

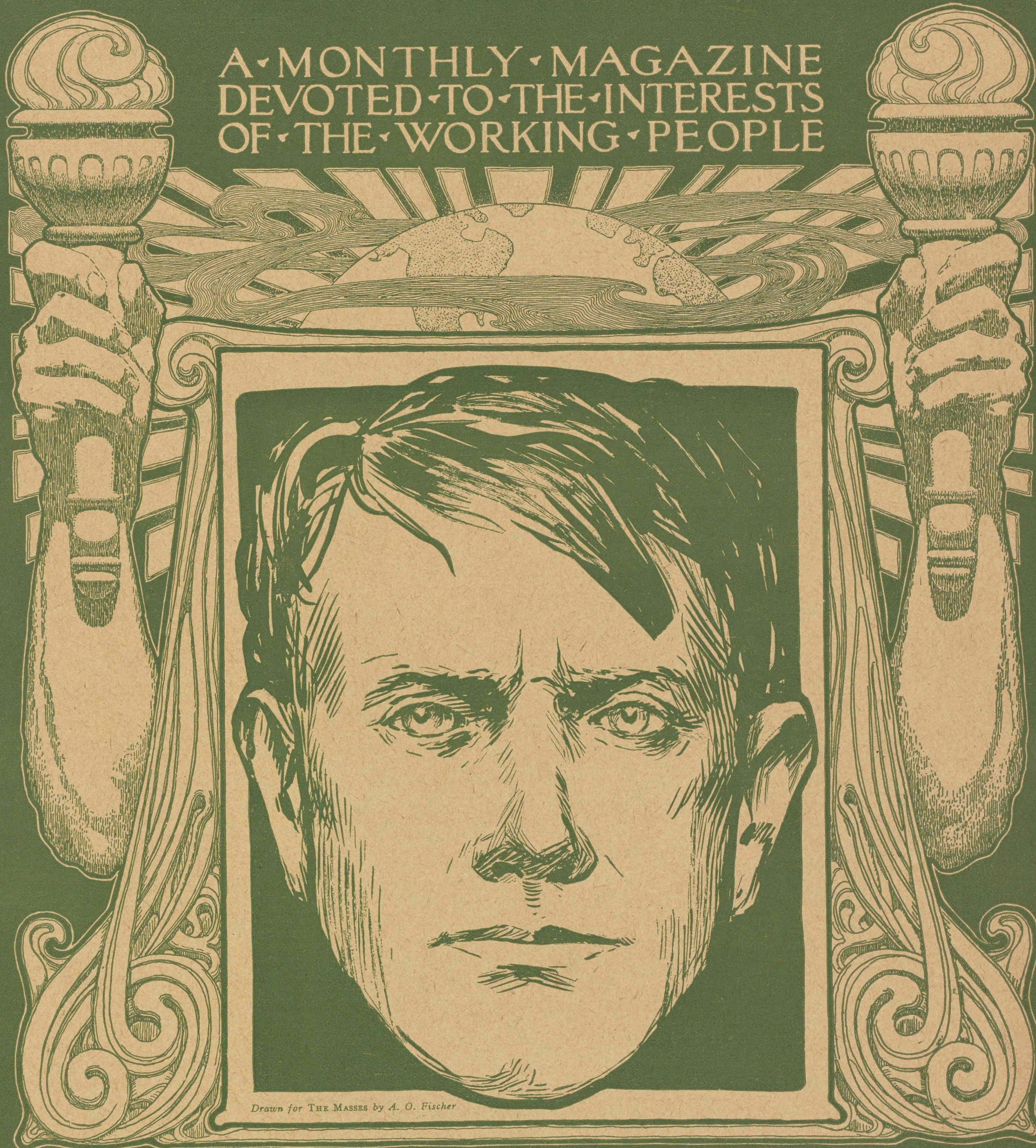
JULY 1911

No. 7

PRICE, 5 CENTS

THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



Drawn for THE MASSES by A. O. Fischer

THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY · 112 · E · 19TH ST · NEW YORK

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS

THE MASSES is a success. We know it, but we want you to know it. That is why this is written.

We are not telling ourselves anything new, but we want EVERYBODY to know what we know about the good fortune of the NEWEST AND BEST Socialist magazine.

There is one pretty sure way of telling whether or not a magazine which tries to appeal to the people, is a success. The test is the simplest in the world: Find out what folks say about it.

We have found out. They wrote letters on purpose to tell us.

These letters did NOT come in response to an appeal. They were sent in VOLUNTARILY by our readers from ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES. Read these letters over.

They were not made up in the office. They are GENUINE EXPRESSIONS OF OPINIONS put down in black and white, and preserved in our files.

One thing more before you start those letters.

Perhaps you would like to know why *The Masses* has called forth such enthusiastic praise. It's because *The Masses* is THE ONLY MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND in the United States. By this we do not mean that *The Masses* is unique in its paper and general artistic make-up (though that happens to be the case), but we want to call your attention to something else.

It is the ONLY paper in America CO-OPERATIVELY OWNED AND MANAGED AND GOTTEN OUT by artists and writers. And the best part of it all is that they are not second class men, but literary and artistic workers WHO APPEAR IN ALL THE BIG CAPITALISTIC MAGAZINES.

They didn't have the chance to express themselves freely in J. Pierpont Morgan's papers, and so they founded *The Masses*.

A magazine built up by such men as EUGENE WOOD, GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND, ARTHUR YOUNG, CHAS. WINTER and others just as well known, could not help succeeding. It was bound to go.

And did you ever think of this?

That the Socialist party is made up for the most part of PEOPLE WHO WERE ONCE SOMETHING ELSE; and that the only way you can make the movement grow, is to CONVERT MORE PEOPLE.

That's one thing that *The Masses* is particularly good for: CONVERTING PEOPLE.

This is the very magazine you have been looking for to send to your non-Socialist friend. Where other papers would fail to interest him, *The Masses* with its wonderful corps of writers and artists will WIN OUT.

The Socialist public which appreciates good art and good literature, could not help writing out its appreciation. That's why you have these letters.

Read them over.

If you have not subscribed, don't lose any time. Do it now.

This is the best issue of *The Masses* so far, but the twelve issues coming to you are going to be better than this.

FAIRLY DELIGHTED!

Fairly delighted with *The Masses*. First on account of its interesting name, second by showing the truths of things as they are, and third your commendable stand you take against the Boy Scout movement.

CELIA ROSATSTEIN, New York.

FINE!

A fine magazine, will work for it.

OTTO NEWMAN, Portland, Ore.

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|---------------------------|---------|
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| Half page..... | \$30.00 |
| One column..... | \$20.00 |
| One column, 3 inches..... | \$ 6.50 |

P. VLAG, Business Manager.

SPLendid!

Splendid magazine, a credit to the movement, deserves a big sub. list.

N. B. HATCHER, Edgewater, Colo.

A HELPER.

Gene Wood's "Cussedness of Things in General" is laughable, but really, that is the way things turn out. Am going to help you educate the masses.

CHAS. MILLS, Lexington, Mo.

HIGHLY PLEASED!

Enclosed mailing list for Socialist Party of Florida. Am highly pleased with *The Masses*.

With you for organization and education,
A. C. SILL, Rustin, Fla.

A HIGH CLASS PUBLICATION.

It is fine, and hope you will be amply sustained in your effort to give to the movement such a high class publication.

GEO. A. GARRETT, San Diego, Calif.

NEEDED.

We need a magazine like yours in America. It looks professional and reads so.

OSCAR LEONARD, St. Louis, Mo.

LONG FELT WANT FILLED.

Your publication fills a long felt need in the Socialist Movement in the United States.

CHAS. R. McCLURE, Spencer, Ind.

A GOOD ONE.

Your magazine is a good one and has very good reading matter.

E. J. BECKMAN, Monmouth, Ill.

CERTAINLY.

The Masses is certainly a fine magazine.

A. SHARPE, Gloucester, Mass.

ALIVE!

The Masses is certainly alive and deserves a wide circulation.

ROBERT A. SHERWIN, Newark, N. J.

FROM AN OPPONENT.

Although I am an opponent of Socialism I confess that I admire very much the magazine that you are publishing.

BASIL BARNHILL, Washington, D. C.

SPLendid—AGAIN.

The magazine is splendid and I shall subscribe for it.

HELEN UNTERMAN, Midland, Ark.

WORTH REREADING.

The comrades are well pleased with the get-up of *The Masses*. Nothing garish about it. The cover design is sound and artistic and the contents are worth rereading.

GUS EGLOFF, Ithaca, N. Y.

FINE—ONCE MORE.

I think that *The Masses* is fine and hope in the future we will be able to do a good deal with it here in Springfield.

GEO. H. JONES, Springfield, Mass.

ART.

Your paper is a typographical and artistic triumph.

WM. G. LEIGHTBOWR, Hackensack, N. J.

VALEDICTORY.

It is O. K.

S. T. RABLEN, Sonora, Cal.

WANTS IT ON THE NEWS-STANDS.

The Masses is simply fine. Will try to get it on the news-stands here.

J. F. MABIE, Butte, Mont.

FROM A WORKING MAN.

I am sorry I haven't more time to sell *The Masses*, but I am working hard for a living. Sold your last bundle in an hour.

FRED K. MORISSE, Kewanee, Ill.

NO TROUBLE IN SELLING.

Enclosed find money order for 25 copies of *The Masses*. It's a great magazine. I didn't have any trouble to dispose of this June number.

P. E. MAURER, Hegings, Pa.

RIGHT TO THE POINT.

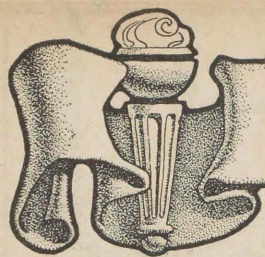
Read your magazine with great interest. Splendid name. It appeals to the right element.

C. M. BABB, Mammoth Springs, Ark.

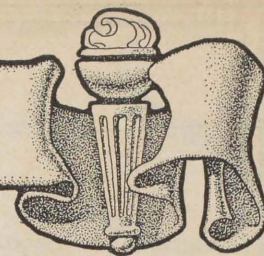
BEST SELLER OF SOCIALIST MAGAZINES.

Send me 20 copies more of the June number. *The Masses* is my best seller, and the best magazine I have sold for 5c. I work at my trade, and sell all the socialist literature I can, and I am planning to push *The Masses* in Houston.

J. W. CONNOR, Houston, Tex.



EDITORIALS



Cabbageheads and Kings

ON June 22nd England's king will be crowned. As you read these words it is probable that already the Coronation has become history; the barkers have ceased from barking and the peerage is at rest.

England has acquired a new monarch; the millions who make up the British Empire own allegiance to a fresh sovereign. And we as free and independent Americans feel very much cut up about it.

"Think of it," we exclaim indignantly, "here is a country which gave to civilization Darwin and Spencer and Huxley, bending knees, bowing heads, and waving hats just because a middle-aged, dark-whiskered primate, of no particular talent, has agreed to let a grateful nation pay his running expenses.

"There were kings," we run on, "eight thousand years ago in Egypt, but they were kings working on a business schedule. And in England George Fifth is a simple figurehead whose main business is to keep his hands off any matter of state that's really worth while."

So we speak, honest red-blooded Americans all, with a hearty contempt for monarchies.

But we do not like to think of our own local reigning houses. We do not spread the news from the housetops that we pay yearly and daily tribute to men who give less return for their incomes than George Fifth and whose wealth is so great that they could buy Buckingham Palace for a Shooting Box and Windsor Castle for a Second-Best Garage.

The Englishman admits that he lives under a monarchy: we speak vaguely of the blessings of a republic. Yet the innocent little doings of King George are a thousand times less harmful than the malignant activities of some of our citizen Money Kings. Yet we are convinced that pigs is pigs and republics is republics simply because so far neither Thomas F. Ryan nor J. Pierpont Morgan have gone in for official coronations.

Truly if it were not for the optimists a philosopher would lose his way in blue gloom.

Optimism and Hot Water

THERE are two kinds of optimists. One is the breezy, back-slapping, chortling type, always merry and gay: the individual who is sure that his church and

his family and his ideas and his ultimate success are unique and in every way desirable.

The icy blasts of misfortune affect his temperature not at all. His cheerful confidence in himself survives anything—except the hot weather. But oh! when the boiled collar sizzles and strong men cry for ice cream soda how his digestive apparatus does go back on him!

At once all his fine confidence slacks and weakens; he curses the day when he was born, and from his fevered porch chair he sees nothing ahead but black ruin and the end of all good times.

That man is the first kind of an optimist: to use Dr. Saleeby's apt term he is a "gastric optimist." So long as his stomach acts wisely life is to him no worse than a comic opera; but let the pancreas loaf or the liver lose its temper and the bright lights fade, the orchestra stops, and life seems Ibsener than Ibsen.

But there is another sort of optimism—the optimism that does not wait on digestion; in short the optimism of the true optimist. This type of thought is an intellectual—not an intestinal—product. It is the kind of thinking that marks a Socialist. True the Socialist may not be aggressively merry and gay but in his heart of hearts the flame of hope stays burning.

Socialism may not come next year or in ten years but it's coming and he knows it.

Religion and Business

PERCEIVING the drift toward a worldly rather than a heavenly salvation Business becomes religious.

At a Hotel Astor banquet in New York eight hundred laymen stuffed complacent stomachs. The purpose of the feast was to launch the "Men and Religion Forward Movement"—a crusade bound for the twin holy cities, Religious Unity and Political Purity.

And there is no doubt that the movement will be a success. When Big Business takes the helm it is not extravagant to prophesy careful steering. Young men of the conscientious type, who if left to themselves might drift to rank Socialism, will be gently guided to the delights of Religious Unity and Political Purity.

For the Movement's first official sermon it would be interesting to honest souls to hear an able discussion of "Religious Unity and Political Purity—

Why They Are Impossible Under Capitalism." Almost any good Socialist could preach that sermon but the chances are that such an earthy, disagreeable topic will be tabooed.

Purely Personal

A GOOD Socialist should let never a day pass without some attempt at propaganda. There are thousands of ways to reach the man who is not a Socialist but perhaps the most reliable is to give him a piece of Socialist literature.

