THE MASSES
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

SPECIAL FEATURES

BRAINS OR BOMBS?
THE NEW WEAPON
FOR 1912

ARTICLES AND PICTURES ON WAR BY WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

NEXT MONTH'S SUBJECT
CONSTRUCTIVE POLITICAL ACTION

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FREE-50-

Twenty-five warmly-clad men are thanking us for our suit and overcoat offer last month. They are so well pleased they are working for more. H. Berkowitz, 14 Park Sq., Boston, writes: 

"To say I am satisfied does not nearly express my appreciation. The premium, my overcoat, was worth more than the total I sent in for subscriptions. The subscribers who paid their fifty cents are as well pleased with the magazine as I am with my overcoat." 

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NLY by accepting questionable advertising can we continue to sell The Masses at its present rate. We have decided to accept only high class advertising, or none at all.

We have also decided to effect a number of important improvements and use a higher quality paper. Therefore, we will be forced to raise our price from next month on to ten cents per copy and one dollar per year. Bundles or subscriptions paid for before February 1st will be supplied at the old rate. Better get in before price is raised.

The War Trade

TRADES rise and fall.

Once the war trade was a good trade: dangerous but exciting; poorly paid but full of loot; admirable; heroic; superior. The warrior protected his countrymen from invaders and conquered strange lands for the plows of emigrants.

But interest in the war trade is slackening. War correspondents and General Sherman have spread the truth about wholesale killings. Pictures have been published of patriots with their heads shot off and vivid descriptions of the wounded after a battle have been spread broadcast.

The lure is becoming out of date.

The regularity of camp life and the unpleasantness of war as it really is have dampened the spirits of many a fine, young fellow who simply wished a bit of adventure and as for travel a man with a little courage and self-reliance can go quite as far nowadays and with more ease and freedom than his enlisted brother.

But what has really spoiled the war trade is our greater acquaintance with other nations. We have lost the old "enemy" idea. We know it would be quite as unpleasant to kill a German as an Englishman as it would be to kill a second cousin.

No longer do we believe in enemies and the success of the war trade hangs on the doctrine of enemies: big, growling enemies who will eat you up if you don't kill them first.

Today we feel that the conquering theory is out of date. As sensible people we do not wish to conquer anybody or subdue anybody or kill anybody. We wish only to defend ourselves and we know that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred marauders who may attack us are not filled with any personal enmity but are simply stolid peasants who have been induced to die for the interest of some market-hunting money king.

Therefore the war trade has become contemptible and killing has degenerated into a third-class occupation. It is sweet and proper to die for one's country but youth is beginning to realize that it is neither sweet nor proper nor anything else but stupid and very stuffy to kill or be killed for the Stock Exchange.

Back to Easy Money

In all periodicals the real estate agent lifts his triumphant chant of the little self-sufficing farm: you know the one—with the chickens in the chicken-house at the right—the cow in the shed at the left—the wonderful truck-garden just outside the kitchen door—and the odor of prosperity all over the place.

It falls pleasantly on the ear; especially to the ear of some man who for decades has jumped at another fellow's orders. To become his own master! why the opportunity seems like a free ticket to the Promised Land.

But there is another side to all this—the under side—the cold rock-bottom of fact.

If it were easy to run a truck garden and become rich you would not see so many farmers worried into insane asylums.

It is true there are exceptions. Occasionally a city man rushes back to the land and makes good and at once interested farm papers trumpet his exploit to the ends of the earth. But they do not trumpet anything about the score of other chaps whose passing is announced in the country weekly something like this: "George B. Smith and family who tried farming for a while are now going away from here."

The fattened farm waiting to be stuck is a fallacy? An energetic man may get a living on a farm just as an energetic man may get a living in a factory. He may become a wealthy farmer just as easily as he may become superintendent of the factory. His chances are about the same.

The more factory workers there are looking for a job the lower wages sink: the more farmers there are looking for a market the lower the price of produce sinks.

But there is one great difference.

The factory worker is paid money for all the hours he puts in.

The farmer never knows whether he's to be paid for his work or not until the cash is in his pocket.
WAR-MAKING-WAR

THIS is a puzzle. Who is war-making and who is making war? Is the poor dishevelled, desolated individual making war; or is he war-making? We don't know. Neither does the big, stout individual. All he can see, or cares for, is the dollarmark developing out of the smoke.
On the surface organized labor is 
crushed. A trusted leader stands 
a collapsed group of dynamite, and it 
seems probable that other trusted 
leaders will pass shivery nights in barred 
cells.

People with strong leanings toward the cause 
of labor are shrinking back from partnership 
with dynamites. The Los Angeles election was 
lost to the Socialists not through the obstinacy 
of women, but because a great body of people in 
sympathy with the cause of labor were nauseated 
at the duplicity of the chiefs of labor.

There is not a labor baiter in the United 
States, from Mr. Post (and there is a reason), 
to the worthy Kirby, who is not smiling sleek complacent smiles.

Where the officers of the American 
Federation of Labor were lately most respectable 
and respected, they have come to be looked on with 
suspicion; formerly given the warm handclasp, 
they are now searched for bombs and stilettos.

On the surface labor is crushed, but in reality 
no better gate to success was ever swung open 
for labor than the fiasco of the McNamara 
brothers.

God bless the McNamara brothers! In their 
primal, block-headed way they have rendered la-
bor a greater service than they could have rendered 
with a thousand bombs.

What did the McNamara do?

Let us wander back idly hand in hand and see 
the whole affair. The fiery orators have de-
parted; the earnest young men who took up col-
lections for the McNamara defense fund are 
smoking and playing checkers; and we can 
trudge over the whole ground without being 
shirked at as traitors and spies.

In the first place, then, in spite of the un-
thinking and loud support of all the Socialist 
and Labor papers in the United States, there 
was every ground to believe that the McNamara 
leaders were guilty of the crimes charged against them.

The reason is very simple: The tactics of the 
American Federation of Labor have been such 
as to render violence not only convenient but 
necessary in the conduct of any modern strike.

The American Federation of Labor is not a 
Socialist body; its members are largely individual-
ists. These individualists have no dream of a 
better world; their heaven is a fair day's work 
for a fair day's pay for themselves.

When they are disappointed in either one 
of these particulars their tendency is to act like all 
other individualists. The cause of labor in gen-
el may go hang as far as they are concerned.

Sad but amusing has been the exhibition of human 
nature on the part of celebrated labor 
leaders. When the McNamaras were first ac-
cused, Mr. Gompers, Mr. Wyatt and the host of 
other American Federation officials flung up 
their hands in holy horror at such wicked 
charges.

But just as agilely as they climbed on the 
band wagon such labor leaders have climbed off.

From Mr. Gompers down they have repudiated 
the two McNamaras. They have called them 
insane, murderers, and one man expressed the 
pious wish that he might himself draw the 
rope around J. B.'s neck.

This would all be very good reading and might 
even convince the unawary were it not generally 
known that the McNamaras were guilty simply 
of this: they followed the only method they could 
think of under the pressure of the unequal fight.

Not organized labor was on trial, at Los 
Angeles, but these methods. Public opinion has 
passed a verdict on these methods, not on or-
organized labor.

LET US SPEAK THE TRUTH FOR TEN 
MINUTES.

Let us have done with hypocrisy. For ten 
minutes let us speak the truth, even if the rest 
of the day demands polite lying. Gompers and 
a dozen other leaders say that violence on the 
part of American Federation of Labor strikers is 
so rare that they did not know it existed.

Gompers says this.

Does he not know?

Is he unaware of the Entertainement Commit-
tee that every strike develops?

Does he pretend to say that picketing is peace-
ful so long as it is carried on by members of 
the American Federation of Labor?

Does Gompers wish us to believe that were it 
not for the agents provocateurs and the thug 
strike-breakers' violence would be unknown?

That the honest worker of yesterday, having 
exhorted the new man not to take his job, could 
stand by and see him take it?

Let us get to the truth of the matter so nearly 
as we may.

A DEFINITION OF THE CLASS WAR.

There is a class war.

The Socialists did not bring about this class 
war. The Socialists are not trying to perpetuate 
the class war. But they recognize its existence 
just as they recognize the existence of Niagara 
Falls or the Bunker Hill Monument.

This war is caused by that divided interest in 
industry which is inherent in the present system.

The inevitable desire of labor is to get as much 
money for as little work as possible; and equally

—ENDERS' NOTE—

This is the second occasion upon which the 
McNamara case has been mentioned in our 
columns. The first time we said: "We do not care 
to pass upon the guilt or innocence of the Mc-
Namara." We concluded the capitalist class 
was insincere in their clamor for law and order 
as at heart they did not object to violence, but 
laid sole claim upon the privilege of using it to 
focus their class interest. Had the entire So-
cialist Party taken this stand many unpleasant 
explanations would have been saved us.

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the inevitable desire of capital is to get as much work out of the workers as possible.

The horrors of the class war are heightened by the great numbers of unemployed who find it a life-and-death necessity to get work at something they detest and at wages that cannot possibly support them.

The class war is not fought out on picturesque battlefields in gay uniforms.

When it comes to violence it is little that the workers do to the capitalists personally, but the hatred and animosity is carried out between the men who demand higher wages and the men who by economic necessity are driven to accept the vacated jobs at any wages at all.

Such the class war.

It is worse than folly to deny its existence.

The class war must be brought to an end.

But this can only be done by the abolition of classes.

Such abolition can be brought about only by efficient fighting of the under class.

Whatever the tactics of labor may be, they appeal to the Socialist only so far as they are efficient.

VIOLENCE IS OBSCURE.

Violence does not appeal to the Socialist, because he recognizes that it does not work.

The capitalists have a monopoly on violence.

They are able to use violence so much better than the workers that there is no comparison between the two.

Violence is out of date, obsolete, as an effective weapon for labor.

Time was, true enough when a strong arm and a club might win a strike. But that was in the days of skilled craftsmen, when it was hard to find workers to fill the vacant places. Also it was better then in the days of the strike-breaking trust.

Violence to-day is of no more use to a body of strikers than popguns.

The capitalists have violence copyrighted and patented.

Violence in labor is a thing of the past.

If labor of the future wishes to defeat capital it must make use of more powerful weapons.

EDUCATION IS POWERFUL AND FEROCIOUS.

The most powerful weapon of the working class is education. Education is terrible. Beside it, dynamite fades into insignificance, dissolves into its grey elements.

No fortifications are shotproof against education. No aeroplanes can circle high enough to drop a bomb before it crumbles the proudest citadels of wrong.

But if it is terrible in its effects, it is also dangerous in its use. It is not a tool for boys or over-mindled and emotional young men.

Good God, if it were only as easy to handle as dynamite!

If one need only touch off a fuse and half an hour later could see the mind of man leavened with the knowledge of what he is!

