FACTS AND FICTION BY THE BEST OF THEM

THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

JUNE, 1912

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THE PROLETARIAN

THE WORD OF THE LORD BY BOUCK WHITE
THE OTHER WAY - - BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE
ORGANIZED LABOR

President James H. Maurer
Member House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

One Minute

The subject, organized labor, is so voluminous that the writer finds it impossible in a short article of this kind to give more than a mere survey of his own personal experiences and observations.

Thirty-two years ago, when I first became identified with organized labor, the objects and methods of that kind of work were very much different from what they are now. While the workers then were fairly well organized, the employers were not. They stood pretty much alone, each man for himself, and with his own judgment. All were in competition with each other, all fighting for the trade of their competitors. When a strike broke out, one or both of the employers, and enough strike-breakers were secured, the unions declared a boycott on the non-union made goods. Magic-like, almost every business man engaged in the same line got busy, their salesmen stormed the districts where the boycotted goods were sold. These salesmen were nearly all members of unions (Knights of Labor). They visited the locals (assemblies) in their various districts and saw to it that committees were appointed to visit the retailers, if the local had not already done so, and to try to get them to quit selling goods, which were declared to be "foul," and they captured the other fellow's market. In this way we, with the aid of the capitalists, were able to establish our system under the operation of our way of thinking, or his financial ruin.

About 1880 it commenced to dawn upon the most far-seeing employers that the idea that competition was the life of trade was a hideous lie. That competition was all right for the workers, but all wrong for themselves, and they commenced to propound plans whereby they could control the competition as well as they were concerned. They pooled their interests, formed great corporations, combines, etc., and these developed into what we call the "trusts." One month after the other fell in line, until to-day we find the capitalist class solidly organized, industrially and politically.

With their political arm they secure for themselves any and every law they need to further their own interests, the courts are of their own choice and obey their commands, and they are the blackest and outlawed the boycott, and use the injunction wherever their own laws do not fit. The industrial organizations are a marvel of the age, but in the face of these unions they find a complete change from the old order. They can no longer use the capitalist as under the old system—"to strike and to do it right." Since the time at which the strike is being conducted is closed and the work is done at such places where there is no strike. And after the strike is declared finished the strike may take place at some other mill; they close it down, and open the one where the strikers were starved into submission. So well organized are they that the employers frequently provoke strikes, so as to enable them to clean up—get rid of their old employees and every vestige of labor organization, by inaugurating the Taylor or some other speed-up system.

When on strike now we find that it is not only their industrial organization that confronts us, but the government as well; every public official from constable to President stands as a wall of adamant against us. In opposition to this colossal organization of capital we have genomically the political field. The labor leaders in the past have advised this, just as some so-called progressive labor leaders of to-day do. And on the industrial field we still have as a weapon of defense the craft unions; an organization constructed to meet an unorganized capitalist class. That it has served its purpose under the old system of exploitation to one extent or another has long been the organized workers' standard of living, but those unorganized as well, reduced the hours of labor, and in many cases, over the years, they have raised the organized unions ineffective. Almost every battle we go into we find that we are unable to cope with this monster capitalist organization. Surely there is something wrong with a system that makes an weapon of defense. The trouble, as I see it, is the system of exploitation has changed and our unions have not. The bank and understand this pretty well. There are those who think that the remedy lies in first destroying the craft union, and upon its ruins a new one should be built of modern character, practical, but suicidal as well. What the present union is intended to be, was never intended to be, and can be, I am, as President of the Philadelphia and Eastern Union of Labor, shall strive to make the Federation all that the name implies—a real, live, militant Federation, whose policy will be: "United we stand, divided we fall. An injury to one is the concern of all." I want a union so solidly federated that when our brother miners go on strike the union calendars will refuse to transport strike-breakers or soldiers into the strike zone; that union printers will refuse to set up the type for the lying advertisements used to catch the unemployed, to be used as strike-breakers.

Indeed, the workers are ready, it seems to me, to build up such a federation, that if needs be we can tie up the whole nation in twenty to forty hours. With this kind of an organization there will be power that the master class must respect; and whether they respect it or not it is the whole cloth that, and along with this powerfull arm on the industrial field, the Socialist Party is building the political arm. We must capture the legislative bodies, national and state. The working class must capture the reins of industry. Then, and not until then, will the class struggle cease.

WIT THE COFFEE AND CIGARS

Written for The Masses

By John Spargo

We sat smoking our after-dinner cigars in the cafe at El Paso, Texas. The traveling man who sold shoes, and whom I had christened "B:p," looked to me with a somewhat anxious expression: "We rode together from Los Angeles on the 'Golden State Limited,'" he said. "I guess the defeat in Milwaukee will put Leadville out of business, By Leadville Magazine." Of course, I was the person addressed, and, "Pink," the automobile tire man, and "Windmill," the promoter of exchange signals, were both present. "Now, suppose, my friend, that you were to do about eight thousand dollars' worth of business this year more than you did two years ago, what would you think if your employer accused you of going behind?" asked "Pumps." "Say? Why, I'd say that he was off his onion, old man." "In 1909, when Seidel was elected, the Milwaukee Socialists cast 27,068 votes. That was in a three-cornered fight, and it is likely that at least 5,000 Reform votes, and just protest votes, not the votes of Socialists at all, but of people just tired of the old parties. This year the Socialists cast 32,000 votes in a straight fight, when the lines were right, and 9,000 more. Someone but convinced Socialists voted the ticket. Now, old man, get busy and figure out who is off his onion." "I have a fresh cigar, old man," said "Pumps." The Catholic priest was a decent fellow and a most agreeable companion, and I was not half-dis appointing him when I quoted the Pullman smoker, going from Medford, Oregon, to San Francisco. It was the priest who raised the subject of Socialism. "Please explain it to me," he said, and I was at a loss for words, and opened fire. "That is all very well, but what of 'Free Love'? You cannot deny that Socialism preacheth that, can you?" Then he began to quote a book or two by right (the idol of the Socialists, of whom the priest said the better. The good Father thought that he had spiked my gun. He very pleasantly amusing—along the lines of 'The Four Nuns' have had to say about the priesthood, about convent and monastery, about the Confressional! Does not that every form of Government, from the corporation to the church, is an automatic method and tactics of the Father Slatterys and others of the same ilk. It is for you personally, you matter from that viewpoint," he replied frankly.

Next morning, as we parted at Oakland, the good Father said simply: "I shall never use Slattery method against Socialism again. If I fight it at all, I shall fight fairly. Thanks for the lesson."

You cannot escape from Socialism. Across the border, in Mexico, I encountered it. I looked in vain for windows in many of the houses, for public schools, public hospitals, a sewerage system. These signs of civilization were all but the choicest charges are cruel libels upon millions of honest Catholic men and women? Why is it that you, son of this much maligned and persecuted Church, now forget your own bitter experiences?" These questions and others rang in my ears. Having considered the matter from that viewpoint, I replied frankly.

Next morning, as we parted at Oakland, the good Father said simply: "I shall never use Slattery methods against Socialism again. If I fight it at all, I shall fight fairly. Thanks for the lesson."

SOCIALISM

By John Spargo

The Call of the Car Penter

By Buck White

Price. $1.20

The Masses

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By BUSCK WHITE

Price. $1.20

The Masses
THE Socialist party is essentially a working-class party, even if its scope of purpose is far larger than bread and butter for the hungry. We also want a cleaner, juster, more orderly and beautiful world, and we want it now. But it is wise to know that the workers can be neither just, clean nor orderly unless conditions prevail which enable them to be so. Those who believe differently might as well expect to grow beautiful flowers in a dark cellar. Let those who are ready to criticize imagine themselves in the position of a dollar-and-a-half-per-day wage slave.

Would they then get up big dinners to discuss abstract and philosophical questions? Would they then concentrate on criticizing the Senate and Congress in true, smart, muck-raking style? Would they then condemn the minimum wage movement and be contented to wait until capitalism fell of its own weight? Would they then, with a wave of the hand and a quotation from Marx, dismiss all attempts to counteract the distressingly increasing cost of living? Not much! They would fight like tigers for more wages, less work, higher prices and better conditions as soon as possible.

Nor to-morrow, but to-day, this self-same moment, they would want it.

No! And even you and I, who are perhaps three, four or five-dollar-per-day men; we too are not satisfied to wait for the cataclysm as the religious fanatic waits for his promised heaven hereafter and meanwhile allows him or hereafter exploited. We too want more and better things to-day. Our wants have increased. We have been tempted with the display of the new products of higher-priced industries. Fact is, now I come to think of it, I would even want an automobile. How about you? And who shall blame us, if we want things right now and on the spot?

too many self-appointed anointed are telling the workers what to do. The workers don’t have to be told. They do what they can—what the time demands. It is up to us to help them do it well. The better they do it, the sooner they will be ready for the next thing. Beware of having things done for the workers. They will be done, thoroughly done, the workers I mean, only by committees.

No committees in Washington can or will run railroads, telegraphs, or mines in the interest of the workers, that is State Socialism, and is not what we want. That will come without our asking for it. They, the bourgeoisie, must inaugurate that to save themselves, not us.

If committees are to run public utilities we want those committees to be selected at least partly from the workers who made and operate the various industries. They and they only can or will run them in the interest of the working class.

OUR “TITANIC” CIVILIZATION

I

N grandiose lines, one of our comrade poets has sung the “Ship of State,” chancing thus: “Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O Union, strong and great!”

Looking deeper than such songsters look, peering beyond the stately presence of the towering Atlantic liner, into the realities it hides, and likewise with vision, gleam through the piercing thoughts in her civilization to its inner meaning, we find grim truths in the image, not guessed by the poet.

The racial point of view is the only one which reason can tolerate for judging a civilization. From that point of view there can be but one rational purpose for the vast process of “industry and exchange,” the immense economic progress on which we are so proud, which underlies the civilization, and in the main is the civilization. That sole rational purpose is the welfare of all the people alike in their two capacities of producers and consumers. For no other end agreeable to reason could the vast machine have been built. And to no other end must its every movement be begun. Yet, what do we see in our present civilization? A civilization built and housed by a few colossal baronial tycoons, and ordering the innumerable of production and distribution, not, on the one hand, to the end of the greatest volume of wholesome production, nor, on the other, to the end of greatest individual and just distribution, but solely to the end of their own profits. Such a civilization contradicts the normal end of its own existence, and flouts the reason and the conscience of the world.

With the same analytic eye let us look over and through the great ocean steamship, first considering what a rational purpose would demand in its structure and management, then what purpose is actually aimed at. Reason would expect to find in a great steamship, a noble creation of human genius built and run for the one purpose of human welfare, its specific end being to transport human beings across the ocean under equal conditions of comfort, safety, and self-respect, for all alike, passengers and crew. But in reality it is only a trifle of the “floating palaces.” It embodies gross distinctions of comfort, of air supply, and of forbearance. The class lines; the humiliating enforcing off of decks and spaces on behalf of the few against the many; and, more injurious still, inhumane conditions for most of the men who do the hard work; airless sleeping places, intolerably long hours, humiliations lavished upon the men. And even the physical suffering inflicted upon some of them as drive by man to man. To self-drowning, looking to find the cold depths of the ocean more hospitable than the hotel treated them by their fellow men.