Particularly The Masses aims to appeal to the man who is not already a party member. Its remarkable illustrations and artistic form make it welcome where less interesting pages might fail of a hearing.

This month's issue is better than last month's, and the August number will be better than the July. As for the future, the Masses Publishing Company have big plans which when carried through will make The Masses not only the best Socialist Magazine in the country but the strongest and best magazine published on the American continent.

Clear the Way

DAY by day Socialism gains allies and comrades. In Stockholm the International Woman Suffrage Alliance has declared for co-operation with Socialist women's organizations.

In all the big cities of the country striking labor unions rely on the Socialist press to fight their battles.

In the preamble to the constitution of the great Western Federation of Miners one may read that "the class struggle will continue until the producer is recognized as the sole master of his product." Also: "We hold finally that an industrial union and the concerted political action of wage workers is the only method of attaining this end." Pure Socialism—that.

Through the Findlay Call plan Socialist weeklies multiply surprisingly in the Eastern States and it is not too much to predict that a couple of years will see local papers in every organized Socialist center.

The big writers and artists of America, once largely in the habit of suppressing their social consciousness, are now actually joining the party and contributing their craftsmanship for the spread of propaganda.

The sun is rising and all the diatribes of all the priests of Muddleheadedness cannot check its ascent.



Drawn for THE MASSES by Robert Robinson

THE BOY IN THE MINE

It has been frequently remarked that the School of Experience is the only university that the working class can attend. This splendid picture by Robert Robinson gives an intimate glimpse of one of the younger scholars in that remarkable institution. The only drawback to the School of Experience lies in the fact that the course of study kills off the greater percentage of the pupils. But die or live the pupil learns the bitter realities of life and is granted plenty of long hours to puzzle over its problems. To the boys and younger men employed in mines or engaged in other dangerous and wearisome work Socialism comes as a revelation. It answers the questions they have never solved and declares the meaning of the facts of Experience. Best of all, it points The Way Out.

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✧ ✧ EDITED BY HORATIO WINSLOW ✧ ✧
EUGENE WOOD, PRES. HAYDEN CARRUTH, VICE-PRES. ROSE GREENBERG, SEC'Y.

THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY 112 E. 19TH ST. NEW YORK

Vol. 1

JULY, 1911.

No. 7

ROADTOWN: A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE

A Scientific Prophecy of the Dwellings of Tomorrow

Written for The Masses

By EMANUEL JULIUS.

Drawing by Layton Smith

YOU have your little lists of world's problems—so have I—so has the valdicatorian in the Kokomo high school. Some of our inclusions will differ widely, but there are other things in the world about us so rankly grown, that man's instinctive sense of fairness takes the pen and writes the lists alike.

Man now produces thirty, sixty and a hundred fold more wealth than did the toiling grand-sire; yet there are among us those who want what our grandfathers had. A woman driven in a luxurious car and adorned in a gown that cost a thousand months of painful toil plays at charity where ten thousand unwashed childish faces gaze upward from a garbage laden gutter. We, who are twice daily packed in cars as no ranchman would pack his cattle, appoint committees to find a remedy for rural isolation. With education universal and enforced, with the science of preventative medicine progressing by leaps and bounds, insanity, suicide and crime steadily increase, while in some of New York's human abattoirs only one child of ten born reaches the age of five.

These conditions cry out for change; and no shutting of our eyes to the facts, no comparison with worse conditions in the past, and no shifting of the responsibility upon Divine Providence, can still the cry.

* * *

A man now comes forth with an invention—a means of aiding productive labor and of saving unnecessary waste and tells us that its nature is such that the saving can be given to the toilers, who need no longer pay the major portion of the products of their work for the privilege of working, but may work as they like and enjoy as much as they produce.

This new invention is a Roadtown, and the inventor is Edgar S. Chambless, of New York City.

Mr. Chambless is particularly anxious to have it understood that Roadtown is not a single, isolated invention. It is, to use his own words, a plan to combine many inventions, and to combine them in such a way as to involve a saving in construction and operation so remarkable that the plan, whether developed by capitalists of co-operators is economically inevitable.

Roadtown is a house more than a thousand

To all socialists and especially to all who are interested in Co-operation, this story of Roadtown should prove particularly interesting. Roadtown is more than the scheme of an inventor—it is a prophecy of the future of town building. That Roadtown, or some development of Roadtown, will be the form of the city of the future there can be no doubt. Our hasty, ill-considered, haphazard living centers must go and something like Roadtown must take their place. The inventor believes that Roadtown will revolutionize society. Without going so far as that we can safely credit Mr. Chambless with having designed the form and structure of the rational, co-operative dwellings of the future.—Editor.

miles in length! When Roadtown is built and you move in you will find a railroad down in the cellar and a sidewalk up on the roof.

* * *

Roadtown, in brief, is a city street extended out through the country.

Formerly, when agriculture was practically the only occupation, houses were built in the center of a farmstead and approached by a winding path. As towns developed, we made streets and built our houses at leisurely intervals along either side. Then came water and sewer pipes; the houses being already built and the street being the common property, we dug a trench and buried the pipes in the street.

A little later we strung telephone and electric light wires overhead—and then we paved the streets—and then we gave away the best part of it to a syndicate to build a trolley line. All went well for a while, and then we become afraid of live wires and dug up the pavement and buried the wires along beside the pipes. The horses and children next got in the way of the street cars and so we built an elevated railroad. This cost a million dollars per mile and made a noise like Satan stoking the furnaces of Hell; and so when the automobiles became entangled with the surface cars on Broadway, we tore up all the pavements, pipes and wire conduits of the past and dug a subway. This subterranean

highway cost three million dollars per mile and smelled like the fumes of Hell.

Meanwhile the houses which we left in the middle of village lots have grown and swollen, until they crowd against each other, and cut to the sidewalk in front, and against the back fence in the rear. The modest cottages of a generation ago have reared themselves five, ten and twenty stories high, until each house requires its own vertical railroad and our streets have become narrow canyons.

In two things only have we kept to the old form. Our dwellings to-day, even though built to house a thousand, have their individual front door on the street and their little line of pipes and wires leading from beneath the pavement, which we periodically dig up to make alterations and repairs.

This, holds, Chambless, is a wasteful, uneconomical style of construction, *but so long as each individual builds for himself, growth can take no other form.*

We who formerly built for ourselves and who now, through corporate and co-operate action, have learned to do big things together, can go out into the country with plow, steam shovel and concrete moulds, and build our houses upon a plan which will readily permit of such future alterations as progress shall dictate, and which is capable of indefinite and wasteless extension. The future population will be spread on the surface of the earth that all may have air and sun and soil and decent privacy.

* * *

The indoor railroad, while the most striking feature of the Roadtown, is not the only remarkable invention to which this plan of construction lends itself. In the space beneath the train platforms, will be placed all manner of pipes and wires, and anything useful or convenient to human existence, that can be carried in pipes or flashed along a wire, may be installed in the Roadtown home at a fraction of the present-day cost. Sewerage, hot and cold water, steam or hot water for heating, gas, electricity for lighting, telephones—these are things, too, evidently available to require special mention. There are other utilities not so common that will be comparatively inexpensive and entirely practicable for the Roadtown home. Among these are electricity for power, the electrical transmission of

music, and vacuum for suction sweeping. A mechanically cooled brine could readily be conducted along the Roadtown and used either for refrigeration, or cooling the house in summer, while a small automatic parcel carrier might be easily installed.

The estimated cost of the completed Roadtown dwelling, including its share of the utilities as described in this article, will be about \$3,109—about 75 per cent. as much as the cost of a dwelling of similar size and durability but without the convenience.

Yes, it sounds dreamy; yet no utility is mentioned here that is not a demonstrated and proven reality. These things have thus far been available only to the rich, and yet they are not in themselves expensive. It is our plan of building that has been wrong, says Mr. Chambless, and he is right.

* * *

The Roadtown heating system will be of hot water circulated by pumps. The heating plants will be located every two or three miles, which, according to the engineer's figures will be more economical than to have them either at greater or less distance. The temperature will be regulated to suit each and every tenant by the use of the thermostat with the push button regulator in each room of every apartment. This simple, but marvelously useful device, is now in general use in thousands of first-class hotels.

The opportunities for co-operative housekeeping offered by the Roadtown plan are many. There has already been a vast change in the running of a modern home. The women were once the makers of many articles which have since been removed to factories, but in the homes of the workers they are still forced to do the laundry, kitchen and cleaning work—the most nerve-racking, endless, monotonous drudgery one could possibly conceive. What do the Roadtowners intend to do about this? We shall see.

sure, and might result in a slight increase of the total expense since our clothes would be washed more often."

Dusting and sweeping must be done at home, we cannot send the house out, but we can pipe the house for suction sweeping and discard forever the broom, clothes brush and that arch nuisance, the feather duster, which is used to chase the dust from room to room, without getting rid of it, says Chambless. Scrubbing and mopping will be greatly simplified by the cement construction and the convenience of water and sewage.

* * *

And now, let us turn to Chambless' plan for co-operative cooking. The Roadtown cooking, he holds, will not be done in a single kitchen, but in a number of large establishments, such as bakeries, creameries, boiling, roasting establishments, etc. The prepared foods will then be sent in suitable quantities to serving stations located about half a mile apart, and there kept hot in the warming closets. The people will order by 'phone, and the foods will be on the sideboard in the Roadtown dining-room in less time than it takes to bring it by the two-legged route from Delmonico's kitchen to his dining-room.

Chambless plans that at the close of a Roadtown meal, the dishes, food remnants and soiled linen, will be put into a carrier, and dropped down a little chute where they will travel merrily to the public dish-washery. Here a few men with the aid of machinery will do the work which now occupies half a hundred mothers, while their families adjourn to the library or the music room.

"No furnace to putter around, no ashes to wrestle with, and no marketing to do!" that is what Chambless offers the world. Is it not worth taking?

And now, to a very important question. Who is to own this streetless, smokeless, noiseless

homestead laws, only one home may be owned by each head of a household, and he or she must be a bona fide resident. There will be no landlords in the Roadtown but a parent corporation."

* * *

Mr. Chambless expresses himself as of the opinion that it would be most practicable to commence building his Roadtown at the termination of rapid transit facilities near the very large cities of this country. This, says he, will, in reality, help solve the problem of congestion. It will do that not by condemning to the isolation of country life, but by striking a happy medium—a combination of both city and country life.

In closing let me point out that Roadtown is truly scientific—is destined to be the form of the city of the future—because of the simple fact that it is the first deliberate, organized attempt to combine housing and transportation with all that modern transportation implies. Think that over.

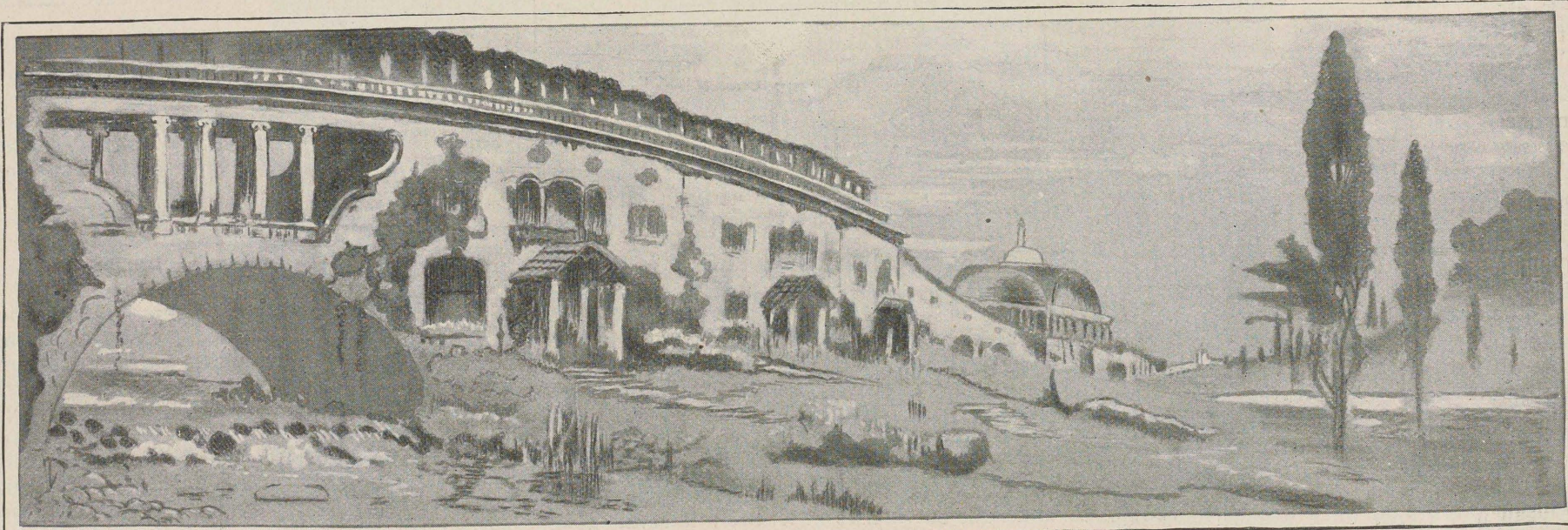
Anti-Militarism: A Sidelight

When I became a Socialist, my first and strongest convictions were on the anti-militarist question. It made me wild to think of it, that millions of young men of all nationalities were being trained to become legal murderers. They did not know each other, had never had a quarrel with each other, could not distinguish one from another when killing each other with the highly developed modern weapons.

Then I noticed who promoted war: Capitalist business interests. I saw them daily dine and wine together: Dutch, German, English, French, and Italian business men.

I had a sense of humor, and saw the joke, a grim joke, and it was on us.

