

The
MASSES

JULY, 1913

10 CENTS



Drawn by John Sloan

John Sloan -

The Return from Toil.

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Anna M. Sloan, Business Mgr.

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND

Who you think would like
"The Masses,"

SEND US HIS NAME
Or get after him yourself.

Tricked

SAID Finnigan to Casey, as he handed him his change: "'Tis ashamed Oi am this marnin' fur me blunder. An incidint thransphired in this bar-room yeshtherda'—Oi was thricked, an' furst it made me mad as thunder. Y' know th' Oirish Wur-rld an' th' Avenin' Stharr-Gazette ar' all Oi iver rade or give attinshun; an' tho' Oi pungle up me nickel fur th' War-Cry wonct a wake, 'tis a fact to Fayther Burns Oi sildom minshun. So phwhin a lad dhropped in here in the early afthernoan an' axt me did Oi want t' buy "Th' Masses," Oi immejately conclooded 'twas a Cath'lic rival shate, an' in me haysht t' buy Oi broke thray glasses. Shure *Mass* is phwhat Oi thawt av, only in its plooral forum, an' Oi thawt Oi'd have some wery plisint radin', but th' divil a wur-rd a-tall did Oi rade about th' Church, jist th' suff'rin' av th' poor man an' his pladin'. 'Twas Soshalisht, an' Anarchisht, an' iverything that's bad; shure av all these things 'twas nawthin' but a. mixin'. Faith, th' fursht thing that Oi noo, Oi had read th' damn thing throo, an' begorra Oi belave this wur-rld needs fixin'!"

FRANK A. CURTIN.

Contributing Editors

ART

JOHN SLOAN
ARTHUR YOUNG
ALICE BEACH WINTER
H. J. TURNER
CHARLES A. WINTER
MAURICE BECKER
GEORGE BELLOWES
CORNELIA BARNES
STUART DAVIS

FIRST LOVE

BY

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

A sequence of seventy-three non-social but none the less inspiring lyrics.

The poet crowds into his lines the high delights and deep despairs of passion, and always with a dignity that honors his theme—even as the fire ennobles the gold.—*Edwin Markham in the N. Y. American.*

A sequence of verses, with something of the real ecstasy of love and the despair of loss in them. . . . The effect is dramatic in the extreme—action, picture, reflection, exquisite choral comment, all compact in lyrical measures—and the poet quite justified in making himself a part of the play. . . .—*The Independent.*

We are abashed in the presence of the fresh, frank abandon of rose-white passion caroling its heart out unashamedly to the world. Such a burst of song is "First Love."—*T. A. Daly in the Philadelphia Standard & Times.*

. . . He is more worth reading and watching than any other singer who has appeared in a decade. . . . It would not surprise us if he should presently be acclaimed as the most significant American poet since the passing of the famous old New England group. . . .—*North Carolina Review.*

SHERMAN, FRENCH & CO.

Boston, Mass.



Drawn by John Sloan

A FARMER'S WOMAN

John Reed

I know a patient, nobly-curving hill
 That wears a different paleness every hour,—
 Copper by sun, grey-velvet through a shower,—
 Topaz and mauve,—blue of the heron's quill.
 Forever mean-souled ploughmen scar the soil,
 And bind, with rambling stony walls, her breast—
 Never allow her weary womb to rest,
 Nor give a moment's peace for all her toil.

O, if the ploughmen knew what wonders spring
 From fields that for a season fallow lie—
 Under the healing hand of wind and sky—
 Would they not grant her time for flowering!
 Her heart is rock. I wonder if her tongue
 Knows how to say "I also once was young"?



Drawn by Art Young.

"THEY WHO BEND TO POWER AND LAP ITS MILK."

Dedicated to
Educators
Editors
Lawyers
Legislators
Ministers

By Arthur Young

THE MASSES

VOL. IV. NO. X.

JULY, 1913

ISSUE NUMBER 26

Max Eastman, Editor

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

Concerning an Idealism

I RARELY sit down to meditate these paragraphs that there does not float back to my mind the memory that I might have become a Christian minister. I might be pondering up my weekly exhortation to the conscience. Up to the age of eighteen I was a minister's son. And I was the son not of an orthodox minister but of a natural heretic, so the possibility of my liking and choosing a hortatory profession was never remote. However, I am not going to write an autobiography. I only set out to say that I have by inheritance a peculiar sympathy with those moralists who are shocked and disturbed by what appears in *THE MASSES*. I understand how they feel.

All through the ages it has been the tacit assumption of idealistic people that by dint of preaching they could make men unnaturally "good." They could make the rich altruistic and the poor either prudent or content with an humble lot, and so solve the inequalities and ultimately remove the bondages and miseries of men. And to those who have given themselves to this labor, or to those who give an hour or two of one day in each week to the emotions attending this labor, it is naturally abhorrent to see before their face every month such a publication as *THE MASSES*.

For here is all the joy and the glamour of idealism attending a labor which directly opposes that to which they have looked for the salvation of the world. We do not teach that the rich must be altruistic and the poor prudent or content with their lot. We teach that since the rich will not be altruistic to the extent of relinquishing their essential privilege, it is necessary for the poor to be ill content, to be imprudent, to marshal themselves against the rich, and relying on their superior numbers to take from them the sources of their privilege. We put our trust not in the propagation of altruistic sentiments among all, but in the enlightenment of the self-interest of the poor. We put our trust in this for the salvation of the world.

And how disturbing this must be to the preachers of emotional brotherhood we can easily conceive. And while we do not wish to make it less disturbing, or narrow the gulf that separates us from them, we do wish to extend to them this word of information: That while we may sound grim and polemic, we are as idealistic, we are as much moved by the highest hope, we are as much concerned over the salvation of the world, as they. Only we believe that this hope can never be achieved, except through a method which takes account of the fact that men are what they are.

We have studied history and economics, we have observed the men and conditions of our own time, and we have seen that the method of progress toward equality and fraternity is the struggle of the oppressed

Drawing by Art Young

against their oppressors; and to that struggle, as it obtains in the twentieth century, we have committed ourselves for the sake of the ultimate ideal. We do not therefore hold ourselves to be either less or more idealistic than those who preach brotherhood as an artificial emotion and with no method for its achievement. We simply hold our idealism to be more scientific.

The Mote and The Beam

ROOSEVELT reminds me of a mule with blinders on. Whatever way he happens to get directed, he will go straight that way, and neither see, guess, nor remember that there was ever any other way to go.

I imagine some conversational incident, or some accidental petulance, started him off on this Michigan man-hunt, and away he goes with a whole car-load of moral enthusiasts to establish the fact that he never drinks more than two mint-juleps at one and the same time.

Seems to me, if I were going to establish my character before a public tribunal, I'd make a strike for a bigger virtue than temperance. Why, even suppose he were a drunk and a glutton, he would only land in the fourth or fifth of the infernal circles—I've forgotten just which—whereas some of the other names this man has been called—and that by editors of his own size—would land him with Judas Iscariot in the Devil's mouth beneath the frozen bottom of the lowest pit of hell.—Are we to assume that all the other libels of all the editors, except this one moderate little Michigan farmer, are true?

And then think of that noble army of Undesirable Citizens, Malefactors, Liars, and generally Vicious Characters that *he* has consigned to public ill-repute from his high chair at the White House. Suppose they should all descend upon *him* with a car-load of Saints and settlement workers, calling on him to back it all up with dates, places, and specifications!

There is humor in this big repudiation of a little calumny. There is humor in a mule with blinders on, but the mule can't see it.

