THE MASSES
A FREE MAGAZINE

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Yearly, $1.00
Half Yearly, 50 Cents

Published Monthly by The Masses Publishing Co., at 90 Greene Avenue, New York City.
Entered as second-class mail matter, December 17, 1919, at the postoffice of New York City, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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ENJOYMENT of POETRY
By MAX EASTMAN

Note these Authoritative Comments

"There is a really glorious book that has just appeared and that deserves to have the widest attention called to it because it is capable of enhancing the joy-receiving in thousands of readers. The book is a masterpiece. It spontanous keenness of perception, alert appreciation of beauty, nice discriminations in significance, and the quality of being alive to its last letter—a single with enthusiasm and radiating suggestion—warrants such a designation."—Life.

"Poetry is not dead but if it were, Max Eastman's book, Enjoyment of Poetry, would bring it back to life. Here's a book that should go on the same shelf with Shelley's "Defense" and Sydney Lanier. . . . A glorious book."—William Marvin Beek.

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"I should like to announce from the buzztop of the nation a book that will add a truer delight to the insight and the outlook of any reader. This book (call its name in your memory) is Max Eastman's volume, "Enjoyment of Poetry." Save only one beloved volume, Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy," I do not know any other discussion that will so naturally, so divertingly, put the reader onto the real meaning of poetry."—Edwin Markham.

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Read These Comments
ON MAX EASTMAN'S POEMS

"Mr. Eastman has the gift of the singing line. His volume is a refreshment to the lover of letters as well as to the lover of freedom... Escaping from the prison of conventional life into the open, he finds those endless delights, the fine delights of language and the rhythmic surge in which it renders the experience of the poet's response; delight in the existing freedom of nature; delight in the great heritage of the past; and delight in the greater hope of the future. All these are here recorded for us in these vital and eager poems, in this criticism—clear, independent, penetrating, firm. We rise from reading, impressed and adventurous."—Vera D. Scudder in The Survey.


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"Extracts from the little poems would give little idea of its sustained power. His verse has a splendid pictorial quality and he writes with voice and sincerity."—Literary Digest.

"Such splendid poems as "In a Dungeon of Russia" (a five-act tragedy packed into less than four pages) and "To a Talking Thrush" (to cite two almost opposed examples) could only have been written by one who has achieved a noble agility and terror of realization."—Chicago Evening Post.

Child of the Amazons and Other Poems, $1.00 net; by mail, $1.04

Mitchell Kennerley, Publisher, 2 E. 20th St., New York City
"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 today 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. The coming of the Nazareth carpenter to the domain of more "dangerous" towns and cities of the United States would be of great importance to the working class, as were his lectures in the groves and byways of Palestine. 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 smoldering—
Dread Sword of Flame that bars so many out of their small safe Edens of old loves and friendships—

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!
Their Last Supper

The crowning ceremony of the Episcopal Convention at New York was a banquet tendered to the episcopal dignitaries by the church club. It cost $10,680—about $20 a plate.
KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

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 convocation 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 been, and is, the betrayer of Christ. To what extent the Carpenter of Nazareth was an agitator, a militant champion of the oppressed in his day, and to what extent purely a moral and religious genius, a prophet of God and of 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-do-do, the poet of nature and canid life, outside of the rejected, the abject and encircling all sufferers in his sympathy as the air loves them and enchains 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 its sacred name—is no problem! The only things of his day that raised 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 complicity but do nothing.

And how soon the fraud is accomplished! Here are the words of Cyranus, the Bishop of Carthage; only two centuries after the crucifixion—contrast them with that all-glorious spirit remembered in the gospels:

"Whoever is separated from the Church is separated from the possesions 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 ardent in corrupting the truth, vomiting forth deadly poison from gullet and tongue; 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 religious of the Mediterranean a system of theology, pseudo and popes; did it not serve as well the glorious purposes of the kingdoms and priesthoods of this world; hereby and thereby, orthodoxy and subjection, high favor with God and sublime ambition to do good; it did not serve us well the glorious purpose of the kingdoms and priesthoods of this world.

Hereby and thereby, orthodoxy and subjection, high favor with God and sublime ambition to do good; it did not serve us well the glorious purpose of the kingdoms and priesthoods of this world.

That is your recent Reformed Church of Christ condemning the despised and rejected to three centuries more of despair and rejection, before their humble asking for some little breath of the free air of God should be granted. That is your great, beautiful, astoundingly-challenging, 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 over-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 plotters will go to smash for lack of new labor, or the plotters will have to
pay decent wages to their parents. That is whence this "honorableness" of child labor derives. The treasure of the plutocracy that hire these boys 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 availed 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 misfortune 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 submission, 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 truths that this decorated institution, founded upon treachery, is doomed to disintegrate itself and dissolve away before a more sincere, and more free, and more humane, and more scientific civilization.

