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The HOUSE of BONDAGE

by

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

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a great crime against humanity for its theme is to say
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than he was before."

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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., writes in part:

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You’ll please us and they’ll please you.

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Women and Socialism

All over the country two movements are quickening, growing and becoming more lusty day by day. One of these movements is Socialism; the other is the crusade for the enfranchisement of women. To the common-sense person the object of both of these currents of sentiment is desirable and must inevitably be reached, but there is one thing that suggests rough water ahead.

That one thing is women herself.

For centuries on centuries woman has been treated as the property of man. It has not been considered wise to allow her to think for herself or to act for herself. She has been made to play a subordinate part—to tend the fire at home and to exercise her intellect in pleasing her lord and master. It is not probable that this course of discipline has hopelessly spoiled the nature of women. If certain types have perhaps been selected to propagate because they seemed docile and obedient the world is still overspread with women who at heart are courageous and willing to think and act for themselves.

But one thing this treatment of women has done—it has produced a certain feminine psychology—a mob psychology—that will take much exorcising before it disappears. This peculiar feminine psychology which seems just now to menace the cause of economic freedom is—snobbery.

It’s a pity but it’s true.

Who are the great soldiers today in the cause of woman suffrage? Not the working class but the bourgeoisie. Bourgeois women with minds, tired of the futile games of society and eager for a new occupation; stung by the injustice of the marriage laws; or feeling that taxation without representation is tyranny. These are the leaders of the revolt and their revolt is not against capitalist society but merely against man’s injustice to woman.

The great body of women today are not factory workers—they are still isolated in a home with much of the psychology of the old slave wife. The dream of the woman at home is social progress—if not for herself, then for her children. The time has passed when the workingman thrills with pride because his boss extends a gloved hand to him but the wife at home has all that to pass through. What will she answer to the call of snobbery?

Suffrage for women has been always a consistent demand of the Socialist Party. But this political equality of woman is but the first step: Socialism insists on the economic independence of women—a much more important issue. And how soon this will come depends on the vigor of the campaign carried to the women who keep house. At present the home women have awakened. They want to vote, partly because it is the fashionable thing to want to vote. But when the question of “which party” arises that will be another kettle of fish because it will never be the “fashionable” thing to vote the Socialist ticket.

The success or failure of the Socialist cause at the polls will soon be in the hands of the women socialists of America and on them and their ability to bring their arguments to the women in the home hangs the happiness of the next generation.

Coddling the Kids

Oh, our blessed, old, paternal government!
Oh, our dear, long-sighted, strong-minded ruling powers!
Oh, our wise little law-makers!
What an age this is to live in, to be sure!

It all happened in New York. Moses Mass, proprietor of a moving picture show was sentenced to twenty days in the Tombs for allowing minors to enter his theater without guardians.

Isn’t that glorious?

We don’t concern how a minor is born. He can be brought up in one room with six brothers and sisters and two boarders as far as we’re concerned. He can be soothed with soothing syrup or whiskey and it won’t bother us a mit.

He can be undernourished or poisoned from rotten foods. He may be doped with bad air. He may have his mind stuffed full of nonsense. He may be spoiled and stunted in eighteen hundred different ways. All that doesn’t matter to us: we can sit by and smile pleasantly.

But just let him try going to a moving picture show without a guardian!

Bless the dear little fellows! We won’t give ‘em enough to eat, but we’re going to keep their morals clean if barring them out of moving picture shows will do it.
THE CHEAPEST COMMODITY ON THE MARKET

Read the Progressive Woman, 50 cents Yearly, at 5445 Drexel Avenue, Chicago.
THE CHEAPEST COMMODITY ON THE MARKET

The frontispiece on the page opposite is a painful picture—it is painful because it is a well-drawn exposition of painful facts and the facts are painful because they are true.

There is a great distinction in facts. Some facts are not true.

When the capitalist orator speaks about the glory of womanhood he is phrasing a fact but in the application of the fact he is lying.

He wants you to believe that womanhood and motherhood are glorious. So they are in a state of society which produces its offspring so as to ensure equal opportunities to all.

But that is not the case today. To be a woman in modern capitalist society means to be the cheapest commodity on the market.

If you want a horse to work for you you must pay money for it—a couple of hundred dollars if it is to be a good horse—and you must care for it when it is sick and feed it well because if it should die you would have to pay another couple of hundred for another horse.

And if you want a cow you must also pay for it and treat it kindly and feed it good grain and be gentle with it in sickness; otherwise it will return you nothing on your purchase.

But if you want a human being's services you have only to hold up your hand and at once you will have a score of human beings to choose from. You do not have to buy them. Each day you need pay them only what it will take to buy their food and lodging and if ever they become sick you have simply to throw them out and hire others in their place.

So you see a man is much cheaper than an animal, and because she can get along on less food, a woman is much cheaper than a man. In fact a woman is the cheapest commodity on the market.

Anyone who has studied the history of life on this globe may well be amazed at this. We know that life originated in very simple forms—probably the first life was a single cell. Then came the animal of many cells and finally some sort of sea creature of the worm description. It took hundreds of thousands of years to work up to the worm.

Then in the course of ages of evolution came more complicated worms and finally mammal land animals, and latest and greatest of the mammals came man.

Every man and woman therefore is the product of a long, long line of evolution. A man or a woman is not something to be thrown lightly on the scrap pile. A jewel is a fine thing, but so far as a jewel serves no practical purpose, one human life is worth all the jewels of the world.

Yet woman is the cheapest commodity on the market. You can buy ten women for the price of a good ruby.

What is the matter with a world that searches land and sea for a new jewel yet stands calmly by while women sell their lives to a machine and sell them for only enough to buy food and bed?

From these women will come the race of the future. According to their health and strength will be the health and strength of the next generation. Common sense ought to help us to see that even if we lack the imagination to see in the degradation of women the degradation of the whole race.

Some people who can think well would like very much to be able to draw. Some artists who draw well would like very much to be able to think.

Mr. Fischer does both.

He has pictured the thing for us more vividly perhaps than we could with our own imaginations; it remains for us to act. You know this condition is an outrage. If you do not wish to be held responsible by future generations for this shame you must declare yourself openly against it. You must speak against it, write against it and, if you are a voter vote against it.

But do something—now. Rebuke the civilization that degrades its women; that sends forth the mothers of the next generation as the Cheapest Commodity on the Market.
A DAUGHTER OF DELIGHT

Written for The Masses.

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

Illustrated by H. J. Turner

He shook his head. “Oh, I don’t run about much.”

“No, you don’t. You can’t fool me. I know what young men are. You ought to get married—why don’t you marry?” She looked at him wistfully. “Why couldn’t we marry—you and me—we always talk so well together and I could take care of your clothes and—”

“No,” he said firmly, “I’m not ready to marry yet.”

At once she burst out crying and for a time was angry and would not speak. After a little she became more tractable.

“You know, dearie, I hadn’t ought to have asked you that. You ought not to marry me anyhow, because—I’ll tell you the truth—most men are beasts and—except you—I wouldn’t lift a finger to keep any of ‘em out of hell. But I’m not fit to marry you, dearie, I’m not fit to marry you.”

With this she threw herself down on her bed and sobbed and wept again till her face was streaked with irrigation ditches.

But this was only once. For the most part there was very little talk between them of the sort that might pass between man and woman.

In this delicious playland she hid completely under the side of her character which the night world knew. And, though it seemed to Staley, her strength failed week by week, she entered with wonderful zest into all his moods. Once he took her to see his Billy Carsoner (fortunately she wore a quiet dress), and together they explored aristocratic Riverside Drive, for that long lost friend. At another time, with great secrecy, Alice told him her real name and described how she suddenly had remembered where her parents lived (it was near Central Park), and how she was going to go home and make her father give Staley a good job on the family railroad.