A Mild Protest

THE New York *Volkszeitung* called these paragraphs "Syndicalistische." We do not know why, but it may have been for no more profound reason than that a man named Mack Eastman, who also descended from the oracle on Morningside Heights, used to lecture about Syndicalism to the Socialist locals in New York. We owe a number of gentle epistles and several unmerited bills to the same nominal confusion, and we are not loath to pass this little *istische* along to him.

Istische is the German for *Ist*, and while it sounds a little softer, and more *adjectival*, it is just about as cramping to the free operation of the mind.

In choosing the title "Knowledge and Revolution" for these paragraphs, we intended a radical departure from the *Ist* Movement, which we consider the bane of intelligence in this century. We meant to make a clean get-away from the whole case of pigeon-holes. And therefore, while thanking the *Volkszeitung* for those very kind remarks which sent us flying to our *Wörterbuch*, we are going to request a correction to the effect that these are not Syndicalist paragraphs. They are—if they must be hissed at all—Anti-ism-ist paragraphs.

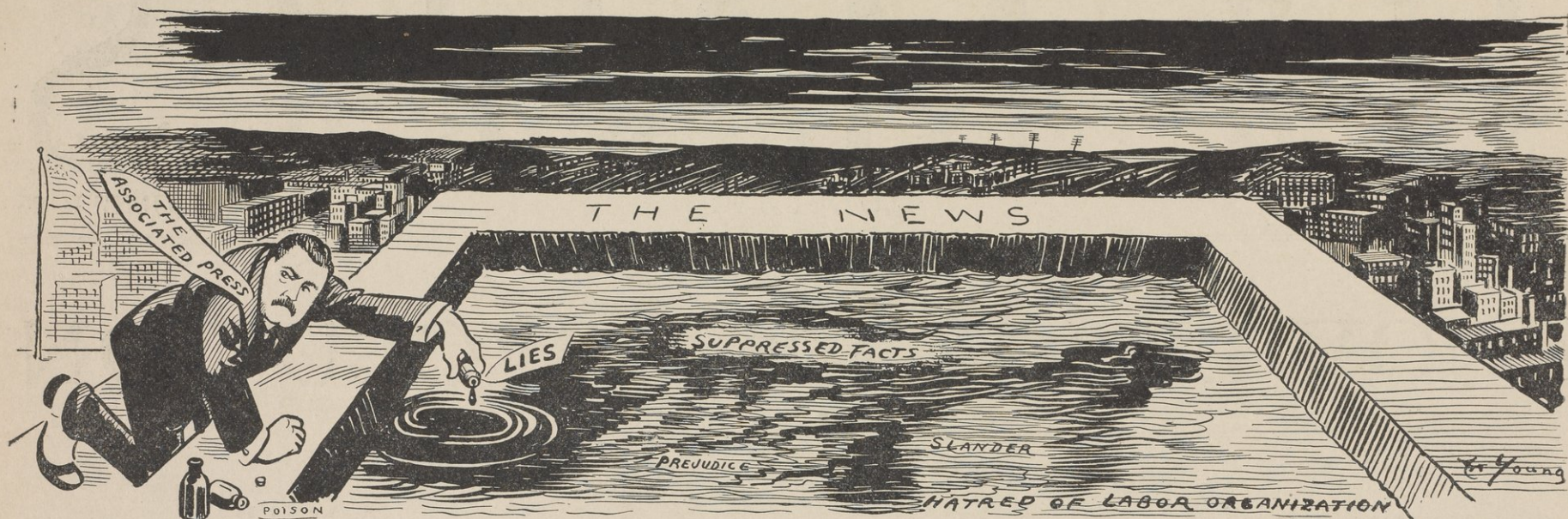
Funny?

THE scholastic commentators of Don Quixote, when they strike a passage that transcends their utmost power to "explain," will say in a foot-note, "We think this must be a joke." They have learned, you see, that Cervantes is a humorist.

I am reminded of this by a statement of John A. Sleicher, the publisher of *Judge* and *Leslie's Weekly*, to the effect that the new tariff policy, if adopted, "will definitely decide that there are to be no more increases of wages in the United States at present, if ever." Mr. Sleicher is the publisher of a funny paper, and I am inclined to conclude that this must be a joke.

Sign of the Times

MOTHER JONES pointed out in our Carnegie Hall meeting that in West Virginia last winter for the first time in this country the civil courts were superseded by a military tribunal in the effort of capitalists to "get" the leaders of a strike.



Drawn by Art Young

Poisoned At The Source

The Worst Monopoly

UP to the day of Senator Kern's speech in the Senate, how many people knew that a military despotism had prevailed for months in West Virginia? How many people knew that men were shooting each other a dozen at a time only 7 hours from the metropolis? How many knew that a strike was on in the Paint Creek section at all? For some secret reason West Virginia has hardly leaked a drop of news in the last fourteen months.

And that secret reason is the *Associated Press*.

I am told that every trust is to be encouraged to live its life and grow to such proportions that it may and must be taken over by the working public. But one trust that I find it impossible to encourage is this Truth trust, the *Associated Press*. So long as the substance of current history continues to be held in cold storage, adulterated, colored with poisonous intentions, and sold to the highest bidder to suit his private purposes, there is small hope that even the free and the intelligent will take the side of justice in the struggle that is before us.

The representative of the *Associated Press* was an officer in that military tribunal that hounded the Paint Creek miners into the penitentiary in violation of their constitutional liberties; and this fact is even more significant and more serious than the abrogation of those liberties. It shows that the one thing which all tribes and nations in time have held sacred—the body of Truth—is for sale to organized capital in the United States.

Happy Thought

J. C. ROTH, President of the Hotel Association of Illinois, said that an 8-hour law would force the women out of the hotels.

"The girl in a hotel doesn't work half as hard as the second maid or cook in a private family," said Mr. Roth. "Why not regulate their hours?"

Yes—why not?

Liberality Is Not Loose Thinking

"IF you call yourself liberal-minded, then why do you stick to Socialism alone? Isn't that a dogma?"

"You say you don't believe in dogmatism—then why not open your columns to all the other radical reform movements?"

This question was asked in a letter from a personal friend. He did not give his name, but he had evidently read an editorial, and we know that only the personal friends of the editor do that. So we will treat him with humble courtesy and appreciation. Instead of telling him to go home and find out what Socialism is, we will try to explain to him at least one thing that Socialism is not. It is not a "radical reform movement." It is not a movement that lies parallel to other schemes of social regeneration, only extending a little farther, or moving a little more impatiently. Not at all. Socialism is decidedly contradictory to them. It is not contradictory to them in its ultimate aim so much as in the means by which alone it believes that aim can be attained. It is contradictory to them in its method,

its daily activities at the present time. Its method is to promote the class-struggle. And the method of reform (no matter how "radical," if that word means anything) is to assuage and obliterate the class struggle by means of literary evangelism and concessions on the part of those who hold the economic power.

If Socialism were merely an extreme kind of reform, it would be utopian and foolish. It is not a reform at all, but a revolutionary movement. It looks to the conquest of power by those who do not hold it. It advocates the conflict. And therefore to invite into a Socialist magazine those who oppose the conflict, would be neither liberal nor illiberal. It would be simply foolish and untrue to principle. Liberality demands that we be hospitable to ideas which are other than ours; it does not demand that we lend ourselves to the propagation of ideas which contradict ours.

