The Unemployed

A STORY BY JAMES HOPPER IN THIS NUMBER
LITERATURE

EUGENE WOOD
JOHN REED
INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE
ELLIS O. JONES
MAX EASTMAN
HORATIO WINSLOW
THOMAS SELTZER
MARY HEATON VORSE
JOSEPH O'BRIEN
LOUIS UntERMeyer
LERoy SCOTT
B. RUSSELL Hertz
WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING

WANTED!

A man with some experience, business ability and active enthusiasm, to come into The Masses Publishing Company as a circulation manager. A small salary, a large commission, and a BIG CHANCE FOR THE FUTURE are waiting for the right man.

ART

JOHN SLOAN
ARThUR YOUNG
ALICE BEACH WINTER
ALEXANDER POpINI
H. J. TURNER
CHARLES A. WINTER
MAURICE BECKER
WILLIAM WASHBURN NUTTING

NOTICE

Subscription cards offering The Masses one year for 25 cents were issued some time before the re-organization of the magazine. These cards will be honored by the present management until March 15, 1919, if duly signed. After that date the magazine will be mailed FOR THREE MONTHS ONLY to those who send us 25 cents, whether with or without such a card.

WHAT DEBS SAYS:

THE MASSES has taken on new life and appears under the auspices of a new combination of social revolutionists which insures its future success. The current number of The Masses abound with vital matter from the visele pens of some of the ablest writers in the movement. It is filled with first-class stuff from cover to cover. The clear cry of the revolution rings all through its pages, and the illustrations are such as could be produced only by artists animated by the militant spirit of Socialism. The Masses deserves the hearty support of all who believe in the overthrow of wage-slavery and in social regeneration through working class emancipation.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

WHAT RUSSELL SAYS:

I think The Masses is a wonderfully strong, able, handsome magazine. It could hardly be otherwise with the talent at its command. Everything it says and everything it pictures comes home sharply to the mind and conscience. I wish it prosperity and a great circulation, for it will strike heavy blows against Capitalism, the bane of the world.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.
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EUGENE V. DEBS.

A FREE MAGAZINE

THIS MAGAZINE IS OWNED AND PUBLISHED CO-OOPERATIVELY BY ITS EDITORS. IT HAS NO DIVIDENDS TO PAY, AND NOBODY IS TRYING TO MAKE MONEY OUT OF IT. A REVOLUTIONARY AND NOT A REFORM MAGAZINE; A MAGAZINE WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR AND NO RESPECT FOR THE RESPECTABLE; FRANK, ARROGANT, IMPERTINENT, SEARCHING FOR THE TRUE CAUSES; A MAGAZINE DIRECTED AGAINST RIGIDITY AND DOGMA WHEREVER IT IS FOUND; PRINTING WHAT IS TOO NAKED OR TRUE FOR A MONEY-MAKING PRESS; A MAGAZINE WHOSE FINAL POLICY IS TO DO AS IT PLEASURES AND CONSOLIDATE NOBODY, NOT EVEN ITS READERS—THERE IS A FIELD FOR THIS PUBLICATION IN AMERICA.

HELP US TO FIND IT. SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS WITH ONE DOLLAR FOR AN ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION. PASS US ALONG TO YOUR FRIENDS. TALK ABOUT US. PRAISE US. CRITICISE US. DEMONstrate US PUBLICLY. WE MUST HAVE A LITTLE CONSIDERATION.

WHAT RUSSELL SAYS:

I think The Masses is a wonderfully strong, able, handsome magazine. It could hardly be otherwise with the talent at its command. Everything it says and everything it pictures comes home sharply to the mind and conscience. I wish it prosperity and a great circulation, for it will strike heavy blows against Capitalism, the bane of the world.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.
YOU see in this picture one incident of the great fight for life and liberty that inaugurates the year 1913 in New York. About 200,000 workers in the needle trades have come down from their shops and entered upon that self-starvation which is their only weapon against industrial tyranny. And this incident is not only true, but it is perfectly typical of their situation.

The moment they join together—as the oppressed of all times and all nations have joined together to the glory of Man—to resist that power which is depriving them of youth, of liberty, and the very spirit of life, they find the organized force of our government arrayed against them. They see it the moment they come out of the door of their shop. They see it in the broad back of a policeman summoned there by their employer, and dispatched immediately to his call.

The next morning they see it in the form of an "Injunction Against Picketing" pasted upon the stone at the door—a declaration upon the part of a Supreme Court Judge that these people cannot walk up and down the street in front of their working places, with their arms in their coat-sleeves, warning other working people not to betray them in their fight by going into those shops.

And underneath this injunction they see printed in large letters, that must burn the satire of our political democracy into their hearts, the words:

"THIS PROTECTS ALL WORKERS."

But they are intelligent, as well as resolute and brave, these workers, and they know enough to break the law and break it in large numbers. If they did not know enough to break the law, they would lose their strike in two weeks, as both their employers and this Monev-judge Greenbaum verily hope and expect they will.

But whether they break the law or not, they are dragged by the hundreds into the police courts, and there again they see our government in all its petty dignity and all its massive power, lined up against them. It seems they have disregarded that injunction in too great numbers to be conveniently arraigned for contempt of court. But they are convicted continually of such crimes as rioting, resisting an officer, assaulting a scab. They are convicted, fined, sentenced upon the uncorroborated testimony of a policeman. They see, however, that even the pimps who hang around a strike like this and try to persuade the girls to a life of prostitution, even they, when by a rare chance they are brought into court, are never convicted upon the uncorroborated testimony of a policeman. In short, they find the whole machinery of government, in what we suppose to be a democratic country, for some unaccountable reason very uniformly employed to kill their spirit, and whip them back into their stalls.

Now that unaccountable reason is nothing but the natural, inevitable, and oftentimes unconscious working of money influence and money power. There is no democracy, no equality of opportunity, no fundamental justice to be had, where this power is given into the hands of a part of the community, and the other part deprived of it.

Moreover, there is no way to introduce democracy or equality, or justice into such a community, but through the winning of that power by those who are without it. It will not be given to them by those who hold it. Every dictate of experience and common sense, and every principle of economics, proves that it will not be given. The workers must fight for this power. They must fight on the field of industry, and on the field of politics. They must fight in conscious loyalty to their class.

Do you stand with them in this fight? That is the square-cornered question for you to answer to-day. Whether you are "charitably inclined," whether you are "interested in reform," whether you are "benevolent," "philanthropic," "progressive," interested in the "New Democracy" so-called—that question is only a straw in the wind. Those progressive reforms will be accomplished whether you are for them or not, because they are to the economic interest of all society, of owners as well as workers.

