

The
MASSES

SEPTEMBER, 1913

10 CENTS



Drawn by Cornelia Barna.

AS THEY PASS BY

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ANNA M. SLOAN, Treasurer
 BERKELEY G. TOBEY, Business Manager.

PLEASE notice that letters to our business office are to be addressed to BERKELEY G. TOBEY, Business Manager.

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WHO'S IT?

TURNER came to our July make-up meeting with a drawing made in oil-paint, an experiment in technique. He had chosen a bathing scene. Everybody thought it was a good drawing, and asked him what was the title. "I didn't have any," he said, "I was just drawing." So the picture was tacked up on the wall with the others for the pleasure of the company.

Enter an Editor (about an hour late, as usual): "Hello, that's a good drawing, Turner. What's the joke?"

Turner: "I don't know!" (Moderate laughter.)

An Editor: "It looks as if they were feeling the same way in the picture."

other: "All right, let's run it with that caption:

"She—What's the joke?"

"He—I don't know!"

Chorus: "Go ahead! It's a good drawing, anyway."

So we put Turner's drawing on our back-cover for August.

We are now in receipt of a letter from a nice girl whose name we withhold, but whose letter we present to the consideration of our readers:

To the Editor of THE MASSES.

Dear Sir:—I must express my distaste for the gratuitous coarseness of the picture on the back-cover of the August MASSES. A journal which stands for clean ideals and clean practices cannot afford to encourage the dirty thinking which is, at least partly, a result of the conditions you live to change.

Strong meat, such as the playlet in the same number,

is probably needed and coarseness is necessary sometimes, but when such coarseness is not concerned with your aim, but is just plain nastiness, it is without excuse. I cannot show your paper to my friends as an exponent of honest, stimulating thought, when it contains such stuff, and this is not the first time. There can be nothing but approval for your double-page picture of the Women's Night Court. This is relevant to your cause, while the other picture has no place in a decent publication. Very truly yours,

Twenty editors of THE MASSES in conclave assembled have been unable to fathom the nature of the "coarseness," "dirtiness," "nastiness," which the acute intelligence of this correspondent discovers in that picture. We cannot see the point.

What we want to ask our readers is this: Are we a bunch of obtuse, back-country jayhawkers, or is the trouble located in our correspondent? THE EDITORS.

THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT

Charles Edward Russell

THE whole world knows now the truth about the National Association of Manufacturers, just as the radicals have always asserted it. The whole world knows now what the Parrys really are and the Kirbys and Van Cleaves, just as the labor press and the radicals have always declared them to be. The world knows exactly by what methods these smug gentlemen were able to carry on their warfare against labor. It knows how much of lying and hypocrisy and slimy fraud there was in their pretenses about "freedom of contract" and "law and order."

Their "freedom of contract" was the freedom to make secret and disreputable arrangements for the votes of Congressmen; the law they believed in was the law of their own profits; the only order they upheld was their own to the end that they might get cheap labor and make more money.

The revelations are complete, documentary and unanswerable. There is no chance here to yell "Liar!" and "Muck Raker!" and make clamor serve for refutation. The National Association of Manufacturers has been unmasked, not by a vile Socialist or a "pernicious agitator," but by its own agent and from its own files. No one now need assert that it is a dangerous and lawless organization, working vast evil to society and the government; its own documents and records have proved it to be worse than that. Its members and leaders have shown in times past a marvelous command over abusive speech. The worst things they have ever said about labor and labor leaders are but feeble indictments compared with the things they have now actually proved about themselves.

Also, unthinking, complacent, easy-going Americans have learned something else from these disclosures.

For many years those that are so situated that they can see the inner phases of affairs have been steadily asserting that the actual government of this country was not the President, Congress and the courts, not any body or power created or recognized by the Constitution, but always a combination of important business interests.

These Interests were in fact the real, if invisible, government. They issued their orders and the puppets that filled the ostensible places of power, obeyed. We have said that these Interests never failed to get what they wanted; that their hands were discernible in every piece of important legislation; that they selected the cabinets and made or unmade laws as they pleased; that in this country the people really had little to say about their affairs; that the real authority resided not in the people, but in a few rich men that were able to control the people's representatives and bedevil the government.

To this charge a great number of innocent old souls and some that were not so innocent were in the habit of responding with indignant denials and much denunciation. "It is utterly untrue," they were wont to say, "that the government of this country is controlled by the corporations and rich men." And now Colonel Mulhall and his irrefutable documents and 20,000 letters has settled for all time that the muck-rakers and Socialists were telling the absolute truth.

Not only that, but the world knows now the exact method by which the control was and is effected.

"There is very little corruption among public men in America," said recently an eminent authority. "Not

many members of Congress can be bought on any terms whatever." Why, of course not. Why buy what you already own? When the National Association of Manufacturers goes into a Congress district, nominates a man of its own choice and supplies his campaign fund, there would be no occasion to bribe him afterward. He is already bought and paid for. Bribery! Why, a man can be bribed with his own money as easily as with another man's. He can be bribed by his ambitions, political chances, or hopes of a career. He can be bribed by his wife's social aspirations. He can be bribed with a rich man's smile or an invitation to dinner. He can be bribed with the prospect of professional success or the chance of good investments.

I have known many a member of Congress that was constantly under the influence of bribes of this sort and still never took a dollar for a vote and would not take one. And yet bribed just as truly as the most corrupt man that ever lived. Nearly all the members of both houses are lawyers, and lawyers are the easiest men in the world to bribe. They must have cases and a practice. Big Business has an immense patronage to dispense in the way of profitable cases. Scores of Congressmen have had cases that came direct from these controlling interests, and yet not one of them could ever be convicted of the least impropriety. A man cannot very well vote against his own client.

Where this kind of moral bribery is not enough, a great power like the National Association of Manufacturers, with unlimited money and a vast army of unscrupulous agents can wield an almost irresistible political dominion. As shown so clearly and repeatedly in the confessions of Mulhall, it can go into the district of a member that is not obedient to its order and beat him for renomination or at the polls. You can carry practically any election if you have money enough. It is not only the power to purchase votes and pile them up in the ballot box. There is another and far greater power in the hands of organized wealth. It can and does control the press and every day poison the minds of thousands of voters that never suspect the nature of the stuff they are imbibing. It is not direct attack upon the doomed man that does the business. It is the continual raising of false issues and the distortion of others, the things twisted in the news columns, the things subtly colored and turned that are effective now. The editorial opinion is worth very little. Big Business cares not much about the editorial utterances. But with the control of the news department it can do about as it pleases in any election.

Every Congressman wants to "get back." As soon as he takes his seat he becomes obsessed about the next election. The chances of distinction in one term or two terms are mighty small. Distinction goes with length of service; so likewise depends power. There is a strange fascination to most men about sitting in Congress and a strange and overmastering horror of being defeated for re-election. Along comes an institution like the National Association of Manufacturers, with unlimited means, with a close organization, with thousands of newspapers under its control, with the full backing of powerful commercial bodies, boards of trade, merchants' leagues, clergymen, reformers, platitudinists, flub-dub orators, social leaders, sap-head women, sputtering dodos like Lyman Abbott, goo-goos and all the rest that sway an incalculable influence in the district. It can enable this man to "get back," or it can defeat him and send somebody else, and men of flabby character (which is about the only kind that

usually gets to Congress, anyway) will yield every time.

The next thing we know this National Association of Manufacturers is choosing the Speaker, making up the committees, selecting the judges, passing the laws that it wishes to have passed and killing those it wishes to have killed, and the whole government is as truly in its hands as if all the forms of popular institutions had been abolished and we had reverted to an absolute despotism. It is, in fact, no less. There never was an absolute monarch in history that was possessed of anything like the power enjoyed in this country by organized wealth.

A grand company of foolish, prating, mouthing incompetents called optimists goes to and fro in this country uttering stale old stuff about the sacredness of the Constitution and the glory of our institutions, and there is no Constitution and no institutions. Read the Mulhall matter again, and carefully, and see if this is not true. A band of respectable pirates like the National Association of Manufacturers can rip your Constitution from end to end any moment. Can do, and has done it, again and again. In the name of law and order.

For the part of the population that has been slow to perceive basic facts this is the most valuable and significant revelation that has yet been made. After this no man can have the effrontery to stand forth and deny the truth about the real government of the United States that we have been patiently insisting upon all these years. Until these things have been set right and this abnormal power has been destroyed, no man ought to be bold enough to talk again about the supremacy of the people. The only thing that is supreme here is a few groups of rich men united to keep labor down that they may make additional millions and own ten automobiles instead of only six.

For that is all there was of inspiration to this despicable organization. It set out to defeat the labor movement and make war upon the unions that there should be no danger of a revolt on the part of labor, that labor should continue to serve for a small fraction of the wealth it created and allow its masters to take the rest, that wages should continue to be low and dividends be high, that every thought of better conditions and a more adequate return for labor should be stifled at the beginning and the graft of the masterly class continue to be goodly. "Keep labor in its place," was the motto of this institution. And the way it aimed to keep labor in subjection was to control the government by the means Mulhall has so plainly shown.

Such is the situation in your country to-day.

The first lesson for the working class to learn from it is that so long as it puts the least trust or confidence in any political party but its own it will have exactly these conditions.

Year after year the workingmen of this country go to the polls like a flock of sheep and vote into office lawyers, bankers, merchants and tricksters. Year after year these steadily protect and serve their own class. Year after year the working class gets nothing from the government but lies and broken promises and side-tracked bills for labor's relief, and always the privilege of paying more and more for the necessaries of life.

So long as they keep this up we shall have the inevitable results.

—From the International Socialist Review.



Drawn by John Sloan.

