“Hope Springs Eternal—”
THE MASSES

A FREE MAGAZINE

This Magazine is Owned and Published Co-operatively by its Editors. It has no Dividends to Pay, and nobody is trying to make Money out of it. A Revolutionary and not a Reform Magazine; a Magazine with a Sense of Humor and no Respect for the Respectable; Frank; Arrogant; Impertinent; searching for the True Causes; a Magazine directed against Rigidity and Dogma wherever it is found; Printing what is too Naked or True for a Money-making Press; a Magazine whose final Policy is to do as it Pleases and Conciliate Nobody, not even its Readers—There is a Field for this Publication in America. Help us to find it.

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ANNA M. SLOAN, Treasurer
BERKELEY G. TOBEY, Business Manager.

HAVE YOU
Sent us that name of a friend who would be interested in THE MASSES?

ONE LESS

Dear Sirs:

Some one who evidently is possessed of more money than brains has been sending me for the last three months the Socialist magazine called The Masses. I do not want it and I notify you now to stop it. I am not in favor of Socialism at all, and if I have done anything to cause anyone to think that I am, I am sincerely sorry, for I certainly do not want to be a stumbling block to any one. I stand for God and Country, Christianity and Patriotism, and for Law and Order. Yours truly,

Mrs. J. A. Johnston,
48 Wadsworth St., Buffalo, N. Y.

P. S.—These Cheers for “The Star-Spangled Banner.”


There’s nothing Socialist, Anarchistic, Idealistic or Capitalistic in

The

Remarkable Adventures of

Christopher Poe

But it’s darned good reading.

The fact that Robert Carlton Brown wrote it needn’t keep you from buying it. (Some people say the book is all the better because Brown wrote it.)

All book-sellers have “The Remarkable Adventures of Christopher Poe.” They have to have it. Their customers, Socialist, Anarchistic Altruistic, and Capitalistic, are united in demanding it.

The publishers, F. G. Brown & Co., Transportation Building, Chicago, priced the book at one dollar and a quarter, so everybody investigated by the Minnum Wage Commission could afford a copy.
DO YOU AGREE?

"I HANDED a copy of The MASSES to a man who came to see me the other day. He looked it over. 'That's too strong for me,' he said. * * * He thought they went too far. Everybody goes too far to the man who is afraid to go out of the house. We need that going too far stuff in America. We need the tellers of unqualified stories. We need artists of the crude line. We need the men who are the same to the end. The MASSES is the same to the end. Taking it on the whole as it stands, it is a vehement red-paint signal post."—Horace Traubel in The Con-servator.

"The best magazine cover of the year in America is that of The MASSES for June, while the best poem of many years is the poem by Gelett Burgess in the same number."—The New York Evening Mail.

"In our opinion the illustrations in The MASSES have a higher average interest than those in any other periodical in this country."—Norman Hapgood in Harper's Weekly.

"A worthy endeavor and accomplishment in the field of unfettered journalism. I heartily recommend this vigorous healthy magazine to those who need constant questioning of their pleasant comfortable attitudes.—La Follette's.

"I was delighted with The MASSES. Its artistic quality combining grace with vigor and with purposefulness caught me at once. The publication should make an irresistible appeal to people of intellectuality and taste."—William Marion Reedy, Editor of The St. Louis Mirror.

"The MASSES in its present form is simply the best thing in the Socialist Movement in any country."—William E. Bohn.

"Of all the cartoons ever printed in an American periodical none have had the sledge-hammer force of those now appearing monthly in The MASSES."—Publisher & Retailer.

"The MASSES, that brilliant Socialist magazine."—The Rebel, Texas.

"A clever and impudent little magazine, The MASSES."—Collier's Weekly.

"Please let me tell you how much I appreciated your wonderful magazine. There is nothing like it in this country. If you can only pull through until people begin to realize just what it is, your battle will be mostly won. You are doing a wonderful work."—Mary E. Marcy, Associate Editor of The International Socialist Review.

"The liveliest art in America is finding a place between the covers of The MASSES, a monthly periodical published in New York. It is the liveliest because it most fully expresses the reaction of real minds to our contemporary life."—The Chicago Evening Post.

"I think The MASSES is a wonderfully strong, able, handsome magazine. It could hardly be otherwise with the talent at its command. Everything it says and everything it pictures comes home sharply to the mind and conscience."—Charles Edward Russell.

"A friend has sent me The MASSES for August, 1913. It is the first issue I have seen of the paper. I am delighted to see it; not only are the contents most interesting, but I admire the whole way in which the paper is reproduced. Mrs. Belmont, with whom I am staying at this moment, tells me of the service you do to the Suffrage Cause in America."—Christabel Pankhurst.

WILL YOU HELP US CONTINUE THIS PUBLICATION?

How to Help

1. Become a co-operating subscriber by contributing ten dollars a year
2. Send us one new subscription
3. Send us the names of five friends who might subscribe

WE NEED YOUR HELP AND WE NEED IT NOW
"Kate, if a woman more intelligent and better looking than you should attract your husband away, what would you do?"
"Well, mum, she might be more intelligent, but she wouldn't be better lookin' after I got through with her."
Thaw and Jerome

The world can be significantly divided into those who are always glad when a convict escapes, and those who are always sorry—with a small remnant who use judgment about individual cases. I don't use judgment about individual cases. I'm always glad.

I am particularly glad about Thaw because he is evidently just as sane as some of our leading citizens, and he has spent a long time in the worst place on earth.

What is hell? A cross between a jail and an insane asylum—yes?

Another reason I am glad Thaw got clear, and hope he will stay clear, is that he has been the victim of a peculiar righteousness which occasionally affects a certain portion of the American public. They want to throw him in hell—whether it is just or not—in order to show that justice can not be bought in this country. Jerome frankly defends his paranoid persecutions of Thaw by saying that there are too many Socialists around, and he wants to prove to them that there is not one law for the rich and another for the poor. This is truly a novel idea.

If a vote were taken on putting Thaw back in hell, you would find the Socialists almost unanimous against it. And you would find the same statement on every one of their tongues. If you want to prove that there is justice for the poor in this country, don't persecute a rich man who happens to be down, but come out and do something when a poor man is being railroaded to jail. Go over to Paterson and fight for the life and liberty of Pat Quinlan, a citizen of this country, who is under a seven-year jail sentence for opening his mouth during a strike.

