STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN—By GUTSON BORGLUM
Photographed for The Masses

THE CRISES OF 1860 AND 1912

CHATTET SLAVERY WAS SMASHED THEN
WAGE SLAVERY TO BE SMASHED NOW
THE SOCIALIST PARTY AND THE LABOR UNIONS

By

JOHNN HARRIMAN

W

HAT shall be the attitude of the Socialists toward the Labor Unions? One of this question arose by far the most heated discussion of the entire national Socialist convention. Every one seemed to realize that the future of the party largely depended upon how this question was settled.

There were two distinct factions with the lines between them clearly drawn, each knowing exactly what policy they desired. This made the question all the more difficult.

The one faction demanded an open and unqualified indorsement of industrial unionism. The other demanded that the Socialist Party keep hands off from the form of the economic organization.

Upon these points, the committees on the relation of the Socialist Party to labor organizations and on platform and constitution could not agree. There was no middle ground in either case.

Even though industrial unionism is developing within the A. F. of L., as evidenced by the United Mine Workers, the printers, members of the F. of L. and other organizations, yet the faction supporting industrialism was not content with a statement which merely recited these facts.

They demanded an open indorsement of industrialism.

Why this demand? The reason is that the industrial unionism for which that faction stands carries with it a doctrine foreign to the other. They were all bitterly opposed to the A. F. of L., and demanded the indorsement of industrialism independent of either the A. F. of L. and of sabotage or covert individual direct action.

The indorsement of industrial unionism as developing within the A. F. of L. does not include sabotage or covert individual direct action.

The former was indorsed and the latter was repudiated.

The important question for the Socialist Party to decide now is not that of introducing this difference in policy within the Socialist Party as I understand it, the primary cause lies in the fact that many of the members of the Socialist Party, as well as many in the A. F. of L., are losing confidence, the one in the efficacy of political action, and the other in the efficacy of the strike and the boycott as means of solving our social problems.

The reason for this loss of hope is that these two organizations have remained separate in practically all their work for a third of a century.

The prejudices and hatred beget of the Civil War, coupled with the war issues, were sufficient to hold the Republican party in power for a quarter of a century. This bitter feeling and hatred fostered in the hearts of the Democrats and Republicans alike for many years even after the Democrats were returned to power. In the Civil War, being a sectional and not a class war, the bitterness and hatred engendered by it set worker against worker, regardless of their interests.

This historical fact made it impossible for labor organizations to discuss political issues within their organizations. Hence there was no forum for the expression of almost all their constitutions the clause “No politics in the union.”

This fact prevented the otherwise normal relation of the trade unions and the Socialist Party from being established.

Boring from within and “boring from without” met the ever-strenghening politics within the union aroused the prejudices engendered by the war and its traditions.

Nearly all the articles by Bonner White have attracted national attention. We have decided to issue them in leaflet form. They are excellent propaganda matter and will be sold at $0.10 per 100, for 50.

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Leaflet No. 1—It is I who have called the Socialist into being.

Leaflet No. 2—The man in a hurry.

Leaflet No. 3—Capitalism in convention assembled.
CHUCK STEAK

THE Republican convention in Chicago recognized that sooner or later there may be a remote possibility of inquiry into the increased cost of living.

Here is what they say in their platform:

"The Republican party will support a prompt, scientific inquiry into the causes which are operative both in the United States and elsewhere to increase the cost of living. When the exact facts are known it will take the necessary steps to remove any abuses that may be found to exist, in order that the cost of the food, clothing, and shelter of the people may in no way be unduly or artificially increased."

Very kind of them, indeed! And it surely scared the meat trust into action. They raised the price of meat another dollar the day after the adoption of this clause. They also issued a statement explaining this long-expected, most necessary raise. They said that you refuse to eat your chuck steak, therefore they are going to raise the price of tenderloin. But believe us, they did not forget to raise the price of chuck either.

"My wife" is paying 20 cents a pound for it now, where it cost only 10 cents a pound a little over a year ago.

We must seriously urge our readers to purchase an extra supply of toothpicks before they have them cornered. It also would be well to make a contract with your dentist because chuck steak you shall eat, and toothpicks it is.

The oracle has spoken!

T HE Masters Bewildered.

"The Masters Bewildered," by Charles Dohia, is the first of a series of six consecutive articles. It reviews the present conditions in an analysis showing the utter inadequacy of conventional men and measures to solve the problem.

The second article, "Competition and Co-operation," will trace the growth of the trusts, discussing the increased efficiency attained through closer co-operation, with the conclusion that the only thing now needed is collective ownership of the wealth-producing agencies.

This will be followed by "Dynamics and Dynamics," which will discuss the general theory of evolution with respect to industrial and social life, with a view to giving to the public a comprehending statement of the Materialist Conception of History.

After that will come "An Awakening Giant," taking up the question of class solidarity and class conscious.

"Who Creates Wealth?" will be the title of the next article, wherein the author will consider the agencies of wealth production with a view to proving that the working class is the only vital element in production and that naturally all parasitic elements must be thrown off.

The sixth and last of the series of articles will be called "Machinery of Deception." This will analyze the channels through which the capitalist class spreads misinformation and succeeds in imposing its ethics and will upon society at large. This installment will refer particularly to the hidden control of newspapers.

You dare not miss these articles. They will be of a high educational value and Mr. Dohia knows how to say things, which even with Socialists.

A NEW MOVEMENT

Six months ago we predicted a revolt of the women against the increased cost of living.

We also predicted the formation of numerous women's leagues.

At the time of this writing the revolt of the women has become a fait accompli. The women in Chicago and New York have started a boycott against the meat trust, and not a mere passive boycott, either. They realized the necessity of prompt mass action. They called mass meetings, destroyed meat with kerosene in such shops as were kept open, and in one way and another actually forced these dealers to close their stores. In Chicago they pushed a step further. They formed a co-operative league which is taking place of the retail places.

Even our friends the socialists begin to acknowledge the necessity of co-operation as a form of working-class activity. Here is what they say about the co-operative store in Lawrence, Mass.:

"The Franco-Belgian Union played quite a part in the New England textile strikes. This is a co-operative society, of which it owns and operates a bakery, grocer and large two-story building, containing an assembly and other rooms. The profits of this co-operative society have made syndicalist propaganda possible, and the strike is broader. It was in the Franco-Belgian hall that the best strike meetings were held, and it was the business ability and credit of the Franco-Belgian Union that made the relief system of the strike a success. L’emancipation is published by the Franco-Belgian textile workers."

It is a big step, which will astonish our readers. Furthermore, it will prove most conclusively that Socialist co-operative enterprises are possible in America.

THE FARMERS' REVOLT

IT be any consolation to you, Mr. Wageslave and Mr. Starving Consumer, allow us to inform you that there are others who suffer from the "do as they please, pretty much" tactics of the meat trust. Only they are not quite as slow as you are. They are not merely kicking—they are going to do something about it.

There is in Wisconsin a large farmers' organization known as the American Society of Equity. The members of this organization have made a discovery. He is the only one who found out and got to do about it. Writes one of their leaders:

"In one Wisconsin community a shipper of live stock and farm products has been in the habit of picking up about $600 a month in clean profits from the stock which he bought from the farmers and shipped. This community has taken hold of the matter and appointed a shipper on a salary of $100 a month, to whom they all report stock which they have ready for shipment. When there is a car load he notifies them and they ship the car in and shipped. The result is a saving of $600 a month to the farmers of that community, or about $3000 a year. Another middleclass is about the Franco-Belgian.

"The organization of such shipping unions among the farmers would furnish exactly the necessary basis for a new and better type of packing house properly located, and steps are now being taken to promote the further growth of these unions among the stock growers of the state."

"The success of the work assumes the strength of a movement, efforts should be made to organize the different local shipping associations into a state-wide association, just as has been done in Minnesota. With such a plan working, the establishment of a packing plant at Milwaukee would come as the very next step."

The effect of such a plan upon the possible reduction of the cost of living, when the farmers and the city workers get to co-operating for the proper marketing of their products, is apparent.

Still the strangle grip of the packing house on the farmer, the middle classes, which have been uneasy about the Trusts, will be pacified by some benevolent concessions and will silently consent to the established fact that the Trusts are the economic masters of us all.

Still the strangle hold of Big Money on all our production and trade will be a state of virtual slavery. They will still be governed by non-elected bosses. They will still keep on making the same vast number of robber barons, and uselessly busy persons as now.

And why should this be? If the working class only willed it, it can advance at a rate far beyond the hope of Socialists to clip the wings of those enterprising spirit and of control of the industries. Why should you be fooled into voting "Progressive" when it is so much more sensible and practical to vote Socialist.
"Do not take the bandage off your eyes!" shout the pigmy retainers of Capitalism to the Giant Worker.

"It is irreigious and blasphemous," chants the black-robed anesthetician of the church.

"The sunlight is bad for your eyes," yowls the professor of pseudo-science.

"It is forbidden by the Constitution that you should see," bellows the learned jurist.

"You never have seen and you never will see," caterwauls the eminent journalist.

"Irreligious, dangerous, forbidden, impossible!" shriek the full pack of pigmy hired men, priest and professor, jurist and journalist.

Nevertheless, the Worker is taking the bandage off his eyes!
CAPITALISM IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED

(1 Put into written form for The Masses.)

By BOUCK WHITE

Never have I seen—and I have seen much. I, the Lord of the time-stream in its flow across the centuries—never have I seen a nation that was sordid in its commercial doings, but it went equally sordid in its public life.

Once let ingress, though ever so little, be ministered to the pigskin plague no quarantine can bar, its further advance. Wildly the pestilence of self-interest will march, and will deface everything with all the life area.

This capitalistic that assembled itself in convention there in Chicago—capitalistic, whose master word is Profit. Therefore the untrammelled display of tussles and bristles in that conclusive. Hoggish greed for dividends, hoggish greed for office—are they not twins or offspring of the same hell-born bag?

Those suicidal doings at Chicago were capitalistic come to its maturity. In all thoroughfares, greed is a divisive devil. It spills strife in the world of business, it spills strife in the world of politics. Mammon when it is full grown brings forth self-destruction.

LOUDLY cried that was third-term monopolist. And with right. His raid upon the White House was with importunities and audacity, a brazen-facedness unparalleled. Of a truth, he was a nuisance to behold. But is not a self-seeker in the business world also a nuisance to behold?

Wherefore should hoggishness for office be unseemly, but hoggishness for wealth is not accounted unseemly?

I am the Weaver of fellowship. Mine, the tying of human-kind into one. I am the nexus that ligatures society into wholeness. So that they who rend the social mass rend me.

But the self-seeker in the business world, does he not rend me as mortally as the self-seeker in the political world? Capitalism is the ethics of the pigpen; to get, and to get, and to get, is alone its code and rubric. The third-term raider did but carry those ethics into his candidacy for office.

In him and the disruptions he has caused let this generation behold itself mirrored. Mammonism has brought forth its perfect work—and behold, he is a hog.

CAST out from the pen by his fellow-porkers, this ego-man enterprizes a new political party. With great swelling words he gathered his henchmen about him, with pomp of proclamation he was christened the new-born Messiah.

In a gala hall they assembled, these new-party savours of a country in the devouring rapids. Twas on a Sabbath day. They lifted a prayer unto me, unto me my high habitation.

But never shall prayer from such an assemblage arrive to the ear and heart of prayer. Pleasing to me is the sound of prayer, from men gathered in earnest. But the sound of prayer from these men was not pleasing unto me. Shriek lust of office out-chambered it. A mockery was that invocation. It offended mine ear-drum. The prayer was make-believe. I laughed at the men that were uttering it.