THE EXTREME LEFT

"WHY DON'T THOSE STRIKERS *do* SOMETHING—LET A FEW OF THEM GET SHOT, AND IT'LL LOOK AS IF THEY MEANT BUSINESS."

THE MASSES

VOL. IV. NO. XII.

SEPTEMBER, 1913

ISSUE NUMBER 28

Max Eastman, Editor

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

More Evidence

THE Mulhall exposure—exposure that Mulhall is a crafty scab and thimble-rigger who dedicated his life to the perpetuation of wage-slavery in its vilest forms, and that the N. A. M. is a National Association of Mulhalls—this exposure is the big news of the month. But it was no news to us. We knew that the National Association of Manufacturers, like the National Erectors' Association, was an organization got up in the dark by respectable people to wage an uncivilized war on organized labor.

Identifying the Erectors' Association with its dam, the Steel Trust, we said of that organization last February, "If the Steel Trust is determined to fight the emancipation of its workmen by every means that money, fraud and the control of government provides, how do you expect the workmen to fight the Steel Trust? That is the big question that rises out of the dynamite case."

And we repeat now with variations:

If the manufacturers of this country have combined to fight the emancipation of the workers by every means that money, fraud, and the control of government provides, how do you expect the workers to fight the manufacturers? That is the big question that rises out of the Mulhall exposure."

And we repeat the answer, too:

"We expect the workers to fight the manufacturers in two general ways. The first of these ways is the new kind of labor agitation—new at least in its strength and success, *class-conscious* as opposed to *trade-conscious*, or even *industry-conscious*, agitation, leading to an organization of workers on the same vast lines on which capital is organized, and leading to simultaneous strikes of all the workers in a given industry. Revolutionary Unionism—I don't care who starts it, who seems to be at the head of it, or what letters you place at the top of its stationery—Revolutionary Unionism is one hope of labor against the Manufacturers' Association.

The other is *united class-conscious voting*. Keep a revolutionary power in the political field, and you will find the control even of money over the legislatures and over the courts diminished with every vote you can add to it.

These are the two methods. Combine them, as they ultimately must combine, and you have the power that will yet free the workers of the world."

BRYAN is earning a little on the side by means of Chautauqua lectures. And Washington is indignant. I think the feeling is that he is giving away

Drawing by Art Young

the whole government by acknowledging that he has plenty of time on his hands. Senators are mad, Cabinet Officers, Representatives. Everybody's mad. In fact it's a public disgrace. The only person entirely undisturbed is Bryan himself, whose homely policy of candor is the most refreshing thing that has blown into Washington for years.

Personally we are delighted to have an official of the republic communicate occasionally with the people. Our only question is, how can he talk so much without saying anything worth quoting?

Painted In Fire

CREMATING fifty-one girls alive for profit's sake makes a vivid and sickening picture. Everybody wants to do something about it.

If facts had the same import as pictures, everybody would feel sick and want to do something every day. For the Binghamton incident portrays less than one-half—if I am rightly informed—of the preventable deaths in industry that occur between every sunrise and sunset over the United States.

Starting Right

MRS. MARSHALL, wife of the talking Vice-President, has said something, too. She said that, "The fashions of today ought to convince anyone that a woman is not fit to vote."

One long credit mark for Mrs. Marshall! Like her husband, she sees straight as far as she looks. There is only one valid argument against woman suffrage, and that is that if men can't vote until they're twenty-one, women ought not to vote until they're old enough to know how to dress themselves.

Look a little further, though, Mrs. Marshall. Look into the causes of things—and you'll see that this is the main argument *in favor of* woman suffrage. Citizenship means a bigger world for women; that's all it means. It isn't a political reform. It's a social reform. It means that society is going to sanction for women a life of great adventure and achievement. It means that the public conscience will encourage girls, when they're growing up, to think about something else besides their clothes. And that's the only way in the world that you'll ever abolish the insane procession of fashionable buffooneries that disgrace the highways of America. Train up your girls to the fullness of life.

That's what the true suffragists are aiming at. And

you will be among the truest of them, Mrs. Marshall, when you come there, for you've started right. You've started with a big, radical, healthy disgust at the silly roosters free women make of themselves as a result of futility and the vulgar inanity of the life our ideals have hitherto allotted to them.

THE reason Bryan has more leisure for outside matters than the Senate is that he doesn't have to spend so much time investigating himself.

Object Lesson

GIVE your attention to this quotation from Jacob Riis, because it is an object lesson. He is writing to *Collier's Weekly* in defense of a director of a railroad and of a coal company, who sold his own coal to his own railroad at a good, fat price. Never mind the details. It is not the director we are going to talk about.

This is the quotation:

"The reason the coal company made this arrangement, by and with the advice of Mr. McHarg, was that so it would be able to keep its miners at work right along through the slack season, instead of only two or three days a week, *which latter is bad economy for the company as well as for the men.*

"A little further inquiry would have discovered to you who Henry K. McHarg is: a captain of industry, it is true; a director even in several concerns which count themselves fortunate in having his clear head, sound judgment, and uncompromising integrity in their councils; a citizen whose word is as good as any man's bond, with a heart as big as an ox, of whom *this action in behalf of his miners* was wholly characteristic, and whom it is a daily benediction to know as a man and a friend."

We put in the italics. We want to show how that act of Mr. McHarg, which started out by being good economy "*for the company as well as for the men,*" ends up by being "*an action in behalf of his miners.*"

Did you ever see a pamphlet on Labor Legislation, did you ever hear a piece of "Progressive" oratory, did you ever attend a Social Reform tea-party, where it was not *incidentally* pointed out that such and such measures, besides helping the workers, would "in the long run benefit the employer as well?" Honestly, did you?

And it is perfectly true, too—the Progressive program of law and government *will benefit both labor and capital*. I come from the country and I know, as every farmer knows, that the farm which is "kept up"—lawns, fences, animals, vegetables, hired hands and everything—is the farm which pays its owner the



Drawn by Arthur Young.

Hooking Up the Lenders

most. I learn the same thing from town people about factories. Progressivism, Social Reform, Labor Legislation, generally speaking, are all *good business policy*. And this is always mentioned in a footnote by the Social Reformers, *but it is never mentioned in the peroration*. In the peroration it is always, "This action in behalf of his miners."

Now, one thing more. That peroration is perfectly sincere. The solicitude about "his miners" is sincere. The emotions of "New Democracy," "Charity-to-All-Mankind," "Social Consciousness," are sincere, and everyone is glad as he can be that he is able to have these emotions and act on them without jeopardizing his business (even incidentally benefiting his business). Everyone is very sincerely glad of it, and relieved about everything after he has seen this new light that is held aloft by the Progressive Party—namely, that **PHILANTHROPY IS THE BEST EFFICIENCY.**

Mr. Munsey, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Medill McCormick, all those social-hearted men—they never felt so good in their lives before as they have since they learned they could be "good" and still make money, make more money, in fact, than they did when they were bad.

And Jacob Riis, and Jane Addams, and all the Social and Settlement workers, who are occupied more solely with being good, and never had the support of business in that enterprise before—you can imagine how happy they feel. And in order to keep themselves happy they all do exactly what Jacob Riis did in this letter; they slip in that little incidental observation about this measure being a benefit to employer, and

workman alike, then quickly forget all about it, and dwell with heartfelt emotion on the benefit that will accrue to the workman.

That emotion is what distinguishes the Progressives from the party at Washington. The Progressives are going to organize the business world intelligently and enjoy the emotions of benevolence while doing so. The followers of Wilson are going to organize the business world with equal intelligence, and to much the same result, but with less altruistic excitement. Neither of them will benefit labor at a substantial expense to capital. Neither of them will increase the *proportion* of wealth or leisure that goes to the worker. Being constituted as they are, controlled as they are, backed by the interests they are, they could not do this if they tried.

Anyone who wants to do this will have to join *with* the workers in their own party, in their own struggle, in their own behalf.

That is our interpretation—an economic interpretation—of the issues that will present themselves in the fall elections. We are thankful to Jacob Riis for so perfect an object lesson.

A PROPOS of the above, is this from the biennial report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics in Colorado:

"A comparison of wages paid to mechanics in the different trades with those of ten years ago furnishes interesting data. When it is considered that the price of commodities, the price of actual living expenses

has increased an average of 60 per cent., it will be readily seen that wages have not even approached that per cent. of increase. In fact, in many trades there has been no increase at all, and those that show an increase are those that are the more perfectly organized."

However, I don't want to prove that labor gets less than it used to. I don't even want to prove that it does not get more. I merely want to prove that it does not get a *larger proportion* than it used to.

The quotation proves too much. Forget it.

HERE'S another quotation you may remember:

"A corps of special investigators from the New York State Bureau of Industries and Immigration started out yesterday from this city on the annual immigrant labor camp inspection. More than 2,000 immigrant labor camps will be visited. Conditions in a large number of these camps were found a year ago to be so unhealthy as to menace the health of the State."

That's from the *New York Times*—not a Progressive paper. If 'twere a Progressive paper "the health of the State" would have appeared in a footnote, with much textual excitement over the health of the immigrant.

THE news that Robert Bridges is a poet and that he is the "poet laureate" came to me simultaneously. I had known him as the one man who ever said anything simple and sensible on the subject of

English meter. The more joy that he is a poet, the more sorrow that he is the "poet laureate."

Book Review

IN "The Human Slaughter House" (Frederick A. Stokes Co. Translated.), Wilhelm Lamszus, with momentous poetry, drives into the marrow of your conscious being an important truth. It is about war, that

"Once it was a knightly death, an honorable soldier's death—now it is death by machinery—we are being hustled from life to death by experts—by mechanicians."

