CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

LITERATURE

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HAYDEN CARRUTH
INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE
ELLIS O. JONES
MAX EASTMAN
HORATIO WINSLOW
THOMAS SELTZER
MARY HEATON VORSE
JOSEPH O'BRIEN
LOUIS UNTERMeyer
LEERY SCOTT

STOCKHOLDERS

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WILLIAM WATSON, Secretary and Business Mgr.
ANDRE TRIDON
GEO. ALLAN ENGLAND
HORATIO G. WINSLOW
MAURICE BECKER

ART

JOHN SLOAN
ARTHUR young
ALICE BEACH WINTER
ALEXANDER POPINi
H. J. TURNER
CHARLES A. WINTER
MAURICE BECKER
WILLIAM WASHBURN NUTTING

STOCKHOLDERS

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ALEXANDER POPINi
MARJORIE HOOD
J. B. LARRIC
LAYTON SMITH
POWEL O'MALLEY
ANTON OTTO FISCHER
WILLIAM W. NUTTING
CHARLES A. WINTER
ROSE GREENBERG

This is WHAT it costs to publish THE masses

Per Month.
Printing—approximate cost $275.00
Wrapping and mailing 65.00
Office rent 30.00
Telephone—approximate cost 6.00
Stationery and sundry postage 25.00
Publicity—for circulation purposes 78.00

We hire at present only a stenographer for part-time—we shall need more regular help at a salary, which will cost us per month 128.00

Which makes the total per month $600.00

The yearly cost will be $7,200.00

The average length of time which our present subscription list has yet to run is six months. At the end of that time, the magazine will be upon its feet, and running upon the self-supporting basis shown by the above figures.

You will observe that our income does not provide for any return from advertisements printed. We shall not be obliged to suppress any literature or any art in order to hold an advertiser.

We expect to increase the circulation. On a circulation of twenty thousand, we figure that we should have a surplus of four thousand dollars. With this surplus, we shall first pay back the money contributions asked for in this number. The balance will be used to improve the quality and style of the magazine.

If you like this number and want others to see it, have your local sell in bundle orders according to the rates given here. You can make money by buying at five cents per copy, and selling at ten cents per copy, the regular price of the magazine.

If you want someone else to receive it regularly, get them to subscribe, or make them a present of a subscription for a year at one dollar, or for six months at fifty cents. It will make a fine Christmas present.

This issue was reprinted from an original provided by Harvard College Library.
EDITORIAL NOTICE

We ask our subscribers' pardon for a three months' delay. It was due to the resignation of our managing editor at a time when the contributing editors were out of town and a reorganization could not be effected. All subscriptions will be extended three months beyond the original date of expiration.

WHAT WE HOPE TO DO

We plan a radical change of policy for The Masses, and we appeal to our subscribers and contributors to help us put it through. We appeal to everybody who reads this notice to consider the proposition it makes, and co-operate with us if he can.

We are going to make The Masses a popular Socialist magazine—a magazine of pictures and lively writing.

Humorous, serious, illustrative and decorative pictures of a stimulating kind. There are no magazines in America which measure up in radical art and freedom of expression to the foreign satirical journals. We think we can produce one, and we have on our staff eight of the best known artists and illustrators in the country ready to contribute to it their most individual work. Their names appear upon the opposite page, and you are at liberty to write to them in regard to their interest in this venture. We shall produce with the best technique the best magazine pictures at command in New York.

But we go beyond this. For with that pictorial policy we combine a literary policy equally radical and definite. We are a Socialist magazine. We shall print every month a page of illustrated editorials reflecting life as a whole from a Socialist standpoint, besides Horatio Winslow's page on "The Way You Look at It." In our contributed columns we shall incline towards literature of special interest to Socialists, but we shall be hospitable to free and spirited expressions of every kind—in fiction, satire, poetry and essay. Only we shall no longer compete in any degree with the more heavy and academic reviews. We shall turn our reading matter up to the key of our pictures as fast as we can. And the staff of writers who will promote this can also be found on the opposite page.

Observe that we do not enter the field of any Socialist or other magazine now published, or to be published. We shall have no further part in the factional disputes within the Socialist Party; we are opposed to the dogmatic spirit which creates and sustains these disputes. Our appeal will be to the masses, both Socialist and non-Socialist, with entertainment, education, and the livelier kinds of propaganda.

HOW WE HOPE TO DO IT

This magazine has a subscription list of 5,000, a circulation of 10,000, and, its contributions being voluntary, it pays for itself without receiving advertisements. An itemized statement of this fact will be found on the opposite page. Owing to injudicious investments in advertising, however, the magazine finds itself upon reorganization this fall to be absolutely without funds. The money paid for annual subscriptions is used up, and the subscriptions have not run out. We are getting out this issue with the last cent we possess, and it will take six months before our subscription list renews itself so that we can operate as before.

That is, the new Masses will have to be sustained by those who believe in it for six months. After that time it will sustain itself, as the old Masses did before the mistake in financial management.

This means that we must have $600 a month for six months in order to make the new start. We must have that sum pledged before the next issue appears.

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE

If you will help us we can secure that money. We offer you three ways to help us, according to your means.

The first is this: Pledge us a loan of ten or more dollars a month for six months, and come into the Masses Co-operative Publishing Company. This loan will be returned to you if The Masses succeeds. For with a circulation of 20,000 we shall make $4,000 a year.

The second way you can help us is this: Renew your subscription now. Give us the sum that we owe you in future numbers of the magazine, and start us off as a new magazine with a new annual subscription dating from December. If we do not go to press we will return your money. Do this at once.

The third and least thing you can do is this: Get us a new subscriber. Get us ten new subscribers. Every new subscription that we receive now reduces by one dollar the sum necessary to tide us over that six months. Give us six hundred new subscribers and we need only $500 a month in loan pledges. Show this issue of the magazine to your friends and tell them it was gotten up at half cost, and is only one-half as good as we intend to give for one dollar a year.

Do you like the magazine as it is? Do you like this outline of what it will be? Then do something for it now. The contributors have done their share. Besides giving you their best work, they have pledged $150 a month towards that $600. You will have to do the rest. If this effort fails The Masses goes out of existence, although it supported itself successfully for eighteen months and although its contributing editors and illustrators are more numerous and more ready to help under the new plan than they ever were before.
HIS COUNTRY'S FLAG
KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

By MAX EASTMAN

Illustrations By JOHN SLOAN

These remarks will not bear any definite relation to their title. Why should they? The title is quite good enough by itself. We need only add that by Knowledge we do not mean a set of intellectual dogmas, which cannot change, and to which every new fact must conform whether it wants to or not. By Knowledge, when it is spelled with a capital, we mean experimental knowledge—a free investigation of the developing facts, and a continuous re-testing of the theories, which pertain to the end we have in view.

The end we have in view is an economic and social revolution. And by Revolution we do not mean the journey of the earth around the sun, nor any other thing that is bound to happen whether we direct our wills to it or not. Neither do we mean a change necessarily decorated with blood and thunder. We mean a radical democratization of industry and society, made possible by the growth of capitalism, but to be accomplished only when and if the spirit of liberty and rebellion is sufficiently awakened in the classes which are now oppressed. A revolution is a sweeping change accomplished through the conquest of power by a subjected class.