They went together and got as far as the second footman or somebody else in red pants, only to learn from him that her family had never lived there. She had remembered the wrong house. Another thing that pleased her excessively was when Staley advertised in the personal columns of three Sunday papers for the return of her husband (The Duke of London). The Duke, said the ad, would be forgotten everything, if he would but come back to his loving wife.

Though Staley’s calls were made always in her room she kept herself at a discreet distance from him and otherwise managed their acquaintance with the strictest convention. In fact, only once did she suggest to Staley anything more definite than their somewhat shadowy friendship.

On this occasion they had been discussing a divorce and said it would be all right, suddenly, “Darling, don’t you ever feel lonesome?”

“Why, yes, occasionally.”

“Well, then, you ought to marry; you know it ain’t a good thing for a young man to be running about all the time.”

No matter what you work at! Is it wrong then to write about people who work at something of which the good world does not approve? And is Alice’s fault so uncommon that she and it can be forgotten? Fortunately across the street from me and perhaps from you lives Lawyer Brown, who hypocritically pleads bad causes for money, and down the street is Poet Jones, who wilfully writes bad poems for money, and that big brownstone mansion is the winter home of Merchant Robinson, who knowingly sells fraudulent goods for money. There they go, the guilty wretches, and close behind come we in uncounted legions all longing for a chance to turn our Master Talent to a base use—for money. And is Alice to be debarred from our joyous company?

Outcast or not Staley believed in her as Mrs. Schwenk did. For guilty, too, he began to piece together her true history, which he discovered as ethnologists discover the history of an unlettered nation—parched and sprinkled through half a hundred legends. It was a grin story unremarked by romance or big type. It was in short the average story of a thousand and one of the Little Sisters of the Street, and in its very commonplaces Staley found the key to her strange possession.

Bounded by the dull narrowness of a life which has nothing to look forward to except its finale she had built up an elaborate scheme of things as she should have been, or rather several such schemes, which she found no one able to play at the game of Let’s Pretend as well as she. Willingly he had sported in her visions and never, never tried to tear away the veil of Make Believe.

In this delicious playland she hid completely under the side of her character which the night world knew. And, though it seemed to Staley, her strength failed week by week, she entered with wonderful zest into all his moods. Once he took her to see his Billy Carsoner (fortunately she wore a quiet dress), and together they explored aristocratic Riverside Drive, for that long lost friend. At another time, with great secrecy, Alice told him her real name and described how she suddenly had remembered where her parents lived (it was near Central Park), and how she was going to go home and make her father give Staley a good job on the family railroad. They went together and got as far as the second footman or somebody else in red pants, only to learn from him that her family had never lived there. She had remembered the wrong house. Another thing that pleased her excessively was when Staley advertised in the personal columns of three Sunday papers for the return of her husband (The Duke of London). The Duke, said the ad, would be forgotten everything, if he would but come back to his loving wife.

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“Yes, you do; you can’t fool me. I know what young men are. You ought to get married—why don’t you marry?” She looked at him wistfully. “Why couldn’t we marry—you and me—we always talk so well together and I could take care of your clothes and—”

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With this she threw herself down on her bed and sobbed and wept again till her face was streaked with irrigation ditches.

But this was only once. For the most part there was very little talk between them of the sort that might pass between man and woman. His assumed simplicity of the unpleasant things of life he greedily accepted and on his part Staley gave her no cause to doubt his naïveté. Her conversation, as a rule, veered wide from ticklish points as though Staley were a child to be guarded from all knowledge of virility. Yet at times, apparently forgetting this standpoint, she would speak her full mind to him, relating things that left him fairly dazed, veteran Billy Carsoner that he was. But in these narratives she never appeared as other than a spectator—an observer—a moralizer surveying the badness of the world from a convenient mountain; a Lost Heir, perhaps, but a Lost Soul never.
THE MASSES

THE SEX

AND WOMAN QUESTIONS

By LENA MORROW LEWIS

The tendency of some people to confound the woman question with the sex question evidences a lack of scientific knowledge and appreciation of the fundamental principles of the two problems.

There may be a relation between the two, but they are by no means synonymous. Sex is a characteristic of the man as well as the woman and a discussion of it involves both male and female. If the theory of Prof. Lester F. Ward, a sociologist of international reputation be correct, the term THE SEX more properly belongs to man than to woman.

The theory of Prof. Ward is, that the female principle is in the race, and that the female, the female being THE RACE. The male is simply an evolution in the course of nature for the purpose of differentiation, and in the strict biological sense, MAN is the SEX.

But in the world of social and human activities, the position and relation of man and woman is just the reverse. Nor can we credit the difference between the biological position and the popular and the stock of the woman’s place in society to the vagaries of the human mind. An idea or opinion, a viewpoint so thoroughly established as this one must have some justification for its existence, something so firmly rooted never could have endured so long. Biological facts cannot be overthrown, but mental viewpoints are largely affected and determined by the economic processes in life, and if we probe deep enough we will find a material basis or ground for all social and mental concepts.

THE SEX

AND WOMAN QUESTIONS

By LENA MORROW LEWIS

From whence then arises this persistent tendency to confound the woman question with the sex question?

The introduction and establishment of the institution of private property completely changed the status of woman in society. The right of private property carries with it the opportunity to acquire wealth and the desire to transmit the same to future generations. This new economic régime very materially changed the family relation, the father became the head of the household. In so doing many women, who were called “imoral women.” Only a short time ago we celebrated the centennial anniversary of the birth of the man who first admitted women as clerks in his store in the State of Maine. This man was boycotted and the women employed by him were considered “reprehensible” people of that day as “bad” women. Every effort on the part of women to break away from the narrow life determined by her sex or maternal functions is met by bitter opposition. If the control or regulation of the sexual relations of woman grows out of the demands of the institution of private property then it logically follows that the passing of the said institution will remove this necessity and the new order of society that will become the life of a complete human being. Whatever regulation or control of the sex relations society may inaugurate or establish in the system that follows capitalism, will be determined by the economic and social demands of the people at that time. The new economic system towards which rapidly passing will develop such social relations as will make for the preservation and progress of society. The ethics of capitalism will disappear with the passing of the institution of private property.

The Co-operative Commonwealth will give us a new and a higher standard of morality.
The increase in cost of living has provoked many attempts to squirm out from under the burden of high prices. Purchasers’ Leagues have been formed, and the economies they have effected have been so notable that they have all been successful—at least on a small scale. However, the cost of living is rising, and it will be very gratifying to see the results of these efforts.

One way to deal with the rising cost of living is to reduce your spending. This can be done by cutting back on non-essential expenses, such as eating out or buying new clothes. Another way is to increase your income by finding a new job or taking on freelance work.

Another way to deal with rising costs is to save more money. This can be done by setting a budget and sticking to it. You can also try to find ways to increase your income, such as taking on a second job or selling items you no longer need.

In conclusion, the cost of living is an ongoing issue that requires ongoing attention. By being mindful of your spending and finding ways to increase your income, you can better manage the rising costs of living.
The Dream of Mirah
Written for The Masses
by Josephine Conger Kaneke

Mirah grew up in a tiny village set on the banks of a small, beautiful stream. She loved passionately the woods, the skies, the birds of the air. Indeed, she drank in with every breath the atmosphere in which was the tang of nature, of things untouched by the processes of civilization. No breath of the great, roaring centers of man-made-society ever tainted her blood, or diluted the rich crimson of her forest home.

Every fall Mirah saw the life about her, the trees, the flowers, the grass, the great wide fields, and the stream, succumb to the chilling frosts of winter. But with the spring out came the whole lot of them again. And early in childhood she learned that winter was the night-time of the green things, that nature was sleeping. Her mind wandered to a bliss of rest and recuperation, that they might all the more efficiently contribute to their own, and others' needs. So the season with its spread of snow was far from being sad, and spring was a positive delight, with its bursting buds, its delicious odors, its stir of life over the fields and woods.

As Mirah grew to womanhood she evolved a philosophy all her own, in which love was the central note. Life, the whole world, fairly abounded in it.