Evidently a steamship is a true miniature of our present civilization. Evidently our commercial State is nothing less than a “Ship.” The two are indeed alike in irrationality.

Now, there is but a step from the irrational to the insane, and in the most highly typical of the great liners we have just had exhibited motives and actions in owners and officers which can only be called insane. The three insanities which characterize our civilization were typified in the arrangements and management of the Titanic, and bore their natural fruit in its criminal destruction.

First, there is the insanity of speed, of reckless speed, which drives humanity and art to the verge of wrecking the safety and health of the luxurious themselves; and, finally, there is the insanity of profit, reaching the frenzy which for profit takes enormous risks of the wrecking of the capital itself.

And so we see that like forces to those which drove the Titanic to her fate are driving the present commercial civilization, and we cannot help asking: Whether? To a like crash may it not be? It may indeed be so; for the Ship of Civilization is tearing through seas which are now thickening with icebergs. The will of the vast working class is forming and hardening: obstructions to capitalism are cropping up in the most unexpected places; the collective mind of the working class may crystallize overnight, massive and unrelenting. The day of the Great Refusal may come, the day when the entire mass of producers will stiffen into full self-respect and into a common will, and will decide and declare: “No longer will we, the multitude, be used by you, the few.” Unless the capitalists yield, not to unexpected places, the collective mind of the working class may crystallize overnight, massive and unrelenting. The day of the Great Refusal may come, the day when the entire mass of producers will stiffen into full self-respect and into a common will, and will decide and declare: “No longer will we, the multitude, be used by you, the few.” Unless the capitalists yield, not to unexpected places, the collective mind of the working class may crystallize overnight, massive and unrelenting. The day of the Great Refusal may come, the day when the entire mass of producers will stiffen into full self-respect and into a common will, and will decide and declare: “No longer will we, the multitude, be used by you, the few.” Unless the capitalists yield, not to unexpected places, the collective mind of the working class may crystallize overnight, massive and unrelenting.

Nevertheless, with a prophet of old, who by another image pictured his anticipation of such a Day of Judgment, we picture for a new sky and a new earth, the coming of a day, when ‘the throne of God and the Lamb will be in the midst of the city; and the throne of God and the Lamb will be in the midst of the city; and there will be no more mourning; there will be no more mourning; there will be no more crying; there will be no more crying; but the former things are passed away,’ and the Lord God will be with them, and they shall be with the Lord. In modern terms, we foresee a civilization which shall be fundamentally rational and just.
THE MINER EMERGES

By BOARDMAN ROBINSON

OF THE N. Y. TRIBUNE
THE COAL STRIKE HERE AND ABROAD

By JOHN R. McMahon

A few items from the latest available government report—that for 1910:

Total coal production in

United States: $180,000,000

Value on the mines: $460,000,000

Retail value, several times as much:

Hard coal: $4,000,000,000

Soft coal: $170,000,000

Men employed in anthracite fields: 160,000

Men employed in bituminous fields: 555,000

Total workers: 724,000

Average days worked in year, anthracite: 217

Average days worked in year, bituminous: 280

Average production per man per year:

Anthracite: 498 tons

Bituminous: 751 tons

Wages of miners, per year:

$750

Wages of helpers, per year:

$600

Cost one life to mine: 140,000 tons.

Total fatalities: 601

Workers killed, 1899-1910: 6,533

Workers injured, 1899-1910: 12,368

Price of coal to large consumers: $3 to $4 a ton.

Price of coal to tenement dwellers, $12 to $20 a ton.

At time of going to press the bituminous strike had been settled on a 5% wage increase and a two-year contract.

When the American strike began on April 15th it was estimated that the country had at the most a coal supply for one month. There is never much coal ahead, and at this time there was less than ever before. If the men stay out six weeks there will be a repetition of the English condition—wholesale closing of mills and factories, reduction of train service, laying up of steamships, a rise in the cost of food, general hardships, and a national loss of several million dollars a day. A war could hardly work greater havoc or entail greater expense. To lose the coal fields to 'protec- 
tect' strikers and intimate strikers. The government may be forced to interfere in behalf of that innocent third party—the public—which is so hardly brought forward in emergency. It is perhaps unlikely that things will reach the English pass in this country at this time, chiefly because this is a Presidential election year. The statesmen will exert pressure on the coal trust to make concessions and set rate troubles.

Beyond their call for shorter hours and more pay, the strongest demands of the miners are for union recognition and short term agreements. The last, indeed, is the most radical, revolutionary demand. It shows that the United Mine Workers have traveled far from the John Mitchell-Civic Federation stand of a decade ago. No self-shackling of the workers with long contracts! A chance to fight early and often! Union recognition is of less importance. According to the I. W. W. idea, it is not at all important, nor even desirable. Why ask the enemy to recognize us?

The simultaneous strike in the anthracite and bituminous fields is a mark of progress, and would be more so if the miners insisted on a simultaneous settlement in both fields. If the soft coal men return to work while the hard coal men are out, the former will be scabbing on the latter. The only logical coal strike is in all coal fields; it follows that no workers should go back anywhere until all truly go back everywhere. There are a lot of arguments against this and all of them are tainted with the John Mitchell-Civic Federation philosophy. One of the feeblest of the arguments is that those miners who work can help support those on strike. How the coal barons must chortle as they hand out this theory!

It has been said the miners might practice passive sabotage by calling out engineers and pumpmen, so the mines would fill with water. This tactic has been followed to some extent in England.

The U. M. W. have declared for Socialism in national convention. Vice-President Hayes is a Socialist, and there are many Socialists in the rank and file. It is a wonderful and refreshing change from a few years back. The more Socialism spreads among the miners, and is understood and digested by them, the greater their power. Socialism is truly the Road to Power. It is knowledge which conquers all.

Coal is the material foundation of modern industry and civilization. There are no "substitutes" for this fuel, despite the fables told in public print. Oil or water power will be a long time displacing coal. If the men who dig the coal fully knew their power and exerted it in the right way at the right time civilization would either go to smash or there would be a new dispensation of society. Government ownership—the Socialism of itself—could be forced in a thirty day strike. These are not fancies. Merely statements of fact.
THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

I

N spite of the title, you will be unable to discover the devil in the picture which dignifies this page.

But he is there, nevertheless. He is sitting invisible on one of the high peaks, and his iron grin reflects the irony of the entire situation. He saw all of the little drama enacted, and he is chuckling in the humourous demureness of a capitalist society strip the youth to the waist, take away his tools and his earnings. He saw it blindfold him and lead him back to man and safety. And now the young man wakes, tears off the bandage and opens his eyes. He sees before him the deep and illimitable sea—behind him, barren, unscalable rocks. No wonder the devil, whose sense of humor is proverbial, finds it laughable.

The parable (or allegory if you will) owes its prime significance to the fact that the position of the young man in the picture is very much that of the laborer in modern life. "This," thinks the worker—thousands of him in fact—is my problem; I am given my choice of the deep sea or the devil. Drowning is unthinkable; I will not accept the former alternative, so I must go to the latter." And he frequently does. But not without an effect on the millions who have watched his struggles. And the flame of revolt swells and leaps like a sputtering match that grows into a forest fire. Conscious or unconsciously, we minister to the blaze till it grows too great for us, and we are swept along with it to kindle the world. It fastens on our art, on our literature; it feeds on the thought of our times. Or, rather, it is fed by it.

And Socialism, in all its multiform phases, is the very soul and center of this spirit of revolt. It is not so much a cause as it is a result. What does it matter that there are opposing tactics and dissimilar opinions? The methods of winning a battle are not all-important. The field of conflict is plain to all of us—but we plan our attack from the particular view we happen to get of it. It is where we are standing that determines our standpoint; our philosophy is born of our desires and intentions; we worship it as fervent idolaters because we have made it our image.

To put it briefly, each Socialist sees Socialism (as each man sees the world) from his own particular angle. And it is, after all, the surest sign of success, for, though Socialism has countless angles, they all come to a common point. From his angle, the Christian Socialist is infallible; from his mental corner the extreme "direct actionist" is incontestably correct; the wild truth of it is that they are all both right and wrong. But the wilder truth is that it does not matter how right or how wrong they are. As long as they are ready, as they have always proven to be in the past, to support the working class in any action they may choose to take. The working class does not plan to act. It acts only when it has to. Only upon the decree of bodily need. Therefore, they are always right, never wrong. That is, they never swim on ice or skate on water. Some of the working class may skate or swim better than others. That depends largely upon their preparatory education. To prepare the workers for action is the function of the Socialists. The thing that is perfect is not for human creatures, and Socialists are as full of human mistakes as the world is. Socialists and Socialism must grow up with men, must live their lives with them—dare not become a cold abstraction like a perfunctory religion. It is this human quality, this power to err, that will keep Socialism from decay. Its strength lies in its power to assimilate, to cast off, to grow, learn, adapt—in short, to be the living deed rather than the outworn creed of a people. It is a logical outgrowth which is beyond reason or argument. It is here, just as humanity (that eternal paradox of right and wrong) is here—it cannot be explained away by its contradictions or its derivatives. It is its own reason for being.

But reasons (if reasons are wanted) for being a Socialist are easy enough to find; the hard thing to find is a man, not for being one. Let us take two extreme instances, two types who see life from naturally opposite angles. A worker, one of the nameless millions, was trudging up Fifty-ninth street towards Columbus avenue. It was late in the afternoon, and the crowds from the brilliant promenade of Fifth avenue were pouring into the Plaza Hotel. Motors, hundreds of them, emptied their occupants into this immense splendid luxury. The man stopped—fact-
IT IS I HAVE CALLED THE SOCIALISTS INTO BEING

I HAVE seen—word of The Eternal unto this people—I have seen my name tagged to the religion of those who are alive, those who, talling not, live deliciously on the toil of others. But I am not with that religion.

I have seen silk hats parade the avenue, on their way to sanctuaries erected for my glorifying. But I am not with the silk hats.

I have seen motor cars—sumptuous cars—whirling fair and soft占领 my temple gates, gates of the house of prayer. But I am not with sumptuous motor cars.

I have seen the coachman left at the church door, and gilded ones enter through bronze portals seeking me. I entered not with them, but companied the coachman without.

I have seen the housemaid bedack madam in lace, in jewels, in all finery, to adorn a pew in the house called by my name. The house-servant was unarayed to the end that madam might be overarrayed. But on that morning, my abiding place was in the heart of the maid, and far from the heart of her mistress.

I have heard people in the audience in pews of costly wood, from a pulpist of brass, from an altar of ivory. The prayer reached those unto whom it was directed.

I, the Holy One alight the meridian, have looked down upon moockeries held in my name by hearts hardened to flint through the fumes of many generations. And I have become weary of it all with a great weariness.

THEREFORE I have raised up my Socialists to body me forth to the world in my true lineaments, and to bring moockeries to a perpetually end.

But I am with the toilers at the bottom. I am not with the leisurists at the top. They who live on the backs of others have no portion in me, though they must multitudinous prayers, though they lift hands all the day long in prayer. That is the high message wherewith I am charging the comrade host.

Socialists are hated of the world. But they are not hated of me. They stand for revolution. Wherefore the powers and privilege of this present age abhor them.