That is the Truth. For the Poetry you must have the book itself. It is brief, like our review of it.

Press Pearl

"IN the course of his testimony today Mulhall paid a tribute to James S. Sherman.

"I want to say that Mr. Sherman always aided me and helped me in Washington. He was always a splendid and fighting Republican."—*New York Times*.

A high tribute to Mr. Sherman, and the tribute to the Republican party as a whole seems equally high.

Honor Where Due

THE directors of the New Haven Railroad are:

William Rockefeller,
J. P. Morgan,
Charles F. Brooker,
Edwin Milner,
William Skinner,
D. Newton Barney,
Charles S. Mellen,
Robert W. Taft,
James S. Elton,
James S. Hemingway,
Frederick P. Brewster,
Henry K. McHarg,

Alexander Cochrane,
John L. Billard,
George F. Baker,
Thomas De W. Cuyler,
Theodore N. Vail,
Edward Milligan,
Francis T. Maxwell,
Dever H. Warner,
Sidney W. Winslow,
Morton F. Plant,
Samuel Rea,
Laurence Minot.

These respected citizens selected Charles S. Mellen to do the business of monopolizing transportation in New England. It was a big business, and it took a strong, hard man to do it, and that is why they selected Mellen.

With that observation we can dismiss Mellen from the problem.

These directors are representative business men. What they did was representative business. Brandeis to the contrary, it was good business.

Furthermore it was evolution. It was good evolution. It was representative evolution—the creation of an *organism* through the co-ordination of different organs.

The lawyers at Washington, laboring to break up this organism for the benefit of the men it has ruined, are no wiser than the workmen of the Eighteenth Century who smashed the machines that put them out of work. "This thing deprived me of my job—smash it—abolish it from the world!" That is the philosophy of the small business men as represented by the administration.

"This thing is a great benefit to business-mankind. Let us control it, regulate it, own it if necessary, through our government," say those capitalists who see a little further.

"Then let your government pass into the control of the people who do the work that keeps this organism alive," say the Socialists, who see still further. "Thus you will arrive at the foundation of an Industrial Democracy."

Natural Eugenics

SEX selection and the survival of the fittest are held mainly responsible for the course of evolution. Sex selection means the choice—especially by the female—of superior mates. Hence the elimination of inferior qualities in posterity. This free act of natural passion is what has lifted and conserved the race.

Alfred Russel Wallace—known as the co-discoverer with Darwin of these principles—says that our civilization, in making women economically dependent upon men, has destroyed the action of the first principle. The lifting and conserving power of woman's choice is lost, because her choice is not free. For there is no freedom but that grounded in economic independence.

Here is a great thought from a great man—a man who can see the rotten cruelty of our hypocritical civilization, and yet look with heroic and gentle hope into the future.

Since women are industrially unfit during the season of motherhood, an award of money for motherhood itself is essential to their complete independence. This award should come from society as a whole. And it is so coming. Twenty of our States have "motherhood pensions" in one form or another. And in the light of a large science these payments are as far away from charity or relief as they could possibly stand. They are subsidies of the primary enterprise of the nation.

It is painful, then, to find Edward T. Devine, the head of the School of Philanthropy and the Charity Organization Society of New York, delivering a theoretic tirade against them with not even passing allusion to their real significance. He delivered this tirade before a new "Committee on Social Insurance" at Chicago, and it appeared in the *Survey* of July 5. His whole difficulty seems to be that he can not accurately fit motherhood pensions into any of the academic pigeon-holes provided by the Regular Lessons in Philanthropy. A fact which sets us strongly in favor of such pensions at the start. Indeed we recommend

a perusal of Dr. Devine's manufactured objections to this measure as the final word in its favor for those who have seen that it touches a great principle of human liberty.

IN the sweat of his argument Dr. Devine let by him this honest confession, which, coming from the leader of organized charity in the metropolis, must have been a big relief to the soul of that institution:

"If there were no social insurance, no public institutional relief, and no private organized charity—in other words, if there were no resources in times of exceptional distress except the provision which people would voluntarily make on their own account and the informal neighborly help which people would give to one another, I firmly believe, . . . that most of the misfortunes would still be provided for, and that very probably the death rate, the sickness rate, the orphan rate, and the rate of physical and nervous exhaustion might be very little higher, if any higher, than at the present time."

Wouldn't this almost persuade you to be a Christian?

Model

(For a *N. Y. Times* editorial on the Mulhall exposure.)

WE are glad to be able to say that no one of the individuals composing the National Association of Manufacturers would countenance the activities of Colonel Mulhall, although it may be that this man was unwittingly employed by that Association in its corporate capacity. This merely furnishes additional corroboration of a truth we have frequently emphasized in these columns—namely, that organizations often allow themselves a degree of license incompatible with the moral character of the individuals that compose them. It is this fact, rather than any actual degeneracy in its membership, which makes the labor union such a menace to our social order. And it is for this reason that we have consistently advocated radical legal enactments for the control of these irresponsible organizations. The labor unions must be suppressed.

"The Two Kinds of Ability, Don't You Know."



Drawn by Richard Battle.

M O O N D O W N

A Play In One Act

JOHN REED

Place—New York. Time—the Present.

Persons:

MAME: about twenty-three. Light.

SYLVIA: about eighteen. Dark.

Scene—A typical room in a typical New York boarding-house on West Thirteenth street. A double bed, bureau, and two chairs. A door left, and at the rear two windows opening on the street, of which one is ajar.

(It is a warm spring night. Mame sits in her night-gown, with a violently colored kimono over it, reading what is called a "French Novel," and smoking a cigarette. Her legs are crossed, and her feet bare, except for enormously high-heeled slippers. She wears an exaggerated quantity of puffs. Enter Sylvia. She is dressed in a modest, careless, shabby blue suit and shirt-waist. She takes off her coat and hat, and hangs them behind the door. Her hair is dark, and piled on her head in careless waves. She sinks into a chair, with an air at once weary and quietly joyous. Mame watches her stealthily over the edge of her novel.)

M. You're lookin' happy. Got a job?

S. Nope.

M. How much money you got left?

S. (Producing them with a little laugh.) One dime and a subway ticket.

M. I s'pose you'll want me to lend you another half-dollar in the morning.

S. (Independently.) No, thanks.

M. Well, I won't, so there. You was a fool to quit your job just because the manager wanted to give you a good time.

S. But I hate him. He's like a big white worm. Ugh!

M. But he spends money like a cop off duty. I'd like to see him offer to buy *me* a hat. Would I fall? (She shakes her head in mock disgust.)

S. I been beating the pavement all day long. Guess I must 'a been in fifty places. There don't seem to be no work for a girl.

M. Sure there is. For a good-looker like you. Ain't I got a steady job? And didn't I offer you one at my place? I got a pull with the floor-walker.

S. No, thanks, Mame. I believe that a girl can keep straight and get work if she wants to.

M. Well, she can't. I know this town. *You're* a kid yet, and you've always been a little fool. I used to be that kind too; but I got over it. Take it from me, it's money that counts in little old Manhattan.

S. No, it ain't. *It can't be.* (With confidence.) I *know* it ain't.

M. Why, what's happened to you?

S. I'm quit with this rotten game. I got somebody to look after me.

M. (Surprised.) Who?

S. Jack.

M. Jack who?

S. I don't know his last name; I—

M. Steer clear of the boys that don't give their names.

S. I only met him to-night—

M. (Interested.) What is it, a flat for yours in the White-hot District, or an apartment at the Plaza?

S. He said we'd live up in Harlem until he—

M. Has he got money?

S. No.

M. My God, you ain't goin' to get married and have a lot of dirty kids?

S. (Spiritedly.) They won't be dirty.

M. Say, you got me going. Only met him to-night, —don't know his last name,—going to get married—

S. (Swiftly.) I was comin' across Madison Square about six o'clock, and along came a fellow behind me. He says "Good evening." I thought he was one of them loafers that hunt girls down the side streets at night. They often speak to me. So I says "Go along and mind your business." Then he says, very soft, "I'm not trying to insult you. Won't you speak to me?"

M. I know the kind. They ain't got a nickel in their pants.

S. I turned around and looked at him. I guess he had the finest face I ever saw. Slim, and dark and young; and big eyes like a coal fire. He says very quiet, "Sit down." . . . We sat on a bench in the park.

M. Never sit down with a man. When a girl sits down with a man she's giving him something for nothing.

S. Then he put his hand on my shoulder so gentle that I didn't take it away, and he pointed up through the trees to the moon. He says, "The moon is a woman—a little woman with silver feet—"

M. (Sarcastically.) O my God.

S. O it was beautiful! Then he told me the most wonderful things about the stars. He told me about a wind that comes up from the sea at night and sweeps away the dust from the stars—

M. Say, what's a matter with you? That'd give me the willies.

S. He asked me what I did and I told him. He's a poet—

M. A poet! They get a dollar seventy-five a week. Go on.

S. Then he says, "You're the most beautiful of all the beautiful things of the night—"

M. Help! Help!

S. And he says, "Will you marry me?" . . . And then he took me in his arms so tenderly, so tenderly, like my mother . . . a long time ago—

M. And then you got a taxicab and went up to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, and they all lived happily ever after—

S. No, I says, "I got to go to one place more," I says. And he says, "I'll try and wait for you here, dear. What's your name, dear?" "Sylvia," says I. "What's yours, dear?" "Jack," he says. Then he kissed me, and it seemed like all the stars was falling through the trees—

M. Go on, go on.

S. He says, "If you're not back in half an hour, I'll go home and fix up for you. Where do you live?" I told him. "All right, dear," he says. "I'll call for you to-night when the moon goes down. You be sitting at the window—"

M. So you finished your business quick, and when you come back, he was gone.

S. Why, yes. How did you know?

M. I know them fellows that talk about moons and make dates. Take it from me, your Pegasus is a kidder. He'll never come.

