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The Man With the Ax

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ORGANIZATION

One thing we know that the early Nineteenth Century with all its full-blown arrogance had barely begun to recognize, and which in the more primitive ages cropped out as rarely as new volcanoes or teething hens. That thing—that very wonderful thing—is organization.

To realize how thoroughly organization has burrowed into and transformed today’s society is hardly possible; to add up its influence and untangle its crossed strands would be as difficult and as bewildering as to trace in a mature plant the effects of certain crucial spring rains. It is enough to say that definitely and surely organization has touched every art, science and industry in the world, and most of them it has changed from futile, disjointed, hermit-like units into compact efficient wholes.

The American biologist studying the behavior of some minute organism can compare his results with those of a collaborer in a university in Australia. The pen and ink work of a Japanese artist becomes an inspiration to a student in London. Up and down the pages of a couple of technical journals there is spread for your mining engineer the growth of his profession from Hindustan to Mexico. And these are but tastes at random from an infinite variety.

But with the organization of this type of men who are largely investigators and creators there have also been born close organizations of those who by the nature of their work have similar economic interests. On one side the masters of land and machinery knit themselves into vast combines, and on the other side march the daily growing unions of the dispossessed workers. While for climaxes we have the close fellowship of the big financial interests of all the world opposing and opposed by the International Socialist Party.

But, well organized though the latter be, it cannot, like the capitalists, boast a uniform strength—even in proportion to its membership. In the United States it is still largely a political movement without the voting support of even the majority of trade unionists, whereas abroad (in Germany, for example) from election to election the socialist cause is the trade unionists’ cause. Organization has made the trade unionist see the light.

Moreover, in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and other European countries the co-operatives have organized so thoroughly that they have become an economic foundation for all sorts of propaganda. The worker buys his goods at a Socialist Co-operative store; sees his plays at a Socialist Co-operative theatre; studies the structure of society in a Socialist Co-operative classroom; and very often reads a Socialist Co-operative newspaper.

But so far these good things have been denied to the Socialists of America, and for that reason, because we are not so organized that Socialism speaks to us seven days in the week, many ardent spirits join our locals only to lose interest and drop out. And what can we do about it?

If a man will not attend meetings and pay dues, can he be grabbed by the scruff of his neck and kicked into a loyal and enthusiastic state of mind? Plainly not. The only way of bringing him back to the fold and keeping other wavering in the fold lies in greater organization.

First of all, by distribution of literature and all other educational levers, the unions must be made to see clearly that the interests of the working class and the interests of the Socialist Party are identical. Then the Co-operative movement must be so pushed that the savings of the workers may be turned to their benefit instead of being used by capitalists to exploit them farther.

But last and first, and all the time, we must work to make the party mean to the man who joins us more than a dull once-a-month lodge. We must organize; we cannot continue as “mere groups of rebellious individuals.” There must be organization—organization enough to produce comrades able and willing to act in unison on any majority-decided plan.

To act together is not easy; it takes more than one meeting a month to produce men who can act together. It takes brains and good will and good temper, and above all organization, before the individual is willing to sink his eccentricities in order to be welded into a tremendous and effective trip-hammer.

Already in our Socialist Sunday Schools we are drawing some of the children to us, but even the Sunday School is not enough. The boy, especially, demands more than simple indoor learning. Walks in the woods, campfire cookery, outdoor sports, target practice, hold for him an attraction beyond books. It is the Socialist Boy Scouts who must come into existence at once to turn this desire for a healthy outdoor life into useful channels.

That war is commonly degrading, beast-like, and unspeakably terrible is a fact unfretted; yet the engine of war, the army, teaches us one wonderful lesson: the possibilities of concentrated action—that is the subordination of the individual to the common welfare—in a word organization—organization—organization.

This lesson must be learned by the working class: have we any other way of learning it?

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

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

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

BAD OLD H. N.

“But before you can have Socialism, you must change human nature,” says Professor Fox of the Catholic University.

So what’s the use of sticking up any longer for H. N. when even the Professor says shucks! For, as every honest man knows, should common folks once be given a square deal, some vile wretch would commence holding out aces: whence the philosophy of stacking the cards be once the game begins. Though it is true that H. N. in the upper classes isn’t half bad (see any of Robert W. Chamber’s novels) among the lower orders—good gracious!

Fact: the anti-socialist never doubts for a moment his adaptability to labor honestly for the co-operative commonwealth, but he is dreadfully worried for fear somebody else will turn work-dodger. And only the other day a Detroit fellow without money, and without price, and without even a letter of introduction, sat by and smiled, while the surgeons shifted pints of his red blood into the veins of a poor anaemic chap from Canada.

H. N. must be suppressed: let’s get out an injunction.
Belgian Miner Returning from Work

JULES VON BIESBROECK

A product of the Co-operative Movement of Ghent, the sculptor, Jules von Biesbroeck, ranks among the greatest of the world. His "Belgian Miner" is generally conceded his masterpiece. For a further account of von Biesbroeck's work see page eighteen
A STORE AND A RED WAGON
Being Some Account of Things Doing in Hoboken

By HORATIO WINSLOW
Illustrated by M. Becker

TO BEGIN with it is a grocery store, which is about the most important kind of a store on the street. You can get on for months and maybe for years without visiting the clothes shop; and if you have a pair of scissors and a razor you can systematically cut your favorite barber (no pun unless you feel like it); as for the butcher, the great Meat Trade Boycott and Upton Sinclair both proved that you could dispense with him; but did you ever hear of anybody who wanted to abolish grocers? You might be happy without a City Hall and if the worst came to the worst you could drag on a miserable existence without a policeman on the beat, but if the grocers should all stop grocing and if the cupboard was bare with the exception of some broken jelly glasses—what would you do then? No, the hand that weights the groceries is the hand that rules the world, which is what makes a grocery store worth writing up—especially this one. It’s true the principal character of this stirring narrative is a small store, but it has one striking difference from most stores of its size: it is orderly and it is clean. You know how most of them look? Ink bottles up alongside the breakfast food and Somebody’s Milk Chocolate crowding the canned tomatoes and a general air of cobwebs and dirt. But this one is different, from bread to beans to bananas—and that is one reason why this article is written and as there is no use keeping the thing a secret any longer you may as well know that the cause of the present excitement and enthusiasm on the part of the writer is The American Co-Operative of Hoboken, N. J., or, as we Germans put it, the Konsum und Produktiv Genossenschaft von Hoboken. And now we’re off.

It was Saturday evening in the Konsum und Produktiv Genossenschaft. If you had been there you would have seen a small, well-ordered, scrupulously neat grocery store, with a leaning toward delicatessen, thonged, yes, that is the word, by people who wanted to buy things. There were big, broad-shouldered longshoremen and big, broad-shouldered inshoremen (size 45 coats are popular in Hoboken); and old women and young women, and little children, and still smaller children, all waiting eagerly for a chance to buy the Saturday evening groceries.

Behind the counter three clerks were on a dead run, scooping sugar, weighing butter, cutting cheese, unbagging potatoes, and going through all the other wonderful operations which have made a job in a grocery-the ambition of all right-minded children. And these clerks did not stop and swap stories with the people who had brought the market basket—no indeed: it was just a case of Wrap up; Count up; “One dollar seventeen cents, please”; Ding! “Thank you; what’s yours, madam?”; from early in the afternoon till past midnight.

And every so often a red wagon dashed up and a young man with a kaiser-like moustache, (but suspected of being a Socialist,) carried away boxes of the larger orders to happy homes in Hoboken. And if Hoboken homes aren’t happy with the present Konsum und Produktiv Genossenschaft they don’t deserve to be happy—that’s all.

“Eat!” said the head clerk, “why, we don’t get a chance to eat on Saturday nights! They keep on coming like this till sometimes we have to stay till twelve o’clock.” By which it will be seen that the Hoboken institution is prospering as all good co-operatives prosper.

But perhaps you would like to know more about what a co-operative is, and how it is organized, and what it stands for and where it came from. It would take too long to give a history of co-operation from the paleozoic age down; probably the first effective co-op was The Associated Caven’s Konsum und Produktiv Genossenschaft, Number One, incorporated in the year 100,000 b. c., to track and lay low the wily mastodon and afterwards to divide up the white meat among those present. From that day onwards, with occasional setbacks from kings and capitalists co-operation has flourished until now the greater part of the world is convinced that mankind would be very much better off if they would only work together, and that is what the word Co-operation means.

But while kings and capitalists have been putting around and raising addresses and expressing their longing for the great day when no man shall rob his brother, the working class have begun to lay hold of the problem. Politically they hope to achieve the brotherhood of man by the political action of the Socialist Party. Economically they are trying to prepare for this change by building up the system of co-operatives—giving the workers a chance to manage on a small scale what sometimes they will have to manage on a big scale.

In Ghent for instance they possess a very fair substitute for the Co-operative Commonwealth, not that it’s Socialism—not by a long chalk—but it’s practical step on the way to Socialism; it’s a faint hazy suggestion of what socialism might and will do for people; and it has given to thousands who will never live to see the Co-operative Commonwealth joy and happiness that otherwise they would never have known. And if a few low-waged Ghentish workers were able to start in with a one-baker-power bakery and inside of a few years find themselves emboldened in a movement owning one of the finest bread-making places in the world; an immense store with numerous branches; a theatre; cafes; factories; restaurants; newspapers; study circles; and a score of other things, it foreshadows what wonderful heights might be scaled if everybody pitched in to help everybody else instead of spending the morning hours trying to squeeze a few cents out of the rent or interest or profit from some poor devil who can’t fight back.

