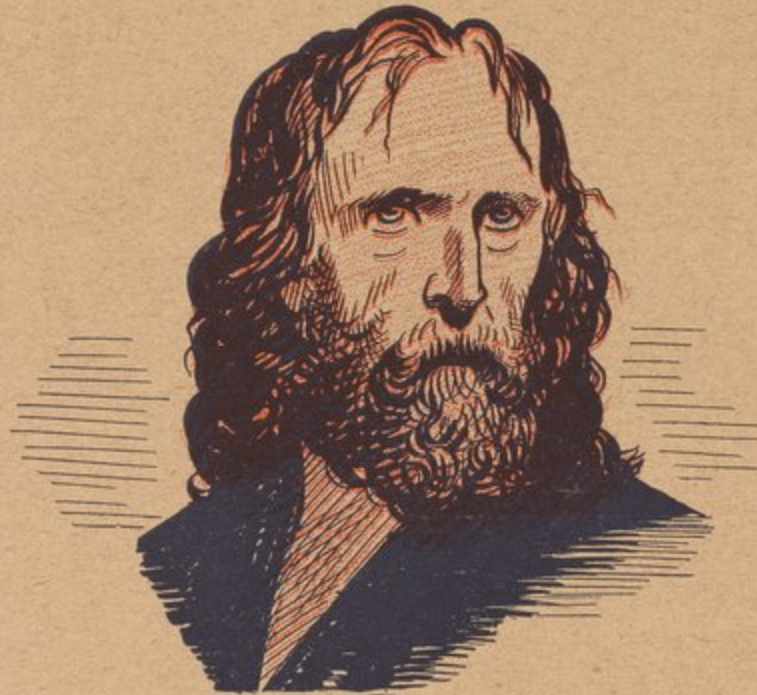


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DECEMBER, 1913

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' HE STIRRETH UP THE PEOPLE '



JESUS CHRIST

THE WORKINGMAN OF NAZARETH

WILL SPEAK

AT BROTHERHOOD HALL

- SUBJECT -

- THE RIGHTS OF LABOR -

Drawn by Arthur Young.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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THE MASSES

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My heartiest congratulations on THE MASSES—both the text and the illustrations. It shows evidence unmistakable that its writers and artists possess plenty of erythrocytes and are not devoid of neuro-cerebral tissue.

Sincerely,

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"ONE OF THOSE DAMNED AGITATORS"

Arthur Young

IT is self-evident that had Jesus Christ, the great agitator of Palestine, been born in the last half of the nineteenth century, he would to-day be one of the many traveling speakers proclaiming the message of industrial democracy.

The coming of the Nazareth carpenter to the towns and cities of the United States would be as important to the working class as were his lectures in the groves and byways of Palestine. It is also self-evident that the authorities of these towns and cities would consider him "Dangerous," an "Inciter to riot," "Accessory before the fact," and an "Obstructor of traffic."

The sleek, well-groomed churchman would say: "If he don't like this country, why don't he go back to Palestine, where he came from?"

The chiefs of police would say: "If he wants to be a martyr we will give him a dose of it!" And they would clap him into jail. After a term in jail he would be only the more popular and more "dangerous." So then those fathead servants of capital, the judges on the bench, would decide that he ought to swing for being a public nuisance, and they would charge him with a crime and carry the program through, as of old, but for one thing: a sober second thought would tell them that the working class of this twentieth century *might* not stand for it.

THE SWORD OF FLAME

Elizabeth Waddell

COMRADES of youth with whom I sat last night around a hospitable hearth,
Sweet converse was that we held together.
Yet I know it was all and only for the sake of the old days—
Days when we pelted each other with rosebuds all in life's young
Rose-garden,
Undreaming what lay beyond its wall.
Save for memory of that time, you are my soul-comrades no longer,
Nor kin in any sort but as all men are by the common tie.
So I gave myself to you and to light commonplaces and gay reminiscences for an hour.
Well knowing what would be, if, instead, I had thrown into the
midst of the charmed circle
The bomb of a fiery thought—
The dynamite of democracy—
The terrible Truth that is come to send a sword on Earth,
Albeit it be but, as we fondly trust, a Sword of the Spirit—
None the less a Sword of sundering—
Dread Sword of Flame that bars so many out of their small safe
Edens of old loves and friendships—their young rose-
gardens,
Pointing its own burning way the while to a better Paradise to
come.
The bomb was never thrown, the word never spoken. I said good-
night.
We go on our separate ways, yet toward one Goal.
You in the rear and I in the van. You unwilling—I willing, eager.
You blinded and unbelieving, I walking by faith.
May we reach it in your day, in my day, O friends, that you be my
heart-comrades once more!

THE MASSES.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Their Last Supper

THE CROWNING CEREMONY OF THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION AT NEW YORK WAS A BANQUET TENDERED TO THE CLERICAL DEPUTIES BY THE CHURCH CLUB. IT COST \$10,680—ABOUT \$20 A PLATE.

THE MASSES

VOL. V. NO. III.

DECEMBER, 1913

ISSUE NUMBER 31

Max Eastman, Editor

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

Drawings by Morris Hall Pancoast and Arthur Young

The Church Is Judas

THE House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which closed its triennial convention Saturday in New York City, refused to go on record as opposed to child labor.

"A resolution passed by the House of Deputies, in which the employment of children under sixteen was denounced, was voted down.

"Instead, the Bishops passed a less sweeping substitute offered by Everett P. Wheeler of New York, and when their action was reported, the House of Deputies reconsidered its action of the day before and concurred. The resolution reads:

"That this general convention of this church condemns the employment of children in labor beyond that adapted to their age and strength, and at times or in places which would deprive them of the opportunity of education suited to their capacity; but it recognizes that labor is honorable and that every child should be trained according to his natural aptitude so as to qualify him to labor truly for his own living. Therefore we emphasize the importance of vocational training and commend the careful study of that subject to all social workers."

Jesus Christ

NO mind that reads the synoptic gospels with faith, and the subsequent history of Europe with reason, can escape knowing that the christian Church has



Priest.

Drawn by Morris Hall Pancoast.

been, and is, the betrayer of Christ. To what extent the Carpenter of Judea was an agitator, a militant champion of the oppressed in this world, and to what extent purely a moral and religious genius, a prophet of God and the next world, is indeed a problem. A vexed problem in this time, and I think for all time. But whether that Jesus of Nazareth, the Friend of Man who had not where to lay his head, the informal well-doer, the poet of nature and candid life, comrade of the rejected, loving and enclosing all sufferers in

his sympathy as the air loves them and encloses them, as generous toward truth as toward humanity, as intelligent as he was supremely exalted—whether that Jesus of Nazareth has had any real part in this institutionalized, aristocratic, sentimentally hypocritical hierarchy of the powers of conservatism that has arrogated to itself his sacred name—this is no problem! The only things of his day that roused Jesus to invective are the things this church perpetuates in his name—bigotry, self-righteousness, and the hypocrisy of those who mumble words of virtue in complacency but do nothing.

And how soon the betrayal was accomplished! Here are the words of Cyprian, the Bishop of Carthage, only two centuries after the crucifixion—contrast them with that all-gracious spirit remembered in the gospels:

"Whoever is separated from the Church is separated from the promises of the Church; nor can he who forsakes the Church of Christ attain to the rewards of Christ. He is a stranger; he is profane; he is an enemy! He can no longer have God for his father who has not the Church for his mother. . . . These heretics are plagues and spots of the faith, deceiving with serpent's tongue and artful in corrupting the truth, vomiting forth deadly poisons from pestilential tongues; whose speech doth creep like a cancer!"

I need not describe how the above church, founded there like a rock upon hatred, became an institution of overt political and economic exploitation, how it gathered together out of the decayed religions of the Mediterranean a system of theology, puerile and ridiculous, did it not serve so well the gluttonous purposes of the kingdoms and priestdoms of this world. Heresy and treason, orthodoxy and subjection, high favor with God and submissive "good citizenship," were so tight welded together by those ecclesiastics, that the world has not seen and will not again see so far-stretching and serene an octopus of popular exploitation.

I remember a vesper service at Ravello in Italy. I remember that the exquisite and pathetically resplendent little chapel was filled with ragged and dirty-smelling and sweet, sad-eyed mothers. Some carried in their arms their babies, some carried only a memory in their haggard eyes. They were all poor. They were all sad in that place. They were mothers. Mothers wrinkle-eyed, stooped, worn old, but yet gentle—O, so gentle and eager to believe that it would all be made up to them and their beloved in heaven! I see their bodies swaying to the chant of meaningless long syllables of Latin magic, I see them worked upon by those dark agencies of candle, and minor chord, and incense, and the unknown tongue, and I see that this little dirt-colored coin clutched so tight in their five fingers is going to be given up, with a kind of desperate haste, ere the climax of these incantations

is past. Poor, anguished dupes of the hope of heaven, poor mothers, pinching your own children's bellies to fatten the wallets of those fat priests!

The Roman Catholic Church is the most tragically stupendous swindle that human and animal nature ever combined to produce.

And then the Reformation! Great indignation and a revolt against *foreign* authority and exploitation—a removal of external symptoms, a redistribution of internal dogmas, some small inclination perhaps to social reform—but the same proud bigotry of resistance to democracy and all true knowledge and the doctrine of love. Here is Luther replying to the moderate demands of the peasant revolt in Germany, in 1524:

"There should be no serfs, because Christ has freed us all! What is that we hear? That is to make Christian freedom wholly bodily. Did not Abraham and the other patriarchs and prophets have serfs? Read what St. Paul says of servants, who in all times have been serfs. So this article is straight against the gospel, and moreover it is robbery; since each man would take his person from his lord to whom it belongs. . . . This article would make all men equal and convert the spiritual kingdom of Christ into an external worldly one. . . ."

That is your recently Reformed Church of Christ condemning the despised and the rejected to three centuries more of despal and rejection before their humble asking for some little breath of the free air of God should be granted. That is your great, bellowing champion of the right of the individual in religion, Martin Luther.

Is it a surprise, then, to hear his own spiritual offspring, this Protestant Episcopal Church of America, in the year 1913 endorsing the perpetuation of child labor on grounds of Christian virtue? They must be taught the "honorableness" of wage labor. And why? Because one-half of the workers of this country are not paid enough to provide food and clothes for two children. And if the children quit work, *either* they will die of starvation and the plutocracy go to smash for lack of new labor, *or* the plutocracy will have to



Medicine Man.