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 words—Francis of Assisi, George Fox, Tolstoy. And yet I know that in thousands of humble 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 responsibility 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 capitalist interests. They will find that as they could not serve God and Mammon, so they cannot serve Christ and the church. They will find themselves expected to act as "mediators" between capital and labor, "peacekeepers" 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 when 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

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

In short, yes, that's the tragedy of it!"

THE MASSES.

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 embroiling 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 rent for His cause upon this hollow, economic 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."

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 Who in America."
A Pagan Reflection

DOUBTFULS 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 aesthetic 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 wherever in this world is exclusive to the eye and mind of any individual—if it can be totally discovered 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 "corporation" pie within a hundred miles of Manhattan Island—here is 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 those 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 Philanthropy-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 workingmen be invited to march over the border and shoot Mexican workmen, in order to save that from being exploited by European capital. That will be a complex situation, indeed, and there will be the 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 cops that whirl and thrust And fill the air with lint and dust. The pay is small, the hours are long. The fires-escapes are none too strong— Middlingsome 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 snoring 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!"
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 separate Imitation Pearl to the newspaper or magazine publishing the most foolish, false, priggish, insane, 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 tricolor ribbons in their buttonholes. A new order instituted by laws passed this summer is now being enacting 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 ofSeeking St. John the Divine Art Treasures Practice His Skull.—N. Y. Times Headline.

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

A Dead-Game Priest
PREACHERS are queer chapas. 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 sort. 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 rack a hundred dollars in defense of the Old Gif, as he doubtless 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.

BROTHERS

Drawn by W.H. Glindstrom.
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 Suisse

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 cir-
cumstances. 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
poult 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 fury red. It necessary
reflect upon the age of its family and imply that its
ancestors worked for a living. This never fails to
scare 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-col-
tured vegetables. Care should be taken to buy only
from those canned 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 neces-
sary 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 concoction 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 deci-
dion 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 Hithching
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
walking 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 philanthropy. Let the family choose a
strong and cheerful person as philanthropist. He
comes in and delivers a nice little talk on the Christ-
mas spirit--such as may be obtained from the edi-
torial 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 per-
mits the busy marts of trade. (It is well to use
figurative language rather than such terms as "fac-
tory" 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.
The whole barnyard was populous with geese, geese of all colors and all sorts. They had been headed 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 plaid 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 trowsers 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 had been gathering cautiously all the way about him, began getting all at once to clap their wings and cry as with one voice: “Gonzle—gonzle—gonzle!” which is, being interpreted, “Hoopy! Hoopy! Hoopy!”

The man bowed and smiled, and when the gonzle-gonzle had gone on so long that it was getting wearisome, he held up his right hand in what the books on Oarsity and Publick Speaking call “the closing gesture,” palm outward. Then the very geese that had been making the most rattle了他的 anger at those who kept on gonzle-gonzle.

“We are here this beautiful morning,” said the man impressively, “in accordance with time-honored custom.” As he uttered these 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 these usages—

“Gonzle—gonzle—gonzle—gonzle!” broke in one young gander, whose rapid tail-wagging showed him to be that common enemy, the humorist or wag. Which interruption was received by the more sedate with a storm of blasphemies, and by the more heartily-headed with a tittering chorus of “gonzle—kik-kick—klicka,” because this particular “gonzle-gonzle,” judging by the context—this particular “gonzle—gonzle” signified, “You mean geese, don’t you?”

Those usages,—the man went on without getting the frivolous interruption, “which have made this farm so pre-eminent above all other farms, a goose’s paradise.”

Crimes 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 capsers! “A course which, I hardly need tell you, cannot fail to weaken the most powerful springs of action, individual incentive and—er—ah—boom! enterprise within the goose’s bosom, or in the words of the great German poet, ‘goose brat!’”

Crimes 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 one. Every one. Such a wing-clapping, and such a cacklement and hollering as would almost deafen the listener.