Co-operation is the watchword of the Socialists in Ghent and in a dozen other big cities of Europe and it is on the general lines of the Belgian co-operatives that the Hoboken store is being run. This means that the people who have joined the movement have a higher interest than relates on the goods that they purchase; it means that their constitution demands a certain sum to be set aside from their annual profits “to educate its members politically and economically in the light of the modern progressive labor movement.” In other words to teach Socialism. And this is how the Socialists in Hoboken went to work on their Genossenschaft—a movement which may be most portentous in the future of American Socialism.

First. They didn’t begin in a hurry: it was about ten months ago that the campaign opened and it was just six weeks ago that the first tub of butter was uncovered, so you can see that the comrades in Hoboken didn’t simply shut their eyes and rush in: they waited till they were sure of their ground and then jumped. With the pleasing result that there is money in the money
drawer and canned syrup on the shelves and pleased customers at the counter. When the subject of co-operatives was broached for the first time there were naturally scoffs from the scoffers. Always there are scoffers; as a mild estimate about ninety-nine percent of us are scoffers at another man’s enterprise: we know it won’t succeed because we didn’t start it. And there were scoffers in Hoboken who gloated, “You can’t do it; there’s no use trying; a Co-operative is impossible in America, Amsterdam? Ghent? Brussels? Berlin? Oh, well, it’s different over there. Anyhow you certainly can’t make it go in a place called Hoboken.” But Old Man Fate has been laying for scoffers ever since Noah’s time with the happy result that many of the skeptics in Hoboken who came to scoff have remained to pay their Co-operative membership fee. Still in the beginning money didn’t grow much on trees; people weren’t sure whether or not the store would live and they didn’t want to give up five hard-earned dollars to buy flowers for a Co-operative corpse. The result was that after all the membership shares possible had been disposed of the movement still lacked some seven hundred necessary dollars.

Now comes the encouraging part: you mustn’t skip this. Some Socialists like to sit down and swinge yourself into a maddened though till you feel you might as well give up hope on the spot because there isn’t any good in human nature. But listen to this. The German Longshoremen’s Union lent $200 to the Co-operative; the American Longshoremen’s Union lent $300 to the Co-operative; and the last hundred was made up by a comrade who had faith in his soul and said he would rather trust the Co-operative than a bank. How’s that for the solidarity of labor? But there’s even a more cheerful side. You’ve heard so many people say, “Well, it sounds all right but I don’t trust it because it’s a Socialist movement.” I don’t like that name Socialist. Over in Hoboken the outsiders said “We don’t know much about this Co-operative idea but we believe in it—we’re weaving to trust our money to it because it’s backed by the Socialists.” That sort of thing is enough to make a sad young man like myself throw his hat into the air and holler.

So, overcoming difficulties and beating through opposition, the Co-operative opened its doors for business in the third week of February, about eight months after the beginning of the agitation. The Hobokenites had figured out that weekly receipts of $300 would enable the society to split just about even. The receipts for the first week were $26. But the second week was even better for the takings jumped by fifty dollars making the total $75. The third week it went to $297; then $345; and $675; and by the end of the sixth week when this article was written over $900 had been listed in the cash register.

Now this does not mean that every cent over $500 is profit, for of course the cost of the goods to wholesale is deducted no matter what the quantity sold; but it is safe to say that with $700 as the receipts some fifty old dollars are laid up for the association. Think of it—fifty dollars a week—and the possibilities not yet plumbed. Why there is no reason why the $25 a week increase should not go on till every working man in Hoboken is a custo mer and a member and that won’t happen in one month or two. If the $25 a week increase continues, by December the weekly sales ought to reach $1,000 and more, and that will mean a couple of hundred dollars a week profit.

The results are being obtained with a membership list of only about 250. Now when the working class find out from their neighbors that the store is a success the membership can jump to a thousand and still leave plenty of room for propaganda work. And it is so easy to join the Co-operative that it is harder to stay out in the rain than to come in. People who feel like becoming members at once, pay five dollars and have accepted by the Longshoremen that you can begin drawing dividends from the date of their first purchase. And anyone who hasn’t five dollars will be accepted on the payment of one dollar and the balance any time in three months.

Where the Hoboken Co-operative began business

But if you haven’t even one dollar to spare go ahead and just try it. There is a woman in town who drives a carriage and after you have joined and paid your fee automatically and from then on your returns are as big (if you buy as much) as the fellow who joined the day the doors opened.

There is another little kink which the co-operators are using to advantage. It is planned this way. The Co-operative so far sells mostly groceries, but human nature being what it is people are continually running off to buy shoes and hats and coats and hairbrushes and blacking and clockwork locomotives and a great many other things not commonly associated with groceries and delicatesen. What did the Konsum u. Produktiv Genossenschaft von Hoboken do? I’ll tell you.

They went around the local stores that dealt in hats and ribs and stoves and so many things and said, “Here. You want the trade of our members. Very good: buy these rebate checks from us and when our members come to deal with you give them a check for the amount of their purchase and we will refund them the rebates.”

It looked good to the merchants of Hoboken: they bought fifty or a hundred rebates from five percent of their face value and invited the co-operators in to buy. And the co-operators have bought. Every week the directors sell from $20 to $40 worth of coupons to the storekeepers of Hoboken and this sum represents more than $400 which

A scrupulously neat grocery store, thronged with people eager to make their purchases the members spend weekly outside of the Co-operative and which they may now spend with the knowledge that part of it will come back to them.

As pay day falls on Saturday, that day becomes the time of all times for buying. Also Saturday is favored because the housewife likes to do her ordering then for the Sunday meals. Long orders are the rule: for instance while I stood watching how things were done one order came which included this list: “Butter, Potatoes, Coffee, Pineapple, Apricots, Tomatoes, Oranges, Lemons, Onions, Oatmeal, Corn, Jam, Rice, Crackers, Zwieback, Eggs, Cheese—” and then some more. I’d like to board in Hoboken.

For the convenience of folks who live at a distance a postal card order system has been established. Each time the little red wagon and medium red horse makes a trip to these far flung outposts the driver leaves a nice clean postal card addressed to the Hoboken Co-operative. The housewife writes her order, drops it in the letter box at the corner and next morning round comes the horse and the little red wagon again.

Naturally all this takes thought and energy from someone. Says Secretary Karl Behrens, stopping his strenuous life to talk for a moment: “It has been hard work for everybody and of course it has been harder in some districts because we have had to find things out for ourselves and so we have doubtless made some mistakes. If I were to give advice to another Co-operative starting in I should say:

1. Don’t open your store till you have enough money to start right.
2. Don’t buy old stock; get new goods and the best you can afford.
3. Don’t attempt false economy because in the end that means a loss of dollars.

4. Don’t take advantage of the market simply because you are in a position to do so. I mean if you buy butter at 20 cents and after you have bought it the wholesale price goes up to 25 cents give your customers the advantage of the rise. Don’t take it yourself.

5. And look out for the chronic kickers who want only to spoil things. Try to encourage people who wish to see the movement succeed.”

So spoke Karl Behrens from the fulness of his heart.

And that is what the Hoboken Co-operative is like. Thus far its members have been mostly Germans but from now on an especial campaign will be made to secure the support of the English speaking people and there is no reason why such a campaign should not prove a success. The stomach is a potent preacher against the present unfair distribution of wealth and once a man’s stomach has begun to see the folly of our present
![Image of a page from a book]

**Books for the Silent Hour**

By W. J. Ghent

The face of the planet is now known, and in the company of travelers we may imagine ourselves in whatever regions we choose. A wider hospitality of soul has developed within us, and no longer can we limit the width of the communal circle of sympathy.

Science has done much toward this broadening of the intellectual sympathies, but the social awakening has done more. We can no longer look at anything from the standpoint of one individual. It is not now so much the individual Desdemona or Cordelia who touches our hearts. We can still feel deeply for them—perhaps no longer so much as the generation of Charles Lamb.

But from our broader outlook and our more expansive sympathies we spontaneously concern ourselves more with the tragedies of groups and races and classes. We are immensely persuaded to look upon a Cordelia not as the solitary victim of a monstrous wrong, but as the type of any Cordelias in many lands. If to our consciousness the individual is a relative of the race, then the race becomes more, it is the race as a totality of many individuals, and not the race as a mere abstraction. We do not all see the forest for the trees. We see them both in clearer relation and perspective.

Upon all of us the pressure of social concepts becomes more insistently. In all of us the social mind is a prismatic part of our selves, associated with our elemental feelings. The "still, sad music of humanity" becomes vocal to all our waking moments. The social mind is that exacting part of life as we are coming to know life—not the vicissitudes nor the fantasies of unrelated individuals, but the...
E D WENT next night, through rain and wind, to have a talk with the Minister. Though Roy, would help him out of his trouble if anybody would—or could. Though of late years Ed had grown slack in church-going, Eliza had “tended out” with pious regularity, and the boy, too, had been put that night in the Sunday-school. Ed, therefore, felt himself at least entitled to a consultation with the spiritual physician of his family.

He experienced none the less, a certain uneasiness when, having been admitted, all drippings, by a trim maid in cap and apron, he was bidden sit down and wait in the vestibule.

"Mr. Supple dined so late, the lady informed him. "If y’ell be havin’ half an hour or maybe a little more to spare, I think maybe he can see ye."

"All right," Ed answered. It was lodge-night, but this interview was more important than any lodge whatsoever. Holding his dingy, water-soaked hat in his labor-thickened hands, he sat down on the edge of a chair in the hall and resigned himself to patience, wondering a little while, that the Rev. Mr. Supple dined so late and so long.

