THE PROLETARIAN

THE WORD OF THE LORD BY BOUCK WHITE
THE OTHER WAY - - BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE
ORGANIZED LABOR
By JAMES H. MAURER
President State Federation of Labor, Pennsylvania. Member House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

The subject, organized labor, is so voluminous that the writer finds it impossible in a short article of this kind to give more than a mere review of his own personal experiences and observations.
Thirty-two years ago, when I first became identified with organized labor, conditions in the industrial field were very much as they are now. While the workers then were fairly well organized, the employers were not. They stood pretty much alone, each manufacturer was his own judge and jury. All were in competition with each other, all fighting for the trade of their competitors. When a strike was declared in any one or group of industries, and enough strike-breakers were secured, the unions declared a boycott on the non-union made goods. Magic-like, almost every business man engaged in the line got busy, their salesmen storned the districts where the boycotted goods was sold. These salesmen were nearly all members of unions (Knights of Labor). They visited the local (assemblies) in their various districts and saw to it that committees were appointed to visit the retailers, if the local had not already done so. The salesmen and saleswomen were made to see the benefit of not handling the boycotted article. At this point it was usual to offer them a generous price, which were "fair," and they captured the other fellow's march. In this way we, with the aid of the capitalists, were able to bring the independent operator to our way of thinking or else.
About 1880 it commenced to dawn upon the most far-seeing employers that the old idea that competition was the life of trade was a ridiculous lie. That it was all right for the workers, but all wrong for themselves, and they commenced to prophesy plans whereby they could control the competition in favor of the workers were coming. They pooled their interests, formed great corporations, combines, etc., and these developed into trusts. These trusts, under the cover of the company's name, which was often a corporation, went on after the fell in line, until to-day we find the capitalist class solidly organized, industrially and politically.
With their political arm they secure for themselves any and every law they need to further their own interests; the courts are of their own choice and obey their every wish. They legalized the black list and outlawed the boycott, and use the injunction wherever their own laws do not go.
The industrial organizations are a mass of corruption, and with the workers they find a complete change from the old order. They can no longer use the capitalist as under the old system—to beat down the competitor, the plant against which the strike was made conditions are such as to work is done at such places where there is no strike, and after the strikers have suffered and starved a strike may be declared, and then the strike is closed down, and open the one where the strikers were starved into submission. So well organized are they that the employers frequently provoke strikes, so as to enable them to clean up get rid of their old employees and every vestige of labor organization, by inaugurating the Taylor law or passing opening up laws.
When a strike now we find that it is not only their industrial organization that confronts us, but the government as well; every public official from constable to President stands solidly behind it. In opposition to this colossal organization of capital we workers stand divided on the political field. Labor leaders in the State have this, just as some so-called progressive labor leaders of to-day do. And on the industrial field we still have as a weapon of defense the old weapon of organization which we have used, to meet an unorganized capitalist class. That it has served its purpose under the old system of exploitation we can say, but when the workers are not only the employers themselves but the unorganized workers' standing of living, then those unorganized as well reduced the hours of labor, and in many other ways benefited the toilers.

THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER
By BUCKE WHITE

Price, $1.20

THE MASSES

WITH THE COFFEE AND CIGARS
By JOHN SPARCO

WE sat smoking our after-dinner cigars in the cafe at El Paso, Texas. The travelling man who sold those, and whom I had christened "John Sparco" as we rode together from Los Angeles on the "Golden State Limited," chuckled. "I guess the defeat in Milwaukee will not prejudice you against me," he said.
Of course, I was the person addressed, and "Pink," the automobile fire man, and "Windmill," the promotor, exchanged significant glances. "Suppose, my friend," said John Sparco, "you return to those publishing houses of your beloved.<
You are worth your business this year more than you did two years ago, what would you think if your employer accused you of going behind?" In a flash, "Pumplin" answered: "Say! Why, I'd say that he was off his onion, old man.
"And justly," replied. "In 1910, when Seidel was elected, the Milwaukee Socialists cast 27,668 votes. That was in a three-cornered fight, and it is likely the figures 5,000 or more votes, if just protest votes, not the votes of Socialists. All, but of people just tired of the old parties. This year the Socialists cast 30,200 votes in a straight fight, when the lines were not in operation. I am convinced Socialists voted the ticket. Now, old man, get busy and figure out who is off his onion."
"Have a fresh cigar, old man," said "Pumplin."
The Catholic priest was a decent fellow and a most agreeable companion. We were alone in the Pullman car, going from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to San Francisco. It was the priest who raised the subject of Socialism. "Please explain to me," he said, and I told him.
"I am a Catholic," finished the priest, "that is all very well, but what of this 'Free Love'? You cannot deny that Socialism preaches that, can you?"
He then began to quote from a book written by two ex-Socialists, of whom the less said the better.
The good Father thought that he had spied my gun, for he immediately proceeded to confuse, to me, pathetically amusing. But it did not last long. It wasn't one of the smiles which don't come off! "Father, you are a Catholic," I began. "Your church has suffered more from that same ugly charge of 'Free Love' than any other institution or movement I know of. Is it possible that you have forgotten what the 'Escaped Nuns' and 'Travelling Monks' and 'Escaped Nuns' have had to say about the priesthood, about convent and monastary, about the Confraternities? Does not every Catholic shudder at the knowledge that those charges are cruel libels upon millions of honest Catholic men and women? Why is it that you, son of this much maligned and persecuted Church, now forget your own bitter experience, and are ready to extol the cowardly methods and tactics of the 'Father Slattersys' and others of the same ilk?"
"That is not the matter from that view-point," he replied frankly.
Next morning, as we parted at Oakland, the good Father said simply: "I shall never use Slattery methods against Socialism again. If I fight it at all, I shall fight fairly. Thanks for the lesson."

SOCIALISM
By JOHN SPARCO

Price, $1.25

THE MASSES

You cannot escape from Socialism. Across the border, in Mexico, a large number looked in vain for windows in many of the houses, for public schools, public hospitals, a sewerage system. These signs of civilization were not to be found. There was no such thing as a public education or social change, anything for public service.
It seemed to me to me prophetic. As I watched the group, I said to myself: "Here is the force which will tear the old society out, and make it new, and I heard the force which will some day make a Free Mexico."
ORGANIZED LABOR
By JAMES H. MAURER
President State Federation of Labor, Pennsylvania.
Member House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

Written for The Masses.

THE subject, organized labor, is so voluminous that it would be impossible in a short article of this kind to give more than a mere review of his own personal experiences and observations.

Thirty-two years ago, when I first became identified with organized labor, conditions in the industrial field were very much different from what they are now. While the work was fairly well organized, the employers were not. They stood pretty much alone, each managing his affairs according to his own judgment. All were in competition with each other, all fighting for the trade of their competitors. When a strike was declared in any one or group of industries, and enough workers were joined in the union, a strike was declared a boycott on the non-union made goods. Magic-like, almost every business man engaged in the same line got busy, their salesmen storming the district when the goods were sold. These salesmen were nearly all members of unions (Knights of Labor). They visited the locals (assemblies) in their various offices, and by way of justification to the public and the customers were appointed to visit the retailers, if the local had not already done so, and between these committees and salesmen the strike became practically the benefit of not handling the boycotted article. At this point it was up to the salesman to sell his goods, which were "fair," and they captured the other fellow's market.

And this way the whole skill of the capitalists, were able to bring the individual operator to our way of thinking, or his financial ruin.

About 1880, the movement to curb upon the most far-seeking employers that the old idea that competition was the life of trade was a hideous lie. That it was all right for the rich man, but all wrong for the others, and they commenced to propound plans whereby they could abolish competition insofar as they could.

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They pooled their interests, formed great combinations (trusts), etc., and every method and device were turned to our way to what we now refer to as the "trusts." One industry after the other fell in line, until to-day we find the capitalist class solidly organized, industrially and politically.

With their political arm they secure for themselves any and every law they need to further their own interests; their political arm is that which was once their own choice and obey—their every wish. They legalized the black list and outlawed the boycott, and use the injunction wherever their own laws do not reach.
The Industrial organizations are a marvel of perfection; when the unions strike they find a complete change from the old order. They can no longer be shoved aside as unions of the old type. They can no longer be outwitted and starved, a strike may take place at some other mill; they close it down, and open the one where the strikers were starved into submission. Which means that we have in a short time to solve the problem of the employers frequently provoke strikes, so as to enable them to clean up—get rid of their old employees and every vestige of labor organization, by inaugurating the Taylor or some other speed-up system.