Drawn by Morris Hall Pancoast.

pay decent wages to their parents. That is whence this "honorableness" of child labor derives. The treasure of the plutocracy that hires these bishops is at stake, and where their treasure is, there their heart is also.

Jesus Christ. That revolutionary spirit quenched and lost to civilization because this institution which seized upon his name betrayed him for silver. For let there be no mistaking the church's motive in so fighting democracy, so fighting science, so defending privilege for fifteen hundred years against every menace of an awakening people. Its prime motive is and has been economic. The protestants are no longer the power, but they are hirelings of the power that exploits the poor. Hired in all subtle ways to teach them that same humble subjection, that same "good citizenship," the "honorableness" of being robbed of their heritage of life in this world, the delayed hope of justice in a world to come. That, in the light of true religion, the religion of science, is essentially and at the core *what the Church of Christ is*. And though we might multiply individual exceptions by the hundred, we should not escape the clear truth that this decorated institution, founded upon treachery, is doomed to dismantle herself and dissolve away before a more sincere, and more free, and more humane, and more scientific idealism.

A Further Thought

ONCE, twice, three times in history has a great soul arisen who would take the declaration of faith in Jesus Christ sincerely, and seek to live after his word—Francis of Assisi, George Fox, Tolstoy. And yet I know that in thousands of humbler hearts the real words of Jesus and almost his own spirit are treasured. These words have been learned in church, and are in those hearts perhaps inseparable from the idea of a church. To them what I have said here will seem a fierce blasphemy and uprooting of all that makes life beautiful.

I know, moreover, that a few ministers are doing their best to break loose from the bonds of respectability and stand where Jesus stood, with the oppressed. But as class issues are drawn with increasing firmness by the development of business, these ministers will find their task not lighter but more and more difficult. They will find themselves held fast in the old grip of capitalistic interest. They will find that as they could not serve God and Mammon, so they can not serve Christ and the church. They will find themselves expected to act as "mediators" between capital and labor, "peacemakers" where "not peace but a sword" is the demand of justice and humanity. In short, they will either shut their eyes, or else see that the cause which they were for a time able to serve in a pulpit, has moved out of the church, and its soldiers are elsewhere.

Among the last words of the Christian minister whom I hold in most reverent memory, I recall the quiet announcement to a bewildered congregation that perhaps their beloved church would not last much longer, but they could be sure that, though it went all to pieces, the real work of Jesus would be carried on elsewhere.

Press Notice

"ACCORDING to Edward N. Loomis, president of the International Apple Shippers' Association, there are one hundred apples in sight for every man, woman and child in the United States, and of better size and quality than usual."

In sight, yes, that's the tragedy of it!



Drawn by Arthur Young.

Corroboration

AMONG those who seem to be opening their eyes, and who yet cling by habit to the pomp of churchdom, is Bishop Spalding of Utah. His speech in the convention at New York was heralded as a sign that the Episcopal church will be embracing Socialism. What he actually said, however, amounts to a damnation of the church almost as severe as our own, and only provokes the question, *Why, in Christ's name, spend your zeal for His cause upon this hollow, emasculate and alien institution?* I quote a few of his sentences:

"I am asked to speak to you on Christianity and Democracy. It is Industrial Democracy, not political, of which I will speak; for political democracy has come to mean very little.

"The General Convention is in the nature of the case a capitalistic gathering. The men who come here as delegates either make their living off rent, interest and profits, or are entrepreneurs paid by those who make their living off rent, interest and profits. It is impossible for a capitalistic gathering to have the mind of the industrial democracy.

"It is frequently said that the working class ought to enter the church and control it. Why does labor not take possession of the church? Why, because seeing the church capitalistically controlled, the workingman is strongly inclined to make his own church, as he has already made his own political party. The workingman believes that the capitalist controls the preacher—and does not the capitalist think so, too?

"My friends, we're doped! We are doped into false satisfaction. That banquet last night was not spread for the industrial democracy. Did we forget all about those thousands starving just across the street? We

wrap our ecclesiastical vestments about us and forget those dressed in rags. We dispute about canons and the change of name, and forget that there are millions struggling for their lives. We sing our hymns and say our prayers and forget our brothers and sisters whose hearts are too sad to sing, and whose faith is all too weak to pray. God help us. What shall we do? What shall we do?

"I know what I believe we ought to do. We ought to accept the truths which the Industrial Democracy is trying to teach mankind. We've got to hit this system in Christ's name, which gives the world to the greedy, not to the meek.

"The Church of God, founded by the Carpenter of Nazareth, must stand by the worker. She must help him to win the victory which is the victory of Socialism.

"The Church of Jesus Christ must cease to be the almoner of the rich, and become the champion of the poor!"

One cannot oppose these eloquent assertions of what the church *ought* to do. One can simply point out as a matter of practical historic certainty that the church will not do it, and urge Bishop Spalding to abandon his forlorn waste of energy upon the saving of a mere institution, and go out, as Mayor Lunn did, where they have cast off their vestments and are in battle for the saving of human life.

To A Publisher

We would suggest, as an aid to those wishing to choose among Democrat, Republican and Progressive candidates in future campaigns, a little red book entitled "Who's Whose in America."



A Pagan Reflection

DOUBTLESS there is a mystic emotion connected with church-going which is of intrinsic value in the experience of many people. A person who finds little pleasure for himself in a church ought not to be too sure that some sort of worshipful organization—purged of all theology and moral hypocrisy—will not survive the triumph of science over superstition.

The rare beauty of a cathedral entrance like that suggested by John Sloan on the following page, gives pause to our moral indignation, and we remember again that there is no disputing the æsthetic values.

"Things are good in so far as they are pleasant, if they have no consequences of another sort," said Plato, the supreme moralist of antiquity and of all time.

So while I believe that Sloan meant rather to point in his picture to the "consequences of another sort," namely, the manifestly exploited condition of the passing worshipper—still the picture tells also the other and the older truth, that whatever of this world is exquisite to the eye and mind of any individual—if it can be totally dissevered from "consequences of another sort"—ought to be gratefully preserved.

Another Confession

MARCUS M. MARKS, the president-elect of the Borough of Manhattan—a man who has his finger in every "conciliation" pie within a hundred miles of Manhattan Island—had this to say during his campaign:

"Given grievance boards any little difference and misunderstandings would be easily explained

and adjusted, and we would have contented employees of the people. This is in the line of economy. For a contented employee is more loyal and effective, and in the end the only truly valuable asset in industry. I plead with you to use your influence in the direction of permitting both sides of every industrial dispute to be heard without the losses, the hardship, and the passion developed through strikes."

Nothing new, you see—just another of these incidental confessions of the true motive power of progressive reforms. "This is in the line of Economy." A contented employee is a "truly valuable asset." In other words, again:

Philanthropy is the Best Efficiency.

The reiteration of this motto of Progressivism and radical reform is not our fault. Next time we will call it Philanthro-efficiency for short.

Of Mexico.

PRESIDENT WILSON faces a complex situation in Mexico. He does not want war. Moreover, he has the character to resist the pressure of American capitalists and news-mongers, who do want it. But he feels compelled to *do enough* in Mexico to retain the diplomatic leadership of the United States, and avert acts of aggression by European nations. He faces a complex situation and he may be forced into a war.

But the thing that will force him into that war will be the interest of European investors. Remember that. Some fifty thousand American workmen may be invited to march over the border and shoot Mexican workmen, in order to save them from being exploited by European capital. That will be a complex

situation, indeed, and there will be the more need of a simple principle to guide a plain man through it. The simplest principle I can think of is this: *Don't go to war.*

THE MOTHER FOLLOWS

Sarah N. Cleghorn.

SHE follows the children out to play,
And calls and clutches when they stray
The hideous, nameless house too near,
Or in the bright saloon would peer.
When will the foolish creature learn
That these are none of her concern?
"Go home and take care of your children."

She follows the young things to the mill,
And rashly seeks to guard them still
From fenceless cogs that whirl and thrust
And fill the air with lint and dust.
The pay is small, the hours are long,
The fire-escapes are none too strong—
Meddlesome woman! Home again!
This is the business of the men.
"Go home and take care of your children."

At last she follows the children home,
Up to the dark and airless room,
By noisome hall and lampless stair;
But these are none of her affair;
Nor should she seek to help or kill
Amendments to the Tenement Bill.
Yet now she wears upon her breast
A button with the bold request:
"Let me take care of my children!"



Drawn by John Sloan

REVERENCE

The Masses
PRESS PEARL CONTEST!
HANDSOME PRIZES! OPEN TO
THE WORLD! THOUSANDS OF
DOLLARS IN IMITATION PEARLS
GIVEN AWAY!

THE Editors of THE MASSES, desiring to recognize the hilarity contributed to this dull world by the serious columns of the Popular Press, offer a monthly prize of a 14-carat IMITATION PEARL to the newspaper or magazine publishing the most foolish, false, priggish, inane, silly, and altogether ridiculous item in its news or editorial columns. The JEWEL will be attached to a silken banner, upon which the winning PRESS PEARL will be pasted, and the whole sent to the editor of the victorious publication. Moreover, the name of the winning paper will be published in conspicuous type at the top of this column each month, together with the PRESS PEARL which captures the prize.

Every daily, weekly or monthly magazine or newspaper in the United States is eligible to this contest; and our readers are urged to assist their favorite periodicals to win this proud distinction.

Send in your Press Pearls!

The Prize for the most perfect PRESS PEARL published in the past month has been awarded to *Harper's Weekly* for the following:

DOMESTIC servants in France who can prove that for thirty years they have been good and faithful, are entitled to the right to wear tri-colored ribbons in their buttonholes. A new order instituted by laws passed this summer is now being enlisted—the Order of Distinguished Domestic Service. The plan is a credit to a nation already famous for ideas that combine practicality and sentiment. That humble service may assert a legal claim to a share of rank and distinction sounds like a corollary to *noblesse oblige*.
 —NORMAN HAPGOOD.

By a unanimous vote of the Board of Editors, a mounted pearl has been sent to Mr. Norman Hapgood, with their hearty and public congratulations

Honorable Mention

is accorded to the following:

ALTHOUGH she wore not less than eight diamond rings, Mrs. Martha Powers, twenty-four years old, declared she was tired of living "a prisoner within four walls," and shot herself early to-day.—*N. Y. Globe*.

MEN Guard Suspects of Seeking St. John the Divine Art Treasures Fracture His Skull.—*N. Y. Times* Headline.