None too comfortable now was Ed. The gleam of the polished door under the red-shaded glow of the vestibule lamp; the tiger rug; the winding mahogany stair; the huge framed photograph of the Church of St. Angelo, at Rome, and the costly reproduction of the Sistine Chapel ceiling—though he recognized neither one—filled him with uneasiness. His heavy, muddy boots seemed out of place on that waxed parquetry; his whole person wrangled with the cultured luxury. Mentally he contrasted this clerical dwelling with his own sordid, malodorous, barren mockery of home.

"Gee!" he murmured beneath his breath, "it must pay some better, bein’ a minister, than what it does makin’ car-springs! Wish I had my chance at life over again. Reckon I know what line I’d try fer!"

The half-hour lengthened into three-quarters before the Rev. Mr. Supple could receive him: because, right after the long course-dinner, Wilson K. Babcock of the Babcock Linen Mills dropped in, and—his business being, as he said, quite pressing—had to be admitted first. But after an unconscionable wait, Ed was at last ushered in the Reverend’s study.

A moment he stood on the threshold, half-timid, half-lessons, not knowing what word to utter. The room was shrouded in a restful gloom, flicked through by red gleams from the open fire at one side. Upon the study table a green-hooded electric lamp made a blotch of color under it, a circle of yellow light lay on the papers, the typed manuscripts which, to Ed’s troubled eyes, looked so profoundly erudite.

"Well, my man, and what can I do for you?" inquired Mr. Uriah Supple in his deep, well-modulated, clerical voice, giving Ed a plump, rather moist and cool hand.

"I haven’t had the pleasure of seeing you at church, for a good while past. So no’er spiritual problem, no’ do? Pray be seated and let me hear your trouble."

He indicated a voluminous leather lounge, and his’sel sat down at ease before his rosewood desk. Ed, which was still clung to his hat like a drowning man to a straw, exclaimed himself uneasily on the couch. A moment’s silence followed.

"Well?" inquired the Rev., drumming on the desk-top with the rummaged fingers, "what’s the trouble? My time is limited, this evening. I’ve got to speak before the City Commercial Club on ‘The Stewardship of Material Means.’ So it’s a queer time for this.

"Well—well, sir," began Ed, nervously clearing his throat, "it’s about that boy of mine—Samuel, you know."

"Yes, yes, of course, I know," hastily interposed the Reverend, scowling. "But what I was going to say was this. Perhaps you’re wrong, quite wrong in your—er—diagnosis. Perhaps it’s his home life that’s at fault. Now, for example, are there—perhaps—nurting him the spiritual instruction he ought to have? Are you setting him a proper example in regard to conduct, faith and morals? Are you instilling in him the right regard for his school, and his superior, and inculcating in him a contented state of mind as concerns the station of life to which it has pleased God in His infinite wisdom, etc.? (up went the clerical forefinger) to call him? Your charity, please, is not nearly high enough. I think maybe it’s a little unsatisfactory. I have heard, too, some disquieting reports of your trade-union activities down at the shops. No, no," he quickened his words as Ed showed signs of interrupting, "let’s have my say! I speak frankly, for your own good. You are reported as fomenting agitation, being over-zealous in the cermen’s union and also even having attended the Socialist meeting at Potschmar—"

"Who said so?" exclaimed Ed, excitedly.

"Who’s spinnin’ on me an’ what do I do? Who’s—?"

"Of course you understand that, by becoming a Socialist, I renounced Supple, entirely—""

"It’s a lie, I never!" shouted Ed. "I just went t’ hear what them fellers had to say! I’m as good a publican as you are! As good as they is in this town! But that don’t mean ‘I want my boy run like this tarnation drivlin’! Why, d’you think—?"

"There, there, my man," warned the clergyman. "Do not forget yourself! I am here to warn, admonish and instruct you. Especially since you have come to ask my counsel. Let this thought guide you, that your son’s conduct at home is but a reflection of your own. If you be rebellious, hot-tempered, dissatisfied and faithless to those in authority, spiritually and materially—those above you, in short—how can you expect your—son to develop otherwise?"

Ed, for the moment mentally haustroh, shifted uneasily on the couch. At the ceiling he stared, then at the fire; but he found no words. The man of God began gathering up some papers and sorting them; but, once or twice, his rather pale face flamed, blushing behind them, blinded keenly at the mechanic, who sat, embarrassed in the half-gloom.

"My advice to you," suddenly spoke the Reverend. "Cultivate a humble and contrite heart, attend divine service more, inculcate Christian principles into your son. Then—"

"But no, no, you don’t understand me at all!" suddenly exploded Ed again. "That ain’t what I come to see you fer. It’s this here drivlin’ an’ scoulin’ I want to talk about. That’s makin’ all the trouble. Afore it begun here, Sam, he was a good enough young-un. But now—he’s changed. Can’t you help me git him out of it? I’m doin’ all I can to break him of it. Won’t you help me?"

"Help? How can I?" queried the minister respectfully. "There would be the consistency in that, when the Scotchman under my especial patronage; when I’m chaplain of this encampment; when the boys drill in the basement of my church; when I’m active in recruiting and enlarging a stock movement? When all the best people in town are co-operating, and the press and clergy unani mously supporting it? How can I?"

"But what happens to a—ah—boy?"

"Ah, there you must be mistaken!" parried the divine. "We inculcate patriotism, discipline and order. We train in manual skill, precision and length. Then, our outings, as you know, furnish admirable recreation and teach many useful arts of woodcraft. Further, the social advantages are to be considered. Your boy is be-
ing brought in contact with the sons of some of the best families, whom otherwise he—"

"That may all be!" interposed Ed, "but,—how bout this here oath they have to take? Say: that under all circumstances, all, mind you, they gotta obey—?"

"Doesn't that make for ultimate peace?" interposed Supple. "Industrial, social, economic peace and welfare? Discipline, all! that's the watch-word of modern life, my man. What a training, how invaluable a training we give these dear young men of ours! As the twig is bent, you know, so the tree is inclined. And every drill-night, I, myself personally, speak to them of some moral problem, of duty, of loyalty, obedience, humility, and—"

"What? An' then the drill-master, he teaches 'em to fight? To kill? Why, say, this very week past, he's a-givin' 'em sawed-off Springfields! Next week, target-practice! An' after that—"

"Well, what of it? Efficiency demands this step. In case of war, these young soldiers may be highly useful to their dear country, their fatherland. Semper paratus, you know. Qui pacem vult, parat belli! Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori?"

"Eh?" queried the mechanic, given pause by this broadside of erudition. He felt, somehow, that an unfair advantage was being taken of him, and resented it.

"Always ready! He who wishes peace must prepare for war!" condescended the Rev. Supple. "It is sweet and proper to die for one's native land. So you see how very necessary all this is, not only for any possible invasion from abroad, but also for the maintenance of domestic and industrial peace."

With a gesture of finality he gathered up the papers he had been selecting, snapped a broad rubber band around them, and looked up with a suave smile.

"Now," said he, "will you excuse me?" He glanced at the gold Louis Quinze clock on the mantel. "My address to the Commercial Club begins at nine, and I have but half an hour. My car is out of order, too; I shall have to take a carriage, which will be slower. I know you understand, and will pardon me?"

"Just one minute, Doctor, just one minute!" exclaimed Ed. "War—do you believe in it? Think we'd oughter keep lettin' our boys think about it, talk it, get the fever of it? Oughter—?"

"Ah, that involves quite other and more complicated questions," Supple replied. "In general, no; I do not believe in war. Our holy Church opposes it. My—our Lord and Master, again an upward glance, "decreed it. Yet at times, it becomes necessary. When national honor is involved, or when—him! him—that is, certain junctures arise when no alternative presents itself."

"But, killin' men—"

"We have the authority of Holy Writ behind us," continued the Reverend, pressing an electric button set into the side of his desk. "Take Psalms, eighteen, thirty-four, for example: 'He teacheth my hands to war, that a bow of steel is broken in mine hands.' Consider the whole Book of Kings! Look at Proverbs, twenty, eighteen: 'With good advice, make war!' And even in Revelations, where all things earthly and divine are summed to their conclusion, do we not find these sacred words: 'In righteousness he doth make war?'"

"But—"

"No, no, there is no possible disputing this. And many another passage proves it. I could quote you a score, if time permitted. My advice to you, my good man, is this: return home, study your Bible, attend services more regularly, keep a right attitude toward your employers and superiors, and all will be well with the boy. No by rebellion against the Divine will nor against its earthly manifestations of power, but—"

The study door, opening, interrupted him.

"You rang, sir?" asked the maid.

"Ah, yes, yes. Have Michael bring the surray around, at once."

"He's at supper, sir. An' he's wet clear through, what with—"

"Never mind! Do as I bid you! I'm late, now. I must have it in five minutes, you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the maid, in an awed voice.

The door closed behind her.

"Now, really," resumed the Reverend, again ruffling his papers, "I must beg you to withdraw. I have some notes for my address to look over and arrange. Let me see you at church, next Sunday. That will be better, far better, than all this rebellious thinking and speaking."

He arose. Ed, though his mind was not half spoken, perforce did the same. For a moment the two men stood there facing each other in the subdued light; the one sleek, fat, poised, the other scrummy and sinewy, ill at ease, hesitating, still toy ing with that wet and battered derby.

Then the Rev. Mr. Supple held out his hand.

"Good-bye, my man," said he.

A minute later, Ed was in the street.

Even before the outer door had closed behind him, the man of God unlocked and jerked open a drawer of his desk, then with a very ugly set to his jaw, extracted a small card-catalogue in an oaken box.

This he looked over, quickly, till he found the name, "Johnson, Edward."

