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WHICH?

IF YOUR MAN DOES NOT CARRY THE MASSES TELL HIM TO AND LET US KNOW
THE MASSES PUBLISHING CO., 209 E. 45th ST., NEW YORK CITY
Apple Sauce

Farmers of America, what's wrong? Why aren't you in the forefront of the revolutionary line of battle? Why aren't you organizing for a change of things instead of blindly following some radical who has in mind only a petty reform? What is his reform to you? Do you think that a decrease in the tariff on manufactured goods or an increase in the protection on farm products is going materially to change your condition?

How can it affect the apples that rot yearly on the ground for lack of purchasers? How can it prevent that distressing phenomenon which the farmer knows so well: the necessity of selling for nothing when the crop is big and the inability to take advantage of the market when the crop fails?

You spend all year in the growing of your crop. If you succeed you get nothing for it—if you fail you get nothing for it. Somebody else wins both ways.

You get up early—you buy your own tools—you mend your own tools and do it on your own time, you sweat blood when the drouth comes and at the day of harvest your cry goes up to heaven because there are no harvesters.

I will tell you what is the trouble. Farmers of America. You are self-deceived. That is the blunder. You have been simple-minded—simple-minded and proud. And your pride has not been the right sort: it has not been the pride that impels a man to make something of himself—it has been the self-satisfied pride of a man who enjoys flattery.

Truly you have had your fill of flattery. Every cross-roads politician in the country has soothed you. He has called you the backbone of the nation, the only class that really counted. He has praised the farm to you till you have concluded that outside the farm there was no hope for righteousness. He has made you think that sticking to the farm and voting for him were the best and noblest things any creature was capable of. And because you wanted to believe yourselves good and noble you accepted him.

You have been befuddled by your own farm papers. There is none of this revolutionary nonsense about your farm papers. They tell you that you are the best people on earth, that you "live better" than anybody else; that you treat your wives and children better; that you are the healthier and wiser and happier. You eat pork and potatoes all year; who turn your wives into faded drudges; who so disgust your children with farm life that they take the first chance for the city; you who curl up with rheumatism at fifty; whose knowledge of the world is limited by a once a week social intercourse; who live haunted by the perpetual fear of an overwhelming crop or a nothing-at-all crop or a cattle epidemic or a mortgage foreclosure.

You say this doesn't apply to you. Perhaps not; but doesn't it apply to your next door neighbor? Doesn't it apply to nine out of ten farmers of your acquaintance? And if the average is not so high as that isn't it because your community has been especially favored by good soil or the intelligent use of modern farming. When the soil goes then and when the other fellows catch onto the best way of doing things you'll be in the run with the rest. If you are healthy and happy and prosperous and wise you are the exception; and you have the moon-farmers and the wife-killers right in your neighborhood.

Perhaps you aren't any worse off than the proletariat in the city. Maybe not; though there are farm slums in New England which compare favorably with anything New York City can offer. But certainly conditions are bad enough to warrant a stir unless your conceit holds out eternally: unless you refuse to see that there is no essential virtue in living handi capped by the cruelties of a past century's civilization.

Farmers of America, there is but one remedy and only one and that remedy does not lie in a Change of the Currency System or a Popular Election of United States Senators or even in the Initiative and Referendum.

It lies solely in an orderly systematic civilization: a world where the welfare of one contributes to the welfare of all instead of taking from it. In short you can be saved only through common sense and system. The Republican party does not want that: neither does the Democratic party. The only party that does is the Socialist Party.

Doesn't it count anything with you that there is an energetic winning movement to prevent apples from rotting on the ground and to prevent people from rotting in isolated farms? Socialism means the world for the workers.

Oh, you who do half the work of the world, hasn't Socialism anything to say to you?

My Man Joe

In a charming magazine story you are quite carried away by the fancy of the author until "all of a sudden" you discover something. You have been entranced by the whimsical hero's conversation and by the equally whimsical heroine. You feel you would like to know them both when presto you discover that the hero's "man Joe" is hilling potatoes.

So you read no more in that story because you are thinking bitter things. You are glad that people can lead garden lives and be merry and light of wit and act the part of fanciful lovers and live happily ever after but if all this is only to be done by having my man Joe at the potatoes and my man John at the plow and my man James in the factory and my man George in the ditch then it is not at all worth while. Because Joe and John and James and George are not filled with imaginings and quaint conceits nor will their lives ever let them turn to such cajoleries. No matter how well tuned originally their minds were for laughter and playfulness they have been differently bent by the warping of circumstance.

It is good that there should be pleasant dreamers in the world but if dreams are to be brought only at the price of another's life then it were better to stick to a uniform pessimism.

But pessimism is not a necessary solution.

The earth is sufficient unto us all to even to the largest appetite and if my man Joe should divide his potato hilling and share a little of the gaiety of life we should universally enjoy better food and much, much better conversation.

Paradox for the Placid

Walter L. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior, says that the country's yearly loss by fire amounts to $2,51 for every man, woman and child in the United States. This figure looks graphic and true. In reality it is uncertain and false.

If fire affected us personally to the extent of $2,51 a year fire would soon become a terror well under control.

But this helter-skelter civilization turns fire from a misfortune into an actual benefit.

Where a fire has left its mark carpenters rejoice and masons and glaziers, and painters, and plumbers, and electricians, and men of a half dozen other trades because a fire means work.

Sometime perhaps society will change that a community's misfortune will not be bent into a field day for half a hundred men. But just now such an idea is dangerous and revolutionary.
THE GREAT LIGHT

Do you remember the first time you began to realize that perhaps everything in the world was not just as it should be; that perhaps things might be better done—more efficiently, less wastefully. Do you remember the time when it dawned on you that the earth did not necessarily belong to a rich man's son even if he did happen to inherit its acreage by law? Do you remember when you saw, as though illuminated by a shaft of sunlight, the relation which the workers of the world bore to the goods they produced? Just as the light dawned on you it is dawning on thousands and hundreds of thousands of others. In this remarkable picture Mr. Fischer symbolizes the working class rising from their chains in the darkness and for the first time seeing the LIGHT. Half blinded, half unbelieving they stare—not yet daring to realize that the WORLD IS FOR THE WORKERS.
JUST A PIPE DREAM

But Somehow It's Full of Common Sense

Written for The Masses

By EUGENE WOOD

Drawings by Maurice Becker

This, that I am going to write, is only a pipe-dream. It's just a nonsensical notion of mine, thoroughly Utopian, entirely impracticable. It won't work. You might as well talk about getting up a machine to fly with or a machine to write with or sew cloth with. You cannot do it any more than you could strike fire by rubbing the end of a stick on the leg of your trousers or raise crops where no rain falls. Thoroughly impracticable.

I tell you this in advance so that you may know I'm not going to trap you into reading something that might improve your mind or your financial condition, I know by experience how people dislike anything of that kind. I am going to deal with as few facts and figures as possible. It is a warm, close, muggy day on which I write this, and if I put down facts I'd have to verify them by walking across the room, and that's too far to travel in hot weather.

Generally speaking, then, and not caring much for accuracy, I'll say that most folks calculate to spend about a quarter of the contents of their pay-envelope on house-rent. That is, for one whole week in every month you work for the landlord. It is just as if you put in your whole working day for a week in each month painting up the place, fixing the roof, putting in new lights of glass, redecorating it, cleaning the plumbing in order, and all that sort of thing. Only, instead of using your work with your own fair hands, you come across with your wages one week in each month. Instead of his owning you free and clear he only has an equity in you. He isn't bothered with finding you something to do to keep you busy all the time; he leaves that to you. You own a one-fourth interest in you, 25 percent of the stock. The other 75 percent of the stock is dispersed among many. The grocer holds a larger block than the butcher—or rather, these are the agents for the great food trusts and combines which control your time—and so on and on by little dribs and drabs of your life-force.

It doesn't look to be a slavery like a man owning a whole “nigger” to himself; it comes to more than that. For you have to work harder, are speeded up more, use more brains, and know how. The New Slavery consists not in ownership of the producer, but in control of the consumer. The money is made by charging more for a service than the service is worth.

The service that the landlord renders is the hardest to deny yourself of. Food you can stint yourself of, and clothing, but sleep you must have. It is hard on the back and hips to sleep out on the ground of a warm, nice night; when the night is drizzly, sleeping out on the ground is sloppy and uncomfortable. But warm and dry, or cold and wet, sleeping out on the ground is against the law. They can put you in jail for calling the poor landlord out of what’s coming to him by rights.

Just as, under the Old Slavery, there were some that bought their freedom, so under the New Slavery there are workingmen that try to buy out the landlord’s equity in one-tenth of their earnings. I could write a good-sized article about this, and maybe I will some day. But not now. “Own your own home!” is one of the simplest and easiest things in the world—to say. To manage it practically, unless some relation dies and leaves you money, is quite another thing. The problem is something like this:

1. You are paying all you can afford now for house rent, and the landlord holds the deed.
2. To induce him to let you hold the deed, you will either have to pay him at least ten years’ rent in a lump, or considerably larger chunks of rent.
3. How are you going to pay him more than you can?

It is no wonder that physicians say that the worst cases of starvation they encounter are among people trying to buy a home.

And when you have bought your own home, what have you let yourself in for? The Title Guarantee Company lends you money on bond and mortgage to buy the real estate. The Title Guarantee Company is composed of people with money to invest. They could put it into real estate and collect the rents. That they have chosen to loan it out on bond and mortgage to those who are trying to buy their freedom would seem to indicate that it is about an even thing between your paying money to them which you call interest on the mortgage, and your paying money to them which you call rent. You’ve got more masters, instead of fewer.