WILL I be invited to forward third-term designs on the White House? Not tasteful unto me are monopolizers, neither monopolizers of wealth nor power nor of honors. The foundation of a new party must needs have me with him—I who sway the silent soul of the millions. Else how shall he make head against the establishment entrenched through long years of possession?

But am I with a third-termer, unabashed in his greediness, breaker of covenants, a glib promiser, adept in the arts of intrigue?

What principle incarnates he? What Cause that is holy and uplifted?

His fight is against dictatorship? But himself is a dictator utterly.

Forsooth, fair-dealing is his battle-word? But in all the annals of cunning, has a trickster than he appeared?

Forsooth, he is waging deadly combat against the lords of money? Then whence comes the stink of the stolen wealth that is backing him? Stenchful it mounts to my nostrils. I cannot away with the malodors of it. He really talents upon me sorry copiously to free the land from the taint of money.

Pitiful he cried against the political steam-roller. But say unto him that quite as odious unto me is the political cash-register.

Let him be, if he will, the tool of ambitious rich men. But let him not insult my heaven by invoking my blessing upon the performance.

A NEW party? But I desire not another new party—voice of the Eternal now speaking.

For there is a new party. Already they are in being. Fortrightly they stand—with outspokenness, that all may know them. Their name? The Socialists.

In very deed, a new party was needful. For the old were miasm-infected. The soul was gone out of them—decidua from which steam and steerage-way had departed.

Therefore I raised up a new party—the Comrade Four. They are my builders, building my Common wealth to displace the capitalist ruin that is now defacing the earth.

Double-heartedness is not in them. Single-mindedly they make war on Dollarads, Single-mindedly they make war on Bossdoms. Single-mindedly they make war on Priestsdoms.

And these, my Socialists, I will make to be the second party instead of a third party. For against them shall be arrayed all who are arrayed against me—voice of the Lord of workers.
HE world is in revolt. In America and Europe discontent is raising its cry. In the Orient—in China and India—where hundreds of millions seemed robbed of even the capacity of protest, there is sounding an unanswerable echo of rebellion against unnecessary and intolerable misery.

This world-wide rebellion has its sinister and frightful aspects. What has traveled in China in the last few weeks is not definitely known, but the vague and ominous stories that seeped beneath the closed and bolted doors of that unhappy country have given imagination and apprehension ample food to feed upon. We know that rivers of blood have been shed. The reaction from centuries of oppression has come. A population robbed and brutalized for generations will not concern itself with considerations of gentleness and kindness when the day of reckoning comes.

What if the beast and rage of China should leap as a flame the barrier of the Himalayas and the tinder of Indian misery burst into a blaze of wild revenge? The question does not come from any wanton desire to stir up alarm. It is a question that has been given grave concern to thoughtful men everywhere. It is a problem not confined to Asia or to what we in the West are pleased to term "the more backward areas." In America and in Europe as well as in Asia there is the possibility that human patience, strained to the breaking point, may find vent in bloody reprisals. If these represent the facts of the problem? What is the path we must travel? I ask the reader to come with me in an honest effort to find wise answers.

An overwhelming majority of the thoughtful people of America are convinced that something is radically wrong in existing economic, political, and social relations. There is abundant evidence that this conviction is vastly more than a mere passing sentiment such as from time to time finds expression in so-called "waves of reform." With the natural inertia of large bodies, the people of the nation have moved slowly, but the most superficial observer is now conscious of an accelerated progress in the masses.

It is true the "stand pat" type of mind still persists. There are still men who contend that things at bottom are still good and that it would be wise to leave well alone if we were not for "agitators," but no one with a "decent respect for the opinion of mankind" now dares publicly to assume such a position. Not so many years ago it was seriously argued that if one were only oneself and that by "thrift, sobriety and honesty" any man could be prosperous. With great fervor some leaders of thought contended that poverty was a result of individual wickedness and that to be prosperous and happy it was only necessary to be "good." Now all this is coming to be recognized as the need for readjustment in human relations is conceded.

With all agreed that "something must be done" it is easy for any "lib" demagogue to gain some sort of following. Lincoln said it is possible to "fool all the people all the time," and the demagogue has been in his glory during these times when even the most stupid are able to recognize that old conditions of industry and old theories of government are giving place to newer. There has been much of downright deceit practiced and the poor people. Uncritical men have made in exchange for votes promises which they had no intention of fulfilling. And it may be added that even if the promises had been fulfilled they would not have brought the relief desired and demanded.

On the other hand, we have had a type of public men who have honestly sought to secure a redress of grievances, but who have been only too frequently obstructed in their work by a lack of understanding of the causes of present evils. They have assailed this or that evil and have enforced this or that "reform" law, but in no direction have they made any substantial relief been given. As far as the increasing cost of living is concerned we are clearly worse off than we were ten years ago, and this in spite of the complete control of industry and government by those who have affirmed their desire to relieve the people of unjust burdens. Only one logical conclusion is possible. Either those who have been the masters of our destiny have deceived us consciously in their promises of relief or they have demonstrated that they do not know how to proceed to lighten the burden which presses ever harder upon the shoulders not only of the well-intentioned person known as "the average man." In the present condition of the public mind, as described in the outset of this discussion, there is the conviction of some who are morally wrong, but it is not contended that more than a considerable minority are ready to admit that the leaders of the dominant political parties have not made the effort to fan the flames. Rather is it obvious that men like Roosevelt, Bryan and La Follette have a strong hold on the confidence of the majority. It is plain that the majority still hold to the belief that honesty in the administration of the various agencies of government is all that is needed to put bread in the mouths of the hungry.

By CHARLES DOBBS

The failure of the attempt of the mill owners to create a pretext to crush the strike by force is significant. Hitherto the public has been particularly concerned with the miseries of "ignorant foreigners" who have come to America and now constitute the bulk of the wage-earning population living on the edge of starvation. Now it would happily appear that the suppression of even the lowliest of the workers may not be so much as a matter of importance

Not alone is there evidence of an entirely remarkable education among the masses of the people as to the merits and methods of industrial conflicts. This education embraces a constantly growing knowledge of the heretofore hidden meanings of events in business and politics. There is a widespread cynicism concerning the honesty of business methods and the integrity of men in public place.

In the face of numerous instances of usurpation and downright corruption, complete and miserable failure has attended the efforts to invest the judiciary with a sacred character and to convict of "lese majeste" those who have dared to criticize judges. Indeed, the judicial betrayal of the public interest have been so flagrant and numerous that state after state has provided means for a closer control of public servants on the bench. If all past history were not sufficient to prove that the judiciary as an institution has always leaned in its decisions to the side of established conditions—whether those conditions were right or wrong—current events would explode the fiction that the transfer of a lawless power from one set of hands to another by a seat on the bench invests him with a sacred character or removes the bias due to temperament and prior environment.

It is not needed to prove that "the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer" in order to establish a basis for an argument in favor of a change. Indeed, the reactionary in the present society is a much stronger evidence to show that the poor were never if industry and government by those who have affirmed their desire to relieve the people of unjust burdens. Only one logical conclusion is possible. Either those who have been the masters of our destiny have deceived us consciously in their promises of relief or they have demonstrated that they do not know how to proceed to lighten the burden which presses ever harder upon the shoulders of the well-intentioned person known as "the average man." In the present condition of the public mind, as described in the outset of this discussion, there is the conviction of some who are morally wrong, but it is not contended that more than a considerable minority are ready to admit that the leaders of the dominant political parties have not made the effort to fan the flames. Rather is it obvious that men like Roosevelt, Bryan and La Follette have a strong hold on the confidence of the majority. It is plain that the majority still hold to the belief that honesty in the administration of the various agencies of government is all that is needed to put bread in the mouths of the hungry.
the Federal judges—is much more serious. The lack of concern for the public interest on the part of the judiciary is much more sinister. Humanitarian sentiment and improved machinery, too often been worsted in conflicts with vested interests to enable us to attribute the judgments to an over-scrupulous adherence to precedent.

Free speech and a free press, despite suppressions and corruptions, have proved their efficiency. Now as never before the masses have opportunity to learn the truth. Exposure follows so fast upon exposure that every day the conviction grows that in practical wisdom of administration as well as in moral responsibility the whole fabric of civilization based on private property is bankrupt. It is certain that the people will not permanently be content to receive, when they cry for bread, the stone of pious platitudes given them by reformers of the Roosevelt-Bryan-La Follette type. There is bread abundant to satisfy every hunger. Of course, we who believe we see clearly the cause and cure of poverty might rejoice in the fact that if the wall should fall, it would immediately fall from the eyes of those to whose interest it is to change conditions, but miracles of that sort do not happen in the case of great masses of people. The only alternative is to be patient for results, but unremitting in effort to explain why poverty continues when it is so clearly unnecessary—unremitt ing and uncompromising in the demand that private ownership of the things which all must use to live shall be abolished. The abolition of that private ownership will mean Socialism.

In subsequent articles it is my purpose to set forth in more detail the facts and contentions for which Socialists stand, but here to present the problem and its solution will be indicated briefly.

We are living under a régime which, by common consent, has come to be called Capitalism. This means the financial control and deliberation of social necessities such as the means of transportation and communication, the factories, the mines, and the like, in which the power of capital dominates everything. Capitalism also means the Competitive Wages System and out of this Wages System grow all the burdens and disappointments which are at the bottom of world-wide discontent. A moment's reflection should be sufficient to show the impossibility of material improvement in the status of the working class as long as this Wages System endures. It means that every person who works for wages is, so to speak, a merchant selling the commodity of Labor Power. In certain skilled trades the worker is able by combination to command some advantages in the way of comparatively high wages—or price—for the commodity of Labor Power which they sell. For the great bulk of the working class, however, effective permanent combination has been impossible. The result has been that the workers have competed with one another in the market to sell their Labor Power—competed for the chance to work.

It is characteristic of Capitalism that there are many more workers than there are opportunities for work—there are not enough "jobs" to go around—and consequently we have constantly an over-supply of Labor. Over-supply means low wages. This means constantly low wages. With this competition for jobs going on always it is obvious that the great bulk of the population will receive in wages—the price of Labor Power—only enough to provide a bare existence.

Under Capitalism it does not matter for the workers how greatly the productive power of labor may be increased. Humanitarian sentiment is not improved machinery. If by improved methods the $1 a day worker increases his product three-fold it does not mean that he increases his power to spend $3 a day. Competition in an overstocked Labor Market condemns the worker always to a rock bottom price for his labor. The constant increase in his product goes to the owner of the job— the employer, the Capitalist.

In view of the marvelous advances that have been made in methods of producing necessities and luxuries, and the plain possibility of providing enough and to spare for all the Wages System to become harmless from a devilishly malignant aspect when we see it actually operating to pauperize those who produce all the good things of life. The modern worker starves in the midst of plenty. The fable of Tantalus is told again.

It should be obvious that as long as the Wages System continues poverty must continue. Manifestly, therefore, schemes of reform which are not designed directly to soften the astringencies of the competitive wage struggle and eventually to abolish the whole horrible struggle itself, is foredoomed to failure. No man can be a real statesman who fails to see in the Wages System the central fact of all present day misery. No public policy is worth while that does not aim at the abolition of this central evil. No ideal of public peace and comfort is realizable which does not call us towards an industrial democracy, which shall be an equitable distribution of the comforts which we all unite to produce.

Roosevelt and the Third Party

By CHARLES T. HALLINAN

ASKED a workman at Birmingham what party he belonged to, followed Mr. Chamberlain, he replied. "Then, I said, "you are a Liberal Unionist?" He merely repeated with an air of calm reflection: "I follow the Liberal Unionists."—Ostrogorski's "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties."