WHEN one finds a fallen woman, one finds her so not because of low wages, want, and suffering, but because the germ is in her blood.—*National Civic Federation Review*.



Drawn by W. H. Glintenkamp.

BROTHERS

A Dead-Game Priest

PREACHERS are queer chaps. Some people like them. I frankly don't. For one thing, they are too darned good business men for a poor newspaper scribbler to fool with. I can't help thinking of the one who was hired recently by a New York congregation at ten thousand a year. He got that, because he said he was getting eight in the bush league where he was signed up. Later his employers here found out that he had been getting just six, and were a bit miffed at the way he had worked them for a raise. They had the money, too, and could afford it. I haven't the money and just steer clear of the theological sort. I often say it is because I am too blamed religious to associate with them, but then I am half joking.

Yet there is one of them I like. I have never seen him, which may account for it. He is a little Roman Catholic priest in Fort Morgan, California, and from what I know he is a dead-game sport. A short time ago he offered to bet a Baptist minister one hundred dollars that the said minister could not answer five of his questions in theology. He offered to bet at odds of two to one.

Here, at any rate, is one of the boys who is sincere. The followers of the Mother Church are brought up to know the value of money, all right, but this little priest is willing to risk a hundred dollars in defense of the Old Girl, as no doubt he familiarly calls her. Can you beat that?

Of course the question as to whom the money comes from doesn't enter into a purely theological proposition at all.

JAMES HENLE.

THE HOME AND MOTHER DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Howard Brubaker
AN ECONOMICAL CHRISTMAS DINNER

High-Cost-of-Living Soup

TAKE four beans, wash and remove the tariff. Add water according to the size of the family and boil. This makes a wholesome and refreshing dish and will not impair the appetite.

Hash à la Sulzer

SOLICIT contributions from the neighbors, if necessary making promises in return. When contributions cease shake the mass until complete fusion is effected, and stew or roast according to circumstances. If it comes out hard serve in strips, but if it remains soft use as a beverage. If the family does not like it throw it out.

Roast Goose

WHEN you are through with the kitchen stove pawn it and buy a wise, experienced, conservative goose. Threaten it with a trip on the New Haven Railroad until it is helpless from fright, and then insult it until it turns a fiery red. If necessary reflect upon the age of its family and imply that its ancestors worked for a living. This never fails to enrage a goose. Serve piping hot. As the family will not be able to eat this it can be put aside and used year after year.

With the goose serve freshly opened, green-colored vegetables. Care should be taken to buy only from those canning companies which advertise in this magazine. All other brands are deadly (at least

this month.) [Note.—If the green peas cause illness, do not throw away the remainder. They make an excellent paint for the kitchen table.]

Dessert

TAKE a bag of fresh-roasted peanuts, or if necessary buy them. If the size of the family permits this extravagance, remove the shells. Pour over the nuts a can of corn syrup, but do not speak of it as glucose. Heat or cool according to whether or not you still have a stove. This confection while not palatable is fully as unwholesome as candy, which costs twice as much. If the family objects to the glucose call attention to the Supreme Court's decision that to the pure all things are pure.

Coffee

BY this time the vitality of the family will be so weakened that it will be safe to serve Hitching Postum.

Decorations

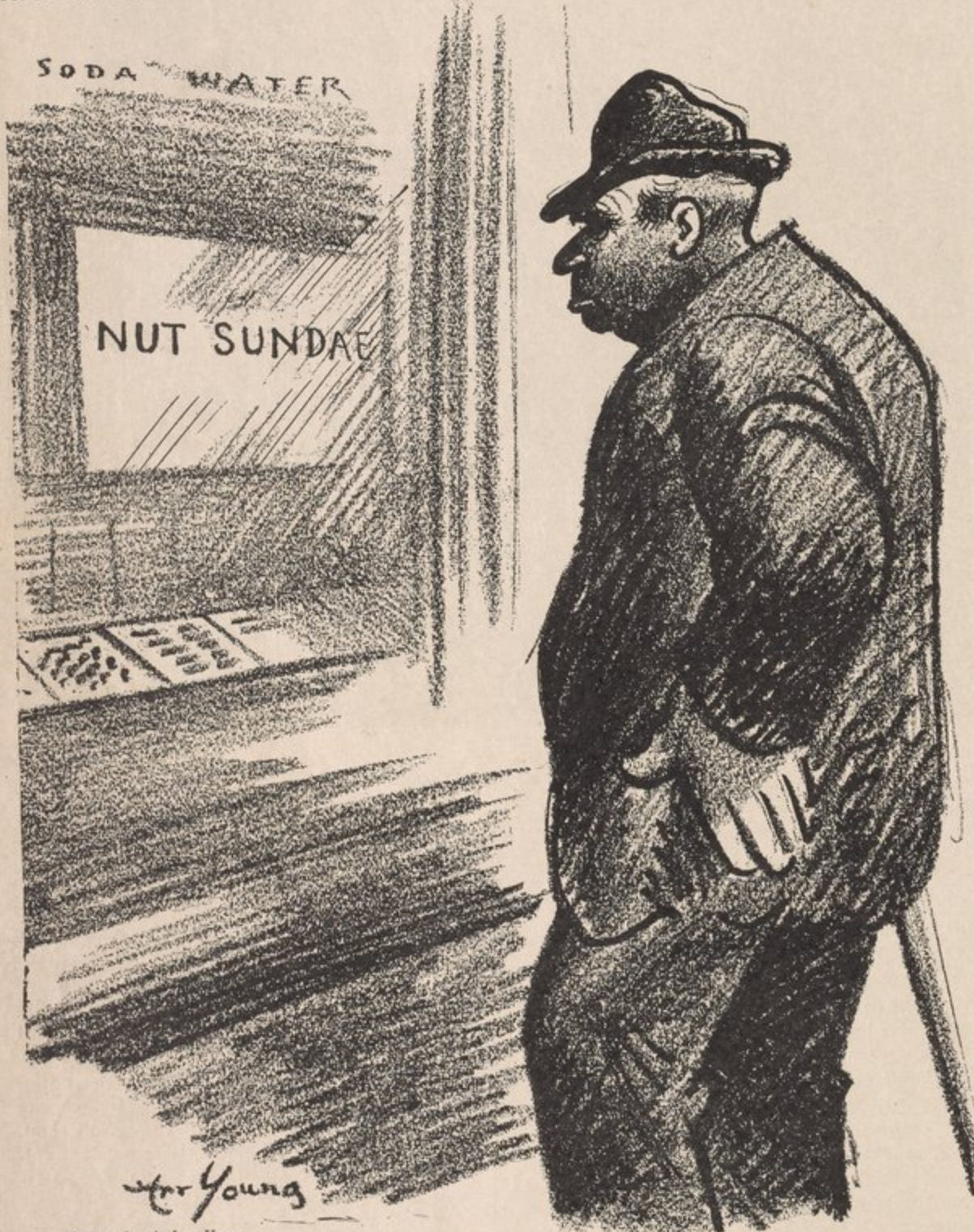
THE enjoyment of a Christmas dinner is greatly enhanced by arranging the table in a tasteful manner. A very pretty effect can be obtained by covering the center of the table with cotton snow about a mirror representing ice. The family can easily do without the mirror for one day. If you have no cotton handy you can easily get some out of an old suit of all-wool clothes.

An excellent Christmas tree may be obtained by waiting until the newspapers have ceased to lie about the Christmas tree famine. Or you can do without the goose.

Christmas Cheer

AS the family will naturally be in bad humor after the above dinner, it will be necessary to provide some entertainment or counter-irritant.

One plan that never fails to bring good results is the game of philanthropist. Let the family choose a strong and cheerful person as philanthropist. He comes in and delivers a nice little talk on the Christmas spirit—such as may be obtained from the editorial page of any reliable newspaper. He informs the giggling family that this is the glad season when the barriers between the rich and the poor are broken down, when the spirit of brotherhood permeates the busy marts of trade. (It is well to use figurative language rather than such terms as "factory" or "department store.") It is the season of generosity when men give gifts hoping against hope that they may not receive anything in return. He invokes the spirit of tolerance, asks all not to envy the rich, to turn their thoughts to spiritual things, to be temperate and reasonably economical. The philanthropist is then treated with disrespect by the other members of the family and a hilarious time is had by young and old.



Drawn by Arthur Young

MR. CALLAHAN (REFLECTIVELY): "ASH WEDNESDAY—SHROVE TUESDAY—GOOD FRIDAY—SAY, THIS IS A NEW WAN ON ME!"

GONZLE—GONZLE—GONZLE!

EUGENE WOOD

THE whole barnyard was populous with geese, geese of all colors and all sorts. They had been herded from all over the farm by an elderly man, his old maid daughter, and his two sons. The elderly gentleman wore a fawn-colored, fuzzy plug hat of an ancient block; he was in his shirt-sleeves, had on a fancy blue waistcoat with jagged white spots in the goods, and striped trousers held down by straps, one under each boot. He had a slim chin-whisker.

He drove them into the barnyard, came in himself, and shut the gate after him. As he stood still, the geese, which has been gabbling confusedly all the way about how scarce grass was getting, all at once began to clap their wings and cry as with one voice: "GONZLE—GONZLE—gonzle—gonzle!" which is, being interpreted, "Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

The man bowed and smiled, and when the gonzle-gonzling had gone on so long that it was getting wearisome, he held up his right hand in what the books on Oratory and Public Speaking call "the closing gesture," palm outward. Then the very geese that had been making the most racket hissed angrily at those who kept on gonzle-gonzling.

"We are here this beautiful morning," said the man impressively, "in accordance with time-honored custom." As he uttered those words in solemn, Daniel Webster accents, a profound hush enveloped all. It was so still that when a fluffy feather dropped one could hear it click on the gravel.

"In accordance with time-honored custom and those usages—"

"Gonzle—gonzle—gonzle—gonzle!" broke in one young gander, whose rapid tail-twitchings showed him to be that common enemy, the humorist or wag. Which interruption was received by the more sedate with a storm of hisses, and by the more leather-headed with a tittering chorus of "gong-a-kick-kick-kicka," because this particular "Gonzle-gonzle,"—judging by the context—this particular "gonzle-gonzle" signified. "You mean goosages, don't you?"

"Those usages," the man went on without heeding the frivolous interruption, "which have made this farm so pre-eminently above all other farms, a goose's paradise!"

