Innocent Girlish Prattle—Plus Environment

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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ANN A M. SLOAN, Treasurer
JOHN REED, Managing Editor
BERKELEY G. TOBEY, Business Manager.

TOLERANCE vs. PATRIOTISM

I JUST can't stand The Masses as it is without my name being in it. You have splendidly done the thirtieth labor of Hercules—made a magazine that can be read and looked at and kept not in a library shelf, but in a coffin with the family heirlooms. I don't say this to induce you to grant me a side niche in this pantheon of yours—I really mean it.

ARTURO M. GIOVANNITI

Someone who knows that I am opposed to all forms of insult to America, the Stars and Stripes, and to the Holy Bible, has evidently subscribed to your trachy Socialist sheet, The Masses, to be sent to my address. No greater insult could be imposed upon a true blue American than to put their name and address on such literature emanating from the brain of the lowest bred people on the face of the earth. Stop sending this vile sheet to me at once. This is the second notice.

(THERE CHEERS FOR OLD GLORY!)

MRS. J. A. JOHNSTON,
48 Wadsworth St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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WE NEED YOUR HELP AND WE NEED IT NOW
THE PIG AND THE HEN

They both got in one pen
And the hen said she wouldn't go out;
'Mistress Hen' says the pig
'Don't you be quite so big!
And he gave her a push with his snout.

Now children—this simple lesson teaches us that the pig has superior INTELLIGENCE, and that the hen ought to EDUCATE herself so that she may become a pig.

The pig tries to see how much he can get out of the world; the hen foolishly tries to see how much she can put into it.

FEEL SORRY FOR THE POOR HEN.

This cartoon teaches us to 'THINK STRAIGHT' that each of us may get a large juicy—orange, a fat stomach, and a wonderful DIRECTING MIND.

THE MASSES EDITORS

BRISBANE'S LECTURES ON POLITICAL SCIENCE FOR 'IMPRactical IDEALISTS'
Brisbane on Young

A

GAIN Arthur Brisbane devotes the editorial section of the Hearst papers to a picture from The Masses, and a fatherly disposition thereon. The picture you will remember. It is Art Young's big "Capitalism" eating the fruit which a little workingman has prepared for him. Attention is called to "that wonderful directing mind" in the portrait of capitalism, and beneath the workingman is this statement of fact:

"He hands over the fruit of his toil on a silver platter, and then gets about one-eighth of the juice."

It is noticeable that Mr. Brisbane did not deny this statement of fact. He did not allude to it. He did not want to.

"When you think, Mr. Young, think straight," he said, and then leaving that task to Mr. Young, he proceeded to circumambulate about the subject matter in a very happy way. I followed him and I located in the course of the peroration three definite, distinct although disconnected ideas which I shall quote. I quote them because they each exemplify a common fault in those who reject Socialism without understanding it.

Here is the first quotation:

"When you think, Mr. Young, think straight."

"This is a world of injustice. Not because there are villains at the top and good, virtuous, moral people at the bottom, but because this is still a world of ignorance."

"The little gentleman at the bottom, representing labor, is only getting an occasional drop, not because he is an unselfish creature, but because he hasn't been able to get it."

The fault manifest here is intellectual indolence. You are surprised to hear that Arthur Brisbane is indolent—well, he is, and so are a great many other people who have what is called an "energetic" style.

I am telling you one of the secrets of the trade now—that "energetic style" saves them a lot of work. You know how it is—if you say a thing with enough emphasis it is not necessary to adduce reasons. A hypnotist doesn't have to bother with reasons—he just says so. Likewise a man with an "energetic" style.

So let's skin this editorial. Let's lay off the style and examine the meat.

We find in that first section that Mr. Brisbane has not taken the time or trouble to penetrate his subject matter. He has never studied the economics of Socialism at all, and therefore he has no conception of the science which "Art Young and his friends" are teaching.

Neither Art nor any of his friends ever had the slightest notion that there are "villains at the top and good, virtuous, moral people at the bottom" of society. On the contrary, it is the essence of their theory to recognize that one and the same motive actuates all the people in their economic life, namely, the desire to get a living, and get as good a living as possible.

Our troubles arise not out of the sins of "bad men" or the weakness of "good men," but out of an irreconcilable conflict of interests among men who are neither good nor bad, but simply natural in looking out for their own economic welfare.

That is why Art Young called the fat man "Capitalism." Not a Capitalist, not Morgan or Rockefeller or any other "successful individual." Huck rakers and Sunday School teachers and editorial moralists, would put it that way. But Young thought straight enough to put it the other way. And Brisbane didn't think straight enough to follow him.

Here is the second quotation:

"Mr. Young has a scowling arrow pointing at the badly developed skull of capitalism, with the lines, 'That wonderful directing brain.' Young's idea is that it really is not a wonderful directing brain, just a very fat, dull brain."

"But YOU NG DOESN'T EXPLAIN HOW IT HAPPENS THAT THE DULL BRAIN ALWAYS HAS THE FRUIT."

"It is not romantic or pleasant, but we must tell Mr. Young and his friends that as a matter of fact the man with the big fat fruit really HAS the wonderful directing brain."

"If he didn't have that he wouldn't have the fruit."

This idea that people at the top are there because they have "brains," is about as unanalytical and feeble and foolish as it is plausible. First, because the qualities it takes to make success in business competition are highly specialized and by no means to be described in general as "brains." Astuteness, cruelty, daring, practical imagination, pugnacity, energy, self-absorption, "cheek," are among them. But the chief quality of all those that make success in business is the quality of being completely hypnotized by the idea of success in business, so that it crowds all other ideas out of your mind. That is not the same thing as having "brains."

Therefore, even if opportunity were equal for all, this statement about the people with brains being at the top would be false.

But furthermore, opportunity is not equal for all. And Arthur Brisbane knows this. It doesn't take an economist to know it. Anybody can see that with the whole machinery of production owned by a part of the population, and the rest of the population compelled to beg and pay tribute for the privilege of working in this machinery—no fair contest of brains or ability exists. It is a handicapped event, from start to finish. Vincent Astor is at the top. Where would he be if he had started scratch?

Yes, Mr. Brisbane knows that only the very rarest ability and good luck minus capital (or capitalistic connections) can compete with moderate ability plus capital. He knows that one class of our population enters the contest with capital, and another class enters without. And hence for another reason it is not the best "brains" that come out at the top.

The people who own this country—speaking generally—do not possess "that wonderful directing mind." At least it is not to be found in their own skulls. They get the benefit of it, of course. It is a part of their capital. But it is inside of somebody else's head. Arthur Brisbane ought to know this, too, for he is Exhibit A in this department himself. He has a wonderful directing mind—no matter what we may think of the editorial—he has a wonderful directing mind. But in order to use it he has to hire out to the man at the top—the man who owns the machine. I guess he knows that opportunity is not equal in this country.

Here is the third quotation:

"These conditions will not be remedied by any agency except one, and that is EDUCATION. The best thing that ever was written is this: 'WE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.' To be educated is to know the truth."