But the establishment of genuine democracy, the winning of the money power from the people who possess it all, by those who possess none of it, that is a critical and great issue. Whether you will take your stand in that struggle upon the side of the dispossessed or not, is the vital question of this day. By your answer you place yourself in the fighting march of the heroes of human liberty, or you place yourself with the pompous battalions of hereditary power against which they have always fought.

M. E.
"NOW YOU GIT OUT O' HERE, YOUNG LADY, OR YOU'LL LAND IN THE WORKHOUSE!"

"I AIN'T AFRAID OF THE WORKHOUSE—I'VE BEEN IN A WORKHOUSE EVER SINCE I STARTED TO WORK!"
"NOW YOU GIT OUT O' HERE, YOUNG LADY, OR YOU'LL LAND IN THE WORKHOUSE!"

"I AIN'T AFRAID OF THE WORKHOUSE—I'VE BEEN IN A WORKHOUSE EVER SINCE I STARTED TO WORK!"
THE "APPEAL TO MURDER"

EDTOR told the striking hotel workers to remem-
ber that they could create an atmosphere in the
hotels which would make the capitalists think it was
unsafe to eat food prepared by a non-union plant.
The New York papers repeated this—with a mali-
cious change of phrase—in order to justify a scare
headline and convey to their morbidity educated
readers the thrilling idea that a labor agitator had
advised "putting poison in the soup."

Did I say a malicious change of phrase? I
meant a criminal change of phrasing.

If there was ever a revolting exhibition of self-
righteous hypocrisy, it was that on the editorial
page of the New York World, entitled "EDITOR's Ap-
peal to Murder." There the editor quoted the words
that his own bred scandal-mongers had put into
EDITOR's mouth for the sake of a sensation—words
that he had printed, publicized, and circulated
to thousands of hotel workers who never heard
EDITOR or thewaiters' strike, and on the basis of
those words, for which he and the policies of his
paper are absolutely and wholly responsible, he had
the cold insolence to say that "should any weak-
minded waiter act on such advice, Joseph I. EDITOR
will at once become a prominent candidate for Sing
Sing, if not for the electric chair!"

If the prominent candidate for Sing Sing is the
man who first suggested that waiters put poison in
the soup, I believe that candidate for Sing Sing is
working on the New York World. But the man
who suggested it is not the right candidate. The right can-
didate is the man who hires him, and trains him, and
teaches him day by day to corrupt the words of
good men, and create scandals in peaceful families,
and turn swear words into murder, and pepper and salt
into poison. The prominent candidate for Sing Sing,
in case anything happens, is the man who first pub-
lished the suggestion, which EDITOR never made, that
the hotel workers should poison the patrons of their
hotels. And that man is not far from the other end
of the pen that wrote this editorial in the New York
World. If there is any genuine moral indignation in
the heart of this community, let it turn not against
the few fearless champions of human liberty, but
against the many who slander them and paint them
with dirt, in the name of respectability—the kept
newspaper editors of New York.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE New York Times is printing arguments in
favor of Child Labor. Read them. They are
good for your class consciousness.

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

ONE OF THE ISM-ISTS

YESTERDAY coming into the subway I was

greeted, or rather seized by, a large acquaint-
ance of mine—one of those facile and vivacious
sisters who make a quiet man feel like a corpse.
"Oh, Comrade Eastman," she exploded, "I'm so
glad to see you! I was just wanting to talk to a
party member!—"

"Are you a party member?" I said. "Then I can't
talk to you. I'm sorry. I don't talk to party mem-
bers. It isn't safe."

"Why? What's the matter? You're not a Syndi-
calist, are you?"

"Oh, no!—no! no! no!"

"Direct Actionist?"

"Oh, no!"

"Saborist?"

"Oh, my God!"

"Well, what are you then—a Laborist?—Indus-
trialist?—Anarchist?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"A Syndicalist, you know, is a Possibilist An-
archist, just as a Socialist is a Possibilist Utopist, but
a Syndicalist is a Possibilist Socialist. The truth
is, a Syndicalist is an Antisocialist, whereas a Social-
ist is a Statist and Political Actionist, only an Anti-
militarist and Pacifist. I'm a Collectivist Revis-
tionist myself. Now, it's a funny thing, but my
brother claims to be a Hervést, and says he's a
Possibilist Saborist, but at the same time an
Extremist Communist and Political Actionist. I don't
think that's a possible thing, do you?"

"I thought he was a Chiroprodist," I said.

"Well—that's what got to do with it? I'm talking
about what he believes in?"

"Oh, I see what you mean. He practices chirpody,
but he believes in political action?"

"I guess you're joking."

"I think so—a little."

"Well—I'm serious. I think things are getting
awfully complicated these days. Sometimes I feel as
if I just couldn't tell what I do believe in! I feel like
throwing over the whole business and going about
my work."

"Yes—that's a good idea," I said. "When you get
that idea carried out, I'd like to talk to you. I'm
sorry I must leave you now."

"Oh, are you going?"

"Yes—I'm a Get-offist. That is, I'm going to get
off at this station."

NAKED YET UNASHAMED!

A PROTEST has been recorded in this office
against our interpretation of that famous inci-
dent, the creation of man. Our depiction of the
eternal, maternal and paternal inheritors of the
kingdom, although it brings forward no objection
upon the ground of historic or ethnological accuracy,
had appeared to some of our readers untrue to those
ideal considerations which ought to invest the mind
in the contemplation of cosmological phenomena.
To put it in shorter words, Eve is too fat. And the
sensibilities of some of our readers are offended.

Now, although committed perhaps more unreserv-
edly to scientific accuracy than emotional sensi-
bility, we do also pride ourselves upon a certain per-
spicuity of feeling, and yet, strange to say, we are
quite out of accord with those who protest against
these scenes from the Garden. We find a certain
beauty of magnificence, even in the goodly and not
altogether spirituelle proportions of the First
Mother. We cannot discover at any point in her
career, as so far portrayed, the least manifestation
of what we might, for the lack of a more reliable
term, designate as coarse. Moreover, we have ques-
tioned some persons of sensitive perception who
agree with us. We have questioned others who
agree with those who protest.

This is perhaps an illuminating difference of opin-
on, and if we could learn its exact causes, they
might prove a genuine addition to the small store
of wisdom that the world possesses upon the matter
that these pictures touch upon. I suppose we should
find those causes in the past experience of the
persons who enjoy, and those who are repelled by,
the pictures. And I venture to propose this hypothesis:
that those who are able to enjoy the pictures are
distinguished by an experience which has taught
them to think of the human body as the reality of
man, and his garments as matter, for various and
somewhat equivocal reasons, superimposed upon it—
troublesome disguises that we wear;—as even the
poet of a Puritan paradise called them. On the other
hand, those who are repelled by the pictures, have
been taught by their experience to regard man, the
reality, as a thing rough to the touch—an article
essentially sewed together and constructed out of
cloth, but by the accidents of fortune occasionally
reduced to the pitiful extremity of revealing to the
air his woody core.