If one might only climb a barricade, chant a defiant song, and fall down shot but happy in the consciousness that he had educated the world!

Education is no such child's play.

NO MEDALS, NO DRAMATIC TRIALS.

It carries with it no medal, no dramatic trials, no passionate speeches before a frowning court.

It is carried on day after day with wearisome, unchangeable persistence; in spite of all discouragement, of wet or dry weather, of heat or cold.

It must still be carried on when you are laughed at and called a fool or a traitor for your lack of interest in boys' weapons.

So long as the great majority of mankind live miserably and unaware of the possibility of any other way of life, just so long the orderly world is a possibility.

Only when the workers are taught that they have been dispossessed and that the world is for all, that all can be managed for all can there be any hope of a change.

The working class must be educated to a sense of the meaning of life.

The man who stands all day long making pin heads; home makers (women) who divide their lives between a thousand worries; the boys lingering for an afternoon off and baseball; the girls dreaming of their lovers—all these must be educated.

Does the way look easy to you? Does the cooperative commonwealth loom up like a house across the street? You know better.

You know that we have ahead of us the bit of road, the most heart-breaking task that ever filled the mind of man, and the worst of it is that there is none way out of it. It is inevitable. We must make the best of it.

THE ORDERLY WORLD.

The rise of the orderly world can only come about through the rise of the working world.

The working world must think, and think right. And it is the appalling task of every man, woman, and child who hopes to spread the idea that the world belongs to the men who do the world's work.

You cannot draw back; you cannot excuse yourselves by the world's demands that you either throw dynamite or slug strike-breakers, or that you are thinking up a revolutionary speech.

You have no way out.

You must educate. You must be a teacher.

You must hammer again and again and yet again into the heads of those who create the wealth that they must own the wealth.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A HERO?

You feel that you would like to be a hero. Here is a task awaiting for all the heroism in your soul.

You would like to be a martyr. Verily, if you follow this idea you will be a martyr to the cause.

You may not give up your life outright, but you will lay your advancing year one by one at the altar, free gifts to the cause!

You want to be a conqueror? Good! You shall be a conqueror. The greatest of conquerors. For you shall conquer not the bodies of men, but their思想s and minds. You shall be the banner bearers of the vanguard in the inevitably victorious army.

So education comes first, and based on education will spring first organization; then a seeking for the truth; then a public demand for the truth.

EXIT CONSPIRATORS.

The whisperers, the plotters, will stop their mumbling in dark corners.

Labor once organized—not ten per cent strong but a hundred per cent strong—has no necessity for plotting, secrets or lies. The truth and nothing but the truth will be its weapon. It will state its ideals and plans in black type on white paper, and none will dare hinder.

ECONOMIC DETERMINISM.

But first of all we must consider the present economic conditions of the great mass of the people. To educate them, to change their economic conditions, so they may be enabled to understand the significance of Socialism.

Frankly, it is no easy task. For there are a multitude of depressing conditions in the labor world today, fit to discourage the most ardent educator.

First of these depressing conditions, and worst of them all, comes overwork. Did you ever teach a child to know when it wanted to look out of the window?

Then you have some idea of what it must mean to educate the working class, whose tired minds are unable to concentrate, are forever wandering to the poor present recreation of life.

To be educated the working class must have time to think and the physical strength to think.

CLASS ACTION, NOT CLASS TALK.

To secure them these necessities there must be established an eight-hour day and a guaranteed living wage. These demands are so self-evident they need no discussion.

The eight-hour day and the guaranteed living wage can be established only by a national law.

Congress has the power to pass a law forbidding interstate traffic in articles not made under prescribed conditions, and power to make the eight-hour day and guaranteed living wage the conditions under which such articles shall be produced.

Congress will pass such a law if there is a determined demand for it. All over the United States such a measure would meet with the warmest welcome. The demand already exists. It is only necessary to make this demand audible.

Here in heavy faced type you will find the bill. It has been drafted by some one in accordance with constitutional limitations. It would be unquestioned law if it were passed. It is up to us to force the capitalists to pass this bill.

SOCIALIST BATTLE CRY FOR 1912.

Its provisions must be made the battle-cry of the Socialist party for 1912. Eight hours a day and a guaranteed living wage!

Men and women who are not Socialists must be made interested in it as a competent working plan to improve their economic condition. With the growing demand for the passage of this law will come to them the realization that they are entitled to a good deal more than asked for in this bill. In fact they will begin to realize that the co-operative commonwealth can be theirs if they will only fight for it.

THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE.

Therefore, here and now, there is officially set on foot The Masses Labor League. Its primary purpose is the agitation for this law; agitation under the Socialist banner; agitation which will convince the workers that the Socialist party is the only one which takes their economic conditions to heart.

The Italian, Slovak, Armenian, or Hungarian emigrant can not understand the theory of surplus value or secondary exploitation, but they do understand three dollars a day and eight hours work. They do understand this as a phase of the class struggle.

And these are the people who are filling the places in the mills and factories more rapidly day by day. These are the people who are becoming more and more a dominant factor in the industrial world of America.

AN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT.

The Masses Labor League is not a plan invented by some ambitious intellectual. It developed out of an economic necessity.

The great mass of the working people in America to-day have no organization to defend themselves. The capitalists are carried on by the capitalist class.

That is why the proposed agitation for this law meets with so much approval. The workers are snatching at it as at a stick with which to defend themselves against the attacking wolves of the capitalist system.

Nor is the starting of such a league anything new in the history of the Socialist party of the world.
WHAT EUROPE IS DOING.

The Socialist parties of all European countries have again and again found it necessary to organize special leagues for special purposes.

We have known women's suffrage leagues, eight-hour leagues, right-to-work leagues, manhood suffrage leagues, and what not.

There is not a European country where the Socialist party has not found it necessary to arouse the working people to make certain immediate demands.

We advisedly say necessary, because it was plain that progress for the Socialist party was difficult unless these concessions were obtained.

In fact, a number of these leagues are in operation now in those European countries where Socialism is most highly developed.

THE HAYMARKET IN CHICAGO.

America has also known its Eight-hour league, which found its grand finale in the Haymarket affair in Chicago. The ferocity with which the capitalist class attacked the American workers' demands for eight hours should convince any logical person that an eight-hour league is a thing to be desired by the masses of the people and to be feared by the upper class.

The great mass of the people in America today cannot understand Socialism because they are overworked and under fed. We cannot establish the co-operative commonwealth unless we give them a chance to understand it.

Then will you help us in the agitation for this law? If you will, here are just a few things which you should not do, and a few more which you should not fail to do.

SOME THINGS TO DO AT ONCE.

Do not call for a national convention to decide whether or not we shall organize the masses of the people to improve their economic condition. The national convention will come after you have started the organization.

Do not waste time and energy in determining what the organization shall do in the future, but consider what it shall do for the masses of the people now. The future will take care of itself.

Do not discriminate against anybody. Any man or woman will do. The evilly disposed ones will be made ineffective by the overwhelming majority of sincere and well-meaning workers.

Every working man or woman, boy or girl, is eligible to the Masses Labor League. The temporary initiation fee will be ten cents. As to what the permanent initiation fee and dues will be, that can be decided after we have got a large number of people together.

The funds will be controlled by the local branches entirely until the League shall have developed its national office. The Masses Labor League can nor will accept responsibility for these funds. In the meantime, no one will feel imposed upon by being asked to contribute ten cents for organizing expenses.

SEND FOR ORGANIZER'S OUTFIT.

The thing to do right now is to send to the Masses Publishing Company for an organizer's outfit, go to the people, and tell them about the object of the League.

An organizer's outfit will be sent to anyone who can give references. A large number of people endorsing the object of the organization, we consider as the best reference. Therefore, get out a sheet of paper, address it to the Masses Publishing Company, and ask for an outfit. Then sign it, and get as many others as possible to sign it with you.

The outfit will consist of a number of application blanks and membership cards. If you fail to organize a branch, you do not have to pay for the outfit. If you succeed, the branch will be charged with the cost price of the literature. A sample constitution is under consideration.

THE Masses has no financial interest in this League. It has merely taken the initiative. Some one has to take the initiative.

As to the name it was suggested by others. If after a number of branches have been organized it should be found desirable to change the name we have no objection.

THE Masses has no interest in this movement except to see it started and to see it started by Socialists.

These are merely hints as to the kind of bricks you may throw at the cranks and critics.

Now what are you going to do about it?

The time is ripe now. This is the psychological moment.

Write for an outfit at once, send communications to the press expressing your opinion, and do the thousand and one things that must be done in agitating for such a movement.

DO IT NOW!

A CHANGE: FOR GOOD OR EVIL

It seems evident that American Labor Unions cannot go on in their little grooved way clinging to ideas of individualism that may have fitted the country once, but which now no more apply here than they apply in Europe.

It is possible that unionism will take the direction here that it has taken in France. It may be that the American Federation of Labor will be overwhelmed by revolutionists who will turn it into a body for direct action.

Possibly the unions will fall into the more sensible plan of the German workers' association. These, neither using the bullheaded methods of the American Unionists nor the destructive tactics of the French, are so perfectly organized that they manage to vote strike and buy all for the same end—the coming of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

A CRISIS

The McNamara affair has brought about a crisis. The American methods of running the labor unions cannot go on. Violence in behalf of a fair day's work for a fair day's pay for themselves is unwise.

There may be something fine about the man with a vision who tries to work out his vision, however mistakenly, with explosives, but common-sense refuses to glorify the champions of a fair day's work for themselves.

The Masses Labor League
209 East 45th St., New York

Proposed Act To Regulate Interstate Commerce

Only such individuals or concerns as comply with the following conditions, shall carry on any commerce between the States; nor shall any articles made in the United States be transported from State to State unless made under these conditions:

1. No more than 44 hours' work in any week or 8 hours in any day. 2. No person under 16 to be employed. 3. No man or woman over 21 or under 55 to be employed at wages less than $3.00 a day. 4. Wages to be paid for weekday holidays.

Comrades: Kindly send me an organizer's outfit of the Masses Labor League.

We the undersigned agree with the principles of the Masses Labor League and herewith declare our intention of assisting the above comrade in organizing a local branch of the Masses Labor League.

Sign this, cut it out, paste it on a sheet of paper, secure indorsement signatures, and send it in.
FOOLISHNESS

WHY SOCIALISTS ARE FOOLISH IN OPPOSING WAR

By PIET VLAG

O

Hi, go on! You Socialists are dreaming. You are all right, but you are away, away off! You ain't practical.

Just a moment, Mr. Freeborn, Thrifty, Enterprise, Industrious, American citizen. Stop your mad race for individual supremacy just long enough to ascertain why the thousand and one clever little schemes you started did not pan out. Perhaps it was not ALL “tough luck.” Stop to see what the self-appointed, by-God-anointed rulers of this beautiful free country are up to. You may then incidentally discover why your most carefully calculated little schemes failed.