My dear sir, if you had seen the joke as I did, would you be in favor of organizing the young



Drawn for THE MASSES by Layton Smith

A Picturesque Section of Roadtown as Layton Smith Sees It. Edgar Chambless Considers This a Capital Realization of His Invention. It Represents the "Town" Passing Through a Bit of Natural Park

In the first place, a woman would never be called upon to labor before a tub. The laundry work could be done efficiently, and with more sanitary results, in a co-operative laundry. That this is perfectly reasonable none can deny. The scientific transportation system that a Roadtown affords will affect a great saving in labor power which is wasted to-day because of our insane, chaotic method of collection and distribution. This is an important fact and is alone worthy of serious reflection. Says Chambless: "The service will indeed be so cheap that I fancy Roadtowners will vote to add the expense of the laundry to the charge for rent, thus doing away with the cost of accounts and collections. This would put a premium upon cleanliness, to be

city? From Milo Hastings, acting secretary of the Roadtown Foundation, I learn that it is intended that "Roadtown shall be built and managed by an efficient corporation, with provision for its ownership ultimately passing into the hands of its inhabitants. By the principle already familiar to the American public in the

Mr. Financially Unsuccessful Socialist, we believe we have the answer to the riddle of your failure:

It is because you have not yet found the occupation for which you are best fitted.

We have a job for you which will not only bring you such returns that you will no longer be considered a financial failure, but from which

men into a body which so submerges their individuality, that boys who on their own initiative would not kill a mouse, will kill their brother, mother or father, on the command of a superior? A superior by the grace of some extra gold embroidery or gold stars.

A Worker.

you will also derive great personal satisfaction. You will feel that you are no longer working without a purpose. You will feel that your span of life is of some moment to the progress of civilization.

We want you to correspond with us in regard to this matter.

Shall we hear from you? Now?

TRADITION: A PURPOSEFUL PICTURE

Arthur Young, the Artist, Presents to The Masses the First Actual Likeness of that Much-Praised Old Person

IN this powerful drawing Arthur Young has pictured a personage well known to all of us. He has put on paper the likeness of Tradition.

It is not the common way of exhibiting the old lady. Pale, pink artists and minor poets very much prefer to show her as a mysterious good-looking creature, brooding over a number of thumb-marked scrolls. This conception is pretty, but it is not true portraiture. It may be tremendous but it isn't Tradition.

She is no more mysterious than any scandalmonger is mysterious and an old lady who has spent fifty thousand years blocking progress can't by the greatest stretch of the imagination be credited with good looks.

It will be observed that she is not posing in the open air; no, she is revelling in the mildewy darkness of a back basement. Some folks like sunlight: Tradition doesn't.

But why should a thinker take the trouble to picture such a disagreeable person?

Because her likeness ought to be in every home just to show us common folks what she really looks like. An uncounted number of clever press agents have earned their bread and butter by exploiting Tradition and each one has held his job by depicting her as she isn't.

So well have they done their work that, under the impression that her feet were beautiful upon the mountains, thousands of millions of us have sworn by her lightest word and have killed for her and died for her, too.

We haven't asked for wages in that war and we haven't looked for glory. We have fought and bled and slain without money and without price just to impress on other people some garbled statement of hers: that the earth was really the back of a huge tortoise; or that Mohammed was the greatest of the prophets; or that some king or other was God-appointed and infallible.

And here for the first time is her photograph. Look at it. This is the lady fair for whose favor we've jostled. Not the most inspiring creation in the world, is she?

And such a dismal old gloomer as she shows herself.

She never said:

*"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our own sub-
lime."*

Her song has always been:

*"Lives of great men all remind us that you
mustn't do the noble thing you've planned. No,
you mustn't. Either you're trying to change
something that can't be changed, or you're at-
tempting what somebody much wiser than you
failed to accomplish, or else you're doing some-
thing that's never been done before. In any case
stop right now."*

These are the potent spells with which she has sent and still sends the cold shivers charging down the spine. Under these mystic words brave

loves wither in the hour of their birth; great dreams dissolve; and unselfish hopes crumble into dust.

"You're trying to change something that can't be changed."

And the unthinking world hears and shakes in its shoes.

"Don't try to change human nature because human nature can't be changed."

"Don't try to revolutionize society because the French Revolution failed."



Drawn for THE MASSES by Arthur Young.

Tradition Says That Tradition is Beautiful, But Tradition is Scarcely an Authority on That Point

"Don't say what you think or act as you know you ought, because it's never been done."

So her whole philosophy sums itself up in a monosyllabic drone of "Don't! Don't! Don't!"

You will observe that the artist has given her a black eye. As a truthful depicter of character he had no choice. Tradition has had a perpetual black eye ever since the first caveman abandoned the sacred raw meat of his fathers for fire-cooked food.

As often as a great man appears Tradition

gets a black eye. The great man isn't satisfied with the Doctrine of Don't. He breaks things while Tradition wails dismally of the Good Old Times. Afterwards she accepts him and perverts his life and work into a trap for the next generation.

Matters true once, now no longer true, she retails as gospel.

Things almost true in their time, now less true than ever, she exhibits as facts.

And all the dusty falsehoods of history she swears are proven and attested.

And her disciples listen to these things as though she were a saint or a philosopher instead of a befuddled old woman.

Times change, and with them change conditions, and with conditions even human nature changes.

What was true in 500 B. C. was not true in 500 A. D.

What was true in 1891 is not true in 1911.

Everything is changing in every second of its existence. The cells of your brain change as you read these words. Through atomic action the very paper on which the words are printed tends to shift and dissipate. To-day is not a replica of yesterday. The impossible of Now becomes the established fact of To-morrow.

We who are Socialists know this and because of it we have shaken off all allegiance to the old woman with the mouldering book. We have rejected her as Galileo rejected her, and Christopher Columbus, and Washington, and Morse, and Lincoln, and Edison and everybody else who ever struck out for himself.

We know what we are doing and we are not frightened by any backfire from history.

But how about you? Do you still shiver at her words or do you dare think for yourself? Are you afraid of Socialism because somebody in the Nineteenth Century wanted it and didn't get it, or because it has never been tried? Is it Tradition that keeps you from striking a blow for a state of society you secretly desire?

What is Tradition to you?

Do you eat your grandfather when he becomes too old to work? You would if you followed Tradition.

Do you kill people in order that their good qualities may pass into you? Our best informed

ancestors did.

Do you worship animals or kneel to kings or torture religious heretics? You ought to—it's Tradition.

Come out into the sunlight and look around. You'll find Truth in the open. Truth doesn't skulk in cellars or maunder through dirty parchments. Truth is Eternal Youth—buoyant and full of joy for those who love her.

And just now, among other things, Truth is Socialism.



Drawn for THE MASSES by Marjorie Hood

“AND I’ll now introduce to you comrade Piet Vlag, the great co-operator, who is supposed to speak on the Socialist Press, but I bet you a nickel against a bad Canadian dime that he’ll drag in Co-operation either by the coat-tails or by the skirt.”

Comrade chairman and fellow workers. I hate to disappoint people, especially if they expect me to do what I want to do.

In no connection has the title “Co-operatives” been so excessively misused, as by the various socialist co-operative publishing companies in the United States.

A co-operative is an organization formed for the purpose of doing collectively what people cannot do individually.

On that point there is absolutely no difference between the co-operative and a corporation.

A co-operative is run on the basis of the greatest good for the greatest number. Therefore a co-operative should divide its earnings on the basis of services rendered. Members of a co-operative should have only one vote each.

A corporation is run on the basis of property rights. Its profits are divided in accordance with the number of shares each individual owns. Members of corporations try to own or control as many shares as possible, as they have as many votes as they control shares.

There is a difference you see.

As you have all agreed with me, this argument is settled, and we now take up the next question, and have another scrap.

Which publications are co-operatively owned?

“Point of order, comrade chairman. Which of the two forms of co-operative ownership, is to be discussed first? Ownership by the producer, or ownership by the consumer?”

“Point of order is well taken. The producers come in on the ground floor. Go ahead Piet.”

All right. THE MASSES, for example, is co-operatively owned by the producers. The artists, writers and office workers, manage and control The Masses Publishing Co. All profits made, to be devoted to socialist propaganda.

We got that through all right, when framing up the constitution. It was dead easy, too. It is always easy to induce people to give away things which they haven’t got yet, but Oi, Oi, when they once have their claws on it!

Now another category. We have a number of socialist weeklies, owned by the consumers, (the readers). These papers are usually controlled by the locals of the Socialist Party, and as the local represents the readers, they are also co-operatively O. K.

These are two respective instances of co-operative ownership by the producers, and co-operative ownership by the consumers.

There are a number of co-operative printing concerns. As these are not owned by the print-

ers, they are not productive co-operatives, and as they are not owned by the customers, they are not consumers’ co-operatives. Sometimes such a co-operative (or corporation) contributes yearly as large a sum toward the maintenance of some socialist institution as would be spent by a capitalist concern on advertising.

Then we have in some of the larger villages of America, Co-operative Publishing Associations, trying to run daily papers, supposed to be owned by the readers. Actually owned by those readers who live near enough to the seat of publication to be able to participate in regularly scheduled free-for-all scraps for the control of the paper. Those who don’t live near enough, or don’t have time, are of no account whatsoever in these performances. To make up for this unfortunate and deplorable situation, they are permitted to go the limit on the weekly pledge, sustaining, reviving and enlarging funds.

“Now Piet, go slow there.”

All right, comrade chairman, I take it all back. Won’t say it again until the next meeting.

Now these dailies have a most curious tendency to change their working staff at the same time, or shortly after the election of a new Board of Directors. Some say that is the reason why these dailies do not get ahead. I believe that it is because the small village boys are getting sick of the self-appointed-anointed of the larger villages. That’s the way it looks to me.

The other day, a fellow by the name of Harry Spears, got up a little scheme. Never heard of him, eh!

No, he never was a member of the N. E. C., S. E. C., or even C. E. C. Doubt whether he ever belonged to any Executive Committee.

But— Oh, yes, the scheme.

Some fellows in Findlay, Ohio, wanted to start their own weekly papers. I admit that was rather a common, ordinary ambition. Nothing very scheming about it, you are right there, but there was a difference.

They did not begin with passing a motion saying that Capitalism was so rotten and so much to be feared, that unless the new weekly was started on an entirely new and revolutionary basis, it was doomed to decay through the infectious influence of the capitalist linotypes, presses, offices and what not.

They realized that if they were to be successful, a less successful competitor had to be eliminated. They knew little enough about economics to understand that. Many socialists know so much about economics that they cannot see the sun from the very light. Anyhow, the Findlay boys looked around for a newspaper which was about to give up the ghost, or in other words, the unsuccessful competitor which was to be eliminated. Instead of fighting that paper out of existence, they bought it out. Much easier, and much cheaper, you know. Good old capitalist method, I admit, but effective, you bet.

Funny. Socialist methods don’t seem to work very well under capitalism. Maybe we will have to adopt some more capitalist methods of attack before we will be able to chase the plutes, and establish the co-operative commonwealth.

Off the track again. The Findlay boys, that’s what we were talking about. They started the Findlay, Ohio, *Call*, about a year ago, and have since started ninety-two other socialist weeklies in the Middle and Eastern states. Honest to God, truth, ninety-two socialist weeklies in one year.

How? Simple enough! They figured it would be easier to support an editor, printing plant and so on, between a number of locals, than for each local to keep a separate concern going on its own hook; so they fixed up a plan by which any local that wanted its own paper, could have it with an investment of \$100 in capital, and a weekly expenditure of \$2.70 for 500 copies. Ten dollars down to start the investment, and \$2.50 per week to pay the balance. Now that is so easy, that almost any local can have its own paper. If it sells the 500 copies at 1c. a piece, it takes in enough money to cover the \$2.70 and has a few cents over. I think these figures are correct. If you want to be sure, write to *The Findlay Call*, Findlay, Ohio.

Co-operatively, those papers are O. K. They come under the category of consumers’ co-operatives. The branches control for the readers, the local papers. It will now be only a matter of the branches protecting their interests with the central body. There is, however, no danger there, because as long as the local papers have been organized, and the boys have learned how, they could at any time start in a new central, if they so desire.

Somebody told me that the bad point about the plan is, that usually one page is left for local socialist and other news. Mr. Somebody claimed that the local boys did not know how to get up that page. The devil of it all is, that I agreed with Somebody, on that point. The only difference is, that it was his reason why he did not want these weeklies, and it was my principal reason why I did want them.

I believe I told you once before, that the only college the working people ever will, or can go through, is that rather large institution called EXPERIENCE with branches everywhere. Experience they get out of it by heaps. Mistakes? You bet they make mistakes. Only knew of one fellow in all my life that never made any mistakes. Never knew him to do anything either. But I bet you that Canadian dime, which you lost with the chairman, that some of the small village boys will get wise, and find out that there aren’t any anointed in the Socialist Party. If they do, they’ll start things for themselves, and I bet you a peanut, they’ll put them over the plate, too.

THE GLORY OF GHENT

A Story of the Wonderful Work of an Energetic Proletariat



Woodcarvers in Their Atelier
Drawn for THE MASSES by William Washburn Nutting.

THE Glory of Ghent—and what is Ghent's glory? and where is Ghent and how big is Ghent, and if all this is so important why haven't we heard of the glory of Ghent before?

Why, indeed! why haven't you heard of the co-operative labor unions of Italy, or the new co-operative movement in Germany or the late-born but vigorous Socialist co-operatives in the United States?

The main reason is that the progress of Socialism to-day has become so rapid and varied that no one except a close student of the subject can keep track of its various phases. And if you were a student of the subject you wouldn't ask such questions.

But if you are not acquainted with the whole forefront of the Socialist line of battle you will enjoy hearing the story of a big idea that originated in the brains of a handful of workingmen in an old European city.

So to begin.

A HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE—INCLUDING GHENT

After the earth had cooled down to a point where the potatoes were no longer dug up roasted, the remote descendants of the early tadpoles acquired two legs and, among other dry land habits, a taste for land ownership. But it was not the soil itself which appealed to these ape-sprung humans; it was rather the soil plus sufficient slaves to plow and cultivate.

The taste for land and slaves grew and when the earth in time sprouted cities, these dwelling centers became much desired by conquerors.

Now, in the northern part of Europe there is a little patch of land called Flanders, a damp piece of ground full of water and also full of people. In Flanders during the early middle ages sprang great free cities, chiefest of whom was the city of Ghent. And Ghent prospered,

Written for The Masses

By HORATIO WINSLOW

Illustrated by William Washburn Nutting

The strongest argument in the world is the object lesson. Theory is all well enough in its way but it is theory put into practice that interests the solid, common-sense American. In Ghent the Socialist Co-operators have developed theory and practice too. They have made good and here is their story. If poor little Belgium with her hard-worked, poorly paid laborers can finance such an undertaking why shouldn't it be done in America?—Editor.

shooting her church spires skyward while her valiant burghers shot keen arrows groundwards at such enemies as tempted their cross-bows.