The opposite of Revolution is not evolution, but reform. Everybody acknowledges that the general progress of life and society, when seen in the large, is a continuous evolution. There is no difference of opinion upon this point. There is only a difference of present activity. The Evolutionist is a man who talks about Evolution; the Revolutionist is a man who produces it.

Between revolutionist and reformer there is every difference. There is a flat contradiction of wish, belief, and action. The reformer wishes for the workers their share of the blessings of civilization; he believes in himself and his altruistic oratory; he tries to multiply his kind. The revolutionist wishes the workers to take the blessings of civilization; he believes in them, and their organized power; he tries to increase in them the knowledge of their situation and the spirit of class-conscious aggression. "Education and Insurrection to be adopted simultaneously" was the battle-cry of Mazzini. And with that high support we will leave our title and discuss some immediate matters that come within its illumination.

EDITOR and Giovanniti, leaders of the Lawrence strike—the biggest human victory of recent years in America—are on trial for their lives. They are charged with being accessories before the fact to the murder of one of their fellow-workers. If this charge were true, they would not be in jail. For the lives of their fellow-workers are not an object of solicitude to the courts or the officers of law in Massachusetts. That was made clear by the congressional investigation of last winter. It is made clear by the retentation in government offices, after a nominal fine, of the man who killed dynamite in the workers' houses. It is made still clearer by the release and courteous treatment of William Wood, the man reasonably suspected of complicity in the dynamite planted there, while he had been denied to Editor and Giovanniti, and they have been locked up for eight months without trial, although their original indictment was cursory and ill-founded.

They are not accessories before the fact to the murder of one of their fellow-workers, but they are accessories before the fact to the rescue of their fellow-workers from murder—a slow murder in the machinery of capitalist production. That is their crime. They are accessories to the seizure by the workers of Lawrence of a small part of the goods they produce.

The Lawrence strike was a victory of discipline and self-control combined with industrial methods and revolutionary ideals. Everybody who read the news last winter knows that. Everybody knows that if these men had swaged over round town advocating murder and stirring the strikers to acts of passion, they would have lost the battle they were waging. Their victory proves that they are not guilty of the charge under which they are held.

It is hardly to be doubted that Editor and Giovanniti—along with a thousand others on both sides of that struggle—voiced their antagonism at times in physical language. Witnesses will be found to prove that. Witnesses could be found to prove that men high up in the woolen trust voiced themselves in exactly the same way. And they could be held as accessories to the murder of a striker with far more plausibility than the leaders of the strike. But they were not arraigned or indicted in connection with this murder. And that shows what in the animus behind this trial. That shows what has become of the courts and the forms of law in Massachusetts. They are prostitutes to the service of the money-power. And every individual in the United States who calls himself a democrat and believes in the elementary rights of man, ought to be lifting his voice against them in the name of justice and liberty.

The workers of Lawrence produce more woolen clothing than is produced anywhere else in America; the children of these producers were found by a congressional committee to be going without underdrawers in mid-winter. That is Capitalist Production. The way up is a struggle.

We are glad to note that a minister has at last been locked up in jail for reading the Bible. We are also pleased that the Mayor of Schenectady has been jailed for reading the Constitution of the United States. We have always contended that there are good things in both these documents, and it is a pleasure to see them taken so seriously. The trouble in the past seems to have been, not that they were not read often enough, but that they were not read at the appropriate times and places. It is an almost universal custom, for instance, to read the Bible in church. But that is the one place where it cannot possibly take a practical effect because all the people are sitting down and haven't the slightest intention of doing anything.

This minister, however, seems to have grown weary of adorning the Sabbath air with specimens of good English, and decided to try the Bible out with a view to its actual meaning. He tried it on a body of striking textile workers in the vicinity of Utica, where the conditions of factory labor and wage-payment, according to the findings of a State Commission, are lower than in any other town in New York. He tried it in a public park where documents of less definite import are continually read aloud with impunity. His immediate arrest and imprisonment was therefore especially gratifying. It was a kind of corroboration of the Bible, and made us feel that this document could be used for the encouragement of active virtue on work-days, as well as for the comforting of sinners on Sunday. If only it were brought out into the places where activity, and therefore virtue, is possible.
The MASSES

AVRODY who doubted that American politics is essentially a sport, must have been set at rest by Woodrow Wilson's play to the grandstand when his antagonist was laid up with a bullet. As his campaign engagements canceled, because he would not stay in the field against a disabled player. Excellent Princeton tradition! We recommend the consideration of打猎 as worthy to stand only sec- ond to Arthur Poe of the drop-kick and the Yale run. But would any man who cared to find a sporty appeal to be the servant of a great interest, or the champion of a great idea, or a fighter and laborer in the advance of life and civilization, cancel even the fun of the sun a moment of the time to allot him to get his thoughts before the people. Woodrow Wilson is a gentleman and a scholar and a good sportsman. The other candidates are good sportsmen, but they are gentlemen in the same game. So are their youthful campaign managers.

There is danger to the Socialist party when it sends a man to congress. There is danger of his forgetting, amid so much aspiration and oratory as are known to prevail in that sacred body, the class struggle and the economic interpretation of history. The economic interpretation of the Bill of Rights as it appears in our Constitution, is vividly set forth by Mayor Lum's arrest. He was arrested while reading this document to a congregation of people without property. Now, the Bill of Rights—however much real democratic idealism may have gone into its composition—was launched by the power of property, and was consecrated to the protection of property-owners against an aristocracy. And when it is applied to the protection of workers against property-owners it becomes a new document, and will have to be fought for and established all over again in a new struggle if it is to prevail. That is what this "outrage against the rights of free speech and assembly" signifies to those who understand. The Mayor of Schenectady understands, and the incident should radically confirm him in his understanding. That is why we refer to it. It should confirm him in the doctrine of the class-struggle, which is the essence of Socialism as a method, but which it is hard for a democratic idealist to learn. It is still harder for a politician to remember.

AD to these outrages, a trial of the president and nine members of the Timber Workers' Union in Louisiana on a charge of murdering an armed drunkard—supposedly hired to murder them, the trial of fifty odd men in Indianapolis for a ten-year series of dynamite explosions, the legal persecution of Clarence Darrow, the recent anarchy in San Diego, the civil war in West Virginia—add these things together, and do they not suggest that some vital difference of opinion exists in America? For weeks this fall the New York Times gave news of a sensational strike every day, and the murder of from one to two strikers every week. That was the real news of humanity, and they couldn't keep it down. Even that bitwark of respectability—the New York Times—read it continuously for two weeks, and you will know that the big, ominous conflict in this country to-day and for the future is the conflict between labor and capital.

Above it, like froth on a cataract, dances a political contest among a handful of wealthy sporting gentle-
FOOLISH FEMALE FASHIONS

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "The Big Change"

It may be true that women do not need the ballot because their influence over men is so great that all they've got to do is to tell their husbands, husbands, brothers, and "geldman frisers" how to vote, and they go right and vote that way. This being the case, in common fairness, men's influence over women should be so great that mothers, wives, sisters, and best girls would heed their advice in the matter of dress. Alas! How sadly at variance with the theory are the facts!