Cries of "GONZLE—GONZLE—gonzle—gonzle!" He surely was a silver-tongued orator, that man.

"And what, I ask you, is the REASON why THIS farm is so much to be preferred above those farms . . . those farms where, mistakenly as I believe, they are endeavoring to force upon their helpless geese who have no voice in the matter such new-fangled absurdities as a minimum ration for fowls—" Oh, the contempt that that man could put into his voice for such fool capers! "A course which, I hardly need tell you, cannot fail to weaken the most powerful springs of action, individual incentive and—er—ah-hoom! enterprise within the goose's bosom, or in the words of the great German poet, 'ganse brust!'"

Cries of "GONZLE—GONZLE—gonzle—gonzle!" A fine speaker.

"What can it be, I repeat, but the time-honored custom, and those usages which have come down to us from the days of Washington—"

Unanimous cries of "GONZLE—GONZLE—gonzle—gonzle!" long continued.

"Of Jefferson—"

Not so unanimous, but still pretty strong.

"Of Jackson—"

A still smaller fraction but a more vociferous one, mostly very old ganders on the south side of the lot. But the man was working up to a climax and he shouted in rising inflection, as if he asked a question, "And of Lincoln?"

That fetched 'em. He knew it would. They all hollered "GONZLE—GONZLE—gonzle—gonzle!" at that. Every one. Such a wing-clapping, and such a cacklement and honking as would almost deave the listener.

"Whurbaaa—" the man said, outstretching a solemn arm and wobbling a loose forefinger, "whurbaaaa EACH and ev'ry goose among you, REGARDLESS of ANY condition whatsoever save that alone of being of down-bearing age, is entitled, FREELY and without compulsion to declare, be he GOOSE or gander, whether he or she will be picked by my daughter Maria,"—here a sour-faced old frump with false curls and specs grinned over the fence and showed the snags in her puckery mouth, at whom some hissed and some cried, "GONZLE—GONZLE—gonzle—gonzle!"—"My son John"—here a lubberly, fat, overgrown lout, nicknamed "the baby elephant," put his swollen hand on the fence and nodded cavalierly to his audience which hissed and applauded him as it did his sister—"Or Buddy here"—at which a younger boy, scowling cheerfully to hold his glasses on, vaulted over the fence and tossed his hat into a sort of ring scratched on the ground.

"I have heard say," the man continued with a twinkle in his eye, "that they have all been accused of being a leetle mite too rough at times." This humorous sally was taken to be about the best thing in the comic line that ever was got off. He knew it would be. He knew it was as good for a laugh as that line in Uncle Tom's Cabin where Legree says: "Take this black rascal out and beat him within an inch of his life!"

"But Maria and John and even Buddy here have all declared that they are unalterably opposed to taking the hide off with the feathers, their interests being identical with your interests; that they view with alarm each other's proposals to pull a stocking over your heads if you bite while you are being picked; and they point with pride to their past record of never having interfered with the liberty of any free-born goose by clamping his or her wings between their knees—unless they thought they had to. I thank you."

Loud wing-clapping and gonzle-gonzling greeted the conclusion of this masterly oratorical effort. When it died out a gander said, "Gonzle-gonzle-gonzle-gonzle," to which another said, "Gonzle," which, of course, you understand to mean, "I move you, sir, that we now proceed to ballot," and "Second the motion."

"You have heard the motion. All those in favor will signify by saying 'Aye!' All opposed, by the same sign. The ayes have it and it is so ordered."

"Those who prefer to be picked by my daughter Maria will proceed to the southeast corner of the lot."

A large proportion of the assemblage waddled over there, scooting their heads over the ground as they went.

"Those who prefer my son John will proceed to the northeast corner of the lot."

A very much smaller proportion waddled thither, a surprisingly smaller proportion, considering that at other times almost the whole bunch had chosen John, so many indeed that he had been obliged to be even more than "kind o' rough" about his picking; he was real rough. Hence the merriment at the comic part of his daddy's speech.

"All those in favor of Buddy here will gather 'round him to the tune of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers'."

And when these had assembled themselves there yet remained a small minority, perhaps one-tenth of the whole lot.

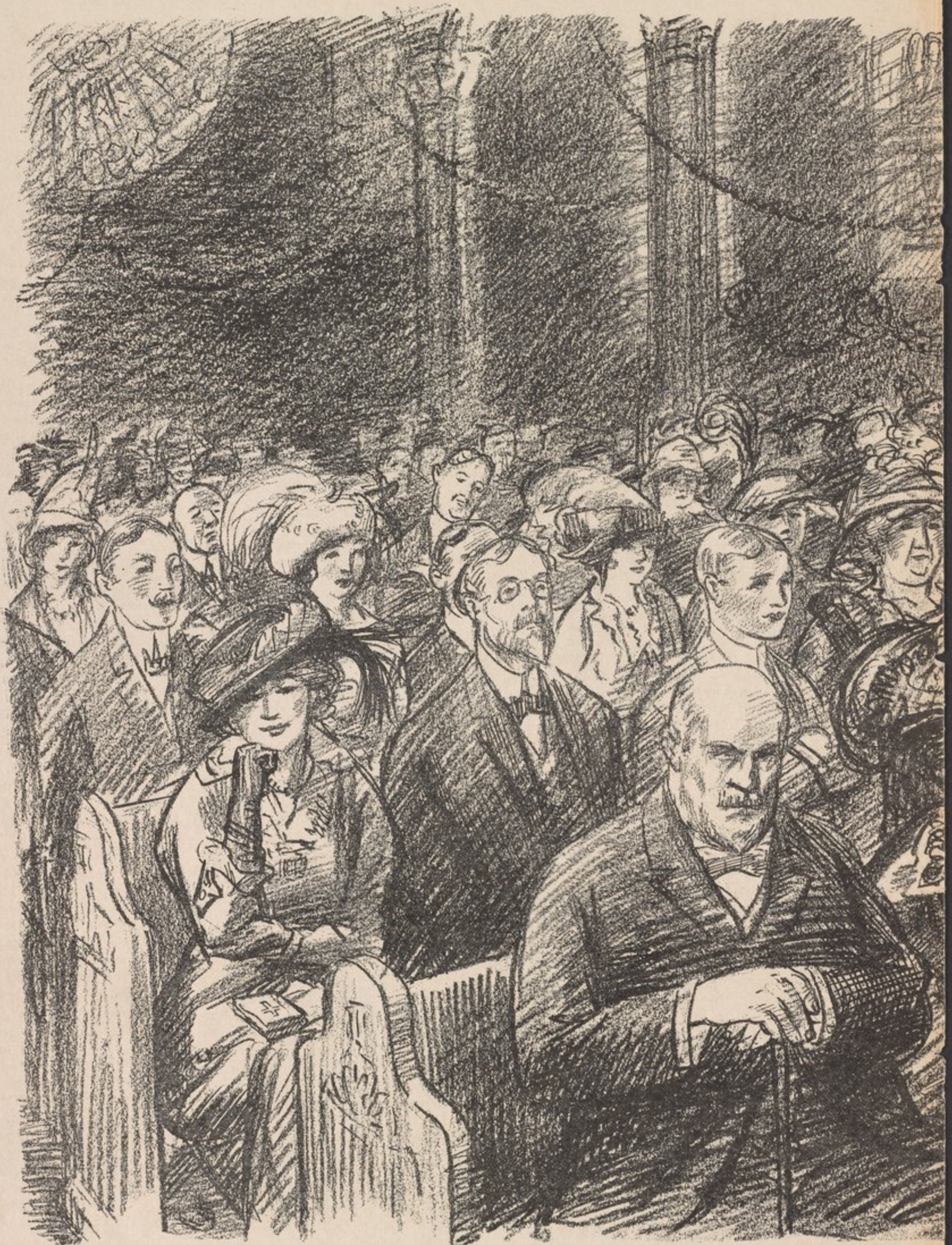
The old gentleman looked them over, frowning a little. In all of them, by some freak of plumage, a Red Feather showed conspicuously. There were more of these freaks than at any time before.

"What ails you, anyhow?" he scolded. "Who do you want to have pick you?"

They made long speeches. When they said that Maria was mean and cruel, those who had chosen John and Buddy set up mighty cries of "Gonzle-gonzle!" When they said that John robbed them of every covering they had, leaving them bare as the palm of his hand, those in Maria's and Buddy's bailiwick cried "gonzle-gonzle!" in loud approval. And when they said that Buddy was just as bad as either, and worse because he liked to see blood, the geese in Maria's corner and John's corner also cried "Gonzle-gonzle!" in applause. But when they went on to say that it didn't make any difference who picked them, John or Maria or Buddy, they were picked just the same,—there ensued at first an ominous silence, and then every goose and gander in the lot that had no Red Feather in its plumage, stuck out its neck and hissed.

The old gentleman was getting angrier every minute, and when they went on further to assert that they didn't want to be picked at all; that they wanted their down for their own use and comfort, to feather their own nests, and not the nests of others, he broke in with: "That's enough. I don't want to hear any more. What are you for, I'd like to know, but to be picked and plucked? Plucked of every feather on you, if I say so. Killed, if I say so. You eat more grass now than you're worth. Shoo! Shoo there! "Shoo!" and he drove them over to Maria's corner where the majority of the geese were.

Then all the other geese clapped their wings and cried aloud: "GONZLE—GONZLE—gonzle—gonzle!" which is being interpreted from one goose language into another: "You threw away your vote!"



Drawn by John Sloan.

HIS REVERENCE: "THUS, FRIENDS, WE SEE THE MASSES
 THEY CRY OUT UPON WORK, BEWAILING THEIR
 OF THE HEAVENLY LAW WHICH ORDAINS
 BY THE NARROW PATH OF SELF-DE
 VALUES OF SPIRITUAL BLI



FILLED WITH A VAGUE, UNCHRISTIAN SPIRIT OF DISCONTENT.
DIVINELY APPOINTED LOT, FORGETFUL, MY BRETHREN,
THAT ONLY THROUGH TOIL AND TRIBULATION,
TRIAL, MAY WE ENTER INTO THE HIGHER
BLESSEDNESS. . . . LET US PRAY!"

SEEING IS BELIEVING

John Reed

WHETHER the girl was straight or not, George doesn't know yet. It's a thing you can usually detect in a five minutes' conversation—or anyway, George can. And this case is the more important because George has rather settled ideas about that sort of thing. He is an attractive, more than usually kind-hearted fellow, who has been known to yield to our common weakness for women, and yet who has strict ideas about the position of such creatures in the social scale. I may add that he is abnormally sensitive to attempts upon his money and sympathy, and knows all the tricks.