When THEODORE ROOSEVELT was the Little Rollo of bourgeois America, we Socialists detested him heartily. By his militarism, his smug moralities, his interminable platitudes, no less than by his antiquated philo sophy and his class politics, he aroused our antagonism as perhaps no other American has ever done. We were the first to hurl bricks at him, for which we got some bricks of vitriol virtue in return—and the first to denounce him as outside the pale of the "children of light."

On the whole, we were perfectly right about it. I like to recall some of the keen analyses of Mr. Roosevelt's mind and character which appeared in the Socialist press. They anticipated by far the horrifying discoveries of our neighbors to-day regarding his intellectual villains. Indeed, the gloomy auguries of this middle-class phenomenon in the Socialist press. They anticipated by far the horrifying discoveries of our neighbors to-day regarding his intellectual villains. Indeed, the gloomy auguries of this middle-class phenomenon in the Socialist press. They anticipated by far the horrifying discoveries of our neighbors to-day regarding his intellectual villains. Indeed, the gloomy auguries of this middle-class phenomenon in the Socialist press.

But I couldn't help feeling as I watched the developments at Chicago and Baltimore and later at St. Louis that we were not doing all that we might in the way of educational work. The most the Socialist press. They anticipated by far the horrifying discoveries of our neighbors to-day regarding his intellectual villains. Indeed, the gloomy auguries of this middle-class phenomenon in the Socialist press. They anticipated by far the horrifying discoveries of our neighbors to-day regarding his intellectual villains. Indeed, the gloomy auguries of this middle-class phenomenon in the Socialist press.

If a large section of the capitalist press exhausted the downfall of Rome, the French revolution and the career of Napoleon the Third in its attack on the progress of "this man Roosevelt," we Socialists went to the other extreme. He was a joke to us. He was the Mountebank of the age. We had discounted him five years ago when everybody else put his stock above par, and the habit had not only clung to us, but had succeeded.

These two attitudes miss equally the real situation. Up to the close of his second term, Mr. Roosevelt was a perfect conventional American "statesman." The story of his life, written up to that point, would have been just another dull story of a House member in Congress, or any other of those heavy memoirs with which Grants, Shermans, Hoars, et al. have loaded the shelves of capital. Capitalism would have relieved but slightly the intrinsic conventionality of a career which, after all, had merely climbed an official ladder, round by round and in deadly respectability. But to-day that is not so.

Theodore Roosevelt's life has escaped from the heavy volume memoir class in which Americans embalm their "great dead." It has escaped over into a fluid, adventurous, picturesque novel, like Tom Jones, in which most anything can happen. For months now he has acted like a man whose feet have forsaken the everyday ways and are on the trail of the Great Adventure.

This may sound like romantic nonsense, but it isn't. It is one of the more important aspects of contemporary bourgeois politics. The secret of Theodore Roosevelt's "honor" is how his honor could be so readily conferred upon a large section of the public, is his remarkable affinity for some Ostwald, the German scientist, calls our attention to the fact that the late Sir Charles Dilke, or a fiery preacher of God knows what, or do anything that, as the phrase goes, "costs like blazes." Even to-day as a political phenomenon, he is largely the work of a single man, while there shall be an equitable distribution of the comforts which we all unite to produce.

When his followers swarmed into Orchestra hall at Chicago—after his delegates had withdrawn from the convention—and the Howard entered to "accept the nomination," he was a study. His face was no "statesman's mask." It wore the grin of frank, undaunted enjoyment, the fighter's grin. The band was playing a lively tune and the candidate's name went a-jiggling in time. One glimpse of him, and the audience "let out" that whoop of rapturous adoration which audiences have been giving him for months. Political demonstrations are usually pretty thin stuff, as everybody knows, but it would be hard to find a modern demonstration more unusual than the demonstration that was so slight in comparison with the personal element, the element of hero worship, the sense of "honor," the vague, political dissatisfaction of the country, the larger part of his strength comes from quite another source. It comes from that sense of the Elizabethan spirit of life which constantly and aggressively challenges the monopoly of modern machine production, that Elizabethan relish for adventure and achievement which turns the bicycle repair-man to
HEN a boy’s mother fails him, the universe is turned upside down and the history of that boy and that man is a cataclysm.

The trouble with Clint Ford began before he was born. She seemed harmless enough—a pretty, spoiled woman, who drifted into interesting invalidism. Then came pain, days and nights of it; then a too pitiful doctor with the blessed relief of the medicine; finally, when he pronounced her cured of disease, a worse misfortune had overtaken her. She was in the grip of the morphine habit.

No need to trace the downward course of that family, step by step. They had owned a small farm on the outskirts of a village. They had been respected members of a church. They had had friends. Before Clint was old enough to go to school, that was past.

When the mother was not asleep in her darkened bedroom, she sat all day by the window, a shifty smile in her sly eyes, her trembling hands pretending to busy themselves on a piece of sewing that never got finished. None of the village women visited her, because, they said, it was bad luck to sew circles and afternoon teas that some of the men did.

Sometimes, usually at dusk, she would slip out of the house like a shadow; then Clint’s father would follow and bring her home. Clint did not remember his father as he had once been—a pleasant, mannered, honest, rather shallow man, vain in his pretense and wife and his home. The father that Clint knew was simply the bond-slafe of an overpowering Shame. That was why the boy ran away because, somehow, it made him different from the other boys.

How he envied those boys whose fathers frequented the saloons, yelling loudly and looking boldly into each other boldly in the face with an occasional oath, and much bragging of their prowess in horse trades. Clint meant to be that kind of a man some day. For the present, he had his own special load of shame to bear: shame of his rags, of the poor food that made his lunch, of the slow brain that would not let him learn as quickly as the other children, of the dirt that wore on him and his clothes, his overalls.

His school days came to a sudden end when he was twelve years old. The poor mother had slipped past the window of the pastor’s parsonage, and the next day, twice as large, said something. Clint sprang for him. As soon as they could, they dragged him off. The big boy was a good deal damaged. They did not send Clint to reform school, because one man in the village, whose word was law, said no boy should be punished in that town for defending his mother; but Clint’s school days were ended, and he was labeled a dangerous character.

He began to help his father in his business of making cider for vinegar. Strange that men, left to themselves, seldom cook successfully; but when it comes to making drinks of an intoxicating nature, they do it to perfection. The two Fords, father and son, had to do what cooking there was done in that house. They did it very poorly. But a piece of poor bread is not so bad, if you can have really good cider to drink with it.

Clint was twenty-two when at last the poor wreck that had been his mother died. He was a great, hulking, black-browed fellow with strong hands and tragic eyes. He had no friends and only one admirer. The poor, weak father, who had once been proud of his pretty wife, had long since transferred that pride to his big son. The creature who died when Clint was twenty-two, the late poor, pitiful wreck, that had ruined them both—what did they call her to themselves, I wonder, when they had her away at last?

They had a nurse for her, those last days. They were not quite so poor, now, because Clint was a good man to hire when he would let drink alone, and could earn good wages if he would.

The nurse was another derelict, a widow left with three small daughters and no means of support. She had been obliged to give away the girls. Three overworked farmers’ wives received a little drudge apiece gladly. The widow supported herself by going out nursing. She was an easy-going, comfor-
table creature, who made the house of Ford seem more like home than it had for many a year. After a very short visit, however, the elder Ford asked her to remain as Mrs. Ford number two. This was the seventh year of her wanderings, and she was weary. With a sigh she became Mrs. Ford.

Her youngest daughter at this time was seventeen years old. She had earned her own living and some over ever since she was ten. She was a pretty girl whom drudgery had not been able to subdue as yet, pink cheeked, brown haired, hazel eyes, strong, slight, quick as a cat, and nobody’s fool either, as she proved by breaking away from the bondage of the farmer’s wife and going to work for herself in the canning factory. She came to board with her mother, who now had a home of her own once more. Her stepfather also welcomed her very kindly.

Only Clint stood aloof. He hated girls, he told himself—spry, silly creatures, who would ruin a man if he gave them a chance. Clint had a job in the canning factory, too. To prove his hatred of girls in general, he went to a dance, got very drunk, and that night he did not appear at the shop, and so lost his job. Amy, that was the name of his stepmother’s daughter, was so ashamed of him that she did not look him in the face. She made many friends among the young people and was a member of the Temperance Society.

That was the year of the great freshet. It had rained steadily for a week, but no one expected any trouble, because no one knew about a certain dam up among the hills. The man who built it had known, but he had gone West to build more dams of the same kind. So when, one moist afternoon, that dam slid gently down stream, taking with it two mills and a bridge, there was astonishment as well as dismay in that town.

A quick-witted telephone girl had the presence of mind to send the news all down the river. Of course she had only time to tell one man in each village. The boss of the canning factory was the first man to know what was coming in our town. The factory was on the river bank below the bridge. Most of the help lived on the other side. It lacked an hour of closing time, but he instantly gave the word to blow the whistle, and the workmen and women filed out without a panic. All crossed the bridge in good order before the flood struck, but Amy went back after a forgotten umbrella. The boss was trying to save his books and did not see her.

Clint was standing in the door of the blacksmith’s shop when the bridge went down. He saw Amy start to run across and heard her cry of fright as the wreckage struck the bridge. Then she went down with it. In a minute he was across the street and had leaped in after her. There was wild confusion in the village. The workmen from the factory and the people from the houses and stores gathered close to the water’s edge. The bridge had not broken up when it was swept away. The current had carried it almost entirely against the factory; but any minute it might go to pieces. They could see Amy clinging to it still. Clint, who was a good swimmer and a very strong man, battled his way inch by inch through the foamy water. He reached the bridge just as it broke up, caught Amy and started back with her. That was harder work, but the people on the shore had found their wits by this time. A man went out with a stout rope and all three were dragged in. Amy was unhurt, but Clint had been hit on the head by a heavy beam. They carried him home and sent for the doctor.

There then were days and nights when Clint Ford lost all count of time as he lay in the spare room of his father’s house. This was a pity, because, for the first time in his life, he was an important person. More than that, he was a hero. The whole village went wild over him. They brought him dainties that he could not eat. They made the doctor’s life a burden with endless inquiries.

"O, yes," that long-suffering servant of the public said to him, "he’ll get well." To himself he growled: "More’s the pity! When a man has struck twelve, he ought to have sense enough to quit." But all the while Clint remained as unconscious of the change in his social status as he was of the desirability of his quitting now that he had struck twelve, as he was, too, of the tender care of a certain little brown-haired nurse. What a wonderful day it was when her hero finally consented to open those pathetic dark eyes of his, and even to sit up and eat grub out of a spoon!"
Truly, it was a beautiful world to which Clint Ford returned, a world where all good things seemed possible because everybody was kind. What delicious meat his father prepared for him!

How many times a day his foolish old father would come in to repeat some kind word a leading citizen had said about all that. And so always Amy, sweet Amy, with her whole transparent, girlish soul shining in her hazel eyes.

Of course, it could end but one way. The first time Clint was taken to the mill, he asked Amy and joined the Temperance Society. The village received him with open arms in the doubly interesting capacity of preachers' son and everybody went home pleased with themselves and each other.

So they were married, and—wait! No, this story is not finished yet. They did not live happily ever after. There is every reason to believe that they lived happily just six weeks. At the end of that time a farmer's son, hired for a while, and everybody said he was the man they had expected him to be. Clintel said he thought he ought to go. He needed a plow and several other things that might be sold there cheaply.