But I give it to be known, it is I have incited them to revolution; I, the Holy Inhabiter of eternity. A world that is wronged up as much as thee, may turn upside down. To turn and overturn, is my mandate upon them.

They speak words of fire. From me came those words, I the Fire that burns at the heart of history.

Their eyes shoot forth strange light. Lookers on, I am saying, must see the meek and meekly shone light! And they explain truly, 'Tis an unobtrusively light. For 'twas I kindled it, and I do beacon it forth through their eyelashes as through a window.

The spealings of this comrade folk have a curious warmth, a warmth wanting to the speeches of worldlings. Whence came it? I will tell. From me it came, I the centric heat upon which as a thin crust your human world imposes. Into that crust I break an aperture, and up through the crater I belch a flame—passions molten and flowing.

My Socialists are busy. So that the world makes marvel at them; whence this tirelessness? What the power that propels their propaganda without weariness, without rest? What Daemnon urges their feet so swiftly, so that they turn night into day, broadcasting all manner of leaflets, and their voice is everywhere heard?

I will answer you, O worldling. I am the drive, the tirelessness within them. I am the Daemon of their doings. I am the thing that in the poets' tropes they use.

The forces welling in them so plentifully press forth from me who am the fount of forces.

OW came the Socialists into being? is the query of the many. In a maze because of the folk lightening, they essay to search out its birth and genesis.

And the answers they give are wonderful: This folk upheaval—say some—was engendered by such a man as, who lived and died, and whose teaching was thus and so. But—I ask you—how came those teachings to him?

Say others: This folk upheaval is because of destinies—sweeping, powerful, swift—that drives them. But—I ask you—how comes it then that Socialism is not recruited from the bread-likes? Of all the multitude that have been comrade host, the destinie are the least promissory.

And a third propounds explanation: This folk-yeastiness is the work of crafty leaders befouling the simple for selfish ends.

So? Then do you, O true-hearted magnates, go straightway to those simple-minded and in turn be- guit them back to quietness? Twill be easy, for-sooth, seeing that they are sheep hearkening to any shepherd who betrogues them. And you have not much time left to lose.

ATTEND. I will give the answer.

Socialism is of my working—I the Stir-rer-up, the pledged witness of dormancy and stagnation.

Big is Socialism, and must have had a big Causer. When a stair is raised in the wide world, unregarding the parti-tions between tribes and languages and nations that this rumbles more and more and refuses to be allayed, then know with sureness that I am at work, I who stir up the stagnancy, and no one shall dormant it again; I who exude an awedness and no one shall disannul it.

The upheaval of your timbre is My hand that is stirring it. From highest heaven I beheld, and saw humanity in a way of death—a numbness creeping through the members and a torso lingering the heart. High-spirituedness was at an end, the aptitude to die for noble causes. Custom was all, a deity and an idol whom no one dared withstand. The world was pure, the world was pure, was the whole motor of all the doings of earth.

Then I summoned myself from the four parts of the heaven. As a ray bears its wide-sweeping energies into the heart, so I, Lord of spirits, I gave command to my messengers, and sped them to my bidding. The sun of morning rays forth a persistent awakening.

When the common day is in the morning, I went forth a pulse-quickening work in the sleepy haunts of earth.

The soul of the social mass has deep corridors. Through them I found a passage way for my feet. To the hidden man of the heart I whispered, I knocked at the closed doors of the heart.

No eye detected my presence in those corridors below the threshold of man's understanding. I sped, and no ear of flesh caught the sound of my goings. For I, The Eternal, proceed not as man proceeds, neither walk I as man walks. To man, the things of the world without. But to me is opened an approach to the inward parts, those tunnels of the social soul upon which men's interior selves abut and whence proceeds the light of all their seeing.

In and out amongst those passages and pathways within, I traversed. And I knocked at the doors as I proceeded.

Some denied to open—the sleepers within were past arousing. But here and there a door swung wide, a door with hinges unwarred, seeing that the tenant thereof was waiting to this inwardness and exit. To them of deliberate hue my footsteps sounded as the tramp of cohorts, and they gave me wide admittance.

Then I awakened. I called them forth, that they should no longer serve sleep Custom, but should serve me.

Then I knelt them together—these aroused ones. I made them into comrades of me, and therefore con-

rades one to another. I broke down all barriers be-tween them, barriers of birth, barriers of race, barriers of speech, barriers of nation, barriers of age and sex and occupation. I welded them into a world of broth-

erhood.

I needed for them a name. And this was the name I bit upon: Socialism. But I am not to proclaim the sacredness of the social, fusing back into solidarity a race that had granulated into particles.

UPON this comrade host I put a mark, whereby all should know them. The mark was, wide-awareness.

My Socialists are scattered far. They are in the old world, and in the new. North of the equa-

tor, and south. In the islands of Africa, and broad-

cast upon the five continents. In Russian steppes you shall find them, by lochs of Scotland and amid the crags of Persia; home in the city's roar and the contemplative countryside. In color, motley. A polyzoot array. Multitudinous as the pollin of a cornfield.

In all things else they vary. But in one thing they vary not. They are wide-awake. That is why they are mine, and I am theirs. This the trade-mark I stamp on all the work of my hands. By it you shall know of my presence or absence in the soul.

Peer into the eyes of the passers-by in the street. In which you see, if you do dis-

cern a quickened spirit, know that there is a Socialist, or on this way. For I am here within, I the Adversary of all sluggishness, I who am building the future out of the past and adventures of all the earth.

WILL some one say, If Socialists are the work of my hands, it is a botched workmanship, for this com-
rade host is spotted with imperfections?

But attend. I am but at the work's beginning. Will you judge a piece of handicraft while it is yet unshaped?

I have had apprenticeship in the carpenter's craft. I know the kind of wood that is fitted to structural uses. And this host of the world's wide-wakes—I can build with them. For the grain in it is there in the solidity and soundness. Of more worth in mine eyes is a scraggy beam, sap-filled and with the bark on, than sleek and painted dryrot. Give me theAMPED with time with a carpenter's kit I can make something.

I am consummational with Socialists, because it is of me I can build the future. They are my people. Great are their faults, but they have a great Deliverer. With the rod of tenderness I will shepherd them, and will make them to all mankind a benediction.

HEAR then the word, the word of the Lord of the heavens! I am Socialism's founder and fab-

ricator. It is there I have established my dwelling place.

Seek me among silk cushions, and you shall not find me. Seek me in drawing rooms where emmis smirks and chatter, you seek in vain. Seek me in the council chamber where grandees divide dividends which they earned not, and though you search never so narrowly, you shall search vainly.

For I am not at home in the palaces of ease. I am a worker and the lord of workers. By toll has the world been built, and by toll alone shall it be con-

tinued.

They who labor not, either with mind or with muscle—let them be cast into outer contempt. But the build-
ers, they who toil, by brain power or by brawn power—these are of me, heart of my heart, tissue of my tissues, very God of very goodness. Men of the earth.

Seek me at the social top, and you shall not find me. Seek me among the mudsilf folk, and you shall find me. More than all above, I am exalted joyous labor is savorsome to my nostrils. Amidst the workshop's clutter and grime I am with my familiar: Factory wheels make a pleasing sound to mine ear. I like the

(Carried on page 14.)
on seeing the crowd enlarge and fill up the flagging, he became conscious of his powerlessness. How could he shed those buildings which were up on all sides? He should scarcely be able to get twenty of his workmen around him. He was lost.

"What do you want?" he repeated, filled with rage, but making an effort to accept this disaster.

Low groans came from the crowd. Then Etienne spoke out, saying:

"Monsieur, we do not come to hurt you, but the work in the mine must be stopped at once."

To this Denuenil boldly replied: "My men are at the bottom, and before they come up you will have to kill me."

This rough speech raised a clamor. Mahue was forced to hold Laqueve, who became violent, and Etienne still talked on, trying to convince Denuenil that their action was right. But the owner replied that to go on working was the only thing to do. However, he refused to discuss this "foulness." He wished to be master of his own works. His only remorse was that he had not forty gentlemen to eject the mob.

"It is my own fault. I merit all that happens to me. With fellows like you nothing but force will answer," he declared.

Etienne trembled, but controlled himself. He lowered his voice.

"I beg you, Monsieur, to give the order for your workmen to come up. I cannot restrain these comrades. They have saved you a whole lot of trouble by calling up those who are still in the mine."

"Mind your own business," replied Denuenil. "I don't know you. You don't belong to my mine. What right has an agitator like you to call a strike here? You are only a robber, seurting the country to steal."

Denuenil's voice was drowned by the noise. The women especially insulted him. He continued to be obstinate, feeling a relief in thus abasing the crowd, and emptying his heart of authority. It was the ruin of everything, and he was not afraid to speak out. But their numbers were still increasing. Nearly five hundred people were already on the spot, and he was going to beat his way through them when his superintendent roughly pulled him back, saying:

"Oh, Monsieur! this will be slaughter. What use is it to kill men for nothing?"

He struggled; he protested in a last cry thrown at the mob:

"You set of thieves! We will repay you for this some day!"

Then they led him away. In the shoving of the crowd those in front were thrown violently against the staircase, of which the hand-rail was broken. It was the women who were pushing, and exciting the men. The door gave way at once. It was without lock, being simply shut with a latch. But the staircase was too narrow; the crowd could not have been able to enter for a long time if the last of the besiegers had not thought of entering by the other opening. Then they spread out over all parts, in the waiting-room, in the screening-shed and in the engine-room. In less than five minutes the entire mine was theirs; they filled every floor, while, with furious gestures and cries, they were utterly carried away with the victory over the owner who resisted them.

Mahue, becoming frightened, was one of the first to rush up to Etienne, saying:

"They must not kill him!"

The latter had already run forward, but when he found that M. Denuenil had shut himself up in the superintendent's room, he answered:

"After all, would it be our fault? Such madness!"

Nevertheless, he was filled with meanness; still too calm to yield himself to the rage of the others. He also suffered in his pride in seeing the crowd escaping from his authority, becoming enraged at the cold execration. He had not foreseen. In vain he shouted, telling them to be calm, crying that their useless destruction was wrong.

"The boilers!" screamed old Brule. "Put out the fires!"

Laqueve, who had found a file, shoked it like a sword, ruling the tumult by a continued cry:

"Let's cut the cables! Let's cut the cables! Everyone has repeated it. Old Etienne and Mahue continued to protest, overwhelmed, speaking in the uproar without obtaining silence.

At length the first was able to make himself heard.

"But the men at the bottom are workers!"

The noise increased. Voices cried from all parts:

"No matter! They had no business to go down! It will serve them right! They can stay there! And besides there are the ladders!"

At the thought of the ladders they became all the more wild. And Etienne saw he must yield. In the fear of a greater disaster he hastily went toward the engine, wishing to at least bring up the cages, so that when the cables were cut they would not fall down the shaft on those below. The engineer had disappeared, also some other workmen employed at the top; and he was forced to take possession, running the engine as Levaque and two others were clambering up the carpenter work which supported the drums. The cages were scarcely fastened upon their bolts when they heard the squeaking noise of the file sawing the steel. There was a great silence. The sound seemed to fill the entire mine. All raised their heads, watching, listening, seized with emotion. As the sound was first heard Mahue felt a fierce joy as if the teeth of the file were delivering them from unhappiness by destroying the cable of one of those holes of misery into which they would descend no more.