S. (Serenely.) O yes, he will. . . . Is the moon

going down? (She crosses to the window, right.) Hurry, moon, and go down. I feel like I was on fire. (She stands looking out the window.)

M. Well, *I'm* going to hit the hay. (She grinds the cigarette under her heel, takes off her puffs, and lays them on the bureau, kicks off her slippers, throws off her kimono, turns the gas low, and gets into bed.)

S. Where's the cigarettes?

M. On the bureau. One's all you get. You've smoked up a whole box since you lost your job.

S. (Takes cigarette and lights it. Laughing happily.) Never mind. I'll pay you back. Jack'll pay you back.

M. (From the bed.) He'll never come. I know them charity boys. They live down on Washington Square.

S. I never saw the stars so beautiful as to-night. They look so calm way up there in the quiet sky. . . . And the moon *is* like a woman, too. Funny, I never noticed it before. . . . Like a woman with silver hair. It goes down so slow, the moon—

M. That "silver hair" you're talkin' about means rain to-morrow. Freddy promised to take me for an auto ride. You see what you're missing.

S. You *don't know* what you're missing.

M. I'm old enough to know better. Now look a' here, Sylvia, you got to make up your mind. This Jack won't come—

S. (Serenely.) O yes, he will. When the moon goes down.

M. You're moony all right. Well, suppose he *does* come. You'll live in a dirty little flat up on 126th street, scrubbing and cooking and washing. You'll have some puking little kids, and they'll grow up into panhandlers and street-corner bums. Why, you might as well live in Jersey City as New York—

S. It will be so wonderful to have a baby of my own—like my mother had me and your mother had you—

M. I don't want to have no children like me.

S. O don't you see, Mame! It don't make no difference what they're goin' to be. Just to have 'em, to have 'em—

M. Well, you'd better be sensible and take that job in my place. I've got a pull. You'll have a good time. There's several nice gentlemen up at the store just looking for somebody to spend money on. You'll have nothing but lunches at Shanley's, and auto rides, and theatres, and good clothes, and champagne—I tell you that's *living*. You don't know this town.

S. I don't want to know it—like that. The moon's going down fast now. It's almost to the house-tops. (The moon appears through the open window.)

M. He'll never come. You're nothing to him but material for a poem. He'll sell you to a magazine for seven dollars. Come on now, Sylvia, do you want that job?

S. (Light-heartedly.) I'd take it if he didn't come. But he will— (Silence. Sylvia sits in the window.)

S. I'll let down my hair, so he can see it when he comes up the street. He said my hair was beautiful. . . . (She lets it down out of the window.) It *is* beautiful. It looks like the hair of the moon. (She smokes.) The old moon's nearly down. It's touching the roofs. He ought to be here soon.

M. Come to bed, Sylvia. Don't be such a little fool. You'll catch cold.

S. (Joyfully.) He's coming now! I hear footsteps! She leans out the window. Silence. Footsteps approach, pass, and die away.)

S. No, it's not him. (A little frightened.) He ought to be here by now. The moon's almost half gone. (She smokes.)

M. (Drowsily.) He'll never come.

S. (To herself.) O if he shouldn't come! (She looks up the street.) Nothing! I don't see him! (Aloud.) Mame, Mame!

M. (Drowsily.) What d'you want?

S. Mame! If he shouldn't come—

M. Of course he won't come. He's back in his dinky studio chewing off a lyric about you.

S. Mame! The moon is almost gone, and he hasn't come. There's nobody on the street—

M. Haven't I been telling you that he's too busy writing up his Romance to remember a date?

S. There's only a little tip left! I'm afraid!

M. It'll go like this:

"When the moon was going down,
For she wears not Virtue's crown."

S. Mame! If he doesn't come will you lend me just a little more money? Only a quarter? I'll get a job, honest to God I will. I won't eat any lunch, I'll—

M. No. I told you once I wouldn't. It's for your own good. A girl's got to depend on herself in this burg. It's bad for you to begin borrowing. And you go to learn to be less stuck-up.

S. O, please, Mame! I'll never ask you another thing as long as I live. If I don't get a job to-morrow I'll—

M. You'll do a high dive off Brooklyn Bridge with no charge for admission. I guess not. I ain't going to see you make a fool of yourself any more. Come on to bed.

S. Mame! Have a little pity! I ask you like I was praying to God!

M. You'd get just about as much if you did, I guess. There ain't anything in this God business. I tell you a girl's got to stand on her own feet. And money's the only thing that counts.

(Silence.)

M. He'll never come. You'll take that job.

(Silence.)

M. How's your moon now?

S. The moon's gone down. (She bows her head upon her knees and sobs.)



Drawn by F. M. Watts.

HACK WORK

Newark — Triangle — Binghamton Etc., Etc., Etc.

A HUNDRED girls are working in a great factory. They have come down early and must stay late. The one door is locked to keep the girls from going into the hall and resting; the windows are closed to keep them from looking out and wasting their time. A girthy overseer walks up and down among them constantly so that the girls will not take their eyes off their machines.

A peculiar, sickening smell works under the crack of the door. In a minute it swells out. Then a curl of smoke cuts through like a thin blade. A girl arises from her machine; the girthy overseer puts down her name for a fine. The thin blade cuts through again. A dozen girls come to their feet. The blue blade strikes through the panel of the door like an ax. The girls leap to their feet, frantic. The girthy overseer rushes through the door just in time to escape; the flames sweep away the bridge behind him. The girls are left penned. Fortunately, however, the overseer has escaped.

The overseer always escapes.

Then the owners of the factory rush back from abroad. They are at a loss to understand the fire. They are shocked at the great loss of life. They deeply regret the catastrophe—they have had much valuable property destroyed. Were it not fully insured their grief would be unbearable.

Then the courts take up the matter, and after much discussion the owners are found innocent. The owners escape.

The owners always escape.

Then the younger sisters of the girl who perished put aside their school-books, put up their hair and go into another factory where there is one small door and a big overseer.

HOMER CROY.

Soon—Perhaps Yet

GOOD morning, sir, and what can we do for you this morning? Arson? You'll find our Arson Counter right over there, two aisles to the left. If the service doesn't give satisfaction in every way we refund the money cheerfully—cheerfully.

Our prices for fires this season range from five dollars upward. We've abolished the cheaper grade of arson altogether as we found it wasn't dependable. At the old price we couldn't afford to put our regular workers on the job, so the trick would generally be turned by a couple of apprentices. Good boys!—good as gold, every one of them. But you know how it is—boys will be boys—and very often after a spectacular and successful conflagration our customer would find that instead of his store the fool kids had touched off his private residence, leaving him high and dry in his pajamas. And then occasionally the youngsters—ex-

cuse me, I have to laugh when I think of it: ha-ha—the youngsters would get careless and sit on the matches and become arsonees, so to speak. It was, of course, good advertising, but not the sort we wanted. We are best advertised by our loving friends who, having patronized us, never go elsewhere.

Yes, we abolished the cheaper qualities altogether in favor of our present high grades. We employ only experts and our money-back guarantee is ironclad. In some cases we require ten per cent. of the insurance money, but in others we do the job for a flat rate. No questions asked.

Possibly you're interested in something in the Burglary or Murder Department. We have some very sweet things in the Murder line—very sweet. I can show you a whole letter file full of testimonials. All we ask is a small deposit and the remainder to be paid after the inquest, and that only in case of absolute satisfaction.

Our Forgery Division is young but growing. Already it has made us many, many friends. As for our new Bomb Cellar, it is considered even by European experts to be the most tastefully equipped in the world. Neatness and despatch, so to speak—ha-ha.

We ask our patrons to give us a chance to serve them. If we please you, tell others; if not, tell us.

Thank you, sir. . . . Yes, sir, we shall have it attended to at once. . . . Pleasant weather we're having lately, isn't it? . . . Will you take your receipt with you, or have it sent up?

HORATIO WINSLOW.



Drawn by Alice Beach Winter.

Municipal Playground

Concerning Sermons

(A Sermon)

By Eugene Wood

IT may be a lamentable fact, but it certainly is a fact, that nowadays of all forms of literary composition the least popular is the sermon.

And yet it was not always so. Just prior to the last revolutionette, the application of steam to transportation, people bought books of sermons and devoured them with all the avidity that we have now for novels which come so near—by golly! They come so near, don't you know, that every minute you look to have Anthony Comstock grab 'em out of your hands!

I have a volume of sermons in my library now for which a forbear paid real money, and which he read clear through. The discourses which so interested him in the 1840's prove conclusively that though God has all power, and could just as well as not stop every sort of devilment if He chose to, yet He isn't to blame if wicked men cut up didoes; He simply lets 'em do that, don't you understand? You can't any more blame Him for what goes wrong than you could blame me if when I saw the baby, who is a free moral agent, playing with a loaded revolver, I didn't interfere.

It is a very ingenious argument. It has to be, in fact.

No, I didn't say "ingenuous"; I said "ingenious."

Not only do the moderns decline to read sermons; they decline to hear them when it is possible to do so without being left out of the will. I am told that the R. C.'s afford a praiseworthy exception to this rule. I am told that, on the contrary, they are so fond of sermons that instead of waiting for last mass to hear one, they want them at the low masses, and the reverend clergy have been obliged to yield. This will dispel the calumny that low mass was invented out of a desire to get the thing over and done with as soon as possible.