About every so often feminine fashions undergo a revolutionette. At such a crisis from press and pulpits bursts forth a storm of rage and ridicule, to which the women pay no more attention than a mountain heeds a sneeze. Not only is public opinion strangely demented but private also. Fathers, husbands, brothers, and "steadies" exclaim: "Good Lord Almighty! Where did you get that thing?"

"Why? Don't you like it?"

"Like it? No, I don't!" says Man the Master.

"Just wait until you could see how you look in it. You look like the Old Boy before breakfast. Say! You go take that off, and put on something decent! Why, it's frightenin'!" and Man the Master haw-haw-hawes right out.

"It's all the style," replies cowed, weak, broken-spirited Woman, and sticks to it.

The men on the street point at her, and titter, and snigger, and make remarks, but she, shrinking femininity brazen it out. Some parton gets up in church and preaches at her sermon that she is one long capitol fit about the scandalous mode which, like it says in the Star-Spangled Banner, "half conceals, half discloses." It is a mode which bothers the preacher concerning a matter that bothers him enough as it is. He all but calls her a name that would cause her brother to get the shotgun, yet she drops her petticoats into the place, and goes her way quite calmly, but she might better have saved his breath. Of course, there's this much to be said: It gave him something to talk about, which, ought, at times, to be a great desideratum, but it must be forcibly discouraging to jaw and jaw and no one heed.

And after awhile the men say: "Oh, well, what's the use?" and "Isn't it just like a woman?" and kind of get so they put up with the looks of the clumsy, awkward, unwomasome costume, when—BANG! goes another revolutionette, and the life-cycle of a new eccentricity's dress begins anew. Once more the male chorus turns up its inscriptive hymn:

What a fool we have in Woman!
Oh, what crazy things she wears!
What a privilege to marry
One whose dress would frighten bears.
Oh, what odds she often catches,
Oh, what needless bills she gives,
All because she will not have a
Little bit of sense in clothes.

Now, in the most nonsensical procedure there lurks a grain of sense. If it be impossible to indict a whole nation, how much more impossible to indict a whole sex! What is the good of our having a fine phrase, like "Economic Determinism" up on the other mantled accumulating dust, when it might just as well be on the job solving this great mystery?

The moment we apply it to the frequent and wild changes of costumes for women we perceive immediately that in an age when money is made by selling, it is necessary for dressmakers, milliners, and dry-goods stores that every three months get a new and a scandalous wear what was worn before. Men's fashions change too, but they change slowly, so that even now clothes for a man will do him till they wear out, which is a long time with most of us. Generally they get too tight around the waist first. But, only to a limited degree, is men's attire an advertisement of his prosperity. As he succeeds financially he fuses himself up to a certain point, and then either stops or retrogrades. Many a bright-waisted clerk, a dandy of exemplary good repute, dresses far better than the president of the company, particularly if the company is well known to be paying good fat dividends.

It is the women who must be the bill-boards of Big Business, and demonstrate by frequent shows of expensive and utterly impractical frocks that their men are making so much money they can afford to be foolish with it. Under the present system the question of worth is not: What is he? But how much has he? Admireable traits of mind do not appear at a glance, but if you want to know how much money he has made, all you have to do is to look at his wife. And if she comes out in something substantial, something that will not prevent her from doing housework or other kind of work, something that shows she is capable of making her own clothes for the whole world's whippers behind her hand: "I guess he ain't making out very well. Did you see what she had on? My land, I wouldn't wear a dud like that to a dog fight!"

Women's dress must be of a fabric that will not stand wear, of a color that fades easily and spots if you look at it; it must be fashioned so that all that can be done in it is to sit still, stand still or move gracefully (which is the same as ineffectually); it must be trimmed with dew-dabs that will catch on the stoves and whispers behind its hand; "I guess he ain't making out very well. Did you see what she had on? My land, I wouldn't wear a dud like that to a dog fight!"

Men's dress must be of a fabric that will not stand wear, of a color that fades easily and spots if you look at it; it must be fashioned so that all that can be done in it is to sit still, stand still or move gracefully (which is the same as ineffectually); it must be trimmed with dew-dabs that will catch on the stoves and whispers behind its hand; "I guess he ain't making out very well. Did you see what she had on? My land, I wouldn't wear a dud like that to a dog fight!"

Only those masculine fashions which are parasitic in their nature, whose practitioners must move solemnly and slowly as belts those who preserve dead and gone ideas, are diked out in costs that drag on the ground; all women must wear casupcks.

In these characteristics the dress of boys differs not muchly from that of men. But as to those characteristics the dress of little girls suffers a profound change when the little girl begins to be a big girl.

Of normal, healthy, active youngsters, the chances are that the girl of eleven can outrun the boy of eleven. He is as good as she is on a sprint, but in a long chase he gives up too easily. She wears spring-heeled shoes, short skirts, easy underdrawers, and her hair either flies loose or bobs in two evasive brads.

Seven or eight years later, when she is discriminable to catch and keep, it wouldn't do to have the chase too difficult, for the easily discouraged male, capable only of a sprint and not of long endurance. What would become of future generations? So the girl puts on high-heeled shoes in which it is impossible to run fast or far, long dresses that hamper the knees either by being too voluminous or too scanty. Her wind is cut off with corsets, her hat is skiveered on with a long pin or two, and her long hair is wadded up behind into a secure hand-hold so that the male pursuer can yank her to him with a "Come here, you!"

You never saw a particularly stupid man but thought he was just a little bit smarter than anybody else; you never saw a sawed-off that didn't carry himself as if his coat-tails weighed a ton. It is a wise provision of Mother Nature that shall always think they themselves superior, else, knowing the truth, how would they consent to live? So it is that the capitalist class thinks itself the only important class; so it is that the game of love is handicapped so heavily for the males that they are able to think themselves the main squeeze.

MILLIONAIRES

A MILLIONAIRE is the smartest man on earth. In the first place, he proves it by being born at the right time. Do you catch any millionaires chipping around in the Stone Age? Not much. They knew it would be foolish to trot on the scene then. They waited for civilization and wages.

That's point one.

But there's more than that. The millionaire shows his wisdom by being born in the right place. You don't snapshot him out on the frontier of a new country that won't be developed for a hundred years to come—no, sir. You don't find him born on a desert island either. He's born where dollars are dollars—and that's shrewdness for you.

And does he die of bad milk or no ventilation in infancy? Of course he doesn't. He's too big a man for that.

And when he tells rotten rides to the government in time of war does the government find it out and hang him? Of course not. He's ingenious enough not to pick out that sort of a government. He sells the rides and gets away with the profit.

Are you a millionaire?
Then it's because you weren't smart enough in the first place.
IN AN INTERVIEW WITH AUGUST BEBEL

BY NICHOLAS KLEIN

Portrait by H. J. Turner

August Bebel was seated in the lounging room discussing the future of both the United States and Germany. I was insisting that we were on the very brink of a period of high times, when a new charge of one of the members of Parliament approached us, and the latter, pointing to Bebel, said loud enough for all to hear, "You see, this is Bebel, The Lion." The visitors examined him and started to discuss him as they passed on with side and back glances, as though he were an ornament in the building. Bebel smiled and remarked, "You see, I am a regular fixture.