Stand up straight and look away over to the western horizon. Do you notice that dirty colored little cloud? It lurks there like a specter ready to arise and envelop you almost any minute. You say that war-cloud has been there some time, but nothing has come of it.

Perfectly true, my friend. It also has hovered over Eastern Europe for a long time and nothing has come of it. But tell me—do you feel quite as easy about that thing as when you first saw it? Now hold on there—no taffy! You know you don't. The very persistence of the blamed thing makes you feel uneasy. It has made the whole of Eastern Europe feel EXTREMELY uneasy. There, like here, the rulers are building uncountable warships; inventing all sorts of murderous machines; in fact, drawing the life-blood from the people in competing with each other in the number of villainous looking war engines they produce.

Now, I ain't telling you all this to spoil your dinner with one of those horrible war pictures. I only want to call your attention to the fact that all that stuff costs money, plenty of it. Then I want you to find out who is paying for it, and why. Especially, why? Why don't your friend, the self-appointed anointed, who owns the railroad and the raw material you need for your little schemes, pay for it? It is true, he is spending money which he got from you. But even so, why? Why do they pay for and encourage war agitation? Why did they induce your government to double its army and navy in a comparatively short time? Why did they foment that wave of patriotism which took your children out of your home and made them proudly march the streets with murderous weapons on their shoulders, murder in their hearts, and an ambition for efficient murdering in their brains? Why—please tell me why?

Because they know (even if you don't) that they have YOU beaten to a frazzle. They don't have to spend any more energy on YOU. YOU are slowly but surely, in fact automatically, bleed- ing out, and they control the entire pipe system by which they catch your very life blood to the last drop. Now they are looking for new victims in other countries. But there, too, vultures similar to your self-appointed anointed, are preying upon the working people. The foreign vultures snatch at our self-appointed anointed when they try to cross the boundary lines, because they too have conquered the working people of their country. That's why the vultures of all countries are out upon the highways looking and spying with their diplomatic spyglasses for a weak spot in each other's defense, so they may steal and carry off some new prey.

And not finding any weak spot, they get madder and madadder. They snarl at each other and prepare for the battle royal they propose to wage. A battle royal you are paying for NOW in cash, and will pay for in the future with the life-blood of your children. They, the vultures, will enjoy and divide the spoils—IF! There is the important IF! If you stand for it. That's why that war-cloud is growing more ominous. That's why it is getting on your nerves.

Now tell me, Mr. Freeborn, etc., what are you going to do about it? Say, by the way, don't that title make you smile? Don't you feel like hitting those self-appointed on the nose, when they slap you on the back and call you Mr. Freeborn, etc.? Or have you lost both your sense of proportion and your humor in your interesting but futile race for individual supremacy? If you have, then better stop right now, stand up straight, and look around you.

You will have to do it sometime. Either before or after the war. You are paying one price now—the price of preparation. Are you going to wait until you have also paid the price of the EXECUTION? Incidentally allow me to remind you that the price of the EXECUTION of your children.

Fact, we Socialists are fools. Practically we are fools. Every war during the last fifty years has caused a phenomenal growth of the Socialist movement. In Germany, France, Russia, Japan, the Transvaal and in England, you find the strongest evidences.

Even merely WAR TALK in some countries raises the Socialist thermometer considerably. And we Socialists, like the fools we are, try to stop wars. In fact, we have succeeded in stopping some.

That's one of the reasons why some PRACTICAL politicians call us a pack of fools. It is true, we are a bunch of sentimental fools. Why do we try to stop you from paying that second bill with the life-blood of your children? Yes, why in heaven's name do we?

But why don't you take advantage of our darn foolishness? Eh?

USEFULNESS

THE HIGHEST FORM OF ART CAN BE SURPASSED

BY ADDING USEFULNESS

By the
Rev. ROLAND D. SAWER

The best definition of Art that I have ever seen was that of Haldane MacFall in an essay in the Forum (Nov., 1910). I can't just quote MacFall's words, but the idea ran this way. Man's supreme desire is to live. But it is impossible for each man to live for himself much of the adventures of life; he must for the most part experience life second hand by the communion to him of the emotions, thoughts, sensations of his fellow men. Thoughts are communicated largely by speech and appeal to the intellect. This communication of emotions and sensations appeals to the emotional nature, and the means of communion is Art.

Emotion is, of course, used in the wide meaning of being anything we sense. Art, then, is to devise by skill, craftsmanship and genius, to convey to others the sensations that were produced in the artist himself. It may be by sculpture, it may be painting, it may be music, merely a little fiction of the higher forms of life, but the broadest sweep of the whole life. We want interpreted not merely the glories of war, the saints of saints, the pale emotions of the cultured, but we want the senses of the people, the common herd, the masses, interpreted. In other words, we want Art realistic; we want life as it is and has been, not as it should be or should have been.

The Socialist conception of the realm of Art is that it is as wide as life. And if there be pictures, songs, music, that are morally indefensible it must be because there are experiences in human life that are indefensible, and it is the life that needs change. Conventional people want a lie; we want the truth. We bow at the altar of Nature—perhaps we have been made naked; we know we ought not to have some of the experiences that he does to-day; but he was made naked, and he does have certain experiences, and we want them interpreted.
We hail as the supreme artists of the day such as Tolstoy, Zola, Millet, Ibsen—men who paint life as it is. Take Frank Harris' novel, 'The Bomb.' Its story of love is not like that of the conventional love of the imaginary love of coldly perfect people, or counts and ladies, but it is the commonplace love-tale of the average, commonplace working fellow and his girl. And as such it is the only thing of true permanent value, in his great definition said, "Art is the purgation of superfluities." This means that the crude things of experience are to be passed by, and it is the fine things that are to be taken. Emerson seems to have felt the same thing when he said:

"Tell men what they know before. Paint the prospect from their door."

Now, of course, we are too democratic to agree with this—we want not merely a selection from the mass of our experiences recast in the language of the emotions and imagination, but we want it all.

Of course, practically, we Socialists see that mechanical invention has brought Art within the reach of all. The great works can be copied, multipled and reproduced at trifling cost and put within the reach of all. And socialism will, by liberating the men and women from industrial slavery, give them the chance to culture this side of their nature. We are aware that the old order when Art was to tell merely the glories of the great, the kings, the saints, is fast dying out. Art is to be associated with the life of the people. The debt to the race of wars, rapes, devastations, is not sufficiently paid in jingling verses and water-colors. We agree with Victor Hugo that it is not "Art for Art's sake," but Art for progress's sake. We do not have anything against Art for the artist's sake, but we feel that the usefulness of anything enhances its beauty, and so we rather put it in its own sake.

Having this broad vision of democracy we are impatient that all shall live—humanity, humanism, humanity, this is our passion.

We so emphasize the useful that we have scant patience with paining up the technical matters. We feel as fiercely on this matter as did Francis Adams when he said:

"Yes, let Art go, if it must be
Throve with it in the grave starve—
If Music, Painting, Poetry,
Spring from the wasted hearth;"

"Yes, let Art go, till once again
Thru fearless heads and hands
The toil of millions and the pain
Be passed from out the lands."

TO THE COMMON PEOPLE WHO HATE WAR

By MATTHEW RUSKIN EMMONS

SOME of the prominent people in the civilized countries are beginning to disapprove of war in these days. Societies of bishops, capitalists, lawyers and the like have been formed to advocate abolishing war; a lot of statesmen have met and established on paper a high court for arbitrating disputes between nations. Mr. Carnegie has given money to build a beautiful white Palace of Peace at The Hague, and just lately has set aside ten million dollars as a fund for advocating peace. A leading London editor has written a very taking book, "The Great Illusion," in which he tries to persuade the moneyed classes of the world that war no longer pays; that it no longer pays even the conquering nation; and some of Mr. Carnegie's money is being used to translate this book into various languages and to distribute it.

The men who are so busy in these ways are, most of them, themselves under the "great illusion" that preaching peace will establish peace. That illusion is growing thin, though, in this year of the Prince of Peace 1911, in which Europe has been terrified by the rattle of the German War Lord's sabre, and in which the miserable government of Italy has sent many thousands of young Italians, the flower of the people, across the Mediterranean to murder and to robb. And for the wicked purpose of imposing on the common people once more by the glory of victory, and so holding them back from demanding their freedom at home. The illusion that permanent peace will come by preaching and by paper agreements is surely fading. Here and there one of the high placed has opened his eyes to see what is the real power that is working in the world today—peace by war.

The president of Cornell University, Jacob Gould Schurman, in an address delivered at the recent National Conference of the American Society for Judicial Settlement of International Disputes, spoke as follows:

"In the progressive evolution of the human race we have now reached a stage in which war stands condemned both by our moral ideals and by our religious sentiments. Let me now note that economic influences are reinforcing the teachings of moralists, prophets, and preachers. The toiling masses of the modern world are feeling both the economic and the cost of armed peace as a most oppressive burden. The field of battle is a ghastly exhibition of carnage and death and horrible suffering; and its blight overshadows the nation in ruined homes and broken hearts. But the thing is too terrible to endure, and modern wars, with all the ingenuity of science, tend to become swift and short. On the other hand, our armed peace presses down upon us like a throttling nightmare, allowing us indeed to live, but only in the feeling of suffocation and exhausntion. It is not long ago since Senator Hale told us that two-thirds of all the revenues of the United States are used to pay for past wars and prepare for future wars. Napoleon in the height of his military triumphs spent somewhat over $80,000,000 a year on his army and navy budgets. France now spends, in time of peace, $180,000,000 a year on her army alone. One battleship to-day costs twice as much as Frederick the Great spent annually on his entire army in time of peace. There is an insane competition in armaments among all the great nations of the world. England is pouring out money to maintain a navy equal to the navies of any two nations combined. Germany, with the most powerful army in the world, is building up a navy to match it. And Japan, not to be outdone by the Christian nations, maintains an army and navy which put to the supreme test the economic resources of her people. In fact, in Asia and Europe alike, the waste of the productive powers of the nations is threatening exhaustion. And the masses of the people, in spite of all the advances made by science and invention, are oppressed by a poverty which is the more resented because it is unnecessary.

"The governments of the world have failed to adjust their institutions to the spirit and the demand of the ideals of modern civilization. They are out of harmony with the best sentiments of the people. But by playing upon international jealousies they have hitherto secured the support of the majority. And in this game they have had potent support from the 'special interests' in the respective countries which stand to gain by war. For war gives power and office to the politician, bankers and profiteers, the captain and the general, undue profits to the dealers in military supplies, and fortunes to the makers of ships and guns and all the munitions of war.