It is a queer quality of righteousness, an uncanny justice, that so rejoices to persecute a rich man when the rare chance offers—thus thinking to exalt the persecutions of the poor! We live in a strange world, a sad world, but does it not rejoice your heart and restore your courage to see that this kind of righteousness met with a unanimous rebuff from a large courtroom full of human hearts up in some hitherto unremembered hamlet of Canada?

Argumentum Per Accidens

Mr. Brandeis says that the decline of the New Haven, the fall of Mellens, illustrates many morals.

"It illustrates the evils of Monopoly, the curse of Bigness, the pitfalls of Law-breaking, and the futility of Lying."

But while there are so few fallen, while so many flourishing New Havens and so many fat Mellens continuously illustrate the Glories of Monopoly, the Blessing of Bigness, the Respectability of Law-breaking, and the fact that a Lie is an Abomination Before the Lord and a Very Present Help in Trouble. Mr. Brandeis need not fear that the fundamental moral standards of our civilization will be overturned by this little accident in New England.

Towards Plutocracy

I said last month that the motto of progressivism, economically interpreted, is Philanthropy Is the Best Efficiency. I cited as an object-lesson a letter of Jacob Riis—one of those who furnish "ideologies" for the progressive movement. I want to cite another object lesson from one of those who might furnish the cash-power.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

In my opinion it is the duty of the employer to provide the necessary safeguards and protection for his employees, such, for instance, as good light and air, sanitary surroundings, protection against fire and other dangers, reasonable hours of labor, adequate wages, no child labor, facilities for education and self-improvement, beautiful living quarters, opportunity for recreation, etc. These and other advantages should be supplied under all circumstances, and there should be co-operation and good feeling between employer and workman.

It seems to me quite probable that the better results which would thus be obtained through the greater efficiency of the employee would more than compensate the employer for any extra outlays which he may have to make to provide such protection, so that in the end it would cost him nothing. The hearty co-operation and friendly spirit which would thus be engendered between the employer and his workmen would be apt to prevent strikes and other troubles, and would decidedly be to the interest of both employer and em- ployee.

Adolph Lewisohn.

New York, August 20, 1913.

If this statement is true—and it is true, although it will not be shouted aloud by progressive reformers—it follows that none of these progressive reforms is going to alter the inequalities of our economic life, or narrow in the least degree the gulf between the employing and the working class. The reforms will benefit the working class, but they will benefit the employing class equally. Therefore, although excellent measures from the standpoint of humanitarianism, they constitute no step whatever in the direction of equality or democracy.

The same news of progressivism from England:

"When, said Mr. Lloyd George, they spend money on social reforms, they are improving the health and efficiency of the people as machines."—Cable dispatch.

Excuse the iteration, but here also is a word from New Zealand. New Zealand is a country where progressivism has, in certain directions, reached its limit. That is, it has gone just as far as it can without benefiting labor at the expense of capital. I quote this significant paragraph from a press interview with T. G. Ruscel, a New Zealand capitalist.

The italics are mine:

"For eight or nine years the Arbitration Court proved very efficacious. This was about the length of time the court found it could keep on increasing wages or shortening hours without confiscatory rulings. All this time its findings afforded the greatest satisfaction to the labor unions. But when the time came that the court could no longer raise wages without interfering with the economical progress of the country, the union men turned around and began to abuse the court and the judges. Many unions canceled their registrations."

Forgive me again, but here is one more cable dispatch:

"Oscar Strauss has been making inquiries [in Hemstead, near London] in the course of his visit to England, with a view to founding similar home settlements near New York. He says they would be benefited with wide results as well as a good investment for the city."

Benevolence is a Good Investment means exactly the same thing as Philanthropy Is the Best Efficiency. And upon the whole it is the biggest political discovery of recent years.

Towards Feudalism

Many things which appear "progressive" are in fact a long step in the reinforcement of wage-slavery. Thus an article in McClure's Magazine for September telling what great things the United States Steel Corporation, "like a good citizen," has done for the children of its workers at Gary, has the title,
A Job for the Pure Only

“To have two governors,” says Martin H. Glynn, “would, to say the least, cause a great deal of confusion that would be detrimental to the welfare of the State.” This does not seem an extravagant statement. There is only one thing can cause more confusion than a pig under the fence, and that is two pigs under the fence.

But we liked the kind of confusion Sulzer was causing. For what reason we do not know, but he was really bucking the sovereign power. He was assaulting the king.

It isn’t every politician will kick out the ladder he climbs up by and hang onto a limb. And we wish him good luck and a chance to spit on his hands!

Maybe Sulzer has a little of the graft taint left on him. Surprising, indeed, if he hasn’t, considering the strong example Tammany has set for him all his life. But does that “maybe” disqualify him for trying to clean up the gang he rose out of?

Certainly, if it does, it also disqualifies some of these moral New York papers that are too pure to back him up in the hot little fight he is making.

In Case of War

I N place of an editorial comment on Mexico I quote this from the conversation of a friend: “Yes, I am glad we’re not going to war with Mexico. Yes, I am thankful to Woodrow Wilson for it. I appreciate his restraint. But I kind of wish we did have an army that would go down there and fight for the poor devils that won’t get anything, whoever wins.”

Sign of the Times

T HE most striking feature of Labor Day to cross my eye was a two-column giant headline in the Boston Herald:

“LABOR CARRIES OLD GLORY.”

Think of it! Fifteen thousand citizens of the Republican parade on a national holiday design to carry the national emblem! And that warrants a scathing headline!

The inference is that somebody, whether the fifteen-thousand citizens, or only the city editor—somebody at least is doing a little thinking about the economic significance of that emblem.

To which subject this quotation from one of Woodrow Wilson’s books appears relevant: “The Federal government was not by intention a democratic government. In plan and structure it had been meant to check the sweep and power of popular majorities... The Federalists not only had on their side the power of convincing argument, but also the pressure of a strong and intelligent class, possessed of unity and informed by a conscious solidarity of material interests.”

Fake Oracles

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, the press agent for the Harvard Psychological Laboratory, has launched into the subject of education in sex matters. I should say “launched onto” it, for this press work of his seems to have about the scientific displacement of a cockleshell on the Atlantic.