When on strike now we find that it is not only their industrial organization that confronts us, but the government as well. Public officials,恰恰President of the United States, as a man of amiable language. In opposition to this colossal organization of capital we workers stand alone on the political field. The leaders in the past have advised this, just as some so-called progressive labor leaders of to-day do. And on the industrial field we still have a chance in a short time to make the craft union, an organization constructed to meet an unorganized capitalist class. That it has served its purpose under the present system of government is shown by the fact that the workers raised not only the organized workers' standard of living, but those unionized as well, reduced the hours of labor, and in many other ways benefitted the toilers.

This the craft union has done in the past, and while the craft union is as strong to-day as it ever was, and its members are as strong to-day as ever, we find our organizations ineffective. Almost every battle we go into we find that we are unable to cope with this monster capitalist organization. Surely there is something wrong with our method of organization, our weapon of defense. The trouble, as I see it, is the system of exploitation has changed and our unions have not.

The rank and file of labor need this kind of leadership. There are those who think that the remedy lies in further organization. The industrial unions must be strengthened and organized so as to take over the place of the old type of craft organization, and thus build a more modern union. This is not only impractical, but suicidal as well. What the present union needs is to be organized as craft unions, and to pass it through the strike. There is no other way of doing it, and this can be done and will be done. I, as President of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, shall strive to make the Federation all that the name implies—a real, live, militant Federation, whose policy will be: United we stand, divided we fall. An injury to one is the concern of all.

You cannot escape from Socialism. Across the border, in Mexico, I encountered it. I look in vain for window-dresses, public schools, public hospitals, a sewerage system. These signs of civilization were lacking. I saw public cock-fighting pits, public bull-fighting arenas and dirty prisons. It was shocking to contemplate these conditions existing in the twentieth century. Only one gleam of hope did I observe. Outside the fine old church at Juarez, I saw an old Mexican, a cripple, reading a Socialist paper—Regeneracion—to a group of his fellow cripples. As I watched, the cripples, the infirm, the aged, the poor, group I said to myself: "Here is the force which will put an end to cockpit, bull-ring and prison; the force which will some day make a Free Mexico!"

THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER
By BOUCK WHITE
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W I T H  T H E  C O F F E E  A N D  C I G A R S
Written for The Masses.
By JOHN SPARGO

We sat smoking our after-dinner cigars in the café at El Paso, Texas. The traveling man who sold shoes, and whom I had christened "Pumpa" a few weeks as we rode together from Los Angeles on the "Golden State Limited," chuckled. "I guess the defeat in Milwaukee will put you Socialists out of business," he said.

Of course, I was the person addressed, and "Pink," the automobile tire man, and "Windmill," the promoter, exchanged significative glances. "Suppose," suggested, "you were to go down to the four thousand dollar-lars' worth of business this year more than you did two years ago, what would you tell if your employer asked you why?"

"I didn't do it in a flash. "Pumps" answered: "Say, why, I'd say that he was off his onion, old man."

"Well, I replied. "In 1910, when Seidel was elected, the Milwaukee Socialists cast 27,608 votes. That was in a three-cornered fight, and it is likely that at least 5,000 of those votes were just dropped. But the Socialists cast 30,000 votes in a straight fight, when the lines were so sharply drawn, that every one didn't convince Socialists voted the ticket. Now, old man, get busy and figure out who is 'off his onion.'"

"Have a fresh cigar, old man," said "Pumps."

The Catholic priest was a deceitful fellow and a most agreeable companion. We were alone in the Pullman's smoking room, and having "Pumpa," a smoker, gone off to San Francisco, it was the priest who raised the subject of Socialism. "Please explain it to me," he said, and I tried my best. When I had finished, he opened fire.

"That is all very well, but what of 'Free Love'? You cannot deny that Socialism preaches that, can you?"

"Then began a question from a book written by two Catholic priests of whom the Less said the better.

The good Father thought that he had spiked my gun. His smile was really amusing—perhaps I ought to say partially amusing. But it didn't last long. It wasn't one of the smiles which don't come off! "Father, you are a Catholic," I began. "Your church has suffered more from that same ugly charge of 'Free Love' than any other institution or movement I know of. Is it possible that you have forgotten what the 'Ex-priests,' 'Reformed monks' and 'Liberal priests' used to say about the priesthood, about convent and monastery, about the Confessional? Does not every decent-minded man know that those charges were brought against Catholic priests and 'punks'? Is it not you, son of this much maligned and persecuted Church, now forget your own bitter experience and use again as was the cowardly methods and tactics of the 'Father Slatterys' and others of the same ilk?"

