Note regarding this scan of December 1912 New Masses:

Tamiment Library some years ago digitally imaged (using a medium format high resolution digital camera and massive copy stand and vacuum page holder... at 400 dpi for the large size issues) its near complete collection of The Masses, Jan 1911 through Nov-Dec 1917. We present the output of this project, uniquely at its full 400 pdi resolution on Marxists.org. Everywhere else these scans are presented, a watered-down 200 dpi set of images is provided.

However, it appears Tamiment Library's copy of the first Max Eastman as editor issue, this issue, December 1912, was severely damaged and/or missing many of its pages. For of the 79 issues of The Masses, Tamiment Library ONLY FOR THIS ONE they scanned most of the pages NOT from an original issue, but from a Kraus reprint of The Masses published in 1980.

Years later, it appears that the Modernist Journals Project, which had originally gotten its scans from Tamiment Library, managed to update their scan of the Dec 1912 issue, with scans from an original issue, at least for the color-employing front and back covers. They present them at 200 dpi. Their rendition of the center art remains, unfortunately, just as execrable and ugly as that by Tamiment Library (may be the same scans), with the brilliant two page wide Art Young cartoon lampooning capitalist control over the press [the first of The Masses later famous two page wide cartoons] presented as two separate pages, with the center area partly missing and partly grossly distorted because the incompetent doing the scanning failed to flatten the pages.

This scan consists mostly of pages I scanned from the Krause reprint. The pages in Kraus reprint are about 75% of the size of the actual original pages as printed in the original issues of The Masses. HOWEVER:

(1) I also include the 200 dpi resolution color images provided by the Modernist Journals Project for the front (cover and inside cover) page (in addition to higher resolution scans of the black and white Kraus reprint front cover). These reveal the use of red ink.

(2) The scan of the center art is a gift from the Art Young museum, and is of the original artwork Art Young submitted for the center cartoon in the Dec 1912 "The Masses". It is, with all due modesty, immaculate and beautiful. THIS is how this image is properly presented.

(3) I scanned the Kraus reprint's pages at 1200 dpi, in single bit BW and/or high contrast gray scale modes. Not the 400 dpi 24 bit color used by Tamiment Library or the 200 dpi 24 bit color provided by the Modernist Journals page. Thus the white paper is rendered AS white, not sickly yellow, and providing better resolution.

(4) The Kraus reprint was missing the back cover of this issue. Tamiment Library had provided images of that back cover, so I used as the last two pages of this scan the two pages of the back cover provided in Tamiment Library's scans.

Martin H. Goodman MD
Director, Riazanov Library digital archive projects
November 22, 2021 San Pablo, California
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.
A

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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 $2,000.00, the same as the cost. Our present circulation, therefore, just pays the cost of the magazine.

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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.
HIS COUNTRY'S FLAG
HIS COUNTRY'S FLAG
KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

By MAX EASTMAN

Illustrations By JOHN SLOAN

the courts or the officers of law in Massachusetts. That was made clear by the congressional investigation of last winter. It is made clear 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 Ettor and Giovanniitti, 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 swagged 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 Ettor and Giovanniitti—along with a thousand others on both sides of that struggle—voiced their antagonism at times in physical 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 drawers 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.
KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

By MAX EASTMAN

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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 underwear in mid-winter. That is Capitalist Production. The way up is a struggle.

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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 retainer 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 Ettor and Giovannitti, and they have been locked up for eight months without trial, although their original indictment was cursory and ill-founded.

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THE MASSES
DECEMBER, 1912
VOL. IV.
NO. 11.
MAX EASTMAN, Editor
CHAS. A. WINTER, Art Editor
THE MASSES PUBLISHING CO., 150 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK

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 subject class.

T
Our pleasure in the incarceration of the Mayor of Schenectady is probably more personal than political. We are not so much interested in the document which he was reading. Our interest is rather in the Mayor himself, that the experiment treat him good. The Mayor is running for Congress and has a decided chance of winning, 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.

ANONYMOUS who doubted that American politics is essentially unhealthy might have a change of heart at last, for the American Woodrow Wilson's play to the grandstand when his cast in a bullet. All his campaign campaigns canceled, because he would not stay in art in the field against those who would be a disables, a disabled player. Everyone expects that the American football tradition will be vindicated by our son of the Orange to the consideration of history, as worthy to stand only second to those who have gone on 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 sportman. The other candidates are not such good sportmen, but they are gentlemen in the same game. So are their youthful campaign managers.