Finally, in spite of church spires, cross-bows, and burghers Ghent was taken. Her power waned. She was captured again and once more on top of that till the good citizens of Ghent became quite accustomed to retiring as French subjects and waking up in the morning devoted taxpayers to the king of Spain or some other monarch.

CREATION OF ONE KIND OF A PARADISE

So the city which had once sent 80,000 armed men into the field gradually lost her importance and declined sadly like the rest of the neighborhood, whose front yards had witnessed some five hundred years of marauding. Through constant submission to fresh conquerors the people lost their old spirit and when modern industry came in with steam there were few brave voices to protest against the cruelty of the system. The once prosperous medieval communities gave place to what Karl Marx called "The Paradise of Capitalists."

Belgium, which includes Flanders, is a country of 11,373 square miles, a little larger than the state of Vermont. But its population is the densest of all Europe, averaging 589 to the mile, and much of the land is still in the hands of large owners.

If the wealth of Belgium were equally distributed each family would have an income of about \$500 a year. Yet an investigation some years ago showed that 25 per cent. of all work-

ers gained less than 40 cents a day and the next 25 per cent. made only between 40 and 60 cents a day. In Brussels, another Belgian city, research proved that 34 per cent. of the families investigated lived in one room.

As might be deduced, ignorance has walked lockstep with poverty. Records kept in the German army in 1902 show that out of every thousand men who came up to do military duty only 0.7 of the lot were entirely illiterate. In Denmark during that year the showing was still better—only 0.2 of the thousand had received no education. But in Belgium out of every thousand men who shouldered a gun for the first time 101 could neither read nor write.

One out of every ten was completely illiterate.

Exactly the right sort of population for a Capitalist's Paradise.

THE PLEASANT CITY OF GHENT

Now all this has been told so that you will see what the workers of Ghent had to fight against before they could make any progress at all. They belonged to a disheartened nation; an uneducated nation; a nation heavily oppressed by money. And, what will appeal most to Americans, a nation which even to-day gives a plural vote to favored members of the community.

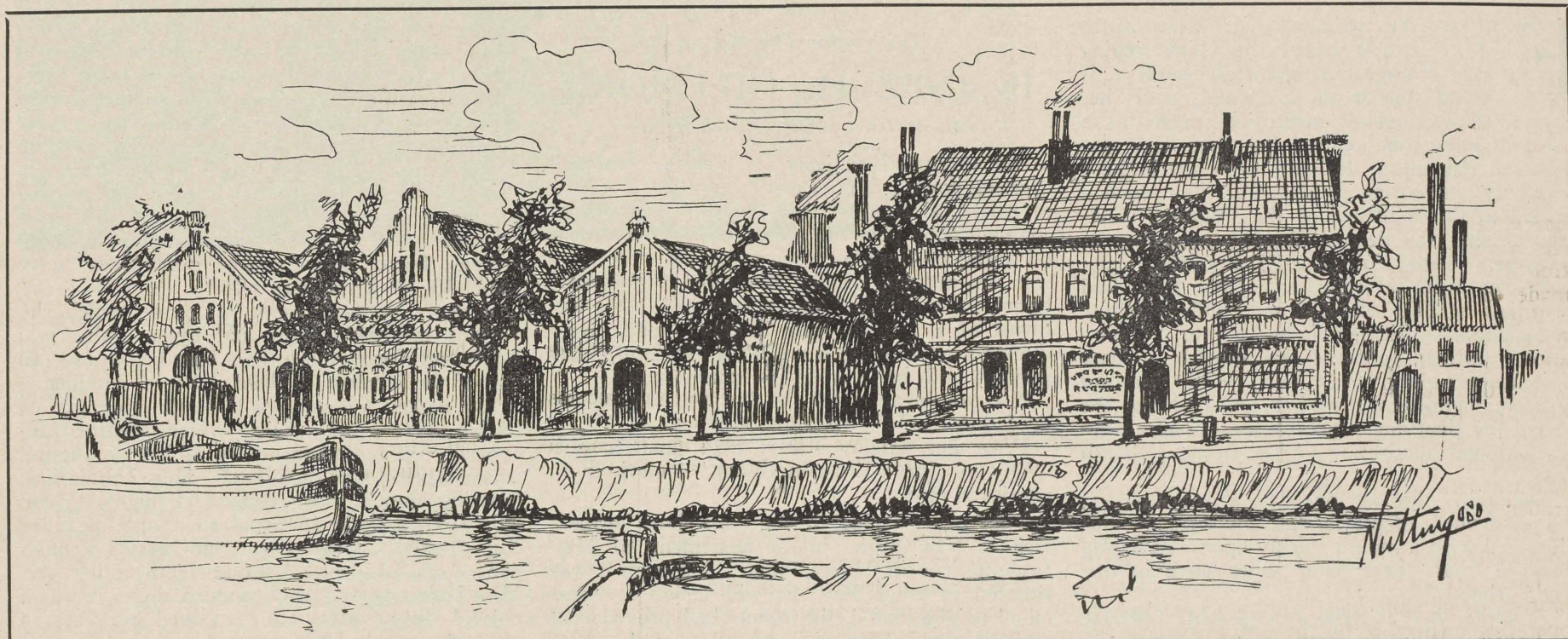
Of course there had been a stirring of revolutionary spirit before the Ghent Co-operative was launched. For instance, the activities of 1848 resulted in the forming of a number of short-lived co-operative productive societies. And the rise of the International, a few years later, also brought rejoicing and hope to the Socialists of those days. But the Socialist-Anarchist battle between Marx and Bakunin, ending in the destruction of the International in 1872, left the country thoroughly despondent.

Then it was that the Ghent Co-operative came into being.

THE REBIRTH OF SOCIALISM IN BELGIUM

The Ghent Co-operative is called the "Voruit" which, as might be expected, may be translated "Forward." And it is a watchword that the co-operators have followed religiously.

The Voruit was not endowed by millionaires nor fostered by learned professional men. With a capital of exactly \$20 it began life in 1873 as a co-operative bakery. It was located in the rear of a saloon. Their one baker turned out



Drawn for THE MASSES by William Washburn Nutting

The "Boulevard de l'Industrie" of Ghent; From Left to Right: Coal Supply House; Bakery; Pastry Ovens; Grocery Storage Building

good bread; the co-operators bought it; and the enterprise flourished.

In 1881 the socialist faction of the bakery split away from their more conservative comrades and gave to their end of the movement the name—Voruit. They borrowed a scanty capital from the savings of interested workers and from that date their progress can be described only as triumphal.

But why did they succeed? In the first place because the time was ripe for a co-operative movement; and in the second place because the men able to direct its destinies were anxious and ready to do so.

These two leading spirits, to whom Socialists the world over owe a debt of gratitude, were not experts from some great college. They were not even men with a large mercantile experience. Edward Anseele and Edmond von Beveren were simply a couple of workers, but as so often happens they proved the old theory that the proletariat can develop from itself its own leaders.

Anseele and Von Beveren were the right men in the right place. The infant co-operative was anxious to live, but it was not quite certain how. They brought it through its teething period and the whooping-cough and measles age, till it became lusty and wise and able to fend for itself. And so well did they do this that the bakery, which started out in part as a commercial enterprise, has become responsible for the best organized Socialist movement in the world.

But at first sight the material accomplishments of the co-operators are more striking. If you should go to Ghent to-morrow you would find that the one-man bakery of 1873 has developed into an institution like this.

VORUIT!

The chief visible sign of the co-operative is a large business block containing among other things: a department store, a café, seating a thousand people; a library, committee rooms, headquarters of all the labor unions of Ghent, theater, bakery, cotton mill, and printing office.

Besides this immense central station there are numerous outlying depots both for production and distribution. For instance, there are sixteen grocery stores and seven drug stores. These

enable the co-operative to extend its benefits far out into the suburbs.

But the very material matters, the stores and all that are not so extraordinary. Many a bourgeois co-operative association has earned for itself such things. The biggest developments of the Voruit struggle are things quite different.

For instance, take the matter of education. For a small annual sum each member of the co-operative receives all the literature sent out from its press. This tends to spread new ideas and also to educate any who desire to read thinkingly. In addition there are systematic study courses, cultural societies, dramatic clubs, and young people's leagues. There is even an art class where Jules von Biesbroeck, the greatest of modern sculptors, teaches those who have a talent for drawing.

Not apparent to the casual visitor, but none the less real are the various funds which the Co-operative manages. There are sick benefits; confinement funds; old age pensions; and burial expenses. And one of the latest developments is a clinic which employs sixteen physicians including five specialists.

THE UNIONS AND CO-OPERATION

But the most important outcome of the co-operative movement is a development that very possibly would not be noticed by the average bourgeois visitor, though the American workingman would grasp it at once, because it is so different. It is the feeling of solidarity among the labor unions, the co-operative, and the political movement.

Not only do the labor unions have their headquarters at the Voruit, but the individual members are bound to the Voruit by economic ties. They have an actual money investment in its enterprises. They can buy more cheaply and live more cheaply, because of their membership. They know that in case of a strike it will support them through thick and thin. And they know that if they should be blacklisted it will give them a job in a co-operative industry where blacklists count for nothing.

And they vote the way they strike and the way they buy. They cast their ballots for the Parti Ouvrier, the Labor Party, which is the name

under which the Belgian Socialist movement marches. In a word, the development of the Voruit has made the working class a fighting unit.

A LITTLE SUMMARY

But this account falls short of the impression it should convey unless you get the idea well in your head that the Ghent Co-operative is less an achievement in itself than it is a promoter of other achievements.

For instance, the idea of a Socialist Co-operative has spread from Ghent till it has interpenetrated all Belgium, to say nothing of other European countries. It has united the workers and has furnished them with such a supply of the sinews of war that twice they have been able to attempt the general strike—once successfully.

And it has helped gain for the Parti Ouvrier the confidence of all Belgian workers.

As to its indirect influence in forcing reforms from the state and spreading the seeds of revolution, that is incalculable.

THE GLORY OF GHENT

Though such a co-operative would be remarkable no matter where it appeared, even if it were the fruit of the comparatively wealthy workers of the United States, yet it is twice as big a thing because it sprang from poverty; nourished by the saved pittances of people who were half starved themselves.

Battles won by the heaviest battalions are commonplace. Who cares if the heaviest battalions win? But there isn't a red corpuscle in your body that doesn't vibrate at the story of a fight won against odds.

So the glory of Ghent is Ghent's Voruit which has organized and educated and won the working class, till to-day they are become a self-conscious, vigorous, never-resting army.

And this spring when the municipality of Ghent decided on a new legal holiday they chose May first.

May First! The Workers' Day!

In 1881, when Eduard Anseele borrowed \$500 to establish the Voruit movement, I wonder if he had any visions of May Day, 1911.

But of course we couldn't get up any such co-operative as that in America.

Or could we?

AN EXPERIMENT IN PHILANTHROPY

A Story Propounding the Heretical Doctrine that Even a Professional Philanthropist Doesn't Know Everything About Human Nature

Written for *The Masses*

By **INEZ H. GILLMORE**

Illustrated by *Alice Reach Winter*

FROM the instant that Mrs. Zoeth Prewitt first heard the child singing that strange extempore gibberish—half chant, half hymn and wholly wail—her New England institution, magic as a moral divining-rod, assured her that here was Wronged Humanity. Philanthropy—the impulse to charity was strong in Mrs. Prewitt's blood—thrilled to the challenge of the situation. Conscience—she was descended of a long line of clergymen—leaped full-armed to the fray. Curiosity—her Aunt Matilda, a maiden lady, had spent half her life behind closed blinds watching the neighbors—prickled in her nerves. Observation confirmed, reflection strengthened, a sense of immediate duty. And thus, driven forward by every instinct of her birth and training, she started the sleuthing process whose results were the continual admiration of her friend Deborah Hale.

"Deborah," she said one day with a sureness and suddenness of attack that left the lady thus addressed with a mouth slackly open, "have you observed that there is a white slave in this neighborhood?"

"A white slave!" Deborah repeated. "Mercy, no, Louisa. What on earth do you mean?"

When Mrs. Zoeth Prewitt made this surprising announcement, she was sitting in the window

in the mitigated majesty of a white starched dressing-gown. Mrs. Prewitt had her moments of sartorial comfort, but they were never accompanied by physical relaxation. As for mental negligence—the looser her gown, the more erect was the carriage of her admirable, high-busted figure, the quicker and keener the blade-like thrust of her brisk New England mind. Now she made an ample gesture in the direction of the window with her shapely, executive hands.

"Do you mean to tell me that you haven't noticed that child?" she said.

From her window, Miss Hale glanced out. "Why, of course, I've noticed her," she said in an aggrieved tone.

They were staying, during their short business visit to New York, in the apartment of Mrs. Prewitt's cousin, Ulrica Paine. Although it was situated in what Mrs. Prewitt called a "common" neighborhood, the rooms had proved cool and pleasant. The windows all opened out of the same wall on to back areas. The view from them was interesting, even picturesque.

The vista was closed at one end by a big tree, at the other by an old gray church. Between these limits to vision, a double line of yards came together with the precision of squares on a chess-board. They were cleanly-kept, these yards—and carpeted with gay, thick-blooming flower-beds. The houses which, in the afternoon, dripped floods of purple shadow on to this brightness, were fashioned with two stories of balconies; and to these, wicker-chairs, bamboo-screens, flower boxes tucked everywhere gave something of a southern effect.

Directly opposite stood a house which, by various inevitable signs and tokens, the two ladies had discovered to be a boarding-house. In one of the windows a little girl was standing.

She looked a good deal like any other girl of twelve. Her print gown, which sheathed inexorably every nascent curve of her flat figure, was shapeless and colorless. Her little face, tapering under short-cropped, straight, brown hair from a wide forehead to a little peak of chin, looked colorless too. She carried a dust-pan in one hand and a broom in the other. As Miss Hale watched, she began to sing. It was a doleful ditty. Miss Hale strained her ears to catch the words but they were all run together into an unintelligible patois.