And Mirah dreamed dreams. While she sat in a favorite spot beside the stream with her needle work in her hands, her eyes wandered again and again to the shadows that danced on the surface of the waters, to the myriad changing lights, to the unending beauty that lay about her and fairly engulfed her.

If love was the keynote of natural life, it was also the keynote of a woman's life. If love manifested itself everywhere in nature, it would manifest itself always in her life; the love that means everything to a woman. It must come to her. She would wait, and then she would know the fulness of it, even as the trees, the flowers and the birds knew it.

When Mirah was twenty-one she came. It came in the form of one James O'Neill. It matters not if James would look to you or me like a very commonplace man; whose culture smacked of acquaintance with the inhabitants of a barnyard, rather than those of a Fifth Avenue finishing school. James' very presence radiated love—to Mirah. And that it should always be so she did not even question.

* * *

There came the evening of the ceremony and the marriage. It was one of those nights when the lanes were sweet with summer and the moon hung low on the horizon. Mirah felt that she stood on the threshold of Life at last. To her, personal ambition, social service, were unknown terms. Love was everything, and James was love. Mirah was also the world.

Mirah's girlhood dream had come true, and it lasted in its completeness about one year. Then little rifts which she refused at first to recognize. She tried to bridge over and smooth over, and make excuses to herself; she could not believe but that the fulness of life came from simply being married to James. Came in serving him to the best of her ability.

James failed in one undertaking after another. Mirah stuck closely to the home, laying all her energies upon its altar. As a last resort came the move to a large city. Economic determinism did its worst with them. Neither Mirah nor James knew anything about "economic determinism," but it played havoc with Mirah's dreams, and with James' hopes.

Today James is working half-time, and Mirah, in faded calico, unkempt and all but discouraged, is trying to keep up the old delusion of a woman's personal service to an individual man as the one avenue to happiness in life; she spends her days in fighting the dirt and vermin of a slum tenement, while little Eolie, the sometime love child of her dreams, frequently stands in the bread line at the door of a great bakery and turns for the stale loaf cold charity will hand her.

And neither James nor Mirah nor Eolie have ever, in their wildest speculations, struck the keynote of their triple misery.

The Brother-Cry
Written for The Masses
by Carl Kobyly

Out of the depth I cry unto thee, O brother-man!
Not unto God who sits afar,
Beyond the distant sky and star,
Or mingles, as some mortals say,
In every stone and flower and ray
And murmuring sea;
But unto thee, who, knowing,
Relieve the burden of my toil,
Speak words that midst the ceaseless morn
Would lift my spirit from the soil
And show me light.
Light!—How little here below
Where I, enslaved, dim of sight,
Dwell in the dark, and slow—so slow!—
Reach death's night.

Thou who wouldst answer to Duty's call,
Brother of mine,
Know that she cries, Go down! Go down!
Down where the millions, furrowed and bored,
Strain with never a hope of a crown,—
Shackled all.
Thou who dost praise of Things Above,
Poet and Priest,
How canst thou speak of a heavenly love,
Of the voice of peace on the wings of the dove,
While underneath I hoist and shout,
Unreleased?
Know that there abhors the smell Of the dungeon-keep where I dying dwell;
And I've learned full well,
That God and His love live far from Hell!
Ah, once I stood on the great highway Where fine folk go,
And saw the stately men go by,
And danes that dazzled my famished eye,
And the laugh of children rang out bright;
And my soul burned in me a lod to cry My cruel woe!
For I thought of my brothers who that same day Were cursing the God who formed their floor So little different from these.
And a bitter tear cleansed my black of the earth's—
I waited—but the laughter drowned my shriek—
"Aye, spend as ye please in frocks and gles,
And flash in your gilded car;
But your golden flood Is your brother's blood
Who slaves in your hells afar?"
And I turned me in scorn and backward wept.
To spend and be spent.
Brother of mine, O brother of mine,
Out of the depths I cry unto thee!—
Down where I struggle and sorrow and pine,
Down where men's blood is drunk like wine,
Send not thy God with His piety!
But send thyself! and mayhap then,
When I have seen
Of blood-stain clean
A Man
There'll creep to my slow-waking ken
The meaning of what is uttered when
Thou makest of love thy God born men
Since time began.

The Usual Course
Written for The Masses
by Willy Hearn

SOLEMN, semi-sacred hush settled upon the entire department, as the boss, a wealthy shoe manufacturer, walked across the floor and called the foreman: "John, as you have often heard me remark, my employees need not remain in the same position they take when they enter our services. There is always a good opportunity for promotion. There is always an excellent chance for advancement for the efficient; and there is none here who knows it better than you do; you have worked for me for nearly thirty years. I used to work myself then, you remember?" John nodded and shed a sickly smile.

"Well, John," went on the employer, "I must have a good, strong and willing young man, married of course, whom I can promote to the position of foreman." As a shadow of fear spread over John's face, the master quickly added, "O, not for here, John; I want any other factories. I have six other shops, you know, in different parts of the state. By the way, you may change your city, too. Pick out a good one, and I'll be in again to-morrow!"

John sighed for relief as the boss went out, leaving the aroma of a half-dollar cigar behind. The old foreman and his wife had been much worried of late in regard to their position. For he was passed fifty, and he well knew the age limit. His instructions were to get rid of old foremen who did not know the proper alphabet of the older foremen. And John did his best to pick the right kind of a young man.

On the morrow John just as he had promised, for the boss was an honorable man, and was introduced to John's choice. And the boss rewarded his old foreman with a very commendable raise. As John opened his pay envelope and pulled from within, along with his money, the yellow slip he had handed to the workmen, he almost fainted. The boss had been about the shop all week, and was even then in his private office. So John grasped his wages into that holy sanctum. But all prayers were offered up in vain. "You should have saved your money," the foreman advised him. "But I had a family to support. I always did my best to educate my children and live decently. I think wages were never very big," pleaded John. "Well, that was your lookout. You know my rules; in fact, they are ordinary business rules. And you should have known that after all, even your place could be filled with but little trouble."

"But had such faith in you, you always gave me to understand that my job was sure. But the other day you told me that Williams was not to take my place."

"He is not," replied the boss, "he goes to one of the other shops, and the man I picked there comes here. That's business, John."

"Let me keep my place," begged the foreman, tears welling to his eyes, "or let me go back to the bench—I mean the machine. I'm too old to find a new job. I'm willing to work for less, if you will only let me stay."

"Your arguments are useless. Did you think the new foreman is to get the wages I paid you? Ha! ha! I could not think of paying you as much. And any one of these young upstarts is eager to accept, with the honor of promotion. I don't want any old danger of your starving, as you put it. Your children are all grown up and they will take care of you. And then you will find some easy work to do. A good man can always find a job. Good day, I'm busy. You can always refer to me, my answer will be good. I'm sorry, but business is business."
T HIS question is usually put in more elegant form, thus: "How much is the worker exploited?" or "What is the percentage of exploitation?" We use the word "exploitation" in the large European word for what we in this country know as "graft.

Let us first say what we mean by "the worker." Not only those who labor with their hands are rightly called workers, but also those who labor with their brains in ways which are useful to the worker; that is, in ways which increase the bulk of production, or in ways which promote the evenness of distribution among the workers of the things produced. Those others who are busy in ways which do not increase production or in ways which promote large inequalities of distribution—in other words, those who are busy in ways which do not increase the work or the production of the community and leave it, not in more equal hands, but in equal and unequal hands, those men are not workers in the true sense, no matter how active they may be.

Next, let us say what we mean by "graft" or "exploitation." Of course the word "capitalists" has a second meaning. Of course we mean "the capitalist" as that which is necessary to the workers to be able to pay the wages of the workers. Of course we mean the salaries of the workers, which is the income of those who labor with their hands; the salaries of the workers, which is the income of those who labor with their brains.

This being said, we have to deal with the question: of what is the worker paid? We take the example of a new plant, the one factory, we say, of the year, and we say: of what is the worker paid? Of what is the worker paid? Of what is the worker paid?