The reason we venture this hypothesis upon this
occasion, is that we find our pictures on the whole
acceptable to all the artists we know, whether men
or women, and whether more or less sensitive. And
it is a sad truth that artists are the only ones who
have as a class retained throughout the disaster of
general civilization a naive and pure reaction to the
naked realities of man. In short it is not in the por-
trayal of a somewhat ample ancestress clad in the
garments of her nativity, that any indignity or un-
worthiness resides, but the indignity and unworth-
iness reside in the mind that cannot behold such a
portrayal with simplicity and a childlike appreciation
of its humor.

In so far as an artist should appeal to and play
upon this unworthiness of the civilized mind, you
might justly condemn his pictures, and perhaps call
them coarse. But in so far as he naturally ignored
it, those who were unable to appreciate, would do
well to envy his superior equilibrium.

FREE SPEECH IN NEW YORK

The constitutional principle of free speech was
symbolically portrayed at a recent meeting of
the Intercollegiate Socialist Society in Carnegie
Hall. Frank Bohn, Max Hayes, Eitor, and Gio-
vannitti were the free speakers. The constitution
was represented by Harburger, the Sheriff of New
York County, and fifty special deputies, who took up
a line formation at the rear of the platform, where
they could outflank the speakers and close in on
them, if anything happened.

Just why these defenders of the constitution at-
tended that particular meeting was not given out,
but it is supposed they were afraid that, for some rea-
son, the rights of free speech were not going to be
maintained, and they wanted to make sure that these
labor agitators said all they had to say. At least,
there can be no doubt that the oratory was consider-
ably warmed up by their presence.

Frank Bohn led off in the true spirit of the con-
stitution by telling the deputies themselves exactly
what he thought, and practically all that he thought,
about them.

Giovannitti further reassured Mr. Harburger by
passing over to that defender of liberty the entire
manuscript of his speech on sabotage. It was his
first speech in the English language, and for that
reason he had intended to read it, but he confessed
that he felt so much stimulated by the presence of
these representatives of free American institutions
that he thought he could get off a few extemporane-
ous observations in almost any language that was
strong enough.

There were many lovers of liberty in the audi-
cence, and they appreciated to the full this pub-
lie manifestation of the free speech principle as
it exists to-day in New York. We are glad to offer
them a few happy memories of the occasion, preserved
by one who knows how to see with a pen.

THE FRONTIER OF THE
REPUBLIC

COLOSSUS NAGEL (at the Port of New York):
"What's yer name, there?"
"Garibaldi, your honor."

THE SHERIFF READING
GIOVANNITI'S SPEECH

"Where's your character?"
"I haven't any, sir. I had a little disagreement
with a royal family."
"Moral Turpitude! Go back where you came from.
We've no place for you in this republic!—What's
your name over there?"
"Bridget Malone, if you please, sir."
"Where's your character?"
"Here it is, sir. I was cook for sixteen years in
the house of a Rothschild, niver ast fer a raise,
an'—"
"Come in! Come in! We were expectin' you!"

PROFESSIONAL AMATEURS

IJ S Jim Thorpe, the greatest athlete of modern his-
tory, going to be deprived of his Olympic medals
for "professionalism" without any publication in the
wide world telling the truth about this fetish, ama-
teur sport? No, he is not.

The truth divides itself into two halves. First,
the basic reason for the worship of amateurism is that
it implies leisure, and leisure implies wealth. A poor
man can't be an amateur athlete; an amateur athlete
therefore is a "gentleman." Amateur sport is wor-
shipped for exactly the same reason that a high hat;
or a classical education, or a monocle, or a hobble
skirt is worshipped, namely, that a person who has to
work for a living can't afford to bother with it. It is
an evidence of money.

That is the first half of the truth. The second half
is this: that as a matter of fact money does not turn
out good athletes. A "gentleman" generally has a
glass arm. And therefore, if you really want to run
off a good contest, you have to bring in the people
who can't afford to be amateurs. And this is exactly
what you do. It is what every big athletic association
in the world does, only it doesn't say so.

Professional athletes are paid on the quiet, or by
some subterfuge which enables them to sign up a
statement that they never received money for a con-
test. This is a regular thing, and every sporting
man knows it. Any one of the men who ran off the
Olympic Games would put up his fortune on a bet that
50 per cent. of the contestants were professionals.

And yet here is that simple-hearted Indian com-
pelled to write a humble letter like this to these
excessively moral gentlemen:
"I hope I will be partly excused by the fact that I
was simply an Indian schoolboy. . . . I was not
very wise to the ways of the world. . . . In fact,
I did not know that I was doing wrong because I was
doing exactly what I knew several other college men
had done except that they did not use their own
names."

If that letter does not make the professional fakers
that preside over this gold-bellied idol of amateurism
side of their own faces, they are beyond shame. They
will just have to die off with the rest of the trumpery
that attends a regime of money aristocracy.
FREE SPEECH IN NEW YORK

THE constitutional principle of free speech was symbolically portrayed at a recent meeting of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society in Carnegie Hall. Frank Bohn, Max Hayes, Ettor, and Giovannitti were the free speakers. The constitution was represented by Harburger, the Sheriff of New York County, and fifty special deputies, who took up a line formation at the rear of the platform, where they could outflank the speakers and close in on them, if anything happened.

Just why these defenders of the constitution attended that particular meeting was not given out, but it is supposed they were afraid that, for some reason, the rights of free speech were not going to be protected.

"Where's your character?"
"I haven't any, sir. I had a little disagreement with a royal family."
"Moral Turpitude! Go back where you came from. We've no place for you in this republic!—What's your name over there?"
"Bridget Malone, if you please, sor."
"Where's your character?"
"Here it is, sor. I was cook for sixteen years in the house of a Rothschild, niver ast fer a raise, an'..."

"Frankie (Sheriff). We won't put up with this..."
We were yet "new ones," Gray and I, and we thought that we were seeing Paris. We had been spending the late hours up on the Montmartre, in red windmills and cabarets of death, when we came upon a place which, we decided, might well close the evening's entertainment.

In a vacant lot, between two high buildings towering black, was a booth of painted cardboard and wood. Flanking the entrance like statues, were two men in red and gold livery, each holding in his right hand a roaring torch. Between them, his lined face very yellow in the light, another man stood, clad in evening dress.

His apparel was very correct—which means that he was all black with three exceptions: his white gloves, his sepulchral bosom, and a livid line upon the top of his head, impeccably drawn, from which his bluffish hair fell off to the right and the left in pompadour rigidity. A collapsed opera hat was upon his hip, a monocle in the convulsed arcade of his right eye; we felt that he also must be perfumed.