"Fortunately, the masses of the laboring men are everywhere convinced that war means loss and death to them. Labor Unionsists and Socialists have become preachers of peace. Self-interest has quickened their humanitarianism; and they are to-day one of the foremost agencies of humanity and international brotherhood. I sometimes think that our churches have been too subservient to the powers of the world. Here is their opportunity. Let them stand for peace on earth and goodwill to men, which is the very beginning of the religion they profess."

If we were to compress all the rest of the long address into the form of hard sense, it would make no more than a pellet alongside the chunk embodied in the brave sentences I have underscored.

President Schurman is nearly alone among the great ones of the earth in announcing the new light. Not quite alone, for a minister speaking for the Government in the British Parliament a few months ago said that the uprising of the working class is the main hope for the cessation of war, that the workers will not much longer let their lives and welfare be staked in the war game.

There is even more truth behind these utterings.

(Continued on page 14.)
JESHUA BEN JOSEPH
WOULD FIND TODAY, THE VICES HE
FOUGHT, PRACTISED IN HIS NAME

By RUFUS W. WEEKS

Decoration By
CHARLES A. WINTER

EARLY two thousand years ago a
unique young man tramped the high-
ways and by-ways of Syria. His
name was Jeshua; he was a carpent-
er by trade. He was neighborhood-
ly with his neighbors; but his thoughts went further
and deeper than theirs. He was a passionate stu-
dent of the bygone great intuitions of his race
—the prophets of social righteousness; but he
felt and thought more deeply and more widely
than had even they. As he roamed the wild
hillsides, yielding himself to the flow of intu-
tion which seemed to descend on him from the
sky and to bubble up within him like a spring,
he came to feel it as a certainty that he had a
message to his countrymen and through them to
the world.

At the age of thirty, his younger brothers be-
ing then able to support the widowed mother,
Jeshua quit the carpenter’s bench, and for three
years went from town to town, talking to all who
would listen to him. His theme was a new era
at hand—the coming rule of comradeship, to be
at once begun, as a seed is planted, and to grow
like a spreading tree, until in time it should cover
the world and should abolish tyranny of every
type and kind.

In the broadest sense the world of that day
was like the world of to-day. Then, as now, the
mass of men lay at the feet of their lords. Then,
as now, the group who wielded the power of
wealth, the power of the state and its soldiery,
and the power of the church, used these powers
to extract from the livelihood of the workers
that which became their own superabundance
and further power. The ways of this abstraction
were cruder then than now, but the net result
was the same; scant life for most of the useful,
and plethora for the privileged useless and harm-
ful. Jeshua felt the situation, felt all the work-
ers so despised as his comrades; and a ceaseless
fire burned within his breast against the despoil-
ers—against the moneymen, the clergy and the
lawyers.

The power of the state, derived from Rome,
then ruler of the world, and buttressed by Ro-
man arms, was invincible. Jeshua’s countrymen
hated Rome, and the daring among them were
ever ready to revolt under the standard of this or
that self-chosen leader who might promise them
succor from the skies. But Jeshua saw the hope-
lessness and folly of such uprisings. With an
innate wisdom far forerunning his time, he trust-
ed to the workings of evolution, which he dis-
cerned intuitively not by reasoning, and he saw
that the time had not come for the use of force
in the cause of right. He saw that a passive at-
itude was necessary then, and would be neces-
sary for a generation or more to come; but his
spirit, which broke out once or twice in some act
of symbolic violence, existed in the future day
when the comrades should be strong enough to
break down tyranny and establish the reign of
social righteousness.

His task was: to test men by the vision of a
world socially re-made; to summon men to re-
make themselves in the light of that vision; to
draw out those who responded to the vision; to
bind together as comrades all such; to strengthen
their hearts and to free them from the subjection
of their minds to the magnates of wealth and of
the church. “Call no man master,” was his slo-
gan.

To strengthen the hearts of the comrades, he
led them to drink of the fountain from which he
drank during the days and nights of his solitary
meditations under the sky. He himself was one
(and the one who has been in the Occident uni-
sioned intuitions, those spiritual geniuses, those
supermen, of whom the human race has thrown
up perhaps a score throughout its recorded gen-
erations. The characteristic of these special
men is their overwhelming sense of the
Whole, of the All-Life which permeates and sup-
ports and is every little life that appears. The
All-Life is to them the Real, alone worthy to be
lived in. To Jeshua the All-Life was in its es-
ence the same that in human life is comrades-
ship; beyond all the discords of the vast process
he felt its driving force and ultimate goal to be
harmony in co-working. From this sense, flow-
ing in upon him in a whelming current, he drank
confidence, the certitude of the glorious outcome
of the comrades struggle; and he taught his
comrades to drink the like, first from his hands,
then from the source itself as their natures were
opened to the source.

In those days not only did the clergy have
power over men’s minds through promises of
heaven and threats of hell, but the upper clergy
could also inflict real punishment; they could
bring, on one whom they hated enough, impris-
onment, torture and even death. After the sec-
ond year of Jeshua’s mission it was plain to him
that, unless he desisted from his attack on the
clergy and his labors to free the common people
from their tyranny, he would surely meet death
at their instance. At the same time he saw that,
if he did so desist, he would be destroying the
good he had done, he would be putting the minds
he had helped back into the prisonhouse. He saw
that there was but one course open to him: to
continue his defiant denunciations of the upper
clergy, and thus to go forward to meet the
shameful death that would surely be his reward.
He tried to prepare his nearest comrades for
the shock they were so soon to encounter. He also
foreboded that his sudden removal would arouse
in them the impulse to act as free men and to
stand up in defense of the cause for which he
waged so long and so fruitlessly; and he assured
them that, though they would soon see him no
more, his influence and strengthening power
would come to them far more effectively than
while he was with them visibly. It happened as
he had foreseen. He died the death of a tor-
tured criminal, even at one moment forsaken
by that sense of the sustaining All-Life which he
had so vividly and so long experienced. Yet his
com-
rades became convinced that he was triumphantly
alive in the unseen, and, in that conviction hav-
ing become the most courageous of men, they
took up his work.

The times were not ripe. The free comrade-
ship degenerated into a church. The church de-
veloped a clergy, flowering later into an upper
clergy, arrogant, claiming authority over men,
akin to that former clergy against which Jeshua
had thundered at such a price. The sayings of
him whom the church called “Lord,” when those
sayings at length came to be written out, were
so mingled and overlaid with churchly additions
and so distorted by priestly twists, that the origi-
nal “good news to the poor” was swamped and
made of no effect.

Under priestly rule the church sold itself first
to the Roman imperial power, then to that
wealth-power which was the object of Jeshua’s
deepest hostility. And to this day the church
has remained an loyal servant of the wealth-power.
And so, throughout the centuries, that forlorn
figure has still hung upon the cross, day by day
crucified afresh at the hands of robbed and
haughty ecclesiastics who, defying him and
shouting in his name, vilify and curse the cause
to which he was devoted, the cause into which he
had merged his own identity. This is at once the
barbarism and the tragedy of history.

Yet in a multitude of hearts the love of the
real man who walked the roads of Syria smoul-
ders, ready, at the due moment of economic evo-
lution, to burst into the flames of social trans-
formation.
A KNIGHT
A MODERN HIGHWAY-MAN AND A LADY

By CARDINAL LADD PLUMLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BEACH WINTER

"A pair of gloves for mother—those at the first floor counter at thirty-nine cents! A doll for Dimples; it will be her first 'store doll!' Well, a doll for Dimples that will be eighteen inches high because they're shapely, but they're just too sweet! A pipe for uncle; these in the basement are line and only ten cents; A pair of perfumes at twenty-two for six; it's a good deal, but she'll be as pleased as anything! Let's see, that makes seventy-nine—but, joy, joy! actually twenty-one left for other presents."

There is no telling how long the little bundle might have gone on with her calculations if she had not been disturbed. Of course, discipline must be kept up in the store, but little girls do want to spend money; really, that is no reason why the foreman should have flown into such a rage.

"Confound you, you'll lose your job! I'm on to your trick! You come in here and ask fifty cents for twenty-five cents of anything and snivel; you can't work and cry at the same time, and you can't work; you can't work."

Kitty's store has a theory that all the girls live at home, and the theory is a double-barreled theory, and both barrels are scatter-guns; the girls have to sign a statement that they are not self-supporting before they are employed.

The theory was invented by an ingenious manager for an answer to the criticism that no girl can live on a wage less than five dollars. If the girls are supported by relatives, of course, the payroll represents money for candy, clothing, and five-cent picture shows.

The other barrel of this theory is better yet; if the girls are not self-supporting the store can throw them into the street for little or no excuse and plead that no cruelty has been practiced. Then, too, if girls are supported at home they can be freely criticised as to their appearance, just as if all their wages went for clothing; also, it can be assumed that the girls will contribute liberally to the store's "mutual benefit." Further, the store can take in for all sorts of things half of what wages have been agreed upon; further yet, when trade is slack wages can be cut to the very minimum, and in many more ways the theory makes for easy discipline, dulling of their consciences and large profits for the owners.

Unlike the statements signed by the many of the girls, Kitty's was true; then, really the little girl lived at home. Yet at the end of each week there was as little left of her usual wage of two-seventy-five as if the store paid her nothing, and she spent little on picture shows and an average of ten cents a week on candy. So much for the double-barreled theory.

After the exceedingly tactful remarks of the foreman, Kitty's hands flew, and there was no reason why he should have turned his eyes so often in her direction. As the slight fingers folded the ends of the packages and enclosed them with red cord, the brain under the mop of dark hair arranged and rearranged the figures of the Christmas sum.

"Twenty-one cents!" A present for the old woman on the top floor of the tenement who had been kind when the little girl was sick with typhoid. And, of course, there was Sally; even a very little girl has a bosom friend; Sally must have something pretty. But to the small child, breaking her bread into her thin soup, her dinner seemed something like plow's eggs to kings. And all because of that Christmas sum and that dollar with a heart.

What a wonderful thing is Christmas anyhow, and how true that "it is more blessed to give than to receive!" But it makes a big difference who the giver is, and I have known people who actually complained because of "the strain of shopping." Not, mind you, that they did not have plenty of money to spend, but "it's such a drain on one's nerves to suit one's friends." It never turned their lunches to plow's eggs, not by a good sight.

But what has happened to the little girl who has finished her soup and bread? You felt badly when the Twenty-third Company closed its doors; you thought you had seen the last of those thousands entrusted to that bank. But you did not weep like a lost soul. No; but your tears are grown up, or at least a little budder but eight years removed from a cradle. After all, some thing must be allowed on account of tender age. Let us allow tears; our civilization does not allow much, and tears do not cost Mammon and our other gods really anything.