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THE married woman, who still works in the home, has no opportunity for development. She prepares three meals a day and washes three sets of dishes. If she has any desire to do other work it is constantly interrupted. Her power to fix her attention on the accomplishment of mental tasks is destroyed.

The glories and beauties of the life of the housewife are continuously burdened by more than one antagonistic element. That beauty does not exist. In fact, the great mass of women engaged in industry as well as the men have a silent contempt for the lot of the housewife. If she is a mother she soon feels behind her children and they have little regard for her opinions. Not all facts are pleasant. This is an extremely disagreeable fact, for the housewife.

The larger part of the agitation, even in the socialist movement, among women has been directed toward whom? Why, the girls in industry. Not the housekeepers.

Much of the failure to produce work that equals man's work in art, literature and mechanics is due to the fact that so much of the effort of the women of the race spend their lives in housework. To dust, scrub, wash dishes. Where is the inspiration? Less even than in digging ditches. But the patient woman keeps up her flagging courage by saying, "It is womanly. It is woman's place."

Grandmothers, some of them, still think stockings should be knitted at home. Our children will look back with the same amusement that we do at stocking knitting, should we persist in arguing that cooking should all be done at home.

Think but for an instant how the world of industry has advanced; no man now makes his own ax or chisel. These are struck out by thousands in great steel works. So all the work of the world is being better done by great bodies of men co-operating. But each woman in nine-tenths of American homes is still over her own cook stove, preparing some little culinary concoction for her particular group.

The home would be greatly improved if, instead of a drabbled, tired, nervous woman with petty thoughts and petty cares, it had a strong, capable female and mother freed from the easily avoidable drudgery that now exists in the home; if it had a woman with a trade or profession, not only large enough to broaden her outlook on life and her sympathies.

The young woman hesitates to-day to become a housewife, for it means the end of her outside, more agreeable work.

The home was not destroyed when the spinning and weaving went to the factory and it will not be destroyed when the family takes its meals in co-operative dining halls or at home, with food prepared in co-operative kitchens; when the cooking is done by machinery and when each wife, mother and single woman has work outside the home as well as in the home.

Sad! There is no sight in all the world so sad as the wasting of a woman's strength, mental and physical, in household toil when this "wasted" industry could so easily be put on the same basis as other modern industries.

It is only when women, instead of glorying in their domesticity as they do to-day, despise it as a destroyer of women's best energies that the first move will be made to put the economy of homes on a scientific foundation.

Domestic science in the schools is not now the last step. What we want is food experts, trained men and women to take charge of co-operative establishments and prepare wholesome well-cooked food.

But the children? What would happen to the children? They would have a far better chance of life than with the poorly prepared food they get to-day from the hands of ill-trained housewives, and, moreover, there would be fewer hysterical mothers.

Socialize the household industry. Bring all the modern appliances to serve the home and let all the work that can be done co-operatively leave the home.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF DORA

Written for The Masses

BY BENJAMIN KEECH

"What is that sad-looking lady?" I asked of my cousin, Arthur Dodge, as a thin, stooped, cackled woman of thirty-five or forty years passed dejectedly by on the sidewalk.

"That is Despondent Dora Hatfield, as the more eccentric members of society call her," said Arthur.

"Doesn’t it make you gloomy, though, just to look at her?"

My cousin and I were sitting on his pleasant veranda, whiling away a few minutes before starting for the lecture that evening. I visited Arthur and his family nearly every summer, and had learned to take quite an interest in the people of Poverty Center.

"Shall I tell you the story of her life, as the stodge ladies say?" laughed Arthur. "Well, Dora lost her best fellow, and all that, years ago. Lost him in some sort of a fire, I believe, or something equally cheerful. Well, she had her parents left, and they had a little money between ’em; but one day she went out shopping, and lost all, ‘gambling’ in the stock market. Dora’s parents both expired shortly after this, and Dora was left alone to fight the world single-handed.

"It seems she found it pretty rough sailing. Always having lived safely sheltered from the world, she had no idea what a tough fight was, until she began to struggle with fate all by her lonesome. She soon had to part with her mansion on High street, and gradually drifted down in the scale of society until she found herself residing in a small, rented cottage—I mean shack—near the Italian district. Not until her hard luck overtook her, did Dora learn the value of money; then she began to cut her expenses down—down—down—a stunt very disagreeable to one of her nervous temperament.

"Being extremely strong-willed and independent, however, in spite of her terrible sensitiveness, Dora held her head up as high as she could and applied for a job in one of the worsted mills, which the superintendent, a friend of the family, gave her. She secretly hated this work—not because she felt above labor, understand, but because it was entirely out of her line, and the girls, most of them, were none too careful of her feelings. One day she had a good crying spell, and one of the more brutal damsel called her ’Despondent Dora’—a name which stuck.

"She married a Mr. Hatfield actually sick, and she came very near throwing up the sponge right there. But after thinking it over one whole night, she decided that she simply would never let a mere common, uneducated factory girl floor her, so she sailed back the next morning and went on with her suffering.

"She has gradually become what you see her—a sour, cranky, typical old maid, at odds with the world in general. They say she has got consumption, but I guess it’s really consummation of hard luck that ails her. The worst of it is, she is really mad at heart—would help anyone if she could, even her enemies, on the sly. She regrets terribly that she didn’t fit herself for some sort of educational work, while she had a chance. She has talents in several different directions, but can’t use ’em now. And there she is—bright, good, but sadly mis-placed—crushed and suffering for the wrongs of society.

"But hasn’t she any relatives?" I asked. "Isn’t there anyone to help her out of her predicament?"

"No but the voters, Henry," laughed Arthur. "I believe there is an old maid uncle or bachelor aunt abroad, some place, but that’s all. Well, hadn’t we better start to help Dora?"

Two years passed by. I was again visiting my cousin.

"Who is that fine-looking woman?" I queried, indicating a beautiful young woman of forty, elegantly attired in a那是 making splendid progress down the street.

"Why, that is our old friend, Dora Hatfield, with the

STRIKE A BLOW FOR THE REVOLUTION

There are two ways of making a revolution. Put a gun into a man’s hand and make him shoot or put an idea into a man’s head and make him think. We prefer the latter. How about you? We will mail a sample copy to your friends at $2.00 per each. If you can’t think of enough names yourself, ask your friends. Here is your chance to strike a blow for the real revolution. The revolution of ideas.
**FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS**

**Truth and Immortality**
*Written for The Masses.*

BY HANK JELLIS

SINCE man first began to reason he has tirelessly sought two abstract truths—truth and immortality. More than this, he sought Absolute Truth and Absolute Immortality. But his individual, conscious experience always failed to discover either of these, so, in all ages, he constructed a super-conscious, supernatural idea of them. The early savage personified them in natural forces, in the Sun, in Fire, etc. Later he constructed an image of them after himself, and fashioned his ideas of eternal life after the life he had lived himself. Still later, there developed the idea of an impersonal deity, which was the cause, the master of the Universe, that dwelt outside and above the Universe. But all the while, from savage to present day man, the idea always existed that there was no beginning and that there will be no end. This is only one example of the way in which the inexpressibly incorporated in the human mind. No matter what guise they may assume, the kernel is still the truth. And this is inevitable since all human ideas are derived from the Universe, and the Universe is Truth. Different ideas and different viewpoints of the truth are obtained by different individuals because no human mind is capable of grasping the whole picture of comprehending the entire universe, and consequently man gets his idea of truth according to what portion of it he has experienced, just as we get our idea of a tree from that fraction of it which we behold, get that idea of life from what we have experienced. Like the story of the shield that was golden on one side and silver on the other, our idea of life is such that portion of it which we see, and all of us are right, only partly so because we have not seen all of the truth. And just as the man who had seen the golden side of the shield thought that the man who had seen the other side was wrong, and vice versa, so it is with our ideas of right and wrong in real life; each of us is right, the other fellow is mistaken and that the side of life we have seen is the only right one. If we were capable of comprehending all the phenomena of life the seeming contradictions would be explained in the knowledge of the whole.