I had never considered the matter from this viewpoint, he replied frankly.

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

You cannot escape from Socialism. Across the border, in Mexico, I encountered it. I look in vain for window-dresses, public schools, public hospitals, a sewerage system. These signs of civilization were lacking. I saw public cock-fighting pits, public bull-fighting arenas and dirty prisons. It was shocking to contemplate these conditions existing in the twentieth century. Only one gleam of hope did I observe. Outside the fine old church at Juarez, I saw an old Mexican, a cripple, reading a Socialist paper—Regeneracion—to a group of his fellow cripples. As I watched, the cripples, the infirm, the aged, the poor, group I said to myself: "Here is the force which will put an end to cockpit, bull-ring and prison; the force which will some day make a Free Mexico!"

SOCIALISM
By JOHN SPARGO
Price, $1.25
THE Socialist party is essentially a working-class party, even if its scope of purpose is far larger than bread and butter for the hungry.

We also want a cleaner, juster, more orderly and beautiful world, and we want it bad. But we likewise know that there is nothing quite close nor orderly unless conditions prevail which enable them to be so. Those who believe differently might as well expect to grow beautiful flowers in a dark cellar. Let those who are ready to criticise imagine themselves in the position of a dollar-and-a-half-per-day wage slave.

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

Not to-morrow, but to-day, this self-same moment, they would want it.

And even you and I, who are perhaps three, four or five-dollar-per-day men; we too are not satisfied to wait for the cataclysm as the religious fanatic waits for his promised heaven hereafter and meanwhile allows him or herself to be exploited. We too want more and better. They will be ready for the next thing.

We have been tempted with the display of the new products of highly developed industries. Fact, now I come to think of it, could we ever want an automobile. How about you? And who shall blame us if we want things right now and on the spot?

Too many self-appointed apostles are telling the workers what to do. The workers don’t have to be told. Do they what they can—what the time demands. It is up to us to help them do it justly. The better they do it, the sooner they will be ready for the next thing.

Beware of having things done for the workers. They will be done, thoroughly done—the workers, I mean.

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

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

Our “TITANIC” CIVILIZATION

In grandiose lines, one of our complimented poets has sung the “Ship of State,” charting thus:

“Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!”

Looking deeper than such songs tell, peering beyond the stately presence of the towering Atlantic liners, into the bowels of the ship, the quicksilver vision piercing through the imposing form of our civilization to its inner meaning, we find grim truth in the image, not always so over-stated.

The racial point of view is the only one which reason can tolerate for judging a civilization. From that point of view there is but one rational purpose for the vast process of industry and exchange, that immense economic process in which we are all concerned, which underlies the civilization, and in the main is the civilization. That sole rational purpose is the well-being of all the people alike in their two capacities of producers and consumers. For no other end agreeable to reason could the vast machine have been built; or organized and must its every movement be bent. Yet, what do we see in our present civilization? A civilization built and bossed by a few colossal bosses straddling the gigantic industries and ordering the intricacies of production and distribution, not to the end of the greatest volume of wholesome production, nor, on the other hand, to the end of the most general and wholesome satisfaction, but solely to the end of their own profits. Such a civilization contradicts the normal end of its own existence, and flouts the reason and the conscience of the world.

With the same analytic eye let us look over and through the great ocean steamship, first considering what a rational purpose would demand in its structure and management, then what purpose is actually aimed at.

Reason would expect to find in a great steamship a noble creation of human genius built and run for the one purpose of human welfare, its specific end being to transport human beings across the ocean under equal conditions of comfort, health and self-respect for all alike, passengers and crew. But what in reality is one of these “floating palaces”? It embodies gross distinctions of comfort, of air supply, and of food; hateful class lines; the humiliating fencing off of open spaces and on behalf of the few against the many; and, more injurious still, inhuman conditions for most of the men who do the hard work; intolerable, intolerably long hours, humiliations lavished on the toilers, and bodily and mental suffering inflicted upon some of them such as drives man by man to self-drowning, looking to find the cold depths of the ocean more hospitable than the treatment meted them by their fellow men.