This appeal to education, appeal to the knowledge of truth, as the only savior of the world, is always an excellent peroration to an attack upon propaganda that you do not consider true. But it comes awkwardly at the end of this editorial in which the one statement of truth that was made in that picture has been systematically dodged—namely, that the worker gets about one-eighth of the juice.

That is the truth that Art Young and his friends are striving to teach to the enslaved workers of this country, and that is the truth that will make them free. Without that no truth will make them free. Discontinue upon the stars and planets, and the Gallic wars, and the Egyptian mummies, and the geological fossils of prehistoric beetles forever, and therewith you may convey a great deal of knowledge, but so long as you continue to dodge around a clear, calm statement of vital, everyday fact, like this about "the fruit of his toil," you have no right to the word "education" and you have no right to the word "truth."
A Dog in The Manger

At the approach of the season of chill when everybody wants to get into a nice warm jail for the winter, it is interesting to note that millionaires have the right of way.

Thomas Mott Osborne, capitalist and philanthropist, entered Auburn Prison September 29th to serve a week's self-imposed sentence. He entered in a summer suit, got an outfit of nice warm gray flannels, socks, shoes and cap, a shave, hair cut, bread, coffee, bath, potatoes and sweet pickles—all free.

Now although he's a philanthropist, Mr. Osborne takes no note of the fact that he's flitching food from the mouth of some poor devil who wants to go to jail and can't get in.

We're not saying that Mr. Osborne shouldn't be in jail.

But all up and down the Bowery you can find poor homeless, restless, roving lepers who have a right to Mr. Osborne's sinecure. They're looking for a comfortable jail for the winter; but they can't go to a judge the way he did, and fix it up. The judge would tell them to go out and assault a cop, or get drunk, or snatch a purse, or do some other thing highly disagreeable to a sensitive soul.

It is very discouraging that a millionaire can get into jail by divine right while a poor down-and-outer must painfully work his way in. It seems to me to be about the last straw. Society built the jails for the down-and-outers. This was the one place consecrated to their uses. And now even this is wide open for anybody that has a little money.

R. C. B.

Royalty

If all the kings of heathendom and Christendom still more
Were spanked across the bottom and let out the kitchen
door,
And told to earn their living and a little something more—
It wouldn't jar the course of things enough to raise a smile.
But it would make me happy and that would be worth while.

TOD O'SHEE.

The Passing of The Horse

A LETTER in the New York Times tells of a stenographer whose eyes gave out and who turned to the farm for a livelihood.

"I had $800," he says, "but was possessed of a good, strong wife, who did all the heavy work, such as plowing, planting, splitting wood, etc. A wife is an absolute necessity—on the farm. I am a Southerner by birth," he adds, "and am therefore naturally ambitious."

Or Anthony Comstock

ENGLAND is said to be considering a proposal to offer America Mrs. Pankhurst in exchange for Harry K. Thaw. It sounds good as it is, but couldn't we throw in Jerome?

Anyway homicide is apparently held in high esteem in England. Tom Mann was sent to jail for urging soldiers not to shoot workmen, and now many of the leaders of the Conservative party, including dukes, lords and generals, are openly engaged in arming the people of Ulster to resist the enforcement of the Home Rule law.

HOWARD BURBAKER.
I MAKE CHEAP SILK
(The Story of a Fifteen-year-old Weaver in the Paterson Silk Mills, as Told by Her to Inis Weed and Louise Carey.)

TERESA led us through a narrow passageway and into an inviting little garden, containing patches of vegetables and a grape arbor. There were gates into the neighboring enclosures and pleasant going to and fro. Children lived in these gardens, too—not on the street. What a contrast to the library back yards of so many Americans, in which the workers' houses—wastes of trash and empty cans! One grew quickly aware of a definite contribution from these Italians to the civic life of Paterson.

"It is like Italy!" was our involuntary exclamation as we sat down on the little bench by the grape arbor.

"Oh! no! It is not so beautiful like Italy," protested Teresa, shaking her pretty head.

We asked her story. "How long have you lived in America?"

"I came when I was four, with my mother and my brother, but I went back when I was eight. I was with my mother when she went home to die."

"Do you like America?"

"No," thoughtfully, "I do not like this country. My mother did not like this country either." She paused broodingly. "She was not brought up to work. She spoke French as well as Italian, and she knew English before she came to America. Her father, my grandfather, has a silk mill near Naples. My mother was in school. She was only sixteen when she married. She made a mistake. After she married her life was very hard. When we came to America she went to work in the silk mills. She got consumption. The doctor said, 'You must not work so hard.' She said, 'I must work for my children.' She got sick all the time. Some days the workers would bring her home fainting from the mills. She would tell people, 'Only for my children I would like to die.' All times she had a fever and some nights she was out of her head. Then she would say, 'I am so tired—I am so tired.'"

"One day she told father, 'I do not want to die in this country: I want to go back to Italy to die.' My mother had saved a little money. She took my brother and me and went back to her father in Caserta. In a few months my mother died."

"What became of your father?"

"Then my brother and I lived four years with our grandfather. I went to school three hours in the morning. I had a governess, too. She taught me music and embroidery, and would take me out in the hills in the afternoon. It was not like here. There was flowers everywhere. Even the poor people had flowers. Her eyes took on a far-away look. "I took my first Communion over there. It was lovely, clasping her hands, "with all the little white dresses and veils and candles and flowers. I still have my medal, fingering it on the slender chain at her neck."

"Then when I was twelve, my father came for my little brother and me. My grandfather wanted to keep us always. But my father said, 'No, they are mine.' His name was Emmanuel, and my grandfather had to give us up. Over here I went to school for a year. I made two grades in one year and I wanted to stay. But my father kept talking about the day when I shall go to work. His wages had been cut a little at a time, so he received only half so much as when he first came. And my stepmother, she said, 'Yes, Teresa, you shall go to work in the silk mills.'"

The summer I was thirteen my father said, 'Now you must go,' and he fixed it up at the City Hall. I cried, but I went to work as a winder in Hammill's mill."

There this child of thirteen walked back and forth ten hours a day, tending fifty-six spools. All Teresa remembers about that place is the ache in her feet, her longing to get out to play, and the crazing monotony of walking in front of the spindles like a little bear in a cage. One day she rebelled against this travesty on childhood and quit.

"After resting a while Teresa became a ribbon pinner in Bamford's mill, then a ribbon weaver. She was so little the bosses had to make a bench for her to stand on so that she could reach over the loom to put in the ends.

"'No, Bamford's is not a good place to work,' was Teresa's reply to our questioning. 'It's fierce every way. The air is bad. The windows are nailed down. The little panes that are never opened in winter, 'cause the boss he say he is afraid he should catch cold. In summer they are not open unless you ask. The floor is so rough great splinters stick into your shoes. It is very dirty, too, and other things are something fierce. But the girls in Bamford's other mill in Paterson say they have it worse; they are afraid of the ice. In winter they say there is no heat unless their fingers get so stiff they can't work fast. No, I don't know how it is in Bamford's Pennsylvania mill."

"When I started weaving ribbon my father and Mr. Bamford they made a contract over me for one year. Yes, all the other weavers are young like me and work on contract."