"Confound you! don't you know your time's up! What are you doin' here about?" This from a stout red-faced man who should have considered that tears cost Kitty's store next to nothing.

"My pocketbook!" and the child sank over the table as if her financial matters were of importance. I left it on the bargaining-counter, but you never see them afterwards.

"You're a miserable, careless, good-for-nothing. Didn't you hear me? Your time's up—get a move on you!"

Dickens told us how the demand of the strong on the weak for motion was a sign of his times. Nothing seems to change. So poor little sobbing Kitty—she ought to have been coddled in somebody's arms—got "a move on her." From the dirty restaurant at the top of the building she hurried toward her afternoon task. A few tears in her eyes, all her bosoms, under such sorrow as Kitty's, change to lead. And the clerk at the bargain-counter knew nothing of the shabby little purse.

You have read of those highwaymen in the days when a journey by stage coach meant the possibility of a hold-up, who levied on princes that they might spare the unfortunate? Men are the same, century after century; whether in a suit of scarlet velvet, a plumed hat, with a sword at the side, or in a rough coat and a fancy waistcoat and under a derby hat. If we ever get to heaven (which for most of us will be less suitable than the Knickbocker Hotel for a fog led from his styly sky) we will likely see the same old highwaymen with their flowing black hair, some wearing if their gowns fit in the back, and some much annoyed because it is not the thing to wear colors.

So as the miserable little bundler, with her burdened heart of lead, pushed her way through the packed mass of Christmas shoppers on the first floor she came against a man in a rough tweed suit with a hard, sneer-haven face under a derby hat. The foreman of the "sister's" (as the girl looked at him. The words were rough, but something back of the words was very friendly—as if the questioner knew and could respect a child's sobbing.

"Oh, sir, my pocketbook! my Christmas money!"

"Some beastly mistake," the man growled as he stooped so that the crying child looked directly into his eyes. "What did it look like?"

"It was old and blue and it had one dollar and thirty cents!" sobbed Kitty.

The man turned his back and fumbled in his pocket. A few seconds later Kitty held in her hand her own pocketbook and the man of the tweed suit had disappeared as if the stout gentleman just beyond had swallowed him; tweed suit, red necktie and fancy waistcoat.

"Here, you lazy thing! You're twelve minutes late! Next time I'll report you. I wonder what you're grinnin' about? If you ain't careful I'll make you laugh on the other side of your jaw!" This from the foreman as Kitty returned to her work.

The afternoon flew on wings as of swallows. And what you have said anything to anybody your devoted friend, Sally, if you had been a shrewd little girl and had your suspicions? Then do not blame Kitty for your silence. Five whole dollars for presents!

Our knight of the derby had his limitations; he could not steal from a child. He had no theory that because little girls live at home they should be grateful upon as a pickerel prey upon little minnows. He did not stop to ask questions or had be any theories, single barrelled or double. He followed the only guide that has been, that is, or ever will be worth anything as a guide in human affairs—the heart.

Five Whole Dollars.

11
THINGS FOR DOLLS
MAMIE TUTTLE'S STORY AND ITS UNUSUAL CLIMAX

By ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

Illustrated by ALEXANDER POPINI

SHE had been there three weeks when it happened. She would not have been there so long—or rather she would never have been there at all—if it had not been that the Christmas rush was on and it was necessary to have extra saleswomen to cope with it.

For she was not the sort of girl they usually employed in the toy shop with the very smartest trade on Fifth avenue. The manager himself said as much when he took her on, but, after all, it was only for the holidays.

To begin with, her name was Mamie Tuttle and she said her name was—Mamie Tuttle. A more or less fatal error for a girl who wishes to learn to sell fifty-dollar dolls and dolls’ houses that run up into the hundreds. Of course, it should have been “Mamie”—or even “May”—would have been an improvement. Also, she had two upper front teeth that protruded and her chin receded farther than was consistent with any known line of beauty. She looked a little like a sullen rabbit, for her eyes were big, quite big, and wide set and round, but always dull and defensive and never timid. However, almost anybody can tell you how difficult it is for a saleswoman to remain timid—particularly in a shop on Fifth avenue. But, after all, perhaps the worst that could be said of her was that she looked as though her name were—Mamie Tuttle.

And the girls—even the girls who, like herself, had only been employed to tide over the holiday rush—could not be made to like her from the first. That was strange enough, considering there was nothing actually unpleasant about Mamie Tuttle. Besides, it is customary for the transient girls to stand together. They have to, for the girls employed regularly are apt to be hard on them. After it all happened, there was not a saleswoman in the shop who did not declare she knew from the first there was something wrong with Mamie. But they couldn’t really have known.

It is very doubtful whether anybody in all the world could have found out. Perhaps, if some one had loved Mamie Tuttle she might have confided in them before it became too much for her, but you see she wasn’t the kind of girl people love. Not even when it was all over, although she and the little lame girl at the telephone switchboard did become pretty good friends eventually, and it was known throughout the establishment that the floorwalker in her department was always very gentle in speaking to her. However, that was afterward.

Nobody knew just why she had been assigned to the dolls’ section in the first place. Unless it was because she looked stupid, and one has to understand something of machinery to sell mechanical toys and electrical railroads. She never, even in the subsequent years—learned to handle a doll as though she loved it. Of course, that is a matter of temperament, but it helps sell the dolls. And she had not just the right attitude towards customers. She did learn better after a while, but at first she could not seem to manage the mixture of servility and tender interest and understanding that best pleases a very rich mamma about to buy a doll with real eyelashes and cords that may be pulled to make it say things.

Maybe Mamie Tuttle did not have the proper chance. Remember, she was sullen rather than aggressive. It was a fairly easy matter to elbow her to one side when one saw a customer coming who looked likely to buy something really worth selling. It was fairly easy to have Mamie following about a woman who vacillated for hours between a dollar-ninety-eight-cent Sailor Boy and a two-dollar Red Riding Hood Girl. Consecutively, Mamie Tuttle didn’t dare show anything very marvelous in the way of sales—and that did not help her popularity with the management either.

She might have been just waiting upon just such aggravating customers that finally proved too much for her. It might have been due, a little, to the fact that she had had no luncheon. You see, Christmas was only three days off and Mamie Tuttle had her Christmas presents still to buy. But personally I think the cause went deeper. However, judge that for yourself.

All the girls say now that they had noticed she had been handling the dolls roughly. That’s perfect silliness, too, because everybody knows a saleswoman in a toy shop three days before Christmas has no time to notice anything. Though I have admitted Mamie Tuttle never did handle dolls as they should have been handled; she mussed their hair and left them sitting with their toes turned in.

And, in the beginning, she was hardly by catching her black, alpaca sleeve in a little lamp made for a doll’s house and sending it shivering to bits upon the floor. It was only a seventy-five-cent lamp, but its price had been quite beyond the usual stock of Mamie Tuttle’s eight-dollar salary—and, at Christmas time. Such things are annoying. She worked through the morning hours somehow; selling a card of coral jewelry for a doll to a woman who, after the package had been delivered to her, decided she preferred the turquois set, and stood for another long, long while beside a woman who insisted upon undressing all the dolls she thought of buying to see if they were strung properly. Finally, after four dolls were left with their clothing raided and strewn around the counter, the woman said she would “come back in the afternoon.” Mamie Tuttle put her stock in order with steady, short square fingers, a little grimy, and went to tell the floorwalker she would not take a luncheon hour. Then she came back to her department and, several people have averred, straightened a shelf of baby dolls viciously. It was just at that moment that Mrs. Morton Cruger entered the shop. Now, Mrs. Morton Cruger is one of the best customers at Walsh’s. You see, her husband is president of the B. P. and O. Railroad and there are five little Crugers all under nine years of age. Naturally enough, then, Mamie Tuttle did not mean when Mrs. Cruger swept down the aisle and quite as naturally almost every other saleswoman did. Indeed, Rosemary Gleming went as far as to ask Mrs. Cruger if she could “show her anything?” and Mrs. Cruger did not answer. Not because she was that kind of person, but because her mind was very busy at that moment with the five little Crugers, and more particularly with Marjory, who was six years old and just getting over the whooping cough. If her mind had not been very busy she probably never would have stopped in front of Mamie Tuttle. As you have guessed, Mamie was not prepossessing. And maybe if Mrs. Cruger had not stopped in front of Mamie Tuttle the thing would never have happened as it did.

And, having stopped in front of Mamie Tuttle, Mrs. Cruger’s mind came back from Marjory and the whooping cough, and she asked in her nice kind voice to be shown:

“A doll with a trunk and a lot of clothes. Hats and jewelry and everything, and preferably a dark-haired doll with long eyelashes and a really pretty face.”

Rosemary Gleming offered to show Mamie Tuttle where the finer dolls were kept, and Mamie Tuttle’s two upper teeth seemed to protrude more than ever when she did not answer and Mrs. Cruger followed her down the aisle to a particularly large and elegant glass case.

There, in one single hour, Mamie Tuttle completed a sale that almost doubled all the other sales of her past three weeks at Walsh’s. The doll was not so large, but the finest doll that could be bought, with marvelous real curls, brown and shining. Then there was a
trunk, filled with tiny, hand-made, hand-embroidered garments trimmed with real lace; and a broadcloth traveling dress with a real Cluny collar, and a ballet-dress, all chiffon and tiny rosebuds made of beads, and ever so many other dresses. There was a traveling case fitted with the littlest ivory brushes and combs and powder boxes and a sterling silver chain purse, just big enough to hold a ten-cent piece, and a pair of forgettines strung on a fine chain of real gold. I am telling you all this because I think it had something to do with Mamie Tuttle’s state of mind.

And Mamie Tuttle entered each article in her salesbook, writing very carefully so that the carbon copy would be clear and being sure to put the prices down accurately. She added the bill three times and found it really did amount to three hundred and forty-three dollars and seventy-five cents, and then she swallowed hard several times and looked up at Mrs. Cruger. Her teeth seemed quite ugly and very protruding, but maybe it was because her lips had gone rather dry and white.

And Mrs. Cruger thanked Mamie Tuttle in that same nice kind voice, and picked up her shopping list and her purse and left the store, and has not heard to this day what happened after she left.

All the girls know now it must have been difficult for Mamie Tuttle to gather together so calmly the things Mrs. Cruger had bought. But she did manage it. In fact, she had almost reached the elevator to take her sale into the shipping department when something happened. She was carrying the doll under her right arm and its blue silk legs stuck out with the toes turned in as usual, because, as I have said, Mamie Tuttle never thought to turn a doll’s toes out. Under her left arm was a skateboard box filled with the delicate, lovely little “ginracks” that were part of the blue silk doll’s trousseau.