And so it is that, although we believe in liberty of mind as well as body, and we think that liberty of mind is sadly wanting in the Socialist movement of America, we will not open our pages to those who would oppose the central principle of our faith—the principle of revolution.

I HANDED a copy of THE MASSES to a man who came in to see me the other day. He looked it over. "That's too strong for me," he said. He got tangled up with John Sloan's and Art Young's memorable brutal flings at the present social order. He thought they went too far. Everybody goes too far to the man who's afraid to go out of the house. We need that going too far stuff in America. We've got all grades of art below the going too far stage. Now we need the tellers of unqualifying stories. We need the artists of the crude line. We need the men who are the same to the end. Sloan and Young are the same to the end. THE MASSES is the same to the end. . . . Taking it on the whole, as it stands, it's a vehement red-paint signal post.

—HORACE TRAUBEL in *The Conservator*.

Blackballed

IT has been irrevocably decided that Jacques Loeb will not be allowed to sit under a little halo at the tables of the Century Club. Professor Cattell, who proposed him, thinks this is an expression of race prejudice. But there are Jewish people in the Century Club. The trouble with Jacques Loeb is that he will not confine his experimental attitude to homemade sea-urchins and jellyfish. He wants to apply the methods of science to the problems of society. He has confidence in the revolutionary hypothesis, and he stands ready publicly to promote every experiment that aims to verify it. And that—if I may adopt the attitude of those who rejected him—is worse than being a Jew.

THE THIRD MAGUS

Samuel McCoy

OLD General Jim McGrew and old Admiral Henry Truefitt stood together on the Admiral's veranda, on Delaware street. It was December, but the day was warm. A little boy, the General's grandson, marched up to them, demanding to be amused.

"Play wiv me, grampa," he commanded.

General McGrew chuckled with pride.

"Play wiv me, too, Uncle Henry," said the boy to the Admiral.

The Admiral roared in triumph.

"Wants his old godfather, too," he remarked savagely to the General.

The General drew from behind him a toy drum. The Admiral, by some legerdemain, produced from nowhere a tiny full-rigged ship. The daily battle for the occupancy of one small boy's heart was on.

The boy hesitated between the two prizes held out to him.

"Don't hesitate!" bellowed the General. "You'll never win anything if you do. At Antietam!"

"Make up your mind *quick!*" said the Admiral, his blue eyes intense beneath his white brows. "Farragut!"

The boy reached out *both* hands, one towards each bristling warrior's offering.

The two old men roared in glee.

"He ain't to be a soldier," said the General, "he'll run Wall Street."

The Admiral chuckled assent.

The boy's mother came out upon the porch. "What are you two old dears teaching my boy?" she smiled.

"Teaching him to be a man," said the Admiral grimly.

"And how?" asked the mother.

"Why, there ain't but one way," said the General, "that's to *fight!*"

The boy's mother looked troubled.

The boy, with the drum and the frigate now in his possession, was about to begin a combined offensive demonstration by land and sea, when he caught sight of a third old man, slouching timidly around the corner of the veranda from the rear.

"Oh, oh!" he screamed in ecstasy, "there Uncle Billy!"

And he hurled himself toward the newcomer.

The third old man caught the boy's chubby form as it leaped into his arms, and, grinning apologetically at the Admiral and the General, saluted each with a hand stiffly raised.

"Hadn't ought t' charge at me like that, Henry," he said to the boy, "my defences is a-gittin' weak."

"Come up here, dodgast ye!" roared the General, "I want my daughter-in-law to know the bravest man that ever carried a gun! Ruth, this is Billy Heine-man, that served a gun at Watterson's Crossing five hours single-handed and risked his own life to bring his cap'n off the field!"

The Admiral nodded vigorously.

Uncle Billy disentangled the joyous boy from his wooden leg and ducked his head shamefacedly.

"T'wan't nothin'," he muttered. "I jes' come 'round t'day t' ask if ye'd need anybody t' fix th' furnace?"

The boy's mother looked at him with shining eyes. "Why, of course," she said, "we'll need you. But you're just in time to settle a question. Do you think that my boy needs to be taught how to fight?"

General McGrew and Admiral Truefitt say that's the only way to make a man out of him."

The old man on the walk hesitated in evident perplexity.

"Well," he said slowly, "I reckon they know best. They is both great men, ma'am. I wa'n't nothin' but a high private. But I never been quite sure in my own mind about fightin' since I come home from the War. Y'see, my mother got word I'd been killed and she . . . she sort o' . . . it sort o' . . . she was dead when I got home, furloughed. . . . And I was sick f'r so long a spell that I couldn't help Dad. . . . He was awful old an' weak. . . . I hed t' watch him go, little by little, an' I couldn't help. . . ."

"Of course, it's different with th' A'miral an' th' Gen'rul . . . but—"

He paused, embarrassed.

The General cleared his throat tremendously. The Admiral opened his mouth to speak and then shut it again.

"Ain't you goin' to give me a present, Uncle Billy?" begged the boy, tugging at the skirts of the faded overcoat.

"Why, of course, of course," ejaculated the third old man, reaching hastily into a ragged pocket. "Tain't much, jes' a little lamb I cyarved outen a piece o' wood."

He produced it bashfully. The General lifted the boy up to see, and the three white heads bent over the sunny one and the gift.

"I want 'e *drum!*" said the boy emphatically.

But the General and the Admiral hesitated.

And the boy's mother smiled.



Drawn by John Sloan

Spiritual Forces.

PATRIOT—"DIT YOU MEAN TO SAY DOT IF DIS COONTRY VUD GO TO VAR MIT JABAN, YOU VUDN'T GO?"

FRIEND—"DOT'S CHOOST VAT I SET."

PATRIOT—"UND YOU VUD STAY HOME UND BE GALLED A GOW-ARD?"

FRIEND—"I VUD—" (To the patriot's wife) "UND VUD YOU LET HIM GO?"

PATRIOT—"YES, SHE VUD,—COONTRY GOMES VURST!"

THE WIFE — "SURE! — COONTRY VURST."



Drawn by Charles A. Winter

The Masses, July, 1913

“Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number---
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you---
Ye are many---they are few.”

From THE MASK OF ANARCHY,
by Shelley.

ADAM AND SUNDAY

Robert Carlton Brown

ADAM COOK believed in communism; that is why he lived alone—but only for a time.

Adam treated himself as an experiment.

Like the child with the chicken, he figuratively pulled off his own feathers to see how they were stuck on. Adam's first experiment, after he settled in Eden, was with his hair. He let his whiskers grow to a point where, when he peered out through the bushes at a passing stranger, it was impossible to distinguish anything but his peaked nose and pointed chin among the foliage.

Adam hadn't always lived in Eden. He had been hired as stenographer in the New Orleans headquarters of the Suffragette Movement. But Adam, ever a radical, always susceptible to the ideal, was converted by a travelling Mormon missionary and dismissed by the indignant Suffragettes, all in one day.

Then he looked about for a job. There being nothing open, he took to the woods—a move he had long planned.

Down in Alabama he found the proper place, a rude hut on the edge of a Single Tax colony. There he would live the natural life, untrammelled by civilization and Suffragettes. Discarding the make-shifts of society at once, Adam walked to that place in Alabama. He did this mainly because walking is the "natural" mode of travel, but partly also because he had a capital of only forty cents. When Adam reached the hut, he took off his outer shirt and donned a pair of khaki trousers.

Two years later there was Adam, living alone in the same hut, eating his simple breakfast out of two huge bowls placed on an upturned stump. He ate and drank and paced back and forth philosophizing. He wore a different undershirt, but the same pair of trousers.