She began work at $3 a week. After a month of weaving her wage was raised to $3.75, then to $4, and just about a month before the strike she began to get $6. "Every pay we girls get only half. The mill holds back the other half until we've worked a year. And then the fines—for every conceivable offense. When the fines had been deducted from the half pay, there was sometimes only 78 cents a week left! If a child leaves before the year is up, the mill retains the unpaid half of the wage."

"Most of the girls go before the year is up," explained Teresa. "They rather lose the money than stay and be treated so mean. The bosses they holler and curse at you. The superintendent and forelady, they aren't so bad, but they holler when the bosses come around." Teresa tended two ribbon looms, a task too heavy for a strong man. She does not know how much she weaves. The little clocks that keep the count are locked up so the workers cannot see. The last day she worked on the single loom Teresa overheard the man who read the clocks say "twenty-two yards." That would be 352 yards of ribbon in a day. "I ask sometimes, how much I weave? They say, 'What for do you want to know? That girl over there weaves faster than you, you damn kid!'"

Indeed, Teresa's story was one long record of "speed-uping." The child hurried out of bed by lamp light at half past five on winter mornings. She gulped her breakfast and arrived at the mill breathless from the haste born of anxiety lest she not arrive before the door shut. If the children are late at Bamford's they are frequently unable to go to the looms until a whole day has been lost by their colleagues. At noon the little workers must rush if they are to have a chance to wash their hands and get a drink before being locked out into the hall where the workers sit on the stairs to eat their lunch, stairs where the water leaks down on rainy days.

"Bye and bye," added Teresa, "I got so I felt sick. Every week I would have to go home two or three afternoons, as I was so sick of my stomach. The doctor said it was because I hurrying so."

We continued to ply the child with questions—Had she had any other illness? "Yes, an accident. I was on the stairs one day eating my lunch. One of those big wheels with fire hose around came loose and fell on my head. And I don't know nothing after that for the whole afternoon. But they tell me I had fits. No, they didn't call in a doctor—not on your life. They had fear of a damage suit. They gave me a free ride home in their automobile that night. They would get enlargement of the heart and die if they did more. My father called the doctor. He said I should stay home a while and not go back to the mill until I felt good again. The top of my head had all the time, but I went back to work after five days. My father he had been on strike nine months and we needed the money."

The father, in the stress of the strike, went to a lawyer to see if there was any way to get the child's $30 of back pay which was being held beyond the contract year on the ground that Teresa, owing to her youth, had not worked a full year; but the lawyer said there was no escape from the contract.

In the fourteen weeks since she stopped working under this vicious contract she has gained eleven pounds. It is significant when compared with the fact that during her two years in the mills she gained only six pounds.

"I hate to go back to that mill," said Teresa, as we talked of her future. "I hate always to be fined and screamed at. Maybe a girl wastes a little silk. If they do not know who did it, they fine everyone of youse. Maybe you could not believe it, but they steal our hooks and scissors from us and then we have to buy them back again for thirty-five cents. Then we must clean up the mill Saturdays after twelve. No, we don't get paid for it. They take it out of our holiday."

"I want always to go back to Italy, but since the strike I am more happy here," with an unconscious gesture toward her heart. "We are all together. We stand solid. My father he says there will always be bosses. I say, 'Yes.' Then we shall be the bosses."

"Yes, I am still a Catholic. These days I feel different. You go to confess and the priest he tries to find out all about the strike and he tells us that we belong to the union. I like I. W. W. better than God, God he don't talk for me like I. W. W."

"Yes," said Teresa after the strike, "for me it has paid me. I get 25 per cent. increase in my wages. All of us at Bamford's get a raise, and no more children in the mill, so there will be no more contract system after we have finished our contracts and got our back pay. Nor do they holler at us so.

"The labor inspector, he is on the job, too, since the strike. You should see how he makes Bamford's take it easy. There are guards on the dangerous machines. There are rattling fire alarms, there and it is whitewash all over the place.

"Will this last, do you think?" we asked.

"I don't know. If it don't, we strike again."
PEACE ON EARTH—

The Ancient And Honorable Offertory

A LOUD “Amen!”—the pastor then
Surveyed his silent flock,
While here and there a worshipper
Cast sheep’s eyes at the clock.

A solemn pause (which always awes); The deacons four uprose;
The congregation sighed and searched Supinely through its clothes.

The people knelt, the organ pealed
A sacred roundelay;
The pastor raised his arms and smiled:
“Now, brethren, let us pray!”

W. P. LAWSON.

NEW YORK seems pleased over a Supreme Court decision that the beach at low tide belongs to the state and that the public is entitled to the free use of it. Here is an opportunity for the Socialist song writer: “All the land will be tide land bye and bye.”

H. B.

Just Suppose, Mr. Conservative

THAT as often as William Waldorf Astoria tried to land on these fair shores he should be detained at Ellis Island as an idler and hence as an undesirable citizen;

That whenever there was a big railroad wreck Mr. Biltmore and Mr. George Gould should be haled to a police station and put through the third degree to find out if they had lived up to all the legal railroad regulations;

That a dictograph should be secretly slipped into Mr. John D. Rockefeller’s sanctum to find out just what he was talking about;

That whenever Chancellor Night lectured on the “Advantage of Having Billionaires Among Us” indignant citizens should turn a hose on him;

That any university professor who declared wealth rightfully belonged to the non-producers should lose his job.

Can you suppose all those things? If so, you can understand how some people feel in these piping times as often as they pick up a newspaper.

Theatrical Seasoning

FROM THE NEW YORK BLEAT’S COLUMN OF DRAMATIC “CRITICISM” TUESDAY MORNING

THERE is no doubt that the “Hit of the Season” is in for a long run judging by the way it was received at the Solid Gold Theater last evening. After the third act, etc., etc., etc."

FROM THE SAME COLUMN THREE DAYS LATER

“Saturday night will mark the last performance of ‘The Hit of the Season’ as the Solid Gold will be dark next week while undergoing extensive alterations.”

FROM THE JAY CITY BUGLE—ONE WEEK LATER

“Next Wednesday patrons of the Jay City Opera House will have the pleasure of seeing the latest great success from New York. When ‘The Hit of the Season’ ended its long run in America’s largest city there was some talk of sending the production to London, but Messrs. Smith and Smithstein, the owners, decided that the American public was entitled to first sight of the original cast in this notable production which, dealing as it does with one of the vital problems of, etc.”

HORATIO WINSLOW.
Increased Opportunities For Babies

Splendid Chances for Those Wishing to Live

WE have to-day a tremendous number of vacancies which are open to any good live baby, and we respectfully suggest to those contemplating birth that the right time to be born is NOW.

Hundreds of thousands of openings in factories must be filled within the next few years. Dusty air, unprotected machinery and long hours are rapidly cleaning out the present workers, and those born to-day will have the FIRST CHANCE to replace them.

Our Slums, which flourish in the country as well as in the city, offer any number of delightful dark rooms and seats at bare tables for newcomers. There is nothing like living in a Slum.