The whole context is set and run off in the spirit of amity 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 con-

The President is 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 maintained their absolute regularity in the news columns of the press this fall.

We shall not predict the national champion for 1912—not because we have no interest in the game, but because we will not be surprised. The game of baseball is so deceptive. But all the fun will be found moving steadily closer into the central arena. A few more years of starvation, trials, murders, murder trials, labor injunctions, dynamite
crimes, free speech fights—few more years, and this tumult upon the field of battle will subside; the field which has been so long devoted to recreation, and those who are still left on the bleachers will see a political conflict which is worth the same admission.

We ask our readers to remember that with a popular reform party in the field, and benevolent onlookers blowing in from every corner, each vote is a 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.

AD 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—and 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—made two weeks of these things, and all they 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 catarrh, dances a political contest among a handful of wealthy sporting gentle-

THE MASSES

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 assisted, it is clear that no such trouble would arise, and the technique of the grater would be infinitely more valuable. We don't know that there are any limits to the things that can be done with various organs, and pieces of organs, in this direct action. We believe that they will 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 physiologist. 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 will. 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 in deed 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 scien-
tific in these days 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 vital ignorance of one science, you go to someone in another field who is in another vacation 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 with a diet 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 con-

demned 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 ad-

vantage of whatever extent, consistent with its own safety, it can. The vivisection of condemned criminals was practised, and subsequently abandoned, by the Al-

abre, and the backwash of Dr. Carrel's training in general science be measured by the lapse of the intervening years. A
FOOLISH FEMALE FASHIONS

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 "elman friens" how to vote, and they go right and vote that way. This being the case, in normal 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 pulpist bursts forth a storm of rage and ridicule, to which the women pay no more attention than a mountain heed a sneeze. Not only is public opinion strongly denunciatory but private also. Fathers, husbands, brothers, and "elman friens" exclaim: "Good Lord A’mrightly! Where did you get that thing?"

"Why? Don’t you like it?"

"Like it? No, I don’t!" 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 braces it out. Some parson gets up in church and preaches at her a sermon that is one long commotion 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 clumsey, awkward, unwolesale 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 cold she often catches,
Oh, how she needs 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

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "The Big Change"

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 $35-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 dwe-dobs that will catch on the stove lid litter, 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 quells and calls it a day, having done its work 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 characteristics of woman’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 be-persson, 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 to have his breathing impeded, anything that constricts his ribs is simple torture; a woman takes delight in bowling 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 slowly 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 carcocks.

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 springs-heeled shoes, short skirts, easy underdrawers, 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 saw-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 capitalistic 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 squeezer.

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 tricot on the scene. 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 scurvy or tuberculosis or any other disease of the Stone Age? No! He’s too big a man for that.

And when he sells rotten rifles to the government in time of war does he find himself sitting in the dock with the other delinquents and criminals? Not for you! He’s too good a man—too rich a man—too powerful a man; he can’t be brought to heel. He sells his rifles, and away he goes with the profit.

Are you a millionaire?

Then it’s because you aren’t smart enough in the first place.
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 knocking even asking for a tip. I was astounded, as was that first time this had ever happened to me in all Europe. After I had been shown to a large 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 14,655 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 stepped into a well-decorated apartment, containing three large tables and about one hundred chairs, "just a place for a session of theSocial Democratic cabinet. I am using it now in our party conferences.

One of his remarks that made an impression on me was, while we were walking through the hall, where members of the Reichstag were drinking wine and beer and chatting merrily. He was explaining some of the legacies of 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.

"Before entering the session room he pointed to a book on a desk and turning to his name said: "You see, here's where our earn wages. We get 300 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. Do you Americans do it?" he asked me. I explained that our Congressmen had raised their salaries to $7,000 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 nothing but old-time trappings except a large silk flag which was presented to the Emperor of Germany by patriotic German Americans in grateful remembrance of their early days in the fatherland.
SATIRE
By THOMAS SELTZER

THE ancient lady has fallen into disrepute in the United States. Our writers and artists no long-er seek her intimate acquaintance, the editors of our magazines no longer cultivate her. You see, Dame Satire has never been a fastidious gentlewoman. Han-ting 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 petty sights, but with causes and principles, what our advertising magazines would be, were their editors to allow Satire to come and go as they 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 Mephistophelean song to our sham political reformers, and contrast it with the droll of a latter-day Armageddon poet. Imagine the free, untrammeled work of those master satirists giv-ing our newspapers and magazines. What literary and artistic feats they would offer! What glorious light they would shed! But also what blanks they would make in place of advertisements, pure, chase 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 capitalism—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 hiding 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 Socialistic proletarian. See her keen eye, her contemptuous look, her scathing smile. There she stalks, the familiar figure, alert, robust, fearless, bold as of old, with as sharp a vision for the ills and wrongs of man-kind, but with this momentous difference: she is no longer a pessimist. While during her arrows at this ugly present, she foresees and forestells 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."