Besides the Title Guarantee Company, there is the speculative builder with his second mortgage. He may give you a contract to deliver the deed when you have paid so much on the second mortgage, and some very pretty stories might be written about that contract business. Then there are the taxes, city, county and state. You see, we’re a conquered race, and our conquerors levy tribute on us. The tribute isn’t quite as heavy as it would be if this was the only tribute the conquerors took. And they do render some service for it. They fix up the roads, nice for automobile travel, and they build fine High Schools that poor men’s children cannot attend, because they have to go to work to help pay the high cost of living. They render service, I say, but it costs a good deal more than it is worth. You see, this is a government on busi-
ness principles; business men don’t do things so much as they do people. You can’t expect them to manage public affairs in a workmanlike and efficient way, because they’re not workingmen. They’re a cut above that. You might as well expect the American eagle to lay eggs for family use. It’s not that kind of a bird.

Then there is the cost of repairs. The speculative builder makes houses good enough to sell. He doesn’t like to have them fall apart before the second mortgage is paid, but after that, why...

If you own your own home, and you move out on the edge of town far from your job, and you go to work for the railroad company every day, not only at your regular employ for the time it takes you to earn your car-fare, but also for the time you put in on the tiresome and disagreeable job of hanging to a strap.

Also, if you own your own home, and you get the offer of a better job in Seattle or Cheyenne or Galveston, you can’t take it. You’re tied to your property. You’ll take less wages sooner or later than the chance of losing your property by failing to come across with the payments. And, if times are dull and there’s no work—well, don’t let’s go into that. I don’t like to talk about such things.

BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS are co-operatives in which men become their own money lenders and landlords. But they don’t free their members from slavery to the other masters. You’re still the serf and vassal of the street car company. Prices of food and such are always higher on the outskirts of town. You’re still one man bucking the big game. The Building and Loan Association does not buy acre property and sub-divide it, thus saving to its members the profits of the real estate speculator. The man who has bought his own home through the Building and Loan Association has a lawn to keep mown after he comes home from work; he has to shovel the snow from the sidewalk, to put out the ashes and garbage. His frame house must be painted frequently, and when he re-decorates and repairs he is still the one little man up against the big game. He has to heat his individual house in an expensive way, and his instinct point him to furnishing house. He has to have his own individual refrigerator. But he has it easy compared with his wife. It is lots more work to look after a house than it is in a cold-water flat. There are stairs to climb, which is killing on a woman. There is the front porch to sweep and scrub. It takes more to furnish a detached house than it does to furnish a flat, and more furniture means more work for her. It’s ever so much more convenient to live in apartments.

In apartments there is no running up and down stairs. All the rooms are on the one level. You can stay indoors for weeks at a time and never climb a step. And if you do go out to the street, you can use the elevator. The rooms in a flat are arranged more conveniently for housekeeping. It’s less work to take care of them. There is no furnace to get everything dusty. The steam-heating plant down in the basement heats all the homes in the various flats under one roof much more economically and better than that of many detached cottages. You can have hot water any hour of the day or night simply by turning a faucet without having the trouble to put the tea-kettle on. You can get a drink of ice water by turning a faucet, for the same pipes that chill the built-in refrigerator cool the drinking water. There is no heating and sweeping of rugs, because there is a vacuum cleaner appliance on every floor. There are no ashes to dispose of, because you cook with gas, and the supplies come up by the dumb-waiter and the garbage goes down by the same way.

There are apartments built for working people where they have laundry machinery down in the basement, and elevators to carry the wet clothes up to the roof to dry there. This same roof is a safe playground for the children, and has seats for people to sit on under the stars of a hot night. Ever so much more convenient to live in. No woman need be afraid to be alone. There’s a whole village, as you might say, under the same roof with her, and within easy call. Even in a small town a ten-story or twelve-story apartment house would be much more desirable to live in than one of a bunch of cheap, working-people’s cottages.

You could get more for your money—more comfort with less work for the man that brings in the pay-envelope, less work for the woman that keeps house.

Please notice that I am not saying a word about these few little items: When all these families are living in detached houses a separate fire has to burn to cook a meal for each separate family. One fire would be much more economical, and it is possible to imagine that one cook might be a better cook than the average of ing in detached houses cannot buy as advantageously the drabs and drabs they use as they could if they were all under one roof and all the food supplies were bought for the one kitchen. A good, big apartment house could have its own cold-storage and buy in large quantities. It could make its own contracts with dairy farms and vegetable farms—if it came to that, the association could have its own dairy farm and vegetable farm. But I am not saying a word about that, you’ll notice. And my lips are sealed tight about a restaurant dining-room for the occupants of this apartment house, when they wished to walk the monotony of home life, and eating with the same face opposite yours, year in, year out. The food could be sent up to the separate apartments piping hot, if the members did not wish to dine in public.

The landlord owns a one-fourth interest in you.

DO not wish to make my fairy story seem too improbable, too Utopian, or have too much “hop” in my pipe-dream. It’s bad enough as it is. It’s impractical enough as it is, for it runs up against the psychology of the working classes, which is es-
During the Masses

In a little while they would own it as an
association. No one man could say of one particu-
arly flat, ‘This is mine.’ It would be his against
one particular steel rail is the personal property
of a stockholder in the Pennsylvania Railroad.
Each member would hold stock, and the mere
settlement of such a bunch of people in one spot
would make that stock valuable. If he got the
offer of a better job in Seattle or Cheyenne or
Galveston, he could sell the stock, if he wanted
to, without any trouble.

But—Oh, let me tell you about a woman I
once knew who was very fond of asparagus.
All her life she had been wishing she had some
in her garden, she was so fond of it.

‘Why, my land, child! It takes it three years
to grow, so you can cut any.’

That just popped into my head. I don’t know
that it applies. Maybe it does, though.

‘I’ll tell you, comrades and friends, we’ve
got to look out for ourselves if we expect to be
looked out for. Singly we cannot beat the game;
collectively we can beat any game there is. The
only way we can get out of any slavery is to
unite to secure to ourselves the services on
which life depends, paying each other those
services on an even-Stephen basis. We’re fond
of asparagus, in a manner of speaking. The
thing to do is not merely to wish we had some
in our garden while we avoid planting any because
it takes it three years to grow big enough
to cut; the thing to do is to set out the aspara-
gus. We’re going to be here quite some time yet.
Anyhow, our children are going to be
here. And we’ve got to co-operate every way
we can make our lives our own, to make them
happy lives and, and not the lives of slaves to
a horde of petty tyrants that rob us at
every step we take, that sting us on every-
ting thing we buy, that plunder us of every penny
in the pay-envelope while we have a job, and
don’t care two cents what becomes of us when
we’re out of a job.

‘Workmen of the world, unite!’ is good
talk, but it’s too general. Unite as consumers
and producers, and truly we have a world to
gain.

Next month the most powerful story of the
year will appear in The Masses. It is by the
well-known writer Inez Hay Bates, and
deals with the last for revenge. It is a strong,
gripping narrative, portraying with pitiless
realism the strongest passion in the world.

The Status of the Farmer,

Written for The Masses

By Eleanor Wentworth

Many a city worker entertains the
idea that the farmer lives in a para-
dise, that he is another of the para-
sites to be sought.

Little does he guess the truth of the matter.
The very foundation of this supposed para-
dise, the farm, is seldom owned by the man who
cultivates it. The larger portion of those who do
own the land upon which they work, are strug-
gling against a mortgage.

In disposing of their products the farmers
are divided into two classes. Those who have a
good market and sell most of their produce, keep-
ning for themselves only that which is unsale-
able. As a result they are very poorly fed in order
that they may be better housed and clothed and have
better stables for their stock. Then there are
those who have a poor market. These have good
food, but money is something they rarely see,
their clothes are shabby, and their houses are
mere sheds.

If such a thing be possible, the life of the
farmer and his family is more monotonous
than that of the factory worker. A larger num-
er of the inmates of our insane asylums are
recruited from farmers’ wives than from any other
class of people. A life that produces such ef-
fects is hardly akin to paradise.

Nor are his conditions of labor more bearable
than those of the city worker. The harvest-
er has to contend with the scorching heat,
and with the grain dust that flies into his nostrils, his
eyes, and his mouth, and permeates his skin. His body
is pitched in fields where, often the water supply
is scarcely sufficient for cooking and drinking
purposes. Therefore, baths are out of the ques-
tion. The dirt penetrated, and grain dust re-
main in his pores for weeks at a time. In addi-
tion to this he “bunks” with as many as can be
crowded into a tent.

The conditions of the tobacco grower are
exceedingly bad. All day long he and his family
walk up and down the rows of tobacco, the juice
from the leaves bespattering them and staining
their hands until their permanent color becomes
a dark, unpleasant brown. This earthly possess-
ions amount to a straw-covered shanty, and a
patched suit of clothes. His diet has few changes.
Sometimes it is bacon, sometimes it is beans, and
again it may be both at the same time.

These are two classes of the average poor
farmer, who amounts to three-fourths of the
farming class. Other classes fare as badly.

The recent fight the tobacco tenants had
with the Tobacco Trust sufficiently improved the
conditions of a few of them to prove that they were
pursuing the right methods. But there are
enough of them still in the old rut to show that
they have not gone far enough. They must
control the trust, they must create means by
which they can scientifically ascertain the needs
of the market.