At regular intervals, standing there with his heels together, his bust tilted slightly forward, he delivered, without attention, without a gesture, in a manner frigid and disdainful, the following speech:

"Mesdames et Messieurs: We have here, within, the marvel of the Universe—or rather, should I say, the marvel of this little old ball which you, with a certain fatalist, insist upon calling The Universe. When I say 'marvel,' mesdames et messieurs, I mean none of these puerile and ridiculous objects which you, in your childhood, have been trained to consider marvelous. Inside of our little baraque, you will find no Eiffel tower, nor Bridge of Brooklyn, nor Colosseus. No, mesdames et messieurs, you will not find that. The marvel which we present to you is not material and gross; it is scientific and psychologic. The marvel we present to you consists of men. It consists of a dozen savage men.

"But I tell you that they are savages.

"Allons—do skins of savages wrinkle like that—like accordeons? They are black tightness. They're savages from Batignolles!"

"But they eat the rats."

"That is a trick."

"No—they eat—look at that one's teeth—see?

"It's a trick. They slide them under the tights."

"But I tell you they are eating! Here they squeal!"

"Yes, they squeal—tomôme de Dieu, that is true! they are eating the rats?"

"And look at the blood!"

"Br-r-r—that is true; they eat the rats.

"And they are alive."

"They are alive!"

"And they are not savages.

"They are not savages, and they eat the rats."

"Alive!"

"Tomôme!"

The music stopped abruptly, as if it had struck a wall. We looked up. The "savages" were again upon their stools, motionless, except that they oscillated from side to side unconsciously, as if dizzy.

We went out. The night was very black and a cold wind had sprung up, but somehow we could not bear the thought of walls. We strolled to and fro up on the hill, taking big gulps of frigid air, which came from the East, where, we knew, there were mountains, and pines, and we looked down upon the city, glowing dully beneath a sky low and opaque like a cupola of lead. And within us there was the same torment, for when Gray said, hesitatingly, "Let's go back, what do you say, down there, to the baraque, to see them come out?" he said what I wished to say.

So we went back. They were still there—the man in full dress and the torch-bearers—but they were all shivering miserably. He said his speech once more, is precisely the same detached and contemptuous manner, but this time he followed, within, the little band of midnight derelicts he had persuaded. The torch-bearers disappeared behind him, and we were alone in the deserted street, unconsciously hugging the wall as it planning evil.

The drudgery music came attenuated to our ears, and also a stamping and clogging and hoarse cries. This ceased after a time; the door opened and the spectators trooped out. We watched the side door. It opened through a pool of light splashed down from the near gas lamp, the spier passed, a thread-bare cape over his full dress, a cap upon his head (the collapsible opera hat evidently was stage property). Then came the musicians and the torch men.

Another moment passed, long to us, hiding there in the dark. The door went open again—and a man burst out.

"It's the big one," whispered Gray.

It was the big "savage." He fairly ran by us, his face purple—and we saw him go down the street with great strides and dive head first into the luminous rectangle made by the open door of a drinking shop.

After a while, the door opened once more—but very softly, and the second "savage," the thin one with round shoulders, shuffled slowly into the light. His hands, in the pockets of his thin jacket, drew it tight over his caved-in ribs; his neck was bent, chin forward, with a mournful stork-like expression, and in the smudge of his visage, only partly cleaned, his long sad nose shone very white.

He stood there a moment, uncertain—and suddenly we saw that he was not alone. From the darkness across the street a little girl had emerged; she now stood before him—a little girl of misery, clad in tatters. A shawl was upon her head; it descended down both sides of the face, but far back, enough to let us see her profile—and this profile, weaned and pinched, was the man's.

"Oh, here you are, la p'tiote," he said, hoarsely. She looked up at him, sharply, like a little squirrel.

"What luck to-day?" she asked.

"Better," he said. "Yesterday, I couldn't—I couldn't. But to-day, I did—several times, I did. I made some francs."

She seized his hand, feverishly. "Vite," she said, "quick, pêre, let's eat; quick, let's eat; there is a bouillon over there"—she pointed down the street—"I smelled the soup of it all to-day. Let's eat."

But at these words a weakness seemed to seize him—and, as if dissolving, he crumpled down upon the curb, and sat there, both his hands sunk into the hollow of his stomach, his long nose almost touching his knees.

"Oh, pêre," she cried, impatiently; "come on now, quick now!"
The Job—Continued

"Yes, ma petite fille; yes, ma petite fille," he said at length; "yes—you go—here it is, the franc." He fumbled in his pocket. "Take it and go—do what you want to do—but do not talk—say no word to me about it. Go—I'll wait for you here—till you have finished."

She took the money, eagerly, ran a few steps down the street then came back. "Père, come with me; you must eat," she said.

"Go!" he cried, hoarsely. "Go!" he bellowed, in sudden rage. His hand rose above her, hovered—but when it came down it lit gently upon her shoulder. "Go, little girl," he said. His voice rose again, threatening. "But say not a word to me about it! Don't say that word!" he screamed.

She flitted off into the darkness. And he, on the curb, doubled up, his hands sunk into the pit of his stomach, trembled long with convulsive disgust. Finally, he seemed to master himself; he passed his hand, limply, over his forehead—it must have been wet with a cold perspiration.

"Quel métier," he muttered, whimsically; "tonnère de Dieu—what a job!"

THE MASSES

Concertina Coinage

Eugene Wood

MORE people are jumping on Professor Fisher than I like to see, because of his suggestion that we have an expansible gold dollar, a kind of concertina coin, that can be pulled out, sort of—more gold put into it—as gold gets cheaper—and squeezed up small again when gold gets dearer, if it ever does.

Some get really excited, and declare they don't believe that the High Cost of Living is wholly due to the undoubted fact that it is a lot easier to make gold than it used to be. "A dollar is a dollar, isn't it?" they ask. And, just because it's easier to make postage stamps than it used to be, is that any reason why we should pay more postage on a letter than we used to? Then why pay higher prices for everything else? I'll tell you what's the matter," and off they go in a wild harangue about the middlemen and trusts, calling Fisher fakir, if not fool.

Others want to know: "Who's going to get stuck with all the old-fashioned light-weight dollars when the new, heavier ones come out? Somebody's going to get hurt, but who? Fisher? Fisher's friends?" And, if the light-weight dollar will still circulate as a dollar, then what a gone gump Fisher is, not to perceive the difference between a medium of exchange and a standard of values.

Still others draw a picture of the jack-leg lawyers and all-around blow-hards, of which the Congress is principally composed, ever being able to pass a bill soon enough to catch up with the ever-cheapening gold. By the time they had Jaw-Smithed one coinage measure through, it would be time to pass another. If Fisher had the sense that he was born with, he'd know his proposition wasn't feasible.