In those two years Adam mixed not with his fellow beings in the Single Tax community. Neither did he spin. Yet he was not wholly idle. He read Henry George, Upton Sinclair, John Stuart Mill, Epictetus, Myrtle Reed, Wagner and Schopenhauer. He acquainted himself with predigested philosophy and used plantain leaves for handkerchiefs. Through daily thought and daily reading he became an even more ardent radical than he was at birth. Everything radical appealed to him—*anything* radical. What the world despised and cast out Adam Cook clasped to his bosom and warmed back to life. He still had hopes for trial marriage, longed for a free distribution of property, and loved the Mafia and Camorra for their active anarchy.

Aside from reclaiming the old, Adam systematically adopted the new. He was a communistic Socialist, Mormon, Atheistic New-Thoughtist, Sympathizer with the Vivisectionists, Single Taxer, Firm Believer in Musical Therapeutics and Vegetarianism. What he didn't believe in had no followers. In a word, Adam was even more receptive and radical than the Single Taxers themselves. He had a rabid opinion on every subject, and even a theory for solving the Servant Problem.

The reason he had not mingled with his Single Tax neighbors in those two years was that he dwelled on privately-owned land and wore neither shoe, shirt, nor chapeau. The colony believed in a Single Tax, but opposed the single garment. So Adam kept entirely to himself, made his living in the ideal climate he had chosen for his Eden by working two hours in his garden each day, fishing and crabbing an hour every

other day in the bay, and occasionally offering a lodging to a stray chicken or two. Thus, living up strictly to the tenets of active Socialism, he was happy.

One morning as Adam was strolling early along the beach that was his by right of usage, he came upon foot-prints in the sand. As first he tried to name some animal or bird to which they might belong. Then something stirred him. Could they be the foot-prints of a man-Friday, or a woman-Friday? He thought of the calendar—it was Sunday. He thought of Robinson Crusoe and his discovery. Could this be a human foot-print? He had never seen one at that hour of the morning since he had lived in Eden. Dropping to his knees, he inspected the impression. His verdict was that it was almost human. A deep square hole, like the impress of a teamster's thumb, and two inches in front a rounded point, as though left by the toe of a little suede slipper.

Why Adam should think that slipper was suede is a mystery. But suede it was. Adam sat down beside the print, thrust his own feet into the lapping water and looked at them glistening there, bare, in the morning sun. Then he stood up, stroked his long, wild beard, and thoughtfully pressed his broad sole into the sand beside the fair, civilized print.

"Adam and Sunday," he said meditatively, looking at them side by side and getting a thrill out of it. Then he scratched the two names in the sand with his great toe and bracketed them, a beam of satisfaction spreading evenly over his tanned face. Somewhat further on he spied another deep heel mark. Marveling how she could walk in the sand on those little stilts, he followed the track along the lapping water's edge until some conflicting cuts on the smooth sidewalk of sand gave him sudden pause. He dropped to the trail and examined each mark with infinite care. Here was where she had sat down, actually rolled over, in the damp sand. Her elbow had left this impression. That stick with the damp sand clinging to the end of it she had poked at a spider crab. Here were the signs of a seam in her dress; the point of her parasol had left its mark, and there was a sand flower she had dropped.

Adam looked ahead and gave a mad leap. It is trite to say he couldn't believe his eyes, but actually he couldn't. There was a "natural" feminine foot-print—the bare foot itself—imprinted on the sands of Eden. He had never seen one before, anywhere. Yet his eyes assured him that this was a female foot-print. Those square thumb-punched holes had disappeared, and in their place was the impression of part of a human heel, shaped like a small fig, and then came the toes, five of them, and so nicely graded. Adam gasped. Then he dropped right down and reverently passed his fingers over them one at a time, repeating with the tender tone he had oft noted in his mother's voice, "This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home, this little pig had roast beef, and"—

He broke off, leaped to his feet, and ran ahead to a point where his eyes had drifted. There, sculptured on the sands, was evidence of a wild, joyous morning dance. He felt her grace and ease of motion in the regular, almost rhythmic foot-prints she had left. His senses, extraordinarily acute, caught and modelled the arch to her foot where she had danced, and he was in ecstasy over her toe twirling.

"A dance of devotion to the sun!" he cried.

And then Adam essayed a little skip step of his own, being very careful not to destroy the original prints.

It is a crude, flat-footed dance a man does who has done nothing but the philosophic stride for two years, but Adam remembered a part of a clog, a part of a quadrille, with a bit of old fashioned waltzing to fill in the gaps, and he did pretty well.

Just as he was whirling around in a sort of Spanish fandango, or omelette, he heard a scream, and then another. The screams sounded as feminine as the footsteps looked; Adam instinctively turned and dashed toward the sound. It came from around a bend in the bay, so he cut direct through the thicket. As he burst through, the screams became more insistent and he suddenly came face to face with a five-foot woman standing on one leg and kicking the other frantically in an effort to loosen the hold of a bold blue crab, clumsily but effectively embracing the little toe that went to market.

Adam was about to rush forward and strangle the clinging crab, when his swinging arm came in contact with his chest and he remembered that he was shirtless. For one agonizing moment he stopped and tried to cover the upper half of himself with widespread hands. Then he ducked, turned, and fled for the bushes.

"Help! Help!" screamed the fair one.

Adam had gained the brush and was peering over a blackberry bush.

"But I—I—"

"Help! It's a crab! On my foot!" screamed the girl.

Adam grasped a thorny branch in his agony, and tried to wrench it off to cover his near nakedness.

"Help! Help! Come! Please!" She was trailing the crab along in the sand and limping toward him.

"But I—my shirt—"

"Never mind your shirt; are you a man or a clothing store dummy?"

Thus challenged Adam burst from the bushes and ruthlessly twisted the crab from its claw. The talon dropped. Adam examined the bruise and found that the girl's toe-nail had prevented any great damage, but there was a slight abrasion on the flesh at the side. He bent over it giddily, looking more at the shapeliness of the foot than at the wound, and drew it gradually, instinctively toward his lips.

She struggled to maintain her balance, meanwhile, on the other leg. He looked up startled. Her eyes were reproachful. He put the foot quickly down.

"There's your foot," he said.

"Oh, thank you," she replied.

Then she looked at his shirtlessness.

"Aren't you afraid you'll take cold?" she asked.

"Aren't you afraid of what people will say?" he replied, looking down at the injured toe she was thrusting deep into the cool sand.

"If they see me here with you?" she queried.

"Oh, I hadn't thought of that—I was thinking of your bare feet." Adam looked around him three times, as they say a wild dog does before settling in strange quarters. "I—you'll pardon me, and promise to wait right here while I run back to town and buy a shirt?"

"It's not necessary," she said, thrusting a red silk parasol toward him. "Wear this."

So he sat by her side, the umbrella between them and draped over his left shoulder.

"A thing like this wouldn't happen twice in the same life-time," sighed Adam, lolling back and toying tremulously with the silken tassel on the parasol.

(Concluded on page 12)



Drawn by George Bellows

Splinter



ter Beach

ADAM AND SUNDAY

(Concluded from page 9)

She did not answer immediately, but after a pause she asked him in an awed tone, "Are you really an anarchist, and do you live on monkey food, and write poems, and—never, never trim your whiskers?"

"All of that and more, Madam," said Adam impressively.

"And your soul throbs, and you believe in a redistribution of property, the degradation of work, equal suffrage, and affinity?" she asked anxiously.