If the farmer pursues tactics such as these,
and eliminates the parasites that are encroaching
on him, he can recall his hopes of paradise from
Far-distant spheres, and plant them upon his own
Mother Earth.
His Little Bit
ABOUT JOHNSON WHO DIDN'T GET HIS

PART II.

WHEN Johnson came home that night he had no job but he broached with him a half dozen oranges from the cleanest of the push-carters. This purchase cost him fifteen cents, of which a Little Bit went to the cop on the beat, a Little Bit to an alehouse, and a Little Bit to a political campaign fund of a very respectable gentleman who was going to run for President of the United States and who wouldn't have touched the pitance if he had only known—though, of course, he didn't.

But it was Orange Groves not Oranges that Jane needed and though she said, "Thank you!" most sweetly she only nibbled at the rather sour fruit. So it came about that at school the next day she came near tumbling over at recess, whereat Miss Mitchell took her out into the hall and kissed her tired face and told her to stay home till she had had a good long rest.

"You know, Jane dear, I can't afford to have my best friends sick and we've been friends from the first, haven't we? I'm coming to see you one of these days; I want to talk to your father. I wonder why you don't have more color in your cheeks." Miss Mitchell was a very good sort—even for a teacher.

At home Jane ate up her tiny reserve fund of life by worrying about what was to come. Would her father get work or not, and if he didn't—what then? Would they be evicted as she had seen the Ryans evicted? It was very hard to be caught by the police without money. Perhaps both of them would be sent to prison; prison—dark gloomy cheerless prison—not at all like the flat. A reflection which would turn her to the study of the solitary sun ray that visited their windows. This rare specimen was a shy timid ray indeed that never shone full in the room, but edging around the room seemed to be saying, "Oh, please excuse me for intruding! I didn't mean to intrude—really I didn't. I'll go away just as soon as I can!"

Once Miss Mitchell visited her and seemed much disturbed about something; and afterwards Miss Mitchell came again, this time bringing with her a pleasant-faced woman whose name Jane fancied she had known before, though she couldn't remember where. Somehow these days she felt tired and heavy and her thoughts came with scuffling feet instead of dancing merrily as they had once danced. Perhaps it was just as well, because time passes unaware for people whose thoughts are half and languid. Time, however, dragged miserably for her father whose days were choked full of a multitude of shifting between hope and despair.

He spent the hours repeating that interminable old dialogue which he who hunts work learns by heart:

"Heard there was a job here?"

"Nothing doing."

"Isn't there anything open?"

"Not here."

"For God's sake do you know where a man can get on?"

"Why, yes, seems to me I heard that over on Fourth street—"

And at the new destination:

"Heard you wanted a man for porter?"

"You heard wrong."

"Isn't there any chance for an extra man?"

"Not here."

And so on and so on as it always has been and let us hope as it always will not be. A hundred times a day he said to himself, "McAvoy firing me because I wanted me Little Bit! A man's got a right to his Little Bit—hasn't he? Sure he has."

At the end of a week of job hunting he woke to the fact that the little girl at home was fading like a sun-starved flower.

"But I don't want any doctor," she protested, "I'll be better soon."

"But you're going to have the doctor," he said fiercely. "You're going to have him take care of you."

A very young man was the doctor and hard up, otherwise he wouldn't have been practicing in the neighborhood, but he had two things which some wealthier doctors lack altogether; he was possessed of Truth and Discernment. So instead of advising Johnson to have his daughter's appendix cut out, he gave him a long list of Favorite Prescriptions, he only talked cheerfully to Little Jane and spoke his mind to Johnson in private.

"I saw the little girl a month ago, didn't I? Didn't work on her? Did. She was cold? Well, I'll tell you what I said then. Get her out—take her away. Go down to Florida or to California or somewhere and keep her outdoors."

A blind anger overcame Johnson.

"Take her away! Don't I know that myself? How can I—?"

"You can," said the Doctor; "I'm just telling you the best I know."

"But ain't there some medicine that—?"

"There's God's medicine for her—fresh air and lots of it and nothing else. Why, man, don't you see she's different from other children? Can't you see what a sensitive, delicate little flower she is. Another child could put up with the life and live—she can't. She's got to be taken care of—she's got to have nice things and if she doesn't get 'em pretty quick—Here—you have this filled. It probably won't do any good, but it won't hurt her. And keep her out-of-doors all you can."

The prescription was filled and the dollar spent in the filling went partly in honest pay to the men who prepared it and partly in Little Bits to a Government Drug Inspector and a Millionaire Drug Compounder, and to a great many gentlemen who owned railroads and finally to a polo-playing, tax-dodging sovereign citizen of New York.

It might be supposed that with so many peo-

A half dozen oranges from the cleanest of the push-carters.
again and again a world which had set its face against his participation in the System of Little Bits.

It was a raw sleeky, blowy Saturday morning some two weeks after Johnson had lost his job. He came into Janie's room on this morning with a great show of cheerfulness.

"Hello, kidlet," he blustered, "I bet you're going to be a well girl to-day, ain't you? Huh?" Instead of answering she turned her face to the pillow.

"I—I can't get up," she sobbed. "I can't. I'm sick all over and I can't get up and make breakfast.

"Tell me where it's worst, Janie," he demanded anxiously. "Tell me where.

"I don't know—I don't feel specially bad anywhere only, father, I'm so afraid—I'm so tired."" As he stood there undecided and full of bitter thoughts, someone knocked sharply. He started for the door.

"Come in,

"Two women peered at him from the dark hall.

"This is Mr. Johnson, isn't it? I'm Miss Mitchell, Janie's teacher at school—perhaps you've heard Janie speak of me. I've brought over a friend of mine to see Janie. How is she this morning?"

Awkward and ill at ease he brought them into the little stuffy dark room.

"Your teacher's come to see you, Janie. Now don't you try to get up at all till I come back with the doctor. You won't let her get up, will you, Miss Mitchell? Don't you stir, Janie, and I'll be right back."

In his office across the street the young doctor sat studying his expense account. It was rent day and he had just paid a goodly sum to the Takers of Little Bits. A money-lending fashionable in London, a bridge-playing real estate-owning vanguard of Palm Beach, the ferret-faced manager of a lending agency, all these and a dozen more had skimmed the cream from the rent money. One and all they had made off with their Little Bits from the very slender little bit that ballasted the doctor's bank account. Thus the Doctor was in no fitting frame of mind to listen to Johnson's importunities.

"I'm not a millionaire philanthropist," he shouted, "I'm just—

"But, Doctor, I've got just five dollars left and there isn't any work and how can I take her South. For the love of God, Doctor, you're not going to let the child die?

"I'm letting hundreds of 'em die every day.

"But, Doctor, in God's name do what you can for her."

"Do what you think I am—a free hospital? I haven't even paid the bills I ran up at college."

Irresolutely Johnson started at the door; then returning he caught the Doctor's sleeve.

"Doctor, come over this once—just this once and look at her. I'll give you all I've got—every cent—

In a fit of passion the Doctor slammed his fists down on the table, but gaining control over himself as quickly jumped to his feet.

"Don't you understand? I don't want your money? I said I wouldn't come because it's not use, but if you think it'll make the little girl feel better—why?

They crossed the street and climbed the stairway, Johnson explaining volubly while the Doctor remained silent.

"Hello! said Johnson as he opened the door, for again the school teacher faced him from the other side of the threshold.

"I've brought the Doctor," he began as if to justify his crowding past, but the woman stepping squarely in front of him closed the door behind her. "I want to talk to you here in the hall, Mr. Johnson. I don't know that you've ever heard—"

"And I haven't time to hear now," he interrupted roughly. "Open the door; I've brought the Doctor to see Janie.

"And you're not going to see Janie till I say to you what I have to say. Janie is getting along very well talking to Mrs. Garshott. Mrs. Garshott is an old schoolmate of mine—the wife of Alexander Garshott."

"The one that owns the Garshott Building," interrupted the ex-exporter, a strange fear beginning to obsess him.

"Yes, and a good many other buildings, too. Mr. and Mrs. Garshott are a childless couple we have always wanted."

In spite of all this Janie turned back the old woman's hand and held it fast, a strange fear into her face and into her eyes.

"But, Doctor—Miss Mitchell—if Janie she goes to them she won't belong to me any more."

"No, she'll belong to the Garshotts."

"And they won't let me see her when I want to."

"Probably not; but she won't know it, and you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that she'll be well and strong and happy."

He was crying now—openly sobbing—a thing horrible to see and hear. "Come," said the teacher sharply, "you must make up your mind. Do you want Janie to die or get well?"

"Let them take her," he gulped, "let them take her. But if you gotta let me say good-bye first—you ain't going to take her away before I say good-bye."

He made as if to rush into the apartment but the doctor caught his arm. "Not that way—I guess you. You come over to my office and brace up with a drink and we'll frame up some story about your getting a fine job out West and having to leave her with friends."

Late that night while street lamps twinkled Johnson paced restlessly and up and down the little little flat and as he walked he damned them all from Garshott to McAvoy.

"If they'd only let me alone I'd have got coin enough to nurse some one in and then she'd have got well. But they wouldn't—they fired me and all because I wanted me Little Bit. I'd roast in hell before I'd keep any man from getting his Little Bit. Oh, Janie, Janie!"

While he made this logical lament; for if he had stopped to think he would have seen that in a world where everyone demands Little Bits everyone must pay Little Bits—rich and poor alike—and when one cannot pay any longer in money one must pay in kind. One must pay in kind—like Johnson; for you see in spite of his cheap-sport waifings and cursings that was all that had happened to Johnson.

He had four clear complaints.

He had only given up his Little Bit.