It seems that he came out of his club on Forty-fourth street just as a girl strolled past. She was a very small girl with fluffy hair, dressed in a cheap blue tailor suit and a round little hat with a feather sticking straight up. Now, it's usual for women to stroll down Forty-fourth street; but it certainly isn't the appropriate promenade for small, shabby girls dressed in mail-order clothes. I wonder the police didn't stop her.

Anyway, there she was; and as George came through the swinging door, she slowed her pace very obviously and grinned at him. Now comes the most amazing part of the story; George fell into step with her and walked along. That may not seem extraordinary to you—but then, you don't belong to a Forty-fourth street club. Why, we never pick up a girl in front of our club. It was the first time George had ever done it, either; and now that he looks back at it, he says that the girl must have hypnotized him from the first. "Going anywhere in particular?" he asked, according to the formula.

She looked up at him frankly, and he noticed, all of a sudden, how extraordinarily innocent her eyes were. "Yes," she answered, giggling a little. "I'm going with you." She caught her breath, and George wondered, for the first time, if any of his friends would see him. "I've been walking most all night, except I went into the ladies' room at Macy's and slept two hours before they saw me."

"What do you want?" asked George, putting his hand in his pocket, and by this time pretty much ashamed of walking on the street with her. She didn't answer, and he raised his eyes to find hers filled with tears. She stopped right in the middle of the sidewalk, and turned to face him squarely, shaking her small head solemnly to and fro.

"No," she said. "No. I don't want you to pay me for letting you go. I want to talk to you."

Now, if George had been his rational self, he would have either hurled indignantly away, or taken her to one of those hotels in which the region abounds. They were within a few steps of Sixth avenue. But some entirely new feeling made him blush, (George blushing!) and instead he heard himself say: "Let's go over to the waiting-room of the Grand Central Station. We can talk there." So they faced around and walked back past the club toward Fifth avenue. Killing, isn't it?

I can imagine them as they went along rather silently—George uncomfortable at the thought of being seen with her, unaccountably angry with himself for being so, and perhaps wondering what kind she was; and she with chin lifted, seeming to drink in the air and the bustle around her, her gaze fixed on the tops of buildings. It had turned out one of those blue, steely days of early winter.

George kept stealing glances at her out of the corner of his eye. He was curious, and yet there were few things one could ask this girl.

"Live in New York?" he asked. It was perfectly evident that she didn't.

"W-e-ell," she hesitated. "Not just. I came here from Chillicothe, Ohio. But I like it here—awfully. The skyscrapers do tickle you so; don't they?"

"Tickle?"

"O, you know," she explained. "When you lean back and look up at 'em, with their high towers all gold up above the highest birds, something just pricks and bubbles in you, and you laugh," and she gave a sort of ecstatic little chirp, like a baby.

"I see," he murmured, more at sea than ever. Was the girl bluffing?

"You know that's all I came for," she went on. "That and the millions of people."

"You mean you came to New York to see the crowds and the skyscrapers?" asked George, sarcastically. You see, George was too wise for that kind of talk.

She nodded. "It seems to me that all my life I heard about nothing but New York. Every time a drummer used to come into Simonds's—Simonds's is where I worked, you know—or when Mr. Petty went East for the fall stock, they used to talk about the Elevated, and the Subway, and the skyscrapers, and Broadway, and—oh, they used to talk so I couldn't sleep thinking of the towers and the roaring and the lights. And so here I am—"

"But how?"

"O, I know it seems funny to you a girl like me would have enough money to come," she said, with bird-like nods of her little head. "But you see I'm seventeen now, and I began to save when I was eleven. I saved fifty dollars."

At this moment they passed through the eastern door to the great Concourse.

George shot at her rudely: "How much have you got now?"

"Nothing," she replied. And then the marble terrace, and the gracious flight of steps, and the mighty ceiling of starry sky, with the mystical golden procession of the Zodiac marching across it, burst upon her sight. "Oh," she cried, and gripped the marble balustrade hard with her stubby fingers. "This is the beautifullest thing I ever saw in my life!"

"Never mind that!" said George, taking her by the arm. "You come along. I want to talk to you." She could hardly be moved from the terrace. She seemed to have forgotten everything in her rapt wonder at the place. She wanted to know what it was. What were all the people doing, where were they going, why did they go around bumping into each other and never speaking? If it was a railway station, where were the trains, and why was it so beautiful? What was the Zodiac, and why didn't one see it in the sky outside? It suddenly struck George as particularly strange that a girl who professed to come from Chillicothe, Ohio, should know nothing about the Grand Central Station.

"By the way," he said. "Didn't your train from Ohio come to this station?"

"O, dear no," she threw off carelessly. "I crossed the river on a ferry-boat." She had parried that exquisitely. George piloted her as quickly as possible toward the waiting-room. He was very angry; he

said to himself that he had never been the victim of such flagrant fiction.

"Look here!" he said, as they sat side by side. "How long have you been in New York?"

"About two weeks—but I haven't seen half—"

"And I suppose you've tried to get a job everywhere," George sneered, "but there wasn't any work. And now you are turned out of your room, and they've seized your baggage?"

"O, yes," nodded the girl, a little troubled. "They did all that. But you're mistaken. It wasn't that I couldn't get a job. I didn't try to find a job. You see, I've been riding on the Seeing-New York automobiles all day long every day, and that costs a dollar a ride, and there are so many places they don't go."

George was mad. "O, come," he said. "You can't expect me to believe that. I live here, you know. (George is very proud of being a New-Yorker.) Perhaps if you'd tell me the truth, I could help you."

The girl gave a sudden surprised little chuckle, and bent her round eyes upon him.

"Why, mother always said I was a dreadful fibber. And maybe I made some things sound worse'n they really are. But I guess I know what you mean," she went on gently. "You think I've—that I—with men. But no, no, no," she shook her head. "I know all about things, but I'm a good girl."

George felt a sharp pain in his heart. He had hurt himself. As for the girl, she seemed to dismiss the incident from her mind. There was a pause.

"What are you going to do?" he asked finally, in a stiff voice.

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," she turned to him a little excitedly. "You see, last night, when I went home to my room she wouldn't let me in; and she said through a crack in the door that she wouldn't give me my clothes. So I walked around thinking what to do. It was so much fun going down the quiet streets in the night and the grey morning that I forgot to think much what I was going to do. And then I slept a little while in Macy's—and—and, well, I'd just about made up my mind when I saw you."

"Well, what?" he asked impatiently.

"Well, I think I've got to see the rest of New York. Only I guess it'll cost money. You see, I've got to eat and sleep. Eat anyway." Here she puckered her brow in a delightful little frown. "And that's what I want to ask your advice about."

The simple-minded recklessness of this fairly took George off his feet. Always providing the story was not a deliberate lie. And, great Heavens, how he wanted to doubt that story!

"Look here!" he said. "You go home to Chillicothe. That's my advice. You go home. Why, you don't know the risks you run in this terrible city! (New Yorkers love their Sodom and Gomorrah.) You could starve to death as easily as not. And as for other things—well, it's lucky you didn't meet some of the men that live in this town. Ugh! (George shuddered to think of some of the monsters that infest Babylon.) Suppose it hadn't been me. Do you know what any man would have thought?"

"Yes," she said unsmilingly. "Just what you thought. And he'd do pretty much what you are doing, too. I'm not afraid of men. I always trusted everybody, and nobody ever did me any harm. O, I've lived through a good deal, and being hungry doesn't scare

me much. Somebody always helps me—and that's because I've got faith."

"You go home!" said George roughly. "You don't know what you're talking about. I'll get you a ticket and give you money enough to buy your food. Go home to your mother quick, before you get caught in the whirlpool. (George is pretty proud of his metaphors.) Now I know you don't want to go, and you're a very brave girl; but if you don't I swear I'll—" He was about to threaten her with the Gerry Society when he suddenly saw that her face was buried in her hands and her shoulders shaking. Was she laughing at him? He pulled her arm brutally away from her face. She seemed to be shaken with sobs, although there were no tears. Poor George didn't know what to think.

"O," she said brokenly. "You're right. I want to go home. I want to go home. I've been just going on my nerve. O, send me home."

George asked her how much the fare was, and in the end it came to about twenty dollars, according to her. It also developed that a train left in fifteen minutes which would take her on her way.

"Now," said George. "Come on. We'll go and buy your ticket."

The girl had stopped crying with unnatural suddenness, George says, and not the slightest trace of it remained. At this remark she stood still and laid her grimy little hand on his arm.

"No," she said. "Give me the money and let me buy it myself." George looked sardonic. "Let me buy it myself," she went on gently. "You didn't believe me, and you must, or else I'll have to find someone else. Let's say good-bye here."

George hesitated only a moment. Then he said to himself, "O, well, what if she is stinging me? What if she does take my money and go out the Forty-second street door? I'm a damn fool already, anyhow." And he gave her the money.

She must have seen what he was thinking. For she fixed her eyes steadily on his, shaking her head slowly in that quaint way of hers.

"You've got no faith," she said. "But never mind. Because you were good to me, I'll tell you where I lived in New York. And you can go there." . . .

After she had gone, leaving him in the waiting-room, he came home and was indiscreet enough to tell us all about it. Of course we guyed him to death for a sentimental sucker, and he got pretty ashamed of his knight-errantry. The more so because he wasn't that kind of a fellow at all.

At dinner Burgess argued the matter out with him.

"I know the kind," said Burgess loftily. "I suppose she kissed you purely just before you parted?"

"No," answered George. "And that was funny, because I wanted to. You'd have thought gratitude—"

"Well, then, she took your name and address and promised some day to pay it back!"

"On the contrary. She gave me hers—where she said all her baggage was held up. And I, when the reaction came on me, went up there, knowing that I wouldn't find anything."

"And you didn't?"

George shrugged. "It's out in the hall now. That suitcase. All—all just as she said."

"I'll frankly admit," said Burgess, "that I never heard of anything like that before. But the girl doesn't exist, or the man either, with a drop of sporting blood in his veins, who would quit this town with twenty new dollars. No, sir. The explanation is that she strayed out of her district. Now that she's flush she'll go back there. I'll bet, if you hunted long enough, you could find her almost any night on Sixth avenue near Thirty-third street."

And they bet five on that, although I didn't see any sense in it.