But old Brule disappeared by the waiting room stairway, still yelling:

"We must put out the fires! To the boiler room!"

A number of women followed her. La Mahen hastened after them. She saw that what was right, without destroying everything in other people's buildings. When she entered the boiler-room, the women had already driven away the two firemen, and Brule, armed with a long shoved, was squatted before one of the fires and was violently emptying it, throwing the coal out upon the bricks, where it still continued to burn with a thick, black smoke. In this manner the women went to each one of the ten fires. Le Vaque worked her shovel with both hands, Moquette tucked up her clothes so as not to get on fire; they
were all blood-red from the reflection of the fire, perspiring and with disordered hair. The heap of coal grew into a high pile, while the terrible heat scorched the ceiling of the vast place.

"This is enough!" cried La Mabon. "The room is on fire."

"I'm very glad of it," replied old Brule. "I'll be some good work done. I said I'd make them pay dear for the death of my man."

At that moment they heard the shrill voice of Jean-lin, which came from above the bodies:

"Hold out! I'll put this one out."

One of the first to enter, he had run among the crowd, delighted with the light, seeking what harm he could do; and the thought came to him to let off the steam. The streams ascended with the violence of flames of fire, the fire boilers were emptied as quick as lightning, hissing in such a terrible manner that their ears nearly split. Everything disappeared in that steam, the red-hot coal became white, the women were no longer more than shadows. The child appeared in the gallery alone, behind the mass of white foam. With a delighted air he contemplated his work, grinning with joy to have thus turned loose a hurricane.

This lasted nearly a quarter of an hour. Some of the less excited comrades threw buckets of water on the smoldering coals, so all fears of fire would be removed. But the rage of the crowd did not diminish. Men came down with hammers, after the cables were cut; the women had armed themselves with bars of iron, and they spoke of burning the generators, breaking the engines and demolishing the mine.

Etienne ran around with Mabon. He began to feel himself carried away with a hot fever of revenge. But he still fought against it, conjuring them to act calmly. Now that the cables were cut, the fires out, the boilers empty, work became impossible. But they would not listen to him; they were going to look for something else to destroy.

Suddenly the mob began to shout:

"Down with the traitors!... Oh! the dirty cowards! Down with them! down with them."

It was the beginning of the workmen's exit from the bottom. The first, dazzled by the bright light, afraid of falling in the midst of the howling mob, remained where they were with quivering eyelashes.

Then they ran off, seized with fright, trying to reach the road and fly.

"Down with the cowards! down with the false brothers!"

All the strikers had run forward. In less than two minutes not a man remained in the buildings. The five hundred from Montson ranged themselves in two lines, to force the men of Van Dame to pass between them. And as each new miner appeared at the opening with his clothing wet and stained with the black mud of his work, the howling increased. Then they saw Cheval standing before them.

"Great God! is this the meeting you called us to?"

And they tried to throw themselves on the traitor. What! only the day before he had sworn to be one of them, and now they had found him at the bottom in company with the traitors. This was how he made fun of the people.

"Bring him out! bring him out!"

Cheval, pale with fright, tried to explain himself, but Etienne interrupted him. He was now aroused by the fury of the mob.

"You wanted to be one of us, and so you shall be.

Come on out, rascal."

They dragged Cheval on, forcing him to run among the others.

In a few minutes Jean-Bart was empty. Jean-lin, who had found a call-horn, was blowing on it as if he was calling the cows. The women Brule, La Legarde, and Mouquette ran off together. Other comrades were still arriving. There were almost a thousand now, without order, without chief, running on the road like an overflowing stream. The way out was too narrow. The door was closed.

At that moment Madame Hennebeau and the young ladies were exactly two kilometers from the first houses, below the meeting of the highway and the road to Vandame. The day at Marchiennes had passed gaily; a pleasant breakfast at the house of the director of Les Forges; then an interesting visit to the workshops and to the glass works in the vicinity to fill up the afternoon; and as they were returning, at least in the clear evening light of a fine winter's day, they had taken a fancy to drink a cup of milk when passing near a little farm skirting the road. All then got out of the landau, while the peasant woman, bewildered by this gay company, rushed in saying she would spread a table-cloth before waiting on them. But Lucie and Jeanne wished to see the milking; they even went to the stable with their cups, laughing much at the litter in which they found themselves.

"Oh! what a place!"

They sat down on the edge of the road, had a large door for the cart, for it served them at the same time as a barn for hay.

Already the young girls, stretching out their hands, were worms, and they were broken down. Outside in the strong air the cries seemed still louder.

Suddenly the mob began to shout:

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"What is that?"

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MATERIALISM OF THE GERMAN WORKING-CLASS

By Our EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

Of late years it has become customary, even in the circles of the bourgeois reformers, to deplore the deterioration of idealism and the insignificance of materialism in the modern working-class movement of Germany. The faultfinders, whose idealist sentiments are exalted, beyond a doubt, have for decades shed crocodile tears over the greediness of the masses, whose whole striving is of a crass, material nature. They claim that the bad example set by workers who have caused idealism to perish. In the "Frankfurter Zeitung," two weeks ago, according to his own words, a friend of the proletarian movement, expressed in a warning voice strong condemnation of the change in the modern working-class movement. He wrote:

"Formerly the Social Democratic movement deserved much praise for its close adherence to the ideal in the ranks of the manual laborers. In the last years, however, the ruling spirit of the labor movement has been shaped itself in an ever narrowing circle of prejudices and weaknesses; dogmatic fanaticism and trade union materialism struggle all in the annual materialistic and artistic culture, partly because of the same undervaluation of such culture, partly because of the mis-usage of political power for materialistic ends. The Social Democracy changes from a party dealing with a philosophy of human society into a trade union party, the more complete the withdrawal of the educated elements.

Two reproaches are here cast at the modern working-class movement: the Social Democracy is reproached with having become a mere trade union movement, with the social democratic movement being reproached with developing a commercial materialism and changing the scientific philosophy of human society into a trade union party, for which reason, it is said, the educated elements are turning their backs upon us more and more. These reproaches are certainly a serious charge, and if they were true would bode ill for the future success of the German working-class. It is true that the union spirit gains more and more ground in modern German Socialism, and that its influence on the strength and political activity of the party becomes ever stronger. As to the withdrawal of the intellectual elements from the movement, this is due to the fact that the proletariat is to-day in a position to give even the leaders theoretical and practical pointers, and therefore becomes ever more able to do without the element called intellectual. This change, which is the result of the influence of organization, is the most joyful fact of the present. But the assertion that the practical work they perform in pursuance of the Socialist spirit is a low one, finds in the need of food, clothing and shelter, but also with the highest needs of humanity. This change in the comprehension of the purpose of Socialism is explained in the change of economic and social standards. The spirit of materialism appeared upon the scene in Germany the contrast between capital and labor has been ever wider. By the introduction of labor-saving machinery and the improvement of invention and production, capitalism has increased productivity of labor enormously. Into the laps of favorites of fortune it threw colossal wealth, while the workers, the step-children of fate, were left in dire distress, and the outcry against the endless wealth and endless poverty, this class difference between luxurious capitalists and starving workers, was so extreme as to be apparent to the most short-sighted. The agitation against such a wreckage of human life at first found expression in revolts and uprisings, but soon it took the form of determined and lasting agitation and organization and gradually it became a political movement that sought and won the workers' support. The pioneers of the modern labor movement felt instinctively that, above all, a material betterment of the life of the workers was necessary, and that it would therefore take long and hard work to solve that problem. They pursued actual, practical work, thus to plow the ground for the seed of Socialism. As practical politicians, they made their national and municipal demands, and they understood how to win concessions from the capitalist state. As practical trade unionists, they strove to change the conditions under which the workers labored. They obtained higher wages and better working conditions, they fought for equal rights for the worker on the job, and on the streets. As co-operatives, they attempted to shield the worker as much as possible from the middle man and the capitalist market.

This was the materialism that appeared so worthless to the bourgeois idealists. The spirit of practical immediate work that thus penetrated into Socialism in no way begot a materialist sentiment or strangled intellectual understanding and art. On the contrary, it prepared the way for a more widespread education. The material well-being of any class is the preliminary of any probable intellectual development. As long as a group of humans are deep in poverty, fighting an uncertain battle for a bare existence, science and education have no interest for them. Only when men have escaped from severe poverty does an interest in science and art awaken. The fight against the faddish vogue, as this struggle was called, was necessary, to enable the workers to reach the educational struggle.

Even to-day the most important part of the workers' struggle in Germany for emancipation is centered upon their material needs, because their condition still leaves so much to be desired. Beyond those material needs, the organized proletariat is fighting for political, legal, social equality, and for the treasures that Nature has in store for all mankind. And yet, perhaps, the struggle has not been without its results, for the intellectual, moral and artistic level of the masses has risen very noticeably under the influence of industrial organization.

This general uplift of the proletariat through trade union agitation and organization is so plainly visible that none can overlook it. All observers of the life of the workers are aware of this fact and regard it with wonder. The well-known Socialist, Professor Herkenrath, expresses the opinion that nothing in the world has been done so much to make the workers independent, conscious beings as the modern union movement. It is a great deal that this man claims in one sentence. All that church and school, state and city have done for the worker is of little consequence when compared with the educational force of the union movement.

A German Church paper has spoken thus:

For more than three decades the Social Democratic movement has been a brilliant triumphant march. Undeniably the union movement has stripped all other large organizations. And so the unions are the most important factor of the worker's life. Viewed from without, they are

(Concluded on page 19.)
The Education of
"Little Innocence"

By ALANSON HARTPENCE

Of course, Giuseppe was born very much in the way of the rest of us, and not like the rest of us if he had not the time nor inclination to object. But after it had all come about he commenced sniffing his desires in a cracked grotto to an unfeeling world.

When his father came home that night he picked him off the bed, saying, "You little devil," as he held him up for examination, "Little Innocence," his mother corrected in Italian, looking with Madonna eyes at the child. "Little devil," his father insisted, as Giuseppe fastened his fangs with prehistoric readiness in his father's glossy locks.

Havin' been born, it was expected of Giuseppe to grow up. Luck was with him at the start, for he drank as nature intended, and thereby escaped the dirty milk cans of the tenement and so saved the State its first endeavor to help him in life.

Once cured of the drink habit, Giuseppe was let loose on the floor to acquire a shunning step and a loud yell that made the tenement rooms a bit of a racket. So now he began to take notice of the things around him.

His father sold lemons for a living and came home at about nine o'clock at night, leaving early in the morning to make his rounds again. Giuseppe liked his father very much, for he had a pleasant little way of punching him on the chest, smiling, and saying, "Me fight you, me fight you," until Giuseppe was tumbled over by the blows. Tiring of this, his father would hoist him on his back, make strong the body of the great creature, and put him into the room.

In a few days things looked quite cheerful in the apartment, for the landlord had painted and papered the place from floor to ceiling. Giuseppe's mother went back to work in the factory until the slack season came, and then she was laid off owing to the fact that she had been the last to be employed. It was quite fair.