But Protestants are of a more vascular and pulpy nature. They suffer more, and with difficulty are brought to see the moral beauty of afflicting themselves. So, if they cannot possibly escape a sermon they patiently endure it. After the choir has sung all it can be induced to sing, and all the announcements that could be thought up have been read, including the Ladies' Aid, which will meet next Thursday at the residence of Mrs. Hiram Reed, and the cake sale by the Helping Hand Society, which will be held in the Parish House next Saturday afternoon, and the text has finally been given out, and they haven't got the nose-bleed and can't run out with a hand cupped under a nose, they settle themselves back into the pews with a sort of a well-it-won't-kill-me expression, and try to enter into what my friend Matt King calls "a catamose condition."

In this connection I desire to render most humble and hearty thanks to the compilers of the Book of Common Prayer for their goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men, in that they printed in the front part of the book Tables for Finding the Golden Number and the Dominical Letter. As you have to figure these by the clumsy arithmetic of the Elizabethan Period, you cannot possibly remember from one Sunday to another how the sums are done, and it's all new to you every time. How many a lengthy sermon hour have they helped us through!

It used to be that preachers were allowed to talk

as long as the average Socialist lecturer; that is to say, an hour or so. An hour by the clock, but by the chronology of a little boy with dangling legs that will not reach the hassocks, a period about as long as the Carboniferous Era. Little boys watched in vain for some infallible sign that he was 'most done. Sometimes a good one was that he shut the book, but at that he might take a fresh start and go as far again. Sometimes there was hope when he said, "Finally, my brethren," but that "finally" might be as long as firstly, secondly, thirdly and fourthly all put together. Even when he started to "holler," a person couldn't be certain that the agony was anywhere near over. The only sure sign that never failed was when he actually did quit, and the choir and everybody felt so glad that they all stood up and gave thanks to God in joyful song.

As finger-tips hollow out piano keys from much playing, my young legs hollowed out the hard oak of our pew, so many sermons did I hear. Yet I can't say that I remember one. Oh, yes, now I do, too. One time the preacher went for a man named Strauss hot and heavy. He jawed at him something terrible. After church let out, I asked my daddy if that was Iky Strauss's pa that kept the clothing store. He laughed and said, "No." He explained the situation to me. It seems that this Strauss was of the firm of Renan & Strauss. They didn't do business in our town.

One other sermon I do remember too, not from hearing it, but seeing it. I didn't read it, I just saw it. It was one the wardens and vestry thought so highly of that they had it printed in booklet form. It was entitled "On the Degeneracy of the Age." Everybody said it was a model sermon. And I guess it was. Thinking it over I'm sure it not only was, but is, the model on which all sermons are built. For if our age were not degenerated then its own moral conscience would be able for its own moral problems. And there wouldn't be any more need to go back to times when the Almighty God came down from heaven and lighted on the earth to tell the people just exactly what to do (even to how long Aaron ought to wear his breeches—see Exodus xxviii. 42) than there would be for an architect about to build a steel-construction skyscraper to go look up what Vitruvius had to say on the subject.

But the age is not degenerating. It isn't, and you know it isn't. No use telling us directly or indirectly that it is not the superior in every way of any age that ever was. It isn't going ahead as fast as it ought to. We all know that. But that's because, in a manner of speaking, we still consult Vitruvius as to the right way to build skyscrapers. We try to derive our morals from a barbarous age that had no questions of conscience at all like ours. We really can make no rapid progress, we chickens, until we stop worshipping the shells that we pipped out of.

I figure that I've sat under and survived about four thousand sermons in my time, and these have left no impressions whatsoever on my mind. But I remember well one hymn that we used to sing when I was a leading soprano:

"Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way!"

Midsummer Madness

Howard Brubaker

- July 1. Commerce Court passes away amid widespread self-control.
- " 2. Roosevelt pleads for social justice and a hard-hitting navy.
- " 3. Robert Bridges, who never did or said any harm, appointed poet laureate of England.
- " 4. Veterans say Wilson's speech was no more deadly than Pickett's charge.
- " 5. Balkans agree to change sides and do it all over again.
- " 6. Washington has a dry Sunday. General exodus of statesmen.
- " 7. Court decides that a foul tip is an act of God and the baseball trust is not responsible.
- " 8. Socialist orator arrested for speaking out loud.
- " 9. Railroads and employees agree to "stop, look and listen."
- " 10. Justice Cohalan exonerated and accuser warned not to do it again.
- " 11. Dullest day in Wall Street for seventeen years.
- " 12. Congressmen play a baseball game and criticize Secretary Bryan for wasting his time lecturing.
- " 13. Bryan respectfully refuses to die in the poor-house.
- " 14. Widespread discontent among American dollars in Mexico.
- " 15. Popular election of Senators, secured after eighty years of effort, results in the re-election of Bacon of Georgia.
- " 16. Tariff bill goes to the printer for typographical errors.
- " 17. President Mellen of the New Haven hears all the evidence about himself and resigns.
- " 18. Secretary Daniels incites his sailors to riot in Seattle in support of law and order.
- " 19. New York judge decides that air is unconstitutional and unreasonable unless it has smoke in it.
- " 20. Paterson silk manufacturers starve workers into surrender.
- " 21. Carnegie gets a highly insulting bomb filled with cheese.
- " 22. Fifty girls sacrificed to profits in Binghamton, N. Y.
- " 23. Coroner finds nobody guilty of the Stamford wreck and expresses grave doubt as to whether there was any wreck at all.
- " 24. Pat Quinlan, the strike being over, is released on bail.
- " 25. Class conscious prisoners riot in Sing Sing.
- " 26. The two sections of the Chinese republic revolt against each other.
- " 27. Sylvia Pankhurst, not knowing that "militancy is dead and buried," leads a real riot.
- " 28. American tennis players recover the Davis Cup after ten years of thirst.
- " 29. Kid Sulzer and Battling Charley Murphy open the eighteenth round.
- " 30. Sulzer receives a stinging blow in the campaign fund.
- " 31. Self-appointed committee meets in New York to decide on a mayor and endorse popular government.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

NOURISHED BY PROXY

"I SEE OUR REPRESENTATIVE WAS WITH 'EM AT THAT BIG CIVIC FEDERATION DINNER AT THE WALDORF—25 DOLLARS A PLATE."
"SAY, ISN'T THAT GREAT!"

Revolutions—Two Kinds

A REVOLUTION is something that's going to happen inside of ten years if things don't change—b'gosh!

There are two kinds of Revolutions—Regular Revolutions and Central American Revolutions. New Yorkers would rather take part in a Central American Revolution than in a U. S. or Regular Revolution.

This is because Wall Street is a pretty safe place so long as the fighting is done in the banana plantation district, but in case of trouble starting in Southern Ohio, Wall Street might be unhealthy.

Two kinds of people take part in a Commercial or Central American Revolution. These two classes are: A—the Promoters; and B—the Patriots.

The Patriots get the glory and the Promoters get everything else. The Patriots get into the headlines and the Promoters get into the Patriots.

Patriots live on drinking water filled with a greenish vegetable matter—the kind that comes in pools along the road. Promoters rather prefer hothouse grapes.

The Promoter knows that Revolutions are bad things, but he knows even more keenly that Patriots are Good Things.

What a joke on a Promoter it would be if someone in Germany should promote a Revolution that would spring up in Cayuga County and work south to the Curb Market.

HORATIO WINSLOW.

THE English papers explain that there is no reason why a good poet should not be made Poet Laureate. Apparently it would not be a crime but only a coincidence.

The War They Never Fought

THE Millionaire went forth to fight in The War They Never Fought,

The Broker and the Banker, each a place in the vanguard sought,

The Preacher left the church behind to march, and shoulder a gun,

The Senator tied on his sword, the Magnate sent his son,

Then, finding war so fine a thing, he put by all his pelf,

And took a rifle in his hand, and went to war himself;

The King served on the battleship, he fought as gunner there,

The Emperor went forth on foot the lot of war to share,

And none of them on horses rode, but side by side they went,

And carried knapsacks, slept in rain, and ate hard fare, content . . .

The Poor, the Poor, they stayed at home while all these bore the brunt,

Charging, and breasting cannon balls, and starving, at the front:

Yes, all the Workers stayed at home and knew a happy lot—

The Ruling Classes were so brave in The War They Never Fought!

HARRY KEMP.

Personal Liberty

LAST week a married woman retired into her chamber, locked the door, turned on the gas, cut a slit in her wrist, and opened her throat with a razor. It appeared that she knew what she was doing and had a very deliberate purpose about it. In rush a couple of altruists, beat down the door, turn off the gas, stop her blood while she is barely alive, and send in a wild call for a doctor. The heart is kept beating until an officious little surgeon appears. He, finding a rent in her wind-pipe beyond mending, inserts into it a glass tube through which the breath may flow while the poor soul gasps back into a life intolerable before, but now made horrible with wounds and weakness and the memory of death. She is without a voice, but she is able to communicate with her husband upon a pad. What she has written upon that pad must exist in Truth, but it is beyond the venture of imagination. Does she perhaps echo the voice of the newspaper that this is another triumph of modern surgery?

M. E.

The Absurdity of It

THIS Minimum Wage idea is ridiculous," fumed the Legislator. "How can you expect a man to work hard when he knows that he will receive a certain specified amount whether he exerts himself or not?"

"Some of 'em certainly wouldn't work," observed the Sardonic Reporter, who for many years had been observing the arduous labors of our noble legislators.

Three Dancers

Stuart Benson

I.

GLITTERING lights poured forth from crystal chandeliers and the polished floors gayly threw back their reflections.

The music started.

The little debutante stepped forth with her first partner. Her face was flushed with the excitement of her premiere and her heart fluttered with intermittent throbs of pride and a certain self-conscious shrinking.

Like a beautiful piece of mechanism she and her partner glided in and out among the others until the music stopped.