It scares me. I repeat, to see so many jumping on poor Fisher. We're in a worse fix than I imagined. We have been skinned out of 'most everything else, and now it appears we've lost our sense of humor, too. Good lard of living! Can't you see he's kidding you?

Horatio Winslow.

Adam and Eve, the True Story—Concluded

Out After Hours
ADAM AND EVE, THE TRUE STORY—Concluded

Out After Hours
A Jolly Dialogue

Bolton Hall

BIG BILL TAFT SPEAKS: "Wick, can't you cook up some saying like Teddy used to make, to quiet the people about this high cost of living?"

Wick: "Hum, ah—well—let's see. It's the highway Men that make Prices High—how's that?"

Big Bill: "I'm afraid the people would think you meant us by the 'Highway Men.' You mean the railroads, don't you?"

Wick: "No, I mean the grocers and other middlemen. Well, how's this? 'The goose and Everything Else hangs high under a Republican Administration.' I'm afraid that won't do. Goose is too high for plain people even to think about."

Big Bill: "No, that wouldn't do; they'd think of me again when you said 'Goose.'"

Wick: "But I didn't say 'fat goose.' Well, how would this do? Something about 'Big Bill's Billion Appropriation Congress'? No! It's big bills the people are kicking about. Why not versify your own immortal phrase?"

"Everything is high,
"God knows why,
"I don't."

They'll come down again,
You can't tell when,
I won't.

"That's characteristically short—like your message."

Big Bill: "But they won't come down at all, at least not under our Tariff and Trusts."

Wick: "Well, I have it now: 'Food is High but Wages are Hire.' That certainly looks true."

Big Bill: "I'm afraid even the Hay-seeds wouldn't believe that wages are higher than food."

Wick: "Oh, yes they would, the farmers would believe anything. Why, they believed your pre-election Tariff promises."

Said Bill: "Yes, but that was before they knew me."

Is Annapolis An Anachronism?

Ellis O. Jones

THE question here propounded, "Is Annapolis an anachronism?" is difficult to answer, but it is interesting because it is so alliterative.

We advert to the matter because of the recent exclusion from those martial precincts of all modern dances, the generic name for all modern dances being the "turkey trot." Before we can decide whether it is altogether fitting to do this, we must first decide whether Annapolis itself is modern or whether it is merely a hang-over, so to speak, from days when militarism was a popular and necessary part of us.

But whether or not modern dances should be proscribed at this sailor-factory, one can't help admiring the characteristic minuteness of detail with which the bebuttoned and bebraded officials put forth the regulations. "Midshipmen must keep their left arms straight during all dances." That may be intended as a death blow to the Delsarte system, and, of course, one could never be lured into the deadly excesses of the Spanish fandango so long as one's left arm refused to recognize its own elbow.

"A space of three inches must be kept between the dancing couples at all times. This, no doubt, has been figured out by logarithms, binomial bigamy and comic sections. Let conscientious chaperons everywhere advise. Three inches at least. A greater distance than this would, perhaps, be unsociable, but a lesser distance is certainly a causa belli.

May we hope that other regulations are in process of formulation, such as the exact length of two-steps, sidesteps and missteps? Our fighting middies should be cultivated with super-motherly care until they become entirely automatic and en regle, until we know exactly what they're going to do whether at play or at work, whether awake or asleep, whether at home or abroad.

THE New York, New Haven and Hartford when it kills a carload of passengers, seems to feel about the way the Sandwich Island lady did when she ate her own baby.

"Him plenty come again!" she said. B. H.
He Won't Be Happy 'Til He Gets It!
He Won't Be Happy 'Til He Gets It!
COME BACK, VIA ELLIS ISLAND

Ellis Island N.Y.

The following arrivals do not qualify.
Some of them might attempt to 'OVERthrow Government' (or libel Kings)
Others show strong evidence of 'Insanity' or 'Moral Turpitude'
U.S. Judges of Immigration

Jesus Christ
Joan of Arc
Garibaldi
Louis Kossuth
Kendell Phillips
John Brown
Abraham Lincoln
Geo. Washington
Patrick Henry
Thos. Jefferson
Ben Franklin
Thos. Paine
Leo Tolstoy
Karl Marx
Victor Hugo
Wm. Lloyd Garrison
Henry Ward Beecher

A bunch of Soreheads and you Can't Land Here."
U. S.: “You're a Cheap Bunch of Soreheads and you Can't Land Here.”
Randall Praises Wilson

Youthful Cotton Worker Thinks
Inauguration Marks New Era
For Child Laborers

E. J. RANDALL, aged ten, better known to his
parents and foreman as Eddie, told a represen-
tative of this paper that he regarded the inaugu-
ration of Woodrow Wilson as a great blessing to
those under twelve who are employed in the mines
and factories of the country.

Eddie was approached just as he was about to
enter the Carolina Cotton Mill, which he visits
daily shortly before daybreak. By striking a match,
the reporter discovered that the youthful devotee
of industry had an honest, white, intelligent face.

"In some quarters," said Eddie, "satisfaction
has been expressed by my co-workers over the Wil-
ton attitude on child labor. This criticism, I feel,
is ill-advised. While I have long been in favor of
a law which would make it possible for me to dis-
continue my attendance here and complete my life.
I feel sure that Mr. Wilson is right in saying we
must do nothing to interfere with the doctrine of
States' Rights, which I have always heard highly
spoken of. My employer agrees with this view, as
also my father, who, because he is so seldom
at work, has abundant leisure to study these ques-
tions. My mother would prefer to have me go to
school, but, she being only a woman, though an esti-
timable one, cannot be expected to know about
political matters."

Eddie excused himself from further remarks, on
the ground that fines were inflicted for tardiness.
"I feel sure," he said in conclusion, "that whether
Mr. Wilson does anything for us or not, we can at
least be sure of his heartfelt sympathy."

Sunken Gardens

THE two million dollar home of Henry C. Frick
on Fifth avenue, New York, we are told, will
boast a unique and beautiful sunken garden, con-
taining a pool and a large fountain.

Sunken gardens are such a rarity in New York
that the steel man's enterprise in tearing down a
library to make one is worthy of the greatest praise.

In constructing this sunken garden, however, Mr.
Frick, is only following out the best traditions of
the steel corporation.

Sunken gardens are quite the thing in Pittsburg.
One employee and tenant of the Trust has had one in
his back yard for ten years. It is elaborately fitted up
with tomato cans and contains a unique collection of
rare old shoes. In the pool the prevailing color
scheme is green. The whole forms a restful and
refreshing picture for any one who may be con-
 fined to the home by illness.

Chivalry

PRINCE ALBERT, son of King George, recently
stood sixty-fourth in order of merit in a list of
sixty-five persons examined for the navy. A
grateful British people should confer a knighthood
upon the modest hero who saved His Royal High-
ness from falling into the cellar.