It was not long before the wolf and the landlord came sniffing at their door. The little family was in need and there was cold and hunger for a few days, which is not pleasant to the already underfed, but which was taken as a part of life by the little community.

At last Giuseppe's uncle was appealed to. He was fat and worked in a baker shop not far away. Giuseppe always remembered him by the nice smell of bay rum that he exhaled.

He came and smiled and paid the back rent, and came again bringing a little box for Giuseppe's first venture into the business world. It was a shoe blacking outfit and Giuseppe was instructed in the art at once.

"Pepe, come here," his uncle said, giving the boy a slap on the back. "You know how to shine shoes?"

Giuseppe grinned and shook his head, but the sparkle of his black eyes showed his interest in the matter.

His uncle placed the box on the floor before him and put his foot on the little iron rest. Shortly Giuseppe was on his knees shining away for dear life. There must have been some racial instinct that came to Giuseppe's aid, for it was not long before the little son of the sunny land could shine as they all can shine. His uncle gave him three cents when he had finished and a clap on the back. It was the first time that Giuseppe had ever had a cent without immediately descending to the candy store. Perhaps it was a great amount of wealth to the nine-year-old.

Giuseppe's father liked best his seat by the window, for he could look across the street at the workers in the factory opposite. Giuseppe's mother worked in the factory now, and with the returning fall season his mother was taken on at the factory again and the Giuseppe family flourished.

One day as Giuseppe was going his round of the parks a man approached him and asked him his name. Giuseppe eyed him suspiciously. "None of your business," he said. Then the stranger asked him if he went to school. "None of your business," Giuseppe repeated. "Well, you had better come along with me," the man said, taking Giuseppe by the arm, concluding that there could be no information obtained from the boy.

Giuseppe resisted, pulling away violently and hitting the stranger a whisk in the shin with his blacking box. The stranger's eyes grew round and he muttered "Damn you!" under his breath. Giuseppe retaliated with a few choice curse words of his own collection as the man pulled him along. Seeing resistance useless, he finally gave in, thinking himself under arrest and saying, "Oh, mister, what are you?" The stranger would give him no satisfaction, however, and the boy began to feel downcast. It was not long before they entered a building and went up in the elevator. Giuseppe was put into a room full of boys with the information that when he was ready to tell his name he might go home. This consideration did not worry him, as he was interested in the other boys, and it was not until the room commenced to thin out that he thought of the matter. Finally there was no one left to divert his thoughts. He perched himself on a bench in front of a window that faced the street. It was late afternoon now and the street below had grown silent. Across the way the windows of the office building reflected the rays of the setting sun. It seemed so melancholy that Giuseppe thought for a moment of his troubles and then of his mother.

She was home in the kitchen now, cooking supper. He could see the room just as it was, with the blessed Saint Mary's picture over the bureau. Giuseppe was weeping when the stranger came in and again asked him his name, which the boy now told him, with his address, which had been carelessly drilled into him in case of his being lost.

So Giuseppe was allowed to go, which he did very quickly, only stopping to spit in the hall of the institution when once he saw the freedom of the streets before him.

Two days later there was a raid on the Giuseppe household. The state was making its third attempt to help the family of Giuseppe. At nine o'clock in the morning the truant officer came. Giuseppe's mother was frightened when a knock came at the door, acting from instructions, each little Giuseppe was still as a mouse, eyeing one the other with round black eyes. The officer tried to gain information at the flat next door. The door was slammed in his face. He came back at noon and the scene was repeated. When Giuseppe's mother came home at six o'clock the officer happened in again. There was a commotion, and hard things were said in Italian. But it all ended a few days later by the children being marched off to school to be educated.

Giuseppe's teacher was a blonde with a turned up nose. Giuseppe had his national distrust of blondes. Still there was that about her called "class" that Giuseppe had already learned to fear. So he fell in line and took to his R's with the ease of a versatile nation. The state, through the blonde, allowed him the privilege of bringing his blacking box to school with him, so he could be off to work as soon as released. There were two forces now forming him, education and business. The wealthy quarter was more and more a force in his life. He saw the world pass by as so many coin collectors. All day he stood blacking shoes, all day. When he finished the shoes of a stranger it was always of money they talked, and many would ask him
if some day he expected to be rich. Nickels, dimes, quarters, nickels were the quintessence of wisdom, these were the measure of one's soul. As the months and years went by Giuseppe was educated in the accumulation of wealth in a manner one. His school education was an easy task in comparison. No one ever spoke to him of kindness or sympathy.

Street fights, the growing hatred of the restraint of school brought him to his fourteenth year. He now felt himself grown up and resolved to quit the place of education. The teacher noticing his wildness gave him a talking to.

"What do you expect to do in life?" she finally asked.

"Buy a shine stand and make a lot of money," Giuseppe answered.

"But you can't make much money at that," her teacher argued. "If you stay in school you can get a better position when you are older."

"What can I do?" asked Giuseppe doubtfully.

The teacher was puzzled. "Stenography," she ventured.

"How much I make?" Giuseppe asked.

"Maybe twenty dollars a week." It seemed incredible to Giuseppe.

That afternoon he told one of his customers that he was going to study stenography and make a lot of money and have swell clothes like the customer himself.

"Go to it, kid," remarked the customer. And so it appeared that stenography was the only thing Giuseppe knew about of a person's practical education, and this in itself was impractical. Had there been some system that would have made him an honest bookbinder, it might have been better.

In the street Giuseppe had already picked up a knowledge of women. Such a knowledge of woman, and such a knowledge of a beautiful fact as was given him was enough to destroy his boyish heart as it has done in the case of most of us. He was quickly educated to the dweer and whispered smuts of the streets. All the truth that should have flooded in on his life gave way to this hideous distortion. He tried to adjust this view of women to the rest he had been living for the end came to discover that the dweer was the truth.

There was a doubt if it could ever last off the improprieties above.

Stenography was a failure. Italian English does not lend itself readily to that science. Then Giuseppe forgot the shine box, took to long trousers and got a job in a quick lunch room. Now he learned what it meant to be well dressed. He discovered that half the well dressed people in New York had on an average a dollar apiece in their pockets. Giuseppe possessing the dollar as a cushion to mount in the social scale by possessing the clothes.

It was not long before he had gained the reputation of being a swell dresser. He served him well in his home district, for it attracted the attention of a local politician.

The politician was the best natured man in the world. Seeing in Giuseppe a useful man in the district, he instructed him in the elements of ward politics. Giuseppe, who was now about twenty years of age, became the room, a local organization and a rough and a natural aggressiveness served him well. He learned to regard the police as so many lamp tendering detectives. Ten dollar bills came his way more often, and before he had cast his first vote he knew the game of crooked politics.

A WEEK before election he was twenty-one years old. The boss kept him at work early and late that week. He had quit his job at the lunch room in the prospects of future. Roman candles, colored lights, bands and wads of bills flashing behind one's back entered the election campaign. All through election day Giuseppe hung out with one of the boss's lieutenants. It had not taken him long to scratch the cross beneath the familiar emblem.

In the district there lived in the district a quiet little man who looked much like the mad hatter in "Alice in Wonderland." The boss's lieutenant knew that he had gone off to the country for the day without bothering to cast his vote for the opposition. At ten minutes after six the lieutenant sent Giuseppe in to vote in the man's name. His vote was challenged by a member of the election board. Giuseppe found himself voting under protest. As he came out of the booth he noticed a man pointing him out to an officer. The door of the place where he voted was wrenched off its hinges and cursing the man, bolted for it, but they caught him before he had gone a block.

Three weeks later his case came up in the General Session, the presentation given, which in all probability will appear again in substantially the same form at the coming convention.

The framers of the majority report were to some extent disappointed by the evasion of the point presented by them for discussion, but perhaps on the whole what they desired could not be reasonably expected. After all, the resolutions of declamatory phrases by Marx or Engels or other Socialist thinkers are of course worthy of consideration—if those opinions really tell against the proposition, which is doubtful, to say the least—in the last analysis they are not decisive. The phase of the immigration question presented by the majority report is not an international but rather a national one, and must be finally settled by American opinion and with particular reference to American conditions. With the possible exception of Australia there is no other considerable country on earth in which it is not so presented itself as a question of fact and of respect, and we may remark that in Australia the problem of labor is unalterably opposed to the influx of Asiatic immigration.

It may be said that these races are tolerably easy of assimilation with the labor and Socialist movement; if it can be reasonably demonstrated that the new mass of the class to utilize them against American labor as to partially transform the class struggle into a race struggle; if, in short, any reasonable effort is made toward that result. The premises of the majority report as regards the psychological and economic plane of these races are unfounded and the conclusions drawn therefrom as to be a non sequitur, then naturally the report will be rejected and in such rejection the framers will concur. But this aspect of the question, on which the framers who emphasize it have expended so much labor and thought, must be directly dealt with and considered fully in every phase, which it certainly was not at the time of its initial presentation.
HISTORICAL accounts of the progress of co-operative enterprises, based chiefly upon the monthly or yearly balances of the books, are many. Such accounts are useful. Much may be learned from careful study of these figures. But infinitely more useful it is to understand, gauge and measure the various forces that produced these results.

With data kindly supplied by J. M. Jyżywyk, President of the Volharding, a co-operative concern in The Hague, Holland, I will try to tell the story of the psychological forces which made the Volharding. If I fail, it surely will not be for lack of data. Only an extremely successful enterprise like the Volharding can afford to reveal the numerous weak spots from which it has suffered in the past.

The accompanying pictures, with the facts and figures appended, tell in a most direct manner the story of the Volharding’s material success. But they do not reveal the fact that it was built like the old temple of Israel—with a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other. Not a single mark is now left by the disagreeable disease known as excessive democracy. But the disease was there just the same, in its various forms. When in the earlier period of the Volharding a member surpassed in some respect he was at once deplored by the mob with a “Down with him! Down with him!” The slogan of the mob was: “If there is one among us who excels, let him go elsewhere to excel.”

The Volharding was founded by a group of Socialist students of economics. A course in state economy started in 1879 by E. Donela Niewenhuis was what suggested the organization of the Volharding. At one of these meetings the students were told of the wonderful progress of the co-operative bakery in Ghent, Belgium. A meeting of the working-men of the Hague was called. The working-men enthusiastically accepted the idea of co-operation. A subscription list was started and there. At the first meeting 83 families opened their little bakery in the Paulus Potterstraat, shown in the center picture above. From the first and for years the organization was in a continual turmoil and fist fights at meetings were not exceptional.

The Volharding did not then as now have for its motto “In things essential, unity; in things doubtful, liberty; in things, charity.” It took thirty years of good hard persistent scrapping to lead to that motto.

During the 80’s there was a strong anarchistic element in the Socialist party in Holland. A number of these anarchistic or so-called “Free” Socialists were members of the Volharding, and in 1880 they succeeded in getting into control, notwithstanding the combined opposition of the real Socialists, of those who were politically anti-Socialist, and of the broader element which objected to any political control because it turned a mass movement into a wing of a political party.

Shortly after that the reactionaries left the Volharding and organized a separate co-operative called “The Hope.” The first clause in their constitution said that neither Socialist nor Anarchist should be admitted into the organization. By the way, these reactionaries called themselves “neutrals.”