"Comes 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 it all wrong. You are keen enough to see that the high cost of living is one of the most im-portant 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 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, of course, 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 not the rotters, either—the pennymen and studio hacks—but the professionals who are sometimes heard of you people and, dear me, how they suffer. Our fellows are in the better clothes and exhibitions, yet they turn around and contribute their choicest mate-rial 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—pa’dé foigz, bah Jove, to the horn-eyed 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 clowns—the fair Cornithian of aristocracy, as the poet said—is be-ing 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 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 fawny they were a reinforcement of no small 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. To- day 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 quite it’s time for better clowns to take over and let the old know any place on earth to go where you don’t find work-ing clowns blighters and Socialists, what?

A FABLE

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

ONCE upon a time, a company of Pioneers, dis-susted 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 plenty 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 very small.

What shall we do to protect them? every-body asked. For they were afraid of Competition-from-Without. The Law-Makers considered the ques-tion gravely and finally decided to build a high 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. They be-came so gigantic that it was foolish to call them Infant Industries—so they changed that name to "The Xistile Trusts." No longer weak and too wax strong, and finally they began to terrorize the New Country. The people clamored to the Law-Makers to take down the wall, but for this time they preferred Competition-from-Without to the Trusts. But the Trusts had already made peace with the Law-Makers by which, if the latter would con-tinue 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, devas-tating everything. Soon the Virgin Country was re-tumed, condition as enfeebled as any of her neigh-bors. But the Law-Makers continued to maintain the Tariff-Wall; the Trusts continued to reward them; the High-Cost-of-Living raged, uncheck"ed. ‘Fine!’ said the Trusts, ‘this graft will go on for-ever!’ ‘Great!’ said the Law-Makers, ‘we can’t lose, but we’ll be rich.’

But they were mistaken. After the High-Cost-of-Living had waged unhindered for several years, the nation got tired of it all and, don’t you know, the New Country was as empty as when the Pioneers discovered it—only now exploited, ruined, and laid waste.
THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS
Hearness, a great and powerful goddess. She is supposed to sit smilingly by the hearth propped on her knees, while at her feet play little children; this is the face that is worshipped open-eyed, but not the face, that she is an angry goddess. 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 prostratory.

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 peculiar structure of my summer boarding-place I could hear all that went on at the other side of the partition. Strange places, 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 come"—

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 difficult to cross-species 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 offer the room a sea of smoke. She had surprisingly retained the air which the power of youth gives.

A pretty little woman next her, who was flanked by three children and a young and bachelor-appearing husband, had given up this sovereignty, and I was enabled, 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 appearance by looking too, had come up to the deacon father of the family and the husband of Birdie, and asked in a hushed and fervite voice:

"Want to go down to the alley?"

"Sure," replied the father of the hearty heart, and "All right," assented the man in gray eagerly, yet with a touch of weakness in his tone. He hustled for male company, it was evident. He turned to his wife in a slyly 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, "that the front end of the plaza—a firm voice and a determined one:

"Howward, 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, a voice behind said that alley had given me the clue. That alley, which I knew as a harmless, noisy spot, where parties of girls and young men merrily went to, was in some subtle way an enemy to the most 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, hurried for my vacation; with some twenty other people—to ask me even why it itself existed. The bliss of joy had flown with the men. One could see the weary expressions on the faces of the reticent women sitters and of the solitary women sitters 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 ghastliness reared the noise: the heart of a locality of little girls and boys crammed running down the smooth way their dull impact with the pins, the pin-boys' cries, the little click of the pins' going in, the jingle of the pole falling, the rustling of the skirts of all the men, made one feel that the hottest 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 beauty! Ask Ed Wenner—he'll tell you, Ed doesn't lie. Ask anybody that knows her. No, she ain't out o' here, but she's known 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 irrelavence, "does your wife ever cry in the night?"

In his tone I perceived whence Birdie's air of youth. She had the most fearsome of all weapons— tears—at her command. And she used it unsurprisingly by which she obtained devotion from her conquered lord.

Mr. Bergstetter gave a bark like a dog.