War has been revived on a larger scale than ever before and improved cannon guarantee plenty of vacancies in the ranks.

Our yearly railroad wrecks need more and more trainmen and passengers in order to furnish their sensational features.

The demand for White Slaves exceeds the supply.

Insane asylums offer gracefully designed padded cells, artistic iron gratings, and high grade gentle- manly attendants who are paid twenty dollars a month.

As a result of consumption and the suicide craze our prisons are emptying every day. This does not count the vacancies created by the use of the Electric Chair and the Unelastic Rope.

Those desiring to be born need have no fear that they will not fit in somewhere and they could choose no better time than now.

Send for our free booklet, "The Marring of a Human Being."

Looking Backward And Forward

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1872

LET it be remembered that platforms—not persons—are the issues in this campaign. At the same time we should not forget that Mr. Jones, that miserable poltroon who aspires to the Presidency on the Wrong Ticket, earned his first suit of clothes by stealing sheep, and till a very recent date supplied himself with cigar money by taking it away from children on the road to the baker's."

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1892

"This is a battle of ideas—not of personalities. No voter, however, should mark his ballot without reflecting on the fact that Mr. Smith, who heads the Wrong ticket, was almost tarred and feathered last June and at present folks in his home town openly accuse him of beating his wife."

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1912

"To-day we stand at the parting of the ways. Men count for little in the present struggle. Nevertheless no thinking citizen should gloss over the fact that Mr. Brown, who is running for President on the Wrong Ticket, consumes each week two bottles of whiskey, four gallons of hard cider, and seven quarts of cocktails."

Horatio Wenslow.

Lines To A Pomeranian Puppy Valued At $3,500

Often as I strain and stew,
Digging in these dirty ditches,
I have dared to think of you—
You and all your riches.

Lackeys help you on and off;
And the bed is silk you lie in;
You have doctors when you cough,
Priests when you are dying.

Warp in soft and costly furs,
All sewed up with careful stitches,
You consort with proper cars
And with perfumed bitches.

At your lightest, wheezy bark
Haughty women run to feed you—
Deaf to all things else, they bark
And what's more, they heed you.

Guarded from the world, you grow
Sleek and snug in pillowed niches;
You will never have to know
Common ills or itching.

Lord, but things are queer and odd—
Queerer still with you to show it;
You're a lucky dog, by God—
And you do not know it!

You don't sweat to struggle free,
Work in rags and rotting breeches—
Puppy, have a laugh at me
Digging in the ditches.

Income And Politics

Many are in favor of giving the job of reforming the Senate to Uncle Samuel White (colored), who learned how to swing a club before the war, and who ever since has been located in Baltimore reforming mules.

One Day of Civilization

Shall We Allow Socialism to Destroy This Splendid Fabric?
Voting Machines

Drawn by Clinton Kamp
To Be Told By An Elderly Gentleman To His Grandson

YESTERDAY, William, I brought you with me to our pastor, where at my wish you signed a solemn pledge never to touch tobacco or liquor in any form. To-day I have taken you out walking with me in order that you might see the reasonableness of my request.

Do you observe that great silent automobile which is about to pass us? Then look with particular attention at the old gentleman reclining so comfortably on the back seat, for that is Wordsworth Ernest Smith—better known as The Faithful Worker.

Sixty years ago Wordsworth Smith was a poor boy like yourself, had just signed the pledge. His dear father, however, instead of sending him to school was forced to apprentice him to the machinist's trade at $2.50 the week.

But before Mr. Smith, Senior, left his son he gave him three gifts: a Bible, a book of temperance songs wherewith to cheer his mates at their noontime repasts, and the address of a reliable savings bank.

Young Wordsworth Smith was a good boy. Each week he put two dollars of his humble wages in the savings bank, and with the remaining fifty cents paid for his room and board, and bought such clothes as he needed. It is hardly necessary to tell you that he dropped a penny into the plate every Sunday, and each Christmas sent to his dear mother some appropriate poem clipped from the pages of the weekly paper subscribed for by his landlord.

In time as he grew more skilled his salary was increased, first to three dollars a week and then to four; and finally he was making as much as two dollars a day.

But Wordsworth was not the sort of young man to squander what he earned. He did not steal into foul alleys away from decent people, so that he could puff at cigarettes, nor on Saturday nights did he allow his stomach to be eaten away by that liquid with whose name I shall not contaminate your ears.

Instead he spent his leisure hours working overtime, and many and many a week his envelope contained thirteen dollars and seventy-two cents instead of the customary twelve.

To cut a long story short, Wordsworth Smith stayed at his bench day after day and year after year. Last week he retired. In addition to a magnificent automobile he owns a splendid ocean-going steam yacht, a country place next to John D. Rockefeller's, a stable of fine horses and a chateau in France. And you seldom pick up a Sunday paper without learning that he is engaged to some beautiful comic opera star.

You see, William, he has been able to do all this because in spite of his humble position, he worked steadily and saved his earnings, instead of squandering them on tobacco or strong drink.

Appropriate response to be made by grandson at conclusion of tale:

Yes, yes, dear grandfather, and now let us hasten home to the sideboard, for I perceive by your trembling voice that the effect of the Good Health Tonic which you took after dinner is rapidly wearing off.

Horatio Winslow.
Free Speech on Trial

On October fourth, Frederick Sumner Boyd, who was indicted during the Paterson strike for advocating sabotage, was sentenced to serve from one to seven years in Trenton Prison, and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars. The court which convicted Boyd had already sentenced Alexander Scott, an editor, to fifteen years, because he dared to criticize the Paterson police for clubbing men and women on strike. Five other I. W. W. organizers are awaiting trial for exercising their Constitutional rights of free assembly and free speech. They are: William D. Haywood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Carlo Tresca, Patrick L. Quinlan and Adolph Lessig.

As Boyd is the first labor organizer to be convicted of advocating sabotage, it is vitally important for all labor organizations that his case be taken through the courts. As this number goes to press, there is not enough money collected to permit Boyd to appeal his case. Are the workers going to let Boyd go to jail like Ben Legere and his comrades in Little Falls, or will they free him as they freed Ettor and Giovannitti in Lawrence? Money is needed, and it must come from the workers. Upon Boyd’s acquittal or conviction depends the acquittal or conviction of every future strike-leader. YOU ARE ON TRIAL. Send all contributions for the Boyd Defense Fund to Miss Jessie Ashley, 27 Cedar Street, New York City.

Tophet Tattlings

ARMER!

Hot enough for you?
No white Christmas this year.
B. B. Beelzebuh, our well known weather prophet, says we needn’t look for a cold winter.

George W. Satan, the genial proprietor of Dew Drop Inn, says he has some red hot stuff for the live ones.

Reverend Scroochem, who for the last forty years has been preaching hell sermons to the little ones, arrived late last night. “Well done, thou good and faithful servant,” snickered the Head Stoker when he saw the Reverend’s condition this morning.

Mr. Kipling’s Tomlinson tried yesterday for the fifth time to register, pleading that since his fourth attempt he had been going the limit as a New York Policeman and had earned his admission. He was very properly turned down. According to latest advices from above every New York cop is eight shades whiter than the driven snow. Ring the seventh bell upstairs, Tommy.