When a man sells his household goods at auction in the country he is expected to serve a lunch of crackers and dry codfish. It is as much a matter of etiquette to do this as to say your prayers. Clintel did not help knowing they are there. Always bearing this in mind, let us touch lightly, not to say gingerly, the record of the return of the young man, of whose fate his mother had been in the grip of her own particular demon. He was not an habitual drunkard. He knew, too, he realized as no one else could, just what a dangerous beast he became in the hands of his enemy. He knew that he might some day return from that confused shadow-land where he occasion- sarily wandered and find himself if the order of that creature he loved best. There had been more than one narrow escape of that kind. He knew all this, and he was afraid. But the forces that helped and the forces that hereditary and habit could always bring against him worsted him again and again.

It is not pleasant to think what those ten years must have been to Amy, his wife. Children were born and died. There was quite a row of little graves in the cemetery under the hill. At the end of those ten years Clintel was played upon by the conqueror by sorrow, as the child, Amy, had been, unaided by druggery. She was of the true, heroic type, loving her children, anxious about them, and late, seldom leaving the little hillside farm.

She paid the interest on the mortgage by selling butter and eggs. She worked in the fields as well as in the house, but the milk was heavy. You couldn't say she had the sunshine, and the beauty of those far-reaching soli- tudes were kind. How sunny and tenderly, too, she used all her capabilities, her loving, kindly nature; and common enemy. Oh, if poor Clint Ford could have had the wholesome food and the loving care as a boy that she gave him now, this story need never have been written.

Ten years! and she began to see that she fought a long and hard battle, and it was not without a struggle.

The maid had turned her back and the stum-bling step came in at night. And now she feared it as she had never feared before, because there was a tiny new baby in her arms. How she prayed that she might keep just this one!

She sat one winter eve holding the helpless mite and waiting. It was late; that was a bad sign. She was thinking of a package that had caked in her thy day in the rural mail delivery. She had sent for it, having read in a small monthly paper that the stuff, mixed with coffee, would cure rheumatism. Something must be done; but now that she had bood it she was afraid. She wondered what Doctor Blake would say about it. She slipped the package hastily into the front of her dress, for she heard Clint's step out- side. She listened fearfully. Yes, he was not him- self tonight. The sudden unreasoning panic of the mother instantly caught her as she looked at the tiny creature in her arms. Throwing an oldshawl around the child, she slipped out into the shed as she had done the many times through the kitchen door. She got one glimpse of him as she went. He got ruttering savagely to himself, and he gripped an ax in his hand. Only once before had she seen him as bad as that. She shuddered as she remembered that time.

Hastily fastening on her snowshoes, and wrapping herself and the child in an old coat, she started running at a top speed, in the moonlight, moon-lit fields of snow. She was not afraid. She had left behind the only thing she had cause to fear. That, she said, would have been her safeguard against all the world, now, for the time, too more a man, but only a raving beast.

An hour afterward old Doctor Blake, going to his doctor's office, met him at the door of the shed, coming up the walk with the child in her arms. With a gruff exclamation of pity, he opened the door and invited her to sit down. She did not need to be told why they had come. Now that the long walk was over, she began to tremble a little from weakness and excitement. She sank into a chair and the doctor relieved the boy, for she had never seen in her life a child so small, so very small. She gave her a cup of hot milk to drink. His house-keeper was away for the evening.

Amy spoke of herself in a self-command and con- fessed with some shame to the sudden panic that had driven her out. "I guess the baby has taken away all my courage, Doctor," she said.

The old doctor began to pace back and forth before the fire, as he had a habit of doing when any- thing troubled him.

"It's too bad, Amy," he exploded; "it's too bad! We never ought to have let you marry, a smart girl like you. Why, I know that woman. I know the whole tribe, father and son; yes, and mother, too. I know what you've had to go through. We ought not to have let you go back. I will see him to-morrow and tell him that this has gone on long enough.

Amy looked at him in his longing eyes.

"Oh," she said, "Clint will be all right to-morrow after he has had his sleep. I'm not often such a coward, Doctor; but it would kill Clintel if he should happen to hurt the baby when he wasn't himself."

"Do you mean to say you intend to go on living with that beast, Amy Ford?"

Amy straightened up suddenly, her eyes flashing.

"He is my husband, Doctor Blake," she said. "He don't want to drink, poor Clintel. Why, you know he don't want to leave me. I just can't let him hurt baby, that's all."

"Well, you do beat me," admitted the doctor.

Amy drew the package out of her dress. "If you want to ask you about this," she said.

The doctor took it, opened it, sniffed, tasted it with the tip of his tongue, and set down with a shake of his head.

"Where did you get that stuff?" he asked.

Amy told him.

"Just trash," pronouncing the doctor decidedly.

"Oh," said Amy with a little sigh of disappointment. "I tried it. I tried it. I'm sorry. "Yes: the sanatoriums help, sometimes."

Amy's head dropped.

"I'm not sure," she said, "there ought to be something to help poor people."

The doctor thought a moment with knitted brows. "What is it that you want?" he asked.

"It is something," he answered. "See here, Amy Ford, I am telling you one of my secrets. I have been looking into this thing all my life and I haven't found out enough, surely, to tell you. There is something in that little thing and a good many like him, is the stomach, primarily—the imps or somethings inside. He was never feeding good enough at home. I think you must feed it, at least not enough of the right kind; and he did have, too much of that. Now, I haven't time to tel you how to make it, but that is the stomach, and, but suppose I know a treatment that would change it back again to something like a natural stomach, instead of a cider barrel. Suppose it is rather a dangerous experiment, but with a chance, a good chance of suc-

Amy understood. She did not answer at once, but sat down on the floor and said to the little creature in her arms moved restlessly with a single pitiful wail. She looked up, decision on her face.

"When he wakes," said the doctor, "give him a cup of coffee with five drops of medicine in it. That will make him sick, send for me." Then he drove away.

Amy went about her tasks that day with a sad face, but she comforted her heart. She had not deceived Clintel; but a glance at the way he always strengthened her resolution. It was late in the day when he woke, very thirsty and much ashamed of himself. He gave him the good food. Amy drank it without a word. She watched him fearfully, but he seemed as well as usual. It was a week before the medicine showed any effect. Amy was so much alarmed that she had hard work to keep from con- flopping. She finally induced Clintel to go to see Doc- tor Blake. He came back with some medicine that she understood was to supplement hers. When she had finished her work in the kitchen, and sat rocking the baby, Clintel came and sat beside her.

"He has been better," said Amy, "and I am going to try once more. Lord knows, I want to give up drink, if I can."

Then there were no more people. New Eng- landers seldom are. But words seemed inadequate here. They kissed each other solemnly over the sleeping baby.

This is not an "ad" for Doctor Blake's Cure for the Liquor Habit. His name, as it happens, is not Blake, but—I promised not to tell. Still, it is a fact that the medicine was a success. That was seven years ago. Clintel has never tasted any kind of alco- holic drink since the night his wife took that long walk on snowshoes. He says that it was worth all without a word. She watched him fearfully, but he seemed as well as usual. It was a week before the medicine showed any effect. Amy was so much alarmed that she had hard work to keep from con- flopping. She finally induced Clintel to go to see Doc- tor Blake. He came back with some medicine that she understood was to supplement hers. When she had finished her work in the kitchen, and sat rocking the baby, Clintel came and sat beside her.

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Amy Ford was not, perhaps, a perfect example of a reformed character. He persists in vomiting on the stove side of the grocer's, insists that the grocer, and expresses his opinions loudly with an occasional oath, looking all men boldly in the face. He is said to be rather a bully. But he is one of the best farmers in town. He has a silo and a cream separator, and his orchard is a dream of eight. Three sturdy children, clean as new pins, go to school from his farm. It is a well-tended place always notice the trim Ford place. It is a model in its way.

Said the doctor to a returned native last summer, as they rode past:

"Old Joe Ford's son? Yes, it is surprising how marrying a good woman will bring a man up, some- times. She surely has made a man of him!"
THE WORST TRADE IN THE WORLD

By PIET VLAG

Illustrated by MAURICE BECKER

T he waiter business is the most exacting, nerve-wracking trade in the world. This is a hard statement, which many a patron of the large hotels may doubt, but little doubt would remain in his mind if he could be induced to work for six weeks or so in one of those establishments in New York. It is exceptional for a waiter to work six weeks at a stretch in a first-class New York hotel. At the end of that period the average hotel employee either gets discharged, apparently as the result of a quarrel with some other employee or on account of having committed some error. Actually they get into trouble because they cannot stand the mental and physical strain any longer.

The writer has worked as a sailor, factory hand, coal-pass, longshoreman, lion-tamer, truck-driver, and performed all the odds and ends which the average globe-trotter is forced to take up in order to continue his travels. But, however hard or exciting some of these experiences may have been, they did not nearly equal the hardships he had to endure as a waiter or a cook.

As an illustration, let us consider the working hours and conditions of a waiter. I worked a "four-week" day in the Louis XIV room of the Hotel Astor. That means serving breakfast from seven to ten a.m., lunch from twelve to two, a forty-five p.m., and dinner from five-thirty to eight-forty-five p.m., and supper from fifteen to eleven-fifty-four p.m. As the reader may notice, this is only eleven actual working hours per day, ranging from seven in the morning till near midnight. The off hours we spent either in the room or in the dressing-room which was attached to the latter. We worked only seven days a week and every fourth week we got a day off without pay.

There is a great deal of loose talk about the enormous tips waiters are popularly believed to receive. Perhaps it may astonish the reader to know that the average waiter would gladly sign up for $3 a day straight, without tips. It is true, I have worked in places where my tips averaged more than that. Still, I would have been glad to have worked for $3 a day without tips.

We hear a great deal about the abolition of the tipping system, but it is mostly talk. Tips are not paid for the mere service of the food. They are paid for thousands of little reasons—because we tickle the vanity of the customers; because we permit them to work off on us the grubbles they have accumulated in their business; because we assure our customers of numerous wishes of our good will towards them; and no man likes to be fed by anyone unless he feels assured he has the good will of the man who is feeding him. As to the tipping system, if it ever is abolished it will be replaced by a profit-sharing system. A system by which the hotel will pay wages and an additional percentage for the total amount of business done. With that system the interests of the hotel and of the customer alike would be protected by the waiter's desire to retain old customers and get new ones in order to increase the total sales.

Many people believe that a waiter has a special kick coming because of his state of servility and his dependence upon tips for a living. Wrong again. People have a peculiar way of pitting one where it is not wanted. A single tip is a pain in the neck who does not delight in taking tips. What he objects to is your view of the tips. He considers it rightfully earned money, the customer looks upon it as charity.

Another erroneous popular belief is, that whatever may happen to one while working in a first-class hotel will be spread. I assure you, if the Board of Health would investigate the stew, the hash, the eggs and the other food upon which the help is supposed to exist, many startling things would happen in short order. The food which they expect one to eat is hardly fit to feed to the pigs. With the exception of some dishwashers, few of the hotel help touch it. The chambermaids, the hallboys and the waiters all bribe the cook in order to get something really eatable.

This is especially hard on the waiters, as they serve all day the richest and most delicate foods and wines, and they have to steal or bribe in order to secure the smallest piece of steak or chicken, which even then they dare not eat, but are forced to swallow standing in some corner of the pantry, kitchen or lavatory.

I worked at one time in the Waldorf-Astoria, where they have a severe fining system. They fine you for eating or drinking in the pantry or elsewhere; for breaking china or glassware; for silver lost (which is usually taken by the guests as souvenirs); for a speck upon your clothes or white shirt; for unpolished shoes, and what not.

Yet the dressing room was as usual connected with the toilet, and often so full of water that we had to walk tip toe. The locker out of which I had to make an immaculate toilet was just three feet high, one and a half feet wide, and the same in depth. In it you must keep overcoat, uniform, collars, ties, shoe polish and a few other necessaries.