The special lesson to be learned from the struggles and success of the Volharding is that no working class movement can live permanently and carry on a confrontational struggle unless it is driven by two diverse forces acting toward the same end. The mass must be
THE AGITATORS

AST and most persistent of the three Anti-Socialist Agitators is Old Man Dread. This untiring propagandist is so ubiquitous that he spends a little of each day with every working man and woman on earth. He sits down at the table with some and with others he parades leering at the foot of the bed. He breaks into the conversation of lovers and interrupts the prayers of fathers. There is no sanctuary too strong to keep him out. There is no moment so sacred that he will respect it. And this is what he says as he struggles up close to you, and lays his chin over your shoulder.

"Here I am. You all know me. I'm Old Man Dread. Yes, I know you've got a job to-day, but how about to-morrow, eh? Or how about next week, or next month? This streak of prosperity can't last. There's bound to be a panic pretty soon and what then?"

"And suppose there isn't a panic? What'll you do if you get a boss to-morrow that doesn't like your looks? Did you ever stop to think of that?"

"Suppose your hand gets caught in the machine to-morrow—what then?"

"Anyhow, suppose none of this does happen, what about that girl of yours? She wants pretty things and you can't afford to get them for her. Ever think of that?"

"And that boy of yours? He's at an age when he ought to be at school taking his fun on the football field. Instead he's spending his nights with a cheap gang at the corner. How about it, anyhow? Doesn't it make you shiver to think of the sort of man he may turn into?"

"Now I'm Old Man Dread. I keep you interested—don't I? No matter what you're doing you're always willing to hear me talk. All right, then. Don't vote the Socialist ticket because if those Socialists get in I'll lose my job."

Old Man Dread is one of the most persistent workers in the field.

But I'm afraid that some time pretty soon his living is going to be taken clean away from him.

OVER THE RIVER

An endless procession of men was crossing a swift river full of shifting, treacherous bars and currents. On the farther side stood a little group, who had successfully crossed, watching a less happy comrade being swept away into the swirling mid-stream.

"Let him drown," growled the first. "I got across all right, every man's got an equal chance."

"But we all had life-preservers," said the second.

"Let us take up a subscription and buy him a life-preserver."

"No," said the third, "that would destroy his manly feeling of independence. We will engage a swimming teacher to teach him to swim."

Whereupon they passed around the hat and were making great progress when the fourth remarked:

"But the man is drowned already; let us use this money to build a bridge so that everyone may cross in safety."

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

"Oh," said the other three, falling upon him with their fists, "you're immoral and you're trying to destroy the family. And they gave him the sound beating which was deserved.

MODERN METHODS

The Mourners operators refused news of the "Tibor" case. They held the information for over a year before they decided to sell the story for a sum of forty dollars. Daily Paper.

Dr. Alexander Perkins, engaged by the state to make an examination of the unknown woman who is thought to have been poisoned, refuses to divulge to anyone the result of his analysis. He says he is holding out for a thousand, five hundred dollars. Interest in the case has run so high that he says he's not going to tell until he's properly paid for it.

A complaint has been lodged against George Smalbecher, the worry-won soldier at the corner of Main Street and Fourth Avenue, because he refused to take the direction given by a pair of hold-up men who had just robbed Nathan W. Tuckler. Smalbecher says that he offered to sell the information to Mr. Tuckler for a reasonable sum, but the offer was refused.

UNCLE RIM AND THE ENEMY

"They tell me," said Uncle Rim Michiganer, "that Socialism is going to put an end to inventions because under Socialism there won't be any incentive for inventors like there is to-day. I wish old Hi Dicky could hear that. He worked out a scheme for the railroad company and the railroad company after turning it down went ahead and used it. Hi mortgaged his home and sued 'em and they fought the case for sixteen years and they'd probably been fighting it yet if Hi hadn't called the whole thing off by dying one night in the County Poorhouse."

THE VOLCAGINGHARDING

(Continued from page 13)

acted upon by economic pressure. And yet it is equally true that the movement will not be permanent, will not expand unless a part of the members are animated by the Socialist faith, unless they have their eyes on the future and realize that what they are doing now is preparing the way for the revolution that is to be. These two powers, seemingly diverse, are really not inconsistent and must blend in one if the movement is to have vitality.

THE WORD OF THE LORD

By BOUCK WHITE

(Continued from page 7)

feel of hands that have known the feel of tools.

There is a dirt which is not dirty, and there is a cleanliness which is not cleanly. Dirt! There is no dirt in worthy till. To me the producer class is clean, with a deep and pleasant cleanliness. They who eat the bread of self-respect are glisteringly white to mine eye, though an acre of black loam benights them and the carbon from a hundred chimneys.

But smeared indeed is the idler, living on another's till. An endowed trifler, no bye can cut the dirt that grimes him when he drinks the drink of another's sweat; his blood is sucked from the veins of a brother; feasting at table, the flesh he carves is cannibal flesh. Man-eaters are not cleanly to my beholding, though they bathe many times and wear washed linen.

I, the Ancient of days, have spoken, and shall speak.

MAKING 'EM SQUIRM

S MITHERS, said the great newspaper proprietor as he called into his office the leading editorial writer of the world's greatest independent news sheet. "Smithers, there's a general complaint that we aren't aggressive enough in our policy. We're losing subscribers because we're not hitting out hard enough. Now that's got to be changed, but, of course, we can't offend anybody. Understand me?"

"Yes, sire," said the faithful Smithers and that night the following trenchant opinions were double-leaded:

THE HOUSE FLY MUST GO.

The house fly must go. We have endured the filth and disease of this pest long enough. The house fly must go.

It must be exterminated.

We stand fearlessly and now and forever against the house fly. All good citizens will approve our stand in this matter.

The house fly must go.

A BLACK OUTRAGE.

No sympathy can be felt for the criminal assassins who attacked and killed Julius Caesar. Although this event happened two thousand years ago, the very mention of it is enough to set an honest man quivering with indignation.

What sort of a man was this Brutus who killed Caesar while posing as his friend? The whole affair is revolting.

THE NEW CITIZENSHIP.

Summer is here. Are we to have a sweltering summer or a summer of mildly tempered days suited to all?

Any city citizen of this country who pretends to call himself a man will approve of our stand in favor of pleasantly temperate weather.

As for those who demand sweltering nights and red hot days it is enough to say that they are fit candidates for the state penitentiary.

Our policy will remain unchanged.

We demand GOOD WEATHER—and always.

ADVENTURES OF GEORGE W. BOOB

I happened that while he was wandering about in a hilly country that he saw a great many men boating and fishing.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"There's a strike on and those are the strikers."

"What are they doing?"

"They're calling attention to the fellows who want to take their jobs."

"What, they won't let a man work when he pleases? What's this here country coming to? Homo? What's it coming to? Why, if a man ain't got the right to work when he pleases we'd all better start now and git out and live in Russia," said George W. Boob.
THE OTHER WAY

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

She will go the way her Aunt Lucy went." The words that she had overheard on the links rang in her ears all through the long hot walk home. She put her golf bag down in the hall and went quietly up into her room. The two flights of stairs made her pant and she lay down on the bed for a while. They tired her each day, more and more, she thought, dully. After a while she got up and reached for the daguerreotype of her aunt that lay on her bureau. She snapped it open and sat staring somberly at the beautiful, wistful face.

Aunt Lucy had died over thirty years before in what was called in her day "galloping" consumption. She was twenty-four. She had been, everybody said, a happy, normal girl until the summer before her death, which she had spent away from her family. From this visit she returned no longer a girl, but a woman, and a strange one, apathetic, silent, sad. By spring she was in her grave.

Lucy Adelaide had always cherished a romantic affection for her aunt, because she was named after her and because, in consequence, some of her pretty, personal effects had come into her possession. That another inheritance—a hideous, protruded diaphragm—might also be hers, had never occurred to her. Lucy Adelaide knew that she was not well, that her existence had become a dreary perplexity, but she shrank from the thought. No, she did not want to die. She wanted most passionately to live. Perhaps, some time, things would be different. She and John Shepley might meet again, and then—

She jumped up out of her seat, dispersing her meditations with an abruptness that was almost painful. With the portrait still in her hand she examined herself in the glass, her eyes roving swiftly from the pictured face to the mirrored one.

She was as far removed as possible from the modern type. Her skirt was tight, short skirt seemed anachronistic. By right, a poor bonnet with bunches of wistaria hanging under the brim, should have framed her face. Her frill, tall figure slouched under the weights of antebellum days. Her sloping shoulders seemed to demand a shawl. All these things were in the daguerreotype, and, like it, her hair was a satiny brown, her drooping star-like eyes were a soft blue. A blush that looked evanescent bloomed too deeply pink in her transparent cheeks. The lines on her body were the tenderest of curves, her look innocent, a little startled, if you spoke quickly.

Lucy Adelaide's eyes raked her reflected self mercilessly, the hand that held the daguerreotype falling ultimately to her side. There was a suggestion of a hollow in her pink cheek. A third, more noticeable, lay at the base of her neck. There were others before gaining to sweep into the black shadows under her eyes. It seemed to her that her body had dwindled and sunk, as if the skeleton imprisoned in the delicate flesh were making a grizzly march outward.

"She will go the way her Aunt Lucy went." It kept ringing in her ears.

"I am dyng—unrequited love," she addressed herself in a metallic voice, "just as the women of Aunt Lucy's day died. I don't belong in these days, at all. I belong back fifty years with those women I've always seen—loved—all my life—those women who love everything. I'm dying because the man I'm in love with doesn't want me.

It sounded as if it came from lips of bone, rather than lips of flesh. It revealed a strange look about her lips, a new tightening of the muscles there, that the thinness of her face had made possible. She had never noticed it before. It frightened her. She retraced terror-striken from the bureau, her eyes fixed immovably upon the sinister stranger in the glass, her挽回 化 lie eyes and shrunk to them. With her lips. She felt that she was staring into the very eyes of death. She struck against the bed and fell on it with a sigh.

"I will not die! I will not die!" she whispered, beating, in her fear, with her clenched fists upon the pillow.

That winter she took a course at Radcliffe College. She went promptly and regularly to her classes, the only work she did was prescribed by the instructors. She exercised languidly in the gymnasium. In addition, she poured with feverish energy over all the books pertaining to heredity that she was able to procure.

But two things that she had planned she did not do. One was to lose herself in the college life. It was a world of her own, to the selfish big world, peopled by immature creatures who, having no experience, were constantly striving to acquire the same. She met the others. Lucy Adelaide lived a solitary life there in a mental Gulliver among Lilliputians.

And she could not forget John Shepley. Every dreary night she went in treadmill iteration through the image records of her friendship with him. Why had he looked so much and said so little? Why had he been first moody and silent, then excited and gay, why, at the end, his face gone away abruptly, without even bidding her good-bye? She asked herself those questions a thousand futile times, and it seemed to her that her imagination had been too much in as many futile ways. Anniversaries of various charming little events kept coming to add their poignant point to her meditations.

By midwinter she had lost ground. In the spring she was definitely playing a losing game. She would spend the summer in Campion, she decided—it might be the last summer, and she must postumously possess him there. In the fall, if she were no better, she would go south. Sometimes, nowadays, she did not mind what came out of it all.