Old Doc Dives says he is going to organize an Old Settlers’ Association. Great stuff, Doc. But don’t let enthusiasm for the past keep you from extending the hot hand to the shrinking newcomer. Boost our Eighty Billion Club.

Some little winter resort we are—huh?
No rain.
Wow!

HORATIO WINSLOW.
THE MASSES

Fuss, Feathers And Philosophy

DAVID CARSON GOODMAN'S "Hagar Revely"

furnishes the first two ingredients, Walter Lippmann's "A Preface to Politics" the third. Taken together they present a remarkable contrast. To begin with they have much in common. Both of them have received almost unanimous approbation, both are published by Mitchell Kennerley, both are attempts to express the insurgent and blundering spirit of the age, and both (it seems unnecessary to add) are written by young men. Lippmann's volume is a collection of eight very serious essays; Goodman's is a "veristic" novel which one may, no doubt, take seriously. And yet Lippmann's facts are not alone more vivid but far more entertaining reading than Goodman's fiction. The chapters on "The Taboo" and "The Making of Creeds" in particular reveal as clear and alert a mind as one may find in this broad (in a geographical sense) land. Quite apart from the very important matter of the volume, Lippmann's keen and incisive manner is something to reh i and remember. In the chapter on "Routineer and Inventor" he says, "I am tempted to put in the same class those radicals who wish simply to substitute some other kind of machine for the one we have. Their perceptions are more critical than the ordinary conservatives. They do see that humanity is badly squeezed in the existing mould. They have enough imagination to conceive a different one. But they have an infinite faith in moulds." It is a finely tempered mind that makes such chapters as those on The Chicago Vice Report ("Well-Meaning but Unmeaning," Lippmann calls it) an impressive and staggering criticism. In fact, it is this edged questioning and an insistence on a new and more personal adjustment that makes the book something more than a splendid revolutionary document. Passionate unrest and vigorous hatred are not enough, he urges; they are futile without a sympathetic grasp of human desires and needs, irrespective of economics or ethics. It is a gradual but complete education that is most necessary. "If men remain slaves either to ideas or to other men, it will be because they do not know they are slaves," concludes Lippmann. "Their intention is to be free. Their desire is for a full and expressive life and they do not relish a top-sided and lamed humanity. For the age is rich with varied and generous passions."

Mr. Goodman, on the other hand, is mostly concerned with one passion. And, because of this, his book has been given all sorts of free advertising by members of White Slave committee, hysterical reviewers, Ida Tarbell and Anthony Comstock. The last named guardian of the public virtue had Mr. Kennerly arrested for sending Goodman's book through the mail, charging it was "lewd, lascivious, indecent and filthy." Ida Tarbell, on the contrary, wrote, "You have found out a secret more difficult than why girls go wrong, and that is why thousands upon thousands of girls go right in spite of hardship and work." The first of these two contrary opinions is nothing but pious blather, the second is even more pious piffle.

There is absolutely nothing in the volume that gives the reader a reason for why girls go either right or wrong, any more than there is anything but the most journalistic realization of life in any of its prolix pages. Hagar is by no means a new or arresting type—she is the weak, semi-pathetic woman who has nothing to give the world but her sex, and so drifts along from one tawdry love affair to another—but she has been portrayed ever so much more faithfully and with ten times more art by half a dozen men. It is difficult to get very excited about so poor a copy of better work—the book reads like a dull and unskilful boiling down of Sudermann's "Song of Songs," Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" and Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt." All of which explains why it has been hailed with such rubber stamp enthusiasms. It seemed "grim" to the reviewers, therefore it carried "the robe of Turgenev," it was "Frank and realictic," therefore the author was "an American Zola"—and so on! The whole trouble is that Mr. Goodman seems to have started out with an idea, run foul of a lot of literature and finally lost both the idea and himself in his struggles to get free. At the end one gets the disappointing impression that Mr. Goodman has very little to say and that "Hagar Revely" says it very badly.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

Adulterated Stories

FOR quite a while the fiction of some magazines has slopped over into the advertising; but now stories are started next to Panopla pages, and before long we may expect to see the notice, "Continued in the reading section."

One author says: "Just imagine, when I had at last found my great masterpiece in print on the page following one consecrated to thermost bottles, I read with interest until I came to the last words on the page, which were: 'His every look was pregnant with a message. At last he raised his hand and cried...'

On eagerly turning the page I read: 'Uneeda Biscuit!'

How long will it be before stories are written with page "leave-offs" designed to carry weight with the announcement over leaf? For instance, the last words of a story on page 692 could be: "The Ramours were childless..." and page 693 could follow-up advantageously with "Have you a little fairy in your home?"

Little exception could be taken to this welding of fact and fiction. It would make the advertisements and stories more consecutive and readable. The author himself, at two or three cents a word, could think up good things like this:

Page 249. "Ah, yes, the echo of her crazed cry floats back to my ears; it floats..." Page 250. "What floats? Ivory Soap."

Neater still, the pictures with the advertisements (which, by the way, the magazine gets for nothing) could serve the double purpose of illustrating the story as well as the more important matter accompanying it. There are possibilities all along the line.

ROBERT C. BROWN.
THE STORY OF MICHAEL SHEA

Mary Heaton Vorse

When Lester Robinson, the cub reporter, dropped in on his friend, Mrs. Phelan, to get a story he found the gas had been lighted in her sitting room behind her wall-paper shop. Mrs. Phelan was saying good-bye to a Mr. and Mrs. Shea. The man's black eyes had pupils of extraordinary size, which, with the peculiar blackness of his hair, gave him a wild look that contrasted oddly with the prosperous air which shone from him and his wife; it fought with the slightly querulous expression and jangled with the subject under discussion.

"Well," said Mrs. Shea, "you comin', Michael? You know what'll happen to dinner, Mrs. Phelan, if I ain't there. He can't eat things the girl frites."

"She's got you spoiled, Michael," Mrs. Phelan chided affectionately.

After the buzz of leave-taking no one spoke. She broke the silence with:

"Seems queer to me sometimes to think of Michael livin' quiet and happy. Seems queer to me to think o' Black Michael Shea goin' round hitched to a cook-stove an' thinkin' o' whether this olla be flavored a little more or olla be served hotter. You know, Mr. Rob'n'n, the Irish is the worst cooks in the world by nature, but they got Improv'n', so you can learn 'em to cook. But when you show me an Irishman who's fussy about his food, I'll show you an Irishman who's fell. Real Irishmen are too full o' fight or love or politics or sport—too full o' feelin' to know what they're eatin' so there's a big dish of it. They're by nature romantic an' they show it by the way they crack each other's heads open for no reason but they want a scrap. That's what I call idealism, when a man wants to fight for somethin' so bad he'll fight for nothin'. Michael Shea wouldn't fight for nothin' but his own comfort now. He'd lick a man who stepped on his toe, becuze his toe wuz hoin' an' not Becuz 'twas stepped on—an' when a man changes from one to th' other he's got an awful long way.