One of the objects of my visit was to induce Bebel to visit America and deliver a few addresses in the leading cities. So I took the occasion, after the visitors passed out, to invite him to come to the States, "as we were anxious to see him." What do you want of me in America?" he asked. "What do you just want to get a good look at you," I replied. "I know you, Yankees," he said with a chuckle. "You want to import me as a great curiosity and put me on exhibit at so much per look, don't you?" I confessed the truth. Then seriously Bebel said: "I really would like to visit your country in order to study the trade problem, in which I am very much interested, and put me on exhibit again, I mean, I am not sure, actually, and one of my pet ideas still remains undone."

"And what may that idea be, Comrade Bebel?" I ventured to ask him. "I want to write the history of my life," he answered. "You see, I have been so busy with Parliament and politics these many years that I have hardly had a chance to look back to the days of my youth and the early days, and he stopped to ask me my age, "in the early days we were under constant police surveillance and it was bad to be caught with notes in one's possession, so I haven't notes to work on. But next summer I hope to go to Idaho to visit the United States, and I intend to stay the whole summer and study them. It will be a great help to me in my work, for you Americans are far ahead of the rest of the world in the question of how we think ourselves fortunate," I said in return, "to have Bebel as our guest, and I assure you in advance that the United States will welcome one of Germany's leading men in a style befitting the occasion." I really thought that Bebel would be pleased at my little speech, but he smiled as only Bebel can, and said rather sharply: "Do you want to welcome me as you did Prince Henry?" Then before I could answer, I hear him add: "If so, I'll stay right here in Berlin."

"Tell these Comrades how much you Americans pay your Congressmen," said Bebel, with a look of satisfaction. "Just twenty-nine thousand marks," I replied, after multiplying a Congressman's pay into the German standard.

Then Bebel explained what I told him earlier in the afternoon, of the poor pay and low wages and salaries, and they all had a good laugh at our expense. "I'll tell you what I'll do," began Bebel, thoroughly amused by our discussion of American statesmen. "Do you Yankees send us a few barrels of those dollars you waste on your Congressmen, and Germany will slip you a few barrels of your wine, better than they have the King business." "Do you mean to say, that de money would be sent to you," I asked him. "Exactly," he replied. "We could pay you to retire on a pension. You see, we are far better off than your Americans, and I want to know what you are going to do about as you choose almost any election. You Americans already have what we here in Germany are just getting started." And when Bebel had driven home the point that the United States would want a Co-operating Commonwealth, he continued, "the United States will shortly decree for public ownership of public utilities and that it will also decree for the right for the first nation to declare a Co-operative Commonwealth."

"Now let's just make a comparison," he said. "First in America there are the railroads which have the highest prices, and in Germany they are divided into four classes. You can travel across the tables with flashing eyes and pointed finger, he continued: "We here must struggle to de-throne militarily and the nobility, but, of course, we both must battle in the common cause of elevating the workers to a full realization of their mission; we must teach them that they have but one enemy, and that is ignorance."

Our conversation was here interrupted by the ringing of the appropriation committee bell, and of course, Bebel bid me "servus," and went to his committee to work for "light," and he put it to me, against more naval and military matters.

I had to leave Germany that very evening, so I could not accept his invitations, but I shall not soon forget that you, honest fellow, that high forehead with the snow-white hair, and the earnest handshake of Bebel the "Lion of Germany," who is crowned in the hearts of the German proletariat.

His "servus" is an open invitation from the depths of his heart. He is earnest and friendly, but fewer than the ruler of Germany. Bebel has a great ideal and he is givings his life towards its realization. This is why he and the Social Democrats in Germany were selecting a President to-day, the choice would fall on one man. There is no doubt about the Republicans of Germany would put in President August Bebel. Such is the opinion of the people.
THE MASSES

SATIRE

By THOMAS SELTZER

T HE ancient lady has fallen into disrepute in the United States. Our writers and artists no longer seek her intimate acquaintance, the editors of our magazines no longer cultivate her. That is why Satire has never been a fastidious gentlemwoman. Hanging by preference the dens of corruption and vice, she never shrinks from uncovering them to the public gaze, even though they pass for the offices of captains of industry and masters of high finance.

As real Satire deals not with surface symptoms alone, but with the inwardness of things, not with their show alone but with their essence, imagine what our best advertising magazines would be, were their editors to allow Satire to come and go as she pleased in their columns. Imagine the scorn of Art Young's pencil turned with full force on the three-dollar-a-week-sales-girls department stores; imagine what the pen of an ironical Mark Twain would do to our dispensers of charity; imagine a modern Marx hacking at the very foundations of our capitalist society; imagine an American Heine applying his Mephistophelian song to our sham political reformers, and contrast it with the drivel of a latter-day Armageddon poet. Imagine the free, unremolded work of those master satirists filling our newspapers and magazines. What literary and artistic feats they would offer! What glaring light they would shed! But also what blanks they would make in place of advertisements, pure, chaste patches of white, a delight to the eye. And what a void in the pockets of the newspaper and magazine proprietors and editors.

That is why in profiteer-ridden capitalistic America Democratic Satire has fallen into disrepute. That is why our editors no longer cultivate her, why our writers and artists shun her. But for all that, she still lives. She is merely hiding her time. Indeed, she is already coming out of her long sleep. Watch her wake up completely. See her don the modern robe of the Socialist proletariat. See her keen eye, her crusading book, her scathing smile. There she stalks, the fearful force, alert, robust, fearless, bold as of yore, with as sharp vision for the ill and wrongs of mankind, but with this momentous difference: she is no longer a pamphlet. While during her arrows at the ugly present, she foreshadows and foretells a beautiful future. Despair has left her. She is inspired with a buoyant ideal.

A TRICK OF THE TRADE

By ELLIS O. JONES

"I HAVE here an article on How to Escape the High Cost of Living," said the Contributor. "Good. The very thing I'm looking for," answered the Sunday Editor. "Let me see it.

The Contributor handed over the manuscript to the Editor, who began at once to read it. Soon, however, his smile of anticipation turned to a frown.

"This won't do at all," he announced finally. "What's the matter with it?" asked the Contributor anxiously.

"Too good."

"Come, that's too thin," urged the Contributor contemptuously. "Not at all. It's just as I tell you. The only trouble with this article is that it's too good. Why, man, alive, it actually tells how to escape the high cost of living."

"Of course it does. Isn't that what you're looking for?"

"Oh, no. It's plain, my dear fellow, that you are new at the newspaper game. You see the truth, but you see only part of it. You are keen enough to see that the high cost of living is one of the most important and interesting subjects that a newspaper can treat of."

SIR ALGERNON GOOPSMITH ON AMERICA'S PERIL

An Interview by JOHN R. McMAHON

A s a lover of the arts, Mr. Goops — a collector and connoisseur in a small way and all that sort of thing — old top — I wish to call the attention of you Americans to a serious national peril. Odd that one has mentioned it before. Yet it's a bally serious matter. Saps the very foundations of society and art — affects the integrity of the established order of civilization, bah! Joe is it.

