souls, long fled,
Seemed pressing down upon me like a winding-sheet.

I left my home, its warmth, its light,
Its half-read tale of ancient fight,
The battle's blows, its shock, its tumult in my brain,
All quenched at leaving, like a wind-blown lamp,
And the night wrapped me in its mantle damp,
And mourned about me with its cold and fitful rain.

But the dawn's breath sang keener songs
Of battle with Tomorrow's wrongs,
And the wild north wind stung my cheek until it
burned,
As though to wake me with its minstrelsy
Of deeds and blood-wrought justice yet to be,—
And fresher air with the unconquered morn returned!

Samuel McCoy.

MUSIC AND THE GRAND BUST-UP

EUGENE WOOD

WHEN the Grand Bust-up comes—Oh, sure, it's going to come! You know things aren't going to keep up this way. They can't—

When the Grand Bust-up comes, while it will be hard for the Classes for a while (they've been so used to having a good time without giving one) it will be a glorious thing for the Masses. They will have plenty to eat and wear, comfortable houses, and a chance to invite their souls.

And Then what?—Because creature comfort isn't the end of the line, you know, not the far end anyhow; it may be the nigh end, though, and I believe it is.

Then what, with respect to music, to pick but one alluring subject out of a whole posy-bed? The other night I went to the Metropolitan Opera House. If I had fallen over the railing in front of my seat—You've heard how in such accidents your whole past life comes before you in a flash. Well, mine needn't have been in any such a hurry of a flash. It could have taken its time to it, between the moment my heels cleared the brass rod and my head butted into the conversation below me. That's the size of the place.

Up where I sat a person hardly dared breathe. A cough would have been a crime. We wanted to hear the music so. Poor folks we were, up there. (I go by our looks.) Mostly we were what are called "Wops and Kikes." You know! "Ignorant foreigners." Down there, they gabbled cheerfully all the time. The glorious music, shifting and changing color like the rainbow tints that glow upon Niagara's cloud of spray—that glorious music to the most of the folks down there was just a kind of expensive background for their prattle and their duds, a suitable wall-paper, so to speak. They seemed to be rich people. They were extremely well-dressed. Sometimes from 'way down in front, when the lights were up, a spear of colored light would shoot clear up to the top gallery and jab me in the eye.

Mind you, I don't say that *all* of them down there were so bored by the music they had to talk to keep awake. Having to hear high-class music even as a painful social duty will ultimately educate the crudest taste. Mind you, I don't say either, that *all* the working class would take to good music as a duck takes to water. Hearing nothing but "popular song-hits" will degrade the most natural taste after a while. All I say is that the working class in that house fairly ate the music up, they loved it so, while a good proportion of the shirking class talked all the time.

The money that supports the opera comes, not from

those who are afraid to cough after the conductor takes his chair, but from those who make of the opera an occasion to gabble and show off their duds. And if the Grand Bust-up, when it comes, takes away from the classes the money they now slather on gorgeous raiment so that they can no longer do the peacock act, and want an opera for a background, what will become of the opera?

Well, don't let's worry about it. Whatever we do, let's don't worry about that! I think I could stand it never to hear another really *grand* opera, if I knew that nobody ever need worry again about making a

living. There have been some very fine people who have managed to wiggle along somehow without ever having heard anything but a canned Caruso. I should think twice about it, I admit, but I should be willing to swap my joy in music for my sorrow in poverty.

But, after all, who makes the music? It is those men fiddling away down there, isn't it? The harpists, plucking at their strings; the trombonists, sliding their shiny tubes back and forth; the busy tympanists—all working class people! *All union men!*

Listen! Music itself—that kind of music, anyway—didn't really begin to be, until after the capitalist revolution, which had to free some of the lower class in order to win at all. There isn't a single wind instrument in good payable shape now that is older than a hundred years or so. Music isn't a "heavenly maid"; she is from the earth; she was born and reared among poor folks. What hinders the development of music now, is that the frost of poverty nips every bud almost that peeps out of the ground.