Making naught of the distinction between “education” acquired from novels, plays, or dinner table gossip, and the intimate instruction of those whose natural function it is—failing utterly to sense the causal connection between private ignorance and the ill effect of public discussion—assuming that when a child is not told the whole truth he has nothing of sexual thought or emotion in him—failing to allow for the slightest change through social suggestion in our present exaggerated reactions to this topic—failing in fact of any attitude to this question remotely approaching the analytic or experimental, he simply delivers the reactionary German dictum that young people, and girls especially of course, ought not to be told the truth about sex.

His opinion—supported by nothing more scientific than a few big words out of Baldwin’s dictionary—is not worth refuting. But I do wish to enter a general protest against these men who, having acquired an academic position, employ the sacred name of science to obfuscate their social prejudices upon a credulous public. Prof. Münsterberg knows as well as I do that Psychology is a shapeless and immature science, that it has reached hardly any final conclusions of general acceptance, and he knows also that in the particular matters under discussion he could not get the backing of a majority of the psychologists of the world, for any hypothesis whatever. And yet he proceeds under the caption, Notes Scientist Explains, Etc., to inform the public, “as a conscientious psychologist”—to inform the public of his own personal prejudices and nothing else under the sun.

I have not an extreme respect for academic reserve or exclusiveness—the fear of an every day opinion which paralyzes the learned. And, moreover, I have an extreme respect for those noble men like Thomas Huxley—all too few—who have devoted their clear minds to the popularization of scientific knowledge. They deserve to be remembered with its creators. But for those who use the prestige of professorship and the glamour of scientific terminology to foist upon the popular press matter which they would not dare offer to a technical journal of science, I have no good word to say.

We quote without comment this headline from the New York Times, describing the funeral of Big Tim Sullivan:

JUDGES AND SENATORS MIX WITH THIEVES AND GANGSTERS FOR LAST TRIBUTE TO DEAD LEADER.”
A GREAT JOKE

WOMAN'S PLACE—A Nursery Rhyme

SUFFRAGETTE, suffragette, why do you roam?
Women are wisest in staying at home:
A few foolish millions may slave for their bread;
Perversely preferring to work and be fed:

But suffragette, suffragette, why do you roam?
Babies are needing you back in the home:
They frisk to the factory, romp to the shop;
Naughty young toilers! Persuade them to stop:

Suffragette, suffragette, why do you roam?
Mother is scrubbing at somebody's home;—
A singular choice, that of work by the day;
What are we coming to, suffragette, say?

SEYMOUR BARNARD.
HOBBLEDEHOY

HOBBLEDEHOY, neither man nor boy,
With a burden of pain and a purpose of joy,
With a heart and a hunger of God's alloy,
He's a lad whom the jungle and heaven decoy.
There's God and the Devil in Hobbledehoy!

What shall we do when Hobbledehoy,
With zest of a beast to possess or destroy,
Is tripped in his track for the hunting of joy?
What shall we do when the beast in the boy
 Calls out to the devil in Hobbledehoy?

Shall we punish the nature of Hobbledehoy,
Cage and encourage it forth to destroy?
Or quicken the pain in him, quicken the joy,—
'The pang of the birth of the man from the boy!—
Shall we give him the Devil? Hobbledehoy?

WITTER BYNNER
W ITH a little grunt someone sank down upon "the bench beside me. But this event hardly penetrated my consciousness, so amused was I by the Governor Slocner low comedy at Al-banc—until a husky voice breathed close against my tympanum.

"Excuse me, sir—but could you spare me a nickel to get a cup of coffee?"

I looked up from my paper. I was aware first of a green and purple hat, crumpled, with broken feather, reeling over one ear; and of a heavy cloth dress—the August temperature was at 90—burst in its shoulder seams, and work-soiled and gutter-soled beyond any guessing its shop color. The lady's face was puffed, her little blue eyes were filmy; but she was smiling at me with perfect affability and self-comp}

I spared the nickel.

"Thanks."

"You bloodshot eye she meditatively studied the coin, lying in the cup of her grimy palm.

"What do you think—should I buy me a drink, or get a cup of hot coffee?"

"Better get the coffee," I advised.

"Yes, I'll get the coffee. It'll help sober me up.

You see," she confided, with her amiable smile, "I'm just comin' out of an awful drunk.

"Indeed," I remarked politely.

"Yes, a regular terror of a drunk. I must look a sight. My face dirty?"

I charted the worst areas and she tried to erase them with the backs of hands that were even dirtier.

"Yes, I'll get the coffee"—eyeing the nickel again. And then in an apologetic voice, as mildly matter-of-course as that of a hostess whose empty tea pot will not permit the giving of a second cup; "I'm sorry, but I had to give up my furnished room. Else I'd ask you to come up.

"That's all right," I assured her.

"It's kind of you not to mind," she said simply.

"Why did you have to give up your room?"

"All along o' my drinkin'. That's the trouble—" whiskey, I'm strong; look at them two arms; some muscle there—what! And I'm not so old—thirty-four. And I'm a hard worker—dish-washer, scrub-woman, y'understand?—she mentioned the restaurants and hotels she had worked at—and I make good money—five a week and my eats, and the eats are good, too—but o' course I have to sleep myself. Oh, Maggie Moore can take care o' herself all right! Ought o' to, for I been doin' it steady since I was seven. And I ain't got no kick comin', none at all. For—"

even the grime and perversity of her face could not entirely conceal the native cheerfulness of her smile—"this is a pretty fine little world, now ain't it?"

"Oh, your room? I reminded her. I guess it's the whiskey and my not havin' eatin' anything. Well, it was while I had my last job at Coddington's that me and Lizzie Turner, who scrubbed at the Hotel Bel-mont, went on a spree together. That's what happens to me about every six months; I get sort o' tired o' the work, I guess—dishes, more dishes, and more dishes—y'understand? I comes back to the restaurant, drunk, and starts to get busy with my face, and I gets fired. Served me right, too. I'm an awful fool.

I got to drinkin' some more and was asleep here in the park when along comes a cop and puts the stick to my feet and tells me to hustle along. I was sleepy, y'understand, and drunk, y'understand, and I tells the cop I won't and that three o' him can't turn the trick. He tries and I puts up a scrap—but, sure, he was too much for me. The judge give me six months on the Island.