With his gold-mounted fountain pen he made some rather careful entries on this card. He replaced it in the box, put the box back into the drawer and securely locked it.

"H'm'm!" said he, and for a moment sat thinking. Then, with a cynical smile, he gathered up his papers for the coming address at the Commercial Club.

Ed, meanwhile, was slowly heading for home. Now that it was all over, he felt safer and more secure. He felt rested, relaxed, at peace at every step; yet how he could have done otherwise he did not see. Somewhere, he dimly heard, lay huge, yawning fancies; but where, where?

Tempt, slow, bungling, he stood there in the night, himself a type and symbol of unawakened Labor.

"Darn him, but he's smart, Supple is!" grumbled he, as he hunched his shoulders and, turning up his collar, slowly staggered toward the corner of the street.

An idea struck him. He paused, waiting in the shadow of a porch.

Presently, splashing through the sloppy mud, the Reverend's carriage drove up before the parsonage. Soon a figure appeared, with book and papers under its arm and sheltered by the mail with an umbrella.

"(Continued on page 18)"
Letters Regarding the Boy Scout Movement

I.
From an open-minded business man

THE "Masses" magazine has not made a good beginning, in my mind. For one thing, the cynical, violent and rather sensational treatment of the Boy Scout movement does not appeal to me. I cannot think the Boy Scout movement is a deep-laid plot, nor that the simple, emulative occupation that it gives to boys can do them harm. To my mind there is more of Socialism in the army and navy than in any other class of our nation. Nowhere else do you find devotion to a public cause so straightforwardly followed, without the recreation of one's enthusiasm does not remain; our Presidents could find no citizens in private life to build the Panama Canal, even under the bribery of public honor and princely salary, but an army officer does the work with no thought of comparing his reward with the rewards of private life. And so also is the attitude of the young army man who recently discovered a million dollar invention to telephone. He turned it over for the public good as a Socialist under Socialism would have done. No, these movements, like that of the Boy Scouts, which arise in the enthusiasm of great numbers of people, develop quickly; it is one knows how or whence. The men in the end be the nucleus of the co-operative army of Socialism, (all the good, wherever it is, will enter into Socialism,) and to make leaders of Socialist opinion should be cautious in attributing evil designs to such spontaneous movements.

II.
Reply

Your letter of the 11th instant proved very interesting reading. It reflects just the sort of views that I held myself until about eight years ago.

Nevertheless, it is certainly inevitable that actual Socialists should dislike the Boy Scout movement, and I am now going to try to explain why this is so. I don't ask you to accept our point of view—that is, to make it your own; but I do have some hope of getting you to see what the point of view is, inasmuch as there is a philosophic side to your mind.

All such questions as these are better discussed in terms of evolution than in terms of ethics; for anyone who begins to discuss any social movement in terms of ethics necessarily starts from his own received notions of right and wrong are, and generally finds it impossible to get into any other groove of conception as to the meaning of right and wrong than the one he starts in. Speaking in terms of evolution, then, the main thing the out-and-out Socialist sees, as he looks out upon the world, is the fact that our economic civilization has mechanically and automatically set off two classes, each other, the first class being those who own stock in the corporations, and the tenement houses in the cities; the other class being those who work for the corporations and live in the tenement houses. (In this particular discussion we may as well leave out the farmers, who constitute a third class.)

In the process of social evolution, then, the mechanical method of production has automatically produced these two economic classes, and each of these classes has a natural psychology of its own. It is the most difficult thing in the world for a person brought up in the capitalist class or among the educated classes whose psychology is directly controlled by that of the capitalist class, to get any grasp upon the proletarian psychology.

As the Socialist sees the proletarian psychology, one of its fundamental elements is distrust of the capitalist class. This distrust may be only passive, or it may become active. It is only in those proletarian groups which have an active distrust, or at those times when the general distrust in the proletarian class becomes active that the proletarian class shows activity towards claiming justice for itself and in the ultimate direction (as the Socialist thinks) of attaining a state of things when the capitalist class shall cease to exist and the next static phase of social evolution shall dawn—the co-operative commonwealth.

The Socialist believes that this distrust of the capitalist class and their retainers, and this Darwinian disposition on the part of the proletarian class to set up in business for itself, to disregard the advice of the capitalist and professional classes and to set itself to the task of running the world according to its own innate convictions of justice are the absolute prerequisite to the bringing in of the co-operative commonwealth. Therefore, he believes that, generally speaking, other things being equal, whatever tends to make active the dormant distrust of the capitalist in the proletarian mind tends to hasten the coming of the co-operative commonwealth; and, on the other hand, whatever tends to deaden the sense of justice or humanity can never per- plement their class with such sentiments to the extent of giving up their power; that underlying all tendencies to make humane concessions, there must lurk the consciousness that if such concessions are not made, compulsion will arrive. The Socialist has, however, no idea that the struggles will be one of physical force; he realizes joyfully that our centuries' experience in the forms of democratic government have brought us out of the way of thinking that issues are to be fought out with literal weapons. In modern political encounters we still use the language of warfare, but the words do not mean what they say—the only fighting there will be is jar fighting.

Another guarantee that the issue will be joined and the Socialist stage of social evolution will set in without civil war, lies in the wonderful development in the minds of the great captains of finance of the art and habit of compromise—a development which these men of genius have manifested during the last twenty-five years. This leads me to think it possible that all we are striving for will come eventually piecemeal by way of concession: "Freedom broadening slow-

My men."

(Continued on page 18)
REVOLUTIONARY MEXICO

By CARLO DE FORNARO

III

American Intervention—What For?

In the last three weeks events have moved faster than in the six months previous, to the great bewilderment of the casual student of Mexican affairs. But even a close observer notes the Revolution is puzzled by the amazing strength shown by the revolutionary movement and the utter futility and weakness of the Mexican government.

How is it possible that an administration which had to call upon the strength of its army for support and whose policy has been constantly one of great generosity toward the army, (because it has justly held the well-being and efficiency of its army to be the basis of its very life), how is it possible that this same government in its hour of trial has failed so ignominiously?

It must be understood that in the beginning all the revolutionary trouble seemed to be discussed west of Chiapas and into that district the government did not send adequate forces. Later when the rebellion broke out in twenty different states the War Department in each instance sent only 60 to 150 soldiers to the disturbed areas. It was like trying to put out a conflagration with a mop. The government was supposed to have 28,000 soldiers and 12,000 rurales and a very efficient corps of artillery equipped with powerful cannon, the invention of Captain Momordron. What had happened to this army of 40,000 to compel Gen. Diaz to beseech 27,000 railroad men to join the ranks, and to arm hundreds of men, who had never seen a rifle, on the promise that they would not have to fight but only “make a bluff”?

The key to the mystery was revealed in the news that when the revolution broke out Gen. Diaz discovered that instead of having 28,000 soldiers there were only 12,000 and that somebody higher up was making $5,000 a day on the stuffed payrolls of the 10,000 imaginary chocolate warriors!

Imagine the impotent rage of the hoary old despot, his helplessness and his despair—for the fear of a scandal and the danger of convening this damaging information to the revolutionists prevented him from dismissing or imprisoning the grafter. Accordingly, when the horrible truth and the seriousness of the situation fully dawned upon him it was necessary for him to risk his great trump card—to appeal to the President of the United States to send troops to patrol the Mexican border.

By the time the manœuvre were in full swing the Mexican Minister of Finance appeared on the scene and, with the Mexican Ambassador de la Barra, gave out a series of reportorial fireworks which clouded the real issue. This clever comedy was only a preliminary to the exchange of the old cabinet in Mexico for a new one, with the intention of deceiving the rebels and the restless but still peaceful element into the belief that a new ministry with Limantour as the uncrowned king would initiate a series of sweeping reforms and thus unite all the discontented elements under the Cienfuegos flag against the common enemy—the Great Colossus of the North.

What Limantour succeeded in doing was to arouse in the minds of the Mexicans the suspicion that Diaz had begged the help of Taft to keep him in power.

The revolutionists only smiled when they heard Limantour prate of laying down guns before the initiation of reforms. They knew only too well that “amnesty” for them meant either: hanging or a mysterious death “by sunstroke.” Senor Limantour had suddenly discovered that Mexico needed reforms and that Diaz would start the reform movement at his earliest conveniency—after peace was declared. The revolutionists did not forget that when in December, 1909, this same champion of progress received a letter from E. G. Madero, telling him that revolution would surely come if the government did not grant a free ballot, the answer of Senor Limantour was: “To jail with all reformers!”

Madero and his followers are not deceived by promises and good intentions or a scarecrow of American intervention; for the last 30 years Gen. Diaz has paved Mexico with good intentions and the revolutionists are armed to fight a real enemy—not a straw man.

As martial law has been in force practically as long as Diaz has been in power, it is easy to suppose that it was meant to frighten Americans who contemplated joining the rebels.

It appears that the Washington administration does not wish Congress to ask questions which might cross the Mexican government, and that it has promised the publication of the truth of the mystery in a Blue Book. But the press has already given out a reason for the hasty manœuvre of the Arizona soldiers along the Rio Grande. Says the press, the gathering of troops was a warning that the United States would not tolerate a secret alliance between Mexico and Japan.

The rumor of such a project was current in Mexico as far back as 1907. Several mining men who had engaged some thousands of Japanese coolies to work for them complained that after a few months these coolies mysteriously disappeared to make their way slowly to the North and West Coast. Many of them were well dressed and sported gold chains and rings. Some 50,000 Japanese are supposed to be hidden along the West Coast and in Lower California.