(The End)

Is The Farmer An Exploiter? Written for THE MASSES

By Rufus W. Weeks

The small farmer, the man who owns or rents a farm and works it himself, is certainly not an exploiter. He renders solid service to the community, more than equal to the living he gets, and as to the priavileges of being in owning a farm, that is no exploitation, for there is no more value in the farm he owns than his and his family's fair share in the entire wealth of the country. When we go on to consider how the small farmer is handled in his dealings with the outside world, how the prices he gets for what he sells and the prices he pays for what he buys are fixed by the capitalist trading class, we see plainly enough that he is exploited at both ends of the line. The small farmer, then, is a victim of exploitation, equally with the factory worker.

Take a step higher up. Consider the farmer who keeps a hired man, or perhaps two. He probably does not make his help work any harder than he works himself, and the hired man shares the living of the family. There may be a small element of exploitation in this relation, but it must be much less than the exploitation the same farmer undergoes in having his goods bought by a corporation. It is, that even the well-to-do farmer is rather of the exploited class than of the exploiters. He is more sinned against than sinning.

Without no brief for the large grain-grower or cattle raiser, for the corporation which raises vast crops of sugar beets; they are exploiters and we willingly hand them over to the tender mercies of the ultra doctrinaire.
POISONING THE WORKERS
AN UNBELIEVABLE STORY SUPPORTED BY FACTS

By FREDERICK SUMNER BOYD

Written for The Masses

Horrible is the only word that can be applied to the illustrations of the conditions of workers suffering from "occupational diseases." It has been the purpose of THE MASSES always to present the hopeful side of matters but once in a while it is a good thing to get down to hard fact and see things just as they are without veil or screen. This article is a presentation of unpleasant truth. Perhaps the adjective is not necessary: under capitalism most truth is unpleasant when it is fully portrayed.—Editor.

THE magnitude of the Socialist movement is, fortunately, not to be measured by the number of its members in Congress and other legislatures, or by its prospects of increasing its representation in those bodies. Rather is the measure of the movement to be found in the altered point of view towards society, past, present and future, that has taken place during the last ten years.

That point of view may be summed up by saying that the working-class—which is society—has become conscious and is aggressively interested in the conditions under which it works and lives. As results, we have a history written from the materialist concept, theories in sociology and psychology based on materialism and what is of more importance, a mass of literature dealing with existing conditions in mines, factories and workshops.

It is now admitted that thousands of workers are poisoned every day by reason of the nature of their employment. Thousands of workers are killed and injured every year without the least shadow of reason other than the greed of their employers. Practically every worker in the country has his or her life shortened and embittered in order that a handful of criminal parasites may live in vicious idleness. We are getting used to the idea that at least 50 per cent. of the workers who are killed every year are killed unnecessarily, even from the standpoint of the employer. We have yet to realize how great and terrible is the suffering and death-roll caused through industrial diseases that need not exist.

A preliminary list of thirty-two poisonous substances, each entering largely into industrial processes, has been published by the Bureau of Labor and the full list yet remains to be compiled. Here, however, it is possible to describe only one or two of the poisons in their effect on the workers.

The Illinois Commission on Occupational Diseases has investigated the lead industry in that State, and reports that it has secured 640 individual cases of lead poisoning in twenty-eight trades, among the trades being lead smelting, manufacture of lead pipe, white and red lead, paints and putty, coffins, manufacturing and selling wall-paper. An acute attack of lead-poisoning is "preceded by loss of appetite, general feeling of ill-health, foul breath, a bad taste in the mouth, obstinate constipation. The attack itself usually consists in paroxysms of agonizing colic, with vomiting and constipation, more rarely diarrhea, accompanied by great restlessness. If the man goes back to his work, he probably has repeated attacks, and develops the so-called 'lead cachexia.' He is extremely pale, has a poor appetite, is constipated and suffers from indigestion, from gouty or rheumatic pains and swellings of the joints. The nervous system becomes affected, and he develops partial paralysis of the wrists, shoulders, or ankles. There is a progressive hardening of the blood-vessels, causing premature aging, injury to the heart, kidneys and liver. Paralysis or insanity may come on as a result of lead poisoning."

A Death Certificate from a "Radical" State. The young girl named in this document died from Phosphorus Poisoning at the age of Twenty-two.

A more horrible industrial poison is white phosphorus, used in the manufacture of matches. European countries have long recognized the fearful nature of "phoshy jaw" (phosphorus necrosis), and after long efforts to eradicate the disease by regulating the conditions under which it is used, have, in the leading countries, absolutely prohibited the use of white phosphorus in the making of matches.

Of the women, 95 per cent. are exposed, and 83 per cent. of the children.

Only three of the factories were thoroughly...
investigated for cases of poisoning, but 82 cases were brought to light.

The wages earned in the factories are in accordance with the nature of the industry. Of 1,888 male employees whose wages were investigated, 33.26 per cent. earn under $6 a week; 43.22 per cent. earn between $6 and $10 per week; and only 33.52 per cent. earn over $10. The women, of course, are paid even less. Of 1,278, 53.75 per cent. earn under $6 per week, and only 44.7 per cent. earn over $10.

These are but two of the thirty-two known industrial poisons. There cannot be the least doubt that in both these industries poisoning of the workers is absolutely unnecessary, and exists today solely because human life and happiness are sacrificed rather than preventive measures. In the match manufacturing industry this is admitted; the fact, for there is a harmless substi-

tute for white phosphorus available that is used in European countries where the poisonous phosphorus is prohibited.

This material (selenium dioxide) costs $2 per cent. more than white phosphorus, and on this account alone it is not used. The difference in price may be taken as representing the value, in the eyes of the capitalist, of human life.

奖励长年服务。眼睛已有的; 换骨病的; 百合的 victim 原来永远。这是磷化物中毒的可能性。

WHILE Industrial Insurance is of use in many cases; giving a little help in some of the untimely deaths; it does have monstrous faults, as our author so feelingly testifies. As a whole operation, built on a need, it fails miserably in that its benefits are not universal, and neither are they adequate. Many, many families are not protected at all, and those who are insured have not nearly the needed amount of protection. There is only one kind of protection which can be complete and universal, or anywhere near so, and that is State protection. Our author sees this; he says, in closing:

There is but one remedy for this tremendous extortion of the poor, and that is GOVERNMENT INSURANCE.

A living pension, paid by government to all widows and minor orphans, derived from taxes levied each year on incomes or on land values, or from the profits of some large industry, such as coal-mining, carried on by the public, would alone fulfill the social duty of the community to the helpless ones who have lost their natural support. Whose fault is it, then, that this is not done? Who is to blame for the terrible evils of Industrial Insurance?

WILBY HEARD thinks the managers of the company are likely to be blame. But, after all, are they to blame for stepping in and making profit—even heartless profit—out of a necessity which the workers have failed to meet for themselves? Are not the workers to blame for their own exploitation, in this as in so many other lines? They have been too sluggish to act on their own behalf, and smarter men have undertaken the job, and have made all out of it as they could.

If we try to put the blame on individuals for the continued exploitation of the workers by the Industrial Insurance Companies, we must at last single out such men as Leo Frankel and Louis Brandeis, self-appointed social reformers, who talk at radical remedies. Such men know the terrible inadequacy of the private corporation method in insurance; they know that a protection which may be taken or refused at his choice by the breadwinner, and which in myriad cases puts him to the heart-rending choice between the present needs of his family and their future risk, is not social protection; and yet these reformers will not come out frankly to blame. But there is. The blood of the innocent sufferers is on their heads, if on any!
A PICTURE AND AN OPINION

ARTHUR YOUNG DRAWS A FUNNY PICTURE FOR "THE MASSES" THAT Isn'T FUNNY AND WRITES A Joke THAT Isn'T A Joke.

The literature of parasites is of three types if it be described from its effects on the reader. Sometimes it is poetic and beautiful, as for instance, when it deals with parasites remote from us and at the same time picturesque in appearance. Sometimes it is amusing, particularly when the parasite described has no commerce with us, but settles on our friends. And last of all the literature of parasites is disgusting. It disgusts when it deals with parasites that live on us and from us.

To this last class belongs the dialogue which accompanies the picture of Arthur Young's reproduced on this page.

Neither the picture nor its caption are intended as jokes. There is nothing very amusing about them. If the combination were submitted to the editors of our "comic" weeklies they would be refused as too strong for the tastes of the readers. One editor would likely speak of the picture and dialogue as "smelly.

And "smelly" it is. If it were intended as a joke the smelliness would be out of place. But it is not intended as a joke. It is no jest but an Unpleasant and Truthful Comment on Civilization. For the choice of the insect mentioned in the caption is deliberate. It is meant to stir up emotions. If the boy had observed merely, "There's as many stars as mistletoe berries at Christmas," we might have been touched by his poetic imagination but we assuredly should not have been disgusted, because the mistletoe through pleasant association has become poetic. Besides the mistletoe is a parasite feeding not on us but on oak trees.

If he had said the stars were as thick as bedbugs and we shudder our abhorrence because aristocratic and cleanly as we may be, we have seen and dreaded bedbugs. Accordingly bedbugs to us are neither picturesque nor amusing but disgusting and terrible.

Naturally, therefore, the picture and the caption grate on our finer sensibilities until we discover that perhaps it is not a joke at all, but a Jolt.

Having reached this conclusion we settle down determinedly to discover the meaning of the sermon which it carries.

Now there are many thoughts to be inspired by the picture, some of which are plain first thoughts and others of which are esoteric second thoughts.