I refer, old fellow, to the alarming fact that so many of your artists and writers have become downright, rank Socialists. 'Pon my word, it's a fact. They're not the rotter, either — the penjillies and studio hacks — but the professionals who are sometimes heard abroad. Jove, don't you know they are in the better claws magazines and exhibitions, yet they turn around and contribute their choicest mate- rials to the feeding Socialist press, what? It's most shocking for a connoisseur or any man with a refined taste to see such fare dished out to the common herd — pa to foak gras, b collision, to the horse-necked rough-necks, as your statesmen privately call them. Race the point I want to make, old top, is that Art, the handsomest of wealth and the leisure claws — the fair Corinthian of aristocracy, as the poet said — is being degraded to serve the vulgar mob. It is most ominous and perilous that the artists have deserted their proper task of amusing the leisure element in order to cater to the low instincts of the bigoted beggars who work for a living. Positively it's ominous. You can imagine what would happen if the clergy and the soldiers did the same thing. Just the French revolution the writers and artists flocked to the people's side, and I fancy we were a reinforcement of no little stuff. I saw you too late to say that it would have paid them to keep the intellectuals chaps loyal and true to the eternal ideals of Art. To-day your American ship of state is being sailed in the same way, only faster, and unless something is done to stop it and keep the intellectuals faithful to the high ideals of their calling, it looks to me like the potenti of a bally revolution.

Now word, old top. When Art quits it's time for the better claws to emigrate, only I don't know any place on earth to go where you don't find working claws blighters and Socialists, what?

A. FABLE

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

ONCE upon a time, a company of Pioneers, disgusted with conditions in Tariff, moved to a New Country and proceeded to settle it. It was a kind of plenty. There was enough of everything to go round. Everybody worked and played and rented; it was as though the Golden Age had arrived to earth. And then one day there were born to the New Country a number of Infant Industries. These Infant Industries were little and pale and puny. 'What shall we do to protect them?' everybody asked. For they were afraid of Competition from Without. The Law-Makers considered the question gravely: and they finally decided to build a high, thick wall about the entire country. They called this wall the Tariff. Unquestionably Competition-from-Without, the Infant Industries grow bigger and bigger and stronger and stronger. After a while, they began to get so gigantic that it was necessary to call them Infant Industries — so they changed that name to The Trusts. The Trusts continued to grow big and to, waxy strong, and finally they began to terrify the New Country. The people clamored to the Law-Makers to take down the Tariff-Wall; for by this time they preferred Competition-from-Without to the Trusts. But the Trusts had already made pact with the Law-Makers by which, if the latter would continue to maintain the Tariff-Wall, they should be richly rewarded. The people were helpless in this situation and the Trusts flourished. The Tariff-Wall grew more and more powerful and more and more rich. Between them they developed, exploited and wasted all the natural resources of the New Country until it became very poor. After awhile, a Plague, called the High-Cost-of-Living, burst out in the New Country. It swept like fire over the fair land, devas- tating everything. Soon the Virgin Country was re- duced to a condition as enfeebled as any of her neigh- bors. But the Law-Makers continued to maintain the Tariff-Wall; the Trusts continued to reward them; and the Cost-of-Living ringed, unchecked.

"Fine!" said the Trusts, "this stuff will go on forever!" "Great!" said the Law-Makers, "we can't lose. going or coming!"

But they were mistaken. After the High-Cost-of- Living had waged unhindered for several years, the race did not entirely. Art was as empty as when the Pioneers discovered it — only was it exploited, ruined, and laid waste.
THE GODDESS OF DOMESTICITY

A STORY

THE TWO-FACED

A Story by

[Text continues as a narrative about the goddess of domesticity and her two-faced nature, possibly involving various mythical or fantasy elements related to the theme of duality.]
GODDESS
Mary Heaton Vorse

Perhaps the passion for boats comes from the love of adventure which civilization inhibits all but a few. Perhaps the keen sea wind in our faces and the singing of it in the rigging of a little boat awakened within us the memories left by our sleeping fathers. Perhaps these instincts, dwarfed as they are, though in the beginning they may take the water in a habitable place, are at war with the world and force of domesticity.

We bought the Elsinore on the strength of a sail we had in her, without ever seeing her bottom; made drunk, as many a poor wretch has been before us, with that unfrosty and visionary idea that in her we could go anywhere we chose.

It was a significant fact that the negotiations for this boat were carried on swiftly and silently, without the knowledge of the prospective husband. It was in connection in the transaction, though poor Stetson wandered around bewailing how he was going to break it to Birdie. How he broke it to Birdie it was my fate to overhear.

He came into his room and said—and I could hear the dagger breaking up the first note—"I got a surprise for you, Birdie."

"Have you?" she gave back in a lack-lustre tone.

"Yes, Birdie, don't be glum. We'll fill you in on the news—I've bought a boat, Birdie."

It wouldn't have a speed in a gale. Coit showed its head behind every cheerful, light-hearted word.

"One of those dangers sail-boats that drown people! I wouldn't put my foot in a sailboat and you know it, Birdie."

"Well, not exactly a whole sailboat," he conceded.

"I bought a part of it—with Mr. Taylor and—"

"Oh, ha!" cried Birdie. She knew it. But she remained quiet. She was feeling good that you was going around with that messian."

Her voice broke on the last word. "He's just like you; to me that's what he looks like.

Without a quiver of his conscience Stetson imitated me upon the subject.

"He's a pretty urgent fellow. He's lonely, poor thing. Lots of fellers, Birdie, get into bad ways because they haven't a little sweetheart like you to keep them straight."

This is what a man comes to, who sacrifices everything on the altar of Domesticity. In his heart of hearts he is the ultimate coward. I have told this tale in light words, but it is an awful thing to see a man wise under the lash, as I have seen Stetson.

He now volunteered further.

"Raymond's in it, and Bergsetter too."

At which intelligence Birdie went violently, and when poor Stetson expostulated:

"Aw, baby—"

"Don't baby me!" she cried. "I don't want to be babied—I want you to go away! I want to cry by myself—and send me Mrs. Bergsetter—I don't want a man around! I waant my mother—I waant another woman—send Mrs. Bergsetter."

By evening I, the afterthought, you might say, of the Elsinore combination—nothing in the world but a foot-note to the whole business—was getting icy looks from the three ladies. I was blamed unanimously for the simultaneous breaking up of three homes. What need had they to blame me? It was the Elsinore, riding easily at anchor, who had done it.

Old and beautiful, her general lines those of an orange with a toothpick stuck into it, the Elsinore had sailed on a voyage of adventure that is more potent than the song of the siren. I have occasionally seen fantasizing ladies break up domestic peace, but not the youngest and most beautiful of her kind could have conducted a three-handed wrangle as did the Elsinore. I will pass over the first sail that we had in our boat. The blue, silk-en surface of the bay was barely ruffled by a light breeze. It was the day of days to try a boat and get acquainted with her. Not a husband but knew that his wife should have been invited, and yet in a raised unanimity the question of wives was avoided. The ladies were told:

"We're just going out to try the boat."

"What is there anything said about all day sail? And Stetson knew, and Bergsetter knew, and Raymond and I both knew, that bampers of food and drink—ten of it—were on board the Elsinore.

Raymond sailed while I played crew with Bergsetter. Instinctively we all knew that Stetson hadn't the makings for a pilot. Stetson was one of those pathological scots who must have the lure of the sea, but to whom no more responsibility than that of the pump or the steering wheel was given.