On March 24th a Mexican paper gave out this news: “Although the War Department denies that an American vessel which went out to repair the submarine cables in the Island of Guam accidentally discovered a submarine cable connecting said island with Yokohama, still the news is authentic. A high functionary of the American Navy informed a correspondent of the Baltimore News of this incident about two months ago, but it was not published because of the secrecy imposed by the Naval officer. Now that the story has been told by a machinist of an American transport in San Francisco there is no reason for not publishing it.”

The same newspaper published in its editorial page March 1st an article entitled, “Japan Is Going to Save Latin America.” It is an extract from the Revue Diplomatique, Paris, and is signed M. P. Marin.

Through all this tangled web one thing stands out clearly; that the Diaz Government and his “cabinetists” are friendly to the United States only so far as they can use the United States for their own purposes. But the Mexican people and especially the revolutionists are really in sympathy with the Americans, and if not with the American government it is because they have been taught to mistrust the United States by Diaz.

Whatever happens the final result is bound to make for the benefit of the Liberals in Mexico who wish for just one thing—the re-establishment and enforcement of the Constitution of 1857.

How to Arrange a Successful Mass Meeting

In arranging a mass meeting the principal problem is “How to cover expenses.”

The two favorite methods are collections and the sale of literature.

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

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

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

To sum up the advantages to your local: No expense and 50% profit.

Its appearance alone makes The Masses the best seller among Socialist periodicals. Under the above arrangement it has been shown that at least two-thirds of the audience purchase copies. Thus at a meeting of 600 you will sell 400 copies and make a profit of $60,000.

THIS IS THE PLAN YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

WRITE THE BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE MASSES AT ONCE.
THE DREAD

By CHARLOTTE TELLER

The smoke and the flames by day and the flames and the smoke by night shadowed her or threw into bold relief against the black-ground of a passing present, her happiness, in all its insecurity. She belonged, without knowing it, to the Order of the Smokes and Flames.

As she stood about to enter the fast darkening kitchen, relief pressed the hate out of her face. Another day was ending and there would be another night of safety before the next morning's prayer.

She went in to finish getting supper. Just as she put her foot on the threshold a sudden brightness flared over the house, over the neighboring houses, over the unkempt yards, the treeless street. It seemed even to reach the mountains growing more distinct against a paling sky.

A great column of flame rose above the furnaces, white flame; sharp-pointed.

Twice it rose.

Twice she saw the windows of the houses reflect the fire from the mills, and twice she shuddered.

She stood rigid, straining her ears for the sound, of human cries, a half mile away.

Where the flames had been black smoke was rising up noiselessly, invisibly, a thick column.

She began to pray for his life, but only the thought of his death was with her.

She looked about her. There was the house just the same, the dark kitchen awaiting her, the mountains unmoving. Yet it was all strange.

She saw him in thought, dead and unheeded, yet she looked down the street to see him coming. She struggled for the power of hope.

No one came down the street, but in the distance, there was the rush of horses' feet and the clatter of the ambulance on its way from the hospital to the mills.

A dull cry of murmuring came from her lips. She went down the steps, across the empty lots, to the unpaved street and toward the mills. She knew. The message had reached her.

When she was near the mills she found many people—mostly silent or talking in subdued tones. But sometimes there was a loud scream from some grief-stricken woman or a cry of pain from one of the wounded.

They were bringing them out now. The smoke was stifling, but she walked on, pushing her way through the crowds and heedless of the fact that her dress caught and bore on the debris, and her shoes were blackened by the hot ashes.

As she walked she went directly to where he lay, in the road, just outside the main entrance.

He was alive.

She did not rush screaming to his side, nor clasp him in her arms. She came very quietly and stood over him.

He looked up at her with eyes that were already glassy, but in the dark she did not see them.

"I had supper most done," she said dully.

He twisted with agony and rolled over on his face. She was down close beside him now, kneeling. He was dead.

She got slowly to her feet. Her eyes were dry. She heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Thank God," she said. She was thinking of the dread which was gone forever.

DO YOU LIKE YOUR WORK?

Out of every thousand people in the world only one works at the occupation for which he is best fitted.

Millions of people are popularly charged as "failures" because they have never found the occupation for which they are best fitted.

The average Socialist is a continuous wonder to the capitalist-minded, successful citizen. They cannot understand why it is that a Socialist with brains and abilities fails "to make good." And many a Socialist wonders too.

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

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

We have a job for you which will not only bring you such returns that you will no longer be considered a financial failure, but from which you will also derive great personal satisfaction.

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

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

Shall we hear from you? Now?
COMPENSATION OR INSURANCE

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

When someone says, "I told you so!" the impulsion is strong to heave a brick at his head; but a more profitable method is to ask the "I told you so!" person for further information. In this article Comrade Henry L. Slobodin of the New York Bar explains his reasons for opposing the recently defeated "Workmen's Compensation Act." We publish it not to invite controversy but to put before the people one side of a question which in the near future must be thoroughly threshed out—not only by New York State but by the country at large from San Diego to Bangor. —Editor.

makig mistakes, but there is no excuse for making the same mistake twice. The modern common law of master and servant is largely judge-made. Before 1837, a workman could hold his master liable for injuries received by him while at work the same way as if he were a stranger. In 1837, Lord Abinger laid down the rule that if the injuries sustained by a workman were due to the negligence of another employee of the same master, the master was not liable. The courts enlarged upon this so-called fellow-servant rule, until a very by the workman became an extremely remote probability. To make matters doubly sure for the masters, the courts so changed the rule of contributory negligence that instead of being a defense for the master to be so pleaded and proved, the workman has now to prove his "freedom" from contributory negligence. The workman was also supposed to have assured all the necessary and obvious risks of his own work and the risks of his master's negligence, if he knew of it.

The red spectre that has haunted Europe ever since the great French revolution, induced the ruling classes to concede to the working class labor laws providing compensation to the workman in the event of an accident. With Germany always marching in the van, one country after another passed laws of state insurance for the working man. Prussia legislated on the subject as early as 1838. One of the last countries to concede a law to labor covering accidents was England. But instead of an obligation insurance law, England enacted, in 1897, a law providing for compulsory compensation by the employer.

While the agitation for progressive labor measures continued, the workman by the courts was also going on apace. The enactment of the Workmen's Compensation Act drove the English courts to greater zeal in deposing labor of its rights. They seized upon this, and what it did to it is a caution.

The Act was limited only to workmen employed in hazardous trades. Not satisfied with such delimitation, the courts ruled that a plank placed over a window sill did not constitute scaffolding; nor did planks supported by trestles eight feet high; nor was painting the outside of a house repairing; thereby excluding a large number of workmen from the operation of the Act.

Then the courts proceeded to do business with the "two weeks" clause, which provided that no workman was entitled to compensation unless he worked for the same employer for at least two weeks, even if he was disabled for life or killed. Moreover, the Act excluded recovery for an injury due to "wilful misconduct" of the workman. And this frequently meant the slightest violation of "shop rules" adopted by the employer.

Our committee accepted the British Act, one week clause, wilful misconduct clause and all. The British Act excluded outworkers. Outworkers were excluded in the Socialist recommendations. In fact it seemed to me that the Socialist recommendations were far more notable for the relief they withheld from the workmen, than for the remedies they offered them.

I contended, at the time, and am still holding the view, that the Socialist Party should demand and urge upon the workmen to demand a state (meaning national and state) insurance law in preference to a compulsory compensation law. The reasons for my stand are briefly:

1. Obligatory insurance will include outworkers, one-week workers, casual workers, in short all workers.

2. Obligatory insurance will take from the employer the incentive of defeating a recovery and will lose nothing if every one of his workmen are paid insurance benefits. He will gain nothing if not one of them is paid anything. The courts will, therefore, have the least possible to do with the administration of the law.

3. The workman will not be sacked because of bad health. The compulsory compensation law provides that the master shall pay the workman, if the workman's health becomes bad owing to his work. It also provides that the master has the right to have the workman examined by a physician, and if it is found that, under the British Act, the employer watches his workmen with great care, and as soon as any one shows signs of bad health, he is dismissed. Getting a job is ever afterwards for this workman like getting a new life insurance. He also got a great deal ofertainty of a workman's livelihood. Under obligatory insurance this will be eliminated.

4. Obligatory insurance will make the recovery secure. Under compulsory compensation, the workman has no redress in the event of the employer's insolvency. It is true that the workman in the opinion of some, for some use if the insolvent master has some assets, which seldom happens.

5. Compulsory compensation, which attempts to make the employer pay the employee for his (Continued on page 18)
THE SUPERIORITY OF SOCIALISM

By JOSEPH N. COHEN

THERE are many theories as to how change in human society comes about. In fact, one would think there are as many theories as there are students of social problems. For example, it is sometimes contended that social forces are blind, purposeless, tearing down or building up indiscriminately. Or again, other theorists are busy tracing the trail of present change back to the moment when man first kissed the social idea into life—which romantic episode is said to have occurred some several hundred thousand years ago. But what does it avail, for any practical purpose, to know that this mundane existence of ours is dangling between two great uncertainties: namely, that the earth might never have been but for a fortunate conglomeration of drifting star dust some trillions of years ago, and, secondly, that our planet may be swallowed by its sun-mother millions of years hence?

More recently (for Socialism is nothing if not scientific), we are insisting upon a division of labor. The cook does not care to have the rest of the family meddling with the baking of the pie, and we, for our part, are disposed to let geology look after its own province in peace, and not permit pre-historic data to interfere seriously with the even tenor of our way—the business immediately in hand—transforming Socialism from the ideal to the real.

Naturally, not being entirely devoid of bowels of compassion and the milk of human kindness, we are right loth to let the dead past bury its dead. But driving necessity compels us to withstand the claims of the grave, and to refrain from attempting to travel through a mountain range with no other tool than an ancient stone ax.