"So you've been in the workhouse then, Miss—is—Miss Moore?"

"What'd you suppose—sure, lots o' times. But cut out that Miss business. Maggie's my name; nobody ain't ever called me anything else. The workhouse, it ain't so bad. You see it gives you a chance to rest up. I got out two weeks ago—not a cent—and it August—and nothin' but these winter clothes.

"Two weeks, and not a cent! How'd you live?"

"Picked up a man," she said simply. "He kept me three or four days and treated me fine, till his money give out. Since then—I, lord, it ain't me that can tell you. I've been what you see me now—a bum."

Her face, which had grown momentarily grave, again brightened with its smile of utter candor and good-fellowship. "What'd you think o' President Wilson? Pretty good sort o' man, ain't he?" And for a space Maggie and I discussed presidents and ex-presidents and secretaries of state—"wish I could be satisfied with Old Man Bryan's drink," sighed Maggie—and politics and suffrage and the high cost of living.

And then, again without an instant's hesitation, her mind lightly leaped another conversational chasm.

"What's become o' that Evelyn Thaw?" she demanded.

"She's doing a dance in vaudeville."

"I don't see how the people stand for her?" Maggie burst out in withal disgust. "If there's anything I ain't got any use for it's a woman like that! Bloodsucker! There's nothing decent about 'em. If she'd been, y'understand, honest about things with both men, nothin' would ever have happened. You be square to the men, and they'll be square to you. Ain't that right?"

"You've found it so?"

"Sure. I've always acted like a lady, and the men have always treated me like a lady. I ain't got no kick comin' against a man in the world. But that Evelyn Thaw! Think o' her, after livin' with both men, stirrin' Harry up to shoot a man like Stanford White. She should 'be shot herself!" Did she have no heart? Didn't she think of his poor mother, and that his m-mother loved him, and that it would almost kill his m-mother?" Maggie's voice was breaking with somewhat maudlin sentiment, and with the back of a hand she brushed the tears from her eyes. "I know how his mother felt? I had a m-mother, and I've been a m-mother myself."

"Indeed! You have a child?"

"What you might almost say two—growing more completely. One of 'em I got rid of before—y'understand. A young girl what's working can't very well afford to have a baby—so I thought. But the other one I really had. He's thirteen now; smart little devil; lives with his aunt and works in one o' them millionaire shops on Fifth Avenue; wears a funny little suit with brass buttons all over it and stands near the door. Only I don't darst go near there."

"How about his father? Ever helped you any?"

"His father? Him? Huh! No. He's in the navy. They're a bum lot, them navy men. He says he ain't the kid's father—and fact is, I ain't so sure that he is. Oh, well! I never needed no man's help. I can look out for myself."

And her head with its grotesque wreck of a hat moded confidently, and she smiled cherily at me and at the world.

"Still," she mused on, philosophically, without a trace of bitterness or self pity, "it's pretty tough when a woman gets to be a bum, like me. I've been like this before, and have always managed to pull myself up—and o' course I'll do it this time, somehow. But it's tough. When a man gets down in the gutter, people will help him out. But when a woman's in the gutter, there's no, what'd you call 'em, Good Samarian, for her. Still, I ain't worryin'."

"But say—what's a bum in my fix goin' to do? I'm a good worker, and the employment agents know it, and I could get a job in a minute, only—Say, just look at them bands, won't you! And holding them up and cocking her head to one side herself gazed at them in wry, detached amusement. 'Ain't them the dirtiest two paws you ever seen!' And I guess my face ain't much better. And I could get a job if I only had my hands and face washed. But where am I goin' to get soap and water and a place to wash? Ain't that the devil of a funny fix for a woman to be in?"

She laughed with genuine humor at the absurdity of her predicament.

My slow mind began to tangle with a plan for smuggling her for a few job-giving moments up into my bath room. But before my mind could operate, Maggie was on her feet, clutching her skirt with her left hand.

"Well, I guess I'd better be movin' along."

And then apologetically, as one who has failed in ordinary courtesy: "I'm awful sorry about my furnished room. If I only had one, I'd—"

"That's quite all right," I assured her once more.

"Anyway," she said heartily, "it's been a pleasure to have had an intellectual conversation with a man like you." Holding the nickel under the third and fourth fingers of her right hand, she gripped my hand with her grubby thumb and two forefingers and shook it warmly. "Good-bye. Glad to 'a met you. Yes, I'm pretty sure I'll make it coffee."

And smiling cheerfully at me once more she shuffled away in her unbuttoned shoes, and out of the park... leaving me still fumbling with my idea of a basin of water and a cake of soap.

A S C R U B

THERE was an old woman crept out with her basket, Late every night with the rise of the moon, And where she was going I couldn't but ask it, For in her old hand she would carry a broom. "Old woman, old woman, old woman," called I, "Why do you go in that building so high?" "To mop the Philanthropy Offices dry, And I shall come down again by and by."

MARY FIELD.
She's Got The Point

"YOU'D BETTER BE GOOD, JIM, OR I'LL JOIN 'EM."
An Address
To Child Laborers

By the
Honorable Bumptious Uplift

Ah, my dear children, it is a great pleasure to address such intelligent and important members of the community. The place you occupy is most fortunate. It is absolutely impossible for you to realize what a wonderful privilege it is to be an active part of this great pulsating civilization, of this mighty world power than which, in all the ages of history there was never a mightier.

When I was a boy, we had no such luck, no such advantages as have fallen to your lot. We were allowed to roam wild in the woods and climb trees and go swimming and ride horses to water and do all sorts of foolish, childish things which amounted to nothing. But you, lucky ones that you are, need lose no time in becoming a part of the real affairs of life. So splendidly organized is the industrial system that there is not one of you who is too young to find something to do. Do you realize what that means? Do you realize how you are favored in having sweatshops and mines and glass factories and shoe factories and factories of every kind and business offices where you may go without delay and take up your part of the world's work? Do you, can you, even remotely understand what the good Lord, ably seconded by the unselfish captains of industry, has done for you by throwing away those soul-destroying skates and skids and tops and toys and balls and kites and marbles and skipping-ropes which can do you no good whatever, and in their stead giving you nice, bright dinner buckets which you can hook over your good right arms while you toddle off to your labors as big and as important as any grown man or woman?