We had had the Elsinore pumped out, and when we got aboard her there was too much water in her—luckily there was too much water. When we had been sailing but for a short time the water increased. Raymond explained this easily.

"The upper seams."

"We're just going out to try the boat."

"I haven't had the chance to soak out."

"The numbers of boats whose upper seams have never had this opportunity."

But when we came around on the other tack, and when once more her cabin floor was aloft, Bergsetter mopped his brow and said:

"I see why this boat goes along so well—it's because she offers no resistance whatever to the Atlantic Ocean; it comes in at once in our sails."

"Do you think she leaks badly?" asked Raymond, a little crestfallen.

Stetson raised his rotund back.

"Pump for a little while, man," he faltered weakly.

"And you'll see."

"Shall we pump?"

"Now, a leaky boat isn't a thing for a man to be stuck with; it's like having a horse that is spooked and has the hitches; it's like purchasing a house with double underpinnings and an incurred chronicity, when you haven't the money to repair it; it's like buying a motor-boat whose gasoline tank is defective; it's like buying a motor-car without a carburettor and no means of getting one. No man with pride likes to do any of these things, and yet before the day was over, in spite of the old man who had tap-tap-tap calling into her seams like an aged woodpecker, the shamefaced fact was patent to us all that in the sort of a boat we had bought it was for such a craft that I was treated like a pariah by three excellent women; it was for this that the domestic peace of three families was broken. Nor was this all. We knew the day was at hand, if Mrs. Bergsetter had anything to say about it, when the ladies would have to go sailing.

You see, it was a crucial moment—the moment when the great and splendid vested rights of the Wife came to face with the wild, free, roving ways of man. The Elsinore was, if one chose so to look at it, the entering wedge to break down the discipline of the Household. The Elsinore was the reason why wives were neglected. And I, on my side, was linked in with the old man, and he had put the Elsinore in the place of husband, to make excusable—a middle-aged bachelor rejoicing wani-

"inferior in his ignis freedom."

But for me there would have been no Elsinore; but for me three husbands would have been where they should have been, and I was as anxious as these recalcitrant husbands were anxious that their ladies should not cry out the vulgar but expressive word "sinking?"

We pumped her out the last minute before we started; it was the night of a sailing night, but there was wind freshen, and as the boat danced over the waves (though she didn't love her), she had no way of squelching her pigeon breast into every little wave instead of riding it). Mrs. Stetson looked with tearful eyes at her husband and said:

"I'm going to lie down on one of the seats downstream. The glare on the water makes me faint." While Mrs. Bergsetter held on grimly to the top rail of the boat and dodged spray with the air of a woman resigned to any martyrdom.

Every little while Mrs. Stetson took a turn at the pump.

"I wish you would stop that noise, Peter," came from Birdie. "It makes me so nervous; it's so jerky.

And I wish that I didn't have to lie sometimes high up and sometimes low up—like I am now. I feel just as nervous—"

"Come about!" implored Stetson in a low voice to Raymond. "Come about."

"The entropy in his voice was not to be disregarded."

The Elsinore came about, and as she did there came a shriek from Mrs. Stetson.

"I'm wet!" she cried. "I'm wet! This boat is sinking—"

Mrs. Bergsetter, taking hold of whatever firm object she found in her path, looked down into the cabin. She found a little inanimate object in the cabin floor. We were found out. The worst had happened to us.

It was hard to make one who has not been on the battle-field himself realize the tragic depth of our defeat. We had only lost our little inscrutable little object on the cabin floor. We were found out. The worst had happened to us.

It was hard to make one who has not been on the battle-field himself realize the tragic depth of our defeat. We had only lost our little inscrutable little object on the cabin floor. We were found out. The worst had happened to us.

The details of bailing her up and recalling her, the awful affair of the new rudder-post; all the things that made us feel we could afford to fry down deep in our pockets, dampened our ardor toward our boat. Bergsetter, who had an ill-tempered nature, went so far as to call a "blamed old dory."

Stetson, meanwhile, had the worst of it. Frequently I could hear Birdie's sobbing and the patient groans of poor Stetson. He went from boat to wife, and from wife to boat, mopping his brow and wishing to heaven for any place that was dry.

"You don't know what it is, fellows," he would confide. "Did I hear of changing the rain belt? People He'll be on his boat's gone adrift. Your boat's partied her mooring."

This expensive and uncomfortable performance sent us out in rescue parties in shirts, our unwashed muscles straining at the oars as we rowed over precipitous waves, and with the knowledge that when we returned, wet and miserable, worseinery was waiting for us.

The little piece of freedom that my friends had spent in the pursuit of which was so much more than always did about—had a bad disposition. It came to us first in a sort of an atmosphere, and later in definite rumors. The Elsinore was one of those boats that always did go ashore if the slightest provocation offered; whose stays gave when they were supposed to be in good condition; a boat with a passion for dragging her anchor. There are such boats. People from other ports would come rowing alongside us, asking:

"Did you get the Elsinore, isn't she?" Boats' anchor much this year?" P'ted any o' her hal-

"Still, in the eyes of Bergsetter and Stetson, no matter what happened—anyway it wasn't domesticity! Nor was it the exciting deviation from the old paths that started until the second time the Elsinore went adrift. When we discussed what we should do next, to keep her from folding, and whether she was probably leaking new, he allowed modestly that he'd be dog-gone if he cared. Somewhens it suited; and dog-gone for the moment we were tired, poor Stetson more than any one, for more and more eyes were lighted. She was fat and unwillingly Unsine, weeping herself to death, as she was in those days.
THE MASSES

The next good day after our undiscovered resolution to do nothing more for our ungrateful craft, we went out sailing. Stetson mechanically began to pump. After a moment the pump sucked—there was no more water in the boat. He raised up his head.

"She isn't leaking," he said. "What's happened to her?" A smile spread itself slowly over his large, good-tempered features.

She was not leaking. The wind freshened. She went over on her side. Stetson again got ready to perform the one duty that the summer of sailing had taught him. Little water enough was in the Elsiore.

"Contrary old craft!" Bergsatter snarled. "I'll be blamed if she hasn't stopped. Since we don't pay any more attention to her, she's stopped leaking."

"Her seams have probably got chafed up with scoweed and one thing and another," said Raymond, with bitter sarcasm. He cared for boats, and the Elsiore's vicissitudes had preyed on his temer.

Throughout the rest of the sail Stetson sat in contemplation; a wide, tranquil smile had spread itself over his features, which so often were the look of a perplexed infant. It was no conscious that Bergsatter asked him:

"What you grinning at, Stetson?"

"Oh," Stetson replied gently, "I've got an idea—I've got a great idea, Bergsatter. Women and boats aren't unlike, are they?"

To this Bergsatter made no answer. Throughout the afternoon Mr. Stetson sat smiling. When we returned, having been bailed in the latter part of the sail, it was after dark and as I opened my door I heard a steady sound of female sobbing. It was so loud that, as often before, it seemed to come from my own couch, and it was with a feeling of gratitude that I realized that it was up to Stetson and not up to me.

"You cryin', Birdie?" asked Stetson in the same gentle and quiet tone that he had smiled in during the afternoon.