When the Grand Bust-up comes, and Bub can practise his fiddle instead of having to trot off to the factory for all day long, and Sis can study singing, why, my soul's alive, you needn't worry! You'll see music jump ahead like a scared rabbit. One of the biggest results of the Revolution will be the worldwide burst into song.

Dear me! I hope it won't be long now.



THE DANCE.

Jo Davidson.

THE WORLD-WIDE BATTLE LINE

A NEW WAR AGAINST POVERTY.

This latest war, started by the Fabian Society, is making a great sensation in England. It has for its basis the demand for a living wage. That it does not greatly frighten the capitalist enemy is shown by the fact—naively boasted of in the *Labour Leader*—that the Bishops "in solemn conclave" have endorsed it. The organ of Winston Churchill, the imperialistic First Lord of the Admiralty, has also endorsed it. So have many other personages of whom any group of bourgeois reformers might be proud.

The *Labour Leader* (which is the official organ of the independent Labor Party) eloquently maintains that the state ought to guarantee that employers "shall at least reward labor by life." An opinion that is unanswerable from the standpoint of the capitalist, the slave owner, or even the proprietor of horses and dogs.

In a word, this is a war against *absolute* poverty, the unprofitable misery of the poorest class. It is not a war against *relative* poverty or the unequal distribution of the good things of life. In order that the rich may be made richer, the poor are to be made a little less poor. And as this is the best we can ever expect to get from non-Socialists, here's luck to the new crusade!

IS THIS WHY SOCIALISM STAGNATES IN GREAT BRITAIN?

The establishment last year of two daily Labor papers in Great Britain, *The Herald* and *The Citizen*, has again brought up the stupid opposition of political action and direct action. British political Socialists disclose their own impotence by their fear of direct action, and strongly suggest that their weak spots have been reached by the Syndicalists. The Syndicalists, on the other hand, seem to think that they can only advance in proportion as the political actionists retreat. Consequently there is no new growth, but only a new division of the movement. The *Herald* says in large head lines: "The Coming Force Is Syndicalism," and announces that strikes have done more in twelve months than politics in twenty years. The political Socialists reply that strikes are futile and that legislation is doing more than the largest strike.

When neither faction is able to gain anything in the attack on Capitalism, but turns against the other instead, it is evident that no considerable advance is being made.

BEWARE OF TACIT UNDERSTANDINGS.

A real test of the Socialist party of this country will come when the Progressives tacitly agree not to make any special effort to elect their candidates in districts where the Socialists have the best chance, if the latter will tacitly agree not to make any special effort in certain other districts. This plan was secretly tried by the Executive Committee of the German Party in last year's elections, but it created such a scandal in the Party that it is safe to say it will never be tried again—in Germany.

But the excessive degree of State autonomy that prevails in the American Party makes the chances very great that the thing will be tried here, if not nationally, at least locally.

William English Walling

NEW LIFE IN GERMANY.

It used to be remarked that the English held the empire of the sea, the French that of the land, and to the Germans was reserved—the empire of the air. This referred not to aerial navigation, but to the prepossession of Germans for theories and ideas. And the Socialist "news" from Germany to-day confirms this opinion.

It seems that henceforth the German Socialists are to navigate the air with three wings instead of two. For many years there have been only a right and a left wing—the "Revisionists" on the right, the Revolutionists, led by Kautsky and Bebel, on the left. But now a third, ultra-revolutionary, wing has appeared, and Kautsky and Bebel have become really the center of the movement. Several more or less successful and very practical attacks have been made upon both these leaders from revolutionary sections, especially Leipzig and Bremen. And it appears that the cut-and-dried argument between Revisionist and Revolutionist is at last interrupted, and that "something is doing" in the German movement.

What is this new agitation? In one word, it seems to be the German counter-part of French Syndicalism and American Industrialism. But beware lest you conclude that the new revolutionists themselves acknowledge any similarity. Oh, no! This powerful section of the German party does not advocate the general strike and direct action. It advocates the "mass strike" and "mass action"!