“Whoo-hoo-ooh!” the man said, overshutting a solemn arm and wobbling a loose forefinger, “whoa-whoa Earch and every 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 trump with false curls and spurs grinned over the fence and showed the snags in her paunch mouth, at whom some hissed and some cried, “gonzle-gonzle—gonzle-gonzle—gonzle!” —My son John—here a lop-eared, fat, overgrown hunch, nicknamed “the baby elephant,” put his swollen hand on the fence and nodded caustically to his audience which hissed and damned and it as 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 little mite too rough at times.” This humorous saliency taken to be about the best thing in the comic line that ever was got off. It knew it was as good as 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 unequally 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 dumping his or her wings between their knees—unless they thought they had to thank you.”

Loud wing-clapping and gonzle-gonzle-gonzle greatly emphasized the conclusion of this masterly oratorical effort. When it died out a gander said, “gonzle—gonzle—gonzle—gonzle,” to which another said, “Gonzle—gonzle—gonzle—gonzle—gonzle—gonzle—gonzle—gonzle!” which is being interpreted from one goose language into another: “You threw away your vote!”

You have heard the motion. All those in favor 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, scooping 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 of rough” about his pickings; he was a real rough. He was the merrier 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 considerably. There were more of these freaks than at any time before.

“What asks you, anyhow?” he nodded. “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 bailiff 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 goose 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 pick and picked and pickled! Pickled 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!” 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—gonzle—gonzle!” which is being interpreted from one goose language into another: “You threw away your vote!”
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 BE.
Filled with a vague, unchristian spirit of discontent,
Divinely appointed lot, forgetful, my brethren,
That only through toil and tribulation,
Shall may we enter into the higher
Cessness.
"Let us pray!"
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.

"We’ll call her "Not just. I come here from Chillicothe, Ohio. But I like it here—awfully. The skyscrapers do tickle you, don’t they?"

"Tickle?"

"Oh, you know." She explained. "When you look and look at them, 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 than ever than ever. Was the girl bunting?

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

"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 drummers used to come into Simonds—I’m in Simonds—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 the Broadway, and—oh, you 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?—"

"Oh, 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 Concours.

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

"Nothing," she replied. And then the marble terrace, and the glorious flight of steps, and the mightier soaring of starry sky with the mystical golden presumption of the Zodiac marching across it, burst upon her sight. "Oh," she cried, and gripped the marble balustrade hard with her stubly fingers. "This is the most beautiful 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. The girl 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?"

"Oh, deuce," she threw off carelessly. "I crossed the river on a ferry-boat." She had parried that expeditiously. George plopped her as quickly as possible toward the waiting-room. He was very angry, he said to himself that he had never before been the victim of such flagrant fiction.

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

"About two weeks—and—oh, 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 asked your baggage?"

"Oh, 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 flibber. And maybe I made some things sound worse than reality is."

"I guess I know."

"No, yes I know."

"When you go to see a thing in the gray morning I forest to think much what I was going 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 Mac’y’s—and—and, well, I 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 I’ll cost money. You see, I’ve got to eat and sleep. Eat away."

There she packed her bag in a delicate little frown. "And that’s what I want to ask your advice about."

The simple-minded redness 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 should start to deal as careful 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. S. I’ve lived through a good deal, and being hungry doesn’t scare me either," she said, with a little smile. "How about putting a little more in your baggage?"

"Well, what?"

"Well, you haven’t put enough. I’ve been stealing glances at you ever since I came in."

"Oh, no."

"You want a steal?"

"Oh, yes,"

"Well, here’s your baggage."

"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 gay with himself for being so, and perhaps wondering what kind she was; and she with elision, seeming to drink in the air and the hustle around her, her gaze fixed on the tops of buildings. It had turned out one of those blue, starry days of early winter.
me much. Somebody always helps me—and that’s because I’ve got faith.”

“You’re 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 whitehall. (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. I know I’m 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. As at this remark she stood still and laid her grubby little hand on his arm.

“No,” she said. “Give me the money and let me buy it myself.”

George lookedsiblings. “Let me buy it myself,” she went on gently. “You don’t believe me, and you won’t give me the money. 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 still crying? 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 him, 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 indistinct enough to tell us all about it. Of course we gushed him to death for a sentimental sucker, and he got pretty ashamed of his knight-cruanety. The more so because he wasn’t that kind of a fellow at all.

At dinner Burgess nagged the matter out with him.

“I know the kind,” said Burgess loftily. “I suppose she kissed you partly 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 stripped out of her distress. Now that she’s flush she’ll go back there. I 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 me,” 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-twenty train. He got in to the Pennsvil stock about a quarter past noon, and thought held wide open. 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 remarked 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, shrubbier—her face an innocent. That was another proof of her guilt. For no one could run around the streets five weeks and remain undetected. She must have been always spotted. And her candid, untrodden 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?” inquired George. “Won’t the others stand for it?”