"Of course I'm cryin," sobbed Birdie. "You were gone so long, Pree-tar."

"Well," said Stetson, gently, "I'm goin' out, Birdie, till you get through."

"You're what?" sobbed his wife.

"Going out till you get through, Birdie," he repeated. His voice had that peculiar, throaty softness that belonged to the gentle fat man. I heard the door close. I heard Birdie stop for a moment and then go on accelerated. A tap came on the door. It was Mrs. Bergsatter.

"What all you?" asked that lady, drolly.

"It's that boat! It's that awful, awful boat!" wept Birdie. "It's changed Pree-tar!"

I left the room.

During the several days that followed I noticed that an odd change was taking place in the Stetsons; Birdie's challenging air of fictitious youth seemed dimmer. She looked at Peter askance, deprecatingly, while Peter went about with the little confident smile forever hovering at the corners of his mouth. No more did his honest brow wrinkle like the forehead of a worried ball pup. His shoulders squared themselves. Before our eyes we could see the power of the dread and two-faced divinity lessen like the flame of an oil lamp.

Stetson had been forth into the world of adventure, and there had learned much. It was my lot to hear him say with gentle cheer during the watches of the night in response to Birdie's weeping:

"Cry as much as you like, dear. You know it doesn't disturb me," and the next day to hear him reiterate his kind: "I'll go out till you get your crying over!"—he might have been speaking of the dishes being washed.

When I appeared below Mr. Stetson sat reading a paper with tranquility. A little smile, as though he had some secret too marvelous to share with ordinary human nature, played about his lips. I sat down next to him.

"Taylor," he said to me, "do you remember how I just about broke my back pumping out that dog-gnawed boat? That pumping about broke my heart, too, Tay-

"lor." I acquiesced. Mr. Stetson said nothing more.

"Well," said I.

"Well," said Mr. Stetson, and then he smiled again.

"After a time I stopped pumping, and when I didn't pay any attention there wasn't any need to pump," Taylor," he said, gently but impressively, "believe me, I've stopped pumping!"

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LYRICS

'THE POETRY OF EARTH'

By LOUIS UNTERMeyer

Something impelled her from the hearth,
Whispers and winds drew her along;
But still, unconscious of the earth,
She read her book of golden Song.

Old longings stirred her as she read
Of wonders gradually unfurled,
Of glories gone, but never dead,
And Beauty that redeemed the world.

"O Songs," she sighed, "your world was fair,
My own holds no such lovely things;
No glow, no magic anywhere—"
And then, a start—a flash of wings . . .

And, with the rush of surging seas,
Over her swept the world’s replies:
The lyric hills, the buoyant breeze,
And all the sudden-singing skies!

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AT THE AQUARIUM

By MAX EASTMAN

Serene the silver fishes glide,
Stern-lipped, and pale, and wonder-eyed!
As through the aged deeps of ocean,
They glide with wan and wavy motion.
They have no pathway where they go;
They flow like water to and fro.
They watch with never-winking eyes,
They watch with staring, cold surprise.
The level people in the air,
The people, peering, peering there,
Who wander also to and fro,
And know not why or where they go,
Yet have a wonder in their eyes,
Sometimes a pale and cold surprise.
A COMPULSORY RELIGION

"T"he trouble with the world is the insane worship of money."

How often we hear this thundered from the pulpit, emphasized in the press and in ordinary conversation. Yes, that’s the trouble. But what drives people to this insanity?

In the first place, life is a fight for food, shelter, and clothing. No matter how high the price of food soars, we must struggle to pay the cost. No matter how high the cost of apparel goes, we must keep a degree of comfort and a decent appearance. No matter how far the landlord advances his rent, we must struggle to pay for shelter.

We must fight to get these things or die, and the average man does die fighting for them between 45 and 50 years of age.

You might truthfully write over the tombstones of four-fifths of the human race: "Died fighting for food, shelter, and clothing—in a world of plenty."

The fear that they will not get the necessities of life, and that their children will suffer for them, drives the restless spirits on.

It is this kind of a civilization that breeds an insane worship of money. That some men want more, after they have been assured a life of comfort, merely emphasizes the tragic baseness of this mad movement.

In a world that is running amuck, individuals cannot stop, even if they would. For lack of it all is the original cause: FEAR.

A stampede of cattle carries all with it, even if one of the herd is ready to stop.

So, bend your back to the lash, cringe, crawl, prostitute yourselves mentally and physically, bribe, graft, do anything to get money. "Get it," says father to son; "marry for money," says mother to daughter.

Under the circumstances, how can the average individual worship any God—but Mammon?

Arthur Young.
FOX PHILOSOPHY

THERE was once a shrewd but respectable Fox who never did anything that the law forbade and who was so good that when Sunday came he seldom dropped less than a wishbone into the collection plate.

One morning out of business the Fox spied a fat Rabbit bounding along through the pine woods. In a flash the Fox was after him and in spite of the Rabbit's eluding and spurring soon had the Rabbit between paws and teeth.

"Now, sir," said the Fox fiercely, "explain yourself. What were you doing in my yard? Eating my shrubs and plants as if they were not your own?"

"I am hungry, replied the Rabbit. "Truly all the green things that I eat I find for myself over on yonder hill and mile away. If you look you will see that there is nothing about here to tempt my appetite."

"Then what were you doing?"

"Please, sir, I was practising running."

"And why were you practising running?"

"So that I might be better able to get away from those who would like to catch me."

"So," hundred the Fox, "you were practising to escape me, were you? You were planning to cheat me out of a meal for my poor little ones at home. You were trying to break up my family, were you, you immoral wretch!"

And having quite justified himself the good Fox brought his jaws together through the Rabbit's neck.

THE MERCHANT'S CONSCIENCE

WHEN one of our big cities was a little city there came to it a merchant who opened his store on the best corner of the Main Street.

At that time everybody in the place was simple of taste and habit and very careful about spending money. It was no use for the Merchant to load his windows with fancy goods; he drew no customers.

"The trouble is," said the Merchant, "that these people have no proper schools. They do not know that there is any way of life except the way they have always lived. We must have more schools. We must make them up.

So he wrote a letter to the weekly newspaper and began to agitate for more schools and more town life. At once the ministers of the gospel lost their tempers.

"You are irreligious," they said to the Merchant. "You are driving these people from their simple lives to sinful lives. You are teaching them things that they have no right to learn. Ever since the beginning of this agitation of yours the town has grown and church attendance has fallen off."

But the Merchant only laughed, for the people as they grew civiled grew to want more and more things, and they bought them from him. The city grew and the Merchant's bank account grew. The more schools there were the more pennies tinkled into his cash registers. The more the people knew the more they wanted to know and the more they wanted to own.

Finally one day a number of the people put their heads together and said, "Let us consider this matter. Why do we continue making the merchant richer and richer? We have learned so much in the schools and so much from each other that we can manage less store quite as well as he can. Let us stop buying from him and establish a store of our own and buy from ourselves and use the profits for the common good."

When they carried this news to the Merchant he clenched his fists and screamed into the air. "Oh, you unthinking, unscrupulous men! Do you not know what you are doing? You are making a man of us. Do you not know that you are on the broad highway to Hell? In a word, do you not see that your proposal is hopelessly and condemnably irreligious?"