In the beginning, and quite naturally, we feel indignant that conditions exist which teach the youthful mind that such parasites as these are the proper synonym for quantity. We regret deeply the social forces that drive children into such conditions of filth and disease. We yearn for model tenements and stricter building laws and municipal insect powders and perhaps if we are radical enough the picture drives us to wish for the abolition of all poverty and its attendant horrors.

Think if you are of the elect your reasoning runs thus:

The stars are as thick as the Somethings, sure enough, but are the unmentionable B. B.'s the only parasites to be reckoned with? These are not well-dressed, fat-legged children. They are not topped with fur hats and bound with warm overcoats. Their little tummies are not with good capon lined or with much of anything else. And why?

Parasites Right you are. But not six-legged parasites. Not parasites that crawl behind wallpaper in dingy houses or sneak between dirty sheets. No, indeed. The parasites that have taken decent food and shelter from children and condemned them to an inferior life are nice, fat, clean parasites. They bathe daily; they dress in fine clothes; they sleep between soft sheets. They ride out in carriages and autos. They have hat-tipping lackeys at their pleasure and they pose and pose and pose till you would think they were the bulwarks of civilization instead of disgusting blood-sucking creatures who get all their clean life by robbing others of their proper sustenance.

Now if we could only see these people in their right light we should soon have an end of them for just as we kill bedbugs without compunction, we should probably get rid of these creatures abruptly, though there is no doubt that we might first give them a chance to work for an honest living.

But we do not all know that these people are parasites. It is impossible for us to imagine them such. They dash about in their fine clothes with their faces washed and their nails manicured; and they rush about to parties, and are enraptured by Grand Opera, and have country houses and town houses, and are married and the event of their wedding fills the papers for weeks, and they spawn and their offspring lie on gold cradles and they spend fortunes on polo and yachts and entertainments, until the most colchic blooded feels a temptation to throw up his hat when these great folk drive by. It is inspiring to live in the same century with such magnificent beings.

And yet they are parasites. And they are not even amusing parasites, because they make their living not off our friends, but off us. On us they dine; our substance furnishes forth their tables. They draw their tribute from us, no matter what we do, no matter where we go—we cannot escape them.

Parasites all.

But we are beginning to understand. And when we do understand—all of us—there will be a housecleaning that will make Hercules washup of the Augean stables seem like an afternoon's light dusting.

OBSERVATION DE LUXE.

Young Poet: Gee, Annie, look at the stars! They're as thick as bedbugs.

Such nice little children!—and to think that their minds are filled with all that disgusting mess! Ugh!

And at this period if you have lived enough and thought enough comes the second thought which it is not given the common multitude to think.
THE WORKING CLASS ASTONISH BRUSSELS

I HAVE just returned from participating in the manifestation of the fifteenth of Aug- 

ost for universal suffrage, one man, one vote, from the age of twenty-one; for compulsory education; and against the Schollaert law favoring clerical schools. It was a manifestation of both Liberals and Socialists.

The Wonderful Manifestation of the Fifteenth of August. 

Seen at First Hand.

Written for The Masses

By RUFUS JAMES TRIMBLE

In Belgium there still exists what is known as the "plural vote"—that is, certain persons favored by birth or education can cast more than one ballot in the elections while those less fortunate have their opinions on public matters discounted by a large percentage. The demonstration described in this article was for the purpose of impressing on the government the peoples' desire for a relief from this oppressive and unjust system.—Editor.

from all Belgium, although the red flowers of Socialism far outnumbered the blue of Liberalism.

For months past the Socialists have been carrying on a vehement campaign of publicity upon these issues, and have been calling on the people to demonstrate their convictions on this day.

The clericals have also campaigned, but in the quieter liberal way. A special brochure was issued by the Socialist press, explaining in detail the history and meaning of the three propositions, and the town has been flooded with large colored posters and dotted with little bills two inches in diameter stuck anywhere and everywhere.

The Clerical Press said "There were no onlookers." Oh You Clerical Press!

THE clericals, the party in power in Belgium, to counteract these measures have had their own notices and have influenced the children of their schools to tear down the small Socialists bills. As I passed a clerical school the other day I saw a quaint scene enacted. A party of school girls were sauntering by the doorway, when one of them noticed a Socialist bill there and went forward to tear it down; however, another sprang forward and grasped her arm; there was a slight tussle, but the young radical succeeded in placing herself before the bill, where she remained, leaning against the wall, until the party moved on.

Such a spirit of loyalty is indeed shown by all the Socialists when they manifest as they did today, 150,000 strong.

AFTER the splendid exhibition of marching, and the ability to handle crowds displayed by the managers, I could no longer say that I thought the continental was not a good business man. At least it would not be true as regards the executive ability of the Belgian Socialist.

This morning the parade formed in the Northern districts of the town and marched, in the perfect order planned, through streets lined with spectators, without the aid of the usual cordon of police.

AFTER walking about two miles to the southwestern end of the city, the cortege broke into several columns, entering a large park by separate roads. As I looked down from the summit of a near-by hill it seemed as if the columns would never end; as soon as I thought all had arrived new columns would appear in other directions until the immense field was swarming with people. Scattered about the park were a dozen platforms, and about these the crowds gathered to listen to the orators of the day, Liberals and Socialists. And it was then that they raised their hands in air and took the oath: "The workers and the democrats of Belgium, assembled together the fifteenth of August at Brussels, in a solemn manifestation, swear to struggle without truce or repose until the definite withdrawal of the projected Schollaert law and until the realization of compulsory education and universal suffrage, pure and simple."

The Socialist Co-operative Tackles the Class Unconscious Worker

"In the retail trade, and that's where most Socialist Co-operatives will begin, Co-operation will do away with the middleman. The members of the Co-operative will hire somebody to run their store for them, pay him wages and buy all their goods at cost prices."

"Then I can buy grub there for less than at a regular store?"

"You can; and if you inquire you'll find that the Socialists in your town are trying to establish such a co-operative right now."

"And can I join?"

"They'll be only too glad to have you.

"And will I have as much say in running it as if I was a Socialist?"

"Just exactly as much."

"And will I get what I buy just as cheap?"

"Yes, your money will be refunded to you at exactly the same percentage as it is refunded to the oldest man in the party."

"That sounds all right and I can see if there ain't any middleman that I can buy stuff for less; but I never saw anybody give something away to an outsider yet. They don't do it. You've got a string tied somewhere to that proposition."

"You're right, my friend, there is a string tied to it. We're not giving you something for nothing because we can't afford to do that sort of business. We're giving you something and in return we're going to be repaid by something very much more valuable than any dividends you may pull out; we're going to get you."

"Me!"

"That's the idea—you. Probably you'll join the store just to get food cheaper, but you're going to end up by being a full-fledged Socialist. After you buy our groceries you're going to read our literature and go to our lectures and join our party. You can't help it because you'll be getting a practical assurance of the fact that if the working class can manage the essentials of life at retail they can manage them at wholesale and can turn the United States into a great Co-operative Commonwealth."

"But look here, are you a regular Socialist or?"

"A dues paying party member. I'm only preaching what the last International Congress of Socialists recommended."

"Hum, well, maybe I was mistaken after all. I never knew there was anything practical about Socialism. What's a good Socialist book to read and, say, where are those fellows that are starting the Co-operative?"
This month the entire contents of THE COLOR OF LIFE have been written for us by a young Socialist author, Emanuel Julian. It is his endeavor to pack life into the shortest compass of words possible. So instead of running to longer stories, his work so far has been compressed largely to sketches—pastels in prose. As will be observed, the sketches range from the grotesque to the humorous; and in the province of pathos the Lonely Girl is without doubt one of the most deeply etched portraits of contemporary periodical literature.

The Sociological Grafter
Written for The Masses
by Emanuel Julian

"T"

ARR TYOWN - ON THE - HUDSON A bracing conduction, as the Albany local came to a halt. A score or more men and women alighted from the motorized cars that were to take them to their estates on the hills of Pocantico near by. One comer, who leisurely strolled out of the station, attracted extraordinary attention from those around him. Indeed, it is not to be wondered that they all eyed him over from the crown of his hat to the soles of his shoes, for a peculiar chap he was.

His hair was long, his hat was immense and his black beard was big enough for three. He wore a soft shirt which was decorated with a huge, flowing red tie.

He was a sight.

This stranger continued walking as though he were unaware of the fact that he was the centre of all eyes. Presently he approached an old Dutch inn. Over its door was a sign which was inscribed:

"This gate hangs high and binders none; Refresh and pay, then travel on."

The inmates looked on him with awe, but as he offered to pay for a week's lodging in advance, they took him in.

On the register he signed himself: "Your for the Revolution, Eugene V. Marks."

II.

The news spread like wildfire.

"Did you hear about the Anarchist in town?"

"Wonder what the rich ducks'll do up on the hills?"

Boys followed Marks about the streets. He was pointed out by mothers as a person to beware of. Little girls ran and hid under the bed when they saw him coming.

Marks endured all this notoriety with nonchalance. He was the least troubled person of all.

Every move he made was common news. If he walked out into the country, that fact was whispered about. One morning he bathed his beans in catsup. That night the world was shocked that "the Socialist drinks blood instead of coffee."

Two days after he arrived, Marks occupied two acres of land situated on the side of one of Pocantico's many hills. The land was not worth much, and the farmer who owned it gladly sold it for a thousand dollars. It was barren, rocky land and had never been cultivated. As soon as Marks became possessed of the title of the land, the explosion came.

No, not a bomb explosion—much worse than that.

III.

The cause of the intense excitement that raged from one end of Tarrytown to the other was a circular that Marks had distributed. It read:

"Never!" shouted Marks.