In the sound conviction that there must be eternal life man merely expressed the law later demonstrated by physics, that nothing that is can continue to be, nothing that is can ever depart from it. The details of the idea he developed according to his racial development, his surroundings, etc.

Just as every movement in nature has its effects and causes in other movements and effects, and is universal in its connection, so every human thought and action is incorporated in life never to leave it. Not only this, but the germ of it existed always. All other phenomena of life were affecting and leading toward it, even as it affected all these phenomena. In this way is individual immortality expressed. For that reason we should not disparage the present existence, but should strive with all our might to do the best that is in us, for even though we ourselves will not in future feel our acts, posterity will, although the human individual consciousness is not immortal in the scriptural meaning of the word, the human race is. That is, it has a continual existence whose beginning we do not know and ending do not see.

Not only is human mentality immortal, but also the physical human is eternal. The electricity, the liquid, the clay of which we are composed, can only mingle with other elements. Can one imagine a more wonderful immortality than to be part of the basic flow of the universe, to mingle with the cool mist of the forest over which the brook ripples, in which the violets bury their roots and in which bares, foxes, and others of their kind build their more exciting than to flash with the forked lightning in a storm, or to know that our moisture feeds beautiful plants.

What could give us a greater, more sacred sense of duty than the knowledge that every act is felt by all our fellows—more than that—by all posterity?

**Woman Suffrage: Why?**
*Written for The Masses.*

BY LIDA PARE

THE recent victory for woman suffrage in California is to be regarded as a triumph by the working class as much as by women; for every extension of justice and every application of the principle of a square deal is a step in advance for all those who are suffering from it. Olive Schreiner touches struggling to right them. And this is especially true in view of the fact that the extension of woman suffrage everywhere is opposed by the exploiting class, and this is not at all in contravention of the "economic interpretation of history." Men and women will act exactly the same as the exploiters do, and by in which the masses' needs are all-imperative. But these needs having been met, psychology comes into play. The "psychic factors" cannot be eliminated from social philosophy with
domestic sphere for women? They realize the fact that the the problem is not in "poverty."" Women are forces that are society and the family. The system is not just that of the old money, rich men who could help the world move more intelligently. Why not support the publications that are working for us, instead of the other kind? Well, no longer shall the world say that Janet Huxley failed to live up to her opportunities."

**One," Present" Problem Settled**
*BY R. KEECH

SOCIALISM has done me one good turn, although I haven't lasted long," laughed Eleanor Spiegel, snapping up a copy of The Masses which she had got ready to mail; "it has solved my Christmas presents problem for me.

"Well, you know how we always worry for weeks before Christmas, wondering what we're going to get for our friends. Now, since I've looked into Socialism, and found an answer to everything, I know what I'm going to buy. Most of my relatives are going to get some Socialist literature. Six cousins are to be made happy by a year's subscription to The Masses alone, besides other leading publications of our class. Four of them are going to get over a nice volume of Socialist poetry—we have some that's first class. Other friends are to receive a good Socialist novel, instead of "popular" fiction which sounds nice, but doesn't settle anything. Why, I feel actually guilty when I think of the time I've lost in neglecting to distribute our booklets, leaflets, post-cards and so on. I think they express the spirit of Christ, although perhaps not in "Christmassy" language.

"Eleanor," said Janet, "you and Socialism have solved one of my present problems, too. I'm going to ask for one more thing, and I think it'll help the world move more intelligently. Why not support the publications that are working for us, instead of the other kind? Well, no longer shall the world say that Janet Huxley failed to live up to her opportunities."

**Cheap Paper, Cheap Food and the Proletariat**

"YOU bet," said the Honest Toller, proudly throwing out his chest, "blue milk, thin steak, five cent whiskey, eight for a dime cigar, yellow journals and dime novels, that's me, every day of the week.

"Well," said the worthy Rich Man, with a sigh of relief, "of course you know your own business best. If that's what you want I will try to see that you get it." And the Honest Toller got it, where he always gets it—in the neck. But how about you, Mr. Radical Well-Informed Proletarian? Do you, too, want yellow journals and sensational dime novels, and how about this, to think so. One of them writes, "You are trying to reach the more or less cultured people. That won't do unless you have plenty of money. They are not going to push your paper. When it comes to work, it is the poor, illiterate, half-starved individual who is on the job, and they won't work for it, because it is above him." That's quite a verdict. You are the only one who can set it aside. We don't agree with your judge. If we did we won't be publishing The Masses. We do not appeal to the more cultured. We are simply convinced enough to believe that you have grown big enough to appreciate The Masses. Our friend spoke about the fact that we charge 50c per year and that for this reason only you would never subscribe for The Masses in as large numbers as you would for a CHEAPER, more sensational magazine. There is something in that last argument. We are going to test it. We herewith offer you The Masses as cheap as the cheapest of the cheap. We are awaiting your answer. We are awaiting the verdict on yourself to be rendered by yourself.

A YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE MASSSES" IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 25 CENTS EACH. THIS OFFER STANDS FOR DECEMBER ONLY, AND EXCLUDES PREMIUM OR DISCOUNTS OF ALL SORTS.
THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

From the Bottom Left

Written for The Masses
by Emanuel Julius

O, this is not a review of Alexander Irvine’s book. I merely wish to juggle with my friend Horace Traubel for a minute or two. Keep your eyes open.

In a late number of The Conservator Horace Traubel has a poem, which he calls “You Say Great Things Of Him.” The stanza reads:

You say great things of him.
You say great things of him.

You have heard of him. What do you say of him? Do you call him to your attention? Do you call attention to him? I blush before your shrug; I blush before your shrug; I blush before your shrug; I blush before your shrug; I blush before your shrug.

For he was once the outcast: and ain’t you afraid to forget the outcasts to-night? Instead of passing this room to anyone without a special pass we should invite all into it.

Better to have fed him then as he wrestled with the black fates and now starve in his honor; we starved him when he was on the wing.

And you will yet hear me and understand all that I mean; and you will know him and understand all that he means:

There are many masters and few people; I speak up for the masters. There were few masters and many people: he spoke up for the people.

Well, how do you like that poem? Did you get the meaning of it? There’s only one fault with the—A started, like Irvine, at the bottom and crept up.

Traubel’s poetry and prose are very convenient. If you get tired of reading him in the regular way, you commence at the bottom and read in the direction that Dr. Cook didn’t go. You get the same thing at either end. And the variety is very pleasing. And now, the teacher asks the class: What does Horace Traubel’s poetry remind you of? And the smartest boy in the class pops up and shouts: “A reversible shirt!” If one end—— but before that sentence was finished the naughty boy was lynched. Served him right.

Breaking up the Home

Written for The Masses
by Grace Potter

Why is it not more generally pointed out how woman’s vote would break up the home? It is man’s belief that he is superior which keeps him satisfied and manageable. One argument alone supports this belief.

Says Man to Woman, “I vote. You don’t know enough to vote, darling. So I am superior to you.”

Leave him this last lame illusion of superiority. Or totter all the walls of home. For—hit!—are they not built upon man’s vanity? How could woman manage him except through his vanity? Man said to say that woman didn’t know enough to study the sciences and dead languages. French and embroidery making a curtsy were all she could learn.

Then she went to college and took most of the prizes away from him.

Man gulped. “It’s because you cram so, dearest,” said Man lightly. “Me, I wouldn’t cram. But you can’t get into the professional schools.”

Then woman began to study medicine, pharmacy, law, engineering, dentistry and what not.

Again man gulped. “But you don’t know enough to go into business, preciously,” he said.

Woman went into business. She was a merchant, a manufacturer, a broker, a drumer, a clerk, she was everything.

“Well, anyway, you’re running a little thing,” spoke up Man, “you don’t know enough to vote.”