Then she had another partner

—and many more before the evening was over.

From time to time she would glance over her shoulder with a happy smile at her mother, who sat in a corner, divided between the joy of parental pride and the agony of the overlaced.

The flowers at the little debutante's corsage drooped wearily—but the little debutante danced on.

Toward the early morning the dance became more youthfully joyful as if an attempt to defeat the approaching end. The little debutante's slipper flew off. A pink toe peeped out of her stocking.

She had danced a hole into it.

II.

This also was a premiere.

A tiny bit of femininity sat in the wings. Her overdeveloped legs trembled. She waited for the low comedians song to cease.

She thought he would never stop—and then she wished he wouldn't. Her impatience tore at her fear, and her fear gave way to impatience

—for when the low comedian came off, she was to go out and face that inexorable mass of people on the other side of the footlights—and gyrate upon her toes.

Five years of hard work—heartrending work—had gone for this night. And now that it had come she was afraid.

Her mother, a small, fat, foreign looking creature with much jet trimmings, was afraid with her.

A burst of applause from the myriad monster, and the low comedian made his exit, smothering sedately the last steps of his grotesque clog as he passed the wing.

The little dancer swallowed a sob and stood ready in an ecstasy of nerves.

She had an awful moment's respite as the low comedian returned to make his bow.

—and then, with a swirl of skirt, she pirouetted forth.

Her mother sat awaiting the verdict.

III.

Around the waxed floor were open stalls in which men and women sat, drinking.

The ladies showed much expanse of powdered shoulders, and the state of their prosperity might have been judged by the quality of their stockings. A few were of silk.

Some of the men wore evening clothes and some did not.

Some were drunk and others were almost sober.

The waiters were on a very friendly footing with the ladies.

A couple at one of the tables attracted more than usual attention—the girl by her fair beauty and the man by the gross sensualness of his features.

They were refreshing themselves from long-stemmed glasses—and the woman was flirting surreptitiously with a slender youth across the way.

The music began.

The lady in question carelessly made a remark to her escort, evidently a suggestion that they dance.

He answered gruffly.

When she spoke again in a sharper tone he only shrugged his shoulders.

She jumped up, knocking over her glass, and nodded at the youth across the way. He came to meet her—and they glided into a waltz.

Her mother was not at hand to admire her grace.

Lines

For An Impossible Picture

WHO is this?

This is Papa.

What is he doing without any clothes on?

Don't you see, Little One, that he is reveling in his morning cold bath? And what a good time

he is having, too! The window glows with the gray light of a bright winter's day. It is true that the bathroom is somewhat colder than the southernmost point of Greenland, but Papa is not deterred.

But why is Papa not deterred?

Because Papa became used to this sort of thing by degrees. He started his cold baths when the sun was melting the asphalt and he has kept them up regularly. He has become accustomed to the cold little by little. Is there not a classic precedent for this in the tale of the man who started by carrying a calf on his shoulders and ended by supporting a Beef Trust?

But just watch Papa.

What a jolly time he is having!

Now he scoops up a double handful of the icy fluid and dashes it over his rosy form. Now he spats his neck with the flying drops. Now he sends a boreal spray against his chest. Now squeezing the sponge he lets the invigorating fluid trickle down his back.

No, dear, Papa is not in a class by himself.

According to all authors of Society Novels a True Gentleman would die unless he broke ice in the bathtub every morning.

Do you suppose the Authors of Society Novels also indulge in this sort of thing?

Not those that I know, Willie. But then my friends are a low lot, and never write Society Novels except when they need the money.

HORATIO WINSLOW.

PRESS PEARLS

“**T**HERE is no longer any corruption nor even any improper serving of big interests. The defect of the Government now is low efficiency.”—MARK SULLIVAN in *Collier's*.

“**N**O matter what comes of the investigation directly, one thing is certain—lobbying, in the old sense, has been made henceforth impossible in Washington.”—*New York Evening Post*.

“**I** BELIEVE there will be a great wave of reaction, a revulsion from this narrow skirt, slit skirt fashion. I look forward to a change to the old-fashioned wide skirt, with all that it implies.”—Mrs. Edwin Gould (*Times* interview).



THE COMMON CAWS

Drawn by John Sloan.



Drawn by George Bellows.

SOLITUDE

THE SEAMSTRESS--A STORY

Adriana Spadoni

THE woman laid down the skirt she was binding and listened. The street door below closed, someone went into the front room, and then shuffling feet came up the stairs.

"Are ye in? It's yur friend."

The shuffling feet went down again.

The woman rose, folded the skirt neatly, and crossing to the curtained corner took a black jacket from a hook behind and a small black hat from the shelf above. Before she put on the hat she tightened her coil of auburn hair and picked a few loose threads from her black merino waist. She had soft, helpless hands spattered with light freckles. The black jacket was too tight and gaped in front. Above it her face looked larger and paler than before, as if it had been compressed upward. The eyes, with much close sewing, were slightly red about the lids and tiny red veins netted the eyeballs. When she was ready she pulled the window down from the top, drew the blind that no one might look in across the narrow lightwell, locked the door, and put the key in her stocking.

As she entered the front room a man got up quickly from the shabby sofa in the corner. He was a tall man with military shoulders. He looked as if he should have been in uniform.

"I was afraid you might not be in," he said nervously, and the hand he held out trembled, although it was a strong hand, bony and well shaped.

"No, I've been working at home all day."

"Then you need a breath of air." He tried to smile naturally, but his lips twitched and he seemed in a hurry to get out.

"This air is enough to choke anyone," he said impatiently as they stood for a moment in the narrow hall while the woman buttoned a pair of gray cotton gloves. "Does she cook cabbage all the time?"

"Most of the time, I reckon. Unless it's the odor of the original one in the air yet." The man smiled a little less nervously and held the door open in the manner of a man accustomed to such service. At the foot of the front steps he turned to her.

"Have you any preference?"

"Anywhere. It really doesn't make any difference."

He hesitated a moment and then, turning sharply to the left, began climbing the steep hill before them. It was cold, with a cheerless gray mist creeping farther and farther in among the gray wooden houses. The man shivered a little, and she tried without his noticing it to button the three gaping buttons.

Block after block they walked without speaking. The man's mood dictated the silence, but there was no embarrassment in it. From time to time she glanced at him, as if looking for a sign, and glanced away again without having said anything. The man stared ahead, his dark, lean face set, as if the muscles had been worn away by nervous friction. At last the sky grew darker and a dull red glow of the city's lights spread through the low hanging fog. The man turned.

"I didn't think it would come so soon again," he said in a weak, petulant voice. "It's not more than three weeks, is it?"

"Almost four. Three and five days."

The man shrugged wearily. "What's the good, Kathie, I can't do it."

The woman laid her hand on his arm. "Yes, you

can," she said softly, and there was something in her voice like the ring of a finely toned bell. "You're better, lots better than last year."

"Kathie, I'm not worth it." The man looked at her with tired, discouraged eyes. "It's got too strong a hold."

"Let's go and have something to eat." She spoke cheerfully. "I was so busy to-day I didn't have time to stop for lunch."

They walked on again, silent as before. At last they came to a restaurant whose swinging electric sign cut the darkness of the block.

"I guess this will do?"

He nodded, and they went in.

As the officious waiter dropped the red velvet curtain of the small private box behind them, he winked at a fellow worker. The other returned the wink. "Poor fellow, madam has the face of squash." When the first waiter took in the tea and toast and strong black coffee that had been ordered, there was under the professional indifference in his eyes a faint shadow of curiosity.

The woman broke the toast delicately with her plump, freckled hands, and ate in that indescribable way of a person used to the proper thing. In the same indescribable way the man drank the strong black coffee from the thick cup. When it was almost gone he looked up.

"Do you think I'd better go in again, Kathie?"

"How long has it lasted this time?"

"Only a few hours—so far. I felt it coming on after lunch, so I hurried over to you."

"Don't you feel as if you could ward it off?" She spoke slowly, knitting the palely red eyebrows. "You're really—so much—better, I hate—to have—you go in again."

"I know." The long nervous fingers played with the saucer. "I thought it was going to be all right after the last time, and then—this afternoon—"

The woman leaned across the table with an oddly graceful motion.

"Don't you really believe you can do it alone? I hate to have you go."

"I don't know, Kathie, I don't know," he repeated helplessly. "If you could—"

The man buried his head in his arms and groaned. "I'm going to quit, Kathie, I'm going to quit. What's the use? A West Pointer—first in the class—and now an under-draughtsman when I can keep the job. What would the folks at home say to that?"

A faint moisture glistened in the woman's eyes, reddening the network of tiny veins.

"He was proud of you, wasn't he?"

"Do you remember the first appointment, the quick promotions?"

"Yes, Bob, I remember them."

"How did it get such a hold, Kathie?" he asked plaintively. "I wasn't worse than the others at first."

The woman's thick shoulders shook. "Perhaps it was in the blood, Bob."

"Perhaps," he answered wearily, "but I never heard of another Farthington that was a drunk—a common drunk."

"You're not. You're not that." A dull color crept into the pale, fat face. "And you're getting better all the time. Last year—"

A little hope glimmered in the man's eyes. "Do

you really think so, Kathie? Yes, I guess—I am—a little—thanks to you."

"You've done it yourself, Bob. *Nobody* could have made you, if—"

"*You* made me. Somehow if I can get to you in time, that gnawing, biting thing inside goes to sleep. Somehow you bring the other back, the plantation, the slow, hot days of peace, the—"

"You will be able to do it alone soon, Bob." The heavy face was immobile, except for the shadow of a weary smile about the shapeless lips.

"When you say it like that, I believe it—till the next time."