Nor does this new controversy conjure with the ghost of Marx. Both sides are undeniably past-masters of Marxist theory, and it is therefore agreed to leave Marx buried where he lies and to call it a discussion of "tactics." And, although the innocent American bystander might not perceive it if he strayed unwarned into this war of words, it is a gratifying fact that this discussion is based rather on present reality than on inherited ideas.

Here is the new ideological dynamite in its own words:

The question of the social revolution has hitherto been postponed even by Kautsky to the future; Pannekoek says it is now beginning to be a question of the present. The mass strike has been growing in popularity since the Russian Revolution, having been adopted for certain *defensive* purposes at the Jena Congress in 1905. The redoubtable Rosa Luxembour subsequently persuaded Bebel that it might be used for *aggressive* purposes also—when the party and the unions became stronger and better organized than they are to-day. Kautsky then took another step in advance and declared that the mass strike (which relies on the unorganized as well as the organized) might be used for aggressive purposes *now*—but that it cannot be deliberately prepared for. Finally comes the ultra-radical Pannekoek and says that the mass strike can be prepared for, and that instead of one strike there ought to be a *whole ascending series in which each strike would constitute a longer and longer step in the social revolution*.

The practical objection of the older leaders to this idea is that the unorganized and non-Socialist and non-proletarian masses cannot be trusted as revolutionists. It is not that they would not respond, but that, as Bebel says, they are as yet neither angry enough

nor intelligent enough, nor well enough organized to respond effectively.

To this Pannekoek replies that they are trusted in elections and so can be trusted in strikes or on the streets.

Kautsky and Pannekoek both claim to be the true Marxist "dialecticians." But practically the difference seems to be that Kautsky opposes mass strikes and mass actions *except* in such and such and such instances, whereas Pannekoek favors mass strikes and mass actions, *although* under such and such and such precautions. One points out the limitations, the other points out the possibilities of Socialist action.

We find in the new revolutionists power and enthusiasm for a form of action as yet little tried in Germany or elsewhere. But we turn to the older revolutionists, to Kautsky and Bebel, for a full realization of the strength and manifold resources of capitalism, the magnitude of the Socialist task. As always, the old furnishes the experience, the young the enterprise. "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*."

THE JOHN BROWNS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

In a single issue of *The New York Call* appear, in a nutshell, the opposing Socialist views of the Indianapolis dynamiters. The brilliant Professor Vida D. Scudder, a member of the Party, declares her sense of outrage because *The Call* has said editorially that "any denunciation of the men will be due to ignorance of the facts," and has referred to dynamite as "one weapon that failed."

Frank Bohn in the same column expresses eloquently the opposite sentiment:

"The McNamaras and their colleagues are the John Browns of the social revolution—just as weak in numbers, just as ignorant, as impossible, as foolhardy as John Brown proved himself to be. Nevertheless, we love John Brown. And we love the men who were willing to risk their lives and liberty in the battle of labor to-day."

TWO SEMI-SOCIALIST PARTIES

The American Socialist Party and the British Independent Labor Party, each fails in its own way to take the revolutionary attitude. This appears in a comparison of their "immediate demands." On the nationalization of railways, mines, and monopolies, the two platforms are agreed. But the British Party demands also the nationalization of *the land*. At this the Americans would be horrified, for their new platform aims to give every guarantee to the majority of farmers that their private property will not be interfered with.

On the other hand, the American Party demands the *immediate nationalization of all large scale industries*—a novel and revolutionary feature in Socialist programmes, and one that would horribly shock the Britishers.

In both countries the purpose seems to be that announced by the *Labour Leader*: "The transference of industries from private to public hands."

It does not seem to occur to either Party that in each plank of their platform advocating *public* ownership, it should be made clear just what *public* is meant, for surely no Socialist really desires the transference of industry from private capitalists to a capitalist government.