Ah, my dear children, these are palmy days to be sure. I know sometimes you are sad and a-weepy, but who of us is not sad and a-weepy at times? I know sometimes you look with wistful eye upon some of those other children who, undisciplined, seem to have time to tarry by the waysides without thought of factory whistle or pay envelope, but, I pray you, be not misled by false gods. Their good fortune is more apparent than real. They are idling their sacred, God-given lives away while you are staunch and glorious little veterans in the army of industry. When they grow up, they will look back and regret their uselessness. When you grow up, however, your brawny breasts will swell with noble pride at the comforting thought that, from childhood's earliest hour, you have not failed in your duty toward your fellow-man. They will have nothing to show but hands of velvet, weak and characterless faces and spines that are straight because they are of no value. Wherever they go, they will be scoffed and jeered at. You, however, will have great, large, many hands decorated with the horns of noble toil. You will have backs gracefully curved by uplifting burdens and faces artistically scarred by productive responsibility. And when you march triumphantly along the street on Labor Day you will be the envy of the world.

It is beautiful, my dear children. It is a beautiful present and a beautiful future. I beg that you will take these earnest words to heart. Keep yourselves busy and sincere of purpose. Do not let demagogues or labor agitators fill you with discontent or deflect you from your duty to organized society. You are God's chosen people. You are lucky beyond the wildest dreams of your forefathers.

Ellis O. Jones.
ABSOLUTE JUSTICE

The Portrait of an Arbitration Court

Labor, Capital and an Impartial Third Party.
An Appeal To You

SIX I. W. W. organizers, indicted during the Paterson strike charged variously with inciting to riot, advocating sabotage, unlawful assembly, and so on, are to be brought to trial within the next few weeks. They are: William D. Haywood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Carlo Tresca, Patrick L. Quinnan, Adolph Lessig, and F. Summer Boyd. They are indicted under the so-called Anarchy Statutes which wipe out the fundamental rights of free speech, free assembly, and a free press. Alexander Scott, an editor, indicted under these statutes because he criticized the Paterson police for clubbing men and women on strike, was sentenced to fifteen years in the State Prison at Trenton. The court which sentenced Scott and in which these six organizers will be tried, is hostile. If the organized forces of capital, government, and law can bring it about, these six strike leaders will be sent to jail. It is in the backwash of a strike, the period of dead interest and spent enthusiasm, that such things can be done. After the Lawrence strike, Ettor and Giovanniatti were tried for murder. An alert and militant organization raised their defense fund and obtained their acquittal. After the Little Falls strike, Ben Legere and his comrades were sent to Auburn Prison. Unless labor takes up the fight in Paterson, Haywood and his comrades will go to Trenton. Money is needed and it must come from the workers. Whosoever contributes to the Paterson Defense Fund fights for his own liberty. A conviction in Paterson will put shackles on labor all over the country. It is up to the workers to prevent a conviction. Send contributions to George Alyea, Secretary of the Paterson Defense Conference, 56 Van Houten Street, Paterson, N. J.

Money is Needed

"AND it must come from the workers." That is the text of the above appeal. That is the text of every appeal after every uncompromising strike that comes off in this country. Not only must those six agitators, and under their inspiration twenty-five thousand workers, sacrifice five months of their lives in bitterness of struggle and hunger for the cause of human liberty. But after all that is over, in the few moments when they might relax and say: "Ah! that twenty-five thousand might enjoy the little gain that was made, descends upon them this black crime of legal persecution. Not only they, but all the twenty-five thousand, and more yet, all the millions of loyal fighting workers all over the country are now to be indicted by the courts and drained of their savings, until the last cent of the wage increase that was won in those five months is extracted from them. Meanwhile—Progressivism! Social Reform! New Democracy! Uplift! My God, what mockery! Sometimes the whole republic seems to be straining and sweating over this great problem of uplifting the workingman, but if the workingman makes one little single move to get up himself—then they all cry Anarchy! Riot! Unlawful assembly! and proceed to beat the workingman over the head with this club of property-consecrated law.

The Gentleman in Black

U P in a garret sat a young man stricken with a melancholy fit, and, as was his custom at such times, he had begun to meditate on the grave, with especial reference to such a grave as he himself might comfortably and pleasingly fill.

While deep in this gratifying occupation he looked up to see sitting across the table from him a gentleman shrouded and swathed to the eyebrows in black. As the door had been locked all evening, he could only conclude that the guest was some supernatural visitor, perhaps indeed that allegorical personage who had been the subject of his late thoughts. As this fancy dawned on him he discovered that those notions which a moment before he had been regarding with much "elish, had suddenly lost all savor. He shuddered at the very idea of dying; it seemed to him such a bad business. Notwithstanding he mustered up all the courage that had run into his boots and remarked in a loud voice, "I'm willing to go any time. I'm sure I haven't and never will have the slightest objection to Death."

He moved his feet impatiently when the other did not respond on the instant. "Never," he repeated.

"How do you know?" said the gentleman in black.

The young man thought hard. "At any rate," he asserted, "I'm not afraid of Death." There was a moment's silence.

"How do you know?" said the gentleman in black. "Well—of course—that is—"

"smelled the young man, "but after all—why should anyone be afraid of it?" Death brings peace."

"How do you know?" said the gentleman in black.

By this time the young man was pouring with sweat. "Are you—are you—Death?"

"Fear of Death is my name," returned the other.

At once the young man's spirits returned. "Of course! of course!" he shouted. "How stupid of me! I'm going to look hard at you now so that I shall always remember just how you look. Then you see in the future I shall always be able to tell you from old Death himself. For quite naturally I know that Death is not at all like Fear-of-Death."

"How do you know?" said the gentleman in black.