Evidently a steamship is a true miniature of our present civilization. Evidently our commercial State is rightly called a “Ship.” The two are indeed alike in principle.

Now, there is but a step from the irrational to the insane; and in the most highly typical of the great liners we have just had exhibited motives and actions in owners and officers which can only be called insane. The three insanities which characterize our civilization were typified in the arrangements and management of the Titanic, and bore their natural fruit in its criminal destruction. First, there is the insanity of speed, of record speed, which drives business life, and spreads from one part of the world to another, in a phase of a certain blindness with which we have become stricken, a blindness to all values except such as we can count in dollars, cents, in miles, in minutes, in cents per cent. then there is the insanity of luxury, of foolish display and self-pampering even to the point of wrecking the safety and health of the luxurious themselves; and, finally, there is the insanity of profits, reaching the frenzy which for profit takes enormous risks of the wrecking of the capital itself.

And so we see that like forces to those which drove the Titanic to her fate are driving the present commercial civilization, and we cannot help asking, Whither? To a like crash may it not be? It may indeed be so; for the Ship of Civilization is tearing through seas which are now thickening with icebergs. The will of the vast working class is forming and hardening; obstructions to capitalistic growth are set up in the most unexpected places; the collective mind of the working class may crystallize overnight, massive and unrelenting. The day of the Great Refusal may come, the day when the entire mass of producers will suffer into itself the full self-respect and into a common will, and will declare: "No longer will the system, the condition, use you, be used by you, the few." Unless the capitalists yield up their pretension to mastership in the world of industry and supply, yield it up on a large scale, and quietly, there shall shortly come a crash and an end to the civilization of to-day.

Nevertheless, with a prophet of old, who by another image pictured his anticipation of such a Day of Judgment, we "look for a new sky and a new earth, and justice filling all the space between that earth and sky. In modern terms, everyone a capitalization which shall be fundamentally rational and just.

KEEP STEP, OR FALL OUT

We BELIEVE the time has come for the Socialist party to deal most rigidly with the anarchistic elements which, for lack of another shelter, are knocking at its door.

We have no room for rebellious individualists who are sore on the System because they cannot beat it.

We have no room for ambitious intellectuals of nuck-raking activities.

We have no room for self-seeking politicians.

We have no room for philosophical anarchists.

We have no room for "spit-in-the-face growlers."

The International Socialist Party is a working-men’s party, called into life because of the injustice the present system heaps upon this part of humanity.

Positive working-class action we want. No negative growls. Action which will bring results to-day. To-morrow will take care of itself.

It is true, we are apt to make mistakes. Why not? We should welcome them. History has proven that the only school the working-class ever has had is that of experience.

Surely the spit-in-the-face growlers do not make mistakes! They do not develop such weaknesses. They are the only people on God’s earth who do not make mistakes. And why should they? They cannot, because they never do anything. Good reason, isn’t it?

We have no room for compromisers.

We are either for or against political action. Those who are for what they call “rational” political action are in their heart of hearts deadly opposed to all constructive political action. They are a dangerous element. Privately the leaders of this sect confess they expect a split. It is evident that their professed belief in rational political action is only their tactical view. It enables them to retain their grip on the Socialist party. They are out for mischief, and we should force their hand. They should be forced to take a definite stand, either for or against political action. Their proposal to vote, but not to elect, is a farcical excuse to stay within the party to gain converts for their sabotage activities. Whether sabotage is ever or never justified does not concern us. It is not, nor ever will be, part of the tactics of the Socialist party.

Some of this crowd have confessed that the only possible excuse they could find for trying to carry elections was to gain control of the police force, reduce it, and thus promote violence. If such is their program, let them come out and say so fairly. Let them defend it in the convention and elsewhere, and let the best man win. But, by all means, let us have done with these hedging, fence-straddling tactics.
THE MINER EMERGES

By BOARDMAN ROBINSON

OF THE N. Y. TRIBUNE
THE MINER EMERGES

By BOARDMAN ROBINSON

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

By JOHN R. McMahan

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

Total coal production in United States: 500,000,000 tons
Value at the mines: $630,000,000
Retail value, several times as much.