One morning in the late spring, she started out for one of her hillless, lagging walks. Apathetically she turned into the beaten path, she approached the yellow house on the corner, she saw a woman open the gate and stand as if waiting. She wore a plain dark gown worn by a crisp white apron that rattled in the breeze.

"I beg your pardon, miss," she said in an exasperated way, as Lucy came up, "there's a sick gentlemen in the house who wants to see you. He's waiting you over here by ever so many times, and he's got into his head that he wants to talk to you. He's b'fitted me so much about it, in fact I made up my mind I'd ask you if you'd be willing to come in and try to quiet him. I hope you won't be offended."

"No," Lucy Adelaide said quietly, "I'll be very glad to do anything I can for him if he'll feel better for it.

"Well, you see, sometimes," the woman lowered her voice a little, "in fact, most of the time, he isn't quite right in his mind—but he's perfectly harmless. He just wanders a little, that's all. That won't frighten you, will it?"

"Oh, no!"

"He was crossed in love, poor soul," the woman added in compassionate, motherly accents. "It was when he was a young man. He's never been the same since. He seems better to-day, that's why I thought I'd ask you in. He's got a queer idea ta his head—"

She hesitated. "You're sure you don't mind?"

"Oh, no; I don't mind at all. I'd like to see him."

She followed the woman into a wide, rectangular hall and upstairs into a large chamber which overlooked the yard. It was furnished with heavy, old-fashioned things, hummering mahogany, for the most part. An old man lay on the bed in the far corner.

In spite of her inexperience Lucy realized that he must once have been magnificent. He was still striking-looking. His skin was drawn tight over an enormous frame and his eyes had a strangely shaped powerful head. The hair that streamed in masses against the pillow and about his long, yellow face was jet-black.

His nose was hooked, his waxy lips parted over firm white teeth. Gray, with huge pupils, his eyes were set in caverns of deep shadow, arched by heavy brows.

Lucy stood in the doorway, held by the glance he threw upon her. Suddenly he smiled, and his smile made him beautiful. She was as little afraid, now, as if in the presence of her own mother.

"Ah," he said softly, "you don't disappoint me!"

Lucy Adelaide pushed a chair up to the bed.

"Will you take your hat off?" he asked gently. She silently drew out the pins.

"It is wonderful!" he murmured. His look seemed thirstily to be drinking her in. "The same soft hair—not a curl anywhere—and the line of the forehead and temples, the very same!"

Lucy Adelaide listened breathlessly.

"You might be my little daughter!"

"The voice seemed, as he went on, to grow old and weak. "I have thought of that so many times, as I have seen you pass—how long is it that I have watched for you, tell me?"

"Seven months?"

"You speak with her voice! It is her voice! I'm not dreaming, am I?" He appealed childishly to her.

"No, this is not a dream."

"Often I do dream, and I see her just as I see you now. Only she wears a soft white gown, with roses in her hair." His voice sank to a thread. "Roses—roses—I can smell them now! And the shine of her hair in the candle-light! Will you come a little closer?"

She moved onto the bed, sitting where he could most easily look into her face.

"So like, so like!" he murmured. For a long time his eyes seemed to rest upon her, a rapt look misted them. "Oh, you are Stella!" Suddenly his voice rose. "You are Stella!" Tell me you are Stella!"
WHY I AM FOR COMMISSION GOVERNMENT

By DAVID C. COATES
Commissioner of Spokane, Wash.

Written for The Mason.

B

EYOND any question, the Commission form of Government is an advanced step in political development, but even in its form of civic administration Government should be considered on its own merits. We cannot ignore any of the same central features, still the form can be either autocratic or democratic, according to the provisions and details of the charter.

From the standpoint of the Spokane Commission Charter, under which we have been working now more than a year, I, as a Socialist, am emphatically in favor of the Commission form, having experienced the demonstrations of its efficiency, economy and democracy.

Our form abolishes wards and aldermen and provides for election commissioners to be elected at large. Wards are simply political trading grounds for aldermen, at the expense of the city’s general welfare. Now we do municipal work where and where it is needed, and not because of the effect any will have on the position of an alderman in his ward.

The five commissioners elected chose a presiding officer to carry on the legal and democratic work of the city, but who has no veto or other power beyond any other commissioner and assigns each commissioner his task.

I was assigned as Commissioner of Public Works, with full power to carry out work of that department. I introduced and had passed an ordinance providing for the day labor system of doing public improvement, for the $1 per day wage scale, employing only citizens (solving the contract immigration problem in a large measure). I introduced a four-day law; put out grafting of piling companies, contractors, etc., in the interest of the working class and citizens in general.

These things had to have Council endorsement, but a department commissioner has greater power and influence than if he were a mere alderman.

I paid a visit to Milwaukee last fall, and discovered while there that the policy I was able to enforce in my own department resulted more in the interest of the working class than was being done by the Socialist majorities in Milwaukee under the old system of city government.

All important legislation must be by roll-call. All legislation of the type of the old system—actions of the city once a week; ordinances are not effective for thirty days after passage and 10 per cent. petition of citizens will repeal; and any ordinance at the petition of the people; can initiate legislation on 10 per cent. petition, and commissioners can revoke any act at the petition of 25 per cent. petition. Will force a special election for recall of commissioners, and 15 per cent. petition will force recall at regular elections for commissioners whose terms have not expired.

We elect under what is known as the preferential voting system, abolishing primaries and party elections; petition for office, nomination, and election filing, first, second and other choices—making it possible for each elector to vote for every candidate running if he so desires. These choices bring up political combinations of public service corporations, bankers, saloon men and vice elements, as usually prevails under the old system, as those elected have a majority vote.

Under this system, I am in favor of the non-partisan feature, as it gives the Socialist a better chance to reach the voters. In this, Greater America, and for the people.

The five commissioners are paid $3,500 a year each, and are required to devote the whole time of their emoluments to business hours to the transaction of the city’s business, which makes possible speed and proper attention. The placing of the business in the hands of five commissioners in the same hands tends to economy and efficiency.

To conclude, I will say that the Commission form of government in Spokane has demonstrated that it is an evolutionary step in the direction of efficiency, economy and democracy, which is the embodiment of the principles of Socialism, and I do not hesitate in saying that such members of the Socialist party who are opposed to the present form of Government are making a serious mistake and keeping the party in the narrow, inflexible and dogmatic rut, which has ever handicapped the party in its mission of emancipating the working class from political and industrial thraldom.

THE WEAKNESS OF COMMISSION GOVERNMENT

By CARL D. THOMPSON
Ex-City Clerk, Milwaukee

Written for The Mason.

S

O far as I can see, the commission form of government offers no contribution of any importance to the problem of municipal government.

Its friends claim a great increase in efficiency through the specialist commissioner, but I do not believe in any increase in efficiency for it. And yet there is not a single achievement in efficiency that the commission form has not been equaled by or not surpassed by some municipal governments operating under the council form. The office of the council is but a legal and democratic representative of the city, but who has no veto or other power beyond any other commissioner and assigns each commissioner his task. The universal form everywhere makes it impossible for the working class to secure any representation until they are able to muster a majority. Under the council form, with elections by wards, the minority has a chance to secure representation by carrying certain wards or districts.

If the commission form brought with it any added degree of home rule or independence of the city to act independently, it would be much to its credit. But the movement for home rule for cities has far outstripped of the movement and whole States have given their cities a degree of home rule even greater than that afforded by the commission acts. So the commission form can hardly claim any credit in that direction.

And, finally, the commission reformers show no grasp of the general problem of municipal government. They have learned nothing, it seems to me, either from the actual working out of municipal tasks or from the experience in other lands.

For example, the best governed cities in the world are the Free Cities in Germany; more efficient and more progressive, too, than our best governed American cities. It will require a decade at least for our former commission cities to come within sight of the progress of the German cities.

Yet our commission reformers have learned nothing from the German experience. The German cities have the council form, and American cities have had. Next to the German cities, those of England are best governed. They, too, have the council form.

With that splendid scotch for the achievements of other peoples which is made by the American politician, the butt of real statesmen, our reformers stumble into things without due consideration, without a consistent policy and without a constructive program.

So it seems to me our cities are being stumbled into this new fad. Nothing so very bad about it perhaps, but nothing to do with it. Our friends are busy all the time patching it up to make it work better. By the time they are through patching we may have discovered a better way.
PROGRESS AND THE WORKING MAN

BY JOSEPH E. COHEN

Written for The Masses

Houghtful people are those who pause from their labor of growing wheat and casting railroads across continents to ask themselves: Is progress more than a continuation of what we and the rest of human society are not busy at, or are there new channels into which the flow of experience must pour if it is to bring us a fuller and better life?

So great speculation carries us plumb against the necessity of seeing things as they are at their very worst—as things are unto the least of us. And the picture of things as they are unto the least of us, being at the same time a picture of things as they are unto the most of us, cannot be overdrawn.

Now, if we consider that vast numbers of the people grovel for their bread in direct poverty; that their own hopes and those of their dear ones for the morrow are menaced by the fear of unemployment, invalidity and old age; that only through the gulf into which they may be driven, and that the burn which stings deepest is the reiterating monotony of it all, can we come to any conclusion other than that it is high time for us to hitch up the chariot of progress for another.

If we are to make a fresh start, let us place in ourselves a trifle more of confidence than we used to. Let us not lay unction to our souls with the slander that the earth is ngard and that the poor shall always be with us. Let us start with the proposition that the quest of food is no longer x, the unknown quantity, but a, b, c, all that of all we are to learn best of all.

And to go no further without saying something to shock the reader, we offer the suggestion that the man whose special occupation and gift it is to start the chariot of progress is the ordinary workingman.

The workingmen have been pepping away through their labor meaningful for some years and have made what seems to some no inconsiderable gain. Sporadically, however, they have sought improvement in exchange for their votes. More recently it is this last line of procedure which has been shaping itself more sharply and which is fetching results. Stepping into politics, the workers do not, in one sweep, embrace a grand social idea and hasten in a day to remodel the world after their own image. They begin more modestly. They lend a hand here and put their shoulder there; they send a man to a council here, there another to the state legislature, capture a city government and try out a representative in Congress. And just as naturally as the testing and tapping, to sound the strength of the Chinese wall about the guarded throne of social iniquity. And whatever march and retreat and countermarch there need be, the tapping has already begun and that so iner, that the wall can be demolished and the throne toppled over.

However meagre, in the eye of the critic, be the progress already made toward the workers' regeneration, it is obvious on all sides that the statesmen of the old school, credited with being wise only in the smaller things and hardly even sagacious in the larger ones, are still shrewd enough to sense the threat, the onrush and the impact of the gathering forces of change. Again, just as with the flower it has sprung from its seed, I can not eliminate that of the ruling class does? Are the workers to do no better than use the civilization ready to hand; or may they be depended upon to render a contribution of their own?

3. Even, the army of men in the field is the army of mass in dress, in mannerism, in morality. His ideas are largely second-hand. Workingmen elevated to foremanship sometimes become the meanest of slavemasters. Others, "clothed with a little brief authority," become dictatorial to the point of arrogance. Still others turn traitor toward the bosom which nourished them.

But these are only the shadows before the advancing movement. As that movement faces to the dawn instead of to the darkness, the shadows sink to the rear and are forgotten.