"Come, come. We'll pay you handsome. How will five thousand dollars go?"

"Not enough."

"We don't know how much you want!"

"Ten thousand dollars or you get the colony next week."

Sclater. Here's your money."

"I am being unmercifully deceived," declared Marks as he pocketed the money and signed the bill of sale.

"Would you believe me, this is the staid town that has refused to allow us our liberties. Can you tell me when the next train leaves for Newport?"

Lovers of Freedom! Harb Ye! Long enough have we endured the tyranny of the idle, parasitical, cruel, growingly greedy capitalists! It is time to revolt!

Fifteen Anarchists, Free Lovers, Communists and Holy Jumpers have decided to found a colony of free citizens near this town.

We need about fifty more. All who wish to join this colony should attend a meeting to-morrow night at the OLD TOWN HALL.

Come, one, come all! Join us and be free men and women at last!

Throw off the shackles of slavery!

The hall was jammed to the doors. Marks was the orator of the evening. What he said went something like this: "Brothers of the Sword of Liberty! I am here to offer you a means to end your slavery. All you need do is join our colony. There you will live as Nature intended. You will do as you please, wear what you please, and if you should desire to wear nothing at all you will be at liberty to do so. No one will have the authority to stop you."

"There will be work for all and none will feel the pangs of poverty. Next week's livelihoods and friendships will arrive by special train. Then we will start the colony."

"I appeal to you, join our colony of free men and women and you will forever end your misery."

That same night the best citizens of the village held a secret conference that continued far into the morning.

One excited bank president shouted: "Lynch him!"

A cooler-headed stock broker replied: "Tut, tut! That won't do! They own the land. It's their property, and we can't molest them. The only thing we can do is this."

All saw the logic of his remarks and voted unanimously to send a special committee to the enemy promoter.

V.

"Wish to see me?" asked Eugene V., coolly.

"Yes, sir," replied the spokesman for the joint committee of five.

"What about?"

"It's about your colony. We residents are opposed strenuously to the idea. Will you agree to sell us the land and leave town forever?"

The Conqueror
Written for The Masses
by Emanuel Julian

"For six months Marcus gave not even a thought to his instrument; but now, somehow his violin seemed to beckon to him. During those months he had been in the iron grasp of sentimentalism; a woman—beautiful, passionate—had twisted his life, warm body about him, and there clung with all-powerful persistence. She embraced his whole being—not even did she permit his mind to think of else but her.

She wanted him, every fibre of his body. She craved and fought for every emotion of his heart. She was ever watching him—aiming for his every feeling, breath, word. She was not only content with sentences from him which reaffirmed love—she was."

When she saw him turn to his violin she paled. "But I can't see why I should never touch my violin. I shall love you just the same."

"No, no, no, you won't, I know it. You must live your life as that instrument. Marcus, I am determined to die should you do so."

Her courage was a small bottle. "What! You are determined that I shall not...?"

Absolutely."

Taking his instrument, Marcus proceeded to turn the pegs until the strings were tuned; then, after rinsing the bow, he said:

"Drink, my dear, drink."

The Lonely Girl
Written for The Masses
by Emanuel Julian

SHE was a frail little girl with large, melancholic black eyes—eyes as deep and profound a night, as mysterious as darkness; a face rather pale and drawn—an ever-tired expression that was actually half lightened by a listless smile.

She was a silent lover.

This lonely girl loved passionately. But her earthly ideal, like the stars, was beyond her reach.

She loved a man—noble, brave and handsome. She constantly saw his face before her. She knew his every feature and characteristic. She breathlessly followed his adventures as a cowboy rescuing the pretty daughter of the ranchman; as fireman fighting the flames; as an amorous knight courting his lady-fair.

She wept when he suffered, laughed when he smiled, joyed when he was victor and mourned when he fell before the enemy.

She loved him though she knew not his name; worshiped the ground he trod; blackened her finger tips when his hand she would have died for.

She loved in silence and from afar. And every night she visited the same five-door shop, crouching and there feasted her eyes on her distant, filmy mate and dreamed of days to come when her pantomine Lohengrin would leave the vague screen of the abstract and clasp her to his bosom.
Facts and Interpretations

How to Abolish Dynamitors
Written for The Masses
by Hank Jellis

We are all going, going, going, going, going mad. All over the country the capitalist class through its press is condemning the McNamaras. Law and order they want; and the dynamiters must be hanged. Not particularly for the Los Angeles Times affair. Oh no, not necessarily. There have been enough other outrages in this country. They feel that as long as they are about it they might as well charge them all up to the McNamaras. Even the Mount Vernon explosion which occurred on September 30, a half year after their kidnapping, was put up to them.

I believe that the capitalist hirelings care very little whether or not the Los Angeles Times was a plant by Otis. The principal point with them is that outrages have been committed against property, committed by fellows who own no property. They must be taught to respect property. Therefore, the McNamaras must be hanged, law and order established, and justice upheld.

Justice! What is it—a great phrase or a great farce? How can we have justice under the present system? Evidence can be created and bought for money. Law and lawyers are made and bought for money. Is it just to try a man in the court of a lawyer-made evidence before money-made judges, and under money-made laws?

No, sir! The outfit which is trying to condemn the McNamaras could not condemn the biggest crook that ever lived and satisfy me that Justice had been done. They call for justice and law and order. What do they mean, what do they think? A more orderly state of society?

Have you read the "History of Great American Fortunes" by Gustaves Meyers? How were they accumulated? The capitalists lied, stole and murdered for it. Have you read what Ida Tarbell had to say about John D. Rockefeller? Do you know how Tammany Hall elects its candidates? Have you heard of the man-chasing cowboys in Pennsylvania? Do you know about the bull-pen period in Colorado? Do you know that when a crime is committed, it is a practice among the police to gather in suspects, who are only released when they can prove that they are not guilty? Have you heard of the third degree? Do you know of the contemptible spy system in the unions and the factories?

You know all this. Then tell me, what is justice to you but a farce, and a phrase to the capitalists, a phrase to be used only when convenient. They don't want law and order. They are not opposed to violence. They want the sole privilege to be lawless, disorderly, and to violate violence.

I disapprove most emphatically of violence, especially hidden violence as shown in the ambulance cases where outrages occurred during the past year. But as they sow, so shall they reap. If the capitalists want law, order and peace they must take the initiative.

A New Era for Our Press
Written for The Masses
by George Andrews

The National Socialist Lyceum Bureau will stand out in the future as one of the most important roadmakers in the path of progress of the Socialist Party. As a result of its activities more than a half million people will enjoy a systematic study-course in Socialism in 1912. In addition to that it will sell more than a half million dollars' worth of subscriptions for the various Socialists' Cooperation
Written for The Masses
by F. Vlag

Farmers' Cooperative
Written for The Masses

A FEW migrants' Farmers' Cooperative Selling Agencies were suggested by the writer and a number of other people. The plan was discussed. Taxation in accordance with the amount sold through the agency was adopted as a just manner for determining what percentage of the operating expenses each member should pay.

To-day the Farmers' Cooperative

What is Socialism?

Here is another definition of Socialism, this time from the brain and pen of Frank Stuhelman who looks at the subject from a religious-poetic viewpoint. There are at least 200 different points of view. Socialism may be viewed too of course there is but one meaning to the word. In this inspiring definition Comrade Stuhelman emphasizes the new society springing from an orderly civilization.

Socialism is Salvation, National, Industrial, Economic and Ethical. There are no crimes or evils but they have their roots in ignorance and unwonsome environment. Poverty is the cause of ignorance and body-aunting and soul-blighting environment. Socialism will strike at the root and abolish poverty. It will give the right to be well-born and well-reared to every human being. It will create a sane atmosphere wherein the goods man will grow, man-made evidence, before money-made judges, and under money-made laws?

No, sir! The outfit which is trying to condemn the McNamaras could not condemn the biggest crook that ever lived and satisfy me that Justice had been done. They call for justice and law and order. What do they mean, what do they think? A more orderly state of society?

Have you read the "History of Great American Fortunes" by Gustaves Meyers? How were they accumulated? The capitalists lied, stole and murdered for it. Have you read what Ida Tarbell had to say about John D. Rockefeller? Do you know how Tammany Hall elects its candidates? Have you heard of the man-chasing cowboys in Pennsylvania? Do you know about the bull-pen period in Colorado? Do you know that when a crime is committed, it is a practice among the police to gather in suspects, who are only released when they can prove that they are not guilty? Have you heard of the third degree? Do you know of the contemptible spy system in the unions and the factories?

You know all this. Then tell me, what is justice to you but a farce, and a phrase to the capitalists, a phrase to be used only when convenient. They don't want law and order. They are not opposed to violence. They want the sole privilege to be lawless, disorderly, and to violate violence.

I disapprove most emphatically of violence, especially hidden violence as shown in the ambulance cases where outrages occurred during the past year. But as they sow, so shall they reap. If the capitalists want law, order and peace they must take the initiative.

A New Era for Our Press
Written for The Masses
by George Andrews

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Selling Agencies are an established fact. Co-operative Dairy Farming throughout the central West and Co-operative Fruitgrowing on the Pacific Coast has developed into a huge success.

What's next? Regulation of the supply. Through the selling agencies the pariah-like monopolist merchant has been abolished. No longer can he fool the farmers by misquotating the market price. No longer do these farmers pay excessive freight by shipping in small quantities. But produce all it can in the field while people in the cities die for want of it. Still are certain markets overstocked, causing a sudden slump in the price of products. Still is every farmer trying to figure out by himself what sort of produce the country needs most.