Then quite suddenly Mamie Tuttle passed. Her eyes seemed to spread in her face and she looked taller than she really was. She passed and, without a word, she threw the box with its delicate, lovely little “ginracks” down in front of her and deliberately stepped into the middle of it. She ground the forgotten with the chain of real gold beneath her heel. The fine metal broke with a sound like splintering crystal. Then Mamie Tuttle took the blue silk doll and held it out in front of her and shook it as if she shoulders till its wigs flapped shut. Finally she caught it by the leg and hurled it through the glass door of the elevator. After that she looked about as though she were a little dazed. Then the floorwalker laid his hand on her shoulder and pushed her before him down the aisle past the petrified saleswomen and customers; past the little lame girl at the telephone switchboard and into the manager’s office. It was because the little lame girl listened—the manager asked her to listen in the store and knew all about it almost at once. That is to say, the other saleswomen knew about it before they went home that night. But it was quite an hour before Mamie Tuttle could be made to speak. The lump in her throat seemed to cause her considerable trouble and she had to sit down to keep from falling.

"Why, why, why is the name of Hades." The manager was saying for what seemed to Mamie Tuttle the nine millionth and seventy-ninth time, that’s why! My Gawd—things for dolls another minute—that’s why! My Gawd—things for dolls! An’ my kid sister a-lying down there on East Fifteenth street because she ain’t got proper food and medicines and air and me up here a-goin’ round with silver purses, and real fur muffs and hand-made petticoats for a doll stuck under my arm. My Gawd! It’s more’n flesh and blood can stand, that’s what it is!"

Mamie Tuttle paused, but the manager did not say anything. To be accurate, he did not look as though he was going to say anything for another minute or two, so Mamie Tuttle gulped and went on:

"I don’t know anything, for God’s sake. I don’t know anything by it, she said. "It’s right and natural for them to want all kinds of things for their kids. Maybe my kid sister would much rather I’d be wantin’ a doll with a real hair wig for her, too. It ain’t nobody’s fault, maybe, but it’s more’n a body and somethin’ else of that sort. I didn’t mean to smash that doll and them things. I don’t know now exactly why I done it. I guess I got to thinkin’ how the money for all them brushes and combs and dresses would send my old woman and the kid out to that Denver place where the doctor says they aught to go. And I got to hating that doll something awful all of a sudden. I wanted to kill her ‘n’ I guess I did. It wasn’t so much the doll, though, neither—it was them things for the dolls.

"Yes, I think I see," said the manager at last—and—"you might wait here, Miss Tuttle, while I go upstairs and see Mr. Walsh."

And he did go upstairs and see Mr. Walsh, and it is the opinion of everybody in the shop that he must have talked to very good advantage. Not that Mamie Tuttle was there. The outlook on her job was clear again. Then and she knew, of course, that she had managed more damage in those few moments than it was within her power to repay in many years. She also felt quite sure her job at Walsh’s was a thing of the past, and she could not help wondering whether they would put her in jail for what she had done.

Then the manager came back in the room.

"Miss Tuttle," he asked, "could you send your mother and little sister out to Denver if you stayed on here for us permanently at ten dollars a week?"

"I couldn’t pay for them things for that doll, Mr. Stevens, if I stayed on here forever, if that’s what you mean," replied Mamie Tuttle.

The manager coughed.

"That isn’t what we mean, Miss Tuttle," he said.

"Mr. Walsh says that under the circumstances, Christmas and all that, we’ll let the matter of the doll drop. Of course, if you ever saw your way clear—but that’s another matter. The thing that’s in hand is that Mr. Walsh is offering you a permanent position with us with a raise of salary of two dollars a week."

And Mamie Tuttle never said a word of thanks, but two tears that became a little murk as they traveled, dropped on the front of her alpaca waist.

But, then, she wasn’t exactly a lovely girl, anyway. It was just some time before she became friends with the little lame girl at the telephone switchboard, though from the moment she came out of the manager’s office that day the floorwalker in the department was always very gentle in speaking to her.
Marvin," suggested a gentle soul who had not spoken before. "If they feel the way I did when I came—work, work, work, no food to speak of and no fun at all—why, I'd be glad to help 'em, and maybe they'll go back again as encouraged as I feel." The others gave thanks of approval, but Miss Grady was not impressed to the point of silent acquiescence in any statement.

"I wasn't down and out yet by any means when I came here," she announced, "but I will say I felt different from what I did. Some don't seem able to stay up to the scratch, or to get up when they're helped, either. I always wish I could have been there for them.

Jennie's little figure had drawn hesitatingly nearer to the group as they talked, but she moved away again when Miss Grady's loud voice had reached her ears. The words were not meant for her, she knew; they were all kind to each other, these workmen. But, nevertheless, she was touched in a tender place. The matron even, who had given to Jennie no special part in the day's doings, turned and smiled, hearing the woman's voice in the doorway, speaking to the group of cheerful talkers.

"We expect to hear the evening train," Mrs. Marvin was saying. "I am called to a sick neighbor, and Nurse Baldwin must go too. I want some one to take my place in meeting the newcomers, showing them to their rooms, and making them feel at home."

The rocking-chairs grew suddenly still, and Miss Grady unconsciously leaned slightly forward. Mrs. Marvin raised her voice so it could be heard at the far end of the porch. "I want a very capable person," she continued. "Miss Baily, how would you like the place?"

Jennie Baily was the very one. Will the rest of you just keep out of sight a little, so the newcomers needn't feel strange over meeting so many at once? If you will come with me, Miss Baily, I will show you what is to be done.

Jennie Baily's little figure was erect for the first time in years as she turned to walk through the hushed group, and in her eyes was a light that was not from the setting sun.

NOT HEROES BUT YELLOW DOGS

The McNamara Brothers were not class conscious. A man who belongs to the labor movement and is not class conscious is a very second-rate man. The McNamara were second-rate men.

They did not want a co-operative commonwealth; they were striking against "unfair firms." They were not revolutionists; they were ignorant workingmen and the alleged principle they dynamited for was a "fair day's work for a fair day's pay" for THEMSELVES.

But they were not like a yellow dog when he is imprisoned. A revolutionist does not play the informer to save his life.

The McNamara dynamited because they wanted a fair day's work for a fair day's pay for themselves. It is a good, honest, bourgeois sentiment, but it is nothing to inspire a man to death. You cannot imagine the short-sightedness of such a movement as the "prominent people"—you can join the great international Socialist movement which is going to compel peace everywhere and for all time.

WAR: THE MAN-EATING MONSTER

WAR—the man-eating monster, killer of life and love, of joy and happiness. How long will men allow you in their midst?

How long will we allow our rude, primitive ancestors to stretch their fairy arms across the centuries and with one sweep of their mighty fists destroy what ages of enlightenment have built? The joy and the light generations have brought vanish when this monster appears.

The finer passions and high ideals of man retreat when War with his blood-stained fangs and blood-dripping lips comes among men. It appears as if the dreams of the prophets will never be realized on earth when this monster, War, yells his shrill yell. The echoes of this yell are rent by the weeping of mothers and weeps of mothers, by the weeping of men and weeps of men, by the tears of the children and the sinful tears of little children whose fathers are gone from them, gone into the belly of this wild terror whom civilization has not killed as yet.

The first step of man when the footsteps of this beast are heard. The dreamer stops his dreaming. Reality becomes so ugly! Its very ugliness makes him feel as if all beauty is gone from earth.

The prophet who sees the Brotherhood of Man dawning in the distance is derided by those of clouded vision who cannot see beyond this monster War.

But the Dawn is brightening in the far distance. Day is breaking. The dreamer's dream shall come true. It shall come because men and women desire it; because they work for it; because their energies are bent toward it; because babies suck it into their blood with their mother's milk; because the good and the pure and the beautiful must conquer in the end over the foul and the bad and the ugly. The prophets and the dreamers of men and women, strolled on forever; no one thing for you to do; you cannot go, about making speeches for peace; you cannot pose with the "prominent people" who are pleading for peace. You can do something a great deal more effective than that—confess to be so by the franks few among the "prominent people"—you can join the great international Socialist movement which is going to compel peace everywhere and for all time.

By OSCAR LEONARD

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GOOD FOLKS

THERE was once, though I’m not going to tell you where, a wise and learned nation who were very much troubled about a certain moral evil which attacked all of the people.

One said the disease was due to a peculiar quality of the atmosphere that each person breathed into his lungs. Another said it was because of the soil. Others, more scientific, claimed it appeared unavoidably by reason of certain animal traits that developed as one grew older, for that was man’s heritage from a chain of animal ancestors.

Whatever did cause it—the thing was annoying enough you may believe. For it was nothing more nor less than Dishonesty. Everybody was dishonest, from the children in the streets to the graybeard on the park bench. People lied to each other as a matter of course. And those who lied most successfully were the best paid.

The most plausible theory advanced was that this Dishonesty was a barbaric inheritance, though some people said there was less of it among those tribes that flourished in a natural state than among the city dwellers.

Some people said it was produced by civilization, yet strangely enough this theory failed to hold water because all the most civilized persons of each generation were nearly free from the taint.

"The root of the trouble is," said the followers of religion, "that every one needs converting. Convert them and they will stop being dishonest."

So a great many preachers were hired and made the atmosphere hot with prayer, but in the end everything lapsed into a state much the same as at first.

"You see," said the philosophers, "we do not need conversion—we need reason. Let us reason with each other."

That is the one antitoxin for Dishonesty.

So the philosophers stopped every man on the street corner and reasoned with him, but the disease grew and grew.

"Our turn," said the doctors. "These folks are dishonest because there is some bone pressure on the brain. Let us remove the pressure and then watch the return of integrity."

The doctors performed 1,200,000 operations and at the end of that time everybody was as untruthful as ever.

Finally came a man who stood on a soap-box and this is what he said:

"My friends, you are all troubled with Dishonesty. And you will be cured only by yourselves—no one else can relieve you. You are dishonest not because you are naturally thieves and gold-brick men, but because the conditions under which you live make it too hard for a fair-dealing man to exist. Change those conditions and you will prevent the disease.

But, of course, they didn’t listen to him, because just then a man with a brass band and two boxes of cigars appeared at the corner promising to cure everybody free if they’d only elect him to office.

THE LANDLORDS

THE great was the gathering of farmers. They piled in from Maine and from California; from Wisconsin and New Mexico and then some.

They came with big hands and bent backs and legs gnawed by rheumatism. Some of them came whole-suited, but most of them came patched. And it was a glorious meeting, for all the most celebrated shingles were among them; there were to address the con- vention assembled.

"Farmers of America," began the Reverend George W. Snob, "you are the salt of the earth. Don’t come into the cities and lose your savour. Stay where you are. Work on—work ever. You are the mainspring of the country’s industry."