"And soon there won't be a next time." The woman laughed softly, and again the ring of a finely toned bell came into her voice.

The man laid his strong brown hand on her's. "Kathie, if happiness ever comes back into my life, I shall owe it all to you."

The woman looked down into her plate. "Have you heard—lately?"

"She's on her way home," he whispered. "I saw it in the society news yesterday."

The freckled hand quivered. "Edgar, too?"

"It didn't say. But she wouldn't leave him in Paris alone without her."

"He must be—quite—a boy—now."

"He's almost eight."

Again they were silent, until the throbbing in the woman's throat forced her to say something.

"When are they due?"

"About three weeks." The man looked up. Behind the despair in his eyes there was something flickering, trying to live. "She said a year. If I could—for one whole year—she would—trust me again. It's six months—since I was really bad—because the last time—you—"

"Yes," the woman interrupted quickly. "It's six months."

The flickering spark in the man's eyes grew stronger. "My God!" he whispered, "If—I could. Think of it, Kathie! She—would—take—me back. Beatrice would take me back. She would be my wife again. It's four years since she went and took Edgar. Four—years." The woman knew he did not see her. He was staring back down the years. "Four years—and I have tried. How I tried that first year—and the next, too. But it was no good, no good till I found you again, Kathie." Now he did see her. "Why do some women—understand, Kathie," he asked simply.

"I don't know, Bob. I suppose—it's—to even things up—for those who have no charm, no beauty."

He made no effort to contradict. "It's the lonesomeness, the awful lonesomeness. You don't know what it is."

"No," she said quietly. "I don't get much time to be lonely. I'm pretty busy."

He looked almost envious. "I wish I could find reality in mere work," he answered peevishly. "But drawing-boards and blue-prints seem so foolish without Beatrice." Again he stared beyond her. She reached for her gloves, and began buttoning the tight jacket. "Shall we go?"

As they walked back the man talked and the woman listened. The heaviness was gone. With vivid touches he sketched the men at the office, repeated bits of interesting gossip, anecdotes at which

they both laughed. When they reached the house he went lightly up the steps and opened the door for her. A tiny jet of gas flared in the draft. Behind a closed door someone was snoring. The man dropped his voice as he took the woman's hands.

"Thank you—a thousand times. It's going to be all right this time, too."

The woman smiled. "Of course it is. It's going to get easier and easier right along, and soon there'll be no next time."

Do you know, Kathie, I believe that—I believe you're right. Really I have a lot of will. If Beatrice had only understood—and then after—it was so lonesome—"

The woman withdrew her hands and turned to the stairs. "Yes," she said soothingly, "I know. But it will be different now."

"I believe it will." The voice was young with hope. "I have a will, you know—only it hasn't—seemed worth while."

"I know," she said again as she began slowly mounting the stairs. "Good night. If you get good news—"

"You shall be the first to hear it, Kathie—the very first. Good night—and thank you."

As she bent to get the keys from her stockings, shuffling feet moved from the banisters of the hall above. Her room was cold and damp, for the narrow lightwell drew the fog like a funnel. When she had hung the black jacket on its nail and put the hat in its box she sat down, drew the lamp close, and finished putting on the binding of the skirt.

Sweet Girls

Horatio Winslow

A SWEET GIRL is a young person who knows that her smiles are worth \$2.50 apiece. She also knows that when she curls her lip a tremor shakes organized society.

She knows likewise that by heaven-born right she is entitled to a rich husband, two motor cars, a country house and annual trips abroad.

When a Sweet Girl doesn't get all these things she is cheated.

Any time that a Sweet Girl marries it means that she has thrown away eighteen Double-X Superior chances in order to tie up with a Dubb.

The Dubb learns this in great detail after the ceremony.

A Sweet Girl loves everybody with the exception of other people.

Marie Antoinette was a Sweet Girl.

It is possible that tomorrow some of our Sweet Girls will get a chance to be Marie Antoinettes.

Political Action

"THE plan at Rocklan," said Mulhall, "was to get enough Democrats drunk to keep the polls in the hands of the Republicans."

Faith

"WE can, I believe, restore the church to its old influence," says Roosevelt in the *Outlook*, July 19. He is covering "The Country Church" in a short article.

To a man possessing a minim of historic knowledge, or the least inclination to take meanings of words seriously, the statement is absurd. It is so absurd as to compel "interpretation." We suggest that what Roosevelt really believes is that, with provident handling, the country church can restore *him* to his old influence.

This, too, requires a good deal of faith.

TOD O'SHEEL.

Talk About Marx!

CHARLES A. BEARD, professor at Columbia University, has published a book on *The Economic Interpretation of the United States Government*. Beard is a Socialist. But I doubt if he has anything over George W. Perkins, who got so mad at the Federal "persecution" of his Harvester Trust that he expressed his real opinion as a patriot thus:

"When they gathered thirteen little colonies together and formed the United States of America they did it for mutual advantage and protection at home and abroad. They formed a *holding company*."

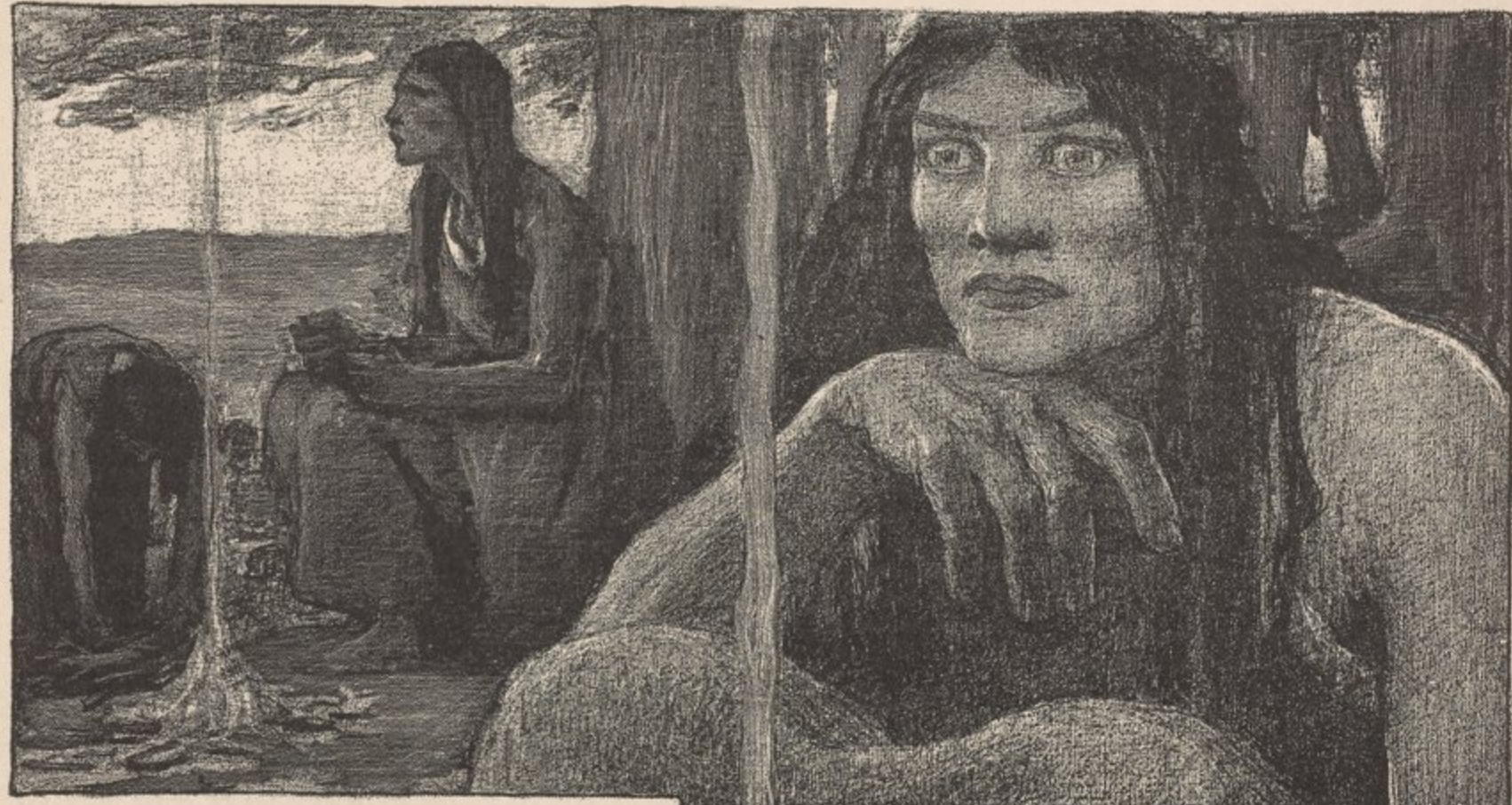


Drawn by John Sloan.

DURING THE STRIKE

"SURE, THERE'S LOTS OF JOBS—200 MEN WANTED."
 "WHAT KIND OF WORK?"
 "WORK, HELL! STRONG ARM!"

