

DECEMBER, 1912

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THE MASSES



Drawn by Charles A. Winter.

THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY, 150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

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THE MASSES PUBLISHING CO.
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William Watson, Business Mgr.

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THIS IS WHAT IT COSTS TO PUBLISH THE MASSES

Per Month.	
Printing—approximate cost	\$275.00
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Office rent.....	30.00
Telephone—approximate cost	6.00
Stationery and sundry postage.....	25.00
Publicity—for circulation purposes.....	78.00
	\$475.00
We hire at present only a stenographer for part time—we shall need more regular help at a salary, which will cost us per month.....	125.00
Which makes the total per month.....	\$600.00
The yearly cost will be.....	\$7,200.00



AS is known, the contributors and officers give their work without payment. The magazine is managed co-operatively by the officers. The work of management is systemized, giving to each one his share, while all meet together frequently for discussion and criticism on the work as a whole.

Our present circulation including five thousand regular subscribers and from three to five thousand extra copies sold monthly, brings us a yearly income of approximately \$7,200.00, the same as the cost. Our present circulation, therefore, just pays the cost of the magazine.

The average length of time which our present subscription list has yet to run, is six months. At the end of that time, the magazine will be upon its feet, and running upon the self-supporting basis shown by the above figures.

You will observe that our income does not provide for any return from advertisements printed. We shall not be obliged to suppress any literature or any art in order to hold an advertiser.

We expect to increase the circulation. On a circulation of twenty thousand, we figure that we should have a surplus of four thousand dollars. With this surplus, we shall first pay back

the money contributions asked for in this number. The balance will be used to improve the quality and style of the magazine.

If you like this number and want others to see it, have your Local send in bundle orders according to the rates given here. You can make money by buying at five cents per copy, and selling at ten cents per copy, the regular price of the magazine.

If you want someone else to receive it regularly, get them to subscribe, or make them a present of a subscription for a year at one dollar, or for six months at fifty cents. It will make a fine Christmas present.

This issue was reprinted from an original provided by Harvard College Library.

EDITORIAL NOTICE

WE ask our subscribers' pardon for a three months' delay. It was due to the resignation of our managing editor at a time when the contributing editors were out of town and a reorganization could not be effected. All subscriptions will be extended three months beyond the original date of expiration.

WHAT WE HOPE TO DO

We plan a radical change of policy for THE MASSES, and we appeal to our subscribers and contributors to help us put it through. We appeal to everybody who reads this notice to consider the proposition it makes, and co-operate with us if he can.

We are going to make THE MASSES a popular Socialist magazine—a magazine of pictures and lively writing.

Humorous, serious, illustrative and decorative pictures of a stimulating kind. There are no magazines in America which measure up in radical art and freedom of expression to the foreign satirical journals. We think we can produce one, and we have on our staff eight of the best known artists and illustrators in the country ready to contribute to it their most individual work. Their names appear upon the opposite page, and you are at liberty to write to them in regard to their interest in this venture. We shall produce with the best technique the best magazine pictures at command in New York.

But we go beyond this. For with that pictorial policy we combine a literary policy equally radical and definite. We are a Socialist magazine. We shall print every month a page of illustrated editorials reflecting life as a whole from a Socialist standpoint, besides Horatio Winslow's page on "The Way You Look at It." In our contributed columns we shall incline towards literature of especial interest to Socialists, but we shall be hospitable to free and spirited expressions of every kind—in fiction, satire, poetry and essay. Only we shall no longer compete in any degree with the more heavy and academic reviews. We shall tune our reading matter up to the key of our pictures as fast as we can. And the staff of writers who will promote this can also be found on the opposite page.

Observe that we do not enter the field of any Socialist or other magazine now published, or to be published. We shall have no further part in the factional disputes within the Socialist Party; we are opposed to the dogmatic spirit which creates and sustains these disputes. Our appeal will be to the masses, both Socialist and non-Socialist, with entertainment, education, and the livelier kinds of propaganda.

HOW WE HOPE TO DO IT

This magazine has a subscription list of 5,000, a circulation of 10,000, and, its contributions being voluntary, it pays for

itself without receiving advertisements. An itemized statement of this fact will be found on the opposite page. Owing to injudicious investments in advertising, however, the magazine finds itself upon reorganization this fall to be absolutely without funds. The money paid for annual subscriptions is used up, and the subscriptions have not run out. We are getting out this issue with the last cent we possess, and it will take six months before our subscription list renews itself so that we can operate as before.

That is, the new MASSES will have to be sustained by those who believe in it for six months. After that time it will sustain itself, as the old MASSES did before the mistake in financial management.

This means that we must have \$600 a month for six months in order to make the new start. *We must have that sum pledged before the next issue appears.*

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE

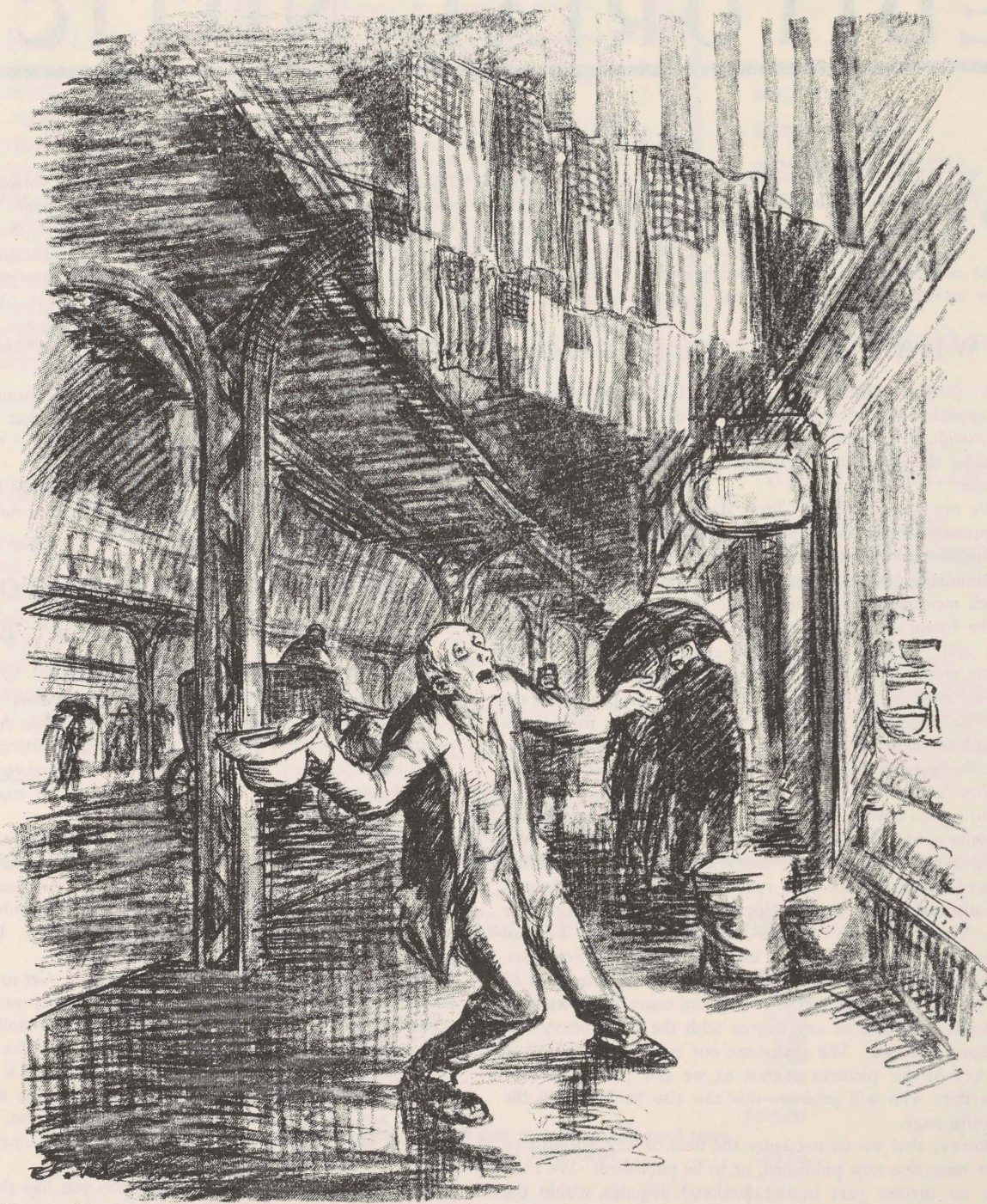
If you will help us we can secure that money. We offer you three ways to help us, according to your means.

The first is this: Pledge us a loan of ten or more dollars a month for six months, and come into the Masses Co-operative Publishing Company. This loan will be returned to you if THE MASSES succeeds. For with a circulation of 20,000 we shall make \$4,000 a year.

The Second way you can help us is this: Renew your subscription now. Give us the sum that we owe you in future numbers of the magazine, and start us off as a new magazine with a new annual subscription dating from December. If we do not go to press we will return your money. Do this at once.

The third and least thing you can do is this: Get us a new subscriber. Get us ten new subscribers. Every new subscription that we receive now reduces by one dollar the sum necessary to tide us over that six months. Give us six hundred new subscribers and we need only \$500 a month in loan pledges. Show this issue of the magazine to your friends and tell them it was gotten up at half cost, and is only one-half as good as we intend to give for one dollar a year.

Do you like the magazine as it is? Do you like this outline of what it will be? Then do something for it now. The contributors have done their share. Besides giving you their best work, they have pledged \$150 a month towards that \$600. You will have to do the rest. If this effort fails THE MASSES goes out of existence, although *it supported itself successfully for eighteen months* and although its contributing editors and illustrators are more numerous and more ready to help under the new plan than they ever were before.



Drawn by John Sloan.

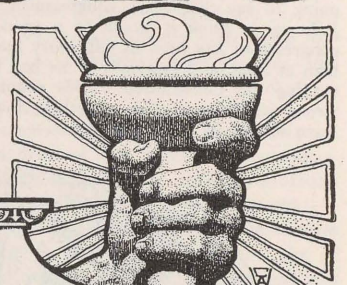
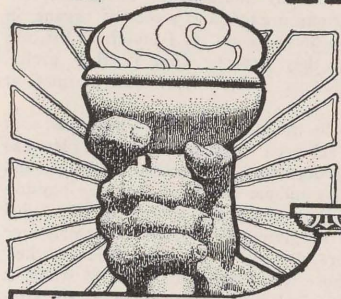
HIS COUNTRY'S FLAG

THE MASSES

DECEMBER, 1912

VOL. IV.

NO. III.



MAX EASTMAN, Editor

CHAS. A. WINTER, Art Editor

THE MASSES PUBLISHING CO., 150 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

By MAX EASTMAN

Illustrations By JOHN SLOAN

THESE remarks will not bear any definite relation to their title. Why should they? The title is plenty good enough by itself. We need only add that by Knowledge we do not mean a set of intellectual dogmas, which cannot change, and to which every new fact must conform whether it wants to or not. By Knowledge, when it is spelled with a capital, we mean experimental knowledge—a free investigation of the developing facts, and a continuous re-testing of the theories, which pertain to the end we have in view.

The end we have in view is an economic and social revolution. And by Revolution we do not mean the journey of the earth around the sun, nor any other thing that is bound to happen whether we direct our wills to it or not. Neither do we mean a change necessarily decorated with blood and thunder. We mean a radical democratization of industry and society, made possible by the growth of capitalism, but to be accomplished only when and if the spirit of liberty and rebellion is sufficiently awakened in the classes which are now oppressed. A revolution is a sweeping change accomplished through the conquest of power by a subjected class.