Don’t keep on saying this in joy and ignorance all the days of his life. Don’t teach him what science and current history say about woman’s knowing enough to vote. Don’t tell him of the maroonies in bygone civilizations where only woman voted. Don’t tell him of the savage tribes where the vote has never to this day been taken away from woman. Don’t call to his attention the states in our own Union where women have voted for years.

For then the man who used to love you because you were so dependent upon him, superiority will see that it was all a snare to hold him.

And gone is his vanity. Gone is the chance to manage him; gone all the walls of home. Surely don’t believe in breaking up the home.

What’s that? They used to say that education woman would break up the home and it hasn’t! That her going into business would break up the home and it hasn’t! And that anyway a house built on vanity isn’t—

Here’s the home is sacred! Surely don’t believe in breaking up the home!

A Swell Chance for You if You Grab it Quick

We are looking for a special representative in every district of this great U. S. A.—live man or woman to whom we can teach our business and whom we wish to make rich. Perhaps you have experimented with correspondence schools teaching such mental employments as Civil Engineering, Watson, Medico, Sign Writing, Clergyman’s Trade, and the like. If so you will appreciate a novel proposition such as we offer here.

Does this appeal to you?

Would you like some refined, easy trade which you can work at outside of office hours and make Big Money?

Then read what these people have done. They started like you, knowing nothing about the business, and have Made Good.

Mrs. Hetty Breen, a poor widow of New York, writes: “Making good fast with your COUPON CLIPPERS. They netted me over a million dollars last year and I expect to double that this season.”

Mr. Thomas Fryam, a street car man, says: “Working outside of business hours only I made $24,000 a week with your elegant COUPON CLIPPERS. Enclose money order for another pair.”

What do you think of Andrew Arnegie, a steel worker of Pittsburgh? “Your COUPON CLIPPERS are the goods,” he writes. “Without trying made $100,000 in less than an hour yesterday.”

According to John D. Doctor in, a Sunday school teacher, our COUPON CLIPPERS are “all to the merry.” J. Pierpoint Organ, a sailor, thinks they are “the best on earth.” Magg Peloom, a horse trainer, “likes them, indeed.” While William Cumberfield, a railroad employee, calls them “the succession of the century.”

Are you content to slave away your life on a small job or have you ambition? If you are one of those who want to get out of the rut send us one dollar by return mail as an initial payment for our New Easy Running, Ball Bearing, Hammer-The Public Coupon Clippas.

Oro Marra: “They Make Millions Out of the Million.”

Un-Yum

SHIP me to Finland (in summer) or Vinland, or Greece or Britannia the murky;
But let me cut Rome for and scoot away home for
The months of the toothsome turkey turley
Yet not to the boasted big gobber brown roasted
Is snug this gay trailerloco:
Though fine on the platters it never quite matters
Till turned to—un-yum—Turkey Stew.

Think how it slides down and melts down and slides down—
This stew that a gutton might dream of;
How joyous to taste it, how sinful to waste it—
This dish that’s a bliss to sniff steam on it.
If I were as rich as some trusty trust which has
Saved up—say—a million or two, I’d take winter boarders and O. K. their orders
For—oh—that—un-yum—Turkey Stew.

Delicate light meat—ambrosial white meat—

And dark meat so mixed that they come where
They roll with a splendid conception of blended
Aromas from Heaven or somewhere.

In fact, at my finish when shrunk: bone and skinnish
Don’t buy me a tombstone but do—
Old chap—if you love me, just set up above me
A bowl of un-yum Turkey Stew.

Ridiculous

Some time the shrewd American spent in examining the details of the strange land.

“Who are those innumerable men who are raising such a row on the corner?” he inquired of the native.

“Those chaps! Why, those are the men who were cheated at the championship series of the national game. They lost their good money and they’re going to get it back or know the reason why.”

“And who is the man alone on the street corner exhorting the people to revolt?”

“Why, he’s the poor chap who discovered we were all being robbed wholesale by a few rich men of the country. Of course we aren’t interested in that sort of thing.”

“There are all those carriages going?”

“Well, they’re taking our better class to the Charity Ball.”

“Is it a success?”

“I should say it is. Nobody spends less than fifteen dollars a head and there are, last year they turned over almost two hundred dollars to charity.”

“Why, that fits with the diamonds!”

“Why, he’s one of our best citizens—never does any work at all!”

“And who’s that chap in overalls?”

“One of the scum. He does the useful things we have to have done. You know, the disagreeable jobs that nobody wants to do.”

“And who’s the gentleman that has excited all that cheering? The one with the fierce mustaches and the uniform and the plumes on his hat?”

“That! Why, that’s General Buggymug, who personally killed eight thousand people. Hurrah! He’s the bloodiest general we ever had.”

“And who is the little stoop-shouldered fellow scooting along the sidewalk? The one the policeman just belted?”

“Oh, that little shrimp is Professor Scraggs, the man who discovered the serum that absolutely cures pneumonia. Of course, nobody takes him seriously.”

“You’re a queer people,” said the shrewd American smiling patronizingly. “You’re simply ridiculous.”

SPECIAL FOR DECEMBER. THE MASSES IN CLUBS OF FOUR OR MORE, 20c. PER YEAR. NO PREMIUMS OR DISCOUNTS.
MAKDAME. L. FOWGES
BY ELEANOR WENTWORTH

THE WONDERFUL LADY THAT MICKEY MET
BY ETHEL KAPP BEHRMAN

THE WORTH OF THIS LITTLE TALE OF MICKEY LIES IN THE FACT THAT ITS MAIN EVENTS ARE TRUE. SOME LITTLE EMBELLISHMENT HAS BEEN ADDED FOR EFFECT, BUT NO HARM WILL BE DONE.

THE WORTH OF THIS LITTLE TALE OF MICKEY LIES IN THE FACT THAT ITS MAIN EVENTS ARE TRUE. SOME LITTLE EMBELLISHMENT HAS BEEN ADDED FOR EFFECT, BUT NO HARM WILL BE DONE.
THE MASSES

The little mother rejoiced with her boy in his good fortune, and the following Saturday found him on his way to the lady's house. The day was fair, and Mickey had put forth every effort to appear at his best. His shoes had been shined, his clothes brushed, his hair combed and his face scrubbed till the freckles shone. He was a very different looking child from the boy on the street, and the change had been efective. They hoped of appearing like other boys. That was, if the lady kept her word, and he felt sure she would.

He mounted the steps and rang the bell. Yes, here was the same Wonderful Lady, asking him in and telling him to be seated in such a soft, comfortable chair as he had never to his recollection occupied before.

Here she was again, and before Mickey knew it he was being tried on—yes, two of them—one, two, three, four, five, six—every piece of clothing he owned. He didn't know what to do, what to say, what to feel. Well, I don't know what I would have done if Tad Wilcox hadn't kept running to relieve the strain now and then and if Mrs. Henry Harwood hadn't ultimately appeared on the scene.

Grefe-Saunders belonged to a certain type of society heeler that every woman gets to recognize eventually. Always living in the correct way, always doing the correct thing, always knowing the correct people and, last but not least expensive, always wearing the correct clothes, they never seem to have a body or a body of course, you understand I'm deliberately adopting this sub-nomenclature of "everybody" and "nobody" in the beginning, but always "somebody". I've known several somebody's, some of the places they went, and others who were nobody, all the places they went, but Grefe-Saunders was somebody, no matter where you found him. "What the deuce," as Mike said, "he was doing in our galore" that summer will always be a profound mystery to us.

Two years after leaving Harvard had returned him monocled, hyphenated, accented and so well-dressed that his mere clothes constituted a bond between him and every woman he met. Two years after New Yorkers had made him the pampered darling—

Henry

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Illustrated by Alex Popini

cropped as Grefe-Saunders and his clothes were rather flossy than otherwise. He went in for being a jockey.