The remedy: A national organization with every agricultural state represented. A competent force employed to determine how much each market requires of the respective products, to determine where the respective products should be grown in accordance with economical transportation, to teach the farmers intensified farming, to organize an organization which merely benefits the farmer, but the entire country.

Cheer Up! Cheer Up!
Written for The Masses

If you are a person with pronounced views on things, this is directed to you. If you are such a person, I know that you get into heated discussions the great need of mankind is going bell-mell down the road to destruction because someone has opinions directly contrary to yours. Having been there myself, I know that such a "weltgeschmern" is anything but a joke, and think it my "Christian" duty to throw a glimmer of light on the path out of the vale of tears.

When your best friend has disagreed with your pet method of saving humanity, just remember that you cannot see all sides of the apple at once. The side you see may be green, and the side the other fellow may is red; still another individual may see a side that is worn-eaten, and all this does not disprove the correctness of your idea. You are right as far as your vision goes. Having more than one color does not make the apple less useful or less artistic.

What Has Art to do with Socialism?
Written for The Masses
by Andre Troc

Even as builders should blast ugly rocks or tear down unsightly structures before erecting the edifice of beauty, we must first of all lead the masses with pick and shovel to an onerous, commonplace, inhospitable burgh which the robbers have built. But all this destruction is a mere preliminary.

For thousands of years thousands of schools have taught that success consists in acquiring more food than one can consume, more clothes than one can wear, more houses than one can dwell in, more money than one can expend. We must hasten and warn men that there is something above food, clothes, shelter and money. There is Art, there is Beauty, and there will be little besides Art and Beauty to occupy our minds after the food, clothes and shelter question is solved.

To the sorried individuals: who are apt to dismiss all thought of Art with the sneering query: "What has this to do with Socialism?"

I would answer that after our present day incentive, the desire to hoard, will have been removed, the only incentive to activity will be the desire for self expression through either a useful or a beautiful achievement.

And after minds have been cleansed of greed, the great need of mankind will not be so much for the useful as for the purely beautiful.
THE OPEN CLINIC
OPEN TO ALL HONEST
DOCTORS OF SOCIAL ILLS

Is the American Farmer an Explorer
_Written for The Masses_
BY CARL HEGELMAN

If the Socialist Philosophy puts the American farmer in the exploiting class, there is something radically wrong with that philosophy. It is true that the farmer owns property and employs labor. It is also true that the average farmer works longer hours, produces more, and enjoys less of the commodities which society produces than the average professional man. Yet professional men are not put in the exploiting class.

Surely no sane man could put the hard-working farmer in the exploiting class merely because the technic of the Marxian theory does not seem to permit any different arrangement.

I have heard various opinions on this subject, but am still in doubt as to the Socialist attitude in this matter. I am from Missouri—will you please show me?

Fish Stories and Efficiency
_Written for The Masses_
BY DONALD WARD

As a Socialist I am ashamed of the action of some of the writers in the ranks who should know better than to attack the farmers into the industrial field of the so-called Efficiency Crusade. Efficiency is desirable. We enjoy efficiency in our daily life. We like to see street cars on time; we want our houses equipped with all modern conveniences.

The Efficiency Crusade promises work done more quickly and with a less expenditure of effort. So far as this is true it is desirable.

It will displace many men now employed, say its critics.

True enough, but so will the intention of any labor-saving machine, and we have reached a stage where we no longer break improved machinery. It is the duty of the worker through organization to take advantage of this efficiency by a battle for shorter work days.

Better direct all energies to gaining this control than standing at progress like a middle class merchant yearning for the old days of competition, or like a small dog barking at an oncoming engine.

Work
_Written for The Masses_
BY EMMANUEL JULIUS

The first thing I was taught was that we are supposed to work. Very good, indeed. And then I learned that I was dismissed because I did not take to work. But, somehow, in argument, I always carried the day.

My position was simple. Progressive people are desirable citizens? Ye-es. Inventors are progressive? Oh, certainly. Inventors do away with work? Ye-es. Well, then, if it is respectable to do away with work, why is it not moral to refrain from work?

The fact of the matter is, we work only because of our ignorance. We once worked at pushing a wheelbarrow. It was perfectly right to do it. But along came an automobile. Now it is perfectly moral to refrain from sweating behind a wheelbarrow. Is that not funny? It is.

In time inventors (and they are honorable men) will do away with work entirely. It will then be perfectly moral idle.

The more civilized we get, the more immoral we become—judged by our grandparents' eviction books.

Where We Are Robbed
_Written for The Masses_
BY ROBERT HAMBURG

The worker is robbed not by the country treasurer, but by the man who owns the machine.

Some time, perhaps, he will find that out. Just at present he is busy voting for a Reform Republican or a Reform Democrat, quite forgetting that the meager amount removed from his taxes by the political gangster is but a trifle compared with the enormous sums which are taken from him, every cent, or more which is taken regularly from his pay envelope.

Honest city administrations are a good thing. They lower taxes; they prevent bribery; they ensure good roads (for automobilists); they provide parks for the people, or at least some of the people; but they do not do one thing to lessen the exploitation of the worker.

Socialism at Harvard
_Written for The Masses_
BY G. B. IRAM MODERWELL, a Socialist who is a junior at Harvard University, asked his college public—in the pages of the Harvard Monthly—if Harvard really educated men to think and feel for themselves. His conclusion was that it mainly doesn't. A volanic outcry followed. Old graduates from New York, the dean of the faculty and numbers of outraged alumni rushed into print with the information that Harvard not only educates, but it educates as no other institution has done or can do, and that even if it didn't, a youngster in his early twenties should never have been allowed to mention it.

And yet the small query called out a two-column support and plea for democracy in the Boston Transcript by another product of Harvard training, besides hearty applause from the Socialists, not only in the student body, but it is whispered—in the faculty.

"Even in a palace, one can be good," said the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Even at Harvard one can be a revolutionary, and say so.

Rules and Art
_Written for The Masses_
BY JONAS ATWATER

Art is long—it is too long for any man to see where it ends and the end is a long, long way from the beginning. When a man attempts to set down rules for art he is trying to set limitations and bounds to the modes of thought of generations to come. Art is dynamic, not static. Art is not absolute. Art is only because of its effect on a human mind. What appealed to the ancient Egyptians as Art may or may not appeal to us. We are interested in different things. Our lives are moulded in different casts. If Egyptian Art does seem Art to us, then it is because it is great enough to span the centuries.

But when a man in the full possession of his senses attempts to say that this or that is an everlasting guiding post to the realm of Art—well, it is kindest to say that he is afflicted with the artless mind of an infant.

Art has no rules. Art is Art and it is Art only so long as it seems so to the nation or person viewing it.

And still we want more—more one-hundred-fifty-word opinions. Want them from more people on more subjects. Want everybody who has an idea that can be summed up in one hundred and fifty words to send it in now. We want new ideas by new people. Do you want to save humanity and reform the world? Then begin now. Here is your chance. Write it in one hundred and fifty words and send it in to The Masses. Send in a lot and watch us change our expression.
THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

A Rise in the World

George was an honest lad of part-time work eight hours a day at bricklaying. This task netted him daily something like five dollars, but George was not interested particularly in seeing the piles of brick diminish and the great buildings in the same ratio tower skyward.

George was restless. He wanted to do something else.

One day he happened on a book. The book said that the only thing to do was to try for the top—to study nights and fit yourself for a higher occupation.

George went home with high resolves burning his insides.

That ends the first chapter.

II.

George studied civil engineering. He studied long and earnestly. He got to be a civil engineer.

Then he went out and tried for a job.

III.

"So you're a civil engineer, are you, hey?" queried kindly old Mr. Hunks, who did most of the surveying in town.

"Well, I'm afraid we can't use you. You're all right, but there's too many fellows graduating every year from the colleges who got things down just as fine as you have and who'll work for fifteen dollars."

IV.

At the end of five years George was earning as much as eighteen dollars a week engineering. About this time he got tired and quit and devoted the rest of his life to writing books for young men—telling them that there was always room at the top and that nobody need be earning a cent less than five thousand unless he was just naturally lazy.

With Apologies—Of Course

THE WORLD TO-MORROW

In the new age I observe the ancient policeman;
He is prizéd and bent and sits in the radiator corner.
"What is life coming to?" he asks sadly.
"I think the world is going to the devil.
Once in the good old days there was somebody to pinch just as regularly as the sun rose and down;
Never a day passed, but I had the chance to beat the head off some guy for getting fres.
Never a week vanished into the immeasurable glumness of the past but me and the rest gave the third degree to some hood that wouldn't cough up what he knew.
Many a boast my modest salary received from unworthy bands—men who reached out to me from dark doorways. . . Now I hear they don't do that no more.
I hear the police is getting fewer and fewer every year.

I understand that criminals is too to some kind of a hospital instead of being sent up where they belong.
This country is going to the devil. Ye, sir, it certainly is.

II.

In the park in the sunshine sits the muddled old workman.
(1 is the nooning—but it is the early dawnning of the age of the people.)
"Listen here," he says, "some folks may like this sort of thing, but lemme tell you it don't go down with me.
You mince the good old days when a man had to work for what he got.
Give me the good old days and the good old honest.
Ten hours a day—that's me—and work hard or get fried.
What's the world coming to now, anyhow?
Everybody's living in good houses, eating good grub, working half the day and studying half the other half.
But there's worse than that.
I tell ye to-day everybody thinks about everything.
That don't suit me, no sir. I want the good old system.
Working folks hasn't got any right to think.
I never thought when I was a young man and I got on all right. Thinking about your job is enough to keep anybody busy.
Ten hours and a dollar and a half or a dollar thirty-five a day and no notions to keep you awake nights—that's what I call happiness.
So the old workmen—and the young people round about don't seem to pay much attention to these apostles musings.