"Follow terrors," said the Hon. Oscar Botch, M.C., "stay on the old farm. Work carefully. Don’t come into the cities and be a sore toe. Stay out on the farm and be the backbone of the nation."

"Gentlemen," puffed Mr. Soak-it-away Bullion, the well-known banker, "there is no more honest or simple class on earth than the farming class. Don’t come into cities and lose your honesty and simplicity. Keep out next to nature. Stay honest. Stay simple. I consider the farmer the foundation of America’s prosperity, and if any man has cleaned up any cumbered real estate you will find me in the lobby after the session."

So during the long day one speaker after another praised the farmer. They praised the way he got up early in the morning. They praised his going to bed early at night. They praised his habits of industry which he drilled into his children. And especially they said and re-said that his job was the very keystone of all jobs.

Finally Uncle Sim Rimsnider rose in his seat, brushing a stray oat-husk from his twenty-year-old coat-sleeve.

"Admitting," said Uncle Sim slowly, "admitting that us farmers is the salt of the earth and the mainspring of industry and the backbone of the nation and the foundation of prosperity and the keystone of civilization, what’s the use of workin’ at it if you fellers take away everything we produce except our hoard and clothes?"

On the Reverend George W. Snob and the Honorable Oscar Botch and old Mr. Bullion didn’t have time to answer. They had been called away to address a meeting of the League of Fair-minded and Peaceable Wage-earners.

THE PROTESTORS

I T was a desperate little band of men that gathered in the great drawing-room at Mr. Freezenburg’s.

"These radicals, these visionaries," began the host, who was acting as chairman of the meeting, "they are trying to destroy all the prosperity of our fair land. They are trying to bring about a season that they call Spring, when the sun will shine almost every day and when the ice will break up entirely. And then they say this Spring will be followed by another season called Summer, when the sun will shine every day and when a man wearing an overcoat will be looked on as a muttonhead. And when this comes to pass what, my friends, will we do? What, for instance, will be come of a man like myself who sells furs?"

Mr. Woolenheimer, the underwear dealer, spoke to much the same effect; so did Mr. Skates, who ran a magazine devoted to cold weather sports; so did Mr. Scooper, who manufactured snow shovels; and Doctor Hill, the sore throat specialist, and Mr. Hotair, the furnace maker.

One and all they agreed that the change of seasons would ruin them and must be sternly opposed.

So they passed strong resolutions against the coming of Spring and pledged themselves to battle against all agitators promoting hot weather.

Mr. Skates wrote long editorials against sunshine. He said if Summer came the race would degenerate from a manly lot of snow-shoeing individuals into a crowd of molychording. Mr. Coffin gave it as his opinion that everyone would be roasted to death by the direct rays of the sun; Mr. Hotair showed by statistics a harmless atmosphere was dangerous; Mr. Scooper wrote a pamphlet proving that snow-shoeing was the only rational form of exercise; Mr. Woolenheimer spoke on street corners about the impropriety of wearing light underclothes; while Mr. Glitter, the Christmas Tree King, went out nights with a gas-pipe to slug the revolutionists.

But it was no use.

First came one warm day—then another. Then the ice in the river broke—then all the snow melted—and some flowers started to come out. In vain Mr. Skates denounced flowers in his vitriolic columns. It was no use.

The sun kept shining brighter and brighter until at last even Mr. Hotair was obliged to let his furnace die down. And Mr. Freezenburg found it impossible with comfort to wear his favorite bearkin mittens.

The birds came and the fields grew green.

One morning Mr. Freezenburg took a walk in a fresh meadow. Seized by a sudden impulse he took off his shoes and stockings and shouted. Very much ashamed he looked about him only to see Mr. Scooper also without foot covering.

"You understand," said Mr. Freezenburg severely, "that I detest all this sort of thing; still, seeing we can’t get away from it—"

"Quite so," said Mr. Scooper.

They both started gathering daisies.
AS RELATED BY MISS HEPSY BUCKLE OF APPLE VALLEY, NEW YORK STATE

BY MR. CASSIN'S SOLO

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

YOU can talk about queer things all you're a mind to, but if a queerer thing ever happened to anybody than the occurrence that occurred to Henrietta Cassin—Well, I'd like to hear tell of it—that's all. Not that Henrietta understands it yet, because she'd do the same thing if it seems just as unreal as the Arabian Nights or Christopher Columbus, and if it wasn't for the roses from that bouquet of flowers she'd think mebbe it was nothin' but a dream.

And just it shows you that New Yorkers are folks of cultivation in spite of all their wickedness. Yes, there is that to them; though I suppose it's going to their fine churches every Sunday and listening to their high-priced choir's that got 'em educated up to such a pitch. Still it's a lesson, and if I had a husband I'd make him take notice of what happened to George Cassin just because when George was a boy and had the chanc to go to singin' school he was too stubborn to ever learn one note from another.

And, of course, the whole thing wouldn't have happened if Mr. Cassin hadn't decided to pick up bag and baggage and go to New York City. Said as long as he was off their hands they might as well enjoy some of the gaieties of city life. "Anyhow," he says, "we'll live there for a month and see what there is to see." Naturally Henrietta was just as willing as George and mebbe a mite more so she drew the line at hotels.

"There's no sense," she says, "in spending a lot of money for board and room when you can get just as good things in your own home—besides, I never did believe in hotel cooking. We'll just look round and get one of those cheap furnished flats."

And they did.

George objected some because it wasn't in a very swell neighborhood, but Henrietta says there's no use paying twice for things you can get cheap. Besides there were a lot of conveniences in the flat they took that you wouldn't hardly have expected; for instance, they had their own private letter box in a front hall downstairs with a cute little place to put a card with your name on it so's visitors could tell which bell to ring. Seeing she'd run out of cards Henrietta wrote her name on a slender stick and stuck it in the box meaning "I don't know," she says, to George, "whether they have any ideas of politeness in a big city or not, but if they have I'd rather they want to call on newcomers they'll know where I am."

"First rate notion," Mr. Cassin says, "and seein' we're apt to meet a lot of folks I dunno but what I ought to be able to get a word in edgewise round here like they were run by Eyetallians or something, but I guess I can make 'em understand what I mean."

It was their first day in the flat. Henrietta had put the card up at one. At two o'clock George went to the barber's. At three Henrietta hearing a noise, peeked out of the window to see what it was. Right down below her was a great big crowd all gathered round the doorway of the building. It was such a big crowd that Henrietta thought there must be an excursion in town, though as far as she could see none of 'em were wearing badges. But she didn't have time to think long about it because just then there was a ring at the door and somebody started yelling the speech she asked if she was in.

"Come right up," she called back, pressing the button that unlocked the door and pretty soon clump clump up came a sort of foreign fellow with a big bunch of roses in his hand smiling and grinning and bowing and scraping like a young jackass.


Couldn't speak much English, but he knew enough so that Mrs. Cassin made out he was asking about George.

"You hoosain'," he kept repeatin', "he issa to home—yes?"

"No," Henrietta says, "George ain't at home right now. He's gone to the barber's and he was thinking to lockin' up Mrs. Smeeh and that. Maybe he'll be back by dinner. You know the Smith-Wellers boarded with us two summers ago—but if you'd like to wait come right in the parlor and set down."

And George had understood every word, but he could see he was being invited to make himself at home, so he walked into the parlor and set down, hopefully eyeing the flowers. "Looks as though it might turn cooler," Henrietta says once or twice, but the gentleman just smiled and showed his teeth and kept on repeatin', "Your hoosain'—I waits for him." Once or twice, too, he tried to talk to her in his own language, but Mrs. Cassin couldn't make it out at all, and when she talked he couldn't understand though she hollered every word loud and distinct so's to give him a fair chance.

Well, the young man set and sat, holding the bouquet and his fingers going back to her dusting when another young foreigner, looking exactly like the first, except mebbe a little slicker and carryin' a box of candy instead of flowers, rings the bell and comes stomping up the stairs.

"Your hoosain'—he is in," he says, bobbing his head till he looked like one of those toy dogs whose heads move as if they're turned after they're started.

"Land sakes!" Henrietta says, "I didn't know George was so much acquainted down here, but I suppose a dey's sheriff gets to know a lot of folks in a political way. You're sure you don't want to see me—you know I'm his wife."

But the second foreigner, smilin' like a mornin' in May says, "No, your hoosain' is over here for me."

And Henrietta basic two of 'em on her hands sittin' like graven images in the two best chairs of the place and no way to get 'em to go. But, goodness sakes! Henrietta's troubles was just begun for the doorbell rang again and up come the third foreigner dressed to the nines and carrying a cleaned chicken in his hands. "Your hoosain'—He says like all the rest."

By this time I shouldn't wonder if Henrietta was getting kind of worried, and I don't blame her. "You gentlemen might as well understand," she says, "that Mr. Cassin doesn't buy the supplies for this house—I do it myself. And while it's very kind of you all to bring your goods around, and I'm no doubt they're very fine and all, but," she says, "I'd rather go down and select and select from a larger variety."

But as I might just as well have talked to the west wind because this third fellow didn't understand anything more than the others, and when they went in the parlor sofa and says, "I waits for your hoosain'."

And while she was still wondering what to do up came another man with a big tow down rolls and a big frosted cake, and following him came a man with some grapes and another with some oranges; then a great big fellow that looked like a bandit with a beautiful necktie and another with a little box done up in tissue paper and a dozen more—all carrying something. Finally last of all came one with a great big black dog tied on to the end of a chain.

By this time they were standing two or three deep around the parlor, and Henrietta says she was just beside herself.

"Well," she says, at the same time taking her pocketbook out of the desk and slipping it inside her waist, "since you all want to see my husband so bad you'll excuse me a minute I'll go and look him up." But she didn't have to, because just then she heard a loud cheering from the crowd outside, and while she was wondering what it meant the door opened and it was Mr. Cassin.

"My good man, George," Henrietta couldn't help sayin', "you're a sight!"

And he was. You see he'd dropped into one of those English shops in New York and he got all rigged up in a splendid new checked suit with a white vest and a bouquet in the buttonhole. Moreover, he'd had his black hair cut and kind of laid under a cap and mebbe a noodle trimmed and curled till he looked like a fashion plate. But the strangest thing was the effect he had on the foreigners.

Why, he hadn't any more showed himself than they began tooller 'Veemas' or something like that, and composed foreigner troubles and candy and the rest of the truck at his feet, while the man with the dog grabbed George's hand and kissed it—Mrs. Cassin saw it.

"Efl the signor," says the candy man, "efl the signor would oblige—"

"Yes," the rest holler, "signor, signor, signor!"

"Lord sake!" says George. "Sing!" they holler again.

"What do you think I'd better do, Henrietta?"

"You better sing, George."

"But I don't know any songs."

"Oh, you know the Star-Spangled Banner enough to sing for these folks. They're not going to be critcal."