—HORATIO WINSLOW.
A Book Review

THE QUANDARY, a play in three acts, by J. Rosett, and published by the Phoenix Press in Baltimore, is one of the most remarkable dramas that America has yet produced. In spite of a crudely melodramatic plot, the action blazes with earnestness and savage fire. It is, in brief, not only a sharp arraignment of all petty reform movements but a staggering blow at the system of smug charity organizations that defeat their own ends; it shows that they are not merely valueless but vicious. The preface, which Dr. Rosett calls "A Dissertation on the Evolution of Humps, Etc," contains the meat of the matter; it has all the biting irony of Shaw plus a very definite indignation which is Dr. Rosett's own. Here are a few scattered sentences for a sample passage:

"Whether we shall kill off our weak, as some of our forefathers did, and as present-day society is bent upon doing; or whether we shall permit them to survive, is a question on which we may differ. But we must all agree that if the former expedient is to be adopted ... it should involve the minimum of expense; it should be accompanied with the least amount of suffering to the subjects; it should not endanger the well-being of the survivors, etc. ... Strange as it may seem we employ none of the excellent means of killing at our disposal. ... We torture our weak; we hound, starve and poison them slowly. In truth, the slower the process, the greater our satisfaction. We make, indeed, slowest the chief point; and the efforts of the legion of our well-meaning philanthropists, professional moralists and prescribers of virtue, are all directed towards this one point—to make the execution of the weak as slow a process as possible. To protect the agonies of a weak boy for only so much as one year is considered by us a deed compensable by the profoundest sense of moral satisfaction. A single Christmas dinner, dished out once a year to a half-starved cannery employee on half-time— a potion that may prolong her sufferings for but a few hours—is regarded as an action engendering much plety and virtue." ...

This random quoting takes the keen edge off the author's mordant satire. But if anyone doubts that the volume contains some of the most vigorous criticism and challenging scorn aroused by what we are pleased to call a "class consciousness," let him buy the book and read it. It is worth a dozen erudite tracts, a score of tenement investigations and fully a hundred well-intentioned but futile vice reports. It is propaganda in the finest and most stirring sense.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

Mexico Wins!

THE general opinion seems to be that President Wilson's address to the Mexican Government was "unimpeachable in diction." And it was pretty good composition, but of course you couldn't expect a Scotchman to compete, in the matter of sky-searching rhetoric, with the pure Castellano. As to what could be achieved with diction, Senor Gamboa, his Mexican competitor, is distinctly the winner.

"Bandits, Mr. Confidential Agent," he delicately points out in his crowning sentence, "Bandits are not admitted to Armistice; the first action against them is one of correction, and when this, unfortunately, fails, their lives must be severed for the sake of the biological and fundamental principle; then useful sprouts should grow and fructify."

LIES

ALONG the gaslit Boulevard
Under the shadow-spreading trees
They walk, the slender silhouettes,
Night-hidden, but for outlines hard,
Slow-stepping, wanly mad to please,
While, heart-deep, endless Hunger frets.

Or, choked, that hunger long is dead,
Or, unborn, died before its bliss.
The curve of feather and of eyes,
Their hot light calling to the bed—
The breasts borne temptingly to kiss—
Of what Truth are these things the lies?

Lydia Gibson.
WHAT’S HIS NAME

Eugene Wood

“Why, what do you want it for?” (Mothers are so inquisitive)

“I want to make a candle so’s to raise the Devil.”

She wouldn’t have let me have it. She was funny that way sometimes.

What was true of Satan’s name was also true of the names of all other gods and godlings. Knowling their names, or having some secret formulas or incantations for the same, or memorizing them, or having some magical object, sort of put the come-bitter on them, and they had to do what you wanted them to. Not every Tom, Dick and Harry had such power. The seventh son of a seventh son is generally pretty good at it, but the orthodoxy way is when it is transmitted by a touch from a person that has it, something like catching the small-pox. There are people living to-day that can call their God right down into their hands. No matter what Heaven happens to be doing. He has to drop everything and come a-running when they say the word. There’s a neighbor of mine can do that every time, provided he does it before noon, and on an empty stomach. Now that’s a fact; I’ve seen him do it!

I wouldn’t want to have you think that I can do it, though I know how. But you take flour and water—wheat flour; Pillsbury’s Best is all right—and make a paste, and you put that paste in between two hot flat irons and make a thin cake of it. And you take a tableclothful of, say, California claret in a cup, and you put the cup and the cookey on a sort of table. And you put your elbows on the table and mutter, all in one breath, certain words—two expressions “hocus-pocus” is derived from these words—and bang! there’s your God, right in your hands! I say “Bang!” because they usually hit a gong or ring jingle-bells at the exact moment He arrives. Blind you, this isn’t the spiritual God to whom we cry, beseech, as we are, with all our errors and infinities, but something much more solid and many times more in evidence than all that. So if you had a sick child, and you didn’t have the power to be able to comfort him, you would take these two expressions and bind them with your fingers. And the “Substance” is the “body and blood of the Accursed!”

You don’t believe this, but a man I know believed it so hard that after he turned vegetarian he’d never take communion.

So when Moses asked this deity what His name was, the deity evaded the question. He said: “I’m what I am.” Because if He told Moses his real name before the transaction was closed, Moses could have done all sorts of miracles for his own benefit and the deity couldn’t have stopped him. If you think that this God of the Israelites was all-powerful, that’s because you don’t read your Bible as conscientiously as you ought. In Judges, first chapter and twentieth verse, it says: “And the Lord was with Judah; and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountains but could not drive out the inhabitants of the plain because they had chariots of iron.” This God had very marked limitations.

Before the completion of the covenant if Moses had known the Name, the whole purpose of the covenant might have been defeated. These gods get hungry, same as folks; they need to have the rump-fat and other portions of the animal burned at every beef-killin’, and wine poured out on the ground, and bread set out where they can look at it. So if Jehovah was to use His power to help Israel, it had to be down
THE MASSES.

Superior Court

"Who knocks at the door of the court-room?"
"Justice and Law," the bailiff replied.
"Well, there's one seat left in the court-room.
Tell the Law to step inside."  
MARY FIELD.

Income and Politics

Salary $600 a year—stand-pat-shell-back Republican or Democrat.
Salary $500 a month—Progressive Democrat.
Salary $500 a week—Bull Moose.
Salary $500 a minute—Plain Anarchist.  
H. W.

Press Pearl

"I wasn't three minutes past one when the President began to read his address. He read very slowly
and distinctly from typewritten slips about four inches wide and six inches long, with wide spaces between the
lines."—*N. Y. Times.*

The Laureate

I AM the poet laureate,
I celebrate the king;
I say 'tis not his fault he is
A petty, paltry thing.