"Cry?" he said, "Her? Now, why, she never cries!"

"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 than 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 sirens; 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 thing like golf or tennis, but in reality, it is the passion of an insatiable wish which has just slipped into the honest breast of Stetson; it was germinating in the bosom of Mr. Bergstetter, in Mr. 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. He could be content with the unexplained and contemporary, and why not? Why should he not gain the depth in him that they did in these men who tried to fight down a passion which obviously had to part in their signal, and was the self-respect of the domestic peace.

"If you try my boat," continued Captain Holland, "I wouldn't sayin' these words about it—I wouldn't be trying to sell anybody a boat, no, sir! Something might happen to some young men messin' up that kind of vessel, 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 lookin' at, I'll say she's all right."
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 civilized compromise of domesticity.

We bought the Elsinore on the strength of a sail we had in her, without ever seeing her bottom; made drinks, as the people who have been before us, with that untrustworthy and visionary idea that in her we could anywhere we chose.

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 bewildering 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 I could hear the false gaiety in his voice at the first note—"I got a boat for you, Birdie." "Have you?" she gave back in a lack-lustre tone. "Why, Birdie, don't be glut. Wait 'til 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 drowns 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 were going around with that man!" Her voice broke on the last word. "He looks fast to me—what's he looks, Peter!"

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

"Well, he's not prettily urgent. He's lonely, poor thing. Lots of fellows, 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 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 Bergsetter 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 behaved—I want you to go away! I want to cry by myself—and send me Mrs. Bergsetter. I don't want a man around! I was an hoyden—I was another woman when I was married!"

By evening I, the afterthought, you might say, of the Elsinore combination—nothing in the world but a little at a sagacious, the whole business—getting icy bows from all three ladies. I was blushed unanimously for the simultaneous breaking up of three homes. What could I have done 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 brownish stuck into it, the Elsinore had sung the song of adventure that is more potent than the song of the siren. I have occasioned seeing fantastic grapes break up the clear air, 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 unanswerable 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 Bergsetter knew, and Raymond and I knew that Elsinore wasn'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 of 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, "have hasn't 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 aflame, Bergsetter 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."

"Poooh!" Raymond tried to console himself with.

"Shell swell up!"

Now, a leaky boat isn't a thing for a man to be stock with; it's like buying a horse that is spavin and has the heaves; it's like purchasing a house with a doubtful foundation, a house where the walls and chimney are never going to stand firm. We had an old motor-boat 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-tapping calling into her seams like an aged woodpecker, the shameful fact was potent to us all that the sort of a boat we had bought. It was for such a craft that I was treated like a villain 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. Bergsetter 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, roaring ways of man. The Elsinore was. If I have shown you to look at it, the entering wedge to break down the discipline of the lone; she was the gunwale thrown down before the mighty sisterhood of immolated wives. It was things like the Elsinore that caused heart-throes 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 after dark; I was the reason why they strayed from their homes at night; I was that thing that to the wives of young husbands 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; for me three husbands would have been where they should have been, and I was as anxious as these recalculating husbands were anxious that their ladies should not cry out the vulgar but expressive word 'sternish.'

We pumped her out the last minute before we started; it was with a sinking heart, I know, that we saw the water rise, and as the deck was wet, and the ladies (those who didn't love her said she had a way of squatting her pigeon breast into every little wave instead of on it). Mrs. Stetson looked with tearful eyes at her husband and said:

"I'm going to lie down on one of the seats downstairs. She'll be on the railing on the lower deck and makes me faint," while Mrs. Bergsetter held gravely to the top rail of the stern 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 up high and sometimes low down—high up I am now I feel just as nervous."

"Come about!" ordered Stetson in a low voice to Raymond. "Come about!" The entropy in his voice was not to be disregarded.

Mrs. Bergsetter, taking hold of whatever form object she had in her hand and looked down into the cabin. She saw the little incriminating wet feet on the cabin floor. We were found out. The worst had happened.

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.

The details of hauling her up and recalling her, the awful affair of the new rudder-post; all the things that men who could ill afford it end up in our pockets, dampened our ardor toward our boat. Bergsetter, who had an ill-tempered nature, went so far as to call her a "damned old catamaran."

Stetson, meanwhile, had the worst of it. Frequentlly 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."

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The little piece of freedom that my friends who 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'fearin' her much this year? Pa'ded any o' her hullards?"