"Haven't you ever noticed anything about

her?" Mrs. Prewitt asked in the tone of one who is being very patient.

Miss Hale turned her inefficient gaze on the child a second time. "Well, I haven't noticed anything *wrong* about her," she admitted.

"Well, notice her now, Deborah, for I want your opinion on the way she's treated."

Miss Hale required no further urging. The sorrows of Wronged Humanity pressed as hard upon her as they pressed on her energetic cousin, although not with the same insistence on immediate alleviation. In most friendships, there is one who is leader and another who is henchman. Miss Hale was not only henchman but shadow and replica. In fact, she had long ceased to have any mental individuality whatever. She lived a subsidiary life on the shores of Mrs. Prewitt's wide, intellectual seas, depending,

"What does that child say?" Mrs. Prewitt asked in a baffled tone after she had listened to three of these chants.

"I can't make out a word," Miss Hale admitted. Her small, dark, ineffectual face, sallow-skinned and double-chinned, was screwed into a maze of wrinkles. "And I can almost always understand any child—even baby-talk. But that beats me. It sounds as if the child was praying for help, though."

"Exactly!" Three impressive nods expressed Mrs. Prewitt's approbation of this theory. "My idea to a T!"

But the white slave did not have much time for extempore prayer. Invariably, once she was started, a voice called, "Jessie! Jessie!" The shrill, peremptory accents pulled her away from

driver if ever I saw one," Mrs. Prewitt remarked. Whether she was Jessie's mother, aunt or employer, it was impossible to discover. But the two ladies spent much fruitless conjecture on the subject, trying even through the opera-glasses to establish a resemblance between them.

At noon they could see Jessie in the bedroom directly opposite their windows—a huge tray, with which she had evidently toiled up three flights of stairs, in her hands. They could distinguish dimly with the aid of the glasses, a huge bulky something which she lifted from the bed and fed slowly.

The afternoon saw Jessie doing odd jobs of all descriptions, cleaning knives, shelling peas, washing vegetables, turning the ice-cream freezer. Towards night came an hour of respite when, sitting out on the balcony, she mothered what seemed her only toy—a doll. During this intermission, a queer, little, mangy apology of a dog used to come stealing from the next yard in answer to her whistle. Jessie always had a saucer of meat-scrap for him and, for a playful interval, the child and the dog and the doll would visit together. But always the peremptory voice would interrupt with an acid, "Jessie! Jessie!" The dog would scamper back. Jessie, depositing the doll carefully on the old couch, would fly into the house.

Her evenings, too, she spent on the balcony. Long after dinner a strange, shambling creature with twisting hands and hanging head—Mrs. Prewitt conjectured that he was one of the boarders—would join her there.

Sometimes, late at night, when the ladies from Boston were going to bed, they would hear the wail of the childish voice. An investigation always discovered Jessie at her window, her face propped in her hands, crying her woes out to the stars.

This, roughly speaking, was the schedule of the little girl's day.

But there was one feature, invariable to it, for which Mrs. Prewitt had a hard time to find a theory. Regularly once a day, morning or afternoon—never at night—a strange noise would come from the house opposite. It was neither moan nor groan. It was neither howl nor scream. Yet because it was violent and erratic, it seemed possible that it was compact of all these. Certainly, it was inexpressibly sad and eerie. Mrs. Prewitt's conclusion held that during these periods Jessie was receiving the daily beating that followed her small sins of domestic commission and omission.

"Well, of course you know what I'm going to do," Mrs. Prewitt said at the end of the week.

"You are going to rescue her, I suppose," Miss Hale conjectured placidly.

"Exactly. I don't see quite how I'm going to do it yet. But I think sometime next week you and I will go over there on the pretext of hiring rooms—there will be no deception in that—for I may have to stay there awhile to substantiate my charges. Then when I've got all the necessary evidence, I shall make a formal complaint. I don't know just how or to whom—I must find out about that. I guess the Gerry Society are the people to go to. If the child is not related to the woman—if there is any way I can get hold of her—I'm going to take her back to the Zoeth Prewitt Home."

Mrs. Prewitt's tone, in referring to the Zoeth Prewitt Home for Destitute Orphans, inevitably betrayed that it was her pet philanthropy.

"That will be just the place for her," Deborah approved.

"Of course. I like what I've seen of Jessie. She's capable and obedient. I don't see why I shouldn't take her into my own household after a while."

When the two ladies, arrayed in their dignified Bostonese best, started out to hire rooms at the boarding-house opposite, Miss Hale became conscious of a sense of thrill in the expedition. The sensation kept her glancing with stealthy fre-



Drawn for THE MASSES by Alice Beach Winter

"Jessie was seated on the couch, her feet crossed, her body upright in its lank cotton gown."

for intellectual existence, on the flotsam and jetsam of that lady's vigorous theorising.

"We'll watch together," Mrs. Prewitt condescended.

In the course of a few days they were able to get the program of the child's contracted life.

Long before the two Bostonians were up, the white slave was busy helping with the breakfast. Immediately after the chattering women and the nonchalant young men who filled the establishment had vanished to their various occupations, she fell to sweeping, dusting, shaking mats, making beds. At any time, according, apparently, to impulse, she would drop her work, come to the window and burst into one of her long, sing-song wails.

the window as suddenly as if the floor had given way under her feet.

The owner of this peremptory voice seldom appeared at the back windows. They saw her occasionally at night, sitting out on the lower balcony that evidently abutted on the kitchen. Rocking monotonously back and forth in a crazy-backed chair that filled the tiny space left by the refrigerator and ice-cream freezer, she would stare grimly into space, her arms folded, unable, apparently, even while she was taking her ease, to relax. Thin, hard-faced, neat enough with her tight pugged hair and changeless wrapper, New England was proclaimed by every movement of her thin, wiry frame. "She's a

quency at her companion. But the handsome, composed profile, cutting so incisively through the flowing volume of widow's veil, expressed no sympathy with this romantic outlook.

"Be sure to use your eyes, Deborah," Mrs. Prewitt charged her companion. "Look at every living thing and listen to every word that's passed."

Mrs. Prewitt always delivered herself of this admonitory speech whenever they embarked on an errand of rescue, although Deborah always returned with such unimportant spoils of observation as that the tidies were made of a long-forgotten lace, called ric-rac, or that they were going to have cabbage for dinner. In contrast, Mrs. Prewitt's report would be full of detail. In this, as in other things, it was as if her intellect were of the kind that could sharpen itself only on a softer mental structure.

The hard-faced woman whom they always called Jessie's "keeper," opened the door to their ring.

"I've come to look at furnished rooms," Mrs. Prewitt said in her most business-like tones. "A sitting-room and a bedroom."

"With board?" the woman caught her up.

"With board," Mrs. Prewitt echoed. "And board alone if you haven't a room."

"I have a suite of rooms," the woman said, "but—" and here she looked a little doubtfully at the two ladies, "They're upstairs on the third floor. My name's Peters—Mrs. Peters," she added.

"I'll look at them, Mrs. Peters," Mrs. Prewitt said promptly, "I'm particularly anxious to get—"

She was interrupted by a wild hullabaloo upstairs. The two ladies recognized it, in a sudden exchange of glances, as the sound which they imputed to Jessie's star-chamber conferences with her "keeper." But obviously Mrs. Peters could not be beating Jessie now. In fact she put an immediate stop to the confusion by a raucous "Jessie! Jessie! Stop that! I'm coming up there now."

The silence that followed was intense. "Now if you'll follow me," Mrs. Peters broke into it.

On the stairs they passed the shambling creature whom they were accustomed to see sitting with Jessie in the cool of the evening. Flattening himself against the wall, he gave them a gaping, slant-eyed look as they passed. But the stigmata of his condition did not escape Mrs. Prewitt's lynx eyes.

"An idiot?" she conjectured in a sibilant aside to Mrs. Peters.

"Yes," Mrs. Peters admitted it without hesitation. "That reminds me I oughter tell you all about Doddy 'fore I show you a thing. Some boarders I had once went away and left him on my hands. I never could find out where them folks went. I couldn't turn him out onter street, and then I didn't know but what they would come back here after him. The upshot of it's been that I've kept him for more than three years. Times are so hard now that I'd put him in an institution quick as a wink—I don't see's as I've got any call to support him—if it wor'n't for Jessie—but Jessie, she's my sister's child—she won't hear to it. Cries herself to sleep if I even mention it. Well, the long and short of it is I've kept him, and I suppose I always will."

Discoursing at this breakneck speed, she preceded them up the stairs. Tireless as her tongue, her busy hands kept always in motion. Here she stopped to pick a piece of lint from the carpet—there, to adjust curtains and mats in the hall.

"Of course Doddy's keep don't amount to such an all-fired lot, and he does help with the dishes—he's as handy as a woman about the house. Only sometimes it's kinder unpleasant to have him round—lots of folks don't want to stay on his account. Not that I have any trouble filling my rooms—my land, I could keep two houses going—except this last winter when times have been so hard. But Jessie she does everything

she can think of to keep him out of the way. Every day she takes him into one of the rooms and plays tag and hide't-coop and any game she can think of—just to entertain him. That racket you heard was them. Jessie's terribly fond of him—most children would be afraid of Doddy.

She interrupted this monologue—it had lasted over two flights of stairs—to push open a door they were passing. "How'd you feel today, Aunt Carrielle?" she called.

A little thin voice that sparkled with a kind of cracked briskness, answered her. "Oh, pretty good. I've been listening to Jessie and Doddy. I've laughed myself sore. I tell yer they've been going it in there. She makes Doddy have a good time. And I allus have to laugh every time I hear that child laugh. Oh, you ain't alone, Mrs. Peters?"

"No, these ladies want to see my third-floor front. That's why I had to sent Doddy down."

The two ladies from Boston exchanged another puzzled glance. They recognized the room to which Jessie had lugged so many dinner-trays. "Could I look at the view from your back windows?" Mrs. Prewitt asked with commendable resourcefulness.

"Certainly. Aunt Carrielle won't mind. She likes company."

Aunt Carrielle, a featureless, hairless, toothless mass of old woman in the plainest and cleanest of night-gowns and an anachronistic night-cap, mumbled her pleasure at seeing them. Her little eyes, gleaming bright as a squirrel's from a tangle of wrinkles, examined them microscopically. Her head cocked on this side and that as she followed every movement.

"She's been with me nigh on ter fifteen years now," Mrs. Peters explained in a hissing whisper as they came into the hall. "She's got folks right here in town on Fifth Avenoo, but they don't want to bother with her. High up folks—I see their names in the paper quife a lot. She's always been bedridden and, at first, when my rent was cheaper, it paid me to take care of her. But, nowadays, with the rent going up every year, it don't pay me *a-tall*. Sometimes it seems to me I've just to get rid of her and then again—well, she's paying now every cent she can scrape together. And if I send her back to her folks, they'll only put her in an Old Ladies' Home. And the thought of an institoon just makes her sick. She's a New England woman like myself—and—well, you know how'd you'd feel yourself about going into an institoon."

She stopped for an instant and to Miss Hale's extreme surprise, the founder of the Zoeth Prewitt Home for Destitute Orphans gave a quick nod of sympathy.

"And then," Mrs. Peters clicked on, leading them forward through the hall, "the moment I so much as mention sending her away to Jessie, that child carries on so I have to give it up. She just thinks the world of her Aunt Carrielle. When Jessie's school stopped in June, she said if I'd keep Doddy and Aunt Carrielle through the summer till times got better, I could get rid of Mary Ann and she'd do all the work. Of course the child can't do it all. I help her all I can, but sometimes I think she has to work too hard. But, there, you never saw such a young one. Anything that's sick or in trouble takes all her time and attention. What between Doddy and Aunt Carrielle and Goo-Goo—that's the dog next door that the folks go off and leave alone all the live-long day—she don't seem to play with any children of her own age. There, here's the room I told you of." She threw open the door.

Jessie was seated on the couch there, her feet crossed, her body upright in its lank cotton gown. Seen nearer, her face had its charms—the charm of a thoughtful oval, framed in mediaeval fashion by straight short-cut hair, the charm of earnest brown eyes which now scrutinized the strangers with a piercing, troubled gaze. She held in her lap a thing which the Boston ladies rec-

ognized as her doll. It bore no resemblance to the human shape, although there is no knowing what Jessie's eyes saw when they looked at the bundle of rags wrapped about a pine-cone, which was her substitute for the bisque offspring of more favored children.

For the first time in all Miss Hale's experience of her, Mrs. Prewitt seemed not to be her usual composed and decisive self. She looked absently about the room, talked for a while about prices with Mrs. Peters, interrupted herself to stare at Jessie and then turned vaguely again to the subject of table board. Finally she said, "Deborah, you settle this matter with Mrs. Peters. I want to talk with Jessie."

Miss Hale took the cue promptly. She engaged Mrs. Peters in a minute description of the people who filled her house—a conversation so one-sided that it was only necessary for her to contribute to it an occasional, "Yes," or "No." If Deborah was not observant, she possessed an invaluable accomplishment that filled the gap; she could carry on one conversation while listening to another.

She heard her cousin's voice, modulated by unusual sympathy from its usual snapping tone, ask questions after question. She heard Jessie's soft shy answers.

"How would you like to go to boarding-school, Jessie?" Mrs. Prewitt concluded.

"Oh, I'd love to," the child replied, a little flare of enthusiasm dispersing the hesitation in her manner. "I've always wanted to go to boarding-school. And then I've read so many stories about the nice times girls have there. Only—" She began to falter. The enthusiasm faded out. "I'm afraid I'd worry about my aunt—she works awful hard. And I'd be wondering all the time if Aunt Carrielle and Doddy were being taken care of. No, I'm afraid I wouldn't be happy away."

After the two ladies emerged into the outer sunshine, they did not speak for a while. Mrs. Prewitt's commanding signal drew a hansom from across the street. Comfortably installed in that unconventional vehicle, Miss Hale found tongue to ejaculate, "Where are we going, Louisa?"

"Before I try to do anything else for that child, we're going to Schwenkel's to buy her *a doll*," Mrs. Prewitt said in her firmest accent. But Deborah, looking up in consternation at this unscientific charity, found that the sharp blue eyes were full of tears.

At Schwenkel's, Mrs. Prewitt selected the biggest and handsomest doll she could find, a doll-trousseau that included every article of the female wardrobe, and a handsome set of miniature furniture. Miss Hale noted, dumfounded, that these purchases cost more than all Mrs. Prewitt's summer clothes.

As the gift was sent anonymously, Mrs. Prewitt received no thanks—that is to say she received no direct message. But late that night, she waked Deborah with a hushed, "That child's singing again." Noiselessly they moved to the window.

They could see in the moonlight which flooded the top, back bedroom the glimmer of a white patch which, they guessed, was Jessie's face. Now that they knew her voice, they could hear plainly what she sang. In the time and metre of an outworn and rejected street song, it went something like this:

"I'm so happy now I don't know what to do—
oo—oo.
Aunt Carrielle is staying and my darling
Doddy too—oo—oo—oo.
And I always have meat enough for my precious
Goo-Goo—oo—oo—oo.
I have a doll that is beautiful and new—oo—
oo—oo,
But still I love my old doll fond and true—oo—
oo—oo.
I'm so hapy all the time I don't know what to
do—oo—oo—oo—oo—oo—oo—oo—oo."

LENA MORROW LEWIS: AGITATOR

Something About Her Wonderful Work for the Socialist Party

Written for *The Masses*

By ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

Drawing by Alexander Popini

She is a very little woman to be the secretary of a very large association. At first glance one might think she could slip into almost any state in the Union and nobody would know she was there. But it so happens Mrs. Lena Morrow Lewis is not that sort of person. When she is anywhere people are liable to know she is there. And in the course of the last seventeen years she has been in a lot of places. At first as an agitator of the equal suffrage question, and then after developing into a socialist, as secretary of the National Socialist Association. From the lumber camps in the North to the alkaline roads of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, she has carried her propaganda into practically every state in this country, and people knew she was doing it, too. Her work has had results.

"But," Mrs. Lewis explains "the price I personally have paid has been to relinquish any and all ideas of a home. Not that it matters. I am used to it now. But I have rather a record; don't you think? Seventeen years touring as a lecturer, and in all that time I have never slept for fourteen consecutive nights in the same place. I have rested for ten or twelve days and nights. But that is the longest. I have not as yet touched the two weeks mark.

"Out in California I have a very dear woman friend who lives there with her family. In her home, when I visit her, I feel as nearly as though I were in my own home, as I do anywhere. But to be truthful I have quite forgotten the sensation of having personal belongings about me other than my clothing."

It was in 1892 that Mrs. Lewis first became active in the Suffrage movement. In 1898, in South Dakota, she made herself decidedly felt in a suffrage campaign that was then waging. In 1900, in Oregon, she became exceedingly active as a leader of the Six O'clock Closing Association, and a member of the Equal Suffrage Party. Mrs. Lewis was the first person to agitate suffrage in the Labor organizations, and to point out the advantages of organization among the various suffrage factions. In 1902 she joined the socialistic movement, and chose, as the first field for her propaganda the lumber camps of the North.

She is a slight woman with ridiculously small hands and feet. She will tell you, if you ask her, that many persons have called her "masculine." Just why anyone should apply that adjective to Mrs. Lewis is not very apparent. Unless it is because of her voice. That, strangely enough for one whose life work depends more or less upon it, is husky and deep, devoid of the lighter feminine tones. It may carry far, from a platform. In ordinary conversation it does not carry at all. Already—for Mrs. Lewis is still undeniably young—long days in the sunlight and wind have left a fine tracery of lines upon her face. Her eyes, direct and round, gaze steadily from behind her gold-rimmed glasses. She speaks slowly, but she wastes no words.

Perhaps some of the most interesting of Mrs. Lewis' views are expressed in connection with the two subjects nearest her heart, woman and economic equality.

"There can be no real love until men and women are economically equal." Mrs. Lewis said recently: "Under existing conditions woman cannot make a free choice of a husband. She would be more than human if she could. Of course there are women who believe their hearts

The narrative of a woman at work in a new field; breaking ground for herself; compelled to originate her own methods and plan of work—is bound to be of absorbing interest. And Lena Morrow Lewis, who has been organizing Socialist locals ever since 1900, is as well worth reading about as any women engaged in any field of modern endeavor.—Editor.

are not influenced by anybody's pocketbook; there are even women of which this is true, but they are rare exceptions.

"When a woman is courted by two young and



Drawn for THE MASSES by Alexander Popini

Lena Morrow Lewis

attractive men and one man is practically penniless and the other is the son of a banker she will quite naturally choose to marry the latter every time.

"She thinks it is her heart speaking; she may really believe it is the banker's son that she loves, but it, in nine cases out of ten, is her economic dependence working subconsciously.

"How can woman love truly and disinterestedly while the roof over her head and the very food she puts in her mouth are dependent upon the man she may marry? How can we place real love within the reach of the many while the large majority of women are practically nothing but the personal property of some man?"

"Most of us never think of a woman as an in-

dividual. Our habit of thinking of her as belonging to some man is so deeply rooted we scarcely realize how it has become second nature. To most of us every woman is either some man's daughter or some man's wife. In the marriage service the minister pronounces the couple 'man and wife.' Why not 'man and woman?' Or even 'husband and wife?' It is because the word 'man' includes every relation—that of husband and father and son.

"But a woman must be definitely a 'wife,' a 'mother,' or a 'miss' to signify her property relation to some man. Can there be equal love—which is the ideal love—between the slave and her master?"

"Fortunately the hope for an ideal relationship between man and woman looks bright. Men and women have more in common as human beings than they have differences consequent upon sex. As the pallid heroine has passed into oblivion and the physically and mentally healthy modern woman has taken her place men have been forced more and more to concede the equality of the sexes. Given economic equality and our battle is won. I mean the possibility of ideal marriage becomes a certainty, and the perfect romantic love something we may each possess.

"A well-known English author and student of social and economic problems said, a few days ago, that the chivalry of the present tends more toward contempt than reverence. I agree with him. Why should men rise to give me a seat in a car and refuse to give me a vote upon the laws which govern me? If there is anything of real reverence in their attitude, certainly it is not for my mentality.

"There is no more reason why a man should rise to give a place to a young and healthy woman than that she should rise to give her place to him. They should each do so cheerfully for an old person of either sex, but on the grounds that a young person is better able to stand than an old one, and unquestionably some respect is due to age.

"In the perfect marriage, man and woman will contribute equally to the home, spiritually, mentally and economically. The equal home is the dream of the future, as is the perfect romantic love."

From all of which you can see for yourself that Lena Morrow Lewis has learned both to say something and to saw wood, during her sojourns in the lumber camps.

The Conquerors

Deep runs this credo in my soul:
Failing, they fail not who have tried;
Lesser than they shall gain the goal—
Greater than they have wept and died.

Sans tears or thorns or wreck or wrath
Runs that smooth way that ends in mire,
But only by the Bleeding Path
May brave hearts seek the heart's desire.

Forgotten, they are not forgot,
Dying, they die not in that Way;
Nor their dream any ink shall blot
Or sword shall quench or bars shall stay.

—HORATIO WINSLOW.

THE OTHER GIRL

A Story of Charity and the Results of Charity

Written for *The Masses*

By VERA LYNN

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

IF only Uncle Vogtman hadn't put the idea into my head; if only he hadn't said a word about it; if only he'd let me go on living my life in the old way. Because once everything was so simple. I knew just what was right to do and when a problem came up it took me no time at all to solve it.

There is nothing that the "reformer" rejoices in more than Charity. That Charity covers a multitude of sins is a true saying, though it would be better to write that Charity is made up of a multitude of sins. So long as the present competitive order reigns we can give one man economic help only at another's expense. This story—well, you'd better read the story for yourself.—Editor.

Now, I'm not sure of anything. I don't know what's right and what's wrong. Everything is mixed up and it's all Uncle Vogtman's fault.

It began by visiting his office which is something I very much enjoy, because Uncle Vogtman always has a box of candy on tap and often he takes me home in his automobile, which is quite an event for a poor relation.

On this horrible day—it was a rainy Tuesday, that I shall always remember—Uncle Vogtman didn't seem in the least hurry about going home. He walked up and down the room or stooped over his desk, or dictated to the stenographers, and said nothing but "Yes, yes," when I asked him questions. In general, he was so tiresome that I put on my coat and left Uncle Vogtman in solitary abstraction.

And in the hall I met her.

Probably I shouldn't have spoken to her as I did; it was my tone of voice more than anything else; but you see the wait at the office had so provoked me that when she began, "I beg your pardon, but—" I flung back, "Excuse me, I'm in a great hurry."

And I walked out angry at Uncle Vogtman and at her and at everybody else. But it wasn't two minutes before a little sneaking remorse crawled into my brain or head, or wherever it is one's feelings hold forth, and it made itself so disagreeable that I just couldn't stand it.

The hall had been dark; I hadn't seen the girl's face; but down inside me I knew well enough that the poor little thing hadn't a spark of courage left in her and that my rudeness had primed her for a downright cry.

"What a little beast I am!" I thought to myself. Then, when I'd gone a step farther, "I'll go right back and apologize."

But I didn't have to go up in the office building to find her because just as I turned she came out into the street. An awfully nice looking girl—but she stood there before a niche in the building as though she were absolutely dead tired. She fairly drooped. And I hadn't any more than started to apologize when she broke down and cried and cried.

There were two or three men watching us so I took her by the arm while we crossed down three doors to a little tea place.

And there she told me all about herself. Her name was Bessie Crail, and she was a stenographer, without a job. She'd spent her last cent and hadn't had anything to eat all day and didn't know what would become of her—unless she were to drift into the most unpleasant life of all. But as she ate the tea and things she began to perk up a little.

"I was answering an ad for a stenographer. The time given in the ad was 5.30, but I came

up early because I thought perhaps if I got there ahead of the rest I might—and then all of a sudden my nerve went back on me and I just couldn't ask anybody anything."



Drawn for *THE MASSES* by Anton Otto Fischer.

"Bessie"

"But it's not too late yet? Who was it that advertised?"

"Somebody in 543—the office you came out of."

"In 543! Why, that's my Uncle Vogtman's office and Uncle Vogtman will do anything for me—anything. If you're a good stenographer I'm sure I can get you the job."

She brightened wonderfully.

"I am good. I can take fast dictation—I had to at my last position. And now that I've eaten something I don't feel scared a bit."

I took her up to Uncle Vogtman who seemed a little put out at first but dictated and all that and finally said that he was satisfied and that she could start in the next day.

It made me the happiest girl in the world just to feel that I'd had some part in her rescue, especially since her rescue had come at just the right minute. And I was awfully glad that the job didn't go to one of the thirty or forty girls who came around a little later, at half past five.

But when she'd gone home Uncle Vogtman called me into his private office, and his face

wasn't nearly as pleasant as it usually is. It almost frightened me.

"I must tell you something," he said. "I suppose you did this because you believe in charity."

I nodded.

"Charity is a first-class sentiment, but did you ever stop to think of the Other Girl?"

"What other girl?"

"The girl who didn't get the job because little Miss Crail got it."

"I don't understand."

"You must understand. In the city for every common job open to-day there are a dozen out of work applicants and at least three of the dozen are capable. All of them are practically on the ragged edge because city life and low wages make it practically impossible to save. When you are charitable and give work to one person you are also taking that job from another person equally able to fill it. Do you see that?"

"I—I think so, Uncle Vogtman."

"And when you save one girl from the street you are driving another to the street. Do you see that?"

And I saw that, too, though I tried not to. And I'm glad that little Bessie Crail is saved, but whenever I think of the other Other Girl—

Is life really as bad as all that?
Oh, dear!

The Song of the Street

The song of the street comes up to my ears:

A wail—then the patter of little feet
From the mines and the mills and the pavements below,

Beating the time for the Song of the Street.

Then the voices of women, half-clothed
and half starved,

Crying aloud "For raiment and meat
Ourselves and our children are offered
for sale"—

These are the words for the Song of the Street.

The voices of men whose spirits are
crushed,

Calling in anguish for death to complete

The murder that Life has so badly
begun—

This is the tune for the Song of the Street.

A moan in the darkness—a cry in the
night

And curses that rise to God's glorious
seat;

A prayer to the sound of sobs stifled
in vain—

Thus do they echo the Song of the
Street.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS

Things of Interest to Doers and Thinkers

Has the Collectivizing Stage Begun?

BY RUFUS W. WEEKS.

WHEN the nation, a generation ago, reached the culminating point of Individualist Business, there lay before us, though not to our sight, three distinct and successive stages on the road to Socialism. We have since traveled fast and far on the first of these stages—the concentration of private control of our economic activities. The Trust is now at its height, and the next phase of social economic evolution is due. There lie before the nation two stages to be passed before we enter upon the promised land of freedom in Socialism. We have now to collectivize our concentrated industries, and after that we have to socialize them.

The people begins, slowly and vaguely, to feel itself a collectivity, as an aggregate of consumers—not yet at all as an aggregate of producers. The mass of us, as consumers, want to know why the cost of living has gone up so persistently; the consumer-collectivity is straining in the effort to find an organ for putting forth its power over against the Trust power,—for claiming something like a co-equal part in determining the economic aim of our now consolidated industries. We think we ought to have something to say about prices; and it is curious enough that the first pointers that way come from the holy of holies of Capitalism, the Supreme Court, and from a high priest of Big Business. In the same moment that the Supreme Court sounds the knell of dying Competition, extinguishing the last hope of the belated individualist, it hints of the coming Collectivism, offering the Judiciary as the organ of the people in enforcing “reasonableness” upon the Trusts; and in the next moment, the Head Trust asks the government to share with it the guidance of its great business, to begin by fixing the prices a trust may charge for its products! That is, it asks the government to turn itself into the organ of a consumers’ collectivism. It points the index finger thus to the starting point for the next stage of the road, and to me it seems inevitable that the pressure of the people’s needs should drive our government forward upon that course.