"I've known Michael a long time an' it's becuze o' him that I ain't got no faith in youth no more'n I have in looks. I see you now, Mr. Rob'n'n, chasin' round after stories; reachin' out here an' there, an' tryin' to understand folks which is the beginnin' of all there is to livin' in the world. An' before I'd known Michael I'd said, 'There's a guinea boy; the heart in him beats lively, an' he uses the eyes in his head to see.' Mebbe he'll get somethin' I c'n read sometime."

"I can't read nutshin' they write about this burg, Mr. Rob'n'n, 'cept what's in the papers, becuze the things the write ain't no more Noo York'n a Sunday School picnic's a strike. So I mighta thought you was goin' to learn something, but now I know most likely it's juss becuze you're young that makes you stare at this big, old whirlpool like you was hypnotized. I'd a sworn to Gawd Michael Shea woulda lasted till the end, instead he's tied to a chain o' staws pan's that's a sad end fr' any brave man."

"Listen now an' I'll tell yah a story o' Michael Shea."

"I'd known Michael Shea a while an' liked him, though 'twas like havin' a torPEDah eatin' out o' your hand to have Michael around. In the depths he was, down in the black pit, an' next he'd be walkin' from star to star. An' becuze o' the two how he took to Kitty Delorme, which wasn't her name,"

"She was a pretty thing with a longish mouth to her an' big, blue eyes—the kind fellahs think is innocent an' that ladies know ain't. Michael was bordin' with the Mehan's—the boardin' house where ole Mehan was lettin' his wife slave fr' him an' cruishin' her life outa her, breakin' her heart sneerin' at her. Mehan sweeled 'round grand in his boardin' house, screwed rent outa them he could bully an' usin' the money for himself an' never forgivin' her for supportin' him. He was kep' if ever a man was, an' somethin' better in him musta made him sick at himself so he took it out on his wife and his step-daughter, who was a sweet slip of a girl with not a wold to say for herself, an' who set back an' watched her Ma bort'orchared without sayin' nothin' 'fear o' makin' things噪e, an' in between times holdin' her Ma to her soft, comforting heart."

"When Michael brought Kitty to the boardin' house: ""Who is she?"" says Ole Mehan, swaggerin' an' clawnin' his mustache fierce."

"'None o' your business,' says Michael, 'but I'll tell yah who she's goin' to be, an' that's Mis' Michael Shea,' an' he pats the shoulder o' Kitty, who looked up to him half scared. I guess it was the first time in her life Kitty ever hold an altar mentioned."

"'Gawd!' Phelan says to me, 'Call him off, Lily. That ain't no goil fr' him to marry.' She's told him a story about bein' desotted that wouldn't sting a wise-year-old child. Wy', she's learned her piece right outen a mellerdrummer an' Michael thinks she's an ill-treated angel."

"Well, there wasn't much I could say to Michael. Someway I loved him fr' believin' in her. After she'd been fed an' had a bunch o' clo'es bought her an' warmed herself in the love o' him, she begun to feel kinder stiff-jointed in the part Michael'd cast her for. A red woman with a heart woulda tried anyhow, but she was jess o' black. I ain't blamin' her. She hadn't never loved Michael. He'd just come along like other men had come along, an' after the love had gone outa her to one o' her own kind. Anyhow she'd gone that way too young, an' there wasn't nothin' to save her. She missed the easy life an' excitement."

"We seen it comin'. We trembled for what'd hap'pen. We seen her sneakin' out, meetin' this an' that o' the ole crowd. We seen her takin' off drinks bein' Michael's back. She loved to feel—Kitty did—un' she'd be through so much it tuk somethin' to make her. So she tuk to playin' with life an' death bein' the back o' Black Michael Shea. An' all the time he was bowin' before her's though she was the queen o' heaven.

"Folks begun talkin' fr' they seen her with the folk who used her so. He come hangin' round now she was married decent. But Michael Shea never seen nothin'."

"One day he come in here, an' if ever I see hell fire I seen it in Michael Shea's eyes."

"Here,' sez he, shovin' all his stuff over the counter. "give me what you can.""

"Though I know what was up—'Waat's eatin' you?' I asked.

"There's one man too many alive on this earth— an' I'm goin' to put that straight."

"Speak out—tell what's happened an' what money you need, I sez."

"Kitty's gone,' he tells me, an' his teeth gritted horrible. 'The man that kicked her out an' desotted her's come back. They got scared o' me an' they've gone—her an' he—so I'll 'fem 'em to the end o' the earth an' I'll kill him with me own han's before his eyes. Now you know what's happened—an' now what'll you give?"

"I tried to stop him:"

"'Leave be,' I sez. 'Tain't your wife swingin' fr her—tain't her you're in love with, Michael Shea?"

"Who is it?' he asks fierce.

"'Keep your shot on,' I tells him. 'Wen I tell you it's yourself; your ideals are wa' you're cryin' over— an' our ideals is made up of one-tenth wa' we is an' nine-tenths wants be, an' then the virtues toiled inside out so'sta fit a woman—the Kitty Shea you're crazy over's name Michael.'"

"He didn't answer, but stood waitin' fr me to come over on his stuff. You've hold about folks bein' pos'sessed. Well, that was what Michael Shea was. I hadn't ota give nothin'. He was goin' out to murder. Fr' his own sake—I hadn't ota give him nothin', but he stood there waitin' an' I handed him I dunno how much more'n his stuff was woth, an' he stuck it in his pocket an' lit out.

"Friends write 'em Michael was on their trail, an' they kep' amovin' an' Michael movin' fast after them. As long as the power was on him he seemed to know the way to 'em; as long as he was possessed he done to others wa' he done to me. If he got bust he'd get money somehow jest by askin' fr it. He'd tell his story straight an' whoever he asked done as he said."

"Men in gamblin' houses went down in their pants' pockets fr' him; once 'twas the president of a bank. 'I ota had yah over to the sheriff,' he sez, 'but here's good luck to yah.'"

"Michael told me an' Phelan that, settin' in this very room, when comin' up w't he owed. He didn't seem to see nothin' queer in it, which is to have faith in wa' you're doin'. Michael had the faith that moves mountains. He was possessed, an' no one could stan' in his way.

"The day he come back he come in, an' right off when I seen him I seen there was more wrong than when he started."

"'Oh, Michael,' I bawis out, never thinkin' how fierce I sounded, 'didn't yah get him?'"

"'I got him,' sez Michael, 'all right.'"

"'Oh, Michael,' I sez, 'you never killed him?"

"Michael laughed an' he said he was beginnin' him: "'Gee!' sez he. 'Wimin's bloodthin', he sez. 'Look at yah with Salome eyes in yah head the size o' ve saucers. You'd dance,' sez he, 'with his head on a platter, an' him nothin' to yah.'"