He did not build his Majesty,
'Twas handed him at birth;
That's why it is so vaporish,
So gassy vast of girth.

Nor was the fault his mother's,
She did not make the plan;
For who would get a wind-egg,
When she could get a man?

Lay not the blame on royalty,
Or on the blood that's blue;
Believe the poet laureate,
The king's as good as you!

As you that build his Majesty,
And bloat its pulpy face,
You water-blooded sulphurets
That knuckle to his grace.

I'd rather be his embryo,
Marked futile in the womb,
Than be the slaves that eat him
And perpetuate his doom.

I am the poet laureate,
I am not one that sings
Of any fell decepcion
To stop the hearts of kings.

Or thinks it wants a scavenger,
With vitriolic fire,
To purge the earth of royalty
And all the regal mire.

I sing the sacred wonder
That kings are human still;
Though poisoned through the ages.
Though sterilized of will.

Denatured, puffed, perverted
With vapidity of lies—
They still have looking faces—
A light is in their eyes.

It proves the sovereign urge of life,
Divine impulsive power
That gave his blood to any man,
Or brought him to his hour.

If you would only strip them,
And whip them out-of-doors,
'Twould need no fell deception—
A king could do the chores.

Chris. Lovely.

Fishing for Chivalry

"Heavens, Mrs. Laurie! You don't mean to tell me you've taken the veil!"
"Oh, no. These are my subway clothes."
"Subway clothes?"
"Yes, I found this was the only way to make sure of a seat."

Drawn by Cornelia Barnes.
THE MILITANT

On The August Cover Of The Masses

I LOOKED at the picture, casually only, as, by chance, I picked up the magazine. And I wondered, idly, why she was so named—the Militant—she of the gentle face, the sweet mouth, and the quiet eyes.

I turned the pages—I detest such literature. It stirs me up; it riles me; it annoys me! I systematically avoid it. I opened to page 13 and I read. And I turned to 14 and I read on. And I closed the pages in horror and I threw the thing aside—for I detest such literature—I refuse to read it!

But the paper fell front cover up—and again I looked at her face—she of the tender mouth.

I picked the magazine up again—for it fascinated me—though I detest such things—I who love to think only on whatsoever is pure, and holy, and of good repute. And I opened to page 9 and I read. And I turned to 10 and I looked long at the double-paged picture. And I went back, deliberately, to the cover and looked at her face—and at the other face in her protecting shadow—and I knew why she was the Militant—she of the quiet eyes, the sweet mouth, and the delicate hands.

MARY KATHARINE REELY.

Eighth Heaven

'TIS said that there are places seven,
For all good people when they die,
And far beyond there's another Heaven,
For the man who never told a lie.

And there he sits, alone, alone;
No one to cuss him or wish him well.
And day and night he makes this moan,
"Oh Lord, I wish I'd gone to Hell."

WILL HERFORD.
What August Did For History

Howard Brubaker

NEW York fusionists put their best foot forward by nominating John Purroy Mitchel for mayor, but keep the other foot on the fire escape. McAneny decides that half a loaf is better than no loaf at all the time and takes a place on the ticket. The express companies threaten to demoralize the parcel post by giving good service. The President sends Lind on a wrist-slapping expedition to Mexico, but Lind is more slapped than slapping. Germany seizes the Krupp grafters and sends some lieutenants to jail. The Balkans close their second war and make plans for the third. Milan tries to conquer the work habit. Governor Sulzer is nominated for chief of the department of Perjury and Larceny, but after three days' reflection indignantly declines. He decides that it is unconstitutional to be impeached in the summer time and besides the pot is blacker than the kettle. Albany is all clogged up with governors. Harry Thaw breaks out of Matteawan and into the front page. He is captured in Canada. New York demands him back, but fails to give reasons. Canada reports a bumper crop of alienists and barristers, but an epidemic of itching palm. A fresh consignment of Sulzer's past arrives from Cuba. The house of governors meets in Colorado, but none of New York's chief executives attend. New York Socialists nominate Russell, but fail to endorse rigid economy. Chicago baseball fans come out in favor of the English language. The Pope votes creative evolution. Murphy meets in New York and nominates McCall for mayor without a dissenting voice. The Tammany Tiger swallows fearless investigator Whitman. Gaynor launches a life boat and picks up odds and ends of fusionists. Mitchell laments: bolt and the world bolts with you, for and you fuse alone. Wilson urges American capitalists to withdraw from Mexico so it can yield to moral force. Bryan takes a wild night ride and saves the lecture fee. Citizens, criminals and governors go to work on Missouri's roads. The City of Brotherly Love riots at a baseball game. The New Haven railroad retains Mellin as head of the wreck department. The Catholics tell the labor unions that great thinkers are at work on the problem of unemployment and nobody should worry. The Pacific ocean enters the Panama canal.

Poor Pennsylvania!

Pennsylvania is diving headlong into hot water. Her dive takes the form of a law which forbids the rights of marriage to persons with transmissible diseases, of unsound mind, or who have received public charity within the past five years. All of which is pretty nearly proof that legislators rush in where executives find the walking rough. If there is any set of people who can execute this law to the satisfaction of any other set of people, an ample niche in the Hall of Fame awaits them.

It may be possible for the physicians to reach some approximation of agreement as to transmissible diseases. It might even be that two or more responsible alienists can be found to agree as to what constitutes an unsound mind. But what of the public charity? What of the many recipients of public favor, such as useless public officials, contractors on State Capitols and other public works, beneficiaries of valuable city franchises, bankers who get the use of State and municipal moneys, and so on? To say the least, Pennsylvania is no less full than other States of these larger participants of public charity. Is Pennsylvania then going into this matter thoroughly and earnestly, or is she going to make fish of one and flesh of another? Either way, Pennsylvania is in for it. A more intricate galaxy of dilemmas we have not heard of in a long time.

ELLIS O. JONES.