The same pressure will, I think, lead to the government’s assuming a greater and greater share in the direction of big business; and, if the democratization of government, through referendum, initiative and recall, goes on until the emerging will of the people can actually govern the government, why, then, it cannot be but that that vast majority of the people who are producers will begin to think of using their power over the government to obtain justice for themselves as producers. There are three elements in the Trust equation: price, dividends and wages; the consumer-collectivity will first aim to reduce prices, careless that dividends may

have to come down, but not that wages should likewise come down. Later on, as the producer spirit begins to animate the collectivity, along with the consumer spirit, it will be insisted that prices must go down and wages up, no matter what happens to dividends. This will be the beginning of the socializing process, which can only end in the elimination of the dividend element, that is to say, in the atrophy of the capitalist, and in the installing of the new director of industry, the welfare expert, responsible on the one hand to the people at

himself as to get married, and he now has a wife and several young ’uns who sprawl upon the floor of a one-room flat located on the inside of a tenement where neither fresh air nor sunlight can reach it directly.

He is earnest and industrious, we will say, and has dreams of saving enough out of his dollar and a quarter a day to buy a tugboat of his own. It is true this will take him quite some time—perhaps a matter of a hundred years or so—but never mind. Having acquired the first tugboat, the rest will

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

Beginning with this issue, THE MASSES will publish each month a short definition of Socialism by men who have looked at the subject “from different angles.” The resulting collection of viewpoints will be invaluable to all students of the subject, as well as most interesting to the casual reader.—Editor.

I.

There is undeniably a real and vigorous movement in the world to-day which goes by the name of “Socialism.” Like any other living movement,—like, for example, Christianity or Modernism or the Scientific movement,—it may be looked at from many points of view. As seen from each of these several points of view, a different phrase would be used in describing it; and yet all these phrases or definitions, different as they might be, would be aimed at one and the same object, and none of them is necessarily an incorrect definition merely because it differs from the others. The taunt that there are “57 varieties” of Socialism, which amuses thoughtless people, is a misunderstanding, often wilful. The varieties are but different views of one and the same movement as seen at different angles.

Some of these views or definitions must, however, be more vital than others. It seems to me that the most vital question that can be asked in regard to any movement is this: What is it trying to do? From this, which seems to me the supreme point of view, I think all Socialists will agree in the following statement or definition: Socialism is the effort to induce the wage-workers and the farmers to unite, to organize, and to fit themselves for establishing and carrying on a co-operative commonwealth.

RUFUS W. WEEKS.

large as consumers, and, on the other hand, to the workers in the particular industry of which he is head. The stage thus entered upon will lead right up to the gate of Socialism, that gate which once swung open for entry will close forever against retreat.

Such is the hopeful meaning which may be read in the two most notable events of the past month.

The Dignity of Labor

PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT, of Harvard University, the same gentleman who has endeared himself to organized labor in this country by declaring that a scab is a hero, made a speech the other day to an audience composed partly of workmen in which he talked about “the dignity of labor.”

On the same day the newspapers told about a deckhand working on a tugboat who leaped down from a ladder onto the deck, which he suddenly discovered had just been given a coat of hot tar. His feet were so badly burned, it was further chronicled, that he had to be taken to a hospital.

Let us dwell on the picture for a moment. Here is a man employed as a sort of general chambermaid to a tugboat from four o’clock in the morning to almost any hour at night for a wage of \$1.25 a day. In a moment of weakness, we will say, he once so far forgot

be easy. He can hypothecate this tugboat, as Charles W. Morse did with his banks, and with the proceeds derived therefrom he can purchase another tugboat. By hypothecating this second tugboat he can acquire a third tugboat. By continuing this simple process he can eventually corner the entire tugboat market and establish a Tugboat Trust, with a dummy board of directors, two or three prosecutions under the Sherman Anti-trust Law, and all the other trimmings.

These are the visions that while away his eighteen-hour day as he swabs the sides of the cabin. As he reaches the fourth rung of the ladder on which he is standing on this eventful day, his foot slips and he is precipitated upon a flooring that closely resembles a sheet of tangle-foot fly paper heated to the boiling point. He springs to his feet with a yell of surprise and off he goes into a merry hornpipe around the deck, emitting screams of anguish at every step.

He is finally rescued and hauled off to a hospital in an ambulance, with his feet hoisted up in the air to cool.

Imagine, at such a moment, someone like Prez Eliot or some other capitalist platform-decorator, slipping up to him and whispering: “Remember the dignity of labor!”

Imagine it if you can. We can’t.

Phillips Russell.

The Futility of Holidays

THE derivation is plain—holy days; only our pious ancestors, in dropping the final letter, lost at the same time a little of the pious stagnation of holy days and gained the letter “I” and the privilege of merrymaking. Meaning that one can go to “The Island” on a holiday, whereas the dull sanctity of holy days must be preserved.

And so we have that most mournful of processions—a group of American pleasure-seekers. Regardless of the temperature, one is suddenly thrust into the company of hundreds of people in a similar condition of enforced idleness. The logical thing is to condole with each other. But while this is the unpleasant habit of elderly ladies, most of us have enough of the Anglo-Saxon in us to wish to conceal our misery under a pathetic and neurotic vivacity. How much better it would be to work on all such holidays, and if there must be a regularly recurring Sunday, have it a day of absolute freedom of personal action and not one of saintly somnolence.

Holidays are like jiu-jitsu. They are deadly in that they suddenly cease to offer resistance.

But from the depth of the benevolence of the capitalistic heart, the working man is given at irregular intervals one day on which he may indulge in any of a number of harmless pastimes. He may spend the day in getting acquainted with his family. Or he may take them for a little outing, although in this he is handicapped by the children’s sullen resentment of his utterly uncalled-for intrusion into the mother’s sphere. Or, best of all, he may spend his day in the profitable observation and imitation of the habits and customs of the Better Classes.

But even if the children don’t know papa in a “biled shirt” and if papa doesn’t feel at all comfortable in the presence of mama’s awe-inspiring frizzes, and the kids don’t know each other with clean faces, let them remember that after all, in spite of the change in the spelling, a holiday is still a holy day—a holy day sacred to Saint Capitalism.

J. G.

MANY PEOPLE believe in the good in Human Nature even at such troublous times as these when criminologists flourish and a bump back of the left ear shows that its owner was born for a life of crime.

Therefore it is a surprise to see these shocking sentiments in the stolid and altogether respectable New York *Evening Post*: “What, after all, is human nature but a complex of sentiments, attitudes and reactions conditioned by the material facts of existence? As the conditions of our material life change, human nature in most of its phases will change.”

And a little later: “The danger (of war) is almost entirely from that phase of human nature which reveals itself in professional and class selfishness; the professional officer, gunmaker, and newspaper jingo, and the selfishness of a small ruling class.”

THE COLOR OF LIFE

The Devotee

AFTER deep deliberation the little girl in the back bedroom decided to spend the hardly saved nickels with Professor Fortuno. "Yes," said the Professor, after he had gone into his customary dollar trance, "you have placed your affections just right. He loves you and he's going to marry you. You won't have to work any more and you will live happy together and have three children. Wear emeralds and don't start nothing on the 19th or 26th of the month."

So the little girl went home rejoicing. But that evening the landlady put a different face on the matter.

"No," she declared in shrill tones, "I don't know where Mr. Matzene is and I don't care. He owed me thirty-two dollars for room rent and he was just skipping without paying me a cent when he was run down by a truck and took to the hospital and I just got a telephone saying he was dead—and serve him right, say I."

In her own room the little girl wept and then dried her eyes thoughtfully.

"You see it's like as not," she told herself, "that this Professor Fortuno is nothing but a plain fake. I'll save up for that new lady fortune teller that's over the hat store on the corner."

She looked enviously at the back of the big apartment house on the other side of the block.

"I just know I've got some luck coming some time—if I can only hang on long enough to find out where it is."

George Williams.

Fear

ALL day long the boy tramped the crowded streets. Men he saw and women and children. Surface cars packed with people passed him and thousands more in the elevated whirred overhead, while underground endlessly rolled the subway with other thousands.

The city was full of jostling people:

staring at him, hemming him in on all sides.

And not one spoke to the boy, nor did he speak to any of them.

He had never been so lonely in his life—he was brought up on a farm where the advent of a neighbor made a day's talk.

Bitterly he longed for a friend.

And yet all the others in the city were like himself. Each one of them craved jolly companions and true comrades. But each one kept his desire locked in his heart.

They were afraid to speak—because the Great City—the Terrible City—has branded all its people with the ineffaceable symbol of fear.

Vera Lynn.

Sic Vos Non Vobis

(Thus build ye, but not for yourselves.)
Steel-sinewed toiler, rearing there the frame
Of vast resorts where Joy sets by her store,

Whence art thou come, what thy untitled name,

And canst thou enter when the task is o'er?

Think on thy destiny. Is this the aim
Of all thy days? Must thou forever build

That others may invade thy sacred claim?

And is thy just beseeching to be stilled

By vampire hordes who glut upon thy toil?

Their voice is sweet, not so the song they sing,

Yet art thou wound within their flattering coil,

Till thy brief hour of life hath taken wing.

They bound thy hands, in blood, to slavery.

Fling off the chains: in bloodless strife stand free!

—ISAAC GOLDBERG.

THE OPEN CLINIC

OPEN TO ALL HONEST DOCTORS OF SOCIAL ILLS

Give us Justice, Not Charity

THE National Conference of Charities and Corrections has begun its thirty-ninth year with a talk-fest in the city of Boston.

Such luxuries come high, but we must have them.

In every city there are organizations whose object is to provide food, raiment and shelter for those who have been reduced to absolute want. In other words, to dole out charity to social victims to whom society ought to guarantee an opportunity to earn a living.

Organized charity has become one of our regular institutions.

Charity is necessary under the present system.

But it always degrades its recipient just the same.

And it is due to fundamental injustice.

The men who do no useful work—the men who have money invested from which they draw incomes—the men who through their invested capital have a suction pump by which they draw into their own coffers most of the earnings of the rest of the people—these men are rolling in wealth which they did not earn.

All because they are permitted to own the industries.

Give us the collective ownership of the industries, so that we can guarantee every man and woman an opportunity to earn a living and to receive their full earnings—and the charity organizations can disband forever.

John M. Work.

The Fall of Diaz

THE fall of the Diaz Régime in Mexico is not alone of significance as a turning point in Mexican history, marking the difficult and perilous road toward democracy, but it is likewise an object lesson to many prominent Americans who had been praising one man to the skies as the Saviour, Master, and Maker of Mexico. In their blind admiration for a mechanical peace, a peace of the tombs, these well-known Americans had so far forgotten their ideals as to laud a political usurper and tyrant.

The swift and powerful upheaval in Mexico amazed these supporters of the Iron Hand and turned the trend of their thoughts.

They know now that no nation should be given over to one man, no matter who that man may be. And they know that the successful initiation of a liberal régime in Mexico will prove that the Latin-Americans are able to prosper and move peacefully and intelligently.

C. de Fornaro.

Socialist Schools

TOLSTOY once wrote that "every study given in school ought to be merely the reply to the question suggested by life."

What answer is given by our schools to the most important question of life—how it shall be assured of the means by which the vital spark may be retained? To this "problem" educators are as blind as any burrowing mole. Upon the party of the workers, therefore—the Socialist Party—must rest the responsibility of the education of the children of the workers, as to this most fundamental fact of their lives, the basis of all their happiness, well being and moral conduct. Will the Party shirk this responsibility, or will it become an active agent in giving the answer to this question "suggested by life" and so transform the raw material of workers' children into class conscious men and women who shall become its future victorious standard-bearers?

Frances M. Gill.

Luxury: The Precursor of Socialism

THE latest invention is a device for washing, purifying and cooling the air. It is claimed and demonstrated by actual tests that the temperature in a room can be re-

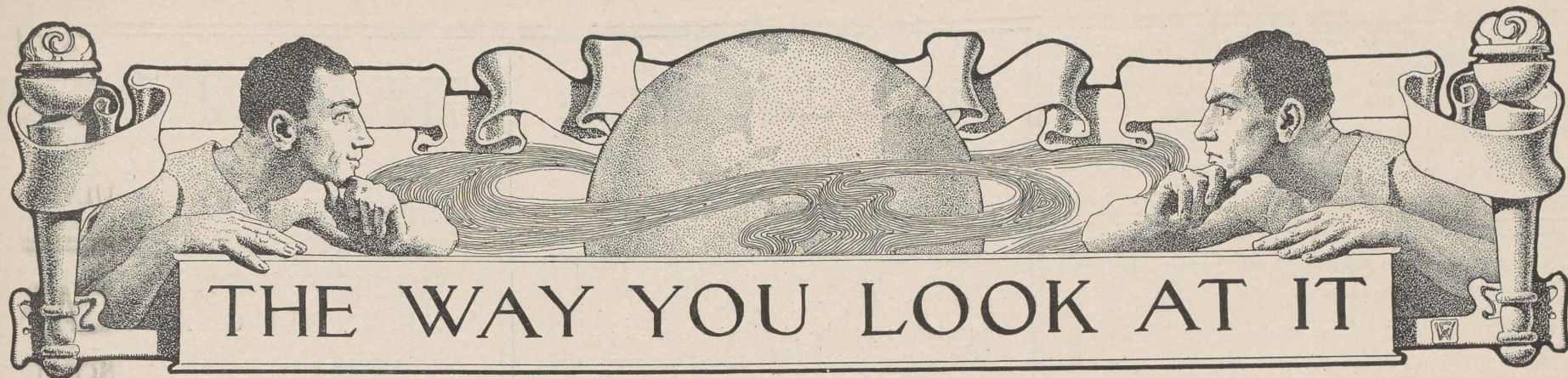
duced fourteen degrees and the air so purified that universal use of this device would prevent all diseases from arising from the breathing of germ and dust-laden air.

But the machine requires electrical operation and its expense is far beyond the average purse under existing conditions. Therefore, the poor must perish while the means of rescue are before their very eyes and almost within their grasp.

Such a spectacle fires the imagination, stimulates desire, and revives courage and determination. These are the mental factors that portend a Socialist conclusion as surely as the vivid flash and the rolling thunder precede the refreshing shower and dispel the dead and stifling atmosphere of a July day.

W. W. P.

This department will be open to 150-word editorials from anyone with an idea. The idea is the main thing: we'd rather have an original idea badly written than a second-hand idea clothed in Addisonian English. Constructive ideas are particularly welcome. Remember: 150 words and an idea.—EDITOR.