Still, in the eyes of Bergsetter and Stetson, no matter what happened—anyway it wasn't domesticity! Nor did Stetson's ecstatic devotion fail or falter one moment until the second time the Elsinore went adrift. Then we discussed what we should do next, to keep her from leaking, and whether she was probably leaking now, he allowed modestly that he'd be dog-gone if he cared. Somehow it summed up our own feelings. We all fell dog-gone. For the moment we were tried out, poor, torn more than any one else, as the storm after the rain Birdie sobbed nights. She sobbed over everything. A fat and unwieldy Udine, weeping herself to death. It was what she was in those ways.
THE TWO FACED
A Story by
Mary Heaton Vorse

exacting of all goddesses, Domesticity. Like clubs, like masculine games of cards, like the unsuitings 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 in the age of the machine.

Presently I, too, a lone mare, strolled alleyway.

The boarding-place had begun to ask me questions as though I were there, hired for my own use with some twenty other people—to ask me even why it itself existed.

The birch of joy had flown with the men.

The pretty mother of three constructed rompers in solitude beneath the electric light. The thin lady with puffas, Bergstetter's lady, regarded Birdie with audacious irritation.

At the down-at-the-heels alleyway, where girls giggled, where pin-bows chewed gum, an atmosphere of genially scored; the noise of the heavy wooden balls rumbling down the smooth way till their dull impact with the pins, the pin-bows' 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 flowered nearer this humble spot of diversion than in the arid and monstrous spaces of the boarding-place.

My three friends—I call them so unwillingly at this stage—while awaiting 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 beauty! Ask Ed Wenner—he'll tell you, on Ed don't lie. Ask anybody that knows her. No, she ain't out o' here, but she's known here just as well as if she was out o' here."

"I'll be easy as a turtle, 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 an air of youth. She had the most fearsome of all weapons—traps of her own making, 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.

"Oh, I see how you come in at all," I'd rather see a woman cry," said Mr. Bergstetter with bitter frankness, "than a hell of a sight of other fellows."

"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 sirens; that note which once sounding in the ears of man continues to sound, cost what it may. It is a curious passion, this. It was thus to me also. Stetson's voice came in at all."

"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 has been in water, unless she's been 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 dominates us, as it has all men in the past and will all men in the future.
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 Elinoire.

"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 plugged up with seaweed and one thing and another," said Raymond, with bitter sarcasm. He cared for boats, and the Elinoire'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-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?" she asked the lady, dryly.

"It's that boat! It's that awful, awful boat!" wept Birdie. "It's changed Pe-e-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 frivolous youth seemed dimmer. She looked at Peter aslant, 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 pug. His shoulders squared themselves. Before our eyes we could see the power of the dread and two-faced divinity lessens like the flame of an oilless lamp.

Stetson had been born 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—I—" he might have been speaking of the dishes being washed. When I appeared below Mr. Stetson sat reading a paper with tranquility. 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-gonnéd 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!"

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**THE POETRY OF EARTH**

By LOUIS UNTERMETER

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!

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**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 wain 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.
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 thelash, 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.
FOX PHILOSOPHY

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 whiskbone into the collection plate.

One morning 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 victor's doughty and spirited run had the rabbit between paws and teeth.

"Wow, sir," said the fox fiercely, "explain yourself. What were you doing in my yard? Eating my shrubs and plants as if they were nothing?"

"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 at the 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 irreverent," 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 our store quite as well as he can. Let us stop buying from him and establish a store of our own and buy from our selves 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 gentleman!" 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 condemnedly irreconcilable?"

THE STONE AGE

Two men saw that a certain stone in the road impeded traffic and that it was a manifest and obvious hindrance to going 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 tugging up this road. Comrade, I greet you. Together we will lever this stone out of the very road."

"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 Kowtower 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. "If you Unmitigated Jackass and Actor Provocateur! You Flat-Headed Thug of an Informer! You—with you Correct Maggot-ridden Brain! You—for Safe Body and Soul to the Highest Bidder?"


The second drew a long breath and began:

"You Miserable, Contemptible, Paretic—"

"The stone is still there.

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. I'll 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—stop 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 squeals that they did not see a newcomer running toward them.

"What is this?" said the first fearfully. "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 tardily reviled during life, as soon as he was dead no one could say kind enough things of him. In fact, in the thousands 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 on 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公认 shock 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. "Oh, right," said the Conspicuous Capitalist, "but if we can keep him down for another hundred years I'll be satisfied."
THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT
"Quit cher bellerin'! Look what I gotta carry! Look what we all gotta carry!"
"Quit cher bellein'! 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 revoler 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 expression 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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