FLOTSAM

A Midsummer Night's Dream At Coney Island

Drawn by Maurice Becker.
THE WORLD-WIDE BATTLE LINE

William English Walling

The Birth-Strike

The two most prominent woman members of the German Party, Rosa Luxemburg and Clara Zetkin, both oppose the birth-strike. But it is widely approved in Germany as a means of decreasing the number both of future soldiers and of future workmen. In France also this restriction of births is advocated by Anatole France and other Socialists, not as a mass-movement or strike, however, but as a means of raising the standard of living.

Fournarts attacks the proposed strike, aiming to prove in a few words its inutility both as an economic and as an anti-military measure. But the Fournarts arguments go further and apply against the individual restriction of the number of children for private reasons.

We are told in the same breath that this restriction is a sign of bourgeois degeneration and that it is practiced by a number of non-German proletariat. The German workers are warned that Germany’s superior position is due to large families and will disappear if the small families of the French proletariat are imitated. And the superior German Socialist development would also be menaced.

Fournarts ridicules the “bourgeois” idea that the quantity of births is being limited in order to improve the quality of children. It acknowledges, however, that restriction is more and more widely practiced by the “women comrades.”

Perhaps the women comrades know a little more about this question than Fournarts.

Australian Socialism

The Australian Labor Party lost the government and their reforms by a very narrow margin. They control the Senate by a large majority and will probably soon be “in” again to carry out their program of trust regulation (including the fixing of prices) and an extended measure of compulsory arbitration of labor disputes.

The chief issue in Queensland, which gave a Labor majority and Labor Senators, is still the exclusion of non-white races. “A white Australia” is the ideal of this branch of the international brotherhood of labor.

But when our Southern and Pacific Coast unions and Socialists get together, can it be different in this country?

The Storm Breaks Loose

When the German Socialists voted the Kaiser money for a vast increase of armament, it was evident that the Socialist Party—for the moment at least—had fallen into new hands. The opportunist members took the lead in the Reichstag and Bebel and Kautsky followed.

For a while all opposition to this astounding action was suppressed by the powerful party machine. But at last the storm has broken loose.

One local organization after another—in Berlin, in Dresden, in Leipzig, in Hamburg—has met to denounce this surrender. A large number of Reichstag members have declared that the opposition even in the Reichstag group was extremely bitter and that it might have prevented this action but for extreme party discipline and the secret caucus.

Brilliant Success in France

In contrast to the surrender of the German Socialists before the present wave of militarism—which has undeniably been popular, even though this popularity was bought and paid for by the capitalists—is the brilliant success of the French. It is true that the law restoring the three years of military service was finally passed—after great difficulties owing to Socialist opposition in and out of Parliament. But it will not apply to the soldiers now in service. This Socialist amendment, passed at the last moment and by a narrow margin of votes, gives the Socialists and genuine radicals two years in which to agitate for the repeal of the law.

And they have every prospect of success. Last spring they were defeated in every close election. At the recent municipal election in Paris they gained rapidly. The Socialists and the radicals in and out of Parliament, together with those of the unions, not only brought about the above amendment, but is bringing the masses (or those of them who had wavered) back to their senses.

Nor is this all. The Socialists have wrung from the government a promise that the rich shall pay the lion's share of the new military taxes—without raising the government increased sums for military objects. Premiere Barthou says the possessing classes must pay more because they get more benefit from the increased armament—a theoretical admission as valuable as the financial concession itself.

Will Socialists Support Anti-Socialist Governments?

This is the question as it frames itself in Denmark. Important constitutional changes are impending, and the newly strengthened Socialists have promised their support to a Radical government during the period when these are being brought about.

Philip Snowden, M.P., one of the leaders of the British Socialist “Independent Labour Party,” has recently written a severe criticism of the non-Socialist “Labour Party” (of which the Independent Party, strange to say, is a part—and a minority at that). He makes a sharp distinction between the “Coalition Government” dominated by the Liberals, which he says is now being advocated even within the Independent Party, and the older policy of “wringing concessions by strict independence.”

Yet the same reasoning is used to support both policies and they lead to the same results—exclusive occupation with such reforms as promise (while incidentally benefiting Labor) to increase the profits of the profit-makers and the privileges of the privileged.

Thus a prominent German Comrade said that the principle just abandoned by the German Party belonged to “a period when the Party was as yet no decisive factor in politics.” That is to say, as long as it had no power the Party could afford to stand for principles. But now that it has power, it cannot afford to risk its influence over the politics of the day for such far-away things as principles. It must preserve its power to advance capitalistic reforms, regulate principles to the distant future, and follow the requirements of the non-Socialist majority.

“The Slump” in England

A leading Fabian, Hubert Bland, one of the famous essayists, says that the British Socialists have left Socialism “on the shelf” in order to occupy themselves with Social Reform. As a Social Reform Socialist and an insider from the beginning he ought to know. He says they occupy themselves with advocating free education, free school lunches, an eight-hour day, municipal ownership, and graduated taxation. J. Bruce Glasier, formerly Chairman of the F. L. P., can find no better argument in reply than that they also occupy themselves with the nationalization of railways, mines, and land. Glasier acknowledges that these measures are also advocated by many wealthy and conservative persons, but says that this takes nothing away from their Socialism.

Socialist Governments Soon

The rapid increase of the Socialist vote in Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Finland, and Germany is bringing us to the question whether Socialists shall form coalition governments with other parties. It was only after a long struggle and by a close vote of 325 to 310 that the Dutch Party finally decided not to form a Ministry under the Queen. There were plenty of “reasons” why Troelstra and the other leaders considered Holland an exception to the Socialist rule of uncompromising opposition, but “not a single excuse.” They said that a universal suffrage law and old age pensions are impending, etc., etc. But these temptations to share in public office and power are becoming more and more frequent and must necessarily do so as the vote increases. Can it be long before somebody succumbs? If not Troelstra in Holland, then Vander- velde in Belgium, Bisolatti in Italy, Branting in Sweden, or von Volmar in Bavaria?

The Daily Citizen is already preparing the way for a Labor-Liberal coalition in England, among other methods, by treating the Dutch situation under this heading:

Socialists in Power.
Is Aloneness Justified?
Governments of the Future?

And the writer proposes a Lloyd George government to include Macdonald, Henderson, and Keir Hardie. We have every reason to suppose the first two might accept. Would Hardie refuse? Of course "a very exceptional situation" would be artfully provided by the others so as to make it "impossible" for him to refuse.
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