"Then yah didn't kill him? I asks, kinda disappo'nted in my heart. 'Twas very like ladies who was frien's o' Michael's, though our common sense joined us better. Well, Mr. Rob'n'n, when I asks that—"

"'I found 'em,' sez he, 'out to Cheyenne. I went to the hotel they was at an' knocked at the door. 'Come in,' sez they, 'an' I went inside an' locked the door. Gawd I was glad! I seen 'em shrivel up before me; I seen him get grey an' sick. It was sweeter'n I thought. I stood an' watched 'em an' none of us hadn't never been afraid of it—till he winked an' seen me, an' an' them fr' fear o' me. I was a fool—I stood there proud like a turkey gobbler to see the fear in 'em. I talked like a fool—for when I got good an' ready— good an' ready, an' no one had stirred him an' foot: "'Yah seem to know w't I come f', Mis' Shea,' sez he."

"Mr. Rob'n'n, when I asks that—"

"My Gawd! My Gawd! Kitty Shea made a
At the Edge of the Crater

I guess she'd lived with a heart that trembled night an' day for her pore, suffrin' mother.

"'An' you, Michael Shea,' sez I. 'You're a fine man, ain't you? Your miserable, punky heart's been inside yah, becuz yah made up a woman an' she toined out someone else. Yah think yah got the dimon' belt for suffrin', don't yah? An' that little goil you seen, every day's been crucified to the cross an' ain't opened her head. Bullie me—she's some class!"

"He set there thinkin' an' thinkin', an' he got up sudden an' went away without sayin' a woid."

"I never seen him again until the day they was married.

"A come in to see you foist,' he sez, 'bein' twas you who sent me to Mame.' He looked at her, an' it was one o' them looks that makes yah see why marriage's a sacrament. 'Twas livin' in the house with her made me think all winnin' was like her—it was soakin' of the goodness of her give me idees,' he sez.

"An' mabbe twas, though I'd a swore he'd scarcely known pore little Mamie was in the house. But she wasn't no pore Mamie in his eyes. When I had a chanc to talk to her on the side I sez, quiet:

"'Yah know what yah are, don't yah? You're the heart o' life fr' him.'"

"'I know it,' sez she, soft an' quiet.

"'He's been sore hoit,' sez I.

"'He'll never be hoit again,' sez she. 'I'll stan' between all hoits an' him.'"

"He thinks you're the queen o' heaven an' there's stars in your crown.'"

"'I'll keep 'em bright,' sez she. She looked like she'd just hold Gwad speaking.

"'Yah both come outta hell to heaven—God bless yah,' I sez. 'Love an' comfort her forever, Michael,' I sez."

Mrs. Phelan laughed, and her laughter didn't ring mirthfully in the ears of Lester Robinson.

"I talked that day like a priest, an' all the time I was an old fool. It's not the sight o' sin makes my heart toin' to water, nor the suffrin' or injustice o' this world spoils my trust in life, but it's w'at the soft places can do to a man and woman. When them there two went outa here, him with his black, wild head tooted t'ward her tender, an' her with the looks of a Madonna listenin' to angel voices, my heart beat. I thought I'd seen somethin' wot livin' for, that'd last more'n a second—I reely bullieved it. You know me—I got a hard head. That's how 'tis that there's some things hoists me becuze they's so beautiful—men an' goils when they love each other; little kids an' the way their mothers look at 'em. The more you know, the more such things hoit. They hoit becuze you know they won't last no more'n sunrise. But this fooled me.

"Now listen to the end—listen to w'at they done with life that Gwad had give 'em over—for they was born again.

"She went home an' made him a set o' habits wosn' drinkin'. He couldn't stir han' or foot without her. Gwad! Mamie—she filled his stomick so full that he couldn't dream o' love no more, an' she usta be somethin' to dream over, for she'd come from hell to heaven in a night. She thought so much about the creature comforts o' Michael Shea that he nor she don't think o' no other thing.

"Michael Shea an' Mamie stink o' comfort like all Nyo York do. They don't love each other no more, for they don't love nothin'. Folks hear sorrabs fine, but I ain't seen the man or woman w'at can stan' much o' comfort an' happiness."

Mrs. Phelan brooded a while, her eyes wandering over the crowded walls, over the jettams of years that had accumulated in the back-water of a pawnshop.

"They're jest so-so," she pronounced. "Jest like they're so-so, an' all them blood an' tears an' all that suffrin' all wasted. Poll Esselehamer says that what I mind is 'em growin' up, an' everythin's gotta grow up."

Mrs. Phelan rested her head, crowned with its pale gold "cwaaffer" on her large hand, and her elbow on her knee.

"Sunrise can't last, I know, but I thought to see one day that would stay fine till noon," she said.
Freedom for Men!

I DON'T believe woman's urge toward political emancipation had its origin in women. I think men are at the base of the movement—weakened men who are struggling to strengthen themselves.

Women universally never wanted equal suffrage, or they'd have it today. Women have always had what they wanted and will continue to have, because history and observation prove that they are the Stronger Sex.

The Vampire is a woman, and the Sphinx; the moon a lady, ships and locomotives feminine; why, the whole Earth and all Nature we call Mother. The devil is a man, and in thinking of things given masculine attributes about the only other one that comes to mind is the Goat.

Nearly every enduring story or drama relates how a woman made or ruined a man's life, or how a mother saved her boy.

Women have always been stronger in sympathy, endurance, sentiment, martyrdom and sheer courage.

The women have it. From the beginning, in their strength they seized the privilege to coddle and spoil man. They've picked him up and carried him ever since; they've borne him, loved, and fought for him. Now men are coming along, raising their heads and voices and shouting, "We won't be your little boys. We won't be spoiled anymore. We won't accept the double standard you have given us. We're going to share this thing, and you women have got to take the vote. We won't allow ourselves to be weakened any more. We won't be your little boys. We won't hold the purse. We won't accept all this sacrifice and suffering. We're going to make you take the vote and accept motherhood pensions. We're going to grow as strong as you."

I am a feminist. I believe in women. I know people are right when they say mother-love is the greatest thing in the world.

I have a mother, the same as any other man, and she tries to spoil me; I have a wife, the same as every other man's (in that she is far above the average), and she does spoil me; I have a daughter two years old, and this mother and wife are already conspiring to teach the baby girl to spoil me when she's old enough. They're going to make me a powerful puppet in petty matters. They'll have me carve the roast, and accept the biggest helpings of everything without return. I don't want to be spoiled. I know it's only a weak creature's plea, but I earnestly desire to accept half the burden. A great many men feel the same as I do, and it's that feeling which is responsible for the wave of Suffrage (long may she wave!).

Votes for women and freedom for men!

TO KIPLING

VILE singer of the bloody deeds of empire,
And of the bravery that exploits the poor,
Exalter of subservience to masters,
Bard of the race that bound and robbed the Boer—

We note your metaphors that shine and glisten,
But, underneath your sounding verse, we see
The exploitation and the wide corruption,
The lying, and the vice, and misery.

Your people lay upon the backs of others—
The bullet, and the prison, and the rod,
Wherewith ye scourge the races that subserv you,
And then blaspheme by blaming it on God.

Harry Kemp.

Welfare Work

SCHMIDT, the priest, assassin and counterfeiter,
whose homicide industry was blasted in its infancy, seems to have had a comprehensive plan for ending the lives of cripples, paralytics and sufferers from incurable ailments.