“Oh, 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 remarked cooly and at last, “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 nappy to order it,” exclaimed the girl. “But I knew that somebody would help me—they always do.”

Alas for George’s good resolutions. When the suspicious head-writer 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 Chillcotin,” 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 her face and then repeated—“I got on the train—and went along as far as Albany.
THE MASSES

And after that a really nice man came and sat down beside me and we got to talking. He was tall, red-man, with a yellow moustache—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 Chelsea without any clothes, so I told Tom about it. He said: 'Come on and get off at Utrecht, 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 rudely. "I told you before I just had to see the rest of New York. And there was Tom when I needed him. Well, we get back here and he did all he said he would. But when we got to the boarding-house, the clothes were gone. Tom 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—Oh, well, you know what he wanted. Poor Tom."

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

"She panted 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 go and pick out some nice-looking house and ring the doorbell. And I say to the people, 'I'm 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 laugh at 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?"

"I tried to get a job. Me? Why, no!" she looked surprised. "I just don't want to reach 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 midnight. I went up a long dimming 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 bobbled 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 externally 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 curiosity 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 saw that she listened to all he said with her head hard-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.

"Well, meet again," she said, shrilly. "I'll see you just when I need you most."

And then the indignant George came home.

"Well," said Burgess, twirling 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 stilled voice and took it.

MOTTOES

YOU know these little Onionward and Uphward, Blest Be The Day, Rise And Shine mottoes by Henry Van Dyke and Buddha and Elia Wheeler Wilcox that churlishly people stick up on their walls as a stimulus to the aspiration of their souls.

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

EXIT SALVATORE

CLEMENT RICHARDSON WOOD

SALVATORE'S dead—a gap
Where he worked in the ditch-edge, shoveling mud;
Slanting brow; a head mayhap
Rather small, like a bullet; hot southern blood;
Surly now, now vicious
With the flow of his joy; and his bellow 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, broc'ried
Fit for the Priest's or the Pope's own back;
Flowers costly, waxen wax,
And the mates from the ditch-edge pair after pair.

Dirging stood, and the Priest to pray.
And the soul of the dead one pleasing there.

Body starved, and the mind as well.
Peace—let him rest in his costly glory.
CHEATED no more with a Heaven or Hell—
Exit Salvatore.
TO THE FLOWERS AT CHURCH

MAX EASTMAN

SORT 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 screech
That bellows around you.
Ye laughing daffodilles yellow
Beneath a bendy passey-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,
The 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 $1,000,000. Think of it! $1,000,000 in hard cash, while work continues to grow heavier, and about a million people in the town are going to suffer from the want of heat 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, useful 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 prices. The New York Times says:

"Mr. Coleman du Pont, for example, in presenting $10,000 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 incalculable 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.

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 revelled on $500 per week were told to hit the street.

"But," said the Spiga, "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.
Paterson Rebutked

WELL, the New Jersey Supreme Court has set aside the conviction of Bill Haywood, Carlo Tresca and Adolph Lezine, 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 Bergan, in dismissing Haywood’s case, is such a striking 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 no proof 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 fines any Church member twenty-five dollars for leaving it. Such measures doubtless explain why German statistics show 90 per cent. of the population to be Church members, though no more to go to church than in other countries.

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

For Sale

From a catalogue advertising an auction the Ash-ley & 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 uneasy, 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 plant 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 weighing up to 750 lbs. of silk each twenty-four hours—it is a complete unit, a money saving device, 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 conclusion palatable. Season well with gumpower. After mixing thoroughly and boiling, send sample to an ethical laboratory for stamp of approval.

Max Spectzow.
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.?

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 they 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 with any 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. Indeed, 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 interests 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 prefers 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,
RUGER W. BABSON.
From “Solidarity.”

The Anti-Suffrage Campaign

We shall never 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. Ww. Force Seyer at the founding of the Golden Club.

The murderous of strikers is in Colorado this week.
"That's right, girls. On Sunday the cross—on weekdays the double-cross."
THE WORLD-WIDE BATTLE LINE

William English Walling

ITALY'S Debut as a Democracy

I TALY'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 Sommo was guided by these objects, so like those of the Government of Cialdini, we can sympathize with those temperature of the ballot, and if we prefer 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 rather than vote. A good beginning and a sign of mankind and intelligence. But a little more reflection will surely lead these people to vote. Their protest is only half-effective. Italy 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 most 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 those 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, include Catholic participation. But the Socialists and anti-clericals attacking the underlying 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 masses of spiritual work 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 months are closed.

William English Walling

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