The worker can begin only by initiating his share in the thing by picking up the material at hand. Only as he gains confidence in himself, only as he comes to realize that, joined in mass action with his fellows, he is superior to his superiors, does he outgrow his surroundings, break through the crust of his cramped environment, and begin the task of building a new temple and a new world.

Again, it is asked, have the workers formed a new ideal for themselves; have they a vision of a new world and a new order? And it has been said that the middle class have given the workers the ideal of their movement. This is one of those half truths which journalism hatches, and which pass unchallenged because their charm is so provoking excepting when they are considered in the middle class have given the workers an abounding of fates—existing both Utopian Socialism and anarchism. But many of these fancies have to be repudiated altogether; still others are serviceable only to the degree that they are assimilated and wrought in as transitional influences.

The attitude of the middle class critic is that the workers are only opportunist, with no outlook other than to reform their lot a pennyworth at a time. That may be. Yet, though their horizon may have framed only a slant of sunlight, the fact remains that the workers have fought tenaciously for their rights and are the chief fighting stock of the race. And however much the horizon of those who are not workmen may appear to reach to the horizon, the fact is that the workers who are the body of every social movement, because it is the blending of ideal and mass that alone can make progress possible.

The progress of the workers in class consciousness and the progress of the world in social consciousness—these are the redeeming points in the present state of things.

So, while the workers owe some measure of their social ideal to others, the middle class owe it to themselves still more to the movement of the workers. The most vital movement there is, for otherwise they will stagnate in inbreeding in their artificial modes of existence, their drawing-room insanities, their toy democracies and their moonshine utopias. The middle class as aolk may come or not, as they choose the workers will serenely go their way.

Is the worker forming a vision all his own? The meat of the matter is, it has too long been supposed that he is of the earth earthy and cannot look up and about and beyond. For, opportunist though he be, insisting first upon sunning the bonds that confine him closest, the worker, nevertheless, is beginning to see a vision that is the clearest, sanest and rarest of all—vision of a world free from economic ill, free from purchased affection and unrepented genius, free from strife among classes and conflict as such;—the vision of an era when social ideals become realities.

The vision of the worker is that which, in material affairs, is sated neither with the bargains closed by capital nor with the common consciences of one's neighbors. It is a vision that does not accept as final either our present institutions or the iconoclast's repudiation of them; it is a vision that reaches far beyond our present dilettante culture and the philistine's demurral over it; it is a vision that, in morality, is neither enclosed within the present triangle of prostitution, marriage and divorce, nor within the anarchist's reaction against it; it is a vision that, in religion, neither worships at the cold shrine of a merciless, money- sated god, nor strikes fire at the atheist's negation of it; it is a vision that springs from these only as the fovey rises out of the mud; it is a vision that, even if beginning from despair and the revolt against despair, has since been charged with a message of social promise and the assurance of the fulfillment of that promise.

Our good friends, the sociologists (Lester F. Ward foremost) tell us that even now the working class has as great a capacity for achievement as any other class. And minding what forward steps have been taken in the past few decades, is it too much to swing with the wind in the area that springs from ray hope and expectation for the worker, and say that in twenty-five or fifty years after the workers of the world have gained their political freedom and economic security, we shall have a civilization such as even the dreamers of our movement have hardly conceived of?

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IGURING that remoteness in time and place is the same as remoteness in space, we may speak of a certain little corner of the earth during a certain few months nearly two thousand years ago as a place from which news cannot now be delivered day by day news of intense interest and of vital value to mankind in general, during the months of Jesus' public life, and of the new light we are getting on the events of those months, in these days of daring inquiry.

As an instance of what I mean, consider one moment of the highest crisis in the life of Jesus. The simple report published forty or fifty years after his death reads thus, plainly rendered into modern English:

"Presently they came to a garden known as Gethsemane. Six times Jesus went out of it, and his disciples, 'while I am praying.' He took Peter, James, and John with him, and began to show signs of great dismay and deep distress of mind. 'I am sore afraid,' he said, 'sad even to death; stay here and watch.' Going a little further, he threw himself on the ground and began to pray that it might pass away. 'Father,' he said, 'all things are possible.' But what was to happen was more than he could bear. At last he came back to his disciples, his face covered with blood and sweat, and said, 'What was the precise ground of his distress?" is crucial. If we could know its answer, we should have touched the main spring of his career.

It happens that within a year two neighbors of ours here in New York have given their several answers to this weighty question. One is the venerable and amiable Lyman Abbott, who writes thus:

"What must it have been to bear thus the burden of a whole world's sins? To see revealed as in an instantaneous vision the dark deeds and darker thoughts of generations past and generations yet to come; to see the book of life unrolled and in it to trace the history of sensual passions and tyrannies, of enslavements of the poor and self-enlargements of the rich, of strange superstitions mumbled, cruel tragedies taught, remorseless persecutions inflicted, savage wars fought, in his name and under the sacred symbol of his cross; and to feel the bitterness of it all, and perhaps even the hopelessness of the struggle against it; and above all to feel a certain strange sense of participation in this life of humanity because he, too, was human?"

The other view, untinged by religious romanticism, comes from a younger man:

"Leaving his disciples, Jesus goes a few paces into the darkness. There he falls upon his face; he cries to heaven in his agony, and when his cause had commended itself to move so auspiciously, with the representatives from the world-wide dispersion rallying to him and with an entering wedge among the Jewish ruling class itself, to be trapped in the dark and slain in this fashion—it broke him down. Not fear for himself cast its agonized cross, the aura that had been born and bred to a life of hardness. His fear was for the stability of his disciples. One of them had already gone over to the enemy. Would it not be therewith them all? 'I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered.' His anxiety for the continued ongoing of the word is revealed in his request a few minutes later—a of shrewdness unsuspected by the enemy, for they would have granted it—that his captors take only himself and quit the house, as if they seek us, let these go their way.' He had many things yet to say unto those disciples, and now he was to be wrested from them. He had once once again, and it was not a small thing, it was a resounding of the world's unfolding. Considering how treasured is every slightest word of The Carpenter, his utmost effort to effect an adequate representation among the Jewish people at home, then among the multitude of Jews living in other countries, and finally, through these last, among the working class in all countries: an appropriate word was shoewing the world-wide revolution against the despotism of Rome. The picture as he draws it is full of vivid details, and most startling and fascinating are the inferences on which he bases his account, not even a full sentence.

Although Bouck White has handled his subject like an inspired genius and has struck out a figure inartistic with its power, his book has made a considerable stride toward still unexplored territories. He has been born out of wedlock or in any way abnormally. No such thought had occurred to the early Hebrew Christians; it was Greek Christians who, misled by a mistaken Greek version of the Old Testament, believed that Isaiah had prophesied that the Messiah should be born of a virgin, and accordingly altered in four or five places the record which was received from the Hebrew Christians, importing into it the notion of the virgin birth. This they did by adding one short story, prolonging a conversation, inserting or changing two or three phrases.

Bouck White believes that the call of the Carpenter is to ring through the world once more, and to prod the slumber of the vast multitude of workers in all lands ready to be aroused. Certainly from the point of view of broad tactics, the name of Jesus is an asset of enormous value which Socialists have not yet begun to use as we might. It is a great piece of luck, to say the least, that one of the great religions of the world, that religion which is professed by the foremost nations, happened to be founded by a mechanic, and that his recorded sayings contain a stratum of solid working-class sentiment.

The adoration and love of Jesus to-day throughout the world, as sincerely without as within the churches, ought logically to turn into devotion to the cause of the working class, the class to which he would be the one perfect picture of the living man and of his real purpose. At least four distinct and diverse pictures stand out by turns.

There is first the orthodox, theological picture of a personage from Heaven of the very highest rank there, called by the Church the Second Person of the Trinity, who had assumed a human body and lived a man's life as incidental to a vast drama acted out before an assemblage of unseen spirits, arranged, as it were, in a colossal amphitheatre, rank after rank: the successive acts of the drama being the Crucifixion, undergone to satisfy Eternal Justice; and expressly an imperial human race; then the Resurrection, then the Ascension to Heaven, and finally, the Last Judgment, that stupendous scene yet to come. A quite other picture, visible here and there in the Gospels, is that of a mild and philosophic teacher, an Emersonian convert and consoler of select individuals. A third image is that of the prophet of the future, riding upon a cloud, to execute vengeful justice. And lastly there is unmistakably the picture of a veritable teacher of the poor, of the oppressed, of the slaves, of the despised, of the despisers, of the despised; the whole sustaining the drift of the determination. This, the ascetic of the Gospels by minds possessed in favor of that one; but to the candid eye, though they may all be

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READ THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER

By BOUCK WHITE

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THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

(Concluded from page 6.)

houses—one representative of industries, the other representative of the whole electorate.”

And speaking of the I. W. W., such is their formula. But the formula is not the most important phase of the matter. What is important is the phenomenal development of the I. W. W.; the fact, which grows clearer every day, that the modern action of labor differs from the old. It is not a question of reform, accommodation and the like; it is a spontaneous movement to save all industry. The real function of the strike is not only to keep shoving off layer after layer of the capitalist power and profit, but mainly to give the workers a sense of their solidarity, their immense might, and to give them the discipline of mass-action. As each strike wins, labor will have more and more proof of its power to seize upon civilization when it so desires. Now, this may appear to the observer as a wanton, tyrannical method—the meeting of the violent power of the capitalists by the brute power of labor—wrongful, even, as the decapitation of Charles I or Marie Antoinette.

And even as the I. W. W. will assuredly grow beyond its present leaders, so it will always need that strength beyond the promises of its most sanguine sponsors. There will be no limit to the obstacles of the determination born of hopelessness. Which brings us back to the picture, which, after all, is not as hopeless as it looks. The friends of the victim have not given up and there is coming to his aid. Like the invisible devil, you cannot see them, but the good will be strong in approaching from the right-hand side of the picture. It is even just beyond its thin black border. The victim has seen it, and his expression is no longer one of despondency, but of bewildered hope. If you can only imagine the ship, with all its eager Socialist sailors, this picture will lose much of its grimness. In fact, there is a definite air of victory about it, and the eyes of Labor seem opened to new unexpected visions. They shine with a new activity and a new courage.

THE OTHER WAY

(Concluded from page 16.)

"Perhaps. Only—however you live or die, I must be with you. She looked ever so innocent, but I followed until young Lucy trying one way; you owe it to me to try the other way. I'm full of hope and faith—I believe that you are going to be well always—but if you are not, you must let me take care of you. I'd rather marry you, even if you're mad, than any other man in the whole, wide world." He shuddered. "You don't know what you are doing. No!" he pronounced, inflexibly.

"Look at me, John!" Her soft voice came, as if from her conviction. She held her thin, transparent palms up to him. "I am a dying woman. You can take care of me. In one month's time it will be too late. I don't want it! I want to live and love you—if it's only for an instant—this instant that your eyes got into mine. Marry me, dear! I want to be your wife!"

He moved away, burying his face in his hands and leaving them as they made a question with his eyes, the serene, dead face.

As if there had been some silent communion between them, as if there had been a question asked and answered, suddenly he turned a kindled look upon her.

"Well try the other way, Lucy," he said.
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