Hard coal: 84,000,000 tons
Value at the mines: $160,000,000
Soft coal: 417,000,000 tons
Value at the mine: $469,000,000

Men employed in anthracite fields: 169,000
Men employed in bituminous fields: 555,000

Total workers: 724,000
Average days worked in year: anthracite 217, bituminous 220
Average production per man per year: Anthracite 489 tons, Bituminous 751 tons
Wages of miners, per year: Anthracite $750, Bituminous $600
Wages of helpers per year: $400
Cost one life to mine 140,000 tons: $601
Total fatalities: 601
Workers killed, 1899-1910: 6,533
Workers injured, 1899-1910: 12,368
Price of coal to large consumers: $3 to $4 a ton.
Price of coal to tenement dwellers, $12 to $20 a ton.

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

When the American strike began on April 1st it was estimated that the country had at the most a coal supply for one month. There is never much coal ahead, and at this time there was less than ever. If the men stay out six weeks there will be a repetition of the English condition—wholesale closing of mills and factories, reduction of train service, tying up of steamships, and in the cost of food, general hardship, a national loss of several millions of dollars a day. A war could hardly work greater havoc or entail greater expense. Troops may be sent to the coal fields to "protect" strikers, and other problems. The government may be forced to interfere in behalf of that innocent third party—the public—which is so handily brought forward in emergency.

It is perhaps unlikely that things will reach the English pass in this country at this time, chiefly because this is a Presidential election year. The statesmen will exert pressure on the coal trust to make concessions and settle the troubles.

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

By JOHN R. McMAHON

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

Total coal production in United States: 300,000,000 tons

Value at the mines: $630,000,000

Retail value, several times as much:

Hard coal: 84,000,000 tons

Value at the mines: $180,000,000

Soft coal: 147,000,000 tons

Value at the mines: $489,000,000

Men employed in anthracite fields: 169,000

Men employed in bituminous fields: 555,000

Total workers: 724,000

Average days worked in year, anthracite: 217

Average days worked: 220

Average production per man per year:

Anthracite: 498 tons

Bituminous: 751 tons

Wages of miners, per year: $750

Wages of helpers, per year: $600

Cost one life to mine 140,000 tons.

Total fatalities: 601

Workers killed, 1899-1910: 6,533

Workers injured, 1899-1910: 12,368

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

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

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

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

Coal is the material foundation of modern industry and civilization. There are no "substitutes" for this fuel, despite the fables told in public print. Oil or water power will be a long time displacing coal. If the men who dig the coal fully have their power and exert the right way at the right time civilization would either go to smash or there would be a new dispensation of society. Government ownership of the Socialists themselves might forcibly be in a thirty day strike. These are not fancies. Merely statements of fact.
By LOUIS UNTERMeyer

In spite of the title, you will be unable to discover the devil in the picture which dignifies this page. But he is there, nevertheless. He is sitting in invisible outline on the high peaks, and his ironic grin reflects the irony of the entire situation. He saw all of the little drama enacted, and he is chuckling now at the humorous denouement. He saw capitalist society impulsive to the youth to the very last, take away his tools and his earnings. He saw it blindfold him and go back to ease and safety. And now the young man wakes, tears off his bandage, and opens his eyes. He sees before him the deep and illimitable sea—behind him, barren, unscalable rocks. No wonder the devil, whose sense of humor is proverbial, finds it laughable.

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

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

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

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

Written for "The Masses."

IT IS I HAVE CALLED THE SOCIALISTS INTO BEING

I HAVE seen—word of The Eternal unto this people

sake. I have seen the taught to the life of the nation of those who are at ease, who those, toil not, live deliciously on the toil of others. But I am not with that religious.

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

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

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

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

I have heard prayers offered up to an audience in pews of costly wood, from a pulpit of brass, from an altar of ivory. The prayer reached those unto whom it was directed.

I, the Holy One alfo the merciful, have looked down upon morticians held in my name by hearts hardened to flint through the coarseness of many generations. And I have become weary of it all with great weariness.

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

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

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

But I give it to be known, it is I have invited them to my revolution; I, the Holy One abiding eternally in the world that is wrong-side up, has need to be turned upside down. To turn and overturn, is my mandate upon them.

They speak words of fire. From me came those words, I the Fire that burns at the heart of history. Their eyes shoot forth straight light. Lookers on, beholding the darkness, and exclaiming, An unearthly light! And they exclaim truly, Tis an unearthly light. For twas I kindled it, and I do beacon it forth through their eyelashes as through a window.