The opposite of revolution is not evolution, but reform. Everybody acknowledges that the general progress of life and society, when seen in the large, is a continuous evolution. There is no difference of opinion upon this point. There is only a difference of present activities. The Evolutionist is a man who talks about Evolution; the Revolutionist is a man who produces it.

Between revolutionist and reformer there is every difference. There is a flat contradiction of wish, belief, and action. The reformer wishes to procure for the workers their share of the blessings of civilization; he believes in himself and his altruistic oratory; he tries to multiply his kind. The revolutionist wishes the workers to take the blessings of civilization; he believes in them, and their organized power; he tries to increase in them the knowledge of their situation and the spirit of class-conscious aggression. "Education and Insurrection to be adopted simultaneously!" was the battle-cry of Mazzini. And with that high support we will leave our title and discuss some immediate matters that come within its illumination.

ETTOR and Giovannitti, leaders of the Lawrence strike—the biggest human victory of recent years in America—are on trial for their lives. They are charged with being accessories before the fact to the murder of one of their fellow-workers. If this charge were true, they would not be in jail. For the lives of their fellow-workers are not an object of solicitude to

the courts or the officers of law in Massachusetts. That was made clear by the congressional investigation of last winter. It is made clearer by the retainment in government office, after a nominal fine, of the man who planted dynamite in the workers' houses. It is made still clearer by the release and courteous treatment of William Wood, the man reasonably suspected of conspiring to have the dynamite planted there, while bail has been denied to Ettore and Giovannitti, and they have been locked up for eight months without trial, although their original indictment was cursory and ill-founded.

They are not accessories before the fact to the murder of one of their fellow workers, but they are accessories before the fact to the rescue of their fellow workers from murder—a slow murder in the machinery of capitalist production. That is their crime. They are accessories to the seizure by the workers of Lawrence of a small part of the goods they produce.

The Lawrence strike was a victory of discipline and self-control combined with industrial methods and revolutionary ideals. Everybody who read the news last winter knows that. Everybody knows that if these men had swaggered round town advocating murder and stirring the strikers to acts of passion, they would have lost the battle they were waging. Their victory proves that they are not guilty of the charge under which they are held.

It is hardly to be doubted that Ettore and Giovannitti—along with a thousand others on both sides of that struggle—voiced their antagonism at times in phys-

ical language. Witnesses will be found to prove that. Witnesses could be found to prove that men high up in the woolen trust voiced themselves in exactly the same way. And they could be held as accessories to the murder of a striker with far more plausibility than the leaders of the strike. But they were not arraigned or indicted in connection with this murder. And that shows what is the animus behind this trial. That shows what has become of the courts and the forms of law in Massachusetts. They are prostitutes to the service of the money-power. And every individual in the United States who calls himself a democrat and believes in the elementary rights of man, ought to be lifting his voice against them in the name of justice and liberty.

THE workers of Lawrence produce more woolen clothing than is produced anywhere else in America; the children of these producers were found by a congressional committee to be going without underdrawers in mid-winter. That is Capitalist Production. The way up is a struggle.

WE are glad to note that a minister has at last been locked up in jail for reading the Bible. We are also pleased that the Mayor of Schenectady has been jailed for reading the Constitution of the United States. We have always contended that there are good things in both these documents, and it is a pleasure to see them taken so seriously. The trouble in the past seems to have been, not that they were not read often enough, but that they were not read at the appropriate times and places. It is an almost universal custom, for instance, to read the Bible in church. But that is the one place where it cannot possibly take a practical effect because all the people are sitting down and haven't the slightest intention of doing anything.

This minister, however, seems to have grown weary of adorning the Sabbath air with specimens of good English, and decided to try the Bible out with a view to its actual meaning. He tried it on a body of striking textile workers in the vicinity of Utica, where the conditions of factory labor and wage-payment, according to the findings of a State Commission, are lower than in any other town in New York. He tried it in a public park where documents of less definite import are continually read aloud with impunity. His immediate arrest and imprisonment was therefore especially gratifying. It was a kind of corroboration of the Bible, and made us feel that this document could be used for the encouragement of active virtue on week-days, as well as for the comforting of sinners on Sunday, if only it were brought out into the places where activity, and therefore virtue, is possible.



Our pleasure in the incarceration of the Mayor of Schenectady is perhaps a slightly more personal matter. We are not so much interested in the document which he was reading. Our interest is rather in the Mayor himself. We think that the experience will do him good. The Mayor is running for Congress and has a good chance of election, and while we are not going to say that every congressman ought to be in jail, we do think it would be a good thing if every congressman had been in jail, every Socialist congressman at least, and especially if he had been in jail for reading the Constitution of his country. The experience would teach him something that he could not learn so well in any other way.



There is danger to the Socialist party when it sends a man to congress. There is danger of his forgetting, amid so much aspiration and oratory as are known to prevail in that sacred body, the class struggle and the economic interpretation of history. The economic interpretation of the Bill of Rights as it appears in our Constitution, is vividly set forth by Mayor Lunn's arrest. He was arrested while reading this document to a congregation of people without property. Now, the Bill of Rights—however much real democratic idealism may have gone into its composition—was launched by the power of property, and was consecrated to the protection of property-owners against an aristocracy. And when it is applied to the protection of workers against property-owners it becomes a new document, and will have to be fought for and established all over again in a new struggle if it is to prevail. That is what this "outrage against the rights of free speech and assemblage" signifies to those who understand. The Mayor of Schenectady understands, and the incident should radically confirm him in his understanding. That is why we rejoice in it. It should confirm him in the doctrine of the class-struggle, which is the essence of Socialism as a method, but which it is hard for a democratic idealist to learn. It is still harder for a politician to remember.

ADD to these outrages, a trial of the president and nine members of the Timber Workers' Union in Louisiana on a charge of murdering an armed drunkard supposedly hired to murder them, the trial of fifty odd men in Indianapolis for a ten-year series of dynamite explosions, the legal persecution of Clarence Darrow, the recent anarchy in San Diego, the civil war in West Virginia—add these things together, and do they not suggest that some vital difference of opinion exists in America?

For weeks this fall the New York Times gave news of a sensational strike every day, and the murder of from one to two strikers every week. That was the real news of humanity, and they couldn't keep it down. Even that bulwark of respectability—the New York Times—read it continuously for two weeks, and you will know that the big, ominous conflict in this country to-day and for the future is the conflict between labor and capital.

Above it, like froth on a cataract, dances a political contest among a handful of wealthy sporting gentlemen.

ANYBODY who doubted that American politics is essentially a sport, must have been set at rest by Woodrow Wilson's play to the grand-stand when his antagonist was laid up with a bullet. All his campaign engagements canceled, because he would not stay in the field against a disabled player. Excellent Princeton tradition! We recommend this son of the Orange to the consideration of history, as worthy to stand only second to Arthur Poe of the drop-kick and the Yale run. But would any man who conceived himself to be the servant of a vital human interest, or the champion of a great idea, or a fighter and laborer in the advance of life and civilization, cancel for any accident under the sun a moment of the time allotted him to get his thoughts before the people. Woodrow Wilson is a gentleman and a scholar and a good sportsman. The other candidates are not such good sportsmen, but they are gentlemen in the same game. So are their youthful campaign managers.

The whole contest is set and run off in the spirit of amateur and professional sport. The professionals get the prizes of office. The amateurs get the best fun out of the game. The people get the privilege of sitting on the bleachers, and suffering the illusion of a real conflict. They like it. Everybody likes it. Politics and Baseball are the most popular sports in America. And with the exception of that real struggle we have alluded to—a struggle in bitterness and blood for the substance of life—politics and baseball are the only two things that have been mentioned with absolute regularity in the news columns of the press this fall.

We shall not predict the national champion for 1912—not because we affect to be without interest in the fun—but because he will breast the tape before our issue appears. But we shall predict this—and with no hesitation whatever—that the great struggle of life, rumors of which continually rumble beneath all this manly fun and frolic, will be found moving steadily closer into the central arena. A few more years of starvation strikes, armed intimidations, murders, murder trials, labor injunctions, dynamite courts, free speech fights—a few more years, and this tumult upon the field of industry will break into that field which has been so long dedicated to recreation, and those who are still left on the bleachers will see a political conflict that is worth the price of admission.

We ask our readers to remember that with a popular reform party in the field, and benevolent oratory blowing from every corner, each vote that is cast for Eugene V. Debs is a vote for revolutionary Socialism and the working-class struggle. We part from our "sympathizers" with a happy smile.

THE Nobel prize in Medicine, which amounts to something over \$39,000 for 1912, is awarded to Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute. This in recognition of his success in keeping tissues from the body alive, and making them grow, in an oven. Those to whom this service to civilization does not seem a bargain at the price, must remember that Dr. Carrel was already famous for his success as a grafter and transplanter of human organs. He can take a piece out of one man (let us say a vein) and insert it into a part of another man (let us say an artery), and have both his victims live happily ever after. He is also said to have transplanted the hind leg from one dog (let us say a greyhound) onto the body of another (let us say a dachshund). The animal lived, and the result was said to be entirely satisfactory.

We do not get the full importance of these two lines of experiment, however, until we put them together. It is not so wonderful perhaps to transplant organs, and it is not so great a boon for civilization to make a piece of body tissue "keep" in an oven. But when these two achievements are combined, then indeed the possibilities of service to suffering humanity are immense.

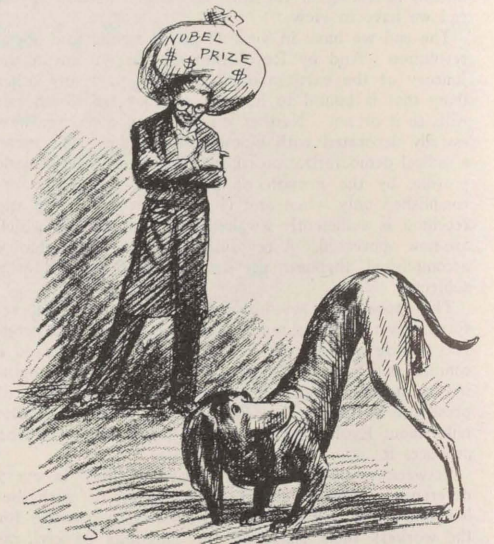
You see, the trouble about transplanting organs has always been that we never happen to have one on hand just when it is most wanted. When one of us falls in need of a new kidney, for instance, it very rarely happens that somebody else is just getting through with an old one, and ready to part with it in the nick of time. Moreover, when this does happen, the chances are that the two kidneys will not be the same size,

or the same shape, or one of them will be Catholic and the other Protestant, or some other difficulty will set in and spoil the experiment. But if we could keep on hand a stock of these organs assorted, it is clear that no such trouble would arise, and the technique of the grafter would be infinitely more valuable. I don't know that there are any limits to the things that can be done with various organs, and pieces of organs, in this direction, for these tissues, as I understand it, not only "keep," but they grow! That is, they proliferate. Imagination is both tempted and alarmed at this news.

Whatever may be the end, it is not to be denied that Dr. Carrel has achieved a great beginning. He has made a startling departure in practical medicine, and he has furnished a unique datum to theoretic physiology. We heartily endorse the action of the Nobel prize committee in giving Dr. Carrel the thirty-nine thousand or more dollars, which they have on their hands because those who produced it, and to whom it properly belonged, died long ago in poverty and without making their wills. He is a distinguished and valuable scientist.

It is the greater pity that he is not a wise man. Time was when a distinguished scientist was almost sure to be a wise man. For some fifteen hundred years indeed a Greek physician, Aristotle, was regarded as the wisest man, save only the Son of God, that the world ever produced. But those days are past. To be scientific in this day means to be a one-eyed man, a man with a specialty. And if you want to find a person who has preserved the most virgin ignorance of one science, you go to someone who is an acknowledged authority in another which ought to be related to it.

The reason I know that Dr. Carrel is not a wise man, is that he said to a news reporter that he would advocate a law permitting "medical experiment" upon condemned criminals. This shows that however much he may know about medical science, he is ignorant as dirt when it comes to the science of society and politics. For those who have mastered the rudiments of this science could tell him that no conceivable gain in the technique of medicine, would balance the loss to



civilization of that respect for the human person which has made public as well as private torture a crime. And those who are as distinguished in this science as he is in medicine, could tell him that it is not condemned criminals who should suffer for the good of society, but society that should suffer for the good of condemned criminals. Society—if there be such a thing—society condemned the most of them in their cradles. Let society recompense them with education and advantage to whatever extent, consistent with its own safety, it can. The vivisection of condemned criminals was practised, and subsequently abandoned, by the Alexandrian school of medicine two hundred years before Christ, and the backwardness of Dr. Carrel's training in general science can be measured by the lapse of the intervening years.

FOOLISH FEMALE FASHIONS

By EUGENE WOOD
Author of "The Big Change"

IT may be true that women do not need the ballot because their influence over men is so great that all they've got to do is to tell their fathers, husbands, brothers, and "gelman frien's" how to vote, and they go right and vote that way. This being the case, in common fairness, men's influence over women should be so great that mothers, wives, sisters, and best girls would heed their advice in the matter of dress. Alas! How sadly at variance with the theory are the facts!

About every so often feminine fashions undergo a revolutionette. At such a crisis from press and pulpit bursts forth a storm of rage and ridicule, to which the women pay no more attention than a mountain heeds a sneeze. Not only is public opinion strongly denunciatory but private also. Fathers, husbands, brothers, and "steadies" exclaim: "Good Lord A'mighty! Where did you get that thing?"

"Why? Don't you like it?"
"Like it? No, I dont!" says Man the Master. "I just wish you could see how you look in it. You look like the Old Boy before breakfast. Say! You go take that off, and put on something decent! Why, it's a fright!" and Man the Master haw-haw-haws right out.

"It's all the style," replies cowed, weak, broken-spirited Woman, and sticks to it.

The men on the street point at her, and titter, and snigger, and make remarks, but shy, shrinking femininity brazens it out. Some parson gets up in church and preaches at her a sermon that is one long conniption fit about the scandalous mode which, like it says in the Star-Spangled Banner, "half conceals, half discloses." It is a mode which bothers the preacher concerning a matter that bothers him enough as it is. He all but calls her a name that would cause her brother to get the shotgun, yet she drops her pennies into the plate, and goes her way quite calmly. He might better have saved his breath. Of course, there's this much to be said: It gave him something to talk about, which ought, at times, to be a great desideratum, but it must be terribly discouraging to jaw and jaw and no one heed.

And after awhile the men say: "Oh, well, what's the use?" and "Isn't it just like a woman?" and kind o' get so they put up with the looks of the clumsy, awkward, unwholesome costumes, when—BANG! goes another revolutionette, and the life-cycle of a new eccentricity in dress begins anew. Once more the male chorus tunes up its ineffectual hymn:

What a fool we have in Woman!
Oh, what crazy things she wears!
What a privilege to marry
One whose dress would frighten bears.
Oh, what colds she often catches,
Oh, what needless bills she grows,
All because she will not have a
Little bit of sense in clothes.

Now, in the most nonsensical procedure there lurks a grain of sense. If it be impossible to indict a whole nation, how much more impossible to indict a whole sex! What is the good of our having a fine phrase like Economic Determinism up on the parlor mantel accumulating dust, when it might just as well be on the job solving this great mystery?

The moment we apply it to the frequent and wild changes of costumes for women we perceive immediately that in an age when money is made by selling, it

is necessary for dressmakers, milliners, and dry-goods stores that every three months it shall be a scandal to wear what was worn before. Men's fashions change too, but they change slowly, so that evening clothes for a man will do him till they wear out, which is a long time with most of us. Generally they get too tight around the waist first. But, only to a limited degree, is men's attire an advertisement of his prosperity. As he succeeds financially he fusses himself up to a certain point, and then either stops or retrogrades. Many a \$15-a-week clerk, avid of pecuniary good repute, dresses far better than the president of the company, particularly if the company is well known to be paying good fat dividends.

It is the women who must be the bill-boards of Big Business, and demonstrate by frequent shows of expensive and utterly impracticable frocks that their men are making so much money they can afford to be foolish with it. Under the present system the question of worth is not: What is he? But how much has he got? Admirable traits of mind do not appear at a glance, but if you want to know how much money he has made, all you have to do is to look at his wife. And if she comes out in something substantial, something that will not prevent her from doing housework or other kind of work, something that shows she is capable of making her own clothes, the whole world whispers behind its hand: "I guess he ain't making out very well. Did you see what she had on? My land, I wouldn't wear a dud like that to a dog fight!"

Women's dress must be of a fabric that will not stand wear, of a color that fades easily and spots if you look at it; it must be fashioned so that all that can be done in it is to sit still, stand still or move gracefully (which is the same as ineffectually); it must be trimmed with dew-dabs that will catch on the stove-lid lifter, and the frying-pan handle, and it must be so different from last year's mode that by no possibility can an old frock be made over. All that is plainly good for business.

But if Economic Determinism quits and calls it a day, having done so much and no more, then indeed is it "an unprofitable servant," as Governor Wilson would say. There is more to be dug out of this problem of feminine attire, and when this "more" is dug out, I think it throws a light on which of the two is the superior sex.

There are certain things characteristic of women's costume which the more they change, the more they are the same. These characteristics are only remotely related to the primary notes of sex.

A man, a real he-person, wears his hair cut pretty short; a woman lets hers grow long.

A man, the normal man, wears low-heeled, easy shoes; a woman wears high-heeled shoes, as tight as possible, as pointed at the toe as possible.

A man can't stand it to have his breathing impeded, anything that constricts his ribs is simple torture; a woman takes delight in boxing in her chest until the muscles that pull the ribs apart for a full breath become quite atrophied.

A man must have his head-gear so that it will stay on when it's put on; a woman has hers fastened so insecurely that it is a constant care, and usually it is arranged so that the wind can catch it easily.

Only those masculine professions which are parasitic in their nature, whose practitioners must move solemnly and slowly as befits those who preserve dead and gone ideas, are diked out in coats that drag on the ground; all women must wear cassocks.

In these characteristics the dress of boys differs not greatly from the dress of men. But as to these characteristics the dress of little girls suffers a profound change when the little girl begins to be a big girl.

Of normal, healthy, active youngsters, the chances are that the girl of eleven can outrun the boy of eleven. He is as good as she is on a sprint, but in a long chase he gives up too easily. She wears spring-heeled shoes, short skirts, easy underwaists, and her hair either flies loose or bobs in two evasive braids.

Seven or eight years later, when she is desirable to catch and keep, it wouldn't do to have the chase too difficult, for the easily discouraged male, capable only of a sprint and not of long endurance. What would become of future generations? So the girl puts on high-heeled shoes in which it is impossible to run fast or far, long dresses that hamper the knees either by being too voluminous or too scanty. Her wind is cut off with corsets, her hat is skivered on with a long pin or two, and her long hair is wadded up behind into a secure hand-hold so that the male pursuer can yank her to him with a "Come here, you!"

You never saw a particularly stupid man but thought he was just a little bit smarter than anybody else; you never saw a sawed-off that didn't carry himself as if his coat-tails weighed a ton. It is a wise provision of Mother Nature that the inferior shall always think themselves superior, else, knowing the truth, how would they consent to live? So it is that the capitalist class thinks itself the only important class; so it is that the game of love is handicapped so heavily for the males that they are able to think themselves the main squeeze.

MILLIONAIRES

A MILLIONAIRE is the smartest man on earth. In the first place, he proves it by being born at the right time.

Do you catch any millionaires chipping around in the Stone Age? Not much. They knew it would be foolish to trot on the scene then. They waited for civilization and wages.

That's point one. But there's more than that. The millionaire shows his wisdom by being born in the right place.

You don't snapshot him out on the frontier of a new country that won't be developed for a hundred years to come—no, sir. And you don't find him born on a desert island either. He's born where dollars are dollars—and that's shrewdness for you.

And does he die of bad milk or no ventilation in infancy? Of course he doesn't. He's too big a man for that. He lives.

And when he sells rotten rifles to the government in time of war does the government find it out and hang him? Of course not. He's ingenious enough not to pick out that sort of a government. He sells the rifles and gets away with the profit.

Are you a millionaire?
Then it's because you weren't smart enough in the first place.

THE LION OF GERMANY

AN INTERVIEW WITH AUGUST BEBEL

By NICHOLAS KLEIN

Portrait by H. J. Turner

IN a plainly furnished three-room flat on the third floor of No. 84 Hauptstrasse, Berlin, lives the man who is the most famous German next to the Emperor. August Bebel is known to be the best parliamentarian in the German Reichstag, and is the one above all men in the world that Emperor Wilhelm fears. He is called the "Lion of Germany" because the people have confidence in his ability to do things, and "he is a fighter." The workers of Germany believe that when Bebel roars, the Administration trembles. There is a modern legend that Bebel or his spirit is constantly at the entrance to the Reichstagsgebäude, guarding the people's interests. His popularity in Berlin is so great that when simultaneously several public meetings are announced, they do not mention at which one Bebel is to speak. Not many boys or girls can be found in Berlin who have not heard of Bebel, the man who refuses to attend court functions given by the Emperor or to don "knee breeches."

I had arranged with Bebel to meet him in the Parliament House, and one afternoon I handed my card to an elderly gentleman, with a luxurious growth of "Wilhelm-the-First" whiskers, who was garbed in a uniform that would make an American Rear Admiral look envious. He conducted me into a waiting room of the Reichstag, forgetting the custom of waiting or even asking for a tip. I was astounded, as that was the first time this had ever happened to me in all Europe. After I had waited about fifteen minutes, the silk curtains of the waiting-room parted and I saw the snow-white head of Bebel and heard his hearty, "Well, how do you do, Comrade?" This man makes you feel at home at once, and even if your opinion of a Socialist is "a bewhiskered, red-shirted demon with dynamite bombs who wants to divide up with the rich," you must love this man when once you meet him.

Walking through the Reichstag building, he showed me the large assembly hall, the dining hall where each party has its separate table, the different reading rooms and libraries. On the second floor we came to committee rooms and meeting rooms for the different political divisions in the Reichstag. "This room," pointing to a sign marked "Social Democratic Chamber," "is ours and we have grown so rapidly since 1891, when we first cast 124,655 votes, that the administration has been compelled to move us into larger quarters every election since. This is one of the largest and best rooms in the house," he continued, as we walked into a beautifully furnished and well decorated apartment, containing three large tables and about one hundred carved chairs, "and it was formerly used by the cabinet and the nobles. This high-backed chair," said he, placing his hands on a fine, hand-carved mahogany, "was formerly used by Bismarck at sessions of the cabinet. I am using it now in our party conferences."

One of his remarks that made an impression on me was made while we were walking through the café, where members of the Reichstag were drinking wine and beer and chatting merrily. He was explaining some works of art on the walls and ceiling when he came to the table used by the Socialist members of the house. "Sit down here and have a black coffee with me," he said. "I am a temperance man and don't drink anything stronger."

Strolling towards the entrance to the session room he pointed to a book on a desk and turning to his name said: "You see, here's where we earn our wages. We get 3,000 marks (\$750) a session of six or eight months, and we are fined thirty marks for every day that our name fails to appear in this register. How do you Americans do it?" he asked me. I explained that our Congressmen had raised their salaries to \$7,500 a year, and that a member of Congress often makes his maiden speech and then is seen no more until he must appear on the floor in order to draw his salary. Bebel asked me if I was in earnest about this! We passed down a long hallway under immense arches, into the center of the building where the great central tower is located. The hall was bare of all trimmings except a large silk flag which was presented to the people of Germany by patriotic German-Americans in grateful remembrance of their early days in the fatherland.

We were seated in the lounging room discussing the future of both the United States and Germany. I was insisting that we were on the very brink of a period of "hard times," when a group of visitors in charge of one of the members of Parliament approached us, and the latter, pointing to Bebel, said loud enough for all to hear, "You see, this is Bebel, The Lion." The visitors examined him and started to discuss him as they passed on with side and back glances, as though he were an ornament in the building. Bebel smiled and remarked, "You see, I'm a regular fixture."

One of the objects of my visit was to induce Bebel to visit America and deliver a few addresses in the leading cities. So I took the occasion, after the visitors passed out, to invite him to come to the States, "as we were anxious to see him." "What do you want of me in America?" he asked. "Oh, we just want to get a good look at you," I replied. "I know you Yankees," he said with a chuckle. "You want to import me as a great curiosity and put me on exhibition at so much per look, don't you?" I confessed the truth. Then seriously Bebel said: "I really would like to visit your country in order to study the trust problem, in which I am very much interested, but I am growing old. I am seventy-one now, and one of my pet ideas still remains undone." "And what may that idea be, Comrade Bebel?" I ventured to ask him. "I want to write the history of my life," he answered. "You see, I have been so busy with Parliament and politics these many years that I haven't started on this work yet, although I have set aside every summer in the past five years for a beginning. But the beginning is still far away and I am growing old and don't know when my turn to go will come." "Do you expect to begin your work this summer?" I asked him. "No, I expect to visit my daughter and take a good rest, and then probably I can get down to it next winter, for it will take me two years to build up the work. You see, Comrade, in the early days," and he stopped to ask me my age, "in the early days we were under constant police surveillance and it was bad to be caught with notes in one's possession, so I haven't notes to work on. But next summer I should like to visit the United States, to see the people and study them. It will be a great help to me in my work, for you Americans are far ahead of the rest of the world in industrial evolution." "We should think ourselves fortunate," I said in return, "to have Bebel as our guest, and I assure you in advance that the United States will welcome one of Germany's leading men in a style befitting the occasion." I really thought that Bebel would be pleased at my little speech,

but he smiled as only Bebel can, and said rather sharply: "Do you want to welcome me as you did Prince Henry?" Then before I had a chance to answer, he added: "If so, I'll stay right here in Berlin."

"Tell these Comrades how much you Americans pay your Congressmen," said Bebel, with a look of satisfaction. "Just twenty-nine thousand marks," I replied, after multiplying a Congressman's pay into the German standard.

Then Bebel explained what I told him earlier in the afternoon, about how our representatives earn their salaries, and they all had a good laugh at our expense. "I'll tell you what I'll do," began Bebel, thoroughly amused by our discussion of American statesmen. "You Yankees send us a few barrels of those dollars you waste on your Congressmen, and Germany will ship you a few of its Kings—live Kings, I mean, and in perfect order, too!" I also joined in the laughter which now had become very loud, but a bell called some of the crowd away for a committee meeting, and Bebel and I walked into a writing-room to continue our discussion.

After having discussed war, we finally began talking about Germany and her future. "You see," said Bebel, "the class lines are so closely drawn here in Germany that a worker cannot help but see his political party in the Social Democracy. But if we got a majority, well, I suppose that we could do nothing better than buy out the King business." "Do you mean to say, that the best policy would be to bribe the crowned heads?" I asked him. "Exactly," he replied. "We could pay them to retire on a pension. You see, we are far behind you Americans. You fellows can turn things about as you choose almost any election. You Americans already have what we here in Germany are just fighting for." "But you must not forget," I interrupted him, "that we in America have a Supreme Court composed of men who are appointed for life and who are not responsible to the people, but whose business it is to pass upon measures already adopted by direct representatives of the people." "Oh, that is not so very bad after all," he replied. "Your nation in the main is composed of people who are seeking freedom and better economic conditions, and this coupled with your educational facilities and industrial evolution that is second to none in the world, places you in the van of progressive nations. It is my private opinion," he continued, "that the United States will shortly declare for public ownership of public utilities and that it will advance so rapidly as to be the first nation to declare a Co-operative Commonwealth."

"Now let's just make a comparison," he said. "Here in Germany the railroads, the railroad depots and even the eating houses are divided into four classes. You see a worker is driven to class consciousness here, while you Yankees have apparently but one class. That which you have already done is now our greatest need." And, leaning across the table, with flashing eyes and pointed finger, he continued: "We here must struggle to dethrone militarism and the nobility, but, of course, we both must battle in the common cause of educating the workers to a full realization of their mission; we must teach them that they have but one enemy, and that is ignorance."

Our conversation was here interrupted by the ringing of the appropriation committee bell, and, of course, Bebel bid me "servus," and went to his committee work to "fight," as he had put it to me, against more naval and military money.

I had to leave Germany that very evening, so I could not accept his invitations, but I shall not soon forget that plain, honest face, that high forehead with the snow-white hair, and the earnest handshake of Bebel, the "Lion of Germany," who is crowned in the hearts of the German proletariat.

His "servus" is an open invitation from the depths of his heart. He is earnest and sincere, and has far more followers than the ruler of Germany. Bebel has a great ideal and he is giving his life towards its realization. This is why he is so loved by the common people. If Germany were selecting a President to-day, the choice would fall on one man. There is no doubting that the Republic of Germany would choose as President August Bebel. Such is the opinion of the people.



AUGUST BEBEL.



SATIRE

By THOMAS SELTZER



THE ancient lady has fallen into disrepute in the United States. Our writers and artists no longer seek her intimate acquaintance, the editors of our magazines no longer cultivate her. You see, Dame Satire has never been a fastidious gentlewoman. Haunting by preference the dens of corruption and vice, she never shrinks from uncovering them to the public gaze, even though they pass for the offices of captains of industry and masters of high finance.

As real Satire deals not with surface symptoms alone, but with the inwardness of things, not with effects alone but with causes, imagine what our best advertising magazines would be, were their editors to allow Satire to come and go as she pleased in their columns. Imagine the scorn of Art Young's pencil turned with full force on the three-dollar-a-week-sales-girls' department stores; imagine what the pen of an ironical Mark Twain would do to our dispensers of charity; imagine a modern Marx hacking at the very foundations of our capitalist society; imagine an American Heine applying his Mephistophelian song to our sham political reformers, and contrast it with the drivel of a latter-day Armageddon poet. Imagine the free, untrammelled work of those master satirists filling our newspapers and magazines. What literary and artistic feasts they would offer! What glaring light they would shed! But also what blanks they would make in place of advertisements, pure, chaste patches of white, a delight to the eye. And what a void in the pockets of the newspaper and magazine proprietors and editors.

That is why in profit-ridden capitalistic America Dame Satire has fallen into disrepute. That is why our editors no longer cultivate her, why our writers and artists shun her. But for all that, she still lives. She is merely biding her time. Indeed, she is already coming out of her long sleep. Watch her wake up completely. See her don the modern robe of the Socialist proletarian. See her keen eye, her contemptuous look, her scathing smile. There she stalks, the familiar figure, alert, robust, fearness, bold as of yore, with as sharp a vision for the ills and wrongs of mankind, but with this momentous difference: she is no longer a pessimist. While darting her arrows at the ugly present, she foresees and foretells a beautiful future. Despair has left her. She is inspired with a joyous ideal.

A TRICK OF THE TRADE

By ELLIS O. JONES

"I HAVE here an article on How to Escape the High Cost of Living," said the Contributor.

"Good. The very thing I'm looking for," answered the Sunday Editor. "Let me see it."

The Contributor handed over the manuscript to the Editor, who began at once to read it. Soon, however, his smile of anticipation turned to a frown.

"This won't do at all," he announced finally.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the Contributor anxiously.

"Too good."

"Come, that's too thin," urged the Contributor contemptuously.

"Not at all. It's just as I tell you. The only trouble with this article is that it's too good. Why, man alive, it actually tells how to escape the high cost of living."

"Of course it does. Isn't that what you're looking for?"

"Oh, no. It's plain, my dear fellow, that you are new at the newspaper game. You see the truth, but you see only part of it. You are keen enough to see that the high cost of living is one of the most important and interesting subjects that a newspaper can treat of."

"Surely. Everybody is interested—man, woman and child—some children at least."

"Exactly. And such a subject is hard to find and, therefore, when found it must be tenderly nurtured and preserved from all harm."

"I don't follow you."

"No. Of course you don't. But listen: I have been Sunday Editor here for nearly twenty-five years and hardly a week has past that I haven't had an article on this subject."

"Yes."

"But none of them were any good, as is proved by the fact that the people are no better off after they read them than they were before."

"You ought to be ashamed."

"I am, but I keep my job and I propose to keep it. My plans for the next ten years include periodical

not the rotters, either—the pennyliners and studio hacks—but the professionals who are sometimes heard of in England itself, don't you know. These fellows are in the better class magazines and exhibitions, yet they turn around and contribute their choicest material to the bleeding Socialist press, what? It's most shocking for a connoisseur or any man with a refined taste to see such fare dished out to the common herd—paté de foie gras, bah Jove, to the horny-handed rough-necks, as your statesmen privately call them.

But the point I want to make, old top, is that Art, the handmaiden of wealth and the leisure class—the fair Corinthian of aristocracy, as the poet said—is being degraded to serve the vulgar mob. It is most ominous and perilous that the artists have deserted their proper task of amusing the leisure element in order to cater to the low instincts of the blighted beggars who work for a living. Positively it's ominous. You can imagine what would happen if the clergy and the soldiers did the same thing. Just before the French revolution the writers and artists flocked to the people's side, and I fancy they were a reinforcement of no little value. The aristocracy saw too late that it would have paid them to keep the intellectual chaps loyal and true to the eternal ideals of Art. Today your American ship of state is being deserted in the same way, only faster, and unless something is done to stop it and keep the intellectuals faithful to the high ideals of their calling, it looks to me like the portent of a bally revolution.

'Pon my word, old top. When Art quits it's time for the better class to emigrate, only I don't know any place on earth to go where you don't find working class blighters and Socialists, what?

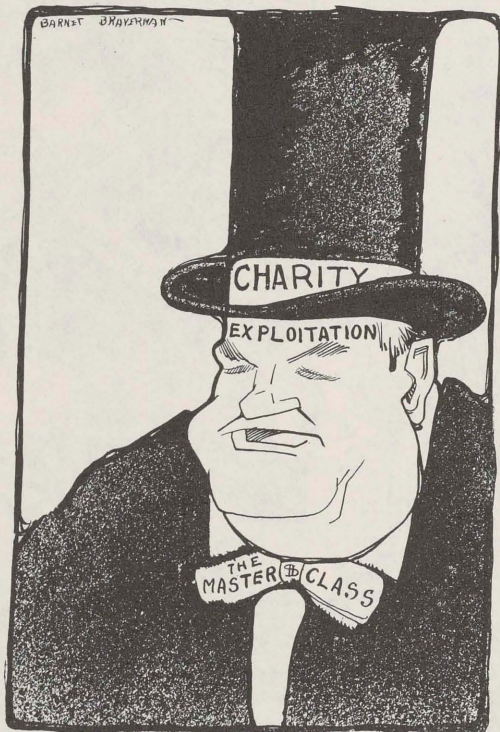
A. FABLE

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

ONCE upon a time, a company of Pioneers, disgusted with conditions in the Old Country, moved to a New Country and proceeded to settle it. It was a land of plenty. In it there was enough of everything to go round. Everybody worked and played and rested; it was as though the Golden Age had returned to earth. And then one day there were born to the New Country a number of Infant Industries. These Infant Industries were little and pale and puny. "What shall we do to protect them?" everybody asked. For they were afraid of Competition-from-Without. The Law-Makers considered the question gravely and they finally decided to build a high, thick wall about the entire country. They called this wall the Tariff. Unmolested by Competition-from-Without, the Infant Industries grew bigger and bigger and stronger and stronger. After a while, they became so gigantic that it was foolish to call them Infant Industries—so they changed that name to "The Trusts." The Trusts continued to grow big and to wax strong, and finally they began to terrorize the New Country. The people clamored to the Law-Makers to take down the Tariff-Wall; for by this time they preferred Competition-from-Without to the Trusts. But the Trusts had already made pact with the Law-Makers by which, if the latter would continue to maintain the Tariff-Wall, they should be richly rewarded. The people were helpless in this situation and the Tariff-Wall was not removed. The Trusts grew more and more powerful and more and more rich. Between them they developed, exploited and wasted all the natural resources of the New Country until it became very poor. After awhile, a Plague, called the High-Cost-of-Living, burst out in the New Country. It swept like fire over the fair land, devastating everything. Soon the Virgin Country was reduced to a condition as enfeebled as any of her neighbors. But the Law-Makers continued to maintain the Tariff-Wall; the Trusts continued to reward them; and the High-Cost-of-Living raged, unchecked.

"Fine!" said the Trusts, "this graft will go on forever!" "Great!" said the Law-Makers, "we can't lose, going or coming."

But they were mistaken. After the High-Cost-of-Living had waged unhindered for several years, the race died out entirely. And the New Country was as empty as when the Pioneers discovered it—only now exploited, ruined, and laid waste.



Drawn by Barnett Braverman.

articles on how to escape the high cost of living and, therefore, I can't let my readers escape now. Have I made it clear?"

"Very. Good day."

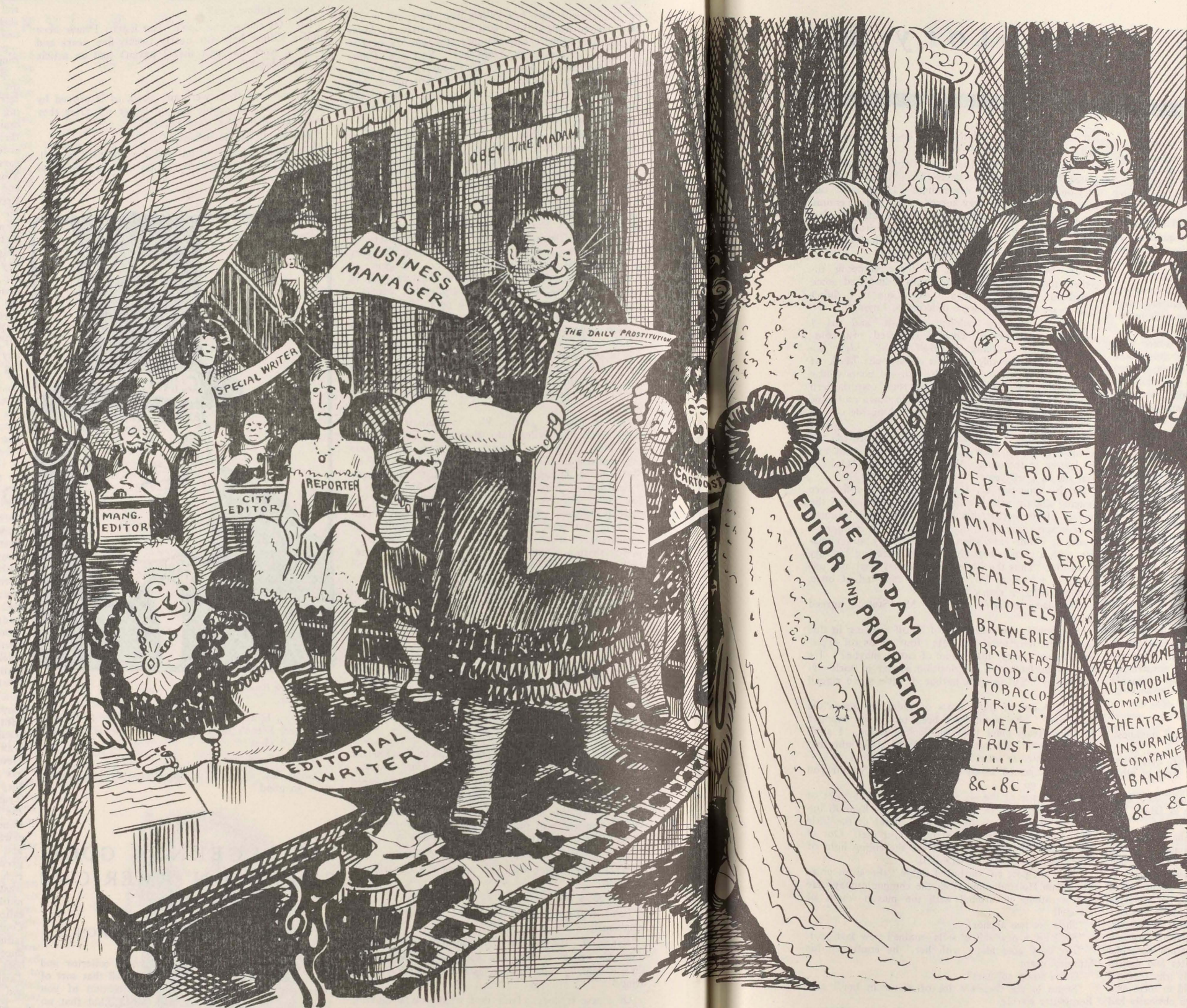
"Good day. Try us on something else that is not quite so good."

SIR ALGERNON GOOP-SMITH ON AMERICA'S PERIL

An Interview By JOHN R. McMAHON

AS a lover of the arts, bah Jove—a collector and connoisseur in a small way and all that sort of thing, old top—I wish to call the attention of you Americans to a serious national peril. Odd that no one has mentioned it before. Yet it's a bally serious matter. Saps the very foundations of society and—er—affects the integrity of the established order of civilization, bah Jove.

I refer, old fellow, to the alarming fact that so many of your artists and writers have become downright, rank Socialists. 'Pon my word, it's a fact. They're



THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS



THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

THE Goddess of Domesticity is a great and powerful goddess and two-faced. She is supposed to sit smilingly by the hearth protecting the hearth-fire, while at her feet play little children; this is the face that is worshipped openly, but nevertheless she is an angry goddess and demands often that at her feet shall be laid the self-respect and even the honor of men. They crawl up to her shrinking and at her feet lay propitiatory lies.

Some call these offerings the war of the sexes, for many of the worshippers at the shrine are forever in a state of rebellion.

Owing to the indecent structure of my summer boarding-place I could hear all that went on at the other side of the partition. Strange places, these—a part of our national life too commonplace and without too unromantic for the pen of fiction. There was a central cottage of decent age built as a house was intended to be built, with doors and noise-deadening partitions, and as business had prospered the house had blossomed forth with additions of such casual construction that I was forced to hear Mr. Stetson propitiating the dark and exacting goddess even before I had met him.

A female voice—the voice of a wife—sobbed:

"Things aren't the way they were—they aren't what they were between us. I've seen it comin'!"

One was only too sure that tears accompanied this speech. Then came the resounding, comforting whack of a masculine hand on a fat shoulder, and a throaty, good-tempered voice said:

"Aw, cut it out, Birdie—cut it out."

But Birdie, instead of cutting it out, wailed.

"Aw, come, Birdie," said the throaty voice. "Aw, come—you've seen it comin' for five years now, an' it's never come. You've got every girl I ever saw on the kazaz for me."

I hastened to finish my toilet. There is something spectral in hearing an intimate family discussion like this happening with only a quarter of an inch of wood and some wallpaper with pink roses on it between you. It is not enough protection for the reticent spirit. For such a one, being forced into another's privacy is difficult. It made me wish to avert my face from my table companions when he, a good-natured man in loose-fitting gray clothes, addressed a blond woman as "Birdie." The woman thus addressed was what a friend of mine cruelly calls "the usual age," and so stretched were her garments across the rounded expanse of her person that she gave the impression of being about to ooze forth from every seam. Yet she had surprisingly retained the air which the power of youth gives.

The pretty little woman next her, who was flanked by three children and a young and bachelor-appearing husband, had given up this sovereignty, it was evident, along with her first baby, though she was attractive and trim.

After supper a dark, lean man—a man who had started out to be of the matinee hero type, but had spoiled it by an over-development of nose, and further dimmed his beauty with gold and sinister-looking teeth, came up to the debonaire father of the family and the husband of Birdie, and asked in a hushed and furtive voice:

"Want to go down to the alley?"

"Sure," replied the father of the family heartily, and "All right," assented the man in gray eagerly, yet with a touch of weakness in his tone. He lusted for male company, it was evident. He turned to his wife in a sprightly way: "You won't miss me, will you, Birdie, if I'm gone half an hour? Mr. Bergstetter, have you met my wife? Mrs. Stetson—Mr. Bergstetter."

An air of discomfort hung thick around us. One had the sense of beholding opposing armies drawn up for battle.

As the three men went hastily down the steps a voice cried from the far end of the piazza—a firm voice and a determined one:

"Howard, where are you going?"

Upon this Mr. Bergstetter turned his head. One could see his teeth flash in the evening light.

"Out," he replied laconically.

"Are you going to that alley, Howard?" the voice inquired further; it belonged to a thin lady with puffs.

"Yes," replied her husband.

Suddenly I had it. *That alley* had given me the clue. *That alley*, which I knew as a harmless, noisy spot, where parties of girls and young men went to bowl, was in some subtle way an enemy to the most



THE TWO-FACED

A Story by

exacting of all goddesses, Domesticity. Like clubs, like masculine games of cards, like the amusements with dogs and guns, it ate up those hours which should have been devoted to The Family. It was one of the many subtle ways in which man maintains his solidarity against invading woman.

Presently I, too, a lone male, strolled alleyward. The boarding-place had begun to ask me questions as to why I was there, herded for my vacation with some twenty other people—to ask me even why it itself existed. The bird of joy had flown with the men.

The pretty mother of three constructed rompers in solitude beneath the electric light. The thin lady with puffs, Bergstetter's lady, regarded Birdie with undisguised aversion.

At the down-at-the-heels genial alley, where girls giggled, where pin-boys chewed gum, an atmosphere of geniality reigned; the noise of the heavy wooden balls rumbling down the smooth way to their dull impact with the pins, the pin-boys' cries, the little click of the pool-balls on the table, and the intermittent talk of the men, made one feel that the higher astral currents flowed nearer this humble spot of diversion than in the arid and monotonous spaces of the boarding-place.

My three friends—I call them so unwarrantably at this stage—while waiting for an alley to be clear, were engaged in conversation with a seafaring gentleman.

"I tell you," he was saying in loud tones, "she's a beaut! Ask Ed Wenner—he'll tell you, an' Ed don't lie. Ask anybody that knows her. No, she ain't out o' here, but she's knowed here just as well as if she was out o' here."

"It'll be every bit as cheap, you know," said Mr. Bergstetter, "to buy a boat as to hire one. We'll get back more'n we paid for her."

"Say, Bergstetter," Stetson interrupted, with apparent irrelevance, "does your wife ever cry in the night?" In his tone I perceived whence came Birdie's air of youth. She had the most fearsome of all weapons—tears—at her command. And she used it unsparingly, by which she obtained devotion from her conquered lord.

Mr. Bergstetter gave a bark like a dog.

"Cry?" he said. "Her? Naw!"

"Well, mine does," said Mr. Stetson with frankness. "And I can't bear to see a woman cry."

"I'd rather see a woman cry," said Mr. Bergstetter with bitter frankness, "than a hell of a sight of other things."

"You don't know when you're well off," said Stetson. "Birdie'll be hurt if I go in, sure as fate." His tone was weak.

He had heard the call of the siren; that note which once sounding in the ears of man continues to sound there forever: this is the desire to own your own boat, cost what it may. It is a curious passion, this. It masks itself as a simple taste like golf or tennis, but in reality it has the tenacity of a vice. And this insidious wish had just slipped into the honest breast of Stetson; it was germinating in the bosom of Mr. Bergstetter, and in Paul Raymond, the bachelor-looking husband, it had long flourished, but his was a nature more like the south Italians—he gratified his tastes and desires, without trying to combat them. That is why they did not gain the depth in him that they did in these men who tried to fight down a passion which obviously had no part in their lives and was, moreover, destructive of domestic peace.

"If 'twas my boat," continued Captain Holland, "I wouldn't be sayin' these words about it—I wouldn't be trying to sell anybody a boat, no, sir! Something might happen to it; it mightn't turn out as per specification—then I'd feel bad about it. No, sir! I'd never try to

sell nobody no boat, but this here boat that you be'n lookin' at, I'll say she's all right."

"Let's go on board of her now," Paul Raymond suggested, "and see what she looks like. We can't get an alley—might 's well do something." He gave it out joyously and casually; they agreed in the same fashion, not liking to confess that it was the impatience of a master passion which made them, three grown men, enter an unstable and unclean dory at that hour of the night and row forth into the harbor.

They hesitated a moment, all three standing together; then Bergstetter, with whom I had had some casual talk, turned to me and asked me if I didn't want to see a boat they were thinking of buying.

Sitting in a dory redolent of fish, and, as I learned to my sorrow when I surveyed my trousers the next morning, covered with scales, we rowed out interminably into the mysterious black of the harbor. We passed under the bows of boats whose masts loomed wraithlike above us; our own lantern turned the shadows of our faces upside down and gave us an odd aspect. Presently we drew alongside of one of the shadowy fleet in the harbor.

"This is her!" Captain Holland informed us, scrambling aboard with the painter in one hand and the lantern in the other. We followed him. "Quite a boat she is, I tell yew!"

Did he hypnotize us, I wonder, as he stood there swaying slightly with the light swell that troubled the surface of the harbor, his lantern aloft? He seemed to be in some way allied to the spirit of the *Elsinore*—a sort of visible expression of her—hearty and plausible, with a certain beguiling air of seafaring honesty about him. Thus the *Elsinore*, an honest boat and unadorned; a boat, as Mr. Raymond remarked at once, "without frills; a man's boat."

"Yes, damn a yacht, anyway!" Mr. Stetson agreed throatily.

"Say, how'd it be with four of us off cruising in this boat?" Mr. Bergstetter put out; "four of us off cruising, playing a happy little game of cards, maybe?" He held up the lantern in the position proper in such circumstances. "Off in some harbor; a little stove rigged here!"

She was one of those boats of indefinite age—"the usual age." She might have been ten years younger or fifteen years older than she looked to be. I shall always wonder if it was the magic of the night that made this picture seem like Paradise to all of us.

"Say," Raymond asked me impulsively, "would you go in if we go in?"

The romance of the sea was upon me. The light of the swinging lantern cast strange and hypnotizing shadows up and down the narrow confines of the little cabin where the bilge swished under our feet. Out of one of the little ports one could see the riding light of a neighboring vessel rise and fall.

"She's got port an' starboard lights," the siren voice of Captain Holland came from the companionway. He was wreathing us around with the master-words of his spell.

"She's got two anchors.

"She's got a new suit o' sails—mains'l new last year.

"The dory goes along with her," he continued his liturgical chant.

"Got a scoop an' oars"—

"Seems to me there's a lot of water in her," said Bergstetter sternly.

"Water!" said Captain Holland derisively. "Water! I'd like to see the boat that wouldn't have water when she ain't be'n pumped out in two weeks, mebbe three."

I need tell no yachtsman that this boat was ours within four days. The strange obsession that dominates people at such moments dominated us, as it has all men in the past and will all men in the future.

GODDESS

Mary Heaton Vorse



PERHAPS the passion for boats comes from the love of adventure which civilization has all but stifled from the heart of man. Perhaps the keen sea wind in our faces and the singing of it in the rigging of a little boat awakened within us the memories left there by our sleeping fathers. But these instincts, dwarfed as they are, though in the beginning they make the world a habitable place, are at war with the great world force of domesticity.

We bought the *Elsinore* on the strength of a sail we had in her, without ever seeing her bottom; made drunk, as many a poor wretch has been before us, with that untrustworthy and visionary idea that in her we could go anywhere we chose.

It was a significant fact that the negotiations for this boat were carried on swiftly and silently, without the knowledge of the ladies whose husbands were concerned in the transaction; though poor Stetson wandered around bewailing how he was going to break it to Birdie. How he broke it to Birdie it was my fate to overhear.

He came into his room and said—and I could hear the false gaiety in his voice at the first note—
“I got a surprise for you, Birdie.”

“Have you?” she gave back in a lack-lustre tone.
“Why, Birdie, don’t be glum. Wait ’till you hear the news—I’ve bought a boat, Birdie.” It wouldn’t have deceived a fly. Guilt showed its head behind every cheery, light-hearted word.

“One of those dangerous sail-boats that drown people! I wouldn’t put my foot in a sail-boat and you know it, Peter!” cried Birdie.

“Well, not exactly a whole sail-boat,” he conceded. “I bought a part of it—with Mr. Taylor and”—

“Ha, ha!” cried Birdie. “I knew it was for no good that you was going around with that ma-an!” Her voice broke on the last word. “He looks *fast* to me—that’s what he looks, Peter!”

Without a quiver of his conscience Stetson immolated me upon the altar.

“Well, he *was* pretty urgent. He’s lonely, poor thing. Lots of fellers, Birdie, get into bad ways because they haven’t a little sweetheart like you to keep them straight!”

This is what a man comes to, who sacrifices everything on the altar of Domesticity. In his heart of hearts he is the ultimate coward. I have told this tale in light words, but it is an awful thing to see a man wince under the lash, as I have seen Stetson.

He now volunteered further:
“Raymond’s in it, and Bergstetter too.”

At which intelligence Birdie wept violently, and when poor Stetson expostulated:

“Aw, baby”—

“Don’t baby me!” she cried. “I don’t want to be babied—I want you to go away! I want to cry by myself—and send me Mrs. Bergstetter—I don’t want a man around! I wa-ant my mother—I wa-ant another woman—send Mrs. Bergstetter!”

By evening I, the afterthought, you might say, of the *Elsinore* combination—nothing in the world but a little foot-note to the whole business—was getting icy bows from all three ladies. I was blamed unanimously for the simultaneous breaking up of three homes. What need had they to blame me? It was the *Elsinore*, riding easily at anchor, who had done it.

Old and unbeautiful, her general lines those of an orange with a toothpick stuck into it, the *Elsinore* had sung the song of adventure that is more potent than the song of the siren. I have occasionally seen fascinating ladies break up domestic peace, but not the youngest and most beautiful of her kind could have conducted a three-handed wreckage as did the *Elsinore*.

I will pass over the first sail that we had in our

boat. The blue, silken surface of the bay was barely ruffled by a light breeze. It was the day of days to try a boat and get acquainted with her. Not a husband but knew that his wife should have been invited, and yet with strange unanimity the question of wives was avoided. The ladies were told:

“We’re just going out to try the boat.”

Was there anything said about an all-day sail? And yet Stetson knew, and Bergstetter knew, and Raymond and I both knew, that hampers of food and drink reposed in the wide-cabined *Elsinore*.

Raymond sailed while I played crew with Bergstetter. Instinctively we all knew that Stetson hadn’t the makings of a seaman in him. He was one of those pathetic souls who must hear the lure of the sea, but to whom no more responsibility than that of the pump or the scoop is ever given.

We had had the *Elsinore* pumped out, and yet when we got aboard her there was too much water in her—decidedly there was too much water. When we had been sailing but for a short time the water increased. Raymond explained this easily.

“Her upper seams,” he said, “haven’t had a chance to soak out.” Alas! The numbers of boats whose upper seams have never had this opportunity.

But when we came around on the other tack, and when once more her cabin floor was afloat, Bergstetter mopped his brow and said:

“I see why this boat goes along so well—it’s because she offers no resistance whatever to the Atlantic Ocean; it comes in at will through her seams.”

“Do you think she leaks badly?” asked Raymond, a little crestfallen.

Stetson raised his rotund back.

“Pump for a little while, man,” he faltered weakly; “pump, and you’ll see.”

“Pooh!” Raymond tried to console himself with. “She’ll swell up.”

Now, a leaky boat isn’t a thing for a sane man to be stuck with; it’s like buying a horse that is spavined and has the heaves; it’s like purchasing a house with doubtful underpinnings and an unreliable chimney when you haven’t the money to repair it; it’s like buying a motor-boat whose gasoline tank is defective; it’s like buying a motor-car without a carburetor and no means of getting one. No man with pride likes to do any of these things, and yet before the day was over, in spite of the old man who had tap-tap-tapped calling into her seams like an aged woodpecker, the shameful fact was patent to us all that that was the sort of a boat we had bought. It was for such a craft that I was treated like a pariah by three excellent women; it was for this that the domestic peace of three families was broken. Nor was this all. We knew the day was at hand, if Mrs. Bergstetter had anything to say about it, when the ladies would have to go sailing.

You see, it was a crucial moment—the moment when the great and splendid vested rights of the Wife come face to face with the wild, free, roving ways of man. The *Elsinore* was, if one chose so to look at it, the entering wedge to break down the discipline of the home; she was the gauntlet thrown down before the mighty sisterhood of amalgamated wives. It was things like the *Elsinore* that caused hearth-stones to teeter perilously; the *Elsinore* was the reason why wives were neglected. And I, on my side, was linked in with the *Elsinore*. I was the reason why husbands returned late for dinner; I was the reason why they strayed from their homes at night; I was that thing that to the eyes of young wives has no reason for being except to make trouble—a middle-aged bachelor rejoicing wantonly in his iniquitous freedom.

But for me there would have been no *Elsinore*; but for me three husbands would have been where they

should have been, and I was as anxious as these recalcitrant husbands were anxious that their ladies should not cry out the vulgar but expressive word “stung!”

We pumped her out the last minute before we started; it was with a sinking heart, I know, that we saw the wind freshen, and as the boat danced over the waters (those who didn’t love her said she had a way of squatting her pigeon breast into every little wave instead of riding it) Mrs. Stetson looked with tearful eyes at her husband and said:

“I’m going to lie down on one of the seats downstairs. The glare on the water makes me faint,” while Mrs. Bergstetter held on grimly to the top rail of the boat and dodged spray with the air of a woman resigned to any martyrdom.

Every little while Mr. Stetson took a turn at the pump.

“I wish you would stop that noise, Peter,” came from Birdie. “It makes me so nervous; it’s so jerky. And I wish that I didn’t have to lie sometimes high up and sometimes low down—high up like I am now I feel just as nervous”—

“Come about!” implored Stetson in a low voice to Raymond. “Come about!” The entreaty in his voice was not to be disregarded.

The *Elsinore* came about, and as she did there came a shriek from Mrs. Stetson.

“I’m wet!” she cried. “I’m wet! This boat is sinking!”

Mrs. Bergstetter, taking hold of whatever firm object she found in her path, looked down into the cabin. She saw the little incriminating thread of water on the cabin floor. We were found out. The worst had happened to us.

It is hard to make one who has not been on the battle-field himself realize the tragic depth of our defeat. We had to prove ourselves seaworthy after this.

The details of hauling her up and recalling her, the awful affair of the new rudder-post; all the things that made us, who could ill afford it, dive down deep in our pockets, dampened our ardor toward our boat. Bergstetter, who had an ill-tempered nature, went so far as to call her a “blamed old catamaran.”

Stetson, meanwhile, had the worst of it. Frequently I could hear Birdie’s sobs and the patient groans of poor Stetson. He went from boat to wife, and from wife to boat, mopping his brow and wishing to heaven for any place that was dry.

“You don’t know what it is, fellows,” he would confide. “Did I hear of changing the rain belt? People don’t know when they’re well off. When I think of trying to conquer the desert—the dry, nice desert, it makes me feel that there are whole States full of folks ready for Matteawan.”

The climax came when, during a storm, men from the water-front, oil-skin clad, came in to tell us:

“Your boat’s gone adrift. Your boat’s parted her mooring.” This expensive and uncomfortable performance sent us out in rescue parties in dories, our untrained muscles straining at the oars as we rowed over precipitous waves, and with the knowledge that when we returned, wet and miserable, worse misery was to be ours.

The little piece of freedom that my friends had chosen in the shape of the *Elsinore*—there was no doubt about it—had a bad disposition. It came to us first in a sort of an atmosphere, and later more definite rumors. The *Elsinore* was one of those boats that always did go ashore if the slightest provocation offered; whose stays gave when they were supposed to be in good condition; a boat with a passion for dragging her anchor. There are such boats. People from other ports would come rowing alongside us, asking: “You got the old *Elsinore*, ain’t you? Be’n draggin’ her anchor much this year? Pa’ted any o’ her hal-yards?”

Still, in the eyes of Bergstetter and Stetson, no matter what happened—anyway it wasn’t domesticity! Nor did Stetson’s exotic devotion fail or falter one moment until the second time the *Elsinore* went adrift. When we discussed what we should do next, to keep her from leaking, and whether she was probably leaking now, he allowed moodily that he’d be dog-goned if he cared. Someway it summed up our own feelings. We all felt dog-goned. For the moment we were tired out, poor Stetson more than any one, for more and more Birdie sobbed nights. She sobbed over everything. A fat and unwieldy Undine, weeping herself to death, was what she was in those days.

The next good day after our undiscussed resolution to do nothing more for our ungrateful craft, we went out sailing. Stetson mechanically began to pump. After a moment the pump sucked—there was no more water in the boat. He raised up his head.

"She isn't leaking," he said. "What's happened to her?" A smile spread itself slowly over his large, good-tempered features.

She was not leaking.

The wind freshened. She went over on her side. Stetson again got ready to perform the one duty that the summer of sailing had taught him. Little water enough was in the *Elsinore*.

"Contrary old crab!" Bergstetter snarled. "I'll be blamed if she hasn't stopped. Since we don't pay any more attention to her, she's stopped leaking."

"Her seams have probably got clogged up with seaweed and one thing and another," said Raymond, with bitter sarcasm. He cared for boats, and the *Elsinore's* viciousness had preyed on his temper.

Throughout the rest of the sail Stetson sat in contemplation; a wide, tranquil smile had spread itself over his features, which so often wore the look of a perplexed infant. It was so conspicuous that Bergstetter asked him:

"What you grinning at, Stetson?"

"Oh," Stetson replied gently, "I've got an idea—I've got a great idea, Bergstetter. Women and boats aren't unlike, are they?"

To this Bergstetter made no answer. Throughout

the afternoon Mr. Stetson sat smiling. When we returned, having been becalmed in the latter part of the sail, it was after dark and as I opened my door I heard a steady sound of female sobbing. It was so loud that, as often before, it seemed to come from my own couch, and it was with a feeling of gratitude that I realized that it was up to Stetson and not up to me.

"You cryin', Baby?" asked Stetson in the same gentle and quiet tone that he had smiled in during the afternoon.

"Of course I'm cryin'," sobbed Birdie. "You were gone so long, Pe-e-ter."

"Well," said Stetson, gently, "I'm goin' out, Birdie, till you get through."

"You're *what*?" sobbed his wife.

"Going out till you get through, Birdie," he repeated. His voice had that peculiar, throaty softness that belongs to the gentle fat man.

I heard the door close. I heard Birdie stop for a moment and then go on accelerated. A tap came on the door. It was Mrs. Bergstetter.

"What ails you?" asked that lady, dryly.

"It's that boat! It's that awful, awful boat!" wept Birdie. "It's changed Pe-e-ter!"

I left the room.

During the several days that followed I noticed that an odd change was taking place in the Stetsons; Birdie's challenging air of fictitious youth seemed dimmer. She looked at Peter askance, deprecatingly, while

Peter went about with the little confident smile forever hovering at the corners of his mouth. No more did his honest brow wrinkle like the forehead of a worried bull pup. His shoulders squared themselves. Before our eyes we could see the power of the dread and two-faced divinity lessen like the flame of an oilless lamp.

Stetson had been forth into the world of adventure and there had learned much. It was my lot to hear him say with gentle cheer during the watches of the night in response to Birdie's weeping:

"Cry as much as you like, dear. You know it doesn't disturb me," and the next day to hear him reiterate his kind, "I'll go out till you get your crying over"—he might have been speaking of the dishes being washed.

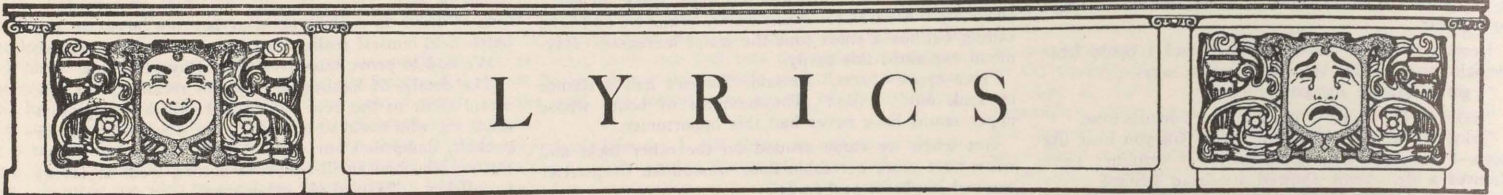
When I appeared below Mr. Stetson sat reading a paper with tranquillity. A little smile, as though he had some secret too marvelous to share with ordinary humanity, played about his lips. I sat down next to him.

"Taylor," he said to me, "do you remember how I just about broke my back pumping out that dog-gonned boat? That pumping about broke my heart, too, Taylor."

I acquiesced. Mr. Stetson said nothing more.

"Well?" said I.

"Well," said Mr. Stetson, and then he smiled again. "After a time I stopped pumping, and when I didn't pay any attention there wasn't any need to pump. Taylor," he said, gently but impressively, "believe me, I've stopped pumping!"



'THE POETRY OF EARTH'

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Something impelled her from the hearth,
Whispers and winds drew her along;
But still, unconscious of the earth,
She read her book of golden Song.

Old longings stirred her as she read
Of wonders gradually unfurled,
Of glories gone, but never dead,
And Beauty that redeemed the world.

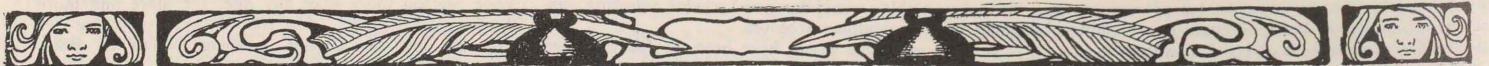
"O Songs," she sighed, "your world was fair,
My own holds no such lovely things;
No glow, no magic anywhere—"
And then, a start—a flash of wings. . . .

And, with the rush of surging seas,
Over her swept the world's replies:
The lyric hills, the buoyant breeze,
And all the sudden-singing skies!

AT THE AQUARIUM

By MAX EASTMAN

Serene the silver fishes glide,
Stern-lipped, and pale, and wonder-eyed!
As through the aged deeps of ocean,
They glide with wan and wavy motion.
They have no pathway where they go;
They flow like water to and fro.
They watch with never-winking eyes,
They watch with staring, cold surprise
The level people in the air,
The people, peering, peering there,
Who wander also to and fro,
And know not why or where they go,
Yet have a wonder in their eyes,
Sometimes a pale and cold surprise.





Drawn by Art Young

A COMPULSORY RELIGION

THE trouble with the world is the insane worship of money."

How often we hear this thundered from the pulpit, emphasized in the press and in ordinary conversation. Yes, that's the trouble. But what drives people to this insanity?

In the first place, life is a fight for food, shelter, and clothing. No matter how high the price of food soars, we must struggle to pay the cost. No matter how high the cost of apparel goes, we must keep a degree of comfort and a decent appearance. No matter how far the landlord advances his rent, we must struggle to pay for shelter.

We must fight to get these things or die, and the average man does die fighting for them between 45 and 50 years of age.

You might truthfully write over the tombstones of four-fifths of the human race: "Died fighting for food, shelter, and clothing—in a world of plenty."

The fear that they will not get the necessities of life, and that their children will suffer for them, drives the restless spirits on.

It is this kind of a civilization that breeds an insane worship of money. That some men want more, after they have been assured a life of comfort, merely emphasizes the tragic baseness of this mad movement.

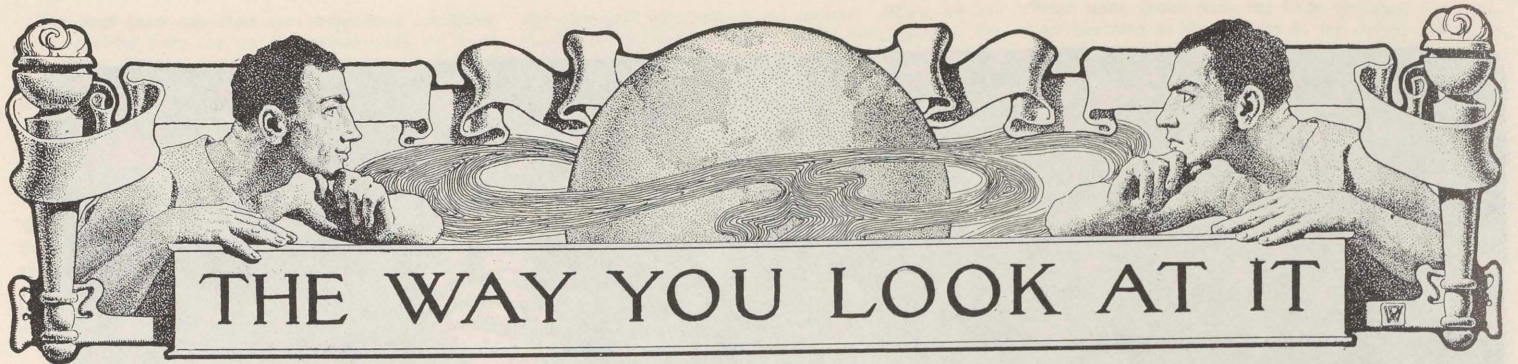
In a world that is running amuck, individuals cannot stop, even if they would, for back of it all is the original cause: FEAR.

A stampede of cattle carries all with it, even if one of the herd is ready to stop.

So, bend your back to the lash, cringe, crawl, prostitute yourselves mentally and physically, bribe, graft, do anything to get money. "Get it," says father to son; "marry for money," says mother to daughter.

Under the circumstances, how can the average individual worship any God—but Mammon?

ARTHUR YOUNG.



THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

FOX FILOSOFY

THERE was once a shrewd but respectable Fox who never did anything that the law forbade and who was so good that when Sunday came he seldom dropped less than a wishbone into the collection plate.

One morning when out on business the Fox spied a fat Rabbit bounding along through the pine woods. In a flash the Fox was after him and in spite of the victim's doublings and spurtings soon had the Rabbit between paws and teeth.

"Now, sir," said the Fox fiercely, "explain yourself. What were you doing in my yard? Eating my shrubs and plants as like as not?"

"Oh, no, kind sir," responded the Rabbit. "Truly all the green things that I eat I find for myself over on yonder hill a good mile away. If you look you will see that there is nothing about here to tempt my appetite."

"Then what were you doing?"

"Please, sir, I was practising running."

"And why were you practising running?"

"So that I might be better able to get away from those who would like to catch me."

"So," thundered the Fox, "you were practising to escape me, were you? You were planning to cheat me out of a meal for my poor little ones at home. You were trying to break up my family, were you, you immoral wretch!"

And having quite justified himself the good Fox brought his jaws together through the Rabbit's neck.

THE MERCHANT'S CONSCIENCE

WHEN one of our big cities was a little city there came to it a merchant who opened his store on the best corner of the Main Street.

At that time everybody in the place was simple of taste and habit and very careful about spending money. It was no use for the Merchant to load his windows with fancy goods; he drew no customers.

"The trouble is," said the Merchant, "that these people have no proper schools. They do not know that there is any way of life except the way they have always lived. We must have more schools. We must wake them up."

So he wrote a letter to the weekly newspaper and began to agitate for more schools and more town life. At once the ministers of the gospel lost their tempers.

"You are irreligious," they said to the Merchant. "You are driving these people from their simple lives to sinful lives. You are teaching them things that they have no right to learn. Ever since the beginning of this agitation of yours the town has grown and church attendance has fallen off."

But the Merchant only laughed, for the people as they grew civilized grew to want more and more things, and they bought them from him. The city grew and the Merchant's bank account grew. The more schools there were the more pennies tinkled into his cash registers. The more the people knew the more they wanted to know and the more they wanted to own.

Finally one day a number of the people put their heads together and said, "Let us consider this matter. Why do we continue making the Merchant richer and richer? We have learned so much in the schools and

so much from each other that we can manage his store quite as well as he can. Let us stop buying from him and establish a store of our own and buy from ourselves and use the profits for the common good."

When they carried this news to the Merchant he clenched his fists and screamed into the air. "Oh, sinful generation!" he cried. "Oh, presumptuous fools! Do you not know that what you are doing is wrong and unethical and a crime in the eyes of God? Do you not know that you are on the broad highway to Hell? In a word, do you not see that your proposal is hopelessly and condemnably irreligious?"

THE STONE AGE

TWO men saw that a certain stone in the road impeded traffic and that it was a manifest duty to clear it out of the way at once.

"This great boulder must be moved," said the first, "that is clear. Let us work side by side in this noble task whose accomplishment is to bless coming generations."

The second clasped his hands ecstatically. "O happy day! O thrice delectable hour! For years I have been seeking a helper in my gigantic task of tidying up this road. Comrade, I greet you. Together we will lever this stone out of the rut."

"Lever it! Lever it!" repeated the first gently, though apparently with some surprise. "Why, you Poor Ignorant Fool! You Mollycoddle of an Old Woman! You Dull, Stupid Kowtowel to Custom! I shan't lay a hand to the job unless we use dynamite."

"Indeed!" commented the second, a note of displeasure evident in his voice. "Indeed, you Unmitigated Jackass and Agent Provocateur! You Flat-Headed Thug of an Informer! You—with you Corrupt Maggot-ridden Brain! You—for Sale Body and Soul to the Highest Bidder!"

"Yah, White-livered Spy," returned the first. "Yah, Labor Fakir! Blood-stained, Fawning Hound! Despicable Lick-spittle! Blackhearted Traitor! Everlasting Disgrace to our Glorious Movement!"

The second drew a long breath and began:

"You Miserable, Contemptible, Paretic—"

The stone is still there.

THE COALITION

A NUMBER of worthy people whom it would do no good to name once owned a slave and from morning to night they were in a great stew about him.

"He must plow this furrow," said one, "and when he has done that he must do the next. And you must not pay him a cent."

"Not at all," said the other; "that is not rational treatment, and above all a slave must have rational treatment. He must plow the furrow, but he must be paid some money at the end of the furrow. At night we can slip on masks and take the money away from him, but I insist that he be paid."

"What does this talk all mean?" demanded a third. "First of all he is my slave and a title of all he does must be done for me. Moreover, between each furrow he must come to me and hear me tell him what a good time he is going to have in Heaven."

"Time wasted—time wasted," said a fourth. "He has no business bothering with heaven. I will attend to all that for him because he could not understand these matters even if they were explained. Tell him to get about his business. When he is worn out we will find another one."

"Stop," said a fifth, "he must rest between each furrow—otherwise he will waste strength. He is not doing this thing efficiently."

"He must stop—true enough," said a sixth, "not because he is inefficient, but because he is tired and something inside tells me it is my duty as a humanitarian to instruct him in the method of a self-given scientific massage."

They were so lost in their squabble that they did not see a newcomer running toward them.

"What is this?" said the first fretfully. "Some other owner, I suppose, who wants a finger in the pie. Well, sir, and what do you wish the slave to do?"

The newcomer frowned. "I will let him find that out for himself after I get him free."

"You wish to free the slave?"

"That is why I am here."

The masters moved closer to each other.

"After all," they murmured, "our differences are trifling. We must stand together until this wicked newcomer has been disposed of."

PERMANENT LODGER

THOUGH the Great Man has been most tearfully reviled during life, as soon as he was dead no one could say kind enough things of him. In fact, feeling ran so strong that before six months had elapsed a committee had been chosen to care for the great sum of money subscribed to buy him a memorial.

"And now," said the Chairman, "the question is what sort of a memorial shall we select?"

"Why not hire a factory inspector who shall see that no children are employed in the factories of the state? You remember that was one of the Great Man's hobbies."

"Tut! Tut!" growled the Prominent Manufacturer as he nervously twiddled his watch-chain. "We mustn't stoop to anything so undignified as that."

"Then let us use the cash to prosecute loan sharks. They were a pet abhorrence of the Great Man."

"Tut! Tut!" said the Conspicuous Capitalist whose fortune came no one knew whence. "I'm sure he wouldn't like such notoriety."

"Well, what do you say to spending the entire sum in getting out a cheap edition of his writings? Think of the millions we might reach. Surely the Great Man himself could not have thought of a better way of using the fund."

The parson shook his head. "Tut! Tut! What the Great Man wrote is all well enough for intelligent folk like us, but it mustn't be spread to the Common People. It would turn their heads. What is better, now, than a good old-fashioned monument?"

So they built an ugly and terrible monument in the market-place, covered it with symbolic figures, and sealed the ashes of the Great Man in its base.

Yet they say, "You can't keep a good man down," snickered the Prominent Manufacturer.

"Quite right," said the Conspicuous Capitalist, "but if we can keep him down for another hundred years I'll be satisfied."



ALICE-BEACH-WINTER

"Quit cher bellerin'! Look what I gotta carry! Look what we all gotta carry!"

RELIGION FOR OUR TIME

By RUFUS W. WEEKS

THE one great outstanding condition of the world to-day is a condition which has existed throughout history, but has never been taken to heart until this century. This is the monstrous anti-biologic indifference of society to the opportunities for welfare of the individuals who make up society, and the resulting failure of the race to give a fair chance for life, in the full sense of the term life, to its own members.

In this century society is at last waking up to the monstrousness of this indifference and failure, and doubtless the next two generations will see the complete awakening and the transformation that will result. There will be a new basis established for economics, for law, and for customs; a new world will begin—a world in which every child living will enter upon full opportunity for abounding welfare.

In that new world a new and glorious religion will arise. At present, however, we have nothing to do with this ultimate religion; the only religion we

have a right to now is a fighting religion: a religion whose soul is revolt against the inhuman indifference of society, and a fiery resolve to overthrow the present inhuman system and to install a truly social system.

In divining the shape which this fighting religion is to take, we have to take into account two facts. First, then, it fortunately happens that nearly all people in civilized countries have a religious feeling towards Jesus, ranging among different persons and different classes, through the various grades of respect, admiration, reverence, devotion, adoration. Secondly, it fortunately happens that this Jesus was a revolter against the inhuman indifference of society, and sounded the first trumpet for the rescue of the world from the Money Power.

It therefore seems likely that the fighting social religion will center about the person of Jesus: that we who are to be animated by that religion will have Jesus for our supreme inspiring model, our expres-

sion of God in the human, our God; for these three terms are pragmatically equivalent.

It will, no doubt, happen that many of the intellectually proud will not be able to accept this simple faith, will not be able to join in the newly sensed chant—

"The Son of God goes forth to war—

* * * * *

His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?"

These proud slaves of the intellect, hampered by the arid conceptions of Latin theism, cannot feel God, they can only syllogize about him. Such will have no hand in determining the substance or the form of the fighting religion. The substance will be determined by the working masses, who care nothing for fine distinctions and definitions, but who follow where their deepest feeling leads them.



"Yes, I know they are copying the pictures, but when the new ones are done, what do they do with the old ones?"

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Drawn by Maurice Becker.

CAN'T YOU WAIT 'TIL CHRISTMAS?"