Howard Eubank.
ANTI-SUFFRAGE ARGUMENT NO. 187: "WOMEN ARE TOO FRIVOLOUS. THEY THINK ABOUT NOTHING BUT STYLES AND FASHIONS."
EDGED TOOLS

Horatio Winslow

TWO little girls in blue—yellow and purple, that is to say—were very indignant with their dear Mamma.

"We don't see," they said, "why we shouldn't have just as much to say about the hammer and saw and plane as brother Jack. We're just as good as he is, and we know just as much."

"Well," said their dear Mamma, "I'll think it over."

When the two little girls were alone the Older said to the Younger, "Honestly and truly, and cross your heart, now, why is it that you want to have a say about the tools?"

"My reason is the same as yours," said the Younger crossly; "I want to be able to make him stop using them when the hammering annoys me."

"Is that all?" said the Older slowly.

"Of course. Why do you want a say about them?"

The Older was silent for a moment. "I want a say about the tools because I want to use the tools myself. I want to build with them. I can't see why I can't build just as well as Jack, and I'm going to try. I think if I had a chance I could build, with Jack, a wonderful palace."

The Younger giggled away.

"You're a regular tom-boy," she said, "and you're a bad, bad girl, too, or you wouldn't have such thoughts."

WHERE ARE MY COPPER-TOED BOOTS?

LET us all go out on this fine, bright morning and kick a cop.

Why? Because a cop is a bad man—he grafts. Does not one else graft? Of course yes; everybody grafts; we have to graft to eat.

But perhaps the cop grafts wittily.

Oh, no; his reason is the same as yours. Then why pick out the cop to kick?

Simply because on account of his brass buttons it is so easy and so obvious to kick a cop. Moreover, if we only kick the cop often enough and hard enough no one will think of kicking us.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US

"But you robbed him of his watch, didn't you?"

"Oh, no, your Honor, nothing like that, your Honor. I wouldn't rob no man of nothing. But I'd just been reading about one of them benevolent financiers, your Honor, and how he done things, and when I see this poor fella with his gold watch chain strung across his vest and him so innocent and the street so dark, I kind of sticks my right forefinger into his stummick by way of calling his attention, and then I says benevolent like, 'That watch ain't safe with you.' I says, 'You give it to me because I can take care of it.' And, your Honor, he give it to me right on the spot."

ONWARD! UPWARD!

"But do you realize what you are about to do?" peeped the small green caterpillar.

"Certainly," said the Mamma Wasp, "I am going to sting you below the fifth rib so that you will remain alive, but paralyzed until next spring, when my brood of youngsters will hatch out of the egg and use you for baby food."

"But," pleaded the grub, "doesn't this seem just a bit brutal?"

"I used to think so," said the Wasp, "but now that I understand we are all part of the Great Cos-}

mic Consciousness, I know better. If I seem momentarily to throw the hooks into you it is only for the good of the Larger Life. In my attention to this Higher Ideal I feel I am fully safeguarding your interests."

And having thus justified herself, the Philosophic Mamma Wasp unlumbered her artillery and stung the Caterpillar good.

SALES

THE Sale is the breath of life in the Department Store's nostrils; or, to be modern, Old Man Sale is the guy who first put Cash in Cashdrawers.

There are three kinds of Sales. The first is sur- named Pre- and the third kind is known as Post-

Any old date is a good excuse for a sale. If it is the birthday of the great-uncle of Christopher Columb-us—fine! couldn't be better. If it's the sultry season—there's the chance of a lifetime. If Winter should accidentally happen—pull off the Great Mid-Winter Sale and watch the dollars crinkle in. When there is no other reason for holding a Sale put on a Big Extra Special Jubilee Sale.

If that doesn't draw fake up a deceased grandmother and hold a Memorial Sale.

Sales differ in many ways, but in one respect they are all the same. Every seventy-five cent article in the store is labelled in large type, "Only Ninety-nine Cents: marked down from Two Dollars for this date only."

The most commonly sold thing at a Sale is the customer. He is always sold.

One other thing is sold. That is small sections of the life of the six-dollar-a-week salesladies who make the wheels go round. It's sold and they aren't paid for it. Wonder who gets the rakeoff? Do you?

Just think that over when you're pesting your next trading stamp.

HOME BREAKING

FOR the thousandth time the spring flood leaped the river banks to carry away houses without number.

"Ah," said certain much-bespectacled persons "this proves what we have always said. Houses— without exception—should be built with hulls and masts and auxiliary engines."

"True, that is one way—but is the end won? It
not be cheaper to experiment till some way is found of preventing this annual catastrophe?"

"Oh! Oh! Oh! you are trying to break up the home!" cried the horrified multitude, and led by the much bespectacled persons, the lynching bee began.

**Undecided** as a horse-faced perpetrator of nonsensicalities, Jim Hill ought to be sure of a place in the new President's cabinet.

**Horatio Wood**

**Disturb Him Not!**

A dispatch from Washington says that much sympathy has been aroused there by Woodrow Wilson's announcement that he needs nine hours' sleep per night, and doesn't see how he is going to get it.

This looks like misdirected sympathy. An examination of Wilson's views on restoring competition forces me to conclude that he has had enough sleep to last him a long time.

**Covering Ground**

**William H. Taft**, during his term as President, travelled nearly 125,000 miles, or five times around the equator — the earth's equator I mean, not Taft's.

If he had started right, he could be half-way to the moon by this time.

Mr. Taft will be remembered as the gentleman who received eight votes in the recent meeting of the electoral college. At this rate, he would have had to travel over four million miles to get a bare majority.

**Howard Bruce**

**Elephant Advertising**

Eugene Wood

WALKING up Sixth avenue the other Sunday evening, my companion nudged me with:

"Look over there!"

"Where?"

"Right across the street."

I looked, said, "Ah, ha, I see," and went on talking of more interesting things. Yet, I did turn my head over my shoulder to look again — I'm kind of inquisitive, anyhow — and in that glance I saw that those behind me also gave but one look, or maybe two, and then went on. Nobody stopped to gawk, no crowd of boys tagged on behind.

And yet, without much straining of the point, the spectacle might fairly be called unusual. Four elephants were slouching along the street — an elephant always looks as if its trousers needed pressing — the first one led by a keeper, the others following along in single file, each holding by its proboscis to the tail of the one before.

You don't see that so very often, yet people hardly turned a head.

But let a horse fall down, and, whe-e-e-e! there's a crowd around in no time. If the horse struggles much, policemen will have to clear the street for traffic.

I have been puzzling this matter over, and the nearest I can come to anything like a solution is this: The horse's falling down is quite sincere; it has no ulterior motive; it isn't an advertising scheme. We have been worked too many times to give much heed to the unusual. I don't believe the seasoned Manhattaner would give two looks to a procession of boa constrictors squirming up Broadway. He'd be afraid that on the second look he'd see: "No snakes in Snigglefritz's whiskey, try it, buy it!"