"I do," said Adam, and there was timbre in his tone.

"And so do I. I am a nature worshipper. I despise all artifice. I would live in a hut in the woods and eat raw food," she exclaimed vehemently.

"Ah, but words are nothing. A proof that you would!" cried Adam, fixing on her his fiercest philosophic gaze.

"There!" She gave a little checked cry and threw one high heeled shoe far out into the bay.

"You surrender to nature. It is enough. Don't!"

Adam caught the second shoe before she hurled it into the surf and stuffed it into his pocket. "Come," he cried. "We are the true Nature lovers. I will build you that hut in the woods, and it shall be next to mine, and we shall meet in the mornings and worship the sun. We shall dance together on the sands. We shall be comrades, fellow fighters in the strife for the natural life. Come, we don't care what the Single Taxers or the postmaster say. It shall be a platonic pact between us."

"True platonic friendship. It is all I have ever wanted and ever will," she cried feelingly, thrusting out her velvety little manicured hand.

Adam pressed it in his unpolished paw and lifted her to her twinkling bare feet. They began work that morning, and before night the house was finished.

Adam bought another shirt on credit, went to the Inn and personally conducted Sunday's suit-case and steamer-trunk to her little cabin on his back. He stood without and dumped them respectfully inside, not presuming to enter, for now it was her abode and certain rules and boundaries must be arranged and respected.

After that there was another question besides Single Tax in the neighboring colony.

Somebody gathering lilies in the vicinity of Eden one morning spied Adam and Sunday eating porridge together on a log in the common clearing between their two huts. Another saw them walking together through the pines by moonlight, and a third swore he had passed by Eden that same night and seen Adam escort his soul-mate to her cabin door, bow and say, "Good-night, Madam," as grandly and reservedly as a waiter at Delmonico's.

Some maids, who were advanced in thought and age, said they quite approved of the relation, were certain it was wholly proper, and could never understand, anyway, why so much stress was laid on sex. A few bachelors agreed. A newspaper heard of the story and sent out an enterprising young man to interview Adam and Sunday.

He found them sitting demurely each on his own side of the common log, exchanging views on anarchy and certain subtle shadings of the soul. The reporter, confused and amused, made a rather good feature story on the strange young couple who treated each other as brother thinkers. That brought people to Eden. Adam dodged about in the bush for the first few days and managed to evade them. There could have been no reason for this but modesty or bashfulness, for out of respect to his comrade Sunday he had never removed the shirt he donned on the day of her coming.

Longer than a few days, however, Adam could not

escape them. He turned teacher and talked. People listened, and some came to live with him, for he it was who had found Nature, had solved the complexities of life, and knew a true, trusted comradeship as the only tie which should exist between thinking man and woman.

Adam was invited to lecture and write articles for the Sunday magazines. As first he was reluctant, despising the money and notoriety offered him. But his little flock and Sunday insisted that while, as he said, money was a snare and a delusion, it was his duty to go out and teach this very fact to the erring world, even though money should be the inevitable result. He must lay bare the inner relations of the ideal community, teach and proselyte.

So Adam did. Civilization spoiled not him. He appeared on the platform bare of foot and wild of whisker, preaching only anarchy, utter annihilation of the present social system, and telling of the ideal progress of man and woman in Eden, on the basis of Comradeship.

Many heard and some believed. In a year's time Sunday herself felt called to go on the road with him, to teach. They maintained the same strict comradeship; and it was a pretty thing to see Adam, bare-foot, lead Sunday, in sandals, each night to the door of her room in the principal hotel of the town in which they happened to be teaching.

Adam took in thousands of dollars in checks, but he was a child as to money. He just put the checks into handy banks and forgot all about them. Five cents for peanuts and a dime for fruit sufficed him for a day's spending money. Neither tea, coffee, tobacco, nor rum tempted him. He was as abstemious as a camel.

He and Sunday walked instead of taking the railroad, despising all evidences of civilization except hotels, mindful only of their duty to teach the world to come back and live altogether, as it were, *en masse* with Nature.

After six months of strenuous lecturing and writing Adam and Sunday returned tired to Eden, and took to their respective bungalows in the woods. People flocked to live and linger in the vicinity. With Adam and Sunday as Big Brother and Sister the community was conducted with great spiritual success.

Adam wrote books and magazine articles, Sunday helping him, on the common log between their huts.

The idea took like wild-fire. The affinity theory became neglected, and all who held radical ideas on love and life joined the happy little colony, until Adam was forced to build a hotel and start a magazine.

He would have taken to making furniture, rag rugs, and bay-berry candles if it were not for the fact that he and Sunday got tired of counting money and piling it in stacks to be deposited in the bank.

One morning as all the inhabitants of Eden came to the common log for their daily Breakfast Break-silence from Adam and their morning marvel over what a natural, unfleshy life they were leading, they received a shock in finding both their leaders absent. Gone, but not forgotten.

At noon-time the faithful followers became impatient and pounded on Adam's door. No answer came. They stepped reverently to Sunday's hut and attacked it. The portal swung open at their first knock and the single room within proved empty. There were signs of a hurried gathering-up.

The true-believers rushed back to Adam's little root-tree and pounded in the panels. That too was deserted.

Had Big Brother and Sister turned traitors, deserted

their faith—the faith they had founded—and eloped? All Eden held its breath.

The searchers went farther.

One, stumbling over a low, crude couch, caught at the wall for support, and the wall gave way behind a hanging, showing a trap door. This covered a downward passage, through which the discoverers feverishly tumbled.

They passed through a comfortable cave-room deep in the ground between the huts of the Big Brother and Sister and directly beneath the common log. Following the passage they gasped to see it lead up, through a cleverly concealed rug, into Sunday's own sanctified cottage. Returning to the cave room below, by the aid of candles set in the wall they examined the comfortable chamber, fully furnished. Peeping from beneath a lounge piled with pine boughs was a pair of cozy, furry, red-lined bed-slippers, beautifully vain and feminine, and over the back of a rustic bench was a man's bath-robe. The truth-believers probed further, faltering for facts. They found jars of coffee, tea, tobacco, and whiskey.

Their comments were muttered in a low tone at first, but soon they denounced with righteous wrath the deceivers who had put behind them (or below them) all worldly things.

Finally somebody saw a bit of white paper fluttering below a frame hanging on the mud wall.

"Dear misguided folks," it read, "we have known the joys of domestic bliss together in this room these three years, but we are both tired of counting money; Sunday's health has suffered from constantly adding up profits, and this room gets very damp and chilly during the Spring rains. We can't face out another season of discomfort in our cave. We have sailed for Paris. Be of good cheer and go back to the old, simple faith of your fathers. New ideas are all right from a commercial standpoint, especially for the organizers, but they're hard to carry out consistently. Go back to the laws and ways of your fathers; they had things doped out right. Sunday and I realized that from the very first, as you will see by the evidence in the frame below.

ADAM AND SUNDAY."

The frame was dragged down and inspected by candle-light. In it appeared a piece of white paper bearing the names of Adam Cook and Sunday Smith, and a date only two days after they had agreed to live the natural life together, though separate. At the top of the paper were two engraved words, "Marriage License."

'Tis of Thee.

There was a wench in our town,
She was a poor wage slave;
Her son, her only pride and joy,
He was a soldier brave.

One day the mother went on strike—
What did the brave boy do?
He took his Governmental Gun
And shot his Ma in two.

And when he saw his Ma was dead,
That toiling Ma of his'n,
He heaved a sigh, and shed a tear,
And said, "Well—'t's Patriotism."