So much for that. So much for the theory that evolution is mighty, mighty slow, and that the better day in store for us is forever hundreds of thousands of years hence. For Socialism is not tainted with commercialism. It is not trying to sell the heathen a heaven more cheaply than are the theologians.

Now, there is another variety of social theorist. It is the extremist at the other end, who holds the view that we can enter into our own today (or, was it three days ago?). We refer to the mechanical Socialists, who rise to the occasion that they will drop a ballot in the box, out will jump a co-operative commonwealth, or if you will pour such and such pappy phrases into a meeting, out will pour the fashionable labor union movement. This fellow will never forgive Karl Marx for having become a prey to the hallucination that it will take a deal of time to make the social change, that you cannot alter the consciousness of a people over night.

What shall we say to such theorists? What can we say but that exhortation alone, calling the social sinners to repentance, is insufficient to save our bodies, as it is to save our souls; that pilots are only of use insofar as they are given ships with trustworthy bottoms and that, if shipwrights be honest craftsmen, the quality of craft will improve from year to year.

That is to say, there is work aplenty to do, now and here. More than that, only as we do the tasks before us can we fit ourselves to grapple with the bigger ones ahead. For Socialism is not a utopia; it is a growing-into-something larger and better.

We must needs pause here and tell what is meant by Socialism. That is a hard track. Nor is it to be hoped that we can frame a definition acceptable not only to a general referendum of all Socialistically inclined, but also carrying no discord if attuned to the song of the morning stars.

Let that be as it may. It will suffice to say that Socialism is, first of all, the movement of those who want to solve the bread and butter problem in a manner satisfactory to the great bulk of the people. This involves a great deal—the biggest deal there is, so far as we know. But we shall not enter into this phase of it just now.

The Socialist is a movement by and in the interest of the working class especially. For it is wholly true that the size of the market basket is of deepest concern to the working people, that large, almost indefinable horde, who toll by night and day, and who seem so imured to the dust and shadows of shop and mine, as to make it problematic whether their eyes can come to bear the white light of freedom.

So, whatever will make for better living among the diggers and delvers, is of prime importance to the Socialist movement and party. But there is more to life than bread; there is more to man than stomach. And here again Socialism is profoundly concerned. For it so happens that control of the world’s industries as private property by the capitalist class not only confers upon them the sway of economic power, thereby dwarfing the status of the rest of us into that of inferiors; but it tends to make culture beholden to property and so circumscribe the opportunities of the people. Therefore Socialism also expresses the purpose of the masses to break the fetters that stunt and rack and limit their intellectual and spiritual growth.

Hence, with the economic advantages that will more or less rapidly accrue to us, there will be the modification of prevailing institutions and the rearing of new ones, to the pass where the whole superstructure will be sufficiently remodeled to constitute a social revolution.

To look at it in another light:

People nowadays are dead tired of their comings and goings. They want to forget life as it is, instead of desiring to experience it to the full. Their joy is in being as far from reality as possible, instead of dipping into it. They employ soporifics to blunt their senses. Think what a gulf yawns between things as they are and even that distorted, momentary haven, to which the drinker imagines his gulp of beer to be solemn? And is it not likewise true that the schemes of purchasing pleasure, from the laborer’s cheap whiskey to the idler’s monkey banquet, are substitutes—the poorest kind of substitutes—for human joy?

And so, to put it into a phrase, Socialism is that movement which makes for genuine human happiness. It is to open opportunities all along the line, that each of us may enjoy wholesome pursuits; revel in the kinship with nature; build his body stronger and frinner; and contribute his share to the common fund of learning and beauty, with the feeling that what he bestows will not alone bring gladness to his fellow men, but will return to him manifold. For the more his vision expands, the greater is the horizon of happiness to which it reaches.

That is to say, Socialism is not a new asceticism. It is not wrapped up with any specific formula for regulating the table or the tabernacle. True enough, it would rather see the people have the chance to feast, than be compelled to practice the virtue of fasting. But it has no dietary whin.

The man who wishes to be a vegetarian may. That is his affair. It is a question he must settle with his own conscience and digestion. It is one of those private matters into which the public need not intrude, and in which Socialism takes no concern.

But the bread and butter question—and the bigger question of which bread and butter is to so large an extent the stuff and substance—depend upon governmental adjustment. Politics is national housekeeping. That is why we need Socialist politicians and statesmen and a Socialist party.

The Socialist politician must be superior to those of the old parties. He must be able to thwart the other fellow’s game, anticipate their stratagem, be on tiptoes for every emergency, and, because of the social philosophy urging him on, forecast every turn of events and plan his campaign accordingly. He must be more and more successful in winning the voters to his shibboleth and standard.

And that much the Socialist party is already doing.

Furthermore, while doing its own work, which is of the greatest consequence to it, the Socialist movement nevertheless finds profit in casting a friendly eye upon all other movements making (Continued on page 18)
While one coach after another came thundering into the courtyard with a gallery of strange faces crowded at the windows I ran about the garden like one possessed, trampled the autumnal slips under my new fine patent leathers and let the tears run down my cheeks. But this moment of pleasure was cut short. They were looking for me everywhere.

I went into the house. The old man, (who was quite crazy for joy at seeing all his old adversaries and enemies, all those that he had at any time blackbitten, insulted, or slandered, as his guests), ran from one to the other, pressed everybody’s hand and swore eternal friendship. I wanted to say “How do you do?” to a couple of friends but, with great noise, I was pushed into a room where they said my bride was waiting for me.

There she stood. Entirely in white silk—bridal veil like a cloud around her—myrtle wreath black and spiny on her hair—like a crown of thorns.

I had to shut my eyes for a second. She was so beautiful.

Stretching her hands toward me she said, “Are you satisfied?” And she looked at me kindly and affectionately, though her face with the smallpox wore seemed like a marble mask.

Then I was overcome with happiness and a sense of guilt. I felt like dropping on my knees before her and begging her forgiveness for ever daring to ask for her hand. But I didn’t have my mother standing behind her; bridesmaids and other stupid things also were there.

I thanked something that I myself did not understand and although I did not know what more to say I went over by her side and buttoned my gloves; buttoned and unbuttoned them—all the time.

My mother, who herself did not know what to say, made the folds of the veil straight and looked at me from the corner of her eye, half reproachfully, half encouragingly.

At every turn I ran into a mirror which—willy-nilly—I had to look into. I saw my braid forehead and the lobster-colored cheeks with the heavy folds beneath, and the wart under the left corner of the mouth; I saw the collar that was much too narrow—for even the widest girthed collar had not been wide enough; and saw the red grubby neck bulging out on all sides like a wreath.

I saw all this and each time I was shaken with a feeling that was half insanity and half honesty, as though it were my business to cry to her, “Have pity on yourself! There is yet time. Give me my dismissal!”

You must remember a civil engagement did not at that time exist.

I should never have brought myself to the point of saying it even if I had kept walking back and forth for a thousand years; nevertheless when the old man came sneaking in, mimicking a wasp, to say, “Come along, the minister is waiting!” I felt injured—as though some deep-seated plan of mine had been frustrated.

I covered her arm. The folding doors were open.

Faces! Faces! Endless masses of faces! One glued to the other. . . . And all of them leer at me as if to say: “Hanckel, you are making an ass of yourself.”

Automatically an alley had formed. We walked through in deathlike silence, while I kept thinking, “Strange that nobody laughs out loud!”

So we reached the altar which the old man had artfully constructed of a large pine box and covered with red flag cloth; quite an exhibition of flowers and candles on it with a crucifix in the middle as a funeral.

The good minister is standing in front of us; he puts on his fine ministerial air and strokes the wide sleeves of his robe back like a sleight-of-hand man about to begin his conjurations. First a hymn—five stanzas—the ceremony.

I have not the slightest idea how it ran, for suddenly a perverse thought entered my brain and became a hallucination that would not be shaken off.

She will say, “No!”

And the nearer we drew to the decisive moment the more the anguish of that thought throttled me. Finally I had not the least doubt in the world that she would say “No.”

Gentlemen, she said “Yes,” “Thank God! I was a criminal who has just heard the verdict ‘Not guilty.’

And now the strangest thing of all.

Hardly had the word been uttered and the fear of humiliation removed than the wish rose in my heart, “Oh, if she had only said ‘No!’”

After the Amen there were congratulations without end. With real fervor one hand after another shook mine. “Thank you,” I said; “Thank you,” here. “Thank you!” there. I was grateful from the bottom of my heart to every mother’s son among them—even if he had tendered me a polite congratulation in lieu only of the good food and wine to come after.

Only one hand was lacking: that of Lothar. He stood in the back row looking quite glum, as though he were hungry or felt bored.

“There he is, Iolanthé,” I said and caught hold of him. “Lothar Pütz—Pütz’s only son—my own boy. Give him your hand—call him Lothar!”

And because she was still hesitating I placed her five fingers in his and thought to myself, “Thank God that he is here; he will help us over many a bad hour.”

Please, don’t smile, gentlemen. You think that in the course of the married life there will develop a lover’s relation between the two young people—but that is not at all the way it turns out. Just a little patience—the outcome is entirely different.

Well, to proceed: we went to table.

Very fine—flowers—silver tableware—wedding cake—everything in abundance.

To begin with a little glass of sherry as an appetizer. The sherry was good but the glass was small and once empty it was not refilled.

“Now you must be very courteous to her and tender, that is what etiquette demands,” I said to myself and looked sidewise at her. Her elbow slightly touched my arm and I could feel how she turned her head.