The Orator Who Quit His Job

He was an honest mechanic who spent Sunday afternoons in the little villages exhorting the hired men to throw off their chains and grab the world.

It was great stuff and he kept it up till one day an uncle died and left him a farm.

As a good socialist he didn't know whether it was right to become a landed proprietor and sweat the coin out of underlings, but he finally concluded that a liberal donation to the cause would make his ownership of the farm a big thing for humanity generally.

He went on the farm and became a flotated housholder.

Five years later he had come down to the village in his rickety cart with the vain idea of trading on farming for lasses at the store. His trousers were patched seventeen ways and he looked generally like a relic of last century.

On the courthouse steps a young man with long black hair was telling some fat hired men to unite against the oppressor.
He led in the riot that followed.

The moral is that to-day if you scratch the average small capitalist you'll find he's a proletarian and working without wages at that.

Avuncular Antics

I had an uncle some time back
Who dearly loved to cram
Cold stiver down one's trusting back
By playing melodrama.

A native appraiser for the stage
Combined with kithenish old age
Made him a fearful person;
It chilled me when he'd creep be-

With my rocker and through scrolled teeth

Remarks, "I'll kill 'un! Curse 'un!"
Though as a rule he donned the pose
Of high class males in
Plat that je ne sais quoi that goes
With ten-fingered thirty actors.

His, "Be m' bride: your father's lands
A Heritage's life lie in mud hands;
Fly to the nearest clerics
And wed m'f—if you'll save them harm."

Sent Jane (a foresight off the farm)
Into prolonged hysteries.

He had to make our features blanket
And evening quiet vanish
With "heavies" taken from the French
Or Japanese or Spontaneous.

It pleased him when you were an-

Oded at being unexpectedly and gravely paraded to the floor while a hoarse voice whispered in your ear—stage-whispered that is: "Abut! Now I see you, Monsieur.
You throw you out from Jean Baptiste—but no-no-no! You lie here till the wolf eat you, Ha! Ha! Sleep sweet, Monsieur!" or "So, Mister American, you think you rob the honorable Japanese people of their war secrets, but you are mistaken. You will never return to your honorable country: when the fire eats through the tree trunk you fall down into the honorable snakes. Ha! Ha! Pleas-

out dreams, Mister American!" or, "Well, Senor, you are in my power at last: you thought you could defy me, but you have played your last card. I will marry the Senorita and when the trap-door opens you will fall down—down to the river and no one ever will guess your fate. Ha! Ha! A pleasant journey, Senor Margarita!"

And so we planned a cropper:
One evening when he's seemed to us
Particularly villainous
I whipped for a copper.
"Seize this vile wretch," I said, "this
That stole the missing papers
And killed the orphans!" "Believe me,
He'll have to stay there copper."
The cop declared, and with a twist
Snapped handcuffs upon uncle's wrist;
"Come with me, yes—faster!" While Uncle, game though doubt-

lesse rolled,
Turned (you know how)—and thundered, "Foolish!"
We never saw him after.

Relating to Relations

My! My! said Miss Hig-
gles to the blushing bride-
tobe, "So you're going to
live here in Hunterstown—and
that ain't just playing the part! I should think you'd be tickled to death to live in the same town where all your relatives and all. I say, if you got to get before I was married. But I hear no grudges against anybody—not even against Mrs. Henry T. Higgles—and if I ever told you what I knew about that woman! Why, when George's brother first got engaged to her I gave him a fair square warn-
ing and neither of them has spoken to me since. Good riddance to bad rubbish, say I. They can go along with Uncle Dan! Cotton and keep on their own side of the road. William and I don't want a cent of Uncle Dan's money in spite of all we did for him; reckon early and late to give him a home for five long years before he left us and went to live with William's sister, Mrs. Gorgins, who is a snake in the grass though Heaven knows I've never said a word against her. And to see that sixteen-year-old little snippet of hers taking Uncle Dan out walking—ugh! it just makes me sick. I cut Mrs. G, the last time I saw her and was glad to do it because I believe she was the one that stirred William up against my brother Andrew's folks. It was either her or her old maid sister, Miss Hig-
gles, who don't seem to have anything to do but make trouble, and as I says to her myself a year ago, "Miss Hig-

gles! I says, to you sisses git into my garden again—"
But fortunately at this point the Wedding March began.
SYSTEMS OF CO-OPERATION

The best known of the various co-operative schemes is the Rochdale system, started by a few weavers of Rochdale, North of England, on April 25th, 1844. The characteristic of this scheme was the limitation of the middleman. The Rochdale co-operators buy directly from the manufacturers, sell to themselves at market rates and distribute the profits to the consumers in the form of dividends in ratio to the amounts purchased.

Charles Howarth originated this system of dividends. He argued, rightly, that if you sell a man an article—say a can of peas at eight cents, where the market price is ten cents—the chances are that that man will suspect that, instead of having saved two cents on his purchase, he has simply bought an inferior article. If, however, this same man receives the same two cents as a part, let us say, of a five-dollar dividend on his six months' purchases, he will feel as if he were finding money; the two cents will have acquired a new dignity in his eyes.

THIS system of dividends is the strength of the Rochdale system; its weakness lies in its payment of dividends to non-members.

Under the Rochdale system, shares of stock at £5 par are sold to members. The members receive dividends in ratio to the amount of their purchases. In order to give non-members a sample of co-operative sweets, and so to induce them to buy at their stores the Rochdale co-operators pay these non-members dividends on their purchases also. But they do not pay them dividends at the same rate as to themselves. If they did, there would be no advantage in having non-members as purchasers at all. Non-members receive only half the dividends that are paid to members, and the remaining half is divided in profits to the members. As the result, perhaps 50 per cent. of the buyers at the 5,000 co-operative stores organized on the Rochdale plan are non-members. This counts strongly against their democracy. The idea of profit comes to loom larger in the minds of members than the idea of co-operation. To-day they are essentially joint stock companies, in which the members exploit the non-members. Moreover, the success of the Rochdale societies is largely due to the fact that they were started before the days of the trust. In America, for example, where they were introduced after the trust held the field, they have invariably failed.

For these two reasons—their anti-democratic tendency and their inertia, when started to-day, to compete with the trust—the Belgians have modified the plan of the Rochdale co-operatives. In Belgium, only members can purchase at the co-operative stores. To become a purchaser, one must buy a share of stock, but the cost of this share is not made so high as in the Rochdale societies, and admission to membership is facilitated by allowing an applicant, after his name has been ratified by the Co-operative Society in general assembly, to become a member upon payment of one-quarter the cost of a share of stock.

FINNISH AND HOLLAND SYSTEMS.

Now, since the Belgian system was established, still newer methods have been developed, as, for example, in some parts of Holland, in Finland and in Sweden. Finding out that it is to their advantage to get a better hold upon the public, and that this can best be done by making admission to membership as gradual and easy a process as possible, these modem co-operatives have devised the following system:

To become a member, a purchaser has, as in the Belgian system, to subscribe to a share of stock, be proposed by two members, be accepted by the board of directors, subject to the ratification of the general assembly. But he may deal with the society without committing himself to membership, in advance of trying the advantage of co-operation. Yet there is a great difference between this and the Rochdale scheme. In England, the non-member buys, collects his dividend slips, goes home, and after six months gets his dividend on the accumulated dividend slips. He has no other interest or responsibility in the co-operative.

In Finland, the non-member buys for cash; he then receives a card upon which his name and address is written, and a duplicate of which is kept in the office for record. The amount of his purchase is punched off on this card. He accumulates these cards, and when the time for the declaration of dividends comes, the officers pay the non-member at the rate of 50 per cent., and notify him that the remaining 50 per cent., instead of being distributed in stock dividends to members, is being held as a payment on a share of stock. When the retained dividends equal the cost of a share of stock, the non-member is asked to become a fully participating member.

As a result the statistics show that only 2 per cent. of the purchasing non-members fail to join. You see, it is an entirely different thing to ask a working man to put up $25 in order to join the organization on the one hand, and on the other to give him a chance to make the cost of a share of stock first out of the organization, and then to say to him, "Here is your share of stock. All you have got to do is to come in and take a hand in the work of the society, and the stock is yours."

The most important fact to be considered, however, is the natural distrust which people of different industrial classes feel towards each other. The condition of the Socialist organizations in the large cities is, in our opinion, a significant illustration of the correctness of this assumption.

CO-OPERATIVE PRODUCTION

A large number of co-operative producing societies are in operation throughout the United States of America. Most of these are, however, duplicates of the cooperatives' case in Duluth, formerly mentioned.

As a whole, the history of productive co-operatives shows that they are principally successful when they have secured the market for their products before starting their enterprise.

For example, among the successful are the fruit-growers, the grain-elevators and the cooperers.

The fruit-growers were accustomed to sell their fruit, when it was ripe, to a jobber. They reasoned that they might as well appoint their own jobber, and sell collectively. They did so, and were successful. Then they came to realize that they also might buy seeds, plants, and grow collectively.

The unsuccessful co-operatives were the hatters, the cigar-makers, the shoemakers and other similar enterprises. They failed because they did not recognize the strength of the existing commercial system. They knew how to produce, but they did not know how to dispose of their products.

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By SILAS HOOD

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