**Yesterday, Today & Forever**

**Professor Bonni**, who has been poking around in the Palatine Hill, finds that Caesar had three elevators in his house. I'll bet you from 8 to 3 the operators gathered on the top door and talked about yesterday's game in the Coliseum.

**H.B.**

"Don't you think it was a mistake to build your barn in front of your house and obstruct the view of those mountains?"

"Wai, you see, when I built that hah barn, them mountains want so stylish as they be now."
At the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"Oh, I think Mr. Morgan paints awfully well, don't you?"
At the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"Oh, I think Mr. Morgan paints awfully well, don't you?"
The New Superintendent

AFTER presiding over these United States as their chief executive for two terms, Mr. Roosevelt fell into a position where he was literally compelled to find out something about the conditions of the people and the ideas of those who wish to help them. He found it all so interesting that he began to talk about it, and this has almost set a fashion. It looks as if all the chief executives are going to go round now and find out a little something about the people they govern.

Of course there is nothing binding about it, and they don't need to do this before framing up the policies that will elect them. But after they are safely elected, a little look into some of these matters seems to strengthen their position. Mr. Wilson, who is a little inclined to be extreme, even went so far as to take a boat over to Ellis Island and have a look at the animals before they come out of the cage.

Tob O'Sheel.

BUGLE SONG

(After reading the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.")

In the cold, wet, and moaning night,
I left my home, its warmth, its light,
To pace alone through many a dark and silent street;
The old, cold, blood of many kings long dead,
The heavy lips of many souls, long fled,
Seemed pressing down upon me like a winding-sheet.

I left my home, its warmth, its light,
Its half-read tale of ancient fight,
The battle's blows, its shock, its tumult in my brain,
All quenched at leaving, like a wind-blow lamp,
And the night wrapped me in its mantle damp,
And mourned about me with its cold and fitful rain.

But the dawn's breath sang keener songs
Of battle with Tomorrow's wrongs,
And the wild north wind stung my cheek until it burned,
As though to wake me with its minstrelsy
Of deeds and blood-wrought justice yet to be,—
And fresher air with the unconquered morn returned!

Samuel McCoy.

Drawing by Robert Heurt.
"OI HEAR YER STOODINT SON, MISTHER O’HOO LIHAN, IS A GOIN’ TO BE TAKIN’ ORDHERS SOON?"

"HE MAY BE A STOODINT, MRS. O’BRIEN, BUT O’LL HAVE YEZ KNOW HE’S AN’ O’HOO LIHAN, AN’ HE TAKES OR- DHERS FROM NOBODY!"
MUSIC AND THE GRAND BUST-UP

EUGENE WOOD

When the Grand Bust-up comes—Oh, sure, it's going to come! You know things aren't going to keep up this way. They can't—When the Grand Bust-up comes, while it will be hard for the Classes for a while (they've been so used to having a good time without giving one) it will be a glorious thing for the Masses. They will have plenty to eat and wear, comfortable houses, and a chance to invite their souls.

And then what?—Because creature comfort isn't the end of the line, you know, not the far end anyhow; it may be the nigh end, though, and I believe it is.

Then what, with respect to music, to pick but one alluring subject out of a whole posy-bed? The other night I went to the Metropolitan Opera House. If I had fallen over the railing in front of my seat—You've heard how in such accidents your whole past life comes before you in a flash. Well, mine needn't have been in any such a hurry of a flash. It could have taken its time to it, between the moment my heels cleared the brass rod and my head butted into the conversation below me. That's the size of the place.

Up where I sat a person hardly dared breathe. A cough would have been a crime. We wanted to hear the music so. Poor folks were up there. (I go by our looks.) Mostly we were what are called "Wops and Kikes." You know! "Ignorant foreigners." Down there, they gabbled cheerfully all the time. The glorious music, shifting and changing color like the rainbow tints that glow upon Niagara's cloud of spray—that glorious music to the most of the folks down there was just a kind of expensive background for their pratle and their duds, a suitable wall-paper, so to speak. They seemed to be rich people. They were extremely well-dressed. Sometimes from 'way down in front, when the lights were up, a spear of colored light would shoot clear up to the top gallery and jab me in the eye.

Mind you, I don't say that all of them down there were so bored by the music they had to walk to keep awake. Having to hear high-class music even as a painful social duty will ultimately educate the cruelest taste. Mind you, I don't say either, that all the working class would take to good music as a duck takes to water. Hearing nothing but "popular song-hits" will degrade the most natural taste after a while. All I say is that the working class in that house fairly ate the music up, they loved it so, while a good proportion of the shriveling class talked all the time.

The money that supports the opera comes, not from those who are afraid to cough after the conductor takes his chair, but from those who make of the opera an occasion to gagle and show off their duds. And if the Grand Bust-up, when it comes, takes away from the classes the money they now slather on gorgeous raiment so that they can no longer do the peacock act, and want an opera for a background, what will become of the opera?

Well, don't let's worry about it. Whatever we do, let's don't worry about that! I think I could stand it never to hear another really grand opera, if I knew that nobody ever need worry again about making a living. There have been some very fine people who have managed to wiggle along somehow without ever having heard anything but a canood Caruso. I should think twice about it, I admit, but I should be willing to swap my joy in music for my sorrow in poverty.

But, after all, who makes the music? It is those men fiddling away down there, isn't it? The harpists, plucking at their strings; the trombonists, sliding their shiny tubes back and forth; the busy tympanists—all working class people! All union men!

Listen! Music itself—that kind of music, anyway—didn't really begin to be, until after the capitalist revolution, which had to free some of the lower class in order to win at all. There isn't a single wind instrument in good playable shape now that is older than a hundred years or so. Music isn't a "heavenly maid"; she is from the earth; she was born and reared among poor folks. What hinders the development of music now, is that the fest of poverty nips every had almost that peeps out of the ground.

When the Grand Bust-up comes, and Bob can practise his fiddle instead of having to trot off to the factory for all day long, and Sis can study singing, why, my soul's alive, you needn't worry! You'll see music jump ahead like a scared rabbit. One of the biggest results of the Revolution will be the worldwide burst into song.

Dear me! I hope it won't be long now.
THE DANCE.

Jo Davièson.
THE WORLD-WIDE BATTLE LINE

A NEW WAR AGAINST POVERTY.

This latest war, started by the Fabian Society, is making a great sensation in England. It has for its basis the demand for a living wage. That it does not greatly frighten the capitalist enemy is shown by the fact—naively boasted of in the Labour Leader—that the Bishops “in solemn conclave” have endorsed it. The organ of Winston Churchill, the imperialistic First Lord of the Admiralty, has also endorsed it. So have many other personages of whom any group of bourgeois reformers might be proud.