In that particular place there was an indescribable draft, which was anything but welcome when undressing, especially as one usually is wet to the skin with perspiration when coming from work. Out of such an unsanitary, dirty place we were to appear four times daily spick and span, and retain our self-respect.

Therefore a cook is ever certain of his position for longer than the next waiter. One never knows when the thing is going to happen, but the dread of it is with one always. You are bound to get into a scrape with some one some time. The system forces it.

To illustrate, I will describe a three-hour breakfast at the Hotel Astor. After reaching one's tables in the dining room we had to stand stock still with military precision between our tables until our guests sat on their chairs. My colleagues and I had shared the tip with us at least partly the tip which she handed out almost every morning. When she entered I disappeared behind a pillar, so that the captain might show her the way to the chair and take the order, because she had handed him a five-dollar bill at the door.

It so happened that the woman had no appetite that morning, primarily because she did not work at anything and had too little exercise, but this morning it was merely because she and her husband had taken a too prominent position and a prolonged theater party the previous evening. Her supposed better half had been late and had therefore ordered leek soup and coffee a la turk. Contrary to her usual manner she was cross this morning.

The captain tried to earn his five dollars by talking her into an imaginary appetite. After about ten minutes he rushed into the pantry, following close at his heels. There all pretense at gentility was thrown overboard, and I saw him by the corner of my eye shoulder, and while pushing me down the stairs shouted the order at me. Before I had reached the room I had left the captain in a state of the strongest conviction of my utter incapacity, and I assure you his vocabulary was far from meagre. I concluded by urging him to have it particularly done manner. All this while I was falling, flying, and jumping down the stairs with the written order slip in my hands.

Then came my turn at administering instruction with epithets attached. First to the cook about broiled squab-chicken and bacon, because that takes longer. Then I told the pantry girl in a most gentle manner how to prepare that particular grape fruit a la maraschino. While she did this, I ordered coffee and cream from the other girl and put some eggs in the automatic egg boiler for a gentleman who had come in while I was downstairs. A bus-boy had brought me the order slip.

By the time the grape fruit was prepared the two and one-half quarts of boiled eggs were also ready. So up I went with the grape fruit and the gentleman's breakfast, but not until I had been searched by the checker at the door and had the proper amount entered against me on my book.

Thus after four minutes of actual Hades, I had to re-enter the dining room, cool, composed and well mannered. No signs of rushing or bustling there; if I did, it would have annoyed the guest and this of course would have meant instant dismissal.

I opened the eggs, served the coffee and got the man's check ready so that he could leave the moment he was through. This left only the balance of the lady's order to be disposed of. She was to get squab chicken and bacon, and coffee and toast. It is a simple order, indeed, but not so simple a matter to get out of one of those gigantic kitchens, where about two hundred waiters rush about, providing each one with his order, trying to get waited on first. To form a good picture, you must know that these kitchens are very large. They take up in width an entire city block. When you stand at the range of the sauce or "entre- ginet" cook, the distance seems so far that you can hardly distinguish what is going on at the farthest range—that of the "fri- turer," or fry cook.

I trust all these things you do not notice.

When she entered, I disappeared behind a pillar.
when you are getting a broiled spring chicken with bacon. All you can see then is the face and the name of the cook. If you see anything else you are in danger of getting into close contact with the knife, because you are none too gentle in demanding your order.

Nor is the cook, for that matter. He is very positive in his statements regarding your ability to understand that your chicken cannot be ready in such a short time. He will give an inimitable-like manner, trying all the time to "buffet" him, confuse him, so that he may give you a chicken ordered by some one else a few minutes earlier than yours.

As it happened I did not succeed in bluffing him this morning. Not because I did not put up as good a bluff as usual, but for the simple reason that some one else had already bluffled me out of the broiled squab chicken.

This meant a delay of five minutes. To make up and gain the cover of coffee and toast. While getting this a bus boy came rushing up to me with a half-finished grape fruit a la maraschino. The lady had not appeared, and the captain, influenced by a five dollar bill, had convinced her the grape fruit was not just right and insisted her to try an alligator pear instead.

I let out a yell like a Comanche Indian, pushed the other waiters aside, invoked the co-operation of an assistant steward who was a friend of mine, and secured an alligator pear in record time, which the bus boy took into the dining room as fast as his legs would carry him. I don’t think a single waiter in New York could have handled the situation any better. But it was of no avail. When I came to with the order, the lady first of all complained about the chicken, which, according to the rule, had been served.

By the time we had given it a little more fire her coffee had grown cold, the toast stale and the alligator pear appetite and left the table. And I was fired by the captain as soon as I came back with the chicken.

He had to earn his five dollars in some way and this was the simplest one.

Nor was the Hotel Astor by any means the most trying place to work in. I worked at one time in the Social Club of the Waldorf-Astoria. This was surely one of the most exhausting places I ever worked in.

In the center of the room they have an electric grill, where they grill steaks, chicken, mushrooms, etc. Also a chafing dish department. A moveable bar wagon with bar tender attached goes from table to table. To the initiated it would seem as if such an arrangement would make things easier for the waiter and expedite service. The fact of the matter is that it did not expedite the service a bit and made it much harder on the waiter. It was good advertising for the house, that was all.

Here is how it worked. For example: A party orders some chicken a la King, some lobster a la Newburg, a broiled partridge, various vegetables, some cocktails and wine. You first get your cocktails, but not until you have gone about half a block out of your way to get a check for them. That takes at least five minutes. Then you go down to the cold meat room for the ingredients of the various dishes which have been ordered. While they prepare this you order vegetables in the kitchen as I was in the business. In the center of the room they have an electric grill, where they grill steaks, chicken, mushrooms, etc. Also a chafing dish department. A moveable bar wagon with bar tender attached goes from table to table. To the initiated it would seem as if such an arrangement would make things easier for the waiter and expedite service. The fact of the matter is that it did not expedite the service a bit and made it much harder on the waiter. It was good advertising for the house, that was all.

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AS HEARS

I

In a curious volume called "Impressions of the Earth," written by a visitor from Mars, there are two sections of a peculiarly interesting nature. Chapters and sub-chapters are headed as follows:

(a) The Dominant Sex.
(b) The Civilized Sex.
(c) The Utilitarian Sex.
(d) The Articulate Sex.
(e) The Creative Sex.
(f) The Submerged Sex.
(g) The Uncivilized Sex.
(h) The Toy Sex.
(i) The Codeless Sex.
(j) The Decorative Sex.
(k) The Inarticulate Sex.
(l) The Never Laughed.

In reading the work of the distinguished muckraker from Mars one is impressed by many fine qualities, his capacity for sincerity, his objectivity; but most forcibly of all, by his impartiality. A statement in the preface that, by an accident of evolution there is but one sex on Mars, explains away the lack of prejudice. He has, of course, come to us with no pre-conceived ideas either of the sexes or of the sex. Of all the writers who have broached the subject, he is the only one who has brought no sex-paritility to bear upon it.

I will quote here and there from his "Impressions."

"The Earth-people are divided into two sexes, the males and the females. But the males are physically so much stronger than the females, and mentally so much more developed, that they control their world. Roughly speaking, there is but one sex. The Earth-people themselves recognize this condition in such phrases as 'the stronger sex,' 'the weaker sex,' 'lords of creation.' Women often refer to their husbands as their 'lords and masters.' This is in no way a compliment. The male is expected to provide for his family, to be a provider and to support his family."

"But it does not follow that women are not strong, or that they are not capable of supporting themselves. On the contrary, many women are strong and capable of supporting themselves. But it is the natural order of things, and it is not expected that women should compete with men in matters of business."

Mr. Antrobus, on a recent visit to Earth, expressed the opinion that the sexes should be equal in all respects. He said: "I believe that women should have the same rights as men, and that they should be allowed to enter into all branches of business."

The Earth-men, however, are not convinced of the wisdom of Mr. Antrobus' views. They feel that the sexes should be kept separate, and that women should be content with their traditional roles.

In regard to the other sex, they have evolved no code in regard to men.
A BIG PAYING INVESTMENT

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of
"Back Home," "The Big Change," etc.

in Uncle Joe Cannon's district, where the preachers
have got the best of the votes. You don't get the benefit of an open
market.

And it's a slaughtered price. There are only a
few hours in the year when the big moneyed inter-
est will come to see what the real cutting of prices means.
But I do not think you have got the price
for votes. A good, sound, healthy vote, blind
in both eyes but otherwise free from defect, doesn't
seem to mean much to a man that a who sells his for more is considered a smart bargain,
or the man who sells his for less is considered a "singer.

Votes run away down to nothing at all in the
great majority of instances. Those who are inter-
ested financially in getting them as cheaply as pos-
sible are singers, whom we say citizens should be
shamelessly out for the "long green" as to want
money for the privilege of handing the government
over to the corporation. And not at least 50 per cent. of the electors simply throw their
votes away. Their sporting interests in the success
of one side or the other in the friendships or hatreds
and their prejudices get the better of their judg-
ment, and they don't make a cent, either present or
prospective, out of their ballots.

And yet a vote must be worth something.

I am not now speaking of its sentimental value
as the solemn sacrament of citizenship—that true com-
munion wherein rich and poor are for one moment
at least on an even plane with the will of God; I am not now speaking of the sincere and
earnest devotion to our country for whose welfare
we feel no sacrifice can be too great, for the flag
whose broad stripes and bright stars we resolve
shall always wave over the brave and free! No. You
and I are practical men, Mr. Harriman, and as such,
when we get down to business, everything else, we
ought to care what, comes down to money-values. What's a vote worth?

How much bacon will it bring home for the
old woman to fry?

I don't remember that I was ever present at a
vote-buying transaction. I haven't had much to do
with practical politics except those of the Socialist Party, and Socialists don't buy votes.
They wouldn't if they could; they couldn't if they
would. If I could believe one statement, you must
the other. Anyhow, the average vote was well
bought in the effete East, where they are kind o' sneaky
about such doings. But out in God's country, out
in the West, where they do things so much more
grandiously and open-heartedly, there should be peo-
ple who can give an idea of what a vote is worth, cash
in hand paid for. In the effete East, a common plug
of a voter gets about $2. I hear, but
when I was out in Paris, Illinois—that's in Uncle
Joe Cannon's district—they told me, if I remember
rightly, that the going price was from $3 to $5.
The buyers for the great concerns had little tables
out in front of the polling booths, these collapsible
seating tables, with stacks of money in front of
them, and they paid the highest prices for country
produce in the open market. The election preceding
my visit had for its theme, "I've got a $5 vote and
I'll buy your saloons should he allowed to run, and it was a joke
around town that the Baptist minister had bought
a "dry" vote shortly before his next man.

But even so, I don't suppose that anybody will
contend that $25 is anywhere near the true and
proper price for a man's vote. Even in Uncle Joe
Cannon's district, where they have lost all sense of
shame too long ago to talk about, you can't get up
on a box and call out: "How much am I offered for this
likelihood?" I'm getting this the thinking of the old-time slave market—"How
much am I offered for this ballot of a citizen of the
land of the free and the home of the brave. MAKE
me a bid, gentlemen." You can't do that. Not even
tished the Republican ticket straightforward ever since, $85,
or who declare loudly; "I am a Democrat!" and look
around the appalled for such a lowering of the reward (or so bold, not to say foolishly, a trick.

At present I suppose that a common ordinary vote
would never go up as high as $100. Members of the House of Representatives who are in a position of selling
the rights and franchises of the public to the Inter-
est can do much better, but I am speaking of work-
ingmen. Occasionally they do come to sell.