THE STONE AGE

WO men saw that a certain stone in the road impeded traffic and that it was a manifest duty to clear it out of the way at once.

"This great boulder must be moved," said the first, "that is clear. Let us work side by side in this noble task whose accomplishment is to bless coming generations."

The second clasped his hands ecstatically. "O happy day! O thrice delectable hour! For years I have been seeking a helper in my gigantic task of tiding up this road. Comrade, I greet you. Together we will lever this stone out of the road."

"Lever it? Lever it?" repeated the first gently, though apparently with some surprise. "Why, you Poor Ignorant Fool! You Mollified of an Old Woman! You Dull, Stupid Kowtow to Custom! I shall lay a hand to the job unless we use dynamite."

"Indeed!" commented the second, a note of deplorability evident in his voice. "Indeed, you Unenlightened Jackass and Agent Provocateur! You Flat-Headed Thug of an Informer! You—wish you Conquered Maggot-ridden Brain! You—for Sale Body and Soul to the Highest Bidder!"

"Yah, White-livered Spy," returned the first, "Yah, Labor Fakir! Blood-stained, Fawning Hound! Deplorable Lap-skipper! Blackhearted Traitor! Ever-lasting Disgrace to our Glorious Movement!" The second drew a long breath and began:

"You Miserable, Contemptible, Pathetic—"

The stone is still there.

TIME wasted—time wasted," said a fourth. "He has no business loitering with heaven. I will attend to all that for him because he could not understand these matters even if he had explained them. I'll him to get about his business. When he is worn out we will find another one."

"He must stop—true enough," said a sixth, "not because he is inefficient, but because he is tired and somberly told me to spread him to the Common Interest to instruct him in the method of a self-appointed scientific massage."

They were lost in their squabbles that they did not see a newcomer running toward them.

"What is this?" said the first slyly. "Some other one, I suppose, who wants a finger in the pie. Well, sir, and what do you wish the slave to do?"

"That is why I am here."

The masters moved closer to each other. "After all," they murmured, "our differences are trifling. We must stand together until this wicked newcomer has been disposed of."

PERMANENT LODGER

TOUGHT the Great Man has been most tearful evoked during the life, as soon as he was dead no one could say kind enough things of him. In fact, feeling ran so strong that before six months had elapsed a committee had been chosen to care for the great sum of money subscribed to buy him a memorial.

But the Chairman, "the question is what sort of a memorial shall we select?"

"Tut! Tut!" growled the Prominent Manufacturer as he nervously twiddled his watch-chain. "We mustn't stoop to anything so undignified as that."

"Then let us use the cash to prosecute loan sharks. They were a pet abhorrence of the Great Man.

"Tut! Tut!" said the Conspicuous Capitalist whose fortune came no one knew whence. "I'm sure he wouldn't like such notoriety."

"Well, what do you say to spending the entire sum in getting out a cheap edition of his writings? Think of the millions we might reach. Surely the Great Man himself could not have thought of a better way of using the fund."

The parson shook his head. "Tut! Tut! What the Great Man wrote is all well enough for intelligent folks, but we mustn't let the Common People in on it. We would turn their heads. What is better, now, than a good old-fashioned monument?"

So he built an ugly and terrible monument in the market-place, covered it with symbolic figures, and sealed the ashes of the Great Man in its base.

Yet they say, "You can't keep a good man down." The Prominent Manufacturer, "Quite right," said the Conspicuous Capitalist, "but if we can keep him down for another hundred years I'll be satisfied."
"Quit yer bellerin'! Look what I gotta carry! Look what we all gotta carry!"
THE one great outstanding condition of the world to-day is a condition which has existed throughout history, but has never been taken to heart until this century. This is the monstrous anti-biologic indifference of society to the opportunities for welfare of the individuals who make up society, and the resulting failure of the race to give a fair chance for life, in the full sense of the term life, to its own members.

In this century society is at last waking up to the monstrousness of this indifference and failure, and doubtless the next two generations will see the complete awakening and the transformation that will result. There will be a new basis established for economics, for law, and for customs; a new world will begin—a world in which every child living will enter upon full opportunity for abounding welfare.

In that new world a new and glorious religion will arise. At present, however, we have nothing to do with this ultimate religion; the only religion we have a right to now is a fighting religion: a religion whose soul is revolt against the inhuman indifference of society, and a fiery resolve to overthrow the present inhuman system and to install a truly social system.

In divining the shape which this fighting religion is to take, we have to take into account two facts. First, then, it fortunately happens that nearly all people in civilized countries have a religious feeling towards Jesus, ranging among different persons and different classes, through the various grades of respect, admiration, reverence, devotion, adoration. Secondly, it fortunately happens that this Jesus was a revoler against the inhuman indifference of society, and sounded the first trumpet for the rescue of the world from the Money Power.

It therefore seems likely that the fighting social religion will center about the person of Jesus: that we who are to be animated by that religion will have Jesus for our supreme inspiring model, our expression of God in the human, our God; for these three terms are pragmatically equivalent.

It will, no doubt, happen that many of the intellectually proud will not be able to accept this simple faith, will not be able to join in the newly sensed chant—

"The Son of God goes forth to war—

* * * * * * *

His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?"

These proud slaves of the intellect, hampered by the arid conceptions of Latin theism, cannot feel God, they can only syllabize about him. Such will have no hand in determining the substance or the form of the fighting religion. The substance will be determined by the working masses, who care nothing for fine distinctions and definitions, but who follow where their deepest feeling leads them.
CONTRIBUTORS
TO THE MASSES

LITERATURE

MARY HEATON VORSE
ROLAND D. SAWYER
EUGENE WOOD
FREDERICK SUMNER BOYD
HAYDEN CARRUTH
GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND
ELLIS O. JONES
HENRY L. SLOBODIN
INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE
EDWIN BJÖRKMAN
HORATIO WINSLOW
MAX EASTMAN
GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK
THOMAS SELTZER
M. B. LEVICK
LENA MORROW LEWIS
JOSEPH O'BRIEN
JOHN SPAROGO
WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING
BOUCK WHITE
LOUIS UNTERMeyer
GARDINER LADD PLUMLEY
LERoy SCOTT
JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, JR.
GEORGE CRAM COOK
ROSE JOHNSTON WATSON
VICTOR BERGER
RUFUS W. WEEKS
ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON
REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFMAN
MIRIAM SCOTT
W. J. GHENT
KARL KAUTFSKY
ALLAN UPDEGRAFF
THOMAS L. MASSON
GUSTAVUS MEYERS
HORACE TAYLOR
PAUL LOUIS
WILL IRWIN
JOHN R. McMAHON
WALTER LIPPMAN
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
CARL THOMPSON
J. B. LARRIC

ART

BALFOUR KER
CARLO DE FORNARO
JOHN SLOAN
FRANKLIN BOOTH
ALICE BEACH WINTER
H. J. TURNER
ARTHUR YOUNG
BOARDMAN ROBINSON
BARNET BRAVERMAN
CHARLES A. WINTER
RYAN WALKER
MAURICE BECKER
ROBERT ROBINSON
ALEXANDER POPINI
ANTON OTTO FISCHER
WILLIAM WASHBURN NUTTING
F. M. WALTS