“That is hunger,” I thought, for I had not eaten anything myself.

Her eyes were fixed on the candelabra that stood in front of her. Its silvery lustre in the
course of the years had become quite faded and wrinkled like the skin of an old woman. Her profile! God, how beautiful that profile was!

And that was to belong to me.

Nonsense!

And I emptied a glass of thin Rhine wine which gurgled in my empty stomach like bubbles in a duck pie.

"If things keep on like this I can't muster up any tenderness," I thought and longed for more sherry.

Then I pulled myself together. "Please eat something," I said and thought I had accomplished a wonderful piece of gallantry.

She nodded and carried the spoon to her mouth.

After the soup there came some nice fish—Rhine salmon if I am not mistaken, and the sauce had the proper ad mixture of brandy, lemon juice, and capers: in a word the thing was delicious.

Then came a filet of venison—quite good even if still a little too fresh.—Well, opinions may differ on that point.

"But why don't you eat something?" I said the second time, pouting my lips that people might believe I was whispering to her a compli- ment—nothing sentimental.

No, this sort of thing made no headway at all.

Already I had disposed of the second bottle of the thin Rhine wine and was beginning to disturb, right as the head of a drum. I looked around for Lothar who has inherited from his father a scent for everything drinkable, but he had been seated somewhere downstairs. Then I was saved by a toast which gave me a chance to get up. On my rounds of the room I discovered a small but select company of sherry bottles which the old man had hidden behind a curtain.

I took two and started to drink courage into me.

It was a slow process but it succeeded, for, gentlemen, I can stand a good deal.

After the filet of venison came a salmis of partridges. Two successive dishes of game is not quite proper—but the taste was superb.

At this time something like a cloud puffed down from the ceiling and descended slowly—slowly.

Also at this time I was tossing gallanties right and left, and, gentlemen, I was becoming a decidedly clever fellow.

I called my bride "enchantress" and "charming sprite"; I told a somewhat broad hunting story; and explained to my neighbors how useful is that experience which the up-to-date bachelor acquires before marrying.

To make it short, gentlemen, I was irresistible.

But in the meantime the cloud was sinking deeper and deeper. It was such a sight as is often seen in mountainous regions where first the highest summits disappear and then, little by little, the mountain side, one ledge after another, is covered by the curtain.

First the lights in the candelabra assumed reddish halos—they looked like small suns in a vapory atmosphere and emitted all kinds of iridescent rays. Then little by little everybody sitting behind the candelabra, the talking, the rattling of the forks, disappeared from sight and sound. Only at long intervals did a white shirt bosom or a piece of a woman's arm gleam from the "purple darkness"—isn't that what Schiller calls it?

And then something else suddenly attracted my attention. My father-in-law was running around with all of his bottles of champagne and whenever he ever saw an entirely empty glass he would say, "Please empty your glass! Why don't you drink?"

"You old fraud!" I said when he came to me with the same request (and I pinched his leg),

"is this what you call 'letting it run in the gutters'"?

You see, gentlemen, my condition was growing dangerous. And all of a sudden I feel my heart expanding. I must talk. No, I must talk.

So I strike my glass violently to call attention to myself.

"For heaven's sake—keep still!" my fiancé—be your pardon, my wife—whispers in my ear. But even if it costs my life I must talk.

What I said was reported to me afterwards, and if my authorities are telling the truth it ran about as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am no longer young. But I do not regret that at all—for mature age also has its joys—and if anybody were to assert that youth can be happy only when wedded to youth I would say, that is an infamous statement. Let me point to the contrary. For I am no longer young, but I am going to make my wife happy because my wife is an angel—and I have a loving heart—yes, I swear I have a loving heart, and whoever says that here underneath my vest—there beats no loving heart—to him I would like to lay bare my heart."

At this point, according to reports, my words were choked by tears and in the middle of my abasement or something was hustled from the room.

When I woke I was on a couch, much too short, with all kinds of fur boas, cloaks, and woolen wraps thrown over me. My neck was strained, my legs devoid of sensation.

I liked around on a mirrored console a single candle was burning; brushes, combs, and boxes of pins lay beside it; on the walls a mass of cloths, hats, and that sort of thing were hanging.

Oho, the ladies' dressing room!

Slowly I became conscious of what had happened. I looked at my watch: it was near two. Lunch had been at a great distance, a piano was thumping and in time to its music came a scraping and sliding of dancing feet.

My wedding!

I combed my hair, fixed my necktie, and wished heartily for the chance to lie right down in my good hard camp bed and pull the blanket over my ears. Instead—pooh! Well, what was there to do about it?

I started for the scene of the gaiety but without any real feeling of shame, for I was still too sleepy and drowsy to fully comprehend the state of affairs.

At first nobody noticed me.

In the apartments where the old gentlemen were sitting the smoke was so thick that at a distance of three paces there were to be discerned only vague outlines of human bodies. A very steep game of cards was under way and my father-in-law was relishing his guests of their money with such efficiency that if he had had three more daughters to marry off he would have been a rich man. He said he was "making the wedding expenses." I looked at the dancers. The dowagers were fighting off sleep; the young people were hopping mechanically; while the pianist opened his eyes only when he struck a wrong note. My sister held a glass of lemonade in her lap and was looking at the lemon seeds. It was a sad picture!

Iolanthe nowhere to be seen.

I returned to the card tables and touched the old shoulders just as his clawing hands scooped a recently won stake into his pocket.

He turned on me savagely.

"What's it—is it you toper?"

"Where is Iolanthe?"

"I don't know. Go and find her." And he gambled on.

The other players seemed embarrassed but acted as though nothing had happened. "Won't you try your luck, young Benedict?" they clamored.

So I made off with all haste for I knew my wife. Had I taken a hand there would have been a second scandal.

I sneaked around outside the dancing hall, for I did not feel equal to meeting the glances of the dowagers.

In the corridor a tin lamp was smoking, from the kitchen came the noise of plates and the prattle of half-drunk kitchen maids.

Awhl!

I knocked on the door to Iolanthe's room.


And there I saw.

My mother-in-law sitting on the edge of the bed and in front of her my wife kneeling. She had already changed her wedding dress for a black travelling gown. Her head was in her mother's lap and both women were weeping—it was a sight that would have moved a stone to tears.

And, gentlemen, what were my feelings then?

I felt like rushing carriagewards and calling to the coachman, "The depot!" and then by the first train to America—or wherever it is that cashiers and prodigal sons have the habit of disappearing.

But that wouldn't do.

"Iolanthe," I said humbly and contritely.

"Both of them cried out: my wife clasped the knees of her mother, while the latter spread protecting arms.

"I won't do you any harm, Iolanthe. I only ask your forgiveness because, out of love for you, I was to inconsiderate."

A long silence—broken only by her sobbing.

Then her mother spoke.

"He is right, child. You must get up: it's time for you to go to bed. Get yourself a blanket. Your cheeks wet—her eyes red as fire—her body still shaken with sobbs. "Give him your hand: it can't be helped."

Very pleasant remark: "It can't be helped."

I went back to the card room.

"Father?"

"Thirty-three—what do you want?"

"We wish to say goodbye."

"Go—in God's name—and be happy!—thirty-six."

"Won't you see Iolanthe?"

"Thirty-nine—how's that for cold cash?—I hope nobody's quittting. George, won't you take a little flyer with us?"

So I left that place.

When, as considerately as possible, I had informed the ladies of the state of affairs they merely looked at each other and led the way through the smoke-filled corridor and down the rear stairway to the waiting carriage.

The wind was whistling in our ears and a few isolated raindrops struck our faces. The two women clung to each other as though they would never part.

And then the old man, who had evidently changed his mind, came running out with a great hullabaloo, and behind him the maids, whom he had called, appeared with lamps and candles.

He threw himself into the group and started talking.

"My dear child, if the blessing of a dearly loving father—"

She shook him off—just like a wet dog. With a jump into the carriage... I behind... Off!"

(To be concluded.)
THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

The Octopus and the Ogre

COMES now the crushing news that the day of the fancy salary for corporation heads is past. No longer will the president of a trust draw a salary with five ciphers after it. The steel trust has just cut its salary in half so that now he will have to struggle along on a pittance $50,000 a year. The happy carefree days when trust presidents received $100,000 a year are gone, and the octopus wolf is howling outside the door with promises of no larger salary than $50,000 a year in sight. The days when Richard A. McCurdy received $150,000 from January first to swearing off day again are now only a pleasant memory, and the faint aroma from the pleasure pots of the past.

The effect on the youth of our land is appalling. One by one we are sweeping away the fond delusions of childhood. When we hang Robert's skates on the Christmas tree or Willie's drum we tell them sternly and uncompromisingly that Santa Claus did not come galumphing down the apartment house chimney, merry and rosy as a Jonathan, but instead passed over in the rain and left us out of his Saturday pay envelope and that they must now be kinder to father. George Washington is no longer held up as a paragon of perfection and even if he did cut cherry trees he admit it when the parental hand was raising for a precautionary spanking, he should also have gone and reported it to the park commissioner.

The little red school house at the cross-roads is now holding up the White House presidential job as a stepping stone to something better. And now with the news that the salaries of trust presidents are to be cut in half with a $80,000 a year maximum there is nothing any longer to fire ambition in the present day youth—nothing to make him burn the midnight oils, struggling onward and upward in the silent watch of the night when his companions sleep.

The future of our country trembles, for our youth are our building blocks of to-morrow. With an ear to the ground one can almost hear the rumble that laid Rome low. Oh, let us band together and bolster up the delusions of childhood, telling our youth that life after all is noble and that the goal of a corporate presidential chair is still worth the worry and the wait!