ONE night about three weeks later, George came in late and marched straight up to Burgess, saying, "Here's your five!"

"What for?" asked Burgess, who had forgotten as completely as any of us.

"Saw the girl," muttered George, without looking anybody in the eye. "Sixth avenue and Thirty-third street."

"Tell us," said Burgess, who was a real sport after all. And so we heard the sequel.

George had spent the holiday out on Long Island with the Winslows, and had taken the eight-ten train. He got in to the Pennsy Station about a quarter past nine, and thought he'd walk down. And at the corner of Thirty-third and Sixth avenue, who should bump into him but the girl! George says that he was paying no attention to anything but his own thoughts, when the girl stopped and cried out to him:

"Going anywhere in particular?"

He looked up suddenly and recognized her. She had passed him a few feet, and now turned squarely in the middle of the sidewalk and rested her hands on her hips like a small washerwoman. A little flurry

of anger swept him—but it was a long time since the incident, and he decided to feel cynically amused.

"I'm going with you," he mimicked calmly, and joined her. "Where do you want to go?"

For answer she stepped up to him, took him by both shoulders, and looked into his face, shaking her head slowly back and forth.

"I want something to eat," is all she said, simply. George shrugged his shoulders and mentioned Baber's. That searching look of hers had made him most uncomfortable, and as they walked along he covertly glanced at her. It seemed to him that she was thinner, less well-nourished, smaller, shabbier—but just as innocent. That was another proof of her guilt. For no one could run around the streets five weeks and remain undefiled. So she must have been always spotted. And her candid, untroubled expression as she walked beside him—when any ordinary girl would have been explaining how it was she stayed in the city. (George is a rare analyst of human nature.)

"You know," she said, "it's lucky I met you. I haven't had anything to eat to-day."

"Why me, particularly?" sneered George. "Won't the others stand for it?"

"O, yes," she said quietly. "Somebody always takes me to lunch or something. But I just didn't feel hungry all day. I've been down on the docks looking at the ships. It is like a picture of the world there. Every ship smells of somewhere else." George decided to revenge himself upon her by not mentioning the matter of their former visit. If she possessed a conscience, that would punish her. She should speak first. "And, oh," she remembered all at once. "You are my friend and I don't hesitate to ask—I need ten dollars to pay for a suit I ordered; you see, I'm still wearing my old clothes, and they're not warm enough."

"Well!" gasped George. "Of all the nerve!"

"Well, perhaps it was pretty nery to order it," assented the girl. "But I knew that somebody would help me—they always do."

Alas for George's good resolutions. When the suspicious head-waiter at Baber's had been reassured by the whiteness of George's linen, the poor fellow's impatient curiosity consumed him bodily. What would she say? How would she explain it? Or would she simply own up to the fraud? Or would she tell as marvelous and incredible a story as before? The object of his conjectures was calmly looking around the room, contented, sufficient, aloof. He couldn't stand it any longer.

"I thought you went back to Chillicothe." George was very ironic. She glanced at him, and he thought he detected a faint gleam of amusement in her eyes, and a faint shadow of sadness.

"I forgot that you'd want to hear about that first," she said. "Well, when I left you, I got on the train"—she paused, searching his face, and then repeated—"I got on the train—and went along as far as Albany."



Drawn by G. S. Sparks.

And after that a really nice man came and sat down beside me and we got to talking. He was a tall, red man, with a yellow mustache—lots older than you—and his name was Tom, he said. Now I was thinking to myself, 'Here you are going back home with only the clothes on your back, after your mother worked all winter to make you clothes enough for this one. You never ought to have left New York without getting your clothes out of that boarding-house.' And I was worrying about going back to Chillicothe without any clothes, so I told Tom about it. He said: 'Come on and get off at Utica, and I'll take you back to New York and get your clothes out of the boarding-house for you.'

"This beats the other story," said George.

"You see?" she answered radiantly. "I told you before I just had to see the rest of New York. And there was Tom when I needed him. Well, we got back here and he did all he said he would. But when we got to the boarding-house, the clothes were gone. They told me a young man had come and taken them, and I knew right away it was you. But I didn't know where to find you," she continued, smiling at him, "unless I went and walked up and down in front of that place I saw you first. And Tom didn't want me to do that. You see, Tom was awfully good to me. He got me a room and paid the rent two weeks in advance; and he bought me some nice dresses. We used to go to dinner together every night."

"What became of Tom?" asked George, with just the proper cynical inflection.

Which, however, the girl didn't seem to notice, because she went on, in a softer voice, "Poor Tom. He didn't understand. I don't know why, but I don't think he *could* understand. I think he must have been

sick. Because, after he had been so good to me all that time, he suddenly began to—O, well, you know what he wanted. Poor Tom."

"O, this is rich," cried George, rocking.

She gazed at him meditatively. "I wonder if even you understand?" she asked. "It wasn't his fault—I know that. He was too nice to me to be so mean. He just didn't understand. But of course I couldn't stay there; and I couldn't go on wearing his dresses. So I walked out one night, and that was a week ago."

"Where are you living now?"

"Well, I haven't any room just now—"

"What!" burst from him in spite of himself. "A whole week? But—"

The girl smiled mysteriously—or perhaps it was maliciously. "When night comes," she said quietly, "I just pick out some nice-looking house and ring the door bell. And I say to the people, 'I am tired and I have no place to go, and I want to sleep here.'"

"And?" asked George, playing the game.

"Well, it's only once in a while that they don't understand. Then I just have to go to another house."

George poked a finger at her across the table. "I don't know why I listen to your tales," he said, in a hard voice. "But I guess it's because I think you must be all right at bottom. Come now, please tell me the absolute truth. I know it's hard for a girl to get a job; but have you really *tried*?"

"Tried to get a job? Me? Why, no!" she looked surprised. "I don't want to *work* here. I want to *see* things. And, oh, there are so many millions of things to see and feel! Yesterday I walked—a long distance I walked, from early in the morning until almost noon. I went up a long shining street that climbed the roofs of the houses, between enormous quivering steel spider-webs, until at last I could look down on

miles and miles of smoky city spread flat—where all the streets boiled over with children. Think of it! All that to see—and I didn't know it was there at all!"

George says he had the strangest, most irrational sensation—for a moment he actually believed the girl. He seemed to look into a world whose existence he had never dreamed of—a world from which he was eternally excluded, because he knew too much! It hurt. The girl might have been a little white flame burning him. And in his pain he had to say all this. But the girl just wagged her little head solemnly.

"No," she said. "It's because you know too little."

But of course this curious mood only lasted a second. Then his common sense came back, and he told her just what he thought of her, and left her.

But one of the queerest things about the whole business was her parting from him. He says that she listened to all he said with her head bird-like on one side, and when he had finished she leaned over and took one of his hands in both of hers, and pressed it against her breast. Then her eyes filled with tears, and just when he thought she was going to cry, she burst out laughing.

"We'll meet again," she cried, shrilly. "I'll see you just when I need you most—"

And then the indignant George came home.

"Well," said Burgess, twisting the five-dollar bill over and over, when the story was done. "Well, it's such a good story that I'm willing to pay for hearing it. I'll stand five of that ten—"

"What ten?" snapped George.

"That ten you gave her to pay for her suit," and Burgess held out the bill.

George stood there, getting redder and redder, looking at all of us to see if we were laughing at him. Then he said "Thanks" in a stifled voice and took it.

MOTTOES

YOU know these little Onward and Upward, Blest Be The Day, Rise And Shine mottoes by Henry Van Dyke and Buddha and Ella Wheeler Willcox that churchly people stick up on their walls as a stimulus to the aspiration of their souls?

Contrast them with this funereal object which I found decorating every available space before the eyes of the operatives in a New England factory.

**DON'T WASTE THE
MACHINE'S TIME!**

Your value is gauged by what
you get out of this machine.
Keep it at top speed.

That motto goes 50 lengths ahead of anything by Van Dyke, because it is true. It is the one truth that our civilization is driving home to the minds and hearts of those who produce its wealth. I'm glad it is there, but I'd like to add another motto below it in red:

"Ye Shall Know the Truth and the Truth Shall Make You Free."

M. E.

EXIT SALVATORE

CLEMENT RICHARDSON WOOD

SALVATORE'S dead—a gap
Where he worked in the ditch-edge, shovel-
ing mud;

Slanting brow; a head mayhap
Rather small, like a bullet; hot southern blood;
Surly now, now riotous

With the flow of his joy; and his hovel bare,
As his whole life is to us—

A stone in his belly the whole of his share.

Body starved, but the soul secure,
Masses to save it from Purgatory,
And to dwell with the Son and Virgin pure—
Lucky Salvatore!

Salvatore's glad, for see
On the hearse and the coffin, purple and black,
Tassels, ribbons, 'broidery,
Fit for the Priest's or the Pope's own back;
Flowers costly, waxen, gay,

And the mates from the ditch-edge, pair after
pair;
Dirging band, and the Priest to pray,
And the soul of the dead one pleasuring there.

Body starved, and the mind as well.
Peace—let him rot in his costly glory.
Cheated no more with a Heaven or Hell—
Exit Salvatore.

CHURCH HOLDS UP VOTES FOR WOMEN

Diocesan Convention Fears En-
franchising Them in Parish
Would Be Misconstrued.

MOVER ASKS FOR DELAY

Action on the Matter is Put Off for
a Year Lest Suffragists Hail
it as an Indorsement.

—N. Y. Times.

AND next year? Will the church have grown in courage? Or will "Votes for Women" have grown in strength until the church is afraid not to take a stand?

"IF the manufacturers could, they would have decreased wages before. They do not pay wages as a matter of charity. They pay them because they have to."

Karl Marx?

No, William Jennings Bryan. But he wasn't discussing the class struggle.

TO THE FLOWERS AT CHURCH

MAX EASTMAN

SOFT little daughters of the mead,
The random bush, the wanton weed,
That lived to love, and loved to breed,
Who hither bound you?
I see you're innocent of all the screed
That bellows around you.

Ye laughing daffodilies yellow
Beneath a bendy pussy-willow,
I fail to see you gulp and swallow
The Apostles' Creed,
Or shudder at the fates that follow
Adam's deed.

Big bloody hymns the choir sings
And blows it to the "King of Kings,"
The while ye dream of humble things
That wander there
Where first ye spread your golden wings
On summer air—

Like Jesus, simple and divine,
In beauty not in raiment fine,
Who asked no high or holier shrine
In which to pray
Than garden groves of Palestine,
'Neath olives gray.