But, even so, call it $100 for the sake of argument.
Now we are always hearing talk about the im-
portance and short-sightedness of the working
classes. They don't look ahead. If they happen to
have a small sum of money over and above their
needs they are not happy until they spend it, fretter
it away, and have nothing to show for it. They
haven't gumption enough to put it by, to invest it
at interest. Many a mackerle makes a mackerle in
the course of time.

Supposing, then, that a man's vote is worth $100.
Since he is willing to throw it away by giving it to the
Interests, we may say that he could just as well
as not save the money he'd get for it if he
could sell it for $100. Put that annual amount for
forty years at interest, and it would come to
something like $3,000. Which would be a tidy little sum.
He could start up a shop with that—and lose it
in six months. He's got to be certain to be
skinned off by some shrewd person. And,
anyhow, if the Cost of Living goes on increasing, in
tyen years $3,000 would look like 30 cents in pur-
chasing power.

But supposing he invests his vote with the So-


EUGENE WOOD.

have a great fuss made about unscrambling the
eggs, and still have nothing done to the eggs. On
the other end of the transaction, they can keep down
wages, and if the workers strike for more pay and
shorter hours, then all the police and militia, the
courts and all such, are right there on the job
to break the strike.

It's a big thing for any class to control the
government. It is so fine a thing for the Interests that
it is only good business for them to put up the
money for the nomination of suitable candidates
and for the purchase of enough votes to put them
in office, provided the price is reasonable, somewhere
under, say, $25.

I suppose that if votes went up to $200 apiece on
the average, the Interests would probably arrange
it with the responsible managers of the Republican
and Democratic parties so nearly alike
that you couldn't tell t'other from which. In that
case, if the Republican party got so rank an honest
man couldn't stand for unless he was paid for,
he would reflect that the Democratic party
was just as rascid, if not more so. Even if it were
well known that the names Republican and Demo-
crat were but names for the two ends of the same
hollow log, there would always be suckers enough
to be fooled by that trick to keep up the institution
of elections, those who like to brag how they have

voted the Republican ticket straight forward ever since, $85,
or who declare loudly; "I am a Democrat!" and look
around the appalled for such a lowering of the reward (or so bold, not to say foolishly, a trick.

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He could start up a shop with that—and lose it
in six months. He's got to be certain to be
skinned off by some shrewd person. And,
anyhow, if the Cost of Living goes on increasing, in
tyen years $3,000 would look like 30 cents in pur-
chasing power.

But supposing he invests his vote with the So-
cialist Party? The bondheads who sell everything
as fast as they get it will probably laugh at him;
they may even, in their twisted way of looking at
things, consider that it is he, and not they, who is
throwing his vote away. Never mind them.

Anybody with any head for figures at all can see
that it won't take twenty years for the Socialist vote
to gain control of the government; nothing like twenty
years at the rate it is growing now. But call it
that for the sake of argument. When it pays
out it will amount to this: That there will be steady
work all the year round, with no deductions for
Rent, Profits and Interest, which will be about $5,000
a year for every laborer, sick and death benefits, and
an old age pension; that there will be no adulterated goods, but everything made for use and not to see
how rotten it can be made and still sell; that the Cost
of Living instead of going up the time will be
coming down all the time, since the natural tend-
ency is continually to invent new and improved
means of producing things and to cut down labor-time a better and better living can be made.

Instead, then, of one little measly dab of $3,000 to
be hung fast to or have robbed away from you,
you will be at the least calculation $3,000 a year
as the result of investing, not the proceeds of your
vote in a bank, but the vote itself with the Socialist
Party, which is the trustee of the interests of the
working classes.

How foolish then to sell your vote for $20 or $3
and to be content to give away.

This is no appeal to your manhood, to your nobler
nature, to your patriotism, to your yearning to be
free, to your hunger for righteousness and justice—
to anything that is fine about you. It is right in
the spirit of this present, penny-pinching, sordid business
age. You and I are practical men, Mr. Harriman. We
want to save the ducks, there's a fine chance for investment on which you are sure to win out big.
You know that. You know that if every working-
man in the country went in for socialism it would
win out over bigger than anybody has yet dared to think.
All you're afraid of is that other people won't go into it too. I've nothing to fear from you. We'll let
your vote away every year instead of investing it.
Don't you mind what other people do or don't do.
What is your own vote worth to yourself to invest.
And very probably you'll find that other people think much more of you and will come into the thing too.

A world to gain and nothing to lose! Think it
over.
WISEGUYS ABROAD

When the yacht was wrecked the Busy Business Man swam ashore to a cannibalistic but ambitious island.

"Now, you get together," he said to the Native on the beach, "and build me a boat. It must get back to Wall Street because my time is worth $100 a minute."

"You're the right man in the right place," said the Native, "and you must come to our chief because ever since a New York newspaper blew ashore last month he has been longing to see one of you $100-a-minute men. Follow me."

"Great!" said the Chief as he rose to greet the newcomer. "Let's see you make about five hundred dollars. What sort of an outfit do you want? Are you a chemist?"

"Certainly not," snapped back the Busy Business Man. "I hire chemists sometimes, but I hope you don't think I putter around personally with the test tubes."

"Then maybe you're an inventor?"

"Of course not."

"An architect?"

"No."

"A doctor?"

"Never."

The Chief thought. "How do you make money?"

"This way," said the Busy Business Man. "When things are long I buy, see and when they're short I sell—see?"

"I don't understand," said the Chief, "but here is the whole island at your disposal. Take all the time you want, but produce an hour's worth of wealth by night and we'll row you back to Wall Street in a boat full of roses and coconuts. If you can't produce six thousand dollars before supper, then—"

The pièce de résistance at the tribe banquet that night was much enjoyed by those present.

TWIN SISTERS—ART & BUSINESS

I

a. George W. Broker is a rising young man.
b. Teenie Twinkletoes is a beautiful young woman. She dances third from the right end in the front row.

II

a. George W. Broker guesses right on the cotton market.
b. The beautiful Teenie Twinkletoes leaves the chorus to star in a new comic opera.

III

a. George W. Broker guesses right on the wheat market.
b. The beautiful Teenie Twinkletoes enjoys a tremendous success in her first comic opera. Or at least it's liberally advertised all winter.

IV

a. George W. Broker guesses wrong on the steel market and goes broke.
b. The beautiful Teenie Twinkletoes goes back to the chorus.

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

HOPE FOR THE YOUNG

When William W. Whatever-your-name is was born his father bought cigars and said, "Now, there's a boy with ambition. There's a boy who's going to go after something and do it."

That's what the boy thought, too. Fact is, he wouldn't have married at twenty-two if he hadn't felt in his bones that somewhere ahead there was an AMBITION—all spells in capital—which he could spend his life in attaining.

So, when we were almost saying, he got married (five girls, too), and after living unhappily for awhile at a boarding house they up and lowered their savings bank account and bought a house.

It wasn't any Biltmore, y'understand, and it wasn't any ex-Senator Clark residence, and it wasn't even a humble thing like Windsor Castle. But it had an open fireplace and a babbling brook, and an imitation stained-glass window in the hall and a great, big, ball-bearing back-action mortgage.

"Five years from now that mortgage will be paid," said William.

"Was it?" Read this simple tale and see. William wouldn't have quashed it as a weather prophet in a little-class post-office. He meant well, but he hadn't counted on two babies, some appendicitis, street improvements, high cost of living and a twenty per cent cut in salary.

Five years after marriage William had worn a path where he went to pay interest at the bank; he had twenty-four grey hairs in his head and the Mortgage was as big as ever.

In the sixth year of the Mortgage William tightened his belt.

"I'll sponge it off the slate or bust," he said.

At the end of the tenth year little old Mister Mortgage was rosy and hale, while William had begun to skip a step. But ambition kept William up.

"I'm going to pay that Mortgage," he told himself. Fifteen years after they moved into their home the Mortgage was the worse for wear, but in the twentieth year it jumped back and began growing worse'dandied.

Tumultuous triumphs and woe, he concluded, and then old Uncle Pigby died, leaving William all he had saved up.

William, now aged seventy-two, tottered down to the bank, paid up everything, and took a receipt.

Then he came home and died.

"After all," he said by way of last words, "there's no particular reason why I should go on living. What is there left in life for me? I have achieved my ambition. I have paid off my Mortgage."

EFFICIENCY BEGINS AT HOME

They were wrenches—good and wrathful if their red necks and popping eyes meant anything. "Darn 'em, the blighted fools have gotta accept it," said Stockholder One.

"They can't do anything else—why, it means a hundred thousand more profit a year," said Stockholder Two.

"We'll make 'em take it up. We'll make him apply it to everything about the works, too," said Stockholder Three.

"One minute," interrupted the Mildly Inquiring Person, "but do I understand that the trouble has arisen because the workmen in the factory won't adopt the new efficiency system that you are so anxious to install in every department?"

"That's it," said the Chairman.

"You want everything efficient? You don't want any waste material or waste time or waste lumber generally?"

"That's it."

"Gentlemen, there's a way. There is a certain wasteful, inefficient, costly set idea that's connected with your factory. Eliminate them and I'll guarantee that the rest of the efficiency program will be adopted in a hurry."

"Sure, we'll eliminate them—who are they?" clamored the Stockholders.

"They are yourselves," said the Mildly Inquiring Person.

Then the riot began.

ALMOST UNANIMOUS

"Property is sacred!" screams the Anti-Socialist Lecturer.

"Quite right," agrees John D. Scroadsworth, who has just paid a million for a country home.

"No man must attack unsecured that palladium of our liberties—our lawmakers!"

"Right you are," nods the Honorable James J. Cigarra, Representative from the Fourteenth District.

"How dare they criticise the action of our clergy in accepting large money gifts from grateful parishes?"

"Kill 'em," says the Bishop in the front row.

"We must take a stand! We must resist these usurpers who would destroy our personal liberty!"

"You bet," assents Mr. George W. Sargo, who employs fourteen hundred children in his factory.

The janitor yawns wearily. "I wish they'd get through," he says. "If I don't get up early to-morrow morning and distribute literature we'll probably only elect fourteen to Congress next November instead of fifteen."

MISTER EVERYMAN ADMITS IT

"Of course, the Socialists are all dreamers," says the Doctor, "still it seems to me that Society might be so arranged that a doctor wouldn't have to spend his time tending the stomachs of a lot of fat pigs who happen to have money."

"Of course, these Socialists are all dreamers," says the College Professor, "still it seems to me that the world might be run in a more orderly fashion and that rewards might be a little bigger to people who don't spend their lives looking for a chance to take candy away from babies."
WAR AND CIVIL WAR

THE BENEFICIARIES OF WAR

By NICHOLAS KLEIN & RALPH KORNGOLD

WAR—By Nicholas Klein

I f you shoot a man in the heat of an argument and take his life, the State may forfeit your life for the crime. But put on a uniform, kill a dozen men in war by shooting them, and whom you have never seen and do not know, and you get a medal for bravery. There is a difference, to be sure. This difference: One is murder, an accident; the other, well-planned wholesale murder.

Just imagine an army in overalls! It would never work. It would be no use. There must be the glitter and the show; the drums, trumpets, medals, shoulder-straps, lace and the sash. This is more important than the sword and the gun. It is the big thing in the war business. And you find it everywhere. Overdressed women lack brain, and seek to attract the male sex by a display of jewelry and dress. The tiger has a gaudy skin. Most snakes have remarkable skins and cheapen in our eyes the sombre coat of the useful horse and cow. The polo has a gay coat, but is useless. The peacock is strong on the dress proposition, but is of no real value. Then there is the leopard, too! How long would an army last if the stage effects were removed? If recruiting officers would explain the canons, the flying legs, the smokeless powder, the leaking brains, the rotting bodies, how many would join?