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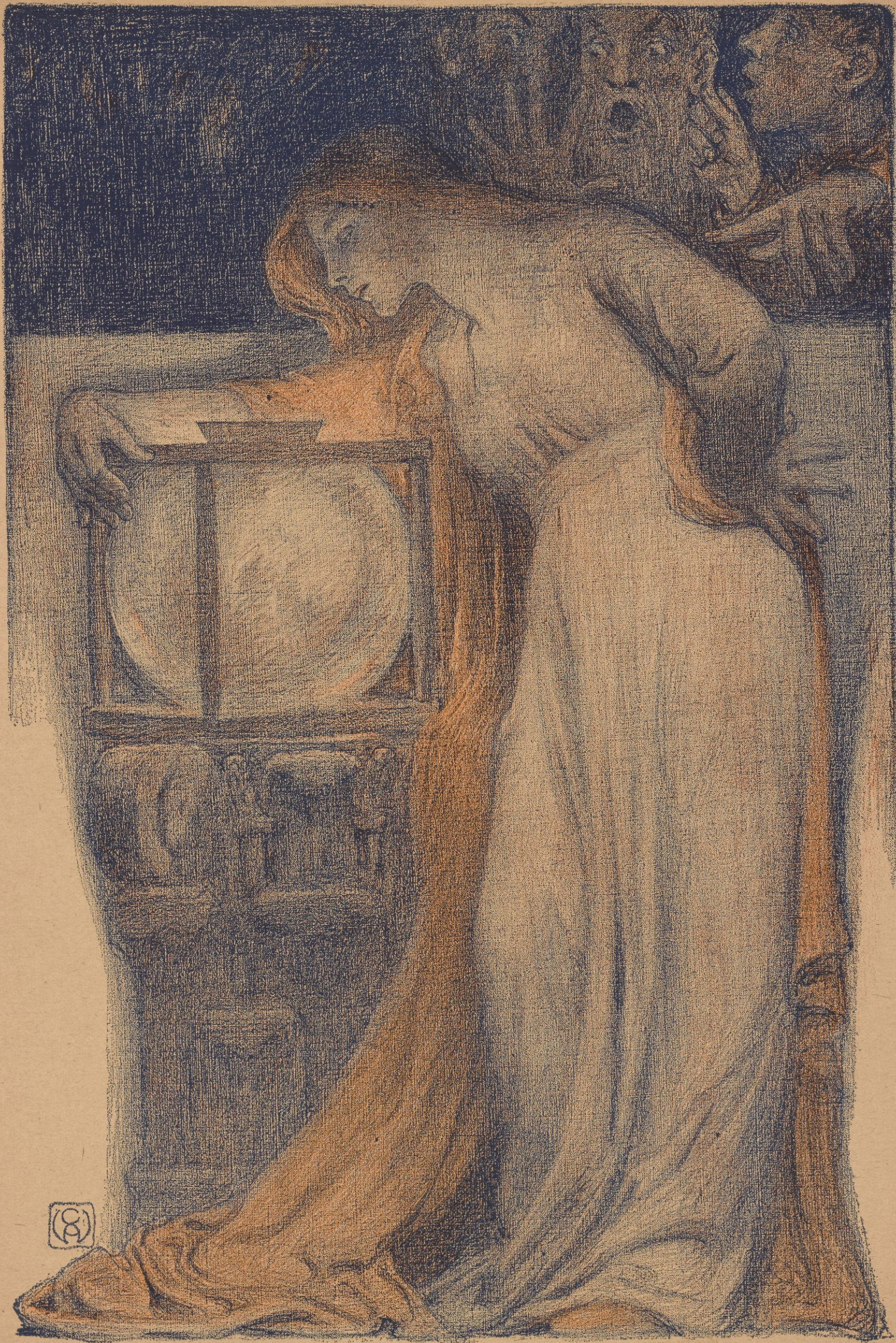
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