His name, I think, would still be bright,
Tho' churches were forgotten quite,
And they with aspirations right,
Should simple be,
And lift their heads into the light
As straight as ye.

\$4,000,000 For Christ

THE campaign to raise \$4,000,000 for the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations in New York in two weeks, has resulted, in three days, in more than \$2,000,000. Think of it! \$2,000,000 in hard cash, while work continues to grow scarcer, and about a million people in this town are going to suffer from the want of fuel enough to keep them warm! And now, let's look at the bright side for a minute. The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. are organizations which make efficient, contented, servile employees out of young people who might otherwise amount to something.

And the big capitalists know it. That's why they're able to raise \$4,000,000 for the glory of God. It's the same old thing. Give to charity, and you won't have to raise wages. The *New York Times* says:

"Mr. Coleman du Pont, for example, in presenting \$25,000 toward the total of \$4,000,000 needed, says:

'I am interested in the new Equitable Building now being erected. It will accommodate about 12,000 persons, many of whom will be young women and young men engaged in office work. The programme that your committee is undertaking, in my judgment, will be of inestimable value to these young women and young men. It is exactly the sort of practical assistance that they need, and, I am sure, will greatly appreciate.'

"The testimony of other prominent business men who are stepping forward with cash in their hands to be devoted to this work for the physical and spiritual welfare of young people, is that the money is not given, but invested."
J. S. R.



Drawn by Arthur Young

Nearer, My God To Thee

Merry, Merry Xmas

THE Society to help poor salesladies by the Prevention of Useless Giving was so successful that receipts at the department stores fell off twenty-five per cent. Consequently a number of young ladies who had hitherto reveled on \$5.00 per week were told to hit the grit.

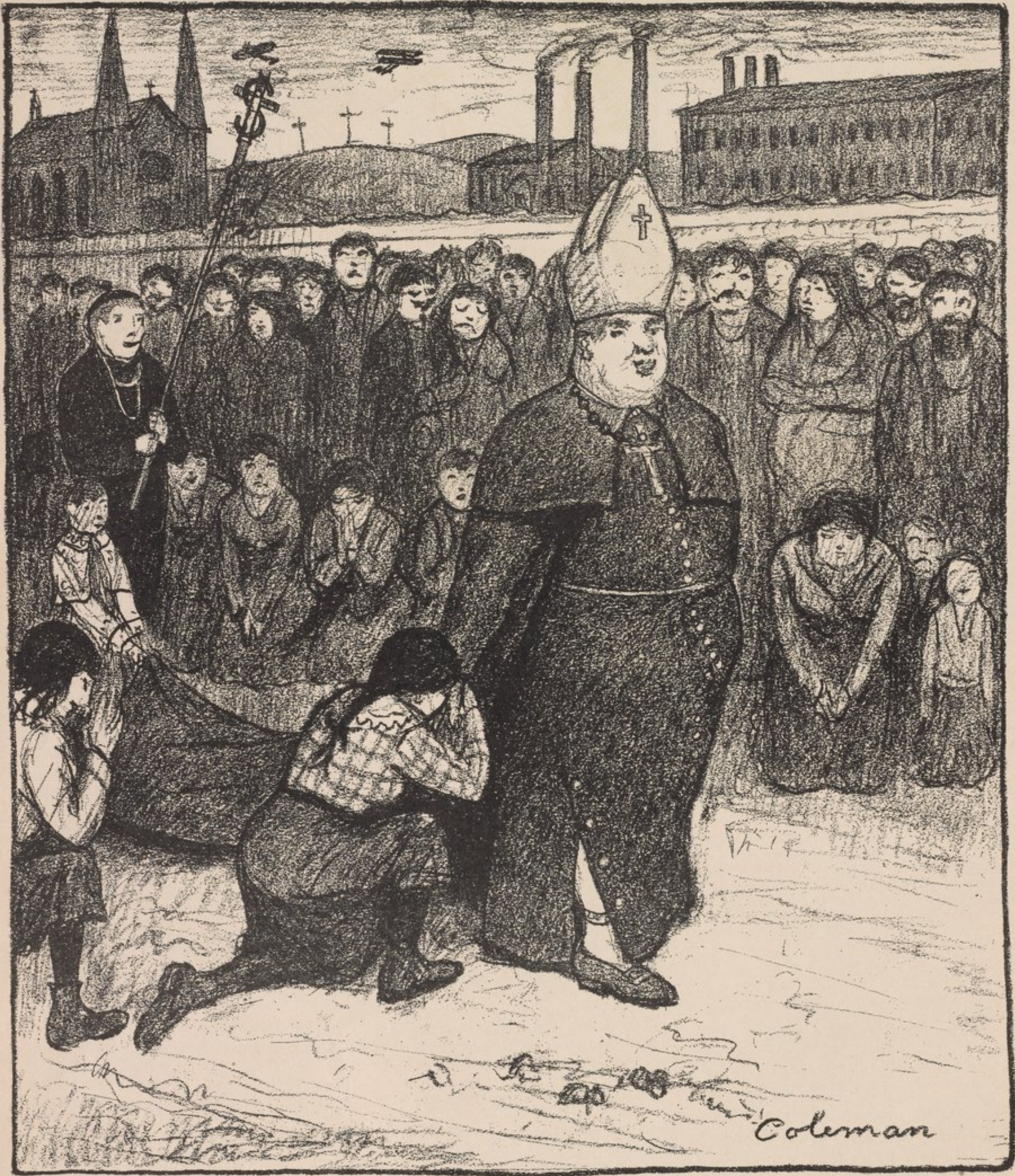
"But," said the Spugs, "it will all come out right just as soon as we have abolished all class hatreds."

H. W.

The Italics, Words and All, Are Ours

From the *New York Tribune*.

THE will of Benjamin Altman, whose advertisement will be found on another page, was praised by the Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner in his sermon last evening in Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Amsterdam Avenue and 104th Street. . . . Some of Andrew Carnegie's benefactions were criticised in comparison. *The Steel Trust has not advertised recently.*
F. P. A.



Drawn by Glenn Coleman

“FOREVER AND EVER, AMEN.”



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

'WOMAN SUFFRAGE? I GUESS NOT! WOMEN ARE TOO SHIFTY. I'D JUST GOT MY MILLS RUNNING TO SUIT ME, WHEN EVERY DAMN WOMAN WENT ON STRIKE FOR SHORTER HOURS!'

Paterson Rebuked

WELL, the New Jersey Supreme Court has set aside the conviction of Bill Haywood, Carlo Tresca and Adolph Lessig, who were sentenced to six months in jail for "inciting to riot" in the Paterson strike!

This is the first severe reprimand administered to the corrupt and unjust Passaic County Court, which has recently convicted Frederick Sumner Boyd for advocating sabotage. It is an indication of what will be done in his case, if enough money is raised to enable him to fight it through the Courts.

The opinion of Judge Bergen, in dismissing Haywood's case, is such a stinging rebuke as to make the Judge liable under that famous New Jersey statute for "holding a public officer up to ridicule." It is, in part:

"There is not a particle of testimony showing that this defendant obstructed or interfered with any person or persons; on the contrary, all that appears is that he was proceeding along the sidewalk of a public highway, without obstructing or interfering with any person beyond the extent of which he occupied the sidewalk. . . ."

"This conviction has not the slightest evidence to support the judgment that this defendant at the time complained of was a disorderly person."

J. S. R.

The General Strike Against The Church

THE German Socialist Party is calling on its members to leave the Lutheran State Church. The Socialists held a dozen meetings in Berlin the other day to push this newest form of General Strike.

The Kaiser has forbidden these meetings. He proposes to fine any Church member twenty-five dollars for leaving it. Such measures doubtless explain why

German statistics show 99 per cent. of the population to be Church members, though no more to go to church than in other countries.

But the cantankerous German Socialists are not satisfied with staying away from church. They want to be given credit for it.

For Sale

FROM a catalogue advertising at auction the Ashley & Bailey silk mills in Paterson, New Jersey, we quote these roseate paragraphs:

"LABOR

This entire section of Paterson, of which the Ashley & Bailey properties form a part, is particularly the home of skilled and diversified labor; as to the labor of Paterson it can be truthfully said that no city in the United States possesses the character in skill and the volume in numbers of high grade labor generally for the manufacture of silk—from the beginning of the taking of the raw material in hand up to its delivery as finished product. While this labor is more or less of an agitative character and at times unruly, yet this is due to the fact of its skilled character; and nevertheless with all this agitation it is still the best labor of its kind in America—we mean by this that while there is trouble from time to time this exceptionally skilled and rare labor persists in staying in Paterson.

MORE RECENT

The long and bitterly contested strike at the silk weaving and dyeing plants of Paterson—recently abandoned—in which the strikers failed to gain a single point or concession, means of itself a very much better feeling from now on between

labor and employer in Paterson—for a long time at least. In other words and for the simple reason that both sides are in a position to treat one with the other—neither having gained."

Here is another important little asset—"from the standpoint of economy":

"BI-CHLORIDE OF TIN PLANT FOR SILK WEIGHTING.

The Complete Equipment for manufacturing Bi-Chloride of Tin for silk weighting purposes—in the dyeing of silk—is extensive, convenient, right up to the minute, and the best known process; has a capacity for tin weighting up to 750 lbs. of silk each twenty-four hours—it is a complete unit, a money saving department, and has proved itself an absolute necessity from the standpoint of economy."

What you might call a Sabotage Plant, if it weren't operated by capitalists and with entire reverence for God.

Prescription for a Modern Drama

FIVE paragraphs from an authoritative work on the Technique of the Drama.

Two paragraphs from the latest report of the Federal Vice Investigation Commission.

Two paragraphs from the current report of the State Commissioner of Labor.

One paragraph from the report of the Municipal Bureau of Charities.

Sprinkle over with a dose of statistics to make the concoction palatable. Season well with gunpowder.

After mixing thoroughly and bottling, send sample to an ethical laboratory for stamp of approval.

MAX ENDICOFF.

Sign of the Times

ROGER W. BABSON, of Wellesley Hills, Mass., whose financial reports and special letters on economic subjects have a very large circulation among the foremost bankers, both in the United States and on the Continent, has issued the following candid statement:

Special Letter—

September 16, 1913.

BABSON'S REPORTS.

WHAT OF THE I. W. W.'S?