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

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

I will answer you, O worldling. I am the drive, the tirelessness, in whom is the Daemo of their doings. I am the devil propelling that propels them. The forces welling in them so plentifully push forth from me who am the fount of forces.

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

And the answers they give are wonderful: This folk upheaval—say some—was engendered by such and such a man, who lived and labored, and whose teachings were thus and so. But—I ask you—how came those teachings to him? Say, it was a revelation of a doctrine of the Lord? No, I say, their awakening is because of desti-
tination—a hungering gut is the sharp goad that drives them. But—I ask you—how comes it then that Socialism is not recruited from the bread-line? Of all the candidates for the comrade host, the destitute are the least promissory.

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

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

ATTEND. I will give the words of my command to them whom I have called to labor among the nations of men. I will give them a sign, a seal, a pledge of love to those they love. I will give them my word.

Socialism is of my working—I the Stir-
rer-up, the one who is adored and beloved and the object of devotion and stagnation.

Big is Socialism, and must have big hands to carry it. It is as a

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A stirring up the people of the world, unregarding the partition

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of tribes and languages and nations. A stir that rumbles more and more and refuses to be allayed, then know with sureness that I am at work, I who stir up the stagnancy, and no one shall deaden it again who de-

crees an oneword and no one shall disannul it.

The upheaval that is yours times is my handiwork. From highest heaven I beheld, and saw humanity in a way of death—a numbing creeping through the members and a torpor leveling the tongs. High-spiritedness was at an

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end, the aptitude to die for noble causes. Custom was all, a deity and an idol whom no one dared withstand.

Thus the world was purely the motor of all the doings of earth.

Then I summoned myself from the four parts of the

world-wise to labor. As a great forebears widespread energies into one point, so I, Lord of spirits, I gave command to my messengers, and sped them to my bidding. The sun of awakening went forth with persuasion, and the sun of death of a numbing creeping work in the sleepless haunts of earth.

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

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

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

Some denied to open—the sleepers within were past arousing. But here and there a door swung wide, a door with hinges unrusting. And then there was wanted to this interior ingress and exit. To them of deliberate hearing my footsteps sounded as the tramp of cohorts, and they gave me wide admittance.

To all my awakening, I called them forth, that they should no longer serve sleepy Custom, but should serve me.

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

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

hood.

I needed for them a name. And this was the name I hit upon: Socialist. Because they were to proclaim the sacredness of the social, fusing back into solidarity a race that had granulated into particles.

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

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awakeness.

My Socialists are scattered far. They are in the old world and in the new; North of the scien-
tor, and south. In the islands of the sea, and broad-
casted upon the five continents. In Russian steppes you shall find them, by lochs of Scotland and amid the sands of the Sahara. Equally at home in the city's roar and the contemplative countryside. In color, motley. A polyloid array. Multitudinous as the pollen of a cornfield.

In all things else they vary. But in one thing they vary not. They are wide-awake.

That is why they are mine and I am theirs. Wide-awakeness is of me. 'Tis the trade-mark I stamp on all the work of my hands. By it you shall know of my presence or absence in the soul.

Peer into the eyes of the passers-by in the street. In which eyes you discern a quickened spirit, know that there is a Socialist, or on his way. For I am the spirit within, I the Adversary of all sluggishness, I who am building not out of the earth, and adventurously of all the earth.

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WELL some one say, If Socialists are the watchdog of my hands, it is a botted workmanship, for this com-

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rade is spotted with imperfections?

But attend. I am but at the working's beginning. Will you judge a piece of handcraft while it is yet unshapen?

I have had apprenticeship in the carpenter's craft. I know the kind of wood that is fitted to structural uses. And this inost of the world's wideawakeness—I can build with them. For the grain is there, a texture of solidity and soundness. Of more worth in mine eyes a is a scrappy stem, sap-filling me with the bark on, than sleek and painted dryrot. Give me hence I am with time and a carpenter's kit I can make something.

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

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

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

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

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

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tinued.

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

Seek me at the social top, and you shall not find me. Seek me among the mudsill folk, and you shall find me. Nor shall joyous labor be a shame to me. Joyous labor is savorsome to my nostrils. Amidst the workshop's clatter and grime I am with my familiars. Factory wheels make a pleasing sound to mine ear. I like the

(Concluded on page 14.)
FROM early morning confused murmuring was heard in the alleys, the sound swelling out through the entire country. The miners had been informