TO OUR FRIENDS

Here we are with our ten-cent magazine, trusting you will like it. As you will notice, we have eliminated all advertising and have managed to give you much more reading and pictorial material than ever before.

People say we will decrease in circulation as a result of the raise in price. We don't believe it. But who knows except Father Time, and he won't tell until he gets good and ready. But if Father Time will not tell you what we are going to do with the circulation next month, we tell you what sort of a magazine we will get our next month.

The next issue will be the Educational Number. If the American working people are in need of anything, they are in need of education. If only half of the promises materialize, we will make that number one of the best propaganda documents that was ever published.

We have promises of articles from Victor Berger; Alphonse Dautet, one of the most prominent Belgian Socialists; Peter Jells Trowl, member of parliament in Holland; Dan Irving, member of Municipal Council in Burling, England, and a large number of others.

We have on hand besides a number of articles by our own staff, an article on Education by Samuel Hopkins Adams, the well-known magazine writer.

We feel certain that we shall have as good results with this issue as we had with the War Number. Here are some of the comments on that issue:

W. H. Pennol, of Pawnee, Ill., writes: "I live in the neck of the woods, and like the War Number and here are ten subscriptions."

W. T. Hays, of Collas, Iowa, did not say very much, but he sent twenty subscriptions.

E. J. Bergquist, of Washington, D. C., says: "I bought a copy of the War Number of THE MASSES at a meeting. I like it very much. Here are twelve subscriptions."

J. E. Shafer, of Omaha, Neb., sold two hundred copies of the War Number and sent us twenty subscriptions.

The Commodore at American Falls, Pa., regretted they could not do more, but sent twenty-two subscriptions. These are only a few of the large list of hustlers we heard from as a result of the War Number. We will keep you known next month how they liked Political Action.

THE WRITTEN WORD

Day by day the written word is gaining in importance. It is rapidly developing into the one best method of exchanging thought.

The Socialists are among the first who realized the full importance of the written word. Many of them have taken advantage of the fact. Many more Socialists who have learned the art of expressing their thought with a pen than of any other group of people.

Among the professional writers the Socialists are occupying a very prominent position. Their stories carry conviction—they are realistic, they are based on fact.

Every Socialist, whether he writes or not, is more or less in the habit of making notes during his daily travel and life. Often one sees a Comrade standing in a store corner with a fountain pen and notebook in his hand gathering facts.

You are one of those, no doubt. If you are not, you ought to be. We will give as an example. Send us a dollar and we will send you THE MASSES for one year and a handsome, guaranteed fountain pen; a pen made of beautiful hardwood, with a chaste barrel, 14-karat gold pen, and safety clip. We give, besides, a nice box and a filler. Bear in mind that we do not guarantee this offer after February 29th.

THE WEEKLY PEOPLE, the organ of the Socialists, persistently attacks co-operation. A sure sign it is worthy of the energies of every sincere and intelligent Socialist.

FOOTNOTES

1. We are looking for a Socialist cadet in every hand in the United States. We want them to spread the gospel of Socialism. They are invaluable to the Socialist Young Guard in Europe. The services of the Young Guard in distributing literature are incalculable. The Socialist Cadets of America are going to play a part fefully important in spreading the truth of Socialism in their country. We want boys or girls who will tell Socialist literature.

2. We will send them free ten copies of THE MASSES. For the next ten they remit 50 cents with the order, and as a premium we send them one hundred large four-page folders with two beautiful pictures on the Boy Scout movement, by G. R. Kirkpatrick. The leaflet is especially printed and copyrighted by THE MASSES. If they succeed in increasing their order to twenty copies and remit one dollar we will send a copy of the great book, "War, What For," as a premium.

3. Bear in mind, we do not guarantee this offer after February 29th.

FLEETING THOUGHTS

PROMINENT sensationalist said: "If collective confiscation of property is justified, I see no bar to individual confiscation. Ergo: If I steal I must not be condemned." And he wasn't. The above is a more important matter to investigate than hooting and carousing.

THE WEEKLY PEOPLE, the organ of the Socialist Labor Party, persistently attacks co-operation. A sure sign it is worthy of the energies of every sincere and intelligent Socialist.
A CRISIS IN THE
SOCIALIST PARTY

THIS is the first time Socialist Party affairs have been discussed in the columns of The Masses. We have always considered, and still do consider, the special object of The Masses to reach the man or woman who is not yet a Socialist—the interested visitors to our ranks. These interested visitors are not so much concerned about the party organization as about its general philosophy and the immediate effect of the Socialist propaganda on the existing economic conditions.

We believe there are enough periodicals which cater to the confirmed Socialist. Therefore, if we so radically digress from our established policy there must be a special reason for it. THERE IS.

We believe a crisis within the Socialist Party is imminent. We hope that a definite declaration of the tactics of the Socialist Party at our next National Convention will be the result of the crisis, so we can enter our campaign for 1912 with a concrete definite program.

It will harm the cause of Socialism considerably if the Socialist Party enters the campaign of 1912 with a certain part of its membership, deserting Political Action, another treating it with lukewarm toleration and still another hailing Political Action as the "cure-all" for all the ills.

Right now the politicians of both sides are trying to befuddle the issue by entering a campaigning of personalities, which is still more absurd.

We, the staff of The Masses, are thorough: Political Actionists. We consider this the best method of direct action.

But we protest against the personal attacks upon William D. Haywood, Frank Bohn and others. They only lead to retaliation of a similar personal nature. In the meantime the issues at stake are left untouched. Personal discussion of party tactics is open to suspicion. Personal arguments are often backed up by personal motives.

Therefore, Comrades, if this crisis is to come now, let us face it as men and women with intelligence in our heads and comradeship in our hearts. Let us discuss principles and not personalities.

FUNCTION OF THE SOCIA'anL PARTY

THE acceptance of portfolios as members of a cabinet has been discarded by the most prominent Socialists of the world as a result of experiences a la Viviani, Briand and Clemenceau. This does not mean, however, that our demand for national economic reform has diminished. On the contrary, it has increased.

Nor does it signify that we are less anxious to elect members to the legislature or to Congress, but it does imply the formation of a strong minority movement. A movement which will not assume control until the time is ripe.

Under this program the principal immediate function of the Com omative is the stimulation of demands for economic reforms.

Yet these immediate demands should not be looked upon as Socialist measures. They should not be criticized with a view as to how near they come to the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Their standards and aims are measured by the effect the operation of such measures would have on the working class; as to how far it will enable them to see more clearly and breathe more freely; how much it will straighten the backs. Because the Co-operative Commonwealth can only be established by a nation of healthy living and thinking men and women. With this in mind, the function of the Socialist Party is easily defined.

Our prime motive, our all-absorbing object, is the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth, and for this we need a nation of healthy men and women.

Hence, the first thing to do is to promote conditions which will produce healthy men and women. Secondly, acquire the necessary experience to enable us to eventually operate society efficiently; and last, but not least, assist in the development of the Socialist philosophy.

Therefore, Comrades, onward with the march of the proletariat against the present system. Help it in its preliminary skirmishes, however insignificant they may seem. But first, last, and ever; keep high the banner of Socialism as a beacon light.

A GAMBLING PROPOSITION

It is a gamble as to who are more to blame for the tactical error of the hasty and unqualified endorsement of the McNamaras—the direct actionists, the A. F. of L. vote hunters, or the circulation-chasing, sensational Socialist press.

YOUR OWN MAGAZINE

The most important new venture of The Masses Publishing Company is the publishing of a number of Syndicate Magazines. The demand for local publications is constantly increasing, because the local issues are assuming a more important part in the development of Socialism.

How would you like to have your own magazine—a beautiful, high-class magazine, with your own name and cover design?

We will send you 1,000 copies of a 16-page (same size as The Masses) magazine as described, with two pages of local matter, for $25. Each additional thousand will cost you only $24.50. Of the two pages for local matter, you may devote one or a part thereof to local advertising, thus making your magazine partly or wholly self-supporting. Those who have taken up this plan have no trouble in getting $1 per inch for local advertising. There are 48 inches to a page. In other words, you can make the magazine almost pay for itself from the start by taking in local advertising. That leaves you as a profit the entire proceeds from the sale of the magazine.

This is by far the best plan of its kind ever offered to you. You will thus be able to run your own magazine, and have the services of the highest class artists and writers in America at no cost to yourself.

INFORMATION

THE following is not to satisfy busybodies, but to supply our friends with information they may desire. A few months ago Ernest Untermann made certain charges against P. Vlag, one editor. These charges were to have been tried before a meeting of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party. Unfortunately the motion to investigate was defeated. This was the only chance Comrade Vlag had to fully defend himself, as his full and explicit defense implies harm of a serious nature to certain Comrades. A harm so grave that he does not care to take the responsibility of inflicting it. A partial reply to Untermann's charges can be obtained from the National office. For further information we advise you to correspond with Elsie Untermann, care the National office. They will forward your mail. In conclusion, we wish it to be known that Comrade Vlag consulted about every action in regard to this affair with his co-workers on The Masses. All the labor of The Masses, including that of Comrade Vlag, is performed free, and the entire spirit of The Masses' workers is such that everyone who knows us is bound to realize the absurdity of Untermann's charges.

PULLING TOGETHER

SUPPOSE a group of people are going from New York to Chicago. They all know it is to their advantage to travel together, but at the same time each one separately has made up his own mind, definitely and positively, what road he wants to travel by. Some want to go by the Erie, some by the New York Central, and others by the Pennsylvania. They come together, not for the purpose of selecting a road which would be acceptable to all, but for the sole object of inducing the other fellows to travel by their chosen road.

They spend many days in fighting about the road, but finally they break, and each travels his own way. They all get to Chicago, but the same time, only a very few of them are belated as much as they were before. This illustration remind you somewhat of the struggles of the Direct Actionists, Political Actionists and Extreme Marxists in trying to pull together.

“How TO STOP SOCIALISM”

UNDER the above heading, the Globe, a New York evening paper, advises its readers to promote and interest the working people in the building and loan associations.

Said they: “If the workers are induced to put their savings in a home, they are not so free to go on strike. They will have to meet their monthly installments on their home, and, furthermore, they cannot move so easily when they lose their position.”

This is not only raw, but it is rubbing it in. Let us hope the working people will take the hint and form co-operative home-building associations in which they will own stock and let the whole value of the houses go to the workers. Then they will not need to fear discharge, or moving, as another house of the same association will be waiting for them in the next place they find a job. The American worker has time to toil some time ago. Perhaps their American brethren will tumble to it sooner or later.
IMAGINATION THE MESSENGER OF ACTION

An imagination is a brain with wings. Guided by a hand that holds a pen or a voice that directs its dream, it has accomplished all the good that the world is heir to. Imagination soars above the wrongs of the world and things that are, to things that ought to be, and nothing can stop it, till its message is heard. Imagination sees an Atlantic cable and does not rest till it is a fact.

Imagination sees a Republic and does not rest till the throne falls and the better order takes its place.

Imagination sees a world where "common" humanity shares in the right of suffrage, and it comes to pass.

Imagination sees a world without poverty, where the producer owns the means of production and distribution, and, as in all ages, the "practical mind" says "it can't be done." But it has been written and the man with the ballot is beginning to see.

ARTHUR YOUNG.
There is something cheering and refreshing in the reviving of the question of Political Action vs. Direct Action. It makes a fellow feel good to read about it, just the same as it does of a warm and moonlit evening in June to see the lovers holding hands.

It shows that the world is always young, always green. It is still further proof, if one were needed, that there is truth in that saying about a certain kind of folks one of whom is born every minute.

The comrades who have so much to say about Direct Action, who turn up such a scornful nose at the paltering, pettifogging methods of Political Action, it does a body's heart good to hear their clack. For though the outside of their heads be gray, the inside is still green as gourds. They still believe in Daredevil Dick, the Boy Detective; they still thrill to picture themselves as the curly-haired young hero who clasped beautiful Gladys to his bosom with one hand while with the other he seized the bear by the tail and held the infuriated monster in the air until it starved to death.

Determined action by a band of resolute men—that and that alone can bring about the Revolution. This thing of fiddling with X marks on paper ballots while the workers starve and freeze—pfft! That for Political Action!

But the workers are fairly well satisfied to starve and freeze. They have to be shown that if they combine they can live comfortably and even luxuriously. They don’t believe yet that they are entitled to even a full ration of food. If Direct Action could bring about a revolution and could force clean table napkins and a decent cup of coffee upon the workers they would rebel. They would bring back the old happy capitalist days when the wage-earner wiped his mouth on his sleeve and supped up Arbuckle’s Lion Brand.

There has to be Political Action, if for nothing else, to establish the fact that 51 per cent. of the workers desire anything better than what they have now. I hope they desire something better. I’d jump up and bite my back for joy if there were good ground to suppose that 51 per cent. of them do desire anything better. Until that is certainly known, Direct Action is not only silly; it is even open to suspicion.

Everybody knows that a majority will have to be convinced not only that the capitalist rule is no longer any good but that it will be an improvement to change things from the way they are. Unless a majority is convinced of that, a revolution pulled off by the minority will be succeeded by a reaction. That’s history which it isn’t desirable to repeat.

Everybody knows that there will have to be a decent, proper funeral of the present Capitalist Government. It will have to be put underground by Parliamementarism, so that we can go on with our industrial republic. Everybody knows that. Now why?—

But when you begin to ask “Why?” you kind of lose the cheerful charity you had for the kissiddness of some of the men prominent in the Direct Action crowd, and you wonder—you wonder—what on earth do you suppose they’re up to?

They’re not foolish. Not a bit of it. Don’t think they’re foolish for a moment. I’d kind o’ like to know the ins and outs of all this cry of Direct Action as against Political Action. I believe it would be interesting reading.

Oh, well, just wait. It’ll leak out; it’ll all leak out some day.
THE FIGHT FOR THE MINIMUM WAGE

WHAT is this talk about the Minimum Wage and what has the Minimum Wage to do with Socialism? Is that all Socialism means—just seeing that everybody who works is paid a fair day’s wages? Good, fair questions those are and questions which must be answered and are going to be answered right here. There’s just one way to find out things and that way is to ask questions and ask ’em again until somebody answers. Right now there’s no difficulty at all about getting the answers to questions like this because we’re just dying to tell you.

To begin with—what is Socialism? Probably you’ve been told a dozen times by different people who have told you all sorts of things. They’ve told you that Socialism is a movement to free the working class from the oppressor and they’ve told you it is the common ownership of the social means of production and transportation and they’ve told you it is the Salvation of the World and a great many other things. But there is a simpler definition than any of these and one which you can remember and tell to any of your friends who accuses the Socialists of standing for this or for that or for the other thing. Here goes, then: Socialism stands for—sins at—gradually getting—and some day will get altogether—a common-sense, scientifically, orderly civilization, conducted without waste of happiness, life or wealth. You’ve never talked with a progressive business man who hasn’t held up before you the advantages of the system. Well, if system is good for a little one-horse business man, it’s good for a whole world. The Socialists want system and they’re going to have it. We’re tired of methods that should have gone by the board years ago. We want a base-leaf-labeled-card-indexed-system, a world that will bring the greatest good to the greatest number with the least waste. We want to cut out useless expenses and make joy-dividends to be distributed to all mankind. And that’s just the thing we’re going to do.

But not right now. What’s the trouble? Did you ever notice that the man who stands in your way the most is yourself? It’s a fact. It’s a sad fact, but it’s a fact just the same. Socialism can never come till the majority of the voters in the United States want it. The majority of the wage earners and small farmers. Both the average wage earner and the average farmer are headed on the road to be gone. They know it as well as you do, but they don’t know how to stop. They’ve lost hope and don’t believe in any remedy, or else they are of the same sort that think some fairy godmother is going to hop suddenly out of the hedge and give them three wishes. If you try to talk common sense to them they won’t listen. They believe you’re a dreamer and they’ll tell you that some fellow back in 1856 tried to be a Socialist for a while, but it didn’t work. They stand in their own light from sun-up to sun-down.

Now it’s necessary to prove to these fellows, Mr. Reader (and maybe you’re one of them): I hope you are, that Socialism is the only thing that will ever put up a ten-foot barrier across the road to the poorest. Socialism is one of those fine things, but they’re not convincing to a man with an empty stomach and a cold back. We’ve got to do something, good, something concrete.

Well and good.

As far as the farmers are concerned it’s a problem. We know very well that when a man works fourteen hours a day and throws the labor of his wife and children for good measure, just to get a bare three meals—we know it is to his interest to come in with us now. We’re trying for an orderly civilization. We’re trying to prove this to him through our co-operative agencies in big cities, which help him dispose of his products. We are going to show him the advantages of civilized Civilization stands for More Wages and Shorter Hours.

Anybody can understand what that means. Any wage worker is willing to support such a platform. And what does it mean? It means that Socialism stands for More Wages and Shorter Hours. They are going to grow interested in the coming of this wonderful new stage of society.

That is the reason for the Minimum Wage of three dollars a day which you will find in the League’s platform below. Now, three dollars a day isn’t very much—John D. Rockefeller. No, nor to Andrew Carnegie, nor, perhaps, Mr. Reader, to yourself. But it is like a large healthy fortune to an individual who has never spent more than living at a five a week. And there are many such—not only women and children, but full-grown men.

Think what an effect such a move would have on the mental attitude of the worker. It wouldn’t secure him enough to buy much champagne or rent an automobile or send his oldest daughter to Berlin to have her voice cultivated, but it would let him and his family eat in quiet without hearing the wolf scratch at the front door. It would allow him to straighten up occasionally and throw back his shoulders and stop worrying. And most of all it would make him think.

He would say to himself: “Last week I was earning ten dollars a week. This week I am earning twenty one. I got it by asking for it. They gave it to me. Now, who are they? Where did they get it? The Superintendent didn’t give it to me—he’s working on a salary just like me. Who did? If the Supe and the Foreman and me all make this stuff ourselves, why does anybody else have to share? This crazy Socialist was telling me that the world belongs to the workers. I can only say that from any other political party.”

Some men have reasoned like this already. The organized workers, the men and women who make up the unions, have let their thoughts run in this cut for years.

“Work by the piece or work by the day, The shorter the hours the bigger the pay,” as the motto says with its unhidden inference that the shortest possible hours and the biggest possible pay are the happy conclusion.

“We want more wages,” a labor leader is reported to have said to a group of conciliating capitalists. “And when we get those we’ll want more wages, and after that we’ll want still more wages.”

You see, the sentiment is nothing very new. Labor that is already awake and rubbing its eyes wants more wages. It’s been wanting ‘em for a long time.

By far the greater part of labor in America is unorganized. It hasn’t found itself yet. It’s afraid to ask for a cent. It doesn’t believe in its own rights—in fact, it doesn’t know it has any rights. It is imposed on as often as it takes a job. It is killed and maimed and starved without redress. It’s so poorly paid that it’s difficult to say whether hard work in every day and all night and all time.

There are the people for whom the Minimum Wage campaign is meant. These are the sleepers who must be wakened.

THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE will do it. True, there will be the old objection that the money won’t do the recipients any good—they’ll spend it all on strong liquors or waste it in high living or in buying political tickets instead of running for or in subscribing for an encyclopedia on the installment plan.

I don’t believe they will, but suppose they do? Is that any reason for not giving them what they earn? How can a man ever learn to spend money sensibly if he doesn’t get a chance to experiment? It’s his money to spend.

But don’t think for a minute that this argument is built up simply on the plea that the unorganized wage worker is by right entitled to three dollars a day and therefore must have it. The question of rights doesn’t enter into the discussion at all. It doesn’t matter whether he’s entitled to it by right or not; he’s going to have it and it’s good for him. Because the present state of society with most of its useful members on the edge of starvation doesn’t work, and therefore we are going to try something else. We want to be a society of healthy, intelligent animals, and not until we give the majority of the folks in this country a chance to breathe and a moment or two to think can we stand up and plan the next step in the making of the Com- monsense Civilization.

And after they’re rested and thought a lot of fel- lows who looked mighty unpromising at first will bloss- om into the very best Architects of Our To-morrow.

THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE, 209 E. 45th St.

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 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 paid wages or to be employed at wages less than $3.00 a day. 4. Wages to be paid for weekday holidays.

COMRADES:—KINDLY SEND ME AN ORGANIZ- ER’S OUTFIT OF THE MASSES LABOR LEAGUE

NAME

ADDRESS

We, the undersigned, agree with the principles of The Masses Labor League as hereinafter 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 INDFORMATION SIGNATURES, AND SEND IT IN
A REVOLT IN MANHATTAN

By M. B. LEVICK

Illustrated by H. J. TURNER

He entered, was halted, questioned, and ejected. A stone-eyed bartender threw one of the Indian clubs after him and called him a scum. A group of men at their drink laughed as they sang "He went right in and turned around and went right out again." A policeman at the curb added a threat. Knowing better than to argue, the wanderer retrieved his club and trudged ahead.

"Maybe they think I'd rather do this 'n work," he suggested to himself, and the idea seemed wantonly cruel. Very likely they did. Oh, well, let 'em; what did he care for their thoughts, if he could only get a mouthful somewhere?"

Nevertheless, the last repulse sent him far before he found heart to brave another.

He was tired. It was hours since he had set out from the Park Row lodging house, full of hope for the new enterprise. The day had been hard—more wearisome than days of searching for work.

Timidity had added to his ordeal and lengthened the distance between essays. Fatigue had been increased by nervousness, a sort of poor relation to stage fright. And there was fear, too; the fear of the powerless alert for a match between their impotence and strength.

Catching a glimpse of green down a cross street, he turned toward it, thinking of rest. But when he came abreast of the square, he found it fenced and locked.

He was at Gramercy Park. It seemed as if not even the trees could be kind.

It was now well into the afternoon, and he had gathered only a few expletives. Progress had become mechanical. He was no longer on a pilgrimage of hope, but was sent forward by momentum. His back was losing its stiffness and the poise of his head was becoming flaccid. He did not walk like a man with a goal, but dawdled.

To the north he followed a new avenue, in which saloons were fewer and luck was no better.

Aimlessness gave opportunity for observation. The character of the shops along the avenue drew his notice. There were cheap little stores of divers classes, but a shop of another kind was predominant. He was in the street of antique dealers.

Observation led to reflection, to thoughts warped by hunger. They were shabbily looking shops, with silverware and bric-a-brac and furniture cluttering their windows and entrances. To him they looked no better than the pawnshop where he had got the Indian clubs. Sublimated junk shops, they seemed, among whose wares in dingy shales he would have been a proper figure. But their patrons forced him out of the picture. This he realized with surprise; the buyers rode in autos. Never before had he considered an antique shop. He had seen them time and again, but always as details of the matter of fact. Now he accepted them for something more. Men and women went in motor cars to buy antiques while he vainly sought free fare in cheap saloons. Here was a problem of society set down for him in new terms; a man, offering himself as women's chatter, was rejected, while curios were sought after.

These things came to him as he stood at a window, answering the stare of a Chinaman god. At the thought of the contrast, his manner lost a bit of its mildness; a trace of animosity became apparent. The hold of his arm tightened on the Indian clubs.

He expressed his exasperation to the god.

"Ain't I curiosity enough?" he demanded. There being no response, he went on, leaving the victory of staring with the ivory.

His new mood, more surprise than anger, was bolstered by four forces: hunger, cold, fatigue and defeat. His last meal, and that had been scant, was nine hours away, and each hour had brought fresh rebuffs. Tol- erant remuneration, philosophy even of a sort, need fairer ground than this; the man began to think, without continuity, without much purpose, spasmodically, but intently.

Presently he found himself in Forty-second Street and the traffic current sent him west, though little possibility of welcome lay there. Quite unnoticed despite his burden, he wandered past Fifth Avenue, till he paused to watch a street faker's antics in drawing a crowd. The faker, working sleight-of-hand by rote, saw the clubs and eyed his spectator coldly as a fellow trying on a competitor's secret. Obvious contempt was met with animosity. The men glared, on the verge of a challenge, till the approach of a policeman put both to flight.

To the man with the clubs, this antagonism from the faker, a parasite, was galling.

"What right's a loafer like that to make faces at me?" he asked.

It was not till he reached a seat in Bryant Park that the weakness of his own position became apparent. Degradation was in the thought, but he saw that they were on one level. He knew work with poverty and poverty without work; he had eaten bitter bread, and he had eaten no bread at all. But now he was seeking charity. He was begging; it was no more nor less. The clubs were no tools; they were a subterfuge. That he saw clearly now, and his position was the more de- spicable because he had fooled himself.

"I might as well be panhandlin'," was his judgment as he sought vindication in memories of his useless search for work. On this he brooded, huddled up not only for warmth, but to emphasize his isolation, thank- ful that he was left alone and yet eager for a human word.

For some time he stagnated thus, sulky and numbed in body and mind. The spell was broken when he awoke with a start from a doze. Looking up from his bench, he found a change in the aspect of the streets. The crowds were thicker; where there had been cursory individuals, there was now a throng, intent and jostling, flowing steadily, filling the sidewalks, passing only to huddle at corners before scattering to push on like debris in a flooded stream. The manner of the crowd showed
strain. No longer was the progress that of units: it was a race now, an unrehearsed scramble, an unhurried crush for one goal. The homeward bound rush had begun.

Nursing his Indian clubs, the man watched objectively. Clerks, stenographers, business men, laborers, shoppers, salesmen: all the nightly crew flocked past with increasing density. The numbness which had dulled his observation wore off at the spectacle and the juggler again tasted bitterness.

"Go on," he muttered. "Hurry up. That's it! Look at 'em. Just look at 'em. You got no time to waste. It's dinner you're rushing to. Get it?"

Here was a new contrast. This exodus had an object: it had a beginning and an end, from which he was shut off. Each individual was going from work to dinner, to home, and work and dinner and home were things apart from him. They held no appeal for the outcast, but only mockery.

Cold and lack of an object sent him at length to join the eastward course. Though he made no acknowledgment to himself, he assumed that his hunt was abandoned. What would come next held no interest: for the time being his stomach was outranked by his body to weariness. His view to the future was impersonal, without expectation or curiosity.

The advance of the crowd, however, became irritating. There was no reward in his back; the noise of his charge seemed almost to occur to him. At Fifth Avenue he turned away with a feeling skin to disgust; these creatures so sure of their next meal were not fit companions. In the avenue he scarcely saw the automobiles advancing with pauses. Those he noticed seemed of a piece with himself, impelled by the same motives, but more insolent in their expectations of food.

Far ahead he had a glimpse of trees, purpling in the dusk, set under treed buildings and a sky of many hues. In the softness street lamps shone. But there was no beauty in the view for him.

Unexpectedly, he found at hand a scene more interesting. It was not one of soft colors, but of glitter; not of repose, but of animation, of gaiety, of heavy splendor. In a moment's pause he discovered the windows of an expensive hotel and restoration. Shining tables, shaded lamps, diners, waiters, and the lights and colors of an ornate decoration. There was music. The tables were filled. The baldness irritated the juggler more than fatness.

Standing at the curb, he again traversed his long day's march, with its disappointments, its fulfills, its fatigue, its air of finiteness. He saw himself thrown from cheap saloons, driven forward blindly, left to shiver on a park bench while thousands hastened by to his tables. He felt that he had been a fool. He hesitated, not of the morning, that the day had taught him a vital lesson: one must take if he wants. The weight of all the contracts he had felt, all new to him, held him back. A thought of the next day crossed him, but the next, though he could scarcely imagine the possibility of so distant a time. "You'll eat to-morrow, won't you?" he apostrophized the bald head, so fresh from his new hates. "You don't have to run hungry.

Again the vanity of his quest stung.

"I wonder if you'd get more money if I showed ye my tricks," he asked. The bald head nodded peremptorily to a waiter and a dish was sent back to the kitchen.

"Oh, ye don't like what 'y' got, do ye?" the juggler demanded aloud. As a result, the head bobbed to a companion and the fat lips talked dumbly behind the expanse of glass.

A great resentment stirred the man with the clubs. It flared suddenly and he trembled. He stepped from the curbstone.

"I'll eat anyway, and I'll show ye my tricks," he said.

Below, auto lamps glared on the asphalt, but about him the street was clear. He stepped forward. Buck was leader of the group. Buck was in, and there was no furtiveness in his manner. In the middle of the street he paused.

"I'll eat and have my tricks," his arm circled. Once, twice, thrice, the Indian clubs revolved around his head as they might have done when they won him a beauty and a few dollars, and again, for the moment, the athlete. Then suddenly the arms straightened before him, and while the orchestra within came to the close of a waltz, two battered Indian clubs sped through the plate glass above a bald-headed diner and rolled to the middle of the room.

The juggler laughed as he waited for them to come and get him.

**CONSTRUCTIVE POLICY AND ACTION**

BY LIDA PARCE

A FIGHT does not make a revolution. A revolution is a change—a fundamental change—in the method and purpose of conducting the social life. The only way in which a social revolution can be brought about is by framing new rules for the operation of the public functions of society.

Just as the legal machinery is unchanged, the kind of society it turns out will be the same, no matter how many fights may occur; or how many martyrs there may be; or how conscious of our possibilities for happiness and of our needs; and we propose to satisfy the latter and to develop the former. We are acting together in a group as a means of promoting the identical ends of each one of us. Our motto is not sacrifice, but realization. And this time we have two advantages which our fathers did not have; namely, the economic basis of life has shifted, and we now feel experimentally the need of changes in procedure—changes specific, concrete, detailed and immediate. And we have a theoretical knowledge of the machinery of government which enables us to make these changes; or if we, as a class, have not this knowledge we can acquire it. Shall we, then, expend our energies in a fight, leaving the field once more to the occupation of the "Tories"?

Neither can we first fight the battle, clear the field, and then produce a new system of rules "out of whole cloth"; for the reason that the rules have got to be specific, concrete, detailed and immediate; and they have got to follow the practical developments of the machinery and the processes of production, step by step. The business of all revolutionists, therefore, is to keep step with this development, to see that the required changes in the rules are made promptly and in exact accordance with our needs. We require both practical experience and theoretical knowledge in this task.

Revolution must not only germinate in the soil of the processes of production. It must send down a thousand and roots into the subsoil of understanding, of thought-habits, and of feeling-habits. Then it will stay put. The revolution now proceeding in our midst is a revolution of the green grass; that is why no ground is ever lost, no backward step is made. And the tree grows and puts out branches as fast as the roots extend underneath them. The foot of co-operative bargaining by the workers has been slow in taking root, but now nothing can break its hold; even the orthodox economists have come to acknowledge the necessity of it, and now those employers who oppose it have not only to fight the workers, but to contradict a well established principle. Soon the thought-habits and the feeling-habits clustering around this principle will crystallize into law, and a very important battle of the revolution will have been won.

Meanwhile the habit of co-operation spreads to other transactions than the selling of labor. The buying of goods is its next logical field; and the pressure of high prices is swiftly driving us to it. In all these ways we are building up the fact of the co-operative commonwealth: we are developing the power which shall compel political action, and we are working out the technic of industrial cooperation.
WORKING CLASS POLITICS IN AMERICA

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By LENA MORROW LEWIS

In the summer of 1921 scattered groups and representatives of Social Democrats and Socialist Labor Party sections came together in the city of Indianapolis, Indiana, and after threshing out their differences united in a national organization of the Socialist Party. The great mass of American citizens were profoundly ignorant of this event. The majority of the people did not even know such a political party existed. The politicians of the Democratic and Republican parties planned their campaign without even taking us into consideration. They either ignored us or treated us as a joke.

But we took ourselves seriously, and began to organize locally all over the country. Out on the street corners we placed soap boxes, hailed the passers by, persuaded them to stop and hear our message and buy our literature. We assembled audiences in halls and public buildings and there set forth our philosophy and interpretation of life. We wrote leaflets and books on Socialism, we started a weekly here and a monthly there, and out of a campaign venture in 1926 Chicago comrades launched the Chicago Daily Socialist. Then later came the New York Call, of the English-speaking daily, and the newest born in the domaine of journalism, the Workers' Leader.

We were scarcely well started on the first decade of our existence as a political party when we began to elect men to office. Massachusetts was the first State to have Socialists in the legislative body. Then came Illinois, and still later Wisconsin with its group of Social-Democrats at the State Capitol. Municipal and county officers on our ticket began to be elected all over the country, and it was evident that the old party politicians were beginning here and there to find out what the Socialists were about in this NEW FIELD. Finally we assumed a position of national importance, when the first Socialist Congressman took his seat in the United States House of Representatives. Since then State and local victories have been coming thick and fast, and from this time on the old party politicians will have to take us into consideration in planning their campaign.

WHAT IS THE REASON FOR THIS CHANGE IN AMERICAN POLITICS? The meaning of the election of Socialists to offices State and National? It signifies the advent of the WORKING CLASS into American politics.

It is the beginning of collective working class action along political lines. Workmen as individuals have taken more or less part in politics ever since the United States was established. But political activity on the part of the wealth producers in the direction of class interest is only of recent date.

Such a phenomenon as this cannot be accounted for by a mere wave of the hand. It is no accident. There must be some cause sufficiently adequate to produce such a condition of things.

Let us set forth some fundamental truths and definitions from which we may proceed to argue our case.

Inherent in every conscious being is the desire to live. It is the greatest factor in every human life. This desire to live, this basic principle, compels men and women to adjust themselves to a suitable environment, or change their environment that it may better meet their needs.

Social institutions and organizations are governed and affected by this same principle. And even political parties are no exception to the rule.

POLITICAL ACTION IS FAITH IN MAN

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By OSCAR LEONARD

If I were asked for a short and concise definition of "political action," I should be tempted to say that it is Man's Faith in his fellows. It is this faith that makes politics necessary to a democracy. I am fully aware of the fact that the word politics seems maddening to many very good people. Unfortunately radicals are as such good folk. Why this dislike of the words politics and politician? Probably because so many abuses have been and are being perpetrated in the name of politics, or in politics, by men called politicians. This reason for disliking politics is absurd and foolish. Just because some persons have been allowed to abuse something that in itself is both necessary and desirable is no reason why the thing itself should be disliked. The labor-saving machine is a good thing—except when in the hands of uncouth persons who make others sweat at this machine for the selfish purposes of the owners thereof. Shall we do away with machines, thus making our lives bare and make toil more difficult? Shall we smash machines? We find, for instance, that the most elevating, most wholesome, and most necessary of instincts—the one on which the race depends—the instinct which makes man feel that he collaborates with his forces making for immortality and eternity, is being debased and defiled by unfortunate women and by beasts in masculine attire. Shall we denounce this instinct which approaches the sacred more nearly than any other instinct? Shall we do like the ascetics of old, or like the Catholic clergy of our day ever? It would be absurd, would it not?

Yet that is what the dislike for politics and politicians really means. Those who denounce political action, and there are too many of them in the Socialist ranks at the present moment, are like the ascetics of old, or like the smashers of machines.

What is politics? It is the administration of the affairs which we all have in common. It is understood that as long as folks live together, inhabit in common certain areas, they have to devise given rules and regulations. These rules and regulations may be oral, implied or written. But they must be there. Without them there can be no life in common. We must know what our rights are and the knowledge of our rights naturally implies a knowledge of our duties. Politics is the science of existing, setting up and maintaining such rights and the seeing to the fulfillment of such duties. How a Socialist can object to this I cannot understand.

But if political action means faith in man, why the need of rules and regulations? Why does it not consist in absence of rules. It simply means that we believe our fellows are capable of enough unselfishness to work together and administer the laws, the laws necessary to the welfare of all concerned. The persons who dislike political action generally say: "The man who goes into politics is bound to become corrupted, because the game of politics is unclean." They also add: "Place an honest man in political power and you have lost an honest man to the world, as he is bound to become corrupt." This means an utter lack of faith in one's fellows, if it means anything. Somehow I am always suspicious.

(Continued on page 63.)
Mr. Augler’s Tears
By Horatio Winslow

SHOWING THE DANGER OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A GOOD NATURED GERMAN

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Eight months had passed since the first weeping, and it was a pleasant suppersite in August.

"Ach! That first weeping! That black day in January when Mr. Augler, worn out by the strain at the office, had come home to find Mr. Ehlmam, his pet aversion in young men, calling on Lena. He had disputed with Mr. Ehlmam, he had exerted Mr. Augler sat down abruptly. "Emma, seems to me you might let me have a little lunch money anyhow. Everybody in the office laughs to see me carrying a lunch."

"Oh, they do, do they? Well, the young man what married Lena won’t laugh when he sees how much I got saved for him and her."

With surprising suddenness, Mr. Augler halted his spoon in midair. "What do you mean by that about Lena?"

"Never you mind what I mean. Since you had your nervous prostrations you ain’t good for nothing but to cry. You eat your crackers and milk—maybe after Lena’s married we can spend more on the meats."

As Mr. Augler laid down his spoon, he winked rapidly with both eyes, but there was nothing merry in the winks. "Mamma, you know I would rather eat crackers and milk three times a day all my life than see Lena married to somebody that’s lookin’ for the money that goes with her. Besides, this ain’t the old country—young fellows here don’t marry girls to get money with ‘em. And if you mean again you are trying to marry Lena to Ehlmam—I told you a dozen times—"

"Well, suppose you told me ten dozen times! What difference does it make?"

A mist blunted Mr. Augler’s eyes. "I ain’t goin’ to have Ehlmam marrying Lena—that’s all—I ain’t goin’ to have it.

"What are you going to do then? Cry about it?"

The mist thickened. "You never mind what I’m going to do. I am."

"Mrs. Augler’s lips set contemptuously. "Don’t cry yet already! Don’t waste all them tears on me; save up and cry for Mr. Ehlmam like you cried for the iceman last summer when you told him the ice didn’t weigh enough. Cry like you cried for Mr. Schirmer when he wouldn’t let you borrow his lawn-mower. Maybe if you cry that way Mr. Ehlmam he’ll feel sorry for you."

Momentarily he gained control of himself, "Emma, Lena is young yet, and that Ehlmam is a scamp—a rascal—I know all about him—he is no good and he needs marriage."

"Oh, yes, he shouldn’t marry Lena! That’s what you told him Tuesday when you went over to his office. He let me know all what happened; you says, Ehlmam, I don’t like you should marry Lena. Then what did you do? You took out your handkerchief and cried like a baby—a great big man like you. When he told me about it I feel so ashamed I could drop right into the cellar."

Mr. Augler braced himself for a last desperate resistance. "Emma, listen once; I don’t want to see Ehlmam come and—"

"All right, put your handkerchief up before your eyes and cry a lot of tears like and see if you can’t drown him."

"Mamma!"

"Don’t answer back to me, Lena. * * * Yes, go on and cry and then borrow his handkerchief like you borrowed Mr. Schirmer’s after you told him to keep his hens out of the garden."

Mr. Augler rose, the lights swimming before his eyes. "I don’t care, I don’t care; he ain’t going to marry Lena; I won’t let him."

And then, unable to hold in a second longer, he rushed wildly from the room, handkerchief clapped to face. As he sped up the stairway he heard the wife of his youth sum up his character in one scornful word—"Sprinkling-curt!"

Once alone he threw himself on his bed and, the occasion when he should not weep being ended, he found himself unable to sleep. He awoke at himself with dark German oaths—he cursed his present low estate—he raged futilely at Ehlmam, while to him came Lena, her eyes edged with a sympathetic redness.

"Papa, I’m so sorry!"

And now his pitiable condition struck him with renewed force.

"Lena, look at me; see what I am; eight months ago I am as strong as any one; I am a champion bowler; I am boss in my own house and three times a day I eat good meals. Then comes the verdamned panic and everybody in the office works nights and days and pretty soon comes nervous prostrations. Now I cry! I don’t know why I cry—I just cry. I cry everywhere—for everything—always. Oh, if I could only stop one time—just one time—maybe I could get a grip on myself again."

He rolled over on the bed while Lena endeavored to pat his shoulder. "Poor papa!"

"And now I am as strong again as ever, but what good is it?—always for everything I cry. And your mamma—Gott! once I had a wife—now I am a slave living on crackers and milk. Sometimes I feel like taking a pistol to myself."

Then he sat up and caught her fiercely by both wrists. "Lena, do you love this man Ehlmam?"

She looked shyly at the floor. "I don’t know, but mamma says when he comes to-night—"

"Lena, you mustn’t go! I don’t go! You don’t love him, and he’s bad—he’s a drunkard."

"Le-ena! Le-ena!" Shriph and commanding Mrs. Augler’s voice floated up from below. "Le-ena, come down; Mr. Ehlmam is on the walk."

"Let her holler," he whispered. "You stay up here and I’ll write him you won’t have nothing to do with him."

There was a ring at the doorbell and the sound of one entering.

"Lena? Why, Mr. Ehlmam, is it you? Lena’s been waiting to see you all afternoon. Le-ena? Lena, you mustn’t go! I don’t go; you don’t love him, and he’s good for nix."

"But papa—" He felt a hurried kiss, and Lena was gone.

"All right," he said furiously to himself. "Let her find out for herself."

He heard the greetings and fumed up and down the
room, but the exercise brought him no ease. The more he tried to think of business or bowling the more vivibly little Lena danced in his brain; Lena the baby he had kissed to sleep in his arms; Lena smiling as she toddled off to her first kindergarten; Lena golden-braided and shy; and Lena now blundering into unhappiness to please her domineering mother. Lena, ah, Lena—she was too good to be wasted on such as Ehman; the days of his masterfulness were gone, but he could save her even if he could not save his pride; he would go down and plead with Ehman for the happiness of Lena.

As he resolved this a change seemed to sweep over him while all the excitement in his system evaporated. He would speak to Ehman not in an indignant way, but calmly, and request his withdrawal as a simple favor; no demand, no threats, no emotions, just a simple statement of the case. There would be no heat, no argument, no occasion for tears, and so long as the lachrymal glands were under control the result would be inevitable.

He straightened his coat collar, smoothed his hair, and with a calm assurance tipped downtown to the portieres at the parlor doorway. In the room Lena and Ehman sat side by side on the sofa while Mrs. Augler overlapped the big rocker. On the mantel was the black pocketbook.

"Heinrich?" It was his wife who had spied him. "What are you doing here?" Go upstairs and go to bed early and get some health.

It was a bad start, but instead of answering back he held to his purpose, and after clearing his throat twice, began: "Mr. Ehman—Mr. Ehman—I got a favor I want to ask you—"

"A favor?" repeated Ehman as if it were a capital joke. Sure—ha! ha! Ask all the favors of me you want—that's my business.

"Heinrich, to bed!" commanded Mrs. Augler. But he continued, looking steadily at Ehman.

"This is the favor: Lena, she is my little girl—the only one we have, and I want her to be happy always; I want her to be happy more than I want myself happy, and I don't think she's going to be happy if she marries you, so I ask you as a favor—give her up."

Mr. Ehman grunted. "Why ain't she going to be happy if she marries me?"

"Because she don't love you and because she ain't the right kind of a young man; please, Mr. Ehman, I thought it all over before I spoke; if you love her—leave her be—you can't be happy together because she ain't the right kind of a young man."

"He ain't?" shouted Mrs. Augler, shaking an accusing finger under her husband's nose. "What do you know about the right kind? What do you know about a young man who's got lots of life? I s'pose you want somebody to sit around all day like you and let out tears."

"Maybe I could do it," suggested Mr. Ehman facetiously. "maybe with a sponge."

Struggling within him Mr. Augler could feel the rise of his damnable emotions. He tried to put them from the background of his consciousness. "He—he ain't the right kind." With despair he realized that his throat was choking up, but he fought doggedly the unseen foe. "Listen to me, Ehman; no matter what my wife says—listen to me."

"I'm listening—when are you going to begin?"

The sting of the taunt angered him, while the unwavering lump in his throat thickened. "Listen, please! I am her father, and I want her to be happy—that's all—just happy."

"Oh, you father-in-law?"

He could have bitten through his lips as he felt them quivering, and in throat, face and chest experienced symptoms of the coming downpour. Yet he knew he must hold his ground now or give Lena up forever. "You mustn't come around her anymore." His elaborate arguments were forgotten. "Please—there's lots of other girls—let Lena stay at home!"

Far away Mr. Augler saw Ehman's mocking face as through a heavy mist. "Please," he swallowed again—"you leave her alone." To his humiliation he realized that his remark was little more than the snivel of a schoolboy. "You leave her alone." He tried in vain to hold back the flood—"if you don't—a! (sniff! sniff!)"

With Ehman's discordant burst of laughter the thing was settled, for up went the lump into Mr. Augler's mouth, and down poured the tears in a torrent. Weeping slowly, the one-time head of the Augler family turned his back on the foe and, blinded by tears, started for the doorway into the sitting room. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Ehman. "Ach?" said the humiliated Mrs. Augler.

"But papa—" cried Lena, frightened.

For the door of the sitting room opened into the parlor, and as Mr. Augler groped his unseeing way one of his arms went on either side of the door. Stumbling over a hassock he plunged blindly forward so that the dog, which encountered his nose with a terrific crash.

"Gott!"

It straightened him up and staggered him back a full yard. It was the shock first—a blind, undiscriminating shock such as you might feel at anything unexpected—a summer thunderclap, for example, or an unlooked-for flash light. Then quickly and before he realized the impact of the shock a swarm of lights appeared—a myriad of solar systems bobbing up and down through infinite space in a devil's dance. Next, and before a scant half second had passed, a cataclysm of pain roared from his nose inward through every fibre of his body; not everyday pain, but agony raised to the pitch of ecstasy. It shrieked its way to his finger-ends and came back and collided with itself and traveled out again and splashed over into the atmosphere. And then, while the pain still shone him, appeared the last of the phenomena—a furious anger—an immeasurable fury that lifted him off the ground, clicked him and thrilled every shivered and corner of his body with a blind strength. The water in his eyes changed to a shimmering red veil, and from the depths of his soul a madness rose and gripped him.

For a moment, still trembling, he faced the three before setting himself in motion; then, like a flash, he had the unfortunate Ehman by collar and coat-tail. "You think you can get fresh with me, do you?" he roared in a voice like a sea captain—"you think you can laugh at me, huh?"

The young man struggled, but he might as well have fought with a threshing machine; besides, by this time his head was where his heels should have been. "Laugh at me some more now—laugh at me some more!"

"Papa!" implored Mrs. Augler tearfully.

"Papa?" sobbed Lena.

From the gutter Ehman, too, wept and danced in a transport of futile rage.

But Mr. Augler did not weep. Flushed and panting, he returned to the parlor, sat on the red-figured sofa and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Then for the first time as his attention turned inward he realized that something about him had changed. He was conscious of a difference; he analyzed it, and half unbelieving, became convinced: it was the old Will Power surging boisterously through its long empty channels; the old Will Power—it had come to stay; again he was a man. His face grew radiant, "Lena," he called, "Lena!"

"Y—yes, papa."

Deliberately he faced Mrs. Augler as he fished his hand into the black pocketbook.

"Lena—the delicatessen store! Pigsknuckles! Sauerkraut! Pickled beef! Rightaway! Quick!"
MAMIE
BY INEZ HAYNES GILMORE

HOW INJURIES TO A DOLL
MUCH-ABUSED CHILDREN

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Mamie was a doll that a little girl had treasured for many years. The doll was much-abused by the children of the neighborhood, and Mamie suffered many injuries. One day, the doll was left out in the rain, and it was drenched with water. The children played rough with the doll, and it was torn apart. Mamie was then left to lie in the mud, with her clothes wet and her face smeared with dirt.

The doll was brought indoors, and the little girl tried to comfort it. She gave it a bath and dressed it in clean clothes. But the doll was never the same again. It was limp and lifeless, and the little girl knew that it was time to let Mamie go. She placed the doll on a shelf, where it could be looked at but not touched.

Mamie was a symbol of the little girl's losses and disappointments. She had been loved and treasured, but now she was forgotten and discarded. The doll was a reminder of the pain and hurt that can come from life, and the little girl learned to cope with her own emotions by looking at Mamie and remembering all that she had been.
And then, she had added, Aunt Matilda might change, some time, and be good to them. If she were positive that it was not a part of her charity, she would be very kind, and helpful. The discussion had ended there. In the middle of the night she had waked with a start to find that Rupert—Rupert—was crying—hard, dry sobs which she had never heard from him. Almost before she had realized it, she had fallen asleep.

That afternoon, when Dossie was sitting on the floor, tied to the bed-post, her aunt came suddenly into the room. There was, burning in her eyes, the clear, blue light which always came to them before strange things happened. Dossie's heart sank, but she watched steadfastly, with her habitual look of placidity.

Aunt Matilda came to Dossie's side and stood for a moment, towering over her. Dossie's round eyes stared unwinking up into the gleaming blue ones. Then there was a sudden swoop downward—Aunt Matilda seized Mamie. She deliberately tore off a ragged arm and set it afire. This she threw into the empy fireplace, where it burned slowly, and with a foul odor.

"I'm sick of seeing that dirty thing about!" Aunt Matilda exclaimed rapidly, pausing only for hissing in-takes of breath. "To-morrow I'm going to burn up the other arm, and the next day a leg—and so on—and so on—until she's all gone. I'll leave the head to the last, seeing you're so fond of her.

The next day one of Mamie's legs was burned. Dossie howled and kicked all day. Rupert did not come home.

The third day, the other leg was burned. Dossie gnawed uselessly at the ropes which confined her. She snapped and leaped at her aunt whenever she came near. When the remnant of what had once been Mamie was handed back to Dossie, fended her languidly, kissing the injured members. Then she lay quiet for hours, with her lips pressed against thedoll's face. She was waiting for Rupert.

Rupert came home that night. He took his punishment stoically. Dossie, listening with her whole heart in her ears, could tell that no single blow hurt, though he roared lustily. Presently Aunt Matilda loosed Dossie's bonds, and she moved dizzily out to join him. He had food and water for her. Dossie had lost count of the meals she had omitted. She had never enjoyed food more, and certainly she had never tasted any like it.

"Where's Aunt Matilda now?" Rupert asked.

"I gone to be drownded," cried a tot out of the bottle. She said we could stay out till she woke up."

"She was tired; I could see that," was Rupert's critical comment. "She didn't give me any kind of a licking."

"Rupert," Dossie said, "I want you to do it! I'll help you. Look!" She held up the mutilated Mamie to his gaze. For more than an hour she held it to his eyes and hung heavily from her lashes.

Rupert gave a quick look. "She tore up Mamie on you—oh, she's a villainess. "I want to help you!" Dossie's weak voice reiterated.

"I brought a rope—" Rupert said, softly.

"We'll have to wait till she's fast asleep."

It was Dossie, now, who was doing the planning.

Rupert assented. They did not speak for a long, long time. But, to get some idea of how the night might proceed, Dossie opened her fat red moon cast itself loose from the tops of the pines, and until it grew uninterestingly small and yellow, and was finally only a common silver plate, set in blue. The sinister shadows that hung about the old place were all dispersed.

The Struggle of the Masses

A s the starting point of my analysis I should like to take the class struggle of the proletariat. The struggle is not in its numbers. Only through its great masses the proletariat can be victorious; only through the development of its masses can the proletariat maintain its grip on its victory. Its greatest achievement is the existence of unified activity and organization, and this in turn is only possible as an open public organization, but that means also a local organization. In an illegal conspiratorial manner only individuals can be organized, but not the masses.

Everything that makes the open organization of workmen harder or seeks to divert the interest of the workers from such open organization is to be objected to.

Where the legal right and foundation for such proletarian mass organization has not been won yet, there, to be sure, we must scorn (paffen) legality; we must organize illegally, secretly, and carry on an illegal secret propaganda, just as they do in Russia. Our object in so carrying on the propaganda must be, however, to win in the legal right for such organization and propaganda.

Whenever we have won this legal right, however, or already find it in operation, we must make use of it and avoid everything which might place it in jeopardy this legal basis, which means also avoid every form of lawlessness. Even where our opponents disregard this established legal right in their practices, we must not do the same—at least not until these illegal practices of our opponents go so far that it makes it impossible for us to gain influence over the masses in a legal way. We must under such circumstances teach the masses to protest against the illegality of their opponents—and this we could not do if we are ourselves going to preach and practice lawlessness.

By Karl Kautsky

This analysis of the struggle of the masses of the people, by Comrade Kautsky, came as a reply to a letter by Comrade Kautsky, editor of the Vechtesrapport, asking for Comrade Kautsky, in his opinion upon the present Direct Action vs. Political Action controversy. We value Comrade Kautsky's opinion very highly. His position in the Socialist movement is unique. He has given his entire life to the study of Socialism as a worldwide movement. He is doubtful whether there is another Comrade living who is so well informed on this subject.

We expect to come out with a special number on Socialism Municipal Government in the near future and hope to have Comrade Kautsky as one of the contributors to that number.

But even there where there is no legal basis for the organization of the masses, where we are, therefore, forced to resort to illegal organization and action, we ought never to preach and practice an "individual" struggle against private property. We must not forget that private property rests not alone upon laws that were created by the ruling classes, but also upon an ethical sentiment, which is a product of thousands and thousands of years of development in society, and which is alive in the toiling proletariat, as well as in the peasantry and in the middle class, and that it is a part of the capitalist class. On the contrary, the practices of the capitalist class show greater disregard for the sanctity of private property than the practices of the working class. The mass of wage workers despise the thief. The capitalists regard the successful theft as something important.

To preach the individual struggle against property means to turn the interest of the workers from mass action to individual action; in other words, to turn their interests from effective to the ineffective form of action. But this form of action is not alone ineffective. It is in opposition to the ethical conception of the masses of workingmen. It repels them and injures seriously the propaganda of Socialism. If this action is looked upon as a product of this propaganda.

The individual struggle against property takes us out of the ranks of the masses of wage earners and brings us in contact with the slum proletariat (slumproletariat). The conditions of existence and struggle of this class are entirely different from those of the wage-earners. Just as the former are indispensable to the well being of society, so the latter, the slum proletariat, are useless, yes, even harmful, for they are purely parasitical.

Both carry on a struggle against existing society; both are propertyless and disinherited; both must combat the existing form of property. But the working proletariat fights openly and honestly for the propaganda of solidarity and economic indispensability, its aims the changing of the laws regarding property. The slum proletariat fights individually and secretly, its weapons lies and breach of confidence; its aim is not the
changing of the property laws, but the possession of the property of others.

Contact with the slum proletariat and acceptance of its war methods cannot but compromise and disorganize the proletarian movement. This is bound to happen all the more, because the proletarian elements, which foster such methods, invariably fall victims to provocative acts and thirst for revenge.

The ruling classes have every reason to encourage individual action against property and life of individuals, because, through this, they can hurt the cause of the working masses. For this purpose they employ spies and inciters who incite those elements that are inclined to individual action. Never yet has a ruling class employed provocative methods to advance the legal, open organization of the masses. This form of organization our enemies fear. It can jeopardize their power. Individual action by workers, on the other hand, they do not fear, for while it may be dangerous to individuals of the ruling class, such action ultimately strengthens the ruling class and weakens the proletariat.

The champions of individual action find themselves surrounded on every step by spies whom they cannot differentiate from their real comrades. All such movements have at all times dissolved themselves in wide distrust of every one against every one else, while the open, legal action of the masses invariably strengthens the faith of the individual in his comrades and promotes and strengthens his cause.

All this makes it vitally necessary to oppose most emphatically individual illegal action and the advocacy of such action in every country where mass action and organization can legally be carried on. And everywhere and under all circumstances individual action against property is to be objected to.

It is conceivable how individual Comrades, who find the organization of the masses a rather slow process, showing no perceptible results, while the existing laws helpfully check the workers, will urge such action. But no matter how worthy and unselfish the Comrades may be who, through their love for the proletariat and their impatience, let themselves be carried away in that combat these Comrades most energetically, because nothing can check the onward march of the proletariat more powerfully, nothing is more dangerous to our cause, nothing can degrade the proletariat deeper, than the dissolution of legal mass action of the proletariat in a series of individual crimes.

THE NEW SOCIALISM

BY HERBERT M. MERRILL

The First Socialist Assemblyman in New York State.

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THE sun of Socialism is rising and the rosy light of dawn has touched the peaks. Fifty cities in the United States wholly or partially yielded and thousands of Socialists have been elected. The impassioned appeals of oratory and the logical arguments of economic development have borne fruit at last, and while the Co-operative Commonwealth is still a few years ahead, the time has arrived for us to prepare the ground and gather the materials for the new social structure.

Conscious progress toward the ultimate goal of Socialism is only to be attained through increased voting strength and party membership. Neither the stand of the individual nor the position of the opportunist carries with it any guaranty of success. We cannot get the attention of the non-Socialist workingman, on the one hand, by refusing to interest ourselves in labor legislation, and we cannot keep our movement inviolate, on the other hand, by fusions and compromises with republicans, democrats and reformers. Socialism is inevitable, but it will only come in our day by holding to the middle course.

We must go forward by stages. We cannot inaugurate Socialism before we have a majority in the nation. We must accept States first. Before we have taken States we must conquer cities. The constructive program of Socialism begins with the city.

Socialism requires Co-operation plus Democracy. The collective ownership of the means of production and distribution in itself is not Socialism. Democratic management in itself is not Socialism. Constructive Socialism is bound to extend both principles as rapidly as possible, but it cannot be expected that such extensions will always come simultaneously. Public ownership per se is State Capitalism, but the Socialist legislator cannot refuse to support and introduce bills permitting cities to acquire and operate public utilities on that account. The regulation of trusted industries by the whole people through the operation of the initiative and referendum would not be Socialism as long as private individuals were permitted to appropriate surplus value in the form of interest, but a Socialist congressman would not oppose but favor such a condition of affairs. Socialist officials and legislators must support every extension of collectivism or democracy, however small, however divorced from one another, or "lose face" in the eyes of the people.

The work of Constructive Socialism in New York State must begin in Schenectady, and the lone Socialist in the Assembly at Albany must assist that work by doing what he can to get more home rule for municipalities. He cannot perchance indulge in the old party policy of political trading. He must force the hands of his Democratic and Republican brethren by commanding the attention and interest of the workers throughout the length and breadth of the State. The ideal Socialist legislator, in my opinion, is the man who is all ears to the wishes of trade unionists so far as the enactment of labor laws is concerned. When he has gained the sympathy of the workers the rest is easy, for the fullest measure of home rule for cities is one of those things that obdurate politicians will grant when the handwriting is on the wall. Socialists may not care to dictate the organization and tactics of labor on the economic field. Nevertheless, the Socialist members of organized labor are coming to the conclusion that industrial unionism has a part, and a very important part, in the scheme of Constructive Socialism. When the hour of Capitalism has struck, the triumphant working class should be ready to carry on the task of feeding, clothing and housing the world without friction or discord. So that Voltaire's Micro-megas revisiting the earth, or an inhabitant of Mars, could not tell when Capitalism ended or the Co-operative Commonwealth began. The forces of the labor movement should not continue to lag behind the forces of Capitalism. Industrialism must become the keynote of the American Federation of Labor and trades auton- omy be relegated to the scrap heap of labor union philosophy. But dual organizations will not do. Smash-
THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

Illustrated by H. J. Turner.

War Must Come

"War," said Mr. Lottsa Money, as he leaned back in his library chair, "war is un-speakably horrible, but, he paused im-
pressively, "war must come!"

"None can express adequately my horror of war," said the well-known publicist, James P. Windbag, "still there are certain occasions and this is one of
them. War must come!"

"Yes," affirmed old Doctor Skeezix, the eminent college president, "war is detestable. But I greatly fear
war must come."

So the troops gathered and were drilled and the troops of the enemy gathered and were drilled, and everything was in readiness for the first great battle when a common soldier stepped out of the ranks.

"Comrades," he said, "they tell us war must come. Very well, if it must come it must. But we did not say so. Let those come to the war who say the war must come."

Whereat he threw down his rifle, an example promptly followed by every common soldier on both sides.

"It does not matter," shrieked the yellow press, "let the war be fought by those honest patriots who said the war must come."

And at once from every corner of the country there ascended a howl of horror. No less than eight thousand beds were raised by the frantic efforts of prominent citizens to hide beneath the mattress. It was a terrible hour.

In the end, however, the army was collected and brought face to face with a similar army collected by the enemy.

"Charge!" shrieked the generals in command.

"Cowards!" shrieked the generals in command. But the two forces stood stock still.

"No," said Mr. Lottsa Money indigantly, "there is not a drop of coward's blood in our bodies. The trouble is you interrupted us. We did not mean to say "War must come!" We meant to say, if you had allowed us to finish, "War must come—to an end!" And I'm going on the field right now to arrange it with those other fellows."

Freedom

The weather side of the very hinges of hell the Rich Man managed to stop himself on a cloud! "I say," he said, "this isn't the right place at all."

"What is the trouble, my good man?" inquired the Devil.

The ruffled soul smoothed out his coat and gurled. "Well," he said, "I'm glad you've come out. You may know who I am—Mr. George W. Chinkley, the head of the Chinkley Chemical Works. This wind has almost blown me into your Tophet."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Chinkley. Hope you'll be with us a long time."

The Rich Man screamed at the thought. "Stay here! I tell you I won't stay here! I won't!"

The Old Boy beamed pleasantly. "Of course, Mr. Chinkley, we won't think of compelling you to come in; we allow every man the same freedom to which he has been accustomed on earth."

The Rich Man grunted complacently. "That's bet-
ter."