Of course the war business has changed since Caesar’s time. Our friends, Caesar, Hannibal and Charlemagne, would stop a revolution in first class style. They simply went after the leader and picked him off. This killed the war. They then killed all the warriors, of course. They were sensible with the war proposition. No silly-dallying then. An enemy was an enemy and he had to be killed. Sometimes they would kill the enemy on the battlefield. Often there was death by way of taking their enemies to religious sacrifice, and often the captured were slowly killed through slavery. But killed they were, because they were enemies and had to die. But then came Napoleon, the insane; the man whose crazy ambition (he called it “Destiny”) was to place Europe under his crown. He “civilized” war! This man whose fancy coat Europe seventeen million lives, or two thousand a day for twenty-three years, got a new scheme. He would improve on Caesar’s. He pensioned the captured enemy and feasted them at banquets. And this has been done ever since.

During the Spanish-American war we worked it. Admiral Cervera and his officers were captured and feted at Annapolis. They had private chambers, elaborate table delicacies and pin money. Shades of Alexander, what a joke! First we line up the armies to slaughter one another, then leave the dead behind rolling in the sun, and the captured foe who escaped death on the field of battle is feted and dined; exchanged off, only to go through the same stunt again until all are killed off or the war is stopped. It is just like having one set of men rolling stones up a hill and another set throwing them down again. Like digging holes and filling them up again. Like starting fires for the purpose of paying off the losses.

Take the Titanic disaster. Suppose the White Star Company officials had planned the disaster? Surely the officials would have been fit for the corners immediately. But let a nation plan a war and kill thousands for trade—and the women cheer the boys who march to kill for the sum of $13 per month and board. Since the siege of Troy 40,000,000 persons have been killed every century in this war business. DURING THIRTY CENTURIES 1,200,000,000 men, women and children have been killed in war. This is almost the present population, then why the Red Cross? Why not kill them all off and be done with it? Why bandage the wounded? Why the exchange of prisoners? As the hunger for Brotherhood becomes strong, the lack of war goes down. Intelligence and the lack of men for wholesale murder. Only insane men desire to strut about in uniform. Normal men desire peace and sombre clothes.

We weep when a Titanic goes down. We demand justice when a government theater proprietor is negligent and causes loss of life. ALL the world contributes to save the starving Indian. We shout for Congressional bears for the flood and volcano sufferers and the dead. But get up a war, bung out the tomztoms and the show, the brass buttons and the flags, and the people go wild. Hurrah! The fellows who come back without being killed are idolized and feasted. The dead ones are heroes and their widows are entitled to a pension. Great heroes—this war business. Fine way of settling your quarrels. Just kill the other fellow and you have triumphed. God was with the right—and of course you were right, as usual.

But war is war and murder is murder! THERE IS WHOLESALE MURDER AND RETAIL MURDER! THE FORMER IS RESPECTABLE AND HONORABLE, FOR IT IS THE WAR BUSINESS! BUSINESS IS BUSINESS, YOU KNOW!

CIVIL WAR—Korngold

T HERE are some timid souls who imagine that the victory of Socialism at the ballot box will be followed by a civil war, the most terrible the world has ever known. There is no fear of such a thing ever happening if the Socialist Party does its duty. Its sacred duty is to educate the soldier and the sailor.

The soldier and the sailor come from the working class. They are average boys of the working class, no more ignorant than the average workingman, perhaps a trifle more ambitious or a trifle more unfortunate. It is no harder to make a Socialist out of the soldier and the sailor than it is to turn a Socialist out of any other workingman. In fact, it is easier. The eyes of the soldier and the sailor have been opened. The professional soldier is, as a rule, the most unpatriotic person in existence. He has been betrayed into a dog’s life by false promises, false advertisements, false sentimentalism, and he resents it.

The soldiers and sailors are taking an intense interest in our propaganda wherever they have become acquaint

When a couple of years ago I spoke at Vallejo, California, I was introduced to a sailor who was known as the secretary of the Socialist Local on the battlehip West Virginia. This man informed me that there were seventy-eight Socialist papers coming to this battlehip alone, that they had quite a library of Socialist books, and that several of the officers were interested.

When the majority of the people are Socialists in the minds of whom you have sold the soldiers and sailors to keep the people from coming into their own, the guns may pop off the wrong way.

THE BENEFICIARIES OF WAR—Balfour Ker

You cannot make a civilized man believe that war is necessary, or even good. If it keeps down the surplus
AWARDS AT DUSK
By M. B. LEVICK
Written for The Masses.

It seemed to the two diners that the orchestra was play-
ing a waltz for the home-
ward bound crowds outside.
Dusk tinted the lower ave-
 nue. Lively with the placid
bustle of the first hour of
recreation, the broad thorough-
fare deflected part of the
major throng at every cor-
nor; but the side streets
retained the bulk.
The lights of the avenue's
shops and restaurants were clear points in the waning
day, rather than the diffused illumination of a later
hour. The cross streets were dark, except for the
gas lamps at the curb. The workers followed them
in dimness, the size of the crowds exaggerated by
shadow. Here and there was a man, but for the most
part these passers-by were girls-girls from the office
buildings, the stores and the factories further west on
Manhattan.
They emerged from obscurity into the avenue crossing,
passed through the chastened brilliance without paused,
and again became shadows. In the reflection
from the restaurant the crowd was brought past in
review.
A man walking down the avenue stopped abruptly,
and wheeled to the edge of the sidewalk, faced
the home goers. From his shoulder he slipped the strap
of a satchel around his neck and opened the bag
before him. He stood silently regarding the girls.
The two in the restaurant could not see his face.
From their corner of the glassed-in balcony they
looked down on his back with the careless interest of
too coffee course.

The man had been there less than a minute when a
young woman left her path at a tangent, sidling from
the crowd. From the satchel she took an envelope
and glanced at it anxiously before she gave payment
and hurried off.

A moment later a second followed.

"What is it?" asked one of the two at the window
above. His companion did not answer.
A third woman turned out as suddenly as had the
others, took her envelope and paid tribute; then
another and another. They came quicker, each duplicat-
ing the actions of her predecessor. They seemed al-
most to follow a formula. None failed to peer hastily
at what she received. As their numbers increased
with the swelling of the crowds, it was like a sea
light's growing deflection of birds from a passing flock.
Through it all the man remained motionless, appar-
etly silent.

"What can he have that makes them go to him like that?",-again asked the man above.

"It almost seems as if he had an expected message
for each of the others suggested.
For a moment they watched the little mystery in
quest.

"They seem to know," the first commented.

"Yes... See, not one pauses; a second or two and
they're off."

"Without questioning. He must deal in the irreco-

no."

"No, not all—look." A woman older than most was talking to him. Her
lips moved emphatically. She gesticulated and spoke
under her breath; it seemed they caught a word now
and then—"trickery," "cheat"—but the orchestra kept
the ascendance. The man with the bag remained
imperceptible, and finally the woman turned away, half
crossed the sidewalk, and then went back. She took
her pick of his wares and hastened on like all the
others.

"He won," the first watcher commented, and checked
the passing waiter. "What does that man deal in?"
he asked.

"He sells—" the waiter began, but the second man at
the table interrupted.

"He seems to sell—?"

"Hair nets," the waiter concluded. "I bought one
last night for my wife."

"He seems to you to be a dealer in hair nets. But
you are a man, beyond the pale; that was his ruse
against you." A girl of sixteen was the customer of the minute.

As she left the bag they heard her laugh above the
music.

"But he is no common peddler," the man at the table
went on. "See how they turn to him. They don't
question; they accept. For those who may not see,
he is the hair net seller. But, in truth, he is Fate-
waylaiding them there to dole out his decrees and
take the token of tribute. He is Fate, singling out those
for whom this night has a meaning above other nights.
He is giving his awards. They may go to pass, and
they cannot. They try to escape, and find they must turn
back. They try to quarrel, and he remains silent. He
is not rending frivolity; he is distributing the edicts
of the gods... he gives nets of another kind than
that you bought."

Below, the girls continued to pass in review and the
crowd steadily yielded its quota of customers for the
man with the bag. He himself still took his fee and
gave his goods with a manner betraying a disdain ap-
proaching pity. The orchestra kept on with its waltz.

I WILL LIVE
By ISABELLA JONES DAVIS
Written for The Masses.

The Spirit communed with the
unborn soul.

"Look before you, on the
world. It is peopled. It is
waiting. Do you want to
go?"

The heavenly sphere seemed to be falling away.

Its perfection of bliss, its
endless, calm joy.

The celestial one let his eyes dwell upon the world
and did not answer.

"Think," said the Spirit again.

"Do you want to be
born? And where will you choose your birth-roof?
Among the high, or low—in what part of the world?
One race, aye, one family, is much the same as an-
other in feeling; all have passions and impulses,
whether civilized or uncivilized. Some differ a little
in their standards of looking at things—that is all."

"Yes, yes, let me go," cried the soul of the man un-
born.

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"Wait, son," admonished the Spirit. "Think well.
Great opportunities for doing good await you there,
that you cannot accomplish here. Perhaps you will
be a musician, an artist, a scientist, an inventor, a
great author—it depends largely upon the family of
your birth. Perhaps you will prove a blessing to those
who give you your birthright. It is a beautiful world.
We know who made it."

The heavenly one clasped his hands upon his breast
and an angelic smile illumined his features. "Yes,
Spirit, I choose to cast my lot wherever it falls in
that world which God has created for His children."
And still the Spirit detained him.

"Consider," said he, with a gentle patience; "think;
you will make or mar a life down there. Time in this
heavenly sphere is not reckoned by years—it is eternity.
There, it is only a short while, into which is crowded
the years of infancy, the diseases of childhood, the
struggle of youth, the cares and regrets of middle
age. And then come the declining years when you have
made your choice."

The other raised his hand, but the Spirit continued
relentlessly.

"Gradually age creeps upon you. Oh, no, you cannot
remain strong with the strength of youth; you will
turn gray and wrinkle; your step will halt, your
faculties become weak. A living death comes to
many who lose their minds; perhaps, worse yet, you are
are done with life."

The celestial one started. "Die?" he echoed. The
Spirit smiled. "Aye," he answered, "or perhaps you
will be cut off in your youth. It is a great question.
Think well, for if you decide, you leave immortality
and put on mortality. You will live and yet you will
carry no realization of this being—this blissful spirit-
life. You may be born a king or a peasant, an idyll,
you may come into the world saddled with the craving for
vice, handed down to you from a sinful preceding genera-
tion. The celestial shuddered. "But many," con-
tinued the Spirit, "are happy. And I would take the
experience, even though mortals must struggle in that
seething mass called 'Earth'—yes, even, though jeal-
ousies, hatred and revenge mar life. Even though
some battle with poverty, others with sorrows, and all
with sin. Think well! Will you, as the world calls it,
'have your rings'?

The other hung his head. "I—I do not know. I
have heard spirits are given this one chance to be born
in the world of men, if they wish—I—do not know
—I do not know—I am afraid."

The Spirit touched his arm. "The Master of Heaven
and Earth was born in a manger among the lowly.
The world will celebrate his birthday. His life has
lightened the world. His death has saved the
world. For through his life all the world was re-
deemed. And through his resurrection the world
achieved a Savior!"

There was a gentle pause. "If you are born in a
humble home," said the Spirit kindly, "you have only
a little chance to help. If you are born powerful and
rich, you may give a wide advantage to help. But the
Christ was neither rich nor powerful."