—Mary Field.



Drawn by Alice Beach Winter

“Please, a Flower—for the Baby”



Drawn by Art Young

Forward—Backward?

PRESIDENT WILSON—"I SUMMON ALL FORWARD-LOOKING MEN TO MY SIDE."
 VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL—"HOLD ON, FELLERS, YOU'LL BUMP INTO SOCIALISM!"

Impossible

STARTLED he looked about him. "My legs are comfortable," he muttered. "My knees aren't cramped. I can get the kinks out of my calves and even lean back a little. My line of sight is unobstructed. Why, not only can I see everything, I can also hear everything. I can retire to the foyer without disturbing fifteen people, or even one, but—I'm so comfortable sitting here that I'd rather stay just where I am. These lights—the music—the scenery—all look real, yes, they strongly suggest reality—but it's impossible. Whoever heard of a comfortable theater? I must be dreaming."

And doggone it, that's just what he was doing.

H. W.

Superior Inferiority

WHAT is a superior and what is an inferior race? This question has been agitating the minds of newspaper editors since the passage of the anti-Japanese bill in California, and it is evident that whatever happens to the Japanese, ethnology will be the gainer. Nothing seems more likely to revolutionize that science than the luminous and convincing statement by one of our editors that a race is inferior when *you* look at *it*, and that it is superior when *it* looks at *you*. In other words, the Japanese are both an inferior and a superior race. It is all a matter of looks. You see?

THOMAS SELTZER.

The Double-Twisted Crab

THE double-twisted crab looked up
 At the golden bars of Heaven—
 His wart-filled eyes knew more of grief
 Than Devil's-Hades driven:
 He held a shovel in his hand
 And the humps on his back were seven.

His clothes unwashed for many moons,
 Strange odors did emit;
 The shoes that hung upon his feet
 Were never meant to fit.
 His glances fell two ways at once—
 Being cross-eyed, opposite.

He seem'd he scarce had seen a day
 That held out pleasant hours;
 Year after year he'd stumbled on
 Beneath task-grinding powers—
 So blindly driven he longed to go
 And rest beneath the flowers.

"I wish that I could enter there,"
 He croaked in accents hoarse,
 "But Fate has no such store for me—
 My outfit is too coarse."
 And then the double-twisted crab
 Shed tears—the poor old horse.

DANTE GABRILOVITZ SCRATCHOWSKI.

A Dissertation on Virtue

Horatio Winslow

MY son John went down to New York and the first thing he done was to find twelve dollars in bills. He looked round and saw it was lost by a laborin' man nearby, and when he give it back the laborin' man was so delighted he stood John up to a bar and bought colored drinks for him till John thought he'd bust.

Fact, John got feeling so good he didn't know where he was goin' till he found hisself on Wall Street, and there most at his feet was a big yellow pocketbook with thousands of dollars' wuth of bills and papers.

"Well," John says to hisself, "seems like good fortune was pursuing me to-day. If I turn this in I ought to get enough to buy a farm." And so sayin' he took it around to the man whose name was on the papers.

And that old feller just looked at John and counted the bills over twice, and looked at John again, and turned the boy over to the police as a suspicious character.

Is Virtue its own reward?

I dunno.

Some says it his—som says it hain't.

Some says it hain't when it his and some says it his when it hain't.

But it looks like you can't lay down no rules.

Boosting the Outcast

BUT do you think these so-called Settlements really do any good to the people who live down there?"

"Well, I should just say they do! When Miss Climber was openly trying to break into society she was a Pariah, but since she took that Girls' Club at St. Cuthbert's she's been asked to eight exclusive teas, twelve ditto receptions, two balls, and has almost had a proposal from a millionaire."

H. W.

Mother Gooselet

LITTLE Tommy Tucker works for his supper,
His breakfast and his dinner,
And his clothes and shoes and such.
Little Tommy's wage is
Small because his age is.
A little eight year older
Ain't entitled to earn much.

M. F.

Adv.

THE Sixth Avenue firm of Simpson and Crawford sold most of the parade hats that were worn in the suffrage demonstration of May 3. It is not known how many hats were worn, but this firm sold the entire output of the manufacturer, and after that many higher priced hats of similar shape. Christine Urbanek, a saleswoman, from selling some hundreds of parade hats, conceived a burning desire to march. She thought she could, because Simpson and Crawford had assured the Womens Political Union that they would allow their employees to do so if they desired, and were willing to lose half a day's pay. Christine thought more of the parade than she did of her scant wage, so she marched and was happy. On Monday morning when she reached her department she was told to go to the superintendent's office. There the following dialogue took place.

"Did you leave the store last Saturday to march in that suffrage parade?"

"I did."

"Call for your time. You're fired."

So now Christine is jobless as well as voteless.

You will not be able to buy your next year's parade hat at Simpson and Crawford's, but in the meantime you ought to patronize them whenever you want anything in the department store line.

RHETA CHILDE DORR.

Ins and Outs

HAVE you ever noticed how, in the subway every morning, those inside a crowded train will indignantly exclaim in varied dialects: "There ain't any room here!" "Aw, quit yer pushin'!" "My good fellow, you can't get in; there isn't an inch of space to spare."

Of course the Ins have forgotten that they won their places by the very means against which they now protest. When they were among the Outs they were the loudest to proclaim that there was plenty of room inside, if those guys would only get in out of the door!

But, you object, after all there isn't room enough in the car for everyone. Well, if this is true, in time the damned thing must burst.

JAMES HENLE.

Sabotage

FROM a sign in a barber-shop window on Cape Cod:

"HONEY IN THE COMB."

Exercise for Women

ACCORDING to Dr. Sargent of Harvard the cure for feminine unrest is exercise. The girl who earns only \$6 a week and falls into temptation, says Dr. Sargent, does not go wrong because of her meagre wage, but because of insufficient exercise. Apparently there is nothing like a good long day's work in a laundry or silk mill to stimulate a craving for dumb bells in the evening.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Drawn by Maurice Becker

"MY DEAR—DO YOU KNOW THIS WHOLE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT IS NOTHING BUT A SEX APPEAL."

What the Milliondollar Baby Wanted

Horatio Winslow

HE didn't want his gold inlaid bottle and he didn't want his gold-centered rubber ring and he wouldn't lie still like a good boy and listen to his golden rattle.

Poor Mrs. Milliondollar was clean distracted. She went to her private bank account and drew out a thousand dollars in gold to hire the celebrated French clown to come and make faces for the baby. After that she drew out two thousand more in gold to hire Madame Galfetti to sing little redpaws to sleep.

But the baby only wept at the faces and when Madame Galfetti began her lullaby he yelled until Madame flew into an artistic conniption fit.

And then the doctor was called.

He looked the Milliondollar baby over from head to foot.

"Come, Mrs. Milliondollar," he said, lifting his voice a little, "let us get down to facts."

"Facts?" she seemed agitated under her composure.

"Facts—brass tacks—groundstones—anything you want to call them. In the first place you know quite as well as I what the baby wants and you know that have it he must."

"Doctor!"

"Don't pretend to be shocked: that child wants just one thing and that is his mother."

Mrs. Milliondollar smoothed her dress nervously.

"But, Doctor, when I adopted him I made it plain to his mother that the baby was leaving her forever."

"Do you want to lose the child? (Mrs. Milliondollar began to whimper.) Then tell me where the mother lives."

"In—it's way out—I—I don't know."

The doctor was looking her squarely in the eye. For a moment she returned the look defiantly. Then her eyes wavered.