Homer Croy.

The Gentleman

THIS is a dissertation on that strange beast known as the Gentleman. Read well to Collector of Specimens, for of a truth truly the Gentleman passeth like the pleosaurus and the dodo bird. Therefore attend:

The Gentleman's shoes shine and shimmer gloriously with blacking and his linen is as spotless as the best pasteurized country snow: yet should the Gentleman polish his shoes with his own elbow or mix his private perspiration with the waters of the washtub, behold, he would be no Gentleman, but an outcast and a mucker.

Pleasant and soft is the voice of the Gentleman and also well modulated. It has not been strained by conversing in a boiler factory or by crying vegetables from a pushcart. Yea, let it be understood that no Gentleman would ever work in a boiler factory or seek a sidewalk by which a Gentleman navigated a pushcart then that Gentleman would be no Gentleman.

Since the Gentleman knows it is vulgar to talk about money he lets his money talk for him in a vocabulary of roses and violets and fine clothing and wine labels.

Never will the Gentleman sit down when there by a woman is forced to stand. Yet cheerfully all the years of his life he will live on an income produced by women who stand all day long in his stores and factories.

The Gentleman is calm and polite and very, very clean; he is a model and even tempered and spick and span and kind to old applewives. Yet I say to you that someday this same Gentleman shall be cast out utterly into an outdoor darkness as black and cheerless as last season's opera hat.

Sensational

REGULARLY every Sunday morning on turning to the Magazine Section we read how dashing Mrs. Jack Van Astorhillmore has just devised a Dog Tank or some other rippling new sensation for the Snug Set. Now if the Upper Clawsises are really bent on emotional thrills what's the matter with these?

The Whirl Around

You get a job with a deep sea sailing ship that carries a Norwegian second mate of the cold blue eye variety. You become a member of the A.D.S. but of course you know nothing about the business. Along near the middle of the first day out the 'Wegan will swing on your left jaw causing you to whirl rapidly from left to right before declining to the deck. This is guaranteed as very striking and is recommended to all blonde clubwomen who grow about the decline of the prize ring.

Perspiration Party with Al Fresco Lunch

This is especially recommended on account of its simplicity.

After abstaining from food for two days go around to the back doors of the large gift houses and ask for a chance to do something for a meal. At about the tenth place you will be allowed to saw up a cord of wood for several pieces of hard bread thirb spread and sole butter. The sensation of eating these viands on the back steps with a north wind blowing will refresh even the dulled sense of a bon vivant.

The New York Drop

Here is a hint for the society bud. Trying this the debutee wearied by the tiresome social round, will find something new and delightful. It is prepared for thus:

Secure a position in a factory which has several large noisy machines running from seven to six. Get a job at the noisiest and await results. On the third afternoon at about 4:30 you will observe a pleasant darkness clouding your eyes; everything will begin to whirl and you will tumble abruptly over. This wonderful experience cannot be described and after you have had a bucket of water poured on your head you can wake up and start getting grinned for the next time.

The Crime Wave

AGAIN (feature stuff being deplorably absent) a Crime Wave engulfs the cities of the country (or anyhow their newspapers) and the accounts of the outrages (instead of being tucked away on page seven) are to the great embarrassment of the police department which knows things are running about as usual) played up with photographs and diagrams (cross in corner shows where shot was fired).

As usual you find that the worst of the criminals are young degenerates and half-grown boys from the slums to whom the criminal life has appealed as the most profitable and pleasant trade in their outlook.

Now if it be necessary and agreeable to print the details of these picaresque crime waves why should not the newspapers spread in large headlines the fine points of that larger crime wave which occurs every hour every day—every year! Why do not the newspapers every day—every year! The Crime behind the crime—the Wave behind the wave.

Who owned the land that produced the slain that started the wave that formed the Morning Extra? And who winked at the deed of the fraud-held land that begot the Gehena tene- nce that conceived the poor fools born to rob and murder? And who is the second hand that put through the laws that allowed tenements and poverty and want in a land of plenty.

Brother Lunckheads, we need not spend the morning cent to see how the criminal of criminals looks—the mirror provides a far better likeness. We are the master evil-doers who by our parrot brains and monkey love of imitation have allowed these things to exist. We—not the corrupt legis- lator, not the avaricious millionaire, not the boy with the blackjack, but we—we—you and I.

Farm Truths

Annotated by a Pessimist.

The farmer's life is the freest and most inde- pendent life on earth. Except when the crops fail.

The farmer loves the farm: or anyone that's what the city folks like to have him think.

The country has none of the standishness of the city; the farmer is on good terms with all his neighbors. Excepting old Dan Smith, who shot his dog and in revenge took some pigs loose in his pet cornfield—and one or two other neighbors.

In his contact with nature the farmer cannot help becoming a philosopher. And the fruit of his philosophy is to move into the city as soon as he can and let someone else do the rough work.

God made the country. God made the Arctic Ocean too, but that's no reason anyone should want to live there.

If I could give up my present work and go out into the fields as a common farmhand I would not stay ten minutes in this office. That's what they all SAY.

Think of the odor of the fields! Think of the order of the fields!

The present course of the American People spells ruin. We must return to the soil; we must go back to the farms. Oh, let George do it.

A Pome

In which the author clone.

With rhyme his weapon of certain folks.

One evening broke and sick at heart

With thoughts I cannot quote.

I took me up three pairs of stairs past two black-garbed exhorters, one widow, half a dozen heirs, and several other specimens of our annual crop of god-uppers, and down through and into a large well-furnished room which was, so I had been informed, the Main Office of the Combined and Reorganized Charitable Societies Headquarters.

I walked up to the President who, they said, had read for years

On "Giving Wise Od Glass.

I addressed him, "Sire," I addressed him, "let me state without circulation." "Exactly," said he, "give your might, age, height, color of eyes, hair, dis- position, past history, prospects, philosophy of life and why; are you a vegetarian, atheist, hermit, or citizen of the United States? Name the planets, stars, and distinct voice say whether or not you were ever an inmate of a charitable institution."
THE POINT: If I had come in style
Instead of riding trucks,
And said, "Old Top, I've made my pile
And here's a million bucks!"
He wouldn't have asked whence I came or why
I paid the visit;
He wouldn't have inquired my name—but only asked,
"WHERE IS IT?"

Books for the Silent Hour
(Continued from page 7)
play of forces among beings bound to one another by a thousand complex ties.
So the writers with a social message come into our communion hour. Not a Marx nor an Adam Smith, perhaps; for they deal too plainly with the world material framework of our common life. They are for study, but not for the isolated hour of reflection. They are wanting in self-analysis, in the "obstinate questionings" which the soul makes of itself, wanting in the higher reaches of the imagination and in that indefinable thing we call atmosphere. But Plato comes in with his "Republic," More with his "Utopia," Campanella with his "City of the Sun." Renowned Spencer, learned Chaucer and rare Beaumont sit a little further off to make room for the towering Ibsen and the "great gray poet" of our own land, Belamy, too, that gentle spirit, drifts in with his imaginings of a fairer life; Owen, with his plans and projects; Demarest Lloyd, with his fervent call for social righteousness; Mazzini and Lowell and Whitman, with their indignant protests against wrong. In our wider hospitality of soul, we receive them all, and others of like messages with them, to the silent hour.

Waking the Tiger
(Continued from page 9)
Ed heard a gruff command. The carriage door banged shut. On rolled the carriage, its lamps gleaming with watery flickers through the storm.
As it passed the mechanic, he spat it.
Then with an oath he turned, and shambled homeward.

Compenensation or Insurance
(Continued from page 13)
insuries without a judgment of the court, is opposed to the theory of government now dominant in this country. I wrote in The Call of January 29, 1910:
"It is difficult to imagine a compensation law which would not run contrary to the established precedents contained in the Court decisions, even if we should not consider the actual bias of the Courts.
"In the light of those decisions, it will not be difficult for the employers to prove that the act which compels the employer to pay a compensation to his employee, regardless of the question of negligence, comes within the inhibition of the provisions of the federal and state constitutions against the taking of property without due process of law.
"I pointed out several other material constitutional objections, but the one quoted suffices to invalidate the law.
"Obligatory insurance will not meet, at the outset, with constitutional provisions hostile to its existence. Certainly, the courts will have the last word. And what the courts will do depends largely as Mr. Dooley says, on "the election returns."

The question of the constitutionality of state insurance laws must be met if we are to have any solution to the labor problem.
The final issue depends largely as Mr. Dooley says, on "the election returns."

The question can be brought to the fore by Con- radine Berger through the introduction of a bill for national insurance of workmen against sickness, accident, invalidity and old age. He has both the intelligence and the opportunity to bring this matter to a head. Why not do it?

Superiority of Socialism
(Continued from page 14)
for general progress. And it co-operates with all of them, so long as it is not required to sink its identity by deviating from its principles.

Because Socialism is replete with promise, it is vital and virile, and the heartiest, warmest movement in our time—a time when so many feeble voices cry to the populace for alms for the co-operative dream, and when many a once ambitious radical movement is being smothered by deadwood or, as a last resort, is coquetting with Socialism.

It is because the Socialist movement really is superior, superior in the broad, common way of looking after the welfare of most of us, that it is refashioning the world to its own liking and after its own ideal.

An association known as The American Co- operative Organizing Association has been formed during the past month. Its object is to enable you to start right by providing your town or city with a good organizer, for a week, free of charge to its members. It will also furnish the organization with literature, a uniform system of bookkeeping, and all necessary advice.

To derive these benefits, the local organization must become a member of the Association.

For further information address The American Co-operative Organizing Association, c. o. The Masses Pub. Co.

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