The Spirit sank into a deep study. Then: "I elected
not to be born—it seemed ecstasial—to think that
down there, in that great world of humanity—I could
do anything—or that my life would be worth while.
But listen. Since I am your guardian angel, I will, in
confidence tell you. I—if I had the chance again—I
would go. It is a great boon—that mortal life. Some-
times wicked men confined in prisons will fight des-
perately against death. There is more joy on earth
than sorrow, my son, if the people only will it so,
themselves. God has given them a beautiful world,
truth, and love, and beauty. He has given them a heart
and conscience, and each one can accomplish so much
good in his own little sphere, that it will last through
all the ages."

For the first time the celestial one forgot self. He
lifed his head and a glory shone in his countenance.

"I will live!" he cried. "I will live!"
The class-consciousness of the sailors and soldiers, far more than the general strike, will have to be depended on by the strikers once the crisis comes; for it is well to remember that an army of trained and armed men can easily hold in subjection an unarmed mass of men, and that the extent of compelling them to go to work. With the troops, the strikers on our side, however, the capitalist class is helpless.

But even if worst comes to worst and civil war was unavoidable—what of it? Peace will come in the end, and war blood is more bloody than any war the world has ever known.

There are about twice as many men, women and children killed, maimed and wounded by the Jug-

gernaut of capitalist industry in one single year in the United States than there were soldiers killed, maimed and wounded during the entire four years of the Great War. It is not a question of a handful of men or of a few hundred thousand or more people who are the victims of consummation, and the thousands of others who die of the various preventable diseases which capitalism fosters, but of tens of millions. As a result of food adulteration, overwork and exposure, all of which are attributable to the capitalist system.

The reign of capitalism is one continuous reign of terror, and no price the people might pay for its abolition is too great a price to pay.

Roosevelt and the Third Party (Continued from page 7)

be for Bryan, and he has already in such com-

spicuous instances as those of Senator Borah and Gover-

nor Hadley.

Some of his other difficulties are even more obvious and have been discussed endlessly in the capitalist press. Much of the real "progressive" sentiment in the country is already well content with the leadership of Woodrow Wilson and of the Republicans. Furthermore, Roosevelt is still woefully without a platform, since the historic "theft of delegates" can hardly be said to act-

uate, as an issue, the convention which gave him his nomination.

And finally he has assuredly excited widespread apprehension among those who, to put it psychologically, think of politics as a game, who think they have no personal stake in it unless they can have some sort of an advantage, and who distrust him, to, abnormal emphasis upon a personal leadership.

On the whole, therefore, as I have suggested, his per-

sonal, non-political appeal to wide classes. He is to-

nous a tempting opportunity to "start something."

The recent national crisis has set in during seven times since his triumphant return from Europe, but he rides it, partly by ignoring it, partly by breaking the "rules of the game" and partly by a broad, brutal attack upon his foes. In addition to this personal element, he has the ability to raise very considerable sums of money and the further fact that his movement, unlike the Populists and the Greenback movements to which it is frequently compared, is not sectional in its appeal.

What the immediate outcome may be, no one can tell. Mr. Roosevelt may carry two states, or ten, or none. The real question, from our point of view, is whether he can succeed in developing a permanent "third party," based on capitalist reform program to compete with us for favor.

He has the opportunity to do it, and that is certainly something.

At present the odds, for the reasons which I have stated, are very much against him. He has very much against him in a real sort of way they are not insuperable. Another "third party" would be, as they say, "the best thing in the world." But it is a difficult thing to do, and will not result in the immediate success which the leaders of the movement desire, and which they have the ability to bring to bear upon their cause. It will not make the business better, or the government better, or the world better. It will bring about a reorganization of the country on a permanent basis.

And another "third party," alive and kicking, would draw away from us every last ounce of fictitious strength.

Mass Action by Louis Undermyeyer

HEN the strike at Perth Amboy was at its most feverish a few weeks ago, one of the New York newspapers printed a shocking story of a group of men going about armed, destroying fences and seemingly engaged in vi-

lent tactics. Immediately the press set up a howl which was not unnatural merely because of the still louder and more confused echoes of the political turmoil. Our friendly contemporaries in the Socialist papers, for the most part protested against judging these "insurrectionists" as Socialists. They were, they said, "hired hands," "paid rowdies," etc. who were endeavoring to offset by such means the sym-

pathy which the strikers were arousing and bring them into disrepute. . . . It is here where many of our contemporaries shirked the real truth, for let it be understood at once that not all of these men were "outlaws engaged by the big interests." Many of them came undoubtedly from the strikers them-

selves. They were doing this because there was nothing else for them to do; they were violent because their employers had, unconsciously, trained them to it.

For though direct action is the battle of despair, or rather the battle for therewhich fails occur in-

vincibly. And they will happen with greater fre-

quency as long as men are fired by a wild hope even in the midst of hopelessness. The Evening Mail, a typical capitalist New York journal, threw over its usual careful and conventional standards when, for a fortnight ago, this paragraph appeared in an ed-

itorial on the horror of war: . . . It is true that there are issues before this people and as potentially explosive as the question of slavery. If a comparison is made between the anti-

slavery sentiment of fifty years ago and the cost-of-

living problem as of today, then the fruits of Roosevelt is still woefully without a platform, since the historic "theft of delegates" can hardly be said to act-

uate, as an issue, the convention which gave him his nomination.

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For though direct action is the battle of despair, or rather the battle for therewhich fails occur in-
MARTYRDOM
By WILL HERFORD

These days everything comes in different brands, whether it is religion or stocks, flowers or carnations. When a crucified slave hung at every cross-road, half-starved lions waited for public holidays to get a square meal and the people thronged the arena seats like a Chicago crowd at a baseball match, the Christian religion was not nearly so old a line. Why a change? The modern brands of religion are absolutely martyr proof. When Constantine took hold of Christianity it was very uncertain affair, but he saw its possibilities and has, by conviction and its weak and strong points, and, by a manipulation and development worthy of a Burroughs, an article has been developed that has all the advantages and none of the objectionable features of the original. It is universally accepted. Constantine put the Christian Religion on a business footing and to-day it is being sponsored and put forward by the worldwide firm of Big Business & Co. as the great reward for meekness, the universal panacea for the pains of injustice in this world and an ever present hope for better conditions in the next.

Now, would it not be possible for the Socialists, for instance, to develop the Christian system, eliminate from their propaganda, their religions, let us call it, all the most objectionable features that make for martyrdom and give us something that will be really as attractive and available to the business world of to-day as Christianity is, and possibly even a better drawing card for the discontented classes? Then everything would be lovely and prosperous, at least for the prosperous ones, and the rest of us would try to be satisfied. Is it not better that a few should be very well-to-do and have nearly everything in the world, or at least control it, which is the same thing, and have the loyal, contented support of the rest of us, than there should be this everlasting discontent and this growing menace of the sceptres of Socialism? Have we not the bright hope for the next world and ought we not to try to be satisfied with that? Was not that about all that the noble army of martyrs had who died for Christianity; though it is true they would not be considered good business examples for to-day? Certainly this would be better than to have this everlasting questioning of the methods of such leaders of the people as Cannon and Taft, Aldrich and Roosevelt. How many papes, bishops, clergy, ministers and evangelists, to say nothing of the millions of us common folk, have been praying for something like two thousand years in the words taught us by the Carpenter of Galilee, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," and yet there never has been in the world so much unemployment, poverty, crime and insanity as there is to-day. These features of our civilization are increasing faster than the population of the big cities, and the population of the cities is increasing faster than that of the country districts. Yet we have more religion in the world to-day than ever before. Is it the right brand? But then there are so many brands and none of them seems to be the original one. Still, the objection to the original brand, a fatal objection, indeed, was that it produced martyrs about as fast as it made converts. Well, we have at least eliminated this objection. The Christian religion to-day is as safe as a postoffice savings bank. In these days, you know, "Human nature is human nature" and "Business is business," and the two get along together right. But saintly martyrs interfere with "Business." Constantine found that out, and so the brand has been improved, and to-day we have a brand that is a vast improvement on the original, at least for business purposes.

BOUCK WHITE-MAN AND AUTHOR
By MARGARET LACEY

BOUCK WHITE was born in one of the beautiful villages of the Catskill Mountains. He was graduated at Harvard, and later at the Union Theological Seminary of New York. He has been in charge of two churches and of several boys' clubs. For four years he has been a health worker at Trinity House of Holy Trinity Church of Brooklyn, New York.

To mould public opinion was doubtless one of Mr. White's earliest dreams. His course at Harvard was taken with this end in view, and this, with the later experience on the editorial side of the Springfield Republican, equipped him for literary work.

In ten years Mr. White has published three books, "Quo Vaditis," "The Book of Daniel Drew" and "The Call of the Carpenter." "Quo Vaditis" was published in 1903. The book is full of lofty strength and rugged nature. It is a book of prophecy, of epic grandeur; it is startling analogy; though it is less a book indeed than a cry, a cry to the children of men, a cry to come out from their selfishness and greed and sorely-needed to a new life of consecration.

Let the book speak for itself, in such words as these: "Naught but God-Who-I's can satisfy the soul's unquiet quest. Until then, depression, unease, the asking look in the eye of the passers-by on the street." "For there is no cry like the cry of God-forsakenness, and a people, though loudly with fastness, cannot be happy in the rotting away of their soul within." "Too much grubbing in the dirt, brother, too little lifting of the face to the sky." "Out of God a nation is as a ship out of water. The masters have much ado to stay and shore up the hull of its great bulk. They brace the deck here to find it weaken there. And when every part is at last propped, it is an unstable affair and will collapse at a shaking. But they thrust the vessel upon the waters. And now what may many prop does not do, His Oceanic presence effortlessly accomplishes. For the deep reaches up an arm to every part and the ship rides an even keel, all-buttressed, balanced and buoyant. Now that America is at rest in the world's life and perplexities thicken about her, will she loosen her hold on the Unseen in whom alone is the hiding of her power?" "Earth has seen many sorry sights. But never has she seen those who kept the path of duty, lose faith in God and Heaven."

"Why should man persist to bereave himself of the assurance of an Eternal Presence? Life is indeed the real physician, the wise who make themselves guests in their own brain chambers, the Host another than they." "Man's ever better prompting, each true word that speaks within, all strivings to higher things, are pulses of the heart of God."

"Except as outgrowths of the heart of God, whence the inward stirrings, the swift ratings of honor, the manifold quickenings? Holding the form of godliness, ye deny the power thereof. But know, that goodness that derived from precept is veneer and spotty at that."

"When a soul is made acquainted with God, a miracle of transformation is wrought; the cold dead water Conscience transforms into a flesh-and-blood of the Highest; the Time Spirit, the Public Conscience, and that mystic something, Mankind, become transcendentals, unfolding into the Presence and Person of the Living God."

"Not in, but above Nature dwells the Living God. Not above, but in man dwells the Living God. He is the tie which ties mankind together, else men were mere atomies, each solitary sealed, and walled about."

"The Social Tissue, the Age's atmosphere—that is He; He the personality confederate of all personality, the Nation's ligament and cartilage, the heart, the blocking all hearts. Thou, O man, art but a lobe of a Brain that is larger than thou!"

Mr. White's second book, "The Book of Daniel Drew," has nothing in common with its predecessor. It is a revelation of the inner workings of Wall Street methods, and deals with the facts of the Gould-Fisk ring in the early seventies. The art in making such a book can only be appreciated in the reading. It is, perforce, a disagreeable book, dealing with treacheries and hypocrisies and an autobiography of coarse rafflery and illiteracy, for the author never loses for a moment the consciousness of the personality he has affected, but it is a book consummately written nevertheless.

Mr. White's latest book, "The Call of the Carpenter," has been probably the most discussed book of the year.

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