"Don't you think," he said, "that you should tell me everything?" She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came. "Don't try to conceal it from me any longer. I have suspected it from the very first."

Mrs. Milliondollar had arisen and stood facing the doctor with an outward defiance, though the silk of the sleeve betrayed the trembling arm it covered.

"I have stopped suspecting now—I know. I came across it all by accident Sunday when I was motoring in the country. The man who keeps the private sanitarium is an old classmate of mine. You came there under an assumed name. And the child you went away with was not a stray foundling adopted: it was your own."

The woman's knees gave way. Crouched on the floor she buried her head in her hands, moaning. For a good minute he stood looking at her, then he crossed the room to lay a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"Yes, the child is your own. But you need not feel so downhearted. You may have sinned against the conventions, but what is disgraceful now may not be disgraceful twenty-five years from now. When the child grows up perhaps times will be so changed that you can tell him without shame that he is not adopted, but your very own."

Her face was flushed; her eyes, wet with tears, but eager. He bent over to take her cold, white hand between two of his.

"Do not be ashamed, my child. It may be vulgar

to have children, but there is nothing wrong about it. It may mean a fall in the social scale, but perhaps some day the little pink hands will seem as appealing as the quivering chops of a prize poodle.

"Tell your husband everything. He may be shocked and disappointed at first to learn that after five years of successful married life he has become a father, but time will gloss this over. In fact, I think that within six months he will be reconciled to the fact that the baby is not adopted, but is yours—and his."

Two minutes later the strained expression on Mrs. Milliondollar's massaged but worry-worn face had dropped to a relaxed content. She had opened her dress and, groping with instinctive fingers, the little Milliondollar baby was nuzzling her like a purring kitten.

Friend in Need

"I AM glad," said the philanthropist, "that you are instructing the people of your factory in the secrets of a nutritious but economical diet."

"Biggest thing going," said Mr. Fatchops enthusiastically. "Just let me get 'em feeling their oats on fifteen cents a day and then watch what happens to the payroll."

H. W.

Press Pearls

THE flaunting by the rich of their extravagances is arousing the bitter envy of the poor.

"Sociologists are adding to the discontent by telling the world that poverty can be abolished, that it is not a result of original sin, that original sin is a myth, that there is no sin, no moral evil—only physical evils that await physical cures. They eliminate from the problem the only equation that can make a poor man content with his lot, and that is the existence of a hereafter."

—BISHOP CUSACK before the Cathedral College.

"MR. ROBERT FROTHINGHAM,
Everybody's Magazine, New York.

DEAR MR. FROTHINGHAM:

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"The closing paragraphs of this entirely voluntary letter strike deep-sea soundings."

—*Everybody's Magazine*.

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Gives Insight into the Character of the Man.
Son to Receive Bulk of the Estate."

—*N. Y. Tribune*.

A Little Correction

James Henle

THIS isn't much—just a tale of old Rome that the historians have got wrong.

It was in the days of the great Republic. The city was what is technically known as flourishing; the patricians were wise enough to keep an ample share of the good things for themselves, and strong enough to put down with an iron hand the murmuring plebeians. So the city prospered.

Yet in spite of all this flourishing—of trade and of weapons against the plebeians and of what-not—a terrible thing occurred. At nightfall all had been well, but when morning came a great abyss had opened in the Forum. The augurs were consulted. The abyss would never close until of his own accord the Worst Man in Rome threw himself into it.

The populace was panic-stricken. Of his own accord? But if he were the worst man, he would certainly never throw himself in of his own accord. Besides, who was the worst man? There were too many who might claim the honor, because when a city flourishes other things flourish also.

Yet in the minds of most this question was answered when Marcus Curtius walked toward the Forum. There might be meaner men than he, but surely none was worse—that is to say, none was more *disrespectable*. Beyond all doubt he was the worst man in Rome. He had consorted with thieves and had supped with publicans and sinners, and even more evil things were whispered about him. Respectable Roman mamas made their daughters turn away their faces as he passed. For Marcus Curtius had abandoned his class, and his class had proceeded to throw him out after he was gone. So Marcus Curtius had proceeded on his sad way, keeping bad hours and worse companions, getting gaily drunk and surlily sober, preaching the most violent and shocking of doctrines when he was in liquor—and at times when he was not—and in general earning his right to be styled the worst, the worst disrespectful man in Rome.

That was why the crowd gave way at his approach that bleak morning in the Forum. But Marcus Curtius scarcely noticed the crowd. He walked to the edge of the abyss and peered into the depths. He seemed to have no doubt as to what he was going to do. Wrapping his toga about him, and murmuring something about "All the damned rot"—or it may have been the "Damned rotten State"—he stepped calmly into the chasm and the abyss closed above him.

Of course, the rest of the story is only too well known to you. His image was placed with those of his ancestors in the family mansion in which, years ago, he had been forbidden to set foot, and a statue was erected to him in the Forum where he had once been stoned. And so the Respectables, thus honoring him, persuaded themselves that he too had been respectable, that he was the best instead of the worst man in Rome. And that is how the historians happened to make their mistake.

Vice Versa

THE sex revolution must be about over. I was met the other day at the door of a cabaret, where society indulges in dancing tea-parties, with "I'm sorry, sir, but gentlemen are not allowed at this restaurant unless accompanied by a lady!"

T. O'S.



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ANY CITY

Louis Untermeyer

INTO the staring street
She goes on her nightly round,
With weary and tireless feet
Over the wretched ground.

A thing that man never spurns,
A thing that all men despise;
Into her soul there burns
The street with its pitiless eyes.

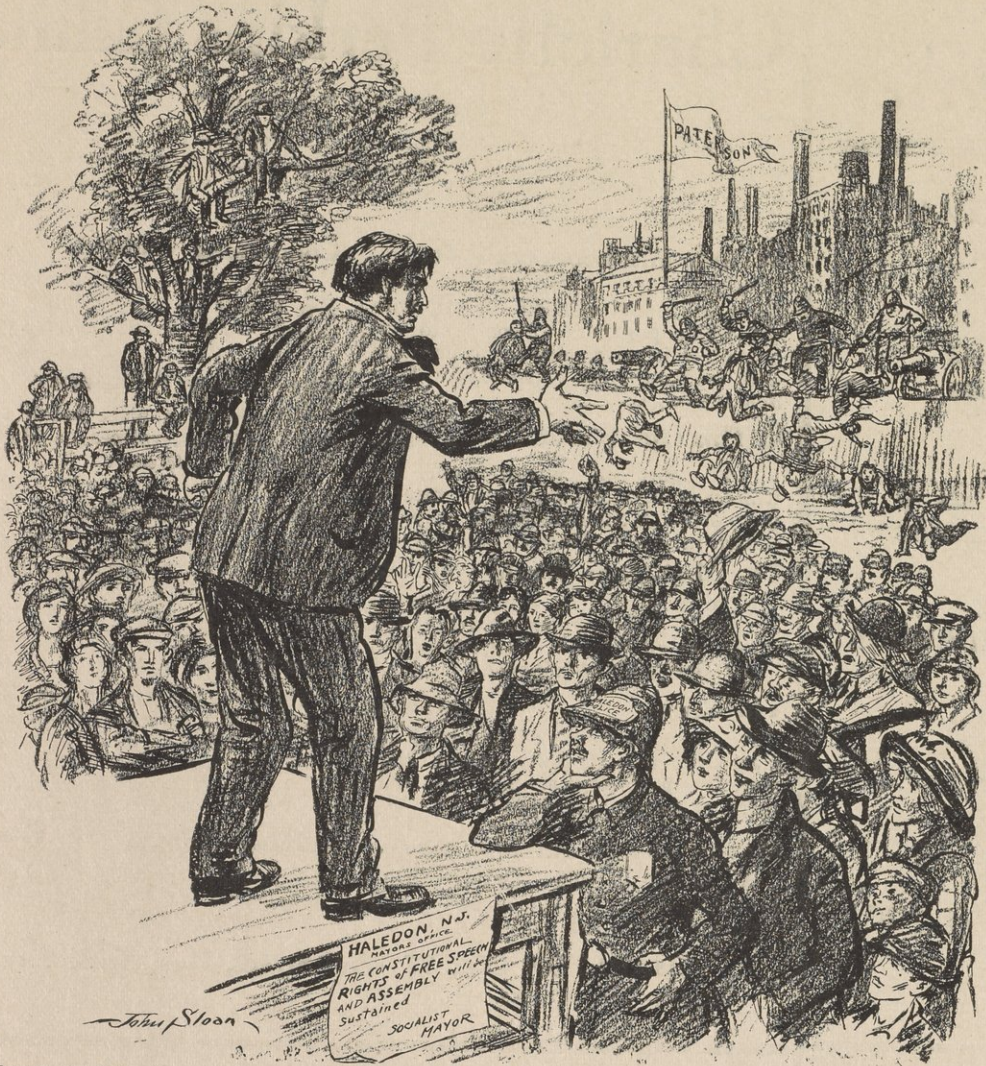
She needs no charm or wile;
She carries no beauty or power,
But a tawdry and casual smile
For a tawdry and casual hour.