"Any man," he says, "is foolish who wishes to live out his life on earth. I meant to benefit those I killed."

Sort of welfare work, apparently, beneficent in purpose but not democratic in administration. H. B.
**THE EARLY MORNING CALL**

Why the Boyd Case is Important

The Law is governed by precedents. In order to hold to some consistent line of proceeding, amidst the deluge of hasty and conflicting legislation enacted every year by our legislatures, the courts model their decisions on those of preceding judges. That is why precedents are so important. The Boyd case will establish a precedent—a precedent vitally important for the whole future of labor. The workers alone can acquit Boyd. If Boyd is convicted, all future strike-leaders are convicted. All manufacturers are watching the Boyd case, to see if Labor will stand by its leaders. Read “Free Speech on Trial,” on page 14.

Why We Are a Socialist

Most New York apartment-houses barring children, the New York School Board has finally forbidden teachers to become mothers, or vice-versa. Pretty soon it will be perfectly safe to pass that Motherhood Pension Law.

Philosophy

I'm glad that meat and things have soared
So high the've left us blinking;
It helps—this extra rise in board—
High living brings plain thinking.
THE WORLD-WIDE BATTLE LINE

William English Walling

The Birth-Strike Again

CLARA ZETKIN, editor of the German party’s paper for women Die Gleichheit, has now made it clear that she does not oppose the restriction of births when it is done on private grounds, but only when it is done for alleged public reasons—such as limiting the supply of future soldiers or workingmen.

Kautsky, however, attributes even these private grounds to poverty and other capitalist conditions, thus implying that there will be little if any restriction of births under Socialism.

Kautsky also argues that if the restriction of births goes very far it will even harm Socialism rather than help it. The quality of mothers and children might be improved, but to Socialism (according to Kautsky) the quantity of workers is more important than quality: “An improvement of quality at the expense of quantity would be more harmful than the contrary tendency.” Kautsky’s fear is lest “backward groups of workers take the place of the superior.” Examples would doubtless be if the children of the Poles or Chinese took the places that might have been filled by the children of Germans or Americans. This is also the view of Roosevelt, of Sidney Webb, and of many American Socialists.

Primarily Parliamentary

THE German Socialist party, in voting down the resolution of Rosa Luxemburg by nearly three to one, shows that its work is primarily, though not exclusively, centered on the floor of the Reichstag. The resolution read:

“In order to keep awake militant energy and idealism among the organized, and to carry along the unorganized in critical moments and win them permanently for the political and labor union organizations, our tactics must consciously put the center of the struggle in the action of the masses.”

It is encouraging to know that in spite of the party machine, nearly 30 per cent. of the delegates at the recent congress supported this resolution. It might serve as a rallying cry for the revolutionary Socialists and labor unionists of all the world.

Progressing Backward

IF wages advanced faster than prices—and sufficiently faster to diminish the sum total of profits—we would be on the road to Socialism. If the contrary happens we are going away from Socialism.

Using this test, the New Age in an open letter to the recent British Trade Union Congress, shows that the British workers are still progressing backwards. The letter quotes official statistics for the very districts from which the Labor party leaders come, proving an increase of wages from 1905 to 1912 of from 2 to 5½ per cent.—a mere fraction of the increased cost of living. The letter—which has attracted considerable attention—continues:

“Whilst Mr. Philip Snowden has been busy pamphleteering and lecturing on woman’s suffrage or national finance, the cost of living in his own constituency has advanced 16 per cent. Whilst Mr. MacDonald has been on a royal commission in India, the cost of living in Leicester has advanced 13 per cent. Whilst Mr. Keir Hardie has been galvanizing over Europe and America, talking old-fashioned and extremely ignorant State Socialism, his Merthyr constituents have been haid by an increased 11 per cent.”

Imperialistic Socialism

THE attitude of the organs of British middle class Socialism towards foreign affairs is distinctly imperialistic. The New Age—syndicalistic in trend—endorsed Roosevelt’s praise of the British despotism in Egypt, and “Veritas,” its foreign editor, continues in this strain from week to week. Now the organ of Sydney Webb, Bernard Shaw and State Socialism takes the side of Huerta in Mexico against President Wilson. Of Huerta the Newsman says:

“While he is in charge of affairs all hints of intervention from the United States have an air of unwarranted provocation. Beyond the burning of a few haciendas in the south and the closing down of a couple of mines in the north, there has been little interference with commerce or foreign capital.”

Huerta is a “capable” and “honest” old soldier, Carranza a mere brigand, while Wilson’s fight for constitutional government is “dollar diplomacy.”

Politics Makes Strange Bedfellows

WE find the following in the “Official National Bulletin of the Socialist Trade Union Congress”:

“We serve notice on the petty officials of West Virginia that the national organization of the Socialist party will protect its representatives. Let them also remember that we are working with the Governor of West Virginia to maintain the right of free speech and free assembly.”

The Governor referred to is Hatfield, who broke up the Socialist press, held their editors in jail without trial, and has refused all indemnity for this criminal outrage.

South American Socialists vs. The United States

THE Socialist party and labor unions of this country, while opposing intervention in Mexico—along with Mr. Bryan, and millions of other citizens—have done little to prevent war, and almost nothing to help the struggling peons.

It is not surprising then, that the leaders of the new movement of the Argentine Socialist to call a South American Socialist congress, chiefly to protect South American countries from the United States, say nothing about inviting our Socialists.

The German Party Machine

THE official weekly of the German party prints the following description of the party machine, by a well-known Berlin Socialist:

“The official machine not only administers, it governs. It reaches decisions over the heads of the masses, and for the masses. It more and more cuts the masses out, as if its motto were: I am the organization. . . .

“The interests of the masses require perpetual innovation. The interests of the bureaucracy require stagnation, stable, self-dependent ‘order’. . . .

“The writer demands as a remedy for this undemocratic form of organization, the use of the referendum, as in this and other countries.

The General Strike in Italy

THE following comments of Mussolini, editor of the Avanti, are interesting:

“Through its colonial venture (Tripoli) Italy has come into a revolutionary situation. If the Socialist party does not wish to commit suicide it must boldly face this new and disturbing situation. The Socialists of all Italy saw this when they asserted enthusiastically to the Milan movement, which in spite of unavoidable imperfections and deficiencies, put an end to a decade of weakness and cowardice in the party.”

The second Milan strike, though disapproved by the Federation of Labor, was finally participated in by practically the whole labor union movement of Milan and several other cities. Rome and Milan, as the Neue Zeit correspondent remarks, loyally followed the syndicalist leadership. The left wing of the party also, we are informed, “sees in the syndicalists men who are often Comrades, who are only separated from the party by an excess of revolutionary idealism.”

Avanti declared that “the sympathetic general strike, from the Socialist standpoint, is the noblest and deepest expression of the developed and emancipated conscious-ness of the working class.”

At one stage of the strike Avanti was neutral between the Confederation and the Syndicalists, but even then it announced itself ready actively to participate if the general strike should come to take on “an outerrevolutionary and political character”—thus recognizing the revolutionary as being necessarily political in the larger sense.
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