The Labour Leader (which is the official organ of the independent Labor Party) eloquently maintains that the state ought to guarantee that employers “shall at least reward labor by life.” An opinion that is unanswerable from the standpoint of the capitalist, the slave owner, or even the proprietor of horses and dogs.

In a word, this is a war against absolute poverty, the unprofitable misery of the poorest class. It is not a war against relative poverty or the unequal distribution of the good things of life. In order that the rich may be made richer, the poor are to be made a little less poor. And as this is the best we can ever expect to get from non-Socialists, here’s luck to the new crusade!

The establishment last year of two daily Labor papers in Great Britain, The Herald and The Citizen, has again brought up the stupid opposition of political action and direct action. British political Socialists disclose their own impotence by their fear of direct action, and strongly suggest that their weak spots have been reached by the Syndicalists. The Syndicalists, on the other hand, seem to think that they can only advance in proportion as the political actionists are defeated. Consequently there is no new growth, but only a new division of the movement. The Herald says in large headlines: “The Coming Force Is Syndicalism,” and announces that strikes have done more in twelve months than politics in twenty years. The political Socialists reply that strikes are futile and that legislation is doing more than the largest strike.

When neither faction is able to gain anything in the attack on Capitalism, but turns against the other instead, it is evident that no considerable advance is being made.

BEWARE OF TACIT UNDERSTANDINGS.

A real test of the Socialist party of this country will come when the Progressives tacitly agree not to make any special effort to elect their candidates in districts where the Socialists have the best chance, if the latter will tacitly agree not to make any special effort in certain other districts. This plan was secretly tried by the Executive Committee of the German Party in last year’s elections, but it created such a scandal in the Party that it is safe to say it will never be tried again—in Germany.

But the excessive degree of State autonomy that prevails in the American Party makes the chances very great that the thing will be tried here, if not nationally, at least locally.

William English Walling

NEW LIFE IN GERMANY.

It used to be remarked that the English held the empire of the sea, the French that of the land, and to the Germans was reserved—the empire of the air. This referred not to aerial navigation, but to the prepossession of Germans for theories and ideas. And the Socialist “news” from Germany to-day confirms this opinion.

It seems that henceforth the German Socialists are to navigate the air with three wings instead of two. For many years there have been only a right and a left wing—the “Revisionists” on the right, the Revolutionists, led by Kautsky and Bebel, on the left. But now a third, ultra-revolutionary, wing has appeared, and Kautsky and Bebel have become really the center of the movement. Several more or less successful and very practical attacks have been made upon both these leaders from revolutionary sections, especially Leipziger and Bremen. And it appears that the cut-and-dried argument between Revisionist and Revolutionist is at last interrupted, and that “something is doing” in the German movement.

What is this new agitation? In one word, it seems to be the German counter-part of French Syndicalism and American Industrialism. But beware lest you conclude that the new revolutionists themselves acknowledge any similarity. Oh, no! This powerful section of the German party does not advocate the general strike and direct action. It advocates the “mass strike” and “mass action”!

Nor does this new controversy conjure with the ghost of Marx. Both sides are undeniably past-masters of Marxist theory, and it is therefore agreed to leave Marx buried where he lies and to call it a discussion of “tactics.” And, although the innocent American bystander might not perceive it if he stared, it is enshrined into this war of words, it is a gratifying fact that this discussion is based rather on present reality than on inherited ideas.

Here is the new ideological dynamite in its own words:

The question of the social revolution has hitherto been postponed even by Kautsky to the future; Pannekoek says it is now beginning to be a question of the present. The mass strike has been growing in popularity since the Russian Revolution, having been adopted for certain defensive purposes at the Jena Congress in 1905. The redoubtable Rosa Luxemburg subsequently persuaded Bebel that it might be used for aggressive purposes also—when the party and the unions became stronger and better organized than they are to-day. Kautsky then took another step in advance and declared that the mass strike (which relies on the unorganized as well as the organized) might be used for aggressive purposes now— but that it cannot be deliberately prepared for. Finally comes the ultra-radical Pannekoek and says that the mass strike can be prepared for, and that instead of one strike there ought to be a whole ascending series in which each strike would constitute a longer and longer step in the social revolution.

The practical objection of the older leaders to this idea is that the unorganized and non-Socialist and non-proletarian masses cannot be trusted as revolutionists. It is not that they would not respond, but that, as Bebel says, they are as yet neither angry enough nor intelligent enough, nor well enough organized to respond effectively.

To this Pannekoek replies that they are trusted in elections and so can be trusted in strikes or on the streets.

Kautsky and Pannekoek both claim to be the true Marxists “dialecicians.” But practically the difference seems to be that Kautsky opposes mass strikes and mass actions except in such and such and such instances, whereas Pannekoek favors mass strikes and mass actions, although under such and such and such precautions. One points out the limitations, the other points out the possibilities of Socialist action.

We find in the new revolutionists the power and enthusiasm for a form of action as yet little tried in Germany or elsewhere. But we turn to the older revolutionists, to Kautsky and Bebel, for a full realization of the strength and manifold resources of capital, the magnitude of the Socialist task. As always, the old furnish the experience, the young the enterprise. “Si jeunete avuit, si vieiloste povet!”

THE JOHN BROWN IDEA OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

In a single issue of The New York Call appear, in a nutshell, the opposing Socialist views of the Indianapolins dynamiters. The brilliant Professor Vida D. Scudder, a member of the Party, declares her sense of outrage because The Call has said editorially that “any denunciation of the men will be due to ignorance of the facts,” and has referred to dynamite as “one weapon that failed.”

The McNamara’s and their colleagues are the John Browns of the social revolution—just as weak in numbers, just as ignorant, as impossible, as fool-hardy as John Brown proved himself to be. Nevertheless, we love John Brown. And we love the men who were willing to risk their lives and liberty in the battle of labor to-day.

TWO SEMI-SOCIALIST PARTIES

The American Socialist Party and the British Independent Labor Party, each fails in its own way to take the revolutionary attitude. This appears in a comparison of their “immediate demands.” On the nationalization of railways, mines, and monopolies, the two platforms are agreed. But the British Party demands also the nationalization of the land. At this the Americans would be horrified, for their new platform aims to give every guarantee to the majority of farmers that their private property will not be interfered with.

On the other hand, the American Party demands the immediate nationalization of all large scale industries—a novel and revolutionary feature in Socialist programmes, and one that would horribly shock the Britihers.

In both countries the purpose seems to be that announced by the Labour Leader: “The transference of industries from private to public hands.” It does not seem to occur to either Party that in each plank of their platform advocating public ownership, it should be made clear just what public is meant, for surely no Socialist really desires the transference of industry from private capitalists to a capitalist government.
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