The street with its pitiless eyes
Follows wherever she lurks,
But she is hardened and wise—
She rattles her bracelets, and smirks.

She goes with her sordid array,
Luring, without a lure;
She is man's hunger and prey—
His lust and its hideous cure.

All that she knows are the lies,
The evil, the squalor, the scars;
The street with its pitiless eyes,
The night with its pitiless stars.

Anti-Political Actionists Take Notice



Drawn by John Sloan

WHEN KICKED OUT OF CAPITALIST PATERSON, N. J., A SOCIALIST HALEDON, N. J., HAS PROVED NOT ONLY CONVENIENT BUT NECESSARY.

Another Case of Ingratitude

John Reed

WALKING late down Fifth Avenue, I saw him ahead of me, on the dim stretch of sidewalk between two arc-lights. It was biting cold. Head sunk between hunched-up shoulders, hands in his pockets, he shuffled along, never lifting his feet from the ground. Even as I watched him, he turned, as if in a daze, and leaned against the wall of a building, where it made an angle out of the wind. At first I thought it was shelter he sought, but as I drew nearer I discerned the unnatural stiffness of his legs, the way his cheek leaned against the cold stone, and the glimmer of light that played on his sunken, closed eyes. The man was asleep! Asleep—the bitter wind searching his flimsy clothes and the holes in his shapeless shoes; upright against the hard wall, with his legs stiff as those of an epileptic. There was something bestial in such gluttony of sleep.

I went to him and shook him by the shoulder. He slowly opened an eye, cringing as though he were often disturbed by rougher hands than mine, and gazed at me with hardly a trace of intelligence.

"What's the matter—sick?" I asked.

Faintly and dully he mumbled something, and at the same time stepped out as if to move away. I asked him what he had said, bending close to hear.

"No sleep for two nights," came the thick voice. "Nothing to eat for three days." He stood there obediently under the touch of my hand, swaying a little, staring vacantly at me with eyes that hung listlessly between opening and shutting.

"Well, come on," I said, "we'll go get something to eat and then I'll fix you up with a bed." Docilely he followed me, stumbling along like a man in a dream, falling forward and then balancing himself with a step. From time to time his thick lips gave utterance to husky, irrelevant words and phrases. "Got to sleep walking around," he said again and again, and "They kept moving me on."

I took his arm and guided him into the white door of an all-night lunch-room. I sat him at a table, where he dropped into a dead sleep. I set before him roast beef and mashed potatoes, and two ham sandwiches, and a cup of coffee, and bread and butter, and a big piece of pie. And then I woke him up. He looked up at me with a dawning meaning in his expression. The look of humble gratitude, love, devotion was almost canine in its intensity. I felt a warm thrill of Christian brotherhood all through my veins. I sat back and watched him eat.

At first he went at it awkwardly, as if he had lost the habit. Mechanically he employed little tricks of

table manners—perhaps his mother had taught them to him. He fumblingly changed knife and fork from right hand to left, and then put down his knife and took a dainty piece of bread in his left hand; removed the spoon from his coffee cup before he drank, and spread butter thinly and painstakingly on his bread. His motions were so somnambulist that I had a strange feeling of looking on a previous incarnation of the man. These little niceties, so instinctive to him, and yet so unaccustomed—what did they mean? It flashed through me that they must belong to his youth.

As the dinner progressed, a marvelous change took place. The warmth and nourishment, heating and feeding his thin blood, flooded the nerve centers of that starving body; a quick flush mounted to his cheeks, every part of him started widely awake, his eyes flashed. The little niceties of manner dropped away as if they had never been. He sopped his bread roughly in the gravy, and thrust great knife-loads of food into his mouth. The coffee vanished in great gulps. He became an individual instead of a descendant; where there had been a beast, a spirit lived; he was a man!

The metamorphosis was so exciting, so gratifying, that I could hardly wait to learn more about him. I held in, however, until he should have finished his dinner.

As the last of the pie disappeared, I drew forth a box of cigarettes and placed them before him. He took one, nodded and accepted one of my matches. "Tanks," he said.

"How much will it cost you for a bed—a quarter?" I asked.

"Yeh," he said. "Tanks."

He sat looking rather nervously at the table,—inhaling great clouds of smoke. It was my opportunity.

"What's the matter—no work?"

He looked me in the eye, for the first time since dinner had begun, in a surprised manner. "Sure," said he briefly. I noticed, with somewhat of a shock, that his eyes were gray, whereas I had thought them brown.

"What's your job?"

He didn't answer for a moment. "Bricklayer," he grunted. What was the matter with the man?

"Where do you come from?"

Meme jeu. "Albany."

"Been here long?"

"Say," said my guest, leaning over. "Wot do you t'ink I am, a phonygraft?"

For a moment I was speechless with surprise. "Why, I was only asking to make conversation," I said feebly.

"Naw you wasn't. You t'ought that just because you give me a hand-out, I'd do a sob-story all over you. Wot right have you got to ask me all them questions? I know you fellers. Just because you got money you t'ink you can buy me with a meal. . . ."

"Nonsense," I cried, "I do this perfectly unselfishly. What do you think I get out of feeding you?"

He lit another of my cigarettes. "You get all you want," he smiled. "Come on now, don't it make you feel good all over to save a poor starvin' bum's life? God! You're pure and holy for a week!"

"Well, you're a strange specimen," said I angrily. "I don't believe you've got a bit of gratitude in you!"

"Gratitude Hell!" said he easily. "Wot for? I'm thankin' my luck,—not you,—see? It might as well 'a' been me as any other bum. But if you hadn't struck me, you'd 'a' hunted up another down-and-outer. You see," he leaned across the table, explaining. "You just had to save somebody to-night. I understand. I got a appetite like that too. Only mine's women."

Whereupon I left that ungrateful bricklayer and went to wake up Drusilla, who alone understands me.

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