Conversation with him was an intellectual football. The ball got passed so often, though, it made you dizzy watching for it. It was like bucking against a weebah-board and being held responsible. He'd pick you up on the most commonplace observation and find something "cryptic" in it. He took it into his head that I was a sphyx. You know what a bower is it to have to keep living up to a reputation that's been foisted upon you and for a quality that you haven't got and never had and don't want. And if you think it's any fun for a woman who's as clear as filtered water and as obvious as a map, to live up to a reputation for "subtlety"—just try it once. Mike used to call us "the sublets" when we got started on one of our interminable squirrel-track and blind-alley arguments. But I stopped that. I don't often get mad with Mike, but there are some things that even the law doesn't compel a woman to stand from her husband.

Mrs. Harwood fast asleep.

But Tad Wilcox—his heart—Tad took to coming up over the week-ends. Tad was the joy of our life—he sold guns for the Amalgamated Firearms and, certain ornament to the touring-car in summer clothes that it strained the resources of my wardrobe to live up to.

No, Adrian Hewitt was just as different as possible to a poet. He was a poet and, somehow, you'd know he was a poet. Not that he was as eccentric or went in for long hair and loppy clothes—that type is as chronically as the Jurassic bird. No, he was as close as a day you will come to see me again, and I will explain what that means. The clothes that I am giving you are yours by right. Children are here in this world to be cared for. I am not rich, my boy. I am working for what I have, and I am going to make no little child cry. These are not my children. These are the ragged children. No one cold and no one hungry. Understand, my little man, it is not in charity that I am going to make you happy. It is because I am going to make you happy. Will you not see? You see, my love for my own boy makes me love all the boys and girls in this whole world and make them happy to the very end of my days.

"Not on your life," was the forceful if inexplicable answer of Mickey.

He went home, with her words ringing in his head, and happily told it all to his mother; he added: "An' if dat lady's what yer call a Socialist, dat's me, fer sure!"

Some day, perhaps, I can tell you more of Mickey's further visits to the Wonderful Lady.

December, 1911

Written for The Masses
unexpected corners for flower-beds. In these she raised flowers, but as a tribute to the dead, I suppose, pink flowers only—pink laurel, pink phlox, pink pines, pink rose-bushes. A florist of pink. She imported with her all kinds of queer live stock—but only white creatures—white rabbits, white kittens, white mice, white pigeons. Sometimes she'd come to meet us, trailing through the tall grass with Diogenes, a tiny white owl, perched on her shoulder. She went to ride every morning on a little white horse. You see, she was always in these white things.

Which all brings me naturally enough to Henry. If there ever was a house that was simply pervaded with the spirit of every member of the family, it was Henry. You looked in, you looked out, you stood over it without being able to look around and see Henry somewhere, and it was his joy to watch Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt after they got it bad-squirmed in their chairs, trying to get out of range of their defiant rival. But he was worth looking at. Henry—the pictures all presented the same pose, halflength, the arms folded—a romantic, dashing type, with hair a little long, a heavy moustache curling under, two very interesting scars, one at the corner of his mouth, and another under his left eye, the result of a duel in his University days in Heidelberg.

Of course, the more we saw of her, the crazier the world seemed. The weather was dreary, the patience type brings home the money. I say in these days, when a girl has the chance to take any pose she wants, she has no right to do that sort of thing. It's like jacking drown—this fact that they don't give a man a run or his money. But, anyway, they were simply dippin' over her, Mike just as bad as the rest. All except Tad Wilcox, and he didn't seem to glamour up at all. She seemed to amuse him in just the same way Grefe-Saunders or Adrian Hewitt did. If she had been a kitten or a puppy, he couldn't have regarded her with more indulgence. But he seemed never to try to talk with her or to make a tête-à-tête—the way Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt were just sitting there, whenever I tried to argue it away, that it made me mad. I felt witchy about it—that feeling—and, somehow, in spite of myself, it seemed to prevent a lot. We never called each other by our first names, for instance. Hers was Anita, by the way. Of course, I never spoke of it to any of the men, not even to Mike, because—well, you know how it is. Now, there could be no doubt that Mrs. Harwood had plenty of money. It would be a good match for him from the financial point of view, provided she would not jeopard a sociable position that was secure enough as long as he remained an attractive bachelor, and decidedly precariously as the husband of a woman who had, socially, only begotten a Mango-rang for a hamlet. Adrian Hewitt, of course, did not have to think of that, for no poet goes in for society. But her money would probably prove a great advantage to Adrian, floated about a good deal, traveled as he pleased and seemed to have abundant leisure. It was Mike's opinion that Henry's position was not so carefully as any body suspected. Not that I am insinuating that those two men were fortune-hunters. All that I say is that they impressed me as the kind who would take such a thing very easily.

In the middle of September, Mrs. Harwood went away for two weeks and it was during that time that Henry's fate was decided. Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some rest—and on the way back, Mike and I were on a fish-sparing, Mike and I had taken Grefe-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, who had developed into the most moping and boring companions, down to Milwaukee—a little bit to get some res...
call of the wild in the waiter's profession that any of us could see. But we agreed that our duty to tell Mrs. Harwood the moment she came home was the one thing in the whole situation that was plain. And then it became a matter of conjecture who should tell her. Nobody wanted to do it and it looked as if we would have to toss up for it.

Gregg-Saunders settled the question, as far as he was concerned, by having a convenient telegram call him back to New York at the end of three days. I suppose he thought, on considering the matter, that he might possibly lift a beautiful blonde widow to the social heights to which he hung by his eyelids. But when it came to the heroine of a drowned and resuscitated-and-behind-the-scenes-Adele-Arceneaux-happened-to-die with a burst that frightened him I don't know. But I didn't waste any good brain-juice on him, I can tell you—he was "Antel," you know.

And so it came about, when Mrs. Harwood did come home, there was nobody but Mike and me and Tad, who had run up that afternoon. And Tad—bless his heart—when we told him the story, offered at once to break the news to her. This time there was no twinkle in his eye—he looked serious, even sad, I thought—when we three started to call on her that evening. We planned it that Tad would go in first and tell her and then, if she was in the mood to see us, he could slip out and get us. If we, not. we'd all three seem home.

Mike and I sat, quaking, on the piazza for twenty minutes, listening to an interval of the most silent silence that ever penetrated my entire existence. Why, it was so silent there—it was positively loud about it. Then something broke in the atmosphere that caused Mike to swear loud and jump a rod. It was a woman's laugh, delicious as a gush of water from a fountain. Then came a man's laugh, explosive, re-echoing. In another instant Tad was at the door, coming out at a run.

"Come in," was all he said.

When we got in we found Mrs. Harwood, lying face down on the couch, shaking with laughter. And then the explanations began to rain.

The waiter wasn't Henry. At least that was Henry, although that is not what his name is. He was Henny Harwood's husband, although he was the man in the picture—because Mrs. Harwood wasn't Mrs. Harwood at all and never had been. Oh, I'm getting this all mixed up. I'll begin again. Mrs. Harwood had never been married. So, you see, she couldn't have any husband. And, of course, Henry was as much a myth as a picture of a live flesh-and-blood man can be. All this she explained, between the bursts of perfectly delicious laughter.

"But Mrs. Harwood," I faltered. Mike simply stared.

"Don't call me that same name any longer," she begged. "My real name is Milda Danne. But please call me Marly; you don't have to. My conscience has punctured my peace of mind all summer for deceiving you the way I have. I haven't worried an atom the way I hoped in the beginning, but I felt horrid about lying to you. You've been such a dear that I felt it to be a barrier between us and I did want to be friends."

It appears that she had always lived with a hard-"fisted old grandfather of the Puritan type, millions of miles away from anywhere, in a little down-at-the-heels New England town. She had never seen any body, or been anywhere, or done anything the way other girls had, and so when he died, leaving her lots of money, she just decided to break out of her cell and start something. She had always heard, she added naively, that widows had the best time, so she concluded to become a widow. And in order to deliver the goods, she had to invent Henry. She bought a picture from a Boston photographer and had it copied as many ways as she could think of, worked up all his history, tastes, distastes and anterivities. She picked Scobey, Per Four Corners as a nice place to start in and, not really knowing anything about it, came on and established herself here.