Many clients have asked for my opinion relative to the aims, methods and probable future of the Syndicalists,—known in America as the Industrial Workers of the World. Fearing to be misunderstood, I have thus far avoided giving an opinion. However, here is the answer.

The I. W. W.'s are a band of workers who equally despise organized capital and organized labor. They are neither Socialists nor anarchists; but in the minds of many are working for an even more radical purpose. Briefly, they aim at the ultimate ownership of factories, banks and all other industries (excepting public service corporations, which they believe should be owned by the state) by the workers engaged therein. They believe that they can bring this about in one of two ways, viz., by so acting while being employed that capital will find it unprofitable to longer remain in control, and will turn the property over to the workers in sheer desperation; or by patiently preparing for "The Great Strike" by which they hope to take the properties en bloc and simultaneously, as our ancestors took possession of this country July 4th, 1776.

As is the case with all new movements, the I. W. W.'s have gathered a number of ignorant and fanatical people among their members. Moreover, many of their leaders may be unprincipled or selfish men. Certainly, no true American can sympathize for one moment with their acts of violence or with the system of sabotage and destruction often committed in their name. In fact, this destruction of life and property is opposed by the great majority of the members themselves, many of whom represent a high type of sturdy character, possessing great unselfishness and willingness to sacrifice for their comrades.

I do not wish this to be read as a defence of the I. W. W.'s or Syndicalism. I am simply endeavoring to present to you, my clients, certain facts which—owing to your wealth, associations and reading matter—you do not get to-day. I also wish to warn you that the movement will—in some form—continue to grow, because it is, in my opinion, founded on an economic fact, namely, that the labor problem will never permanently be solved until the workers actually own the mills and other enterprises and the state or nation actually owns the railroads and public service properties, however much we dread both events. We hear much about the interests of capital and labor being mutual; but this is not economically true. Capital and labor are by all economic laws antagonistic and attempts at combining these two forces are sure to be only temporary makeshifts.

Certain co-operative or profit-sharing plans may be improvements over former systems, but they will not solve the problem. Certain strikes may be "settled" by compromises or arbitration, but it is only a short time before another strike is instituted. The great fundamental question between capital and labor will never be settled by arbitration boards nor through the joint control of industries by representatives of labor and capital. One of these two opposing in-



Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain

ROCK OF AGES

IN THE AGE OF "ROCKS"

terests must and will ultimately rule. Wise are the bankers, manufacturers and investors who recognize that it will be labor which is to rule. If so, this means that labor must ultimately acquire the industries, as capital will not much longer rest content with present conditions.

Therefore, although we may despise the leaders and condemn the methods of the I. W. W.'s, we must not lose sight of their ultimate aim, as upon this aim depends their future growth. In short, the American Federation of Labor professes to believe that there can be two heads to a mill or a business and that these can be operated jointly by capital and labor. The Industrial Workers of the World state frankly that ultimately there can be but one head,—either capital or labor must rule—and that we are to see a fight to the finish. I regret to admit it, but I nevertheless believe that the I. W. W. theory is the more correct, and many great manufacturers reluctantly agree.

Respectfully submitted,

ROGER W. BABSON.

—From "Solidarity."

The Anti-Suffrage Campaign

"WE shall meet yelling with music," she said, "and parading with high class entertainments. We mean to make this a place where may be found the fine and beautiful, the things that the suffragists are crowding out of life.

"We shall have exquisite music on the harp and stringed instruments. We shall have delicate French comedies and speakers of lofty ideas.

"Life is not all politics, you know. There are more important things to do than to clean streets and collect garbage. It does a woman more good to hear a nice harp concert than to listen to a discussion of white slavery. If women would pay more attention to the fine and noble things of life, the evil things would cease to exist."—MRS. W. M. FORCE SCOTT at the founding of the Guidon Club.

The murdering of strikers is in Colorado this week.



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

"THAT'S RIGHT, GIRLS. ON SUNDAY THE CROSS,—ON WEEK-DAYS THE DOUBLE-CROSS."

THE WORLD-WIDE BATTLE LINE

William English Walling

Italy's Debut as a Democracy

ITALY'S first election under an approximately universal manhood suffrage revolved around three issues: public office, militarism more or less, and clericalism more or less. As the opposition under Sonnino was guided by these objects, so like those of the Government of Giolitti, we can sympathize with those temperamental children of the South who preferred a few hours of Italy's glorious sunshine to the sacred privilege of the ballot.

"The balloting was light," says the dispatch, "because on account of the spring-like weather, the people preferred to go on excursions rather than vote." A good beginning and a sign of manhood and intelligence. But a little more reflection will surely lead these people to vote. Their protest is only half-effective. Italy alone among the great nations is blessed with two approximately equal and flourishing Socialist Parties. No matter how much the working people are dissatisfied with both, surely they will be able to vote for the more revolutionary of the two—which is now so largely purged of its reformist elements. And they had better vote even for the Reform Socialists—in spite of their imperialism and hostility to the recent general strikes—than to abstain. For these "Socialists" are at least honest reformers and good anti-clericals.

And after all the real significance of the elections is not the growth of the Socialist and Republican vote and power, but the dragging of the Catholic Church out into the light. The Pope, seeing the probability that the Catholics, once they were in politics would be defeated as they have been in other countries, forbade Catholic participation. But the Socialists and anti-clericals attacking the underhanded politics of the Church, drove the Catholics to the polls—even a Bishop voting in one town. This is the beginning of the end of the malign influence of the Church in Italian politics.

The Church in Politics

SOME people say: "The Socialists attack the Catholic Church because it is the most formidable enemy of Socialism."

Here is the deeper truth: "The Catholic Church attacks Socialism because Socialism is the most formidable force making for democratic progress."

No Socialist, Progressive, Democrat or radical need fear the Catholic Church. Its growth in this country is due solely to European immigration—and the Church is being steadily driven back in every country from which the immigrants come. It is being cut down at the source, and one does not need to be a statistician to see the end of its present growth in this country.

Not that anybody wants to cut down the meagre spiritual world of our servant girls and others who find real spiritual sustenance in the Church. If we reach them with something better they will take it. In the meanwhile our mouths are closed. Nor does

anyone want to interfere with old people who cherish a tradition, nor with beatified mystics who find the Church nearer to them than is anything else in life. But we do want to interfere with the Church in politics—and, up to the present, it has always been in politics.

In this country as in every other the Catholic Church (often alone among the Churches because it alone is powerful enough to be tempted) has opposed step by step every measure to increase popular government. It governs from the top down and wants as little government as possible from the bottom up.

The highest Church dignitaries in this country have denounced woman suffrage, and the initiative and referendum. Let us remember, then, that every victory of these causes has been and will be a defeat for the hierarchy.

Socialists have declared that "religion is a private matter." The Milwaukee Socialists have published an excellent pamphlet by Oscar Ameringer that elucidates this much misunderstood position:

"'Religion is a private matter' only to the point where it does not interfere with the freedom of a people. An ecclesiastical machine as the sworn enemy of public education and public ownership cannot be considered a private institution."

The list is short. The Church is equally an enemy of woman suffrage, direct legislation, and every measure that gives the people power to govern themselves. For it knows that it is losing its chief source of power, which is that of a mediator between the masses and the wealthy and powerful parasites and beasts-of-prey who flourish on their life's blood. And it knows that when the masses gain the upper hand they are likely to show little appreciation for the Church's past "services" in this direction.

A Counter-Revolution in the German Party

FOR the first time the revolutionary wing of the German Party has been voted down and excluded from the Executive Committee. By a narrow vote of 52 to 37 the secret Party Caucus in the Reichstag decided to grant the Government the money it needed for its new military bill, which among other things increased the army by 140,000 men. The excuse given was that the new taxes granted are to fall chiefly on the rich and well-to-do. The majority, in control of most of the Party machinery and press, then succeeded in electing a Congress which endorsed this action by a vote of more than two to one.

A second issue was the proposed general strike to secure equal manhood suffrage in Prussia. This strike was endorsed by both factions in principle. But the majority forced through a resolution which means practically an indefinite postponement, as it leaves everything to the labor unions, which in Germany, as in most other countries, are either anti-revolutionary or under anti-revolutionary leadership.

The revolutionary minority, however, numbered

140 delegates, and does not propose calmly to submit to the transformation of the German Social Democracy into a conservative Labor Union Party of the British type. It is at least as strong as the majority in Berlin and suburbs, control the chief industrial districts, (Saxony and Northwest Germany) and even dominate Stuttgart in conservative South Germany.

Meeting after meeting has hotly denounced the recent Congress. Paragraphs from two specimen resolutions will suffice to characterize the movement.

The Elberfeld Barmen local resolved that "extra parliamentary action" is absolutely demanded if there is ever to be a political general strike and that the contrary resolution passed by the Congress meant "a denial of the true situation, a yielding, a postponement."

The Stuttgart local expressed its thanks to the 140 of the minority because of its firm resistance in the taxation and general strike questions to the "slowing-down" tactics of the majority, "which ultimately lead to the transformation of the Social Democracy from a revolutionary class-struggle party to a radical reform party."

The Class-Struggle in England

THERE is at least one class struggle in England as we see in the campaign of Lloyd George and the Liberal Government against the great landowners:

Speaking of the powers of the landlord, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said:

"The authority of the Sovereign is not comparable to that of the landlord over his subjects. He could make and maintain a wilderness, and he has legal authority to do more than even a foreign enemy could impose on the country after a conquest. In Ireland millions have been driven away from the land by legal process."

"The Chancellor disclaimed any desire to attack landlords as a class, but he said that human beings of any class could not be trusted with such sweeping power without abuse, oppression, and injustice arising, and it was necessary to deprive landlords of the power of repeating what had happened in Ireland."

The power of the large capitalists over his employees is surely no less than that of the landlords over his tenants. And employees unanimously testify that the small employer's power is even worse than that of the large—a condition that will scarcely be remedied when we shall have a small employers' government and when this government shall employ a large part of the workers.

Mr. Lloyd George says he is not attacking any class. But he is attacking the power of a class and seeking to deprive it of that power—which surely is attacking it, both from the point of view of the class itself and from the point of view of most of those who want to deprive it of power. Mr. Lloyd George is attacking the class as a whole, though he is not attacking the whole class—that is, he is not including every member of the class in his attack.

THE NEW REVIEW A MONTHLY REVIEW OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

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 "Organization of the Unskilled," by Austin Lewis.
 "Social Significance of Futurism," by Louis C. Fraina.
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