"Of course, you allowed your employees every free-
dom, didn't you? Nobody had to come to your shop to work unless he wanted to. Did he?"

"Not a soul."

"Unless I'm mistaken, the average length of life of a worker in your shops was four years?"

"About three and a half."

"They knew that, but they came just the same?"

"Just the same."

"You didn't force them to work for you?"

"No, they were free to work or not, just as they chose."

"That's splendid, Mr. Chinkley."

The Person in Red smiled in head-circling fashion. "It's our custom down here, Mr. Chinkley, to allow every one the same free-
dom that he allowed others on earth. You are perfect-
ly free to come in with us or stay out just as you choose.

Just then the wind which had a little subsided flared into a gale. It blew Mr. Chinkley loose from the heavy
bit of cloud to which he had been clinging and swept him gently towards the open pit.

"But I don't want to go there," he shrieked. "You're at perfect liberty to go where you please," said the Gentlemanly Fiend. "But I can't go where I please. It's this wind—I can't fight against it."

"That's your business," said the Devil coldly. "I allow you perfect freedom—if you don't know how to make use of it don't blame me."

And with a last protesting cry Mr. Chinkley vanished into the place of crispin grisfions.

Foiled

"Tell the folks at home," gasped the Expiring Patriot, "that I gave my life for my country."

"I can't do that," said the nurse, "because, of course, you're not."

The Expiring Patriot raised himself on one elbow: "Don't get fresh with me—you know what I mean. Tell them that I died for my fellow countrymen."

"Which ones in particular? The ones you know? Is it going to do Uncle Pete Henry, the blacksmith, any good to have you die?"

"Say, look here," said the now thoroughly exasperated Expiring Patriot, "what are you trying to do anyhow? Get my goat? I'm dying that others may be free."

"Who is it that you want to be free?"

"Certainly."

"You've never been free, have you—never been free to do anything except to keep on working in your ma-
chine shop?"

"No, but—"

"Your father isn't free, is he, except to hold down his job for ten hours a day in the wagon factory?"

"No, but—"

"And Uncle Pete isn't free, and your aunt isn't and your cousins aren't and they won't be a bit more free no matter how this war turns out."

"Darn it," said the Expiring Patriot, "do you mean to tell me that I'm not dying for anybody?"

"Not at all: you're dying for quite a lot of people. You're dying for Pierpont Morgan probably, and John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie, and a great many other individuals with big moneysted interests. If you think it will make your folks feel any better I'll say that you died for George Gould, Alfred Vanderbilt, and Colonel Astor. How's that?"

"Thunderation," snapped the Expiring Patriot, jump-
ing out of bed, "you've spoiled everything. I've got to get well and start all over again to find a cause worth fighting for."

But he found a Cause—found it right back in the little old machine shop, too.

The Eternal Question

T HE Pestimist stood up.

"You're wrong," he said.

"I'm right," said the Optimist. "It isn't that way at all."

"You're another."

"Why don't you read the papers?" said the Pestimist.

"Don't you see that every day men are robbing—"

"Giving—"

"Livesaving—"

"Maiming—"

"Healing—"

"Swindling—"

"Reforming—"

"Cheat—"

"Exposing—"

"Getting rich at the price of another's blood?"

"Dying to save a stranger's life?"

"It doesn't matter," said the Pestimist furiously.

"You're all wrong because you can't change Human Nature."

"I don't want to change it," said the Optimist with a

"I'm satisfied with Human Nature. All I want to do is to give it a fair chance."

A Carol for Nineteen-Twelve

Hail, all, the glad New Year!

(If it doesn't snow until a New Year.

Therefore, though a large percentage of the in-
working class may find itself jobless, it can hail the New Year all right.)

All the world is full of cheer!

(There may not be so much cheer in the home of
the numerous New Yorkers who were killed during the past twelve months by New York city cars, but then, poetry doesn't have to stick too close to facts.)

Dance, the earth is full of joy!

(At least it's a good thing to get people to think
so.)

Mirth rings out from girl and boy!

(Of course Mirth doesn't ring out to any alarm-
ing extent from the girls and boys who are em-
ployed in cotton factories down South or who are being beaten and starved in Northern prisons—but then, this is poetry.)

Hail the Happy New Year!

(Rah! Rah! Rah! Song Kitchen!)
THE DOCTORS OF SOCIAL ILLS

Wondering Thinklets
BY BENJAMIN KEECH

A person's badness is always fully recognized, every day he lives. But his goodness never receives due appreciation until he dies.
The truth generally sounds brutal. But, being true, it can often accomplish what no other sort of kindness can ever effect.

We choose our own levels, and humanity, in its dealings with us, will meet us on our own ground. Place yourself on a pedestal, and people will look up to you. Wallow in the mire, and people will not only look down upon, but walk over you.

Some people look for other people's misfortunes in order to drown the cries of the skeletons in their own closets.

A faker with a winning personality can attract all the friends and "hugs" he may desire. But a saint with no "presence" at all can hardly win passing regard.

WORKING-CLASS POLITICS IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 9.)

Socialist party, that is, to have a voice in directing and shaping it, a democratic policy, one must sign a pledge acknowledging the working class basis of the party, and contribute to the local organization of which he or she is a member the sum of 25 cents per month.
The democracy of the Socialist party organization is not based upon sentiment, but the material foundation of 25 cents per month from every member. This guarantees the right to a voice in all local, State and national matters. With a membership of 100,000, and nearly every State organized, with the rank and file getting experience in the essentials of democracy through the use of the initiative and referendum, and the plan of party work that require concert of action and cooperation, the Socialist party organization is becoming a tremendous machine, an organized movement through which the working class may attain political power.
The question naturally arises, what will the working class do when it secures political power?

Their main purpose in seeking political power is not merely to get good men into power, but rather to elect representatives of their class so that they may, with the power invested in them, revolutionize the government from a capitalist government to a working class government. It is very evident that Socialist legislation wrested from the master class under the present system must necessarily be different from the legislation we would enact under the Socialist government. Under Socialism we will not need any old age pension laws, or demands for suffrage, or eight-hour day laws. These are adjustments and concessions necessary and valuable only under capitalism.
The political power held by the working class today is in proportion to the consciousness of the relation between its economic and political interests, or the importance of using political power to serve its economic interests. The duty of the Socialist party is to protect and extend the political rights of the workers. Political power gained through the support of disgruntled malcontents who are only concerned in the toil somebody is unstable and uncertain, and such voters must be trained and disciplined into intelligent workers.

Only through the education of the workers to appreciate and understand the relation to each other on the economic field and unity of action in regulating their social interests by means of political action, will we make the party the goal of the century—the establishment of a co-operative commonwealth.

Lack of space kept the doctors somewhat down this month. They will, however, be there again in full force next month.

Political Action is Faith in Man

Gentlemen of Leisure
BY BENJAMIN KEECH

Present day "civilization" breeds two magnificently contrasted classes of idlers—the rich at the top, and the poor at the bottom, with the workers in between supporting both! These parasites just love to travel, and do so extensively (at our expense), only the upper class is much better protected when he goes sight-seeing. The rich and the poor wanderers are, perhaps, largely vicious, the former the more so, because they know (and can do) better than they do. It is customary, in highly cultured circles, to support such parasites, to whom we send presents of small value for not working, while the voice is hushed—yes, silenced—when the rich idler is considered. Both classes are a great detriment to society, but we shall be hardened with parasites of all patterns, just as long as we vote for them to live off us.

The House of Bondage

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

Do not copy, read it, then put it in circulation, and see that it does not stop until it is worn out; then buy another copy and keep that going.

You could not invest $1.35 to better advantage. Do it now. Send us $1.35 to net 64 cents extra for postage. The M Essays Pub., 209 E. 45th St., New York.

MAMIE

(Continued from page 13.)

Dossie's sobs now racked and shattered her body. Her brother's arms were still about her. She put her head on his shoulder and he covered her with his coat.

"I want Mamie," she moaned.

"Come on, now!"

"Take me back and get Mamie!"

Rupert tried to explain it seemed to make no impression on Dossie. Her gaze grew lusterless. He tried to carry her, to force her along the path. She resisted with a stubborn stiffness of her thick body, that made it like lead.

"Don't cry any more," said Rupert gently. Just at last, "Well, I'll go back and get Mamie." He clenched his teeth. They walked back the same long way that they had come.

Rupert went into the room first. The moonlight playing over the bed. He came out quickly to lean against the wall for a minute.

"Where did you leave Mamie, Dossie?" he gasped.

"I can find her!"

"No, you can't go there! Where did you put her down? Think!"

Dossie thought. "On the bed," she said, after a while.

Rupert shuddered. With his head down and turned away, he went in and made for the bed. He grooped over the covered with outstretched hands. Several times they touched ice-cold, stiff objects. Finally they clutched a bundle of rags. He ran out of the room with it.

Dossie nozled and mumbled, breaking into a whispering monologue of joy.

Rupert pulled himself up from the heap into which he had fallen, and lifted her down.

Then, had in hand, they ran off to join the Gipseys.
FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS

WANTED

By Clyde J. Wright

COMMUNE DEBS said that we need a few men who are afraid to die—and it is true that there is a positive use for martyrs in times when the human mind is so stupid that nothing short of a tragedy will move it, but it is the minds that are left to live and not the minds that are lost that make the difference. We need some living men who can actually do things for Socialism to-day.

Active men are needed. This present system of government is more in demand to-day than architects with mere technical training. The contemplation of the co-operative commonwealth as we see it will be, is very fascinating. It is an interesting subject for discussion. It is the vision of the dreamer of realities, but we have reached the stage of actually forging its parts and assembling its principles. A new type of men is needed.

It is one thing to dream "when we get Socialism," it is another thing to understand "how" to reconstruct a great system of social justice. The present rules of society are concerned with the administration of wheels and engines of power and products, and when the producers themselves understand their thing, their understanding of rules and making rules calls for the greatest possible clearness and understanding of these matters.

One of the most significant political campaigns in history is less than a year away. We must as a party be equal to the importance of this occasion. The fact that we are starting means a great deal. We must create an appetite for an understanding of organization and the reason why we should organize. We must learn how to organize and what to do as an organization. It is no small task, I admit, but things that are very easy are of little attraction. Things that are difficult are coveted. But things that are extremely difficult and full of hardships and sacrifices seek at times in vain for men. Shall we find men equal to the task for the campaign of 1912?