Did You Ever Hear About

I.—THE RESPECTABLE YOUNG DRYGOODS CLERK.

ONCE there was a refined young drygoods clerk who wore a No. 5 hat and drew down his good old Fifteen Beans every Saturday.

He always referred to his job as his Connection, but was otherwise a Model Employee. Every morning he marched past the Timekeeper's desk On The Minute, and did not injure his spine rushing out at night like the other clerks when the gong rang. And he was never reported for smoking in the building.

Whenever any of his fellow Muslin Jugglers would shoot off any little noiseless kicks among themselves against the Sing Sing prison rules governing employes, he would get all fussed up and in a burst of pink-tea passion remind them where their salaries came from.

Once when some of The Boys attempted to organize a Clerks' Union, he entered a high-tenor protest on the grounds that it would make them look too much like Common Laboring Men. Besides, he did not care to lend his Moral Support to any organization that might become antagonistic to his employer. If there was one thing more than any other that thoroughly provoked him, it was this attempt of the Discontented to stir up Class against Class.

By and bye Business at the Store began to get as slack as a breechin' on a cab-horse. Morgan had put over one of his Annual Panics and The People did not have money enough left to buy a good-sized bowl of rubber soup. So the Store began to lay off a bunch of clerks, and while our Hero felt sorry to see them go, he knew in some vague way that they deserved what they got.

A few months later, Business got so weak from standing around doing nothing that it was found necessary to lay off another consignment of Intelligent Help, and among those who received the Hiking Certificate was Our Hero with his little military coat.

It is not recorded that he went up to kiss the Boss good-bye before he left, or that he cut loose any wild Indian War Whoop out of the fulness of his joy. In fact, when he was told that he need not report the following Monday, he stood there for a full minute and just kept looking into Space, and looking into Space, until you'd have thought there was nothing else around the establishment but Space to look into. When he finally weak-kneed his way out of the Store he carried with him a Bunch of Gloom so thick you couldn't puncture it with a hat-pin.

Next day when he went to get another Connection with a rival drygoods house, he found they were also laying off great gobs of respectable Clerk Stuff. So with all the other stores. By the end of the week he had worked the

whole territory, doubling back so often over the same ground that he met himself in a dozen different places looking for work.

But no Connection was in sight—not even a job. He might have secured a job in an iron foundry that needed a couple of moulders just about that time, but Moulding was not exactly his specialty.

Therefore it came to pass that when his Landlady had supported him just about as long as she thought she could afford it, and asked him to kindly vacate his slender hall room, he found himself in what might be called a devil of a fix.

Just then one of his friends happened along and asked him why he didn't go out West, where good-paying positions were standing around getting bow-legged waiting for competent men to come and get them. He said he could go in any reasonable time under a minute if the friend would only loan him a Few Beans to get there, but the friend was in a hurry and didn't have time to wait.

Then along came another Good Friend with the Cheery Report that several people at the boarding-house had said he was too lazy to work.

The concussion produced by this last wallop below the belt sent Our Hero flopping to the planks and he became markedly pessimistic. What was left of his one-time Perfect Poise slipped off the hook and he couldn't seem to concentrate upon anything long enough to tell what it was. A large comprehensive Hate filled his cosmos lid-high and began spilling over the sides. He cursed out both God and the Idle Rich and even went so far as to entertain thoughts about bombs and things that go off before you're ready.

Indeed, Our Hero was in a very het-up state of mind, and, to make matters worse, a class-conscious Socialist came along and told him what a silly Sosh he was in trying to shift the blame for his joblessness onto the Rich instead of onto himself and his Kind for their stupidity in not recognizing the Class Struggle and ending it peaceably by the ballot.

To be told that he not only belonged to the same Class as the Day Laborer, but was even worse off on account of not knowing how to use his hands, caused Our Hero to explode with a Loud Report, and he swore by all the gods at once that rather than join a band of Common Socialists, he would go to Hell first.

So he went.

Lew Reed.

Apologies to W. W.

I.

*I go into the Future;
I travel over the confines of the State
of To-morrow;*

I see the Capitalist Agitator on the windy street corner.

With tears in his eyes, he is pleading for the world to come back:

"Longer hours," he shouts. "Longer hours and wages!"

"Oh, let us turn again to the good old wage system with the envelopes coming regularly every Saturday night!"

"Oh, the joy of the little Saturday night envelope!"

"Oh, the ecstasy of shaking from it the crisp green dollars!"

He grows vehement in his praises of the past. He screams.

And the little dog at the foot of the soap-box cocks up one ear and listens intently.

But the humans are too busy living to stop on windy street corners. They pass by on the other side, very much interested in something else.

Malicious Falsehoods Nailed

CANARDS DISPROVED! PROMINENT MEN NOT INVOLVED AS STATED!

"YOU may say emphatically," said Mr. John Hans Souse, one of Andy Carnegie's "boys," "that I was not, as erroneously stated, melted up in a block of steel in my Pittsburg factory. For one thing, I haven't been inside my Pittsburg factory in three years; for another, when I do go in I don't hang around the steel vats. It is true that several Hungarians each season are foolish enough to be melted up, but my villa at Monte Carlo is—ha, ha!—some distance from the Smoky City."

"No," declared Mr. Oscar Grabbenburg, the Lumber King of the Great Northwest, "I certainly did not have my right hand sawed off while turning one of my big Wisconsin pines into lumber. Four Swedes, I believe, had hands sawed off; seven Americans were crippled for life, and a couple of Irish got tangled in bandsaws with lamentable results. But—thank God—I live in Paris."

The report that the Hon. William F. Rocks of New York had put his eight and ten-year-old daughters to work in his southern cotton mill is a malicious fabrication. "Such a charge can be designated only by a short and ugly word," said Mr. Rocks, indignantly. "I will allow my traducers to examine all the eight and ten-year-old girls in my southern factory and I guarantee they will not find my daughters among them."

As a matter of fact, the two little Misses Rocks, accompanied by a governess, a trained nurse, two maids and a groom for the ponies, are passing the summer at Bar Harbor.

There is no basis of fact for the venomous rumor that Mr. Chawumup Wolf, Jr., the genial young mine owner, was among his five hundred employees who

were buried alive last Tuesday in Mr. Wolf's Cheapandrisky coal mine.

Interviewed last evening in the billiard room of his club, Mr. Wolf said: "I hope the public don't think I mix up with a lot of Bohunks and Wops like that bunch underground. Nix. I ain't been out of this club for two weeks and I got a bet on with Charlie Vandergould that I won't go out for two weeks more. What you drinkin', Bill?"

Comrades—Not

"COME in!" shouted the Merry Men with one voice as the door shook from a heavy double knock.

A middle-aged person in Lincoln-green doublet and hose, a bow slung at his back, entered.

"Hurray for Robin Hood!" shrieked the exhilarated diners.

The great outlaw looked around him uneasily. "I hope this is the right place?"

"You bet it is," shouted the dress-suited ones, pounding the table, "have a drink—give us a toast."

With a relieved smile the veteran of a thousand mediæval holdups lifted his glass.

"To the rich! May they have fat pocketbooks as long as we of the jolly brotherhood have long staves."

"Excuse me," said one of the diners, breaking the dead silence that followed, "you—you're making a mistake, Mr. Hood, really you are. We've changed all that."

"Changed all what?"

"Why, in your day I suppose it was up-to-date and all that sort of thing to rob the rich and give to the poor, but we've improved since then. Modern scientific methods, modern machinery, modern finance have changed all that. We know now that the only sure way to make money is to rob the poor and make ourselves rich. Do you get me?"

The man from Sherwood Forest shifted uneasily while the operation of society and the graft of the modern freebooter was explained to him.

"Gentlemen," he said at length, "I take off my hat to you. You've got it on me by miles. You win out by more than five hundred years. I'm not in your class; I'm an amateur; somebody give me the hook. Yes, sir, you get your little bit from everybody alive and it won't be long before you'll be laying a tax on us dead ones. It's kind of you to invite me, but I don't run one-two-three with you. I've got some nerve; I've shot the king's deer, and belted bishops, and chased sheriffs; but I haven't got nerve enough to knock down school children for their pennies or rob babies of their milk."

And hastily relieving the nearest diner of a diamond stud, the humiliated highwayman leaped back into history.

In this number attention is especially called to the frontispiece, the work of a young artist whose success in the magazine world of to-day is unquestioned. Robert Robinson is his name and his pictures are perhaps best known as they have appeared on the cover pages of *The Saturday Evening Post*. *The Masses* has another Robinson picture which it will run in the near future. It is full of the sympathetic observation which marks "The Boy of the Mine."



Music by Moon- light

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We want you to come even if you live in California or Manila, P. I.

And if you live anywhere near New York you've got to come.

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PIET VLAG, formerly manager of the American Wholesale Co-operative.

PROF. WM. NOYES, an orator and a Socialist.

KARL BEHRENS, the co-operator from Hoboken.

MAX BEDACHT, of the German Socialist Party in New York.

Karl Behrens and Max Bedacht speak only in German. All the others use the English language.

We have many other speakers, but as we are not certain of their availability we do not care to advertise them.

Our conditions are as follows:

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NOTIFY US AT LEAST TEN DAYS IN ADVANCE, SPECIFYING WHETHER YOU WANT AN ENGLISH OR A GERMAN SPEAKER.

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Newark, N. J., 1800 Copies.

Bayonne, N. J., 600 Copies.

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The continual collection policy drives the outsider away. To make expenses by selling leaflets is a difficult matter. Sometimes more books and pamphlets are bought than can be sold to the audience; sometimes the printed matter offered is too unattractive to sell. Very rarely do 50% of the audience go home with purchased literature in their pockets.

The Masses Publishing Company offers you a plan by which both these difficulties may be overcome. It is this:

We send you as many copies of *THE MASSES* as you think you need for your meeting. You distribute them among your audience while your chairman announces that anyone may retain his copy by leaving five cents with the committee at the door. We take all responsibility for copies distributed. The local receives 50% on all single copies sold.

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Its appearance alone makes *THE MASSES* the best seller among Socialist periodicals. Under the above arrangement it has been shown that at least two-thirds of the audience purchase copies. Thus at a meeting of 1,200 you will sell 1,000 copies and make a profit of \$25.

Read what Eugene V. Debs says about our plan; also notice how many locals have worked it at their meetings during June.

You will undoubtedly run a picnic this summer. Our plan could not be worked at an outdoor affair, but we can send you on memorandum as many copies as you think you can dispose of.

CONDITIONS:

Return IMMEDIATELY the remaining copies, and remit at 2½c. each for copies not returned. We allow 25% on subscriptions, and you can easily make \$25 profit for your local.

WHAT DEBS SAYS ABOUT THE MASSES PLAN

DEAR COMRADES:—

I discussed *THE MASSES* plan of distribution at meetings with comrade Vlag, and approve of it highly; especially so, after I saw it tried out in Allentown.

THE MASSES is a splendid propaganda paper, and deserves the warmest support of the comrades.

I would be glad to see you adopt the plan for my meetings.

Fraternally yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS.

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THE SOCIALIST BOY SCOUTS

THINGS HAVE HAPPENED!

In an editorial on organization, in the May *MASSES*, the editor said:

"The boy—your boy—wants to become expert at woodcraft and enjoy all sorts of things out of doors. Not an extraordinary desire when you reflect that our ancestors lived out of doors for some millions of years before the steam-heated era. Very well, then, let your boy learn woodcraft and enjoy campfires shoulder to shoulder with other young Socialists. He has a boy's desire to learn to shoot accurately. Very well, let him learn to shoot with Socialist rifles. And when he graduates from the Socialist Boy Scouts let us form military companies of older boys to keep up his interest.

"The fact that our boys and young men will have learned to shoot straight is of no consequence to the party—certainly not—but the fact that they will have learned the ways and benefits of organization will mean much to us.

"Who is going to organize and carry through the first post of Socialist Boy Scouts? Comrades, it's your move.

We had no idea that we should stir the working class to direct action. But things have happened. We touched a live wire. A number of Socialist Boy Scout groups have been organized already, and more will be organized in the future. We started this movement, and we are willing to do our part to promote it. Socialist Boy Scouts must be equipped. We have therefore decided to supply any Socialist boy who sells 100 copies of *THE MASSES* this month, in addition to the regular discount of 2 cents per copy, with a complete Socialist Boy Scout Suit as a premium.

The suit is made up of drill, and consists of five pieces: Hat, coat, trousers, knapsack and leggings.

Wherever a Boy Scout organization exists, we deal only with the organization. Our special offer this month to organizations, is a premium of five Boy Scout Suits with 500 copies sold, or a check for \$10 at the end of the month. Please note, this offer is to new organizations. Established organizations work on a different plan.

Do not misunderstand. These suits will be given as a premium. In addition to this, we allow 2 cents on each copy sold, either to the boys, or to the organizations.



SUBSCRIPTIONS

Boys who wish to solicit subscriptions, should especially consider our 10 cents for three months trial proposition. This is an excellent offer. Anyone will subscribe at this rate for a high class magazine like *THE MASSES*.

Please consider our contract to premium agents, of which we will mail you a copy upon request.

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The undersigned herewith agrees to secure within two months 100 three-month trial subscriptions, or a total of \$10 worth of new subs., including yearlies at 50 cents and half yearlies at 25 cents, for which he will receive one of the following premiums.

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We send each agent 5 or 10 copies, as per request, which will be charged up against him at 3 cents. If not sold, they may be returned. More copies will be sent if necessary, on the same basis.

Subscriptions must be sent in promptly as they are secured. 10c. subscribers will receive three consecutive numbers of *THE MASSES* within three weeks after the subscriptions reach the office. They should be visited by the agents for renewals within a month after subscribing. Special premiums are allowed for renewals. No renewal for a shorter time than six months will be accepted.

Premiums on \$10 Worth of New Subs.

- 1.—5 copies of "War—What For?" by Geo. R. Kirkpatrick.
- 2.—A five-piece Socialist Boy Scout Suit, consisting of hat, coat, knapsack, trousers and leggings. Arm and torch ensignia embroidered on sleeve.
- 3.—Combination: "Socialism and Success," by W. J. Ghent, "The Spy," by Maxim Gorky, and "War—What For?"

NOTE: Be careful to check the premium you enter contest for.

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