Poor George! I feel sorry to this day when I think of what happened. It's a lesson to any woman to have her husband more any more than sung six words before the fellow with the dog let out a yell and untied the dog and rushed off bumping down the stairway. By the time George reached "And the rocket's glare" the whole band were going helter-skelter down the stairs with never a goodbye behind them. And each one as he went picked up his candy or his chicken and necktie and took it on him. The only exception was when Henrietta grabbed the bouquet of flowers and says she, "You've taken up my time when I might have been dusting and now I'm going to get some satisfaction out of it. If you want any more roses you can buy them."

Henrietta says of course she knew George never had a voice of his own but she didn't suppose it was as bad as all that; because do you know from that day till the very hour they left the city not another single New Yorker came to call on them.

PART TWO.

Signor Cassini was sitting alone in the reading room of the hotel. It was a sultry afternoon, hot and humid, with only the occasional sound of a fan or the click of a typewriter to break the silence. He was deep in thought, trying to come up with a new idea for his novel, when a young man entered the room.

"Signor Cassini," the young man said, "I have a proposition for you."

"What is it?" Cassini asked, not looking up from his work.

"I was wondering if you would consider writing a letter of recommendation for me," the young man said. "I am applying for a scholarship to study abroad and I believe your endorsement would be very helpful." He handed Cassini a letter on a sheet of plain white paper.

Cassini scanned the letter quickly. It was written in impeccable handwriting and contained glowing words of praise for the young man's abilities and potential. He smiled, nodding his head in approval.

"I will be happy to write the letter for you," Cassini said. "Please bring it by my office tomorrow morning so I can sign it for you." He handed the young man a stack of papers and a pen, indicating that he should start working on his novel.

The young man thanked Cassini and left the room, feeling a sense of accomplishment and excitement. Cassini, meanwhile, returned to his work, thinking about the letter he had signed and the impact it could have on the young man's future. He knew this was just the beginning of many letters of recommendation he would write in the months and years to come, each one a step towards shaping the careers and lives of his students.

THE SOCIALIST COOPERATIVE FARMERS' ASSOCIATION

State Line, Mississippi

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Wandering Thinklets

BY BENJAMIN KIECH

SOME poor souls have been bitterly disappointed. The persons in whom they hoped to find some flaw over which to gossip, have declined to favor them with an opportunity.

Don't take it to heart when people talk "sassy" to you. Perhaps they are disgusted with themselves, and select you as a target for their feelings.
A Long Look Ahead
BY KUPUS W. WEEKS.

Our special glory as human beings is to rise at times above the mundane horizon of our daily needs and absorptions, to stand erect in mind above the low horizon of food and of thought, and to look backward and forward, and all around the human horizon. The highest fascination lies in looking forward, in trying to make out what way heads the general movement of man, the main historic process, that vast sweep of tendency by which mankind marches on from phase to phase of civilization. Let us then rise to this effort; we shall find that at first the vision is blurred; for eyes long confined to the microscopic function do not readily take on the telescopic. The human field seems to be filled with hurrying masses hurling themselves hither and thither, without unified guidance or any common meaning. Patient attention must be given to the wide scene as it unfolds itself; the inner eye of meditation must be called to the arranging of the items perceived, and so in time the picture begins to take shape, and we have at last the highest glory and triumph known to the human intellect—the seizing upon a wide generalization. We may perceive a single actual movement into which the confusion is tending to blend. How, then, may we define this all-embracing movement? This is a hard undertaking, and especially hard it is to find a characterization in which we might substantially agree, but let me essay it.

The tangle can best be straightened out, I think, by pulling at the psychological end of the cord. And in using that adjective I do not mean to call in the book science of psychology with its train of technical terms; on the contrary, I ask leave to use the word in a sense which the psychologist would say is incorrect, in the way in which man in the street is beginning to use it about, as a handy concrete term. What I have to intimate, then, is that the psychology of mankind is now, year by year, day by day, undergoing change, amounting to revolution; that even overnight it does not stay the same; and that all the changes combine into an evolution in one direction. To define this direction vividly I would say that the human psychology of the nineteenth century was that of men as individuals, of a thousand million separate beings, fenced apart from one another; that the science of consciousness; while the psychology of the twenty-first century will be that of Man, of one vast Being, conscious of himself in every one of the thousand million cells which It contains; and, meantime, the psychology of the twentieth century is the working of men through those shifting states which are passing over from the individualist to the collectivist psychology.

Let me here guard against a misapprehension. I am not trying to deal with what are called Entities; I am not so ambitious. I am endeavoring to intimate that mankind is really one being, instead of a thousand million beings; I am only intriguing that, whereas a few years ago we felt, most of us, as if we were numerical complete units, a few decades hence we shall most of us feel like component parts of one Being, in the welfare or ill-fare of which we shall be spontaneously and deeply absorbed. In this statement there is no metaphysics and no mysticism; it is but a rendering of two clear phases of human experience.

Such a summing up of the mingled movements of our time may be thought an undisciplined generalization; yet I must ask leave not to stop now to make it how this dawning new consciousness oversteps the fences of personalitv, of race, of nation, of religion—the space boundaries, as we might call them; and how it likewise oversteps the chasms between the generations—the time boundaries. The motto of the Swiss Republic, "All for each and each for all," which looks down on its legislature in session, is a phrase which briefly sums up that inner law and compelling force which the twenty-first century will feel within itself. And when he says "All," he will mean not only those living, but those yet to live. There will be no

What is Socialism?

BY SOL FIELDSMAN

I define Socialism to be social responsibility in the struggle for existence, an industrial democracy, economic equality—the socialization in ownership and operation of all socially necessary industries; the democratic management of such industries by the active members thereof; the complete abrogation of the profit system—social production for use only.

INTIMATING THAT, WHEREAS A FEW YEARS AGO WE FELT, MOST OF US, AS IF WE WERE NUMERICAL COMPLETE UNITS, A FEW DECADES HENCE WE SHALL MOST OF US FEEL LIKE COMPONENT PARTS OF ONE BEING, IN THE WELFARE OR ILL-FARE OF WHICH WE SHALL BE SPONTANEOUSLY AND DEEPLY ABSORBED. IN THIS STATEMENT THERE IS NO METAPHYSICS AND NO MYSTICISM; IT IS BUT A RENDERING OF TWO CLEAR PHASES OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE.
Public Benefactors

BY GEORGE W. WEEKS

N
EWS comes from California that a horticulturist in San Bernardino County is developing lemons that are seedless, and that he has brought to maturity lemons that would be the only ones of the kind in the world. Of course, there will now be a tremendous demand for seedless fruits and nuts from these trees for purposes of propagation, as seedless lemons will be as great a boon to consumers as seedless oranges. But it is to be hoped that the originator of the new variety will not meet with the same fate that befell the man who introduced seedless oranges into California, adding tens of millions of dollars to the wealth of the State, incidentally making many nursery and orchard growers wealthy, but who was rewarded for his great benefit by being permitted to pass his last days in a poorhouse and go to a pauper's grave. Poor old Luther Tibbetts, one of the pioneer growers of the agreeably lovely town of Riverside, was given a couple of orange trees of a new variety from Brazil. He tended carefully, and they flourished and proved that the product was seedless and besides possessed other characteristics that made easily the best orange of the kind found. At once there was a tremendous demand for scions and buds for propagation. The owner of the trees, a kindly hearted, generous old man, without a particle of the genuine capitalist spirit, freely gave of these scions and buds to all applicants. Sometimes he was given a small price for them, but for the bulk he received nothing. In a few years the orange orchards of California had been practically all converted into seedless trees, their parentage coming from the two original trees in Tibbetts' grove. Tens, hundreds of millions, of dollars were added to the wealth of the State. But the one who had improved the plant and made it, the man the public was得益 from, was passed over and the credit and reward went to the man who had never seen the trees planted, but was rewarded for his great benefit by being permitted to pass his last days in a poorhouse and go to a pauper's grave.

At the Terminal

BY LOUIS UNTERMeyer

HERE where the torrent is endless, here where the thousands have gathered, all of the faces are friendless, all of the man's kinship is lost. No one looks up at the others, no joy and comradeship end—Do you not see me, my brother? Do you not know me, my friend?

Where do they wander, thus mingling and parting? What is the boon that their dumb lips beseech? Why is each fiber agiver and starting; What is the goal they are striving to reach?

Lo, they are deaf to the rhapsodist's thunder, Now music dies ere it reaches their ears, Twilight and dawn cannot awaken their wonder, Nothing to them is the song of the spheres.

Mirthless and mute they throng every stairway, Never a moment their hearts are possessed With visions and dreams, but sorrow and care weigh Heavy on them and their wearisome quest.

Here the pure sunshine turns bitter, Headless of wounds that exhaust, Maimed still fights for the glister And the true vision is lost. Each one is blind to the other, Blindly they grope to the end—Do you not know me, my brother? Do you not see me, my friend?

The Drama of the Street

BY INEZ H. GILMORE

T
HE great drama of life is playing itself all the time in every street, playing itself with the long, slow sweep of developed tragedy, playing itself in the crisp quick strokes of comedy. The only difficulty in studying it is that, if you get to the end, you cannot see the beginning, and that if you see the beginning, you are not present to see the catastrophe. If this San Bernardino lemon grower is wise, he will erect a signboard over the entrance to his orchard with some such inscription as this: "Remember the fate of Luther Tibbetts, the Father of Seedless Oranges in California! No Poisonous for Me! No Free Bees or Scions! Strictly Cash in Advance!" Thus will another public benefactor escape the tender mercies of the average capitalist, great or small.

shop. Outside stretched a counter of fruit, vegetables in boxes. As this visitor of pretty things dropped her basket crumpled for an instant. A long, bony forefinger shot out among the rags. A skinny yellow hand dropped into one of the mailbags, turned over something there. The body straightened. The hand withdrew into the rags again. The figure had not raised an instant in its swift stride. The eyes had not shifted an instant from their straight-ahead glare. Now, a bare swatter in place, the arms were tucked on.

That was all there was to it—the sudden, downward rush of that predatory, yet the swift concealment of the potato.

But that night I did not eat my dinner in my usual environment.

Once I was walking down Broadway. It was very late at night. In fact, it was just beginning to be early in the morning. As I approached Forty-second street, a quartette of people—two men and two women—broke into pairs. The two men crossed Forty-second street. The two men continued down Forty-second street. Suddenly one of the men turned, walked up to his partner until he stood with his back to the woman; then he kicked her once, twice, three times—kicked her with considerable force and great anger.

Nobody said a word. The woman pulled herself free and hurried on with her companion. I passed down Forty-second street. She fell andtrail. He kicked her once, twice, three times—kicked her with considerable force and great anger.

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