THE FIRE-WATCHERS



BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

WOMAN, who the dim centuries ago,
 Guarded the fire,
 Fed it with twig and branch,
 While the strong male with weapon crude,
 Ranged the deep woods,
 In search of meat and berries and wild fruit;
 Woman, who sheltering, hovering near the flame,
 Watched its curved leapings, waiting, lonely, still,
 With fear and dark foreboding and fierce love;
 O, woman, silent watcher of the day,
 Inactive, yearning, listening,
 Stretching cold hands above the yellow flame
 That must not die;
 We send to you across the million years,
 The kinship call,
 Our greeting of despair!
 Do we not know as by the hearth we wait,
 Watching the falling ash, the glowing heart
 Of coal or log,
 What were your thoughts, your agonies, your prayers?
 Do we not tremble with the fear you felt,
 And strain to catch the footstep on the flag,
 The opening door,
 As you the snapping of the underbrush,
 The tearing of the cave mouth's matted vine?
 Are not our hands, stretched to the blaze, your own?
 And do our savage hearts not cry,
 Out of the wilderness of stone and steel;
 "Why always ours to wait, to feed the fire,
 "While he, with leap, with joy of strength and life,
 "Follows the prey, spends of his fearless youth
 "Beneath the open skies?"
 Mother of ages, brooding in the dusk,
 Forging the chain of empty hours and years,
 O why, for us,
 The weary after-keepers of the hearth,
 Did you not heed the call of wind and toil,
 Tread the red embers cold and take your way,
 Alone and free,
 That all the misery of the faggot load,
 The guarding of the flame by those who wait,
 Had never been?

Drawn by Charles A. Winter.

THE WORLD-WIDE BATTLE LINE

William English Walling

That Threatened Strike

ANYONE who has closely observed the "threats" of a railway strike for several years past will see that they are merely a method of influencing public opinion. It is a highly complicated duel between two exceedingly skilled duelists.

First Round: The conservative brotherhoods are compelled to threaten a strike in order to attract public attention. But they are always careful to appear wholly on the defensive and to point to their conservative record.

Second Round: The railways answer that this is a move against the public, that no concessions could possibly be made without a raise in rates.

Third Round: Both parties express themselves as ready to compromise.

Fourth Round: Both parties do compromise.

Grand Finale: The railway brotherhoods once more join the railways against the public. Now, at least, the rates *must* be raised.

But will they be raised this time? So far, as to tariff and currency, the present administration has done better than was expected. But the biggest test of Woodrow Wilson, a quick and sure test, will be whether he stands for this proposed raise of railroad rates. If he does not, then he is indeed the man the small capitalists are waiting for to lead them out of the wilderness. For one or two administrations of that calibre would carry us into a genuine small capitalist democracy.

So, while the "threat" of a railway strike has no direct revolutionary significance, it is connected with the most momentous issue of our time—the impending revolution in Capitalism itself, the development of State Capitalism.

In South Africa

THE threatening state of affairs in Pretoria and Johannesburg is not considered suitable reading for American workingmen, so we are allowed very little telegraphic news. Even in Great Britain capitalistic control of the wires makes telegrams scarce, and some special rule has made it impossible to get news in Parliament through the Government.

Nevertheless we know that a large part of the workers are not satisfied with the settlement of the strike, though it was accepted as usual by the leaders. Nor are they satisfied with the government's explanation of the shooting down of scores of peaceful citizens. We know that the workers forced the lowering of the flag over the town hall at Pretoria during the burial of the victims, and that they have appointed a committee with power to call a general strike.

But the white workers are only a few thousand in the Rand, while the colored workers are a quarter of a million, composing 90 or 95% of all employees. Six thousand of these colored workers struck. But evidently the old servile conditions still prevail, for we read that they were "driven back to their compound." And now a telegram relates that, if the general strike occurs, the whole quarter-million are to be driven off somewhere. But why?

Like other skilled workers, those of South Africa have little interest in the unskilled, and are steeped in

race prejudice. The South African Socialists have complained bitterly against the Labor Party, which seems to be as full of race hatred as the corresponding parties in Australia and Canada, or some sections of the Socialist Party in this country.

Have the skilled workers seen a new light? Are they going to cast in their lot with their colored brothers for a long up-hill struggle against capitalism? Or do they merely want to use them?

In either case the movement is at present merely insurrectionary and not revolutionary, for the mass of the workers are illiterate and unorganized. But in the first case it may lead directly, though by stages, to social revolution. In the second case, if the skilled are really playing a lone hand, they will either compromise, thus slightly improving their own condition and leaving the blacks where they are, or they will be defeated and will see no further need for pretended co-operation with the mass of the workers.

Re-Alignment in Germany

THE German Party has always led in the International Socialist Movement. It has sometimes appeared that all other parties were mere appendages, and we have heard some references to our movement as "the German International." In the past the German hegemony has been deserved. But how is it to-day?

A flood of light is thrown on this question by the momentous discussion in that country of the general strike for a democratic government in Prussia. Never has the Party gone through such a period of self-examination and criticism. And certainly the way in which time-honored Socialist institutions are being weighed and found wanting—though it is a confession of the relative impotence of the German movement, when compared, for example, with that of the Latin countries—is a credit to the honesty, the power of introspection and the moral courage of the German workers.

FIVE WINGS

A few months ago I indicated that the German Party had at last abandoned its sterile and rather theoretical division into two wings, and had taken on the more flexible and fruitful three-winged division of other parties. Now it has taken another step forward. The artificial *unity* of the party, maintained by theoretical tradition and semi-military *discipline*, from the top down, is rapidly disintegrating in the face of this life and death dilemma that now confronts the Party. The unity is still there and there is no danger of a split. But the *divisions* of the movement are now appearing no less real and important than its unity. The Party is now divided into five parts.

About a year ago the Party still had the historical two wings—revolutionaries and revisionists—which it had enjoyed since the lapse of Bismarck's exceptional laws in 1890. And these wings seemed destined to be perpetual. The revisionists, led by Bernstein, David, Frank, Sudekum and Von Volmar, were supreme in South Germany, and with them were Legien and nearly all the most important labor union leaders.

The revolutionaries, until a year ago, were led by Bebel and Kautsky. But the General Strike question

began to foreshadow itself and forthwith the revolutionaries split. Bebel and Kautsky, who are cool to this idea, were left in command of the centre, and the left wing was now under Liebknecht, Ledebour, Pannekoek and Rosa Luxemburg, with Leipzig and Bremen as its bases, and powerful minorities in Berlin and other large northern cities.

THE NEWEST ALIGNMENT

Now, like a bomb out of a clear sky, comes a speech by Frank, the revisionist, advocating the General Strike for equal suffrage in Prussia. Forthwith the revisionists are split. Many have followed Frank. For is not a democratic government indispensable for the social reforms, and the very gradual progress, the co-operation with the Liberals, which are practically the sole interest of the revisionists? Present governments were established by a revolutionary movement of Liberals and working-class. Why should not a German democracy be established by the same means? Then Germany could proceed quietly on the road of progress like Great Britain, Australia and the United States.

The labor union leaders, however, are more interested in the increase of wages and shortening of hours than they are in these political reforms. And they realize that the political General Strike would retard these movements. It would endanger some unions, would be costly to all, would offend many well-intentioned employers, and would interfere with economic strikes. Therefore, no important union leader among the revisionists has favored the strike, while many have openly and bitterly opposed it.

But I have only accounted for four wings. There is a fifth. The real politicians, or "opportunists," in the party are to be sharply distinguished from the thorough-going reformers, like Frank. The reformers are ready even to proceed to revolutionary measures, provided their purpose is reform, and nothing but reform. The opportunists, however, do not want to risk the party machine, the petty offices held, and the petty political gains now being made, even for the possibility of far greater gains of the same kind later on. Nor do they agree with the labor unionists, either, for they would oppose all strikes that cost anything to the political organization, and would favor the General Strike as soon as a large part of the Liberals come over to it (as in Belgium), without regard to its damaging effect on the unions.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Here, then, is the new alignment. As partisans of the political General Strike, the thorough-going reformers of the extreme right have joined the ultra-revolutionaries of the extreme left.

And as opponents of an early General Strike the great revolutionary theorist and the great revolutionary leader of the centre (Kautsky and Bebel) have now joined themselves to the political opportunists and labor union conservatives of the right.

We think that the thorough-going reformers and the ultra-revolutionists are both right in advocating this General Strike, and advocating it now. For it will not only win (with the help of the middle classes) what the reformers want—a universal franchise—but it will be the *beginning* of a class movement against capitalism. For one General Strike leads to another, and all the privileged classes will ultimately unite against this measure.

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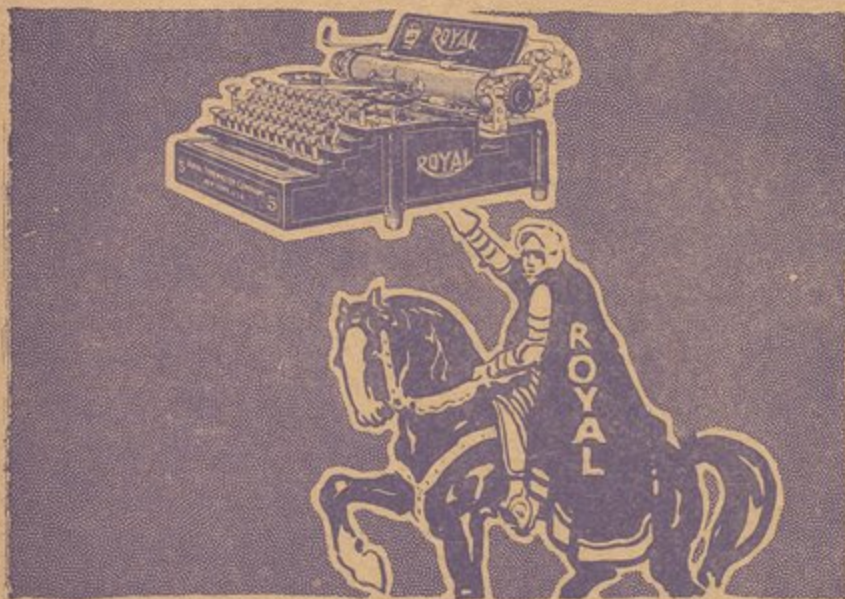
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