THE CO-OP' L EAGUE

By Alfred Sonnichson

The masses Pub. Co. urges readers of this paper to patronize the mail-order department of the Co-operative League Hat Factory. They will send you by mail upon receipt of $2 a beautiful soft hat. They also guarantee the claim in regard to the yearly settlement of rebates with the National office of THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

YOU WILL FAIL UNLESS

By Piet Vlag

We receive daily a vast number of letters from all parts of the United States from people who are interested in Co-operation. They come to us because we send them the right kind of advice; but we want to know where we can buy goods the cheapest? It is needless to state that we cannot answer all these questions for the satisfaction of everyone. Thousands of little things and conditions combine to make a Co-operative Store a success. Each local situation has its own peculiar conditions which go to make for the success or failure of the enterprise. Therefore, it is very difficult to give advice that will be of substantial service to everyone who wants to organize a local CO-OPERATIVE.

There are, however, a few GENERAL RULES which can and MUST be observed if the enterprise is to be made a success—and too much emphasis cannot be placed upon strictly carrying out these rules to the letter. Here they are:

YOU WILL FAIL UNLESS

You get at least three hundred paid-up members before starting your store. Three hundred paid-up members are even more important than three thousand dollars. Three hundred members means three hundred customers.

YOU WILL FAIL UNLESS

You figure the purchasing power of each customer at no more than two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50) weekly for groceries. Current accounts, neighborly obligations, and a number of other factors prevent the women from giving their full trade to the Co-operative when starting.
**THE COLOR-OF-LIFE**

**HER GREAT TREASURE**

A PROLOGUE

By William Watson

She had boarded that great treas-

ure boat! Taught by her mother from pre-birth, she in-

stinctively knew its economic im-

portance.

Nor had she lived in this New York without knowing that covetous eyes had been cast upon it by men. She knew, now, instinctively, that some of those covetous eyes had not been evil, and she knew, too, in the same vague way, that she had yearned to spend it treasure.

If only she, since it was gone at last.

But in spite of her tenacious clutching

and her mother's warning insinua-

tions, in spite of her own vanity and her mother's respectability, her treasure was gone—gone! Oh! Oh!

She buried her face again in the white pillow.

She had not slept since she had re-

turned late that night. Her mother's last words before leaving for her even-

ing of expected and expurgated pleas-

ure, had been: "Remember, Ella, to act like I've always taught you when you go out with gentlemen friends. Remember how respectable I've always brought you up to be. God knows I wouldn't let you work in a department store if your father's dead without it being anything." And her words upon her return had been, "I'm surprised, Ella, at your staying out so late. I've never known you to do it before. It doesn't look like you'd been brought up to act right.

Ella's mother sat—with a much less angry look than her words betokened—and with a starved look for some ro-

mance, and with expectation. Ella silently took off her 'coronation purple' hat and laid it in her accustomed neat manner on the shelf of the small closet.

Ella took off her rats, puffs and dress in the room where they ate and sat before going to bed, while she surrendered the prized confidence of a.dressmaker's model.

But tonight she went on into her own little bedroom. Ella's mother was visibly dissipated. "Did you hang the client's hat and laid it in her accomplished neat manner on the shelf of the small closet.

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Who We Are and What We Are Doing

If you read a story, or look at a picture, and you like it, you always want to know something about the man or woman who wrote or made it. That you like The Masses may be the means of good fortune most conclusively by the large subscription list we have rolled up in 1914. Therefore, we thought you might be interested in some data about the people who make The Masses the high-class magazine that it is.

Two of the most interesting personalities among those who have been with The Masses since its inception are Charles A. Winter and his wife, Alice B. Winter.

Both hail from St. Louis; both rank among the highest paid and most successful illustrators in the country; both are painters of national reputation. That's interesting, isn't it? But it is not the most interesting part of their personalities. The most interesting part is the manner in which they work together.

If you ever need a concrete example, take a look at the current notion that Socialism destroys the home, take your doubting Thomas up to Charlie Winter's studio. Don't be afraid that you will be unwelcome, for I am going to give you the password. The password with both Mr. and Mrs. Winter, early or late, is The Masses.

If you are really sick and tired of it all and are about to exclaim, "Oh, what's the use?" then go up there and get an inspiration from Comrades Charlie and Alice Winter. These two people lead a life as near to the ideal as is possible under the present conditions.

Although both strong and pronounced individualists, they work in beautiful harmony. They both do illustrations to make a living. In other words, they illustrate to earn enough money to allow them to do the things they want to do.

The things they want to do is to paint. But even painting they will drop when Socialism or The Masses requires it.

We have known of people who went to see Charlie for the purpose of inducing him to do some illustration or to make a cover. The net result of their endeavors was about as follows:

"I am sorry, but I can't do it. I am too busy. You see, here is this painting which I have tried to finish for the past six months. I must do some work on this painting this week. But, say, have you seen our magazine, The Masses? Sit down." Then Charlie would get all the back numbers of The Masses, and within ten minutes his visitor was planted for a few hours' discussion of Socialism with the Winter family.

Rufus W. Weeks

A NOTHER remarkable character among the pioneers of The Masses is old man Weeks. His real, honest-to-goodness name is Rufus W. Weeks, but that won't do. He is too old and dignified to call him Rufus, and he disseminates such a strong spirit of democracy that it is impossible to refer to him among us as Rufus W. Weeks, therefore he is "the old man." Now, don't jump at the conclusion that he is, or even that we feel he is, an old man. In spirit he is as young as the youngest of us. I have never known a gathering of the artists and writers of The Masses' staff yet where his presence was not an inspiration to the occasion. And some lively times we have had at those famous gatherings.

You, no doubt, know him, too. But you don't know him as we do. You may know him as the cool, well-balanced philosopher who contributes articles for "Facts and Interpretations." You know him as the man who did more than merely exclaim: "To establish the cooperative commonwealth we must educate the working people to a democracy based on the principle of production and distribution." You know him as the man who saved wood. He sat down and took up the hard and grueling task of educating the working class.

His articles may not appeal to the Utopian mind. They may not appeal to the enthusiast. They may not appeal to many, but those that read them are better and wiser for the reading. We advisedly say "better," and "wiser." "Better," because the great and beautiful sailor's life. He quit and went looking for a job. He replied to an advertisement by A. B. Frost, a well-known illustrator, who wanted a young man to work as a "man of property," and at the same time look after his cows and chickens.

Frost was living in a country place. Anton got the job and kept it. Frost liked him, and when he went to France with his family he took Anton along. Shortly after they arrived there Anton resigned his position to take up a season's course in Julien's Academy of Art. There he soon made a number of friends in spite of the fact that he fairly breathes hostility to strangers. While taking his course in Julien's he refused to accept any help from his friends, much less ask for it. There was a time when he was living on custard and bread, but never a murmur. I know of one of our mutual friends who offered his assistance. Anton promptly told him to put on the gloves, so he might show him who was starred.

I think that for the first Masses gathering after this issue is off the press I had better take a pair of gloves along myself. It also may be advisable to put in a horseshoe or two, because I have a faint suspicion Anton still has that sailor's spirit.

After he got through at Julien's he came to New York. The first picture he sold was at the Call fair. In fact, quite a number of his pictures have sold there. But that did not put any money in his purse.

However, he soon found recognition. Today he is very much in demand; in fact, too much. They are overworking him. Saturday's Magazine ran four full pages of his paintings and three pages of sketches as a special feature. The Cosmopolitan, the Saturday Evening Post, Century, and others are all clamoring so badly that it is as much as his life is worth to try to get into his studio before dark.

Rufus W. Weeks

A spirit of Old Man Weeks shows in every line he writes. Wisecrack, because cool, analytical, logical and broad, philosophical minds like that of the old man do not run thirteen to a dozen.

Anton Otto Fischer

T HE most peculiar character of all is Anton Otto Fischer. We thought of leaving the Fischer story for some future occasion, but on second consideration decided to publish it before he can stop us. The fact of the matter is, the boys do not know about the starting of this new department. Neither does Anton. If he did, we surely could expect in the next mail a note reading about as follows:

"My Dear Dietz: A happy New Year and Merry Xmas. But, say, what silly rot are you up to now? I hope you are not going to drag me into that. If you do, I won't do another thing for The Masses. I don't like it.

Then he would proceed by collaring me at the next gathering and bulkloose me into a promise not to publish anything about him.

As it is, he will only fume and rage and say he will not do another thing for The Masses. But then, we are used to that. All people should be judged by what they do and not what they say. Especially Anton Fischer must be judged by what he does, and whatever anybody may say about what he says, he does things. There is one good reason why Anton does things. He comes from a class which has had to do things for many centuries from the manual working class.

It is not so very long since he graduated from that class and went up into the grades of production and distribution. No one knows him as the man who worked as a sailor before the mast upon the high seas. He always knew he could draw. He never knew he had ability, but he did not get a chance. A few years ago he got tired of the whole thing and made up his mind to make a determined effort to get away from the A New Method of Propaganda

NOTHER important feature of The Masses' circulation campaign is our house-to-house canvassing method.

This plan has not only materially assisted us in building up the circulation of The Masses, but it has proportionately done more real, effective propaganda than any other method of canvassing.

Furthermore, it enables Comrades who have the cause at heart and want to work for it, to make a living while doing it.

Here is the plan:

We send you at a very moderate rate a shipment of sample copies. These sample copies are distributed in the morning in a house-to-house canvass. Care should be taken that no copies are left except with responsible parties. Do not leave them with children. Emphasize the statement that you will call for a reply next day. The afternoon is spent in canvassing the district where sample copies were distributed the day previous. If you cannot induce the people to subscribe, you can at least persuade them to purchase a copy. Keep a record of purchasers, so that you may sell them copies next month. In this manner you can very easily build up a valuable route.

We allow an extra large discount to professional agents. To be considered a professional, however, and derive the benefit of these discounts, the total amount of business done per month must exceed $10. We will allow the same discount to Locals of the Socialist party and to co-operative enterprises under the same conditions.

A Fraud

TO assume political control of a city for the main purpose of using the services of police and courts to back up direct action is like obtaining money under false pretenses.
Usually pictures are made to illustrate a story. Sometimes the illustration tells the story far more forcibly than the written words. The above pictures tell their story so forcibly that as yet we have not been able to find anything to do them justice. Will you write the story which will do justice to these pictures?

We will send the writer of the best story the original painting of whichever picture of the above three he or she may select. The original paintings are large and beautiful in tone.