"She said it was a lot of fun at first as the men—here she shot a mischievous glance at Mike—seemed to pity her so much. "But I could never pull the wool over Mrs. Wilson's eye," she said with a sigh and a droop of her eyelids in his direction. And Tad actually looked embarrassed. But he burst out into chuckles of joy—and Mike had to join him—when we found her aspide among her pink flowers and her white "live-stock," she had heard us coming and just pretended to have cried herself to sleep for the fun of it. But at length it got on her nerves—the constant dejection and all—and that was why she went away for those two weeks.

And she said if it hadn't been for us three she would never have come back. "As for pink," she concluded, "I shall never wear the shade to my dying day."

Of course, I forgave her readily enough. You'd forgive anybody with an eighteen-carat sense of humor like that, and, in the October that followed, we four made up for lost time. Well, she came back to New York with us and, as Miss Danne, with a closet-full of tight-fitting pale-blue marvels, she did as much execution in one month as any widow of her size ever did in two. Gregg-Saunders and Adrian Hewitt, hearing the true state of things, came pouring up to our house where she had become a fixture, and, doubting on their tracks, tried to catch up with themselves. But even then it was too late as you have doubtless gathered. For the engagement was announced at Christmas, and Tad told me one that, even as far business is concerned, he meant to be a happy man before he was a widow.

Business and War

Written For The Masses.

BY IRA CROUCH-HAZLETT

BUSINESS is Hell. War is Hell.

One of the greatest of modern Generals did not describe war as glory, honor and righteousness, but as Hell.

In his mind were its slaughter, its smoke, its murder, its blood, its death wounds, its staring and sightless eyes, its pallid cheeks, its rigid death, its lead and powder and sharp steel tearing through flesh, its hate, its waste of human hopes and life and birth.

Business is modern warfare.

The scene of action has changed. Commercialism, with its refinements of attack, has taken a direct aim at your fellow-creature's life with a weapon.

By war and raids on produce the upper classes lived formerly.

"Sargol"—The Flesh Builder

Given For Trial

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman who reads this announcement. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—what it means. At our own risk we offer to put in, if yes, 20 pounds of good, solid "stay there" flesh on your bones; to fill out holes in your neck or back, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body, until it tinges with vigorous energy; to do this without drastic diet, or even without physical exercise. No "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs nothing.

We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "skinny," and "bean poles," to bony women, whose clothes are not what they should be, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from nature or disease or from the lost flavor flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we will refund your money.

The new treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of pass-

FREE SARGOL COUPON

This certificate, with ten cents to help pay postage and distribution expenses, entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, The Flesh Builder. The Sargol Co., 530-L Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Please enclose tenc. with your letter to help pay distribution expense. Take our word, you'll never regret it.
ness and the trade that kills the other because it takes his sustenance.

He will administer to him under the name of business that will take his child’s life, or ruin his health or his future.

Business makes men suspicious, wary, deceitful, unkind. It causes them to set a guard upon their speech lest some men take advantage of them to do them injury.

This personal menace is more widespread than in war. It enters every relation in life and vitiates man’s intercourse with his brother.

With business dominating life, there is no soil where the fragrant blossoms of love and trust and friendship and repose of soul may spring.

Pitilessness and courtly are but a thin veneer concealing the hand with the dagger aimed at your interests.

The curse of competition and gain blinds every human trait. War is Hell. Business is Hell. In what favorable states does character develop? When business, which is commercial war, is over.

When men shall co-operate instead of contest. When the incentive of profit shall vanish and the incentive of use and happiness shall take its place. Socialism alone offers an environment of peace for a rational humanity.

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The MASSES

Importance of Socialism to Artists
Written for The MASSES
By LAETON SMITH

I

In Egypt, artists were priests. In Greece, philosophers. In Rome, slaves. And now again, in our mislaid civilization, modeled on the Latin, they are, or fast becoming, slaves—wage slaves of the bourgeoisie.

For, to be precise, positive, pertinent and conscious of our condition, what we have is no democracy at all, but abourgeoisie. Now Capitalism is a very wonderful development of the power of organized effort. It is only obvious, because by means of it the bourgeoisie have been able to make their strength, stifled and eminently respectable Muster and Misfortune, mediocrity and ugliness, a means of grinding the wage slave, and making the artist a caterer to their shallow notion of beauty, or misconception of it as prettiness.

And because of this ideal of the bourgeoisie, artists are kept busy, overloading the most everything with gingerbread decoration, and instead of designing garments that are beautiful, in materials that are lasting, artists by the thousand are required to turn out fashion plates by the myriad, to flatter the fakeness of a hamful of foolish girls, and stimulate the forgiveness of a swept and ironed masculinity, made idealistic by the notable firm of Hart, Schaffner & Marx.

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In December, 1911

REWARD MISCHING

We are looking for a Socialist cadet in every hamlet in the United States. We want them to spread the gospel of Socialism. They are equivalent to the Socialist Young Guard in Europe. The services of the Young Guard in distributing literature are incalculable. The Socialist Cadets of America are going to play a part fully as important in spreading the truth of Socialism in their country as the Young Guard in distributing literature. We reward you with one dollar’s worth of subscription cards to The MASSES and the “Progressive Woman,” or a copy of “War—What For?” in return for the names and addresses of these boys or girls.

The House of Bondage

A book that should be read by every Socialist in the country and then passed along to some one else to read.

A book of this kind will convert more people to Socialism than all the street-corner speakers in the world.

Get your copy—read it—then put it in circulation and see that it does not stop until it is worn out—then buy another copy and keep that going.

You could not invest $1.35 to better advantage. Cut out the coupon on page 2 and send to-day. NOW.

(Continued from page 8)

So far nobody has disputed that making the pay-envelope last the work week out lies wholly inside woman’s sphere.

But there is more than mere cutting down of expenses while getting as good a quality of supplies. This is taking part in government quite as much as making a cross-mark on a ballot. The women are going to have from this time on an increasing say in the management of affairs. The men have the union in which they utilize collective bargaining for the sale of their labor-power; the women should have a union, too, in which they may utilize collective bargaining for the purchase of the supplies of labor-power. The women live in the same world the men do, and if the men defend themselves with unions, so ought the women also.

The ballot for women is coming not alone in a few States, but in all the States. Democracy is coming.

When it arrives and the useful women and the useful men combine to bring about the Co-operative Commonwealth, the women as well as the men must know what to do with the Co-operative Commonwealth when they get it. Theory is good—you’ve got to have it, but it will be the practical experience that the women-folks of the family gain in Purchaser’s Leagues that will enable them to make such a success of the Co-operative Commonwealth when it shall come that there will be no backward step, no period of reaction.

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USED BY MANY LEADING ACTRESSES

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Land $1.50 an Acre

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Terms—Part cash, balance on time at 6%. Title perfect. An unassigned opportunity for investment of immediate and income paying development.

For Details Address
GEO. P. WEEKES, 131 Liberty St., New York

IMPERIAL PLUMES

MADE IN HOLLAND DUTCH

Send for Catalogue

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN.

We have a big lot of CLOTH in plain colors. All the finest kinds and our price is only 50 cents a yard. Samples of all our bargains mailed for a red stamp.

M. STEINBERG,

SMOKE KARL MARX 5c. Cigar

Sumatra wrapper and seed and Havana filler. Made by the SOCIALIST CO-OPERATORS OF READING. All profits used for the Socialist propaganda. Box of 50 by mail $2.00. Special prices to dealers and locals who retail cigars. ORDER A TRIAL BOX TO-DAY.

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For Eczema and all Other Skin Diseases

RELIEVES PILLES AT ONCE

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By Mail:
Price, 25 Cents

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By GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK

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The Truth Seeker, New York:—"War—What For is hell sitting at you through printer's ink. The horrors are all there."

Unity, Chicago:—"War—What For?"

A scathing denunciation of war. . . . It will be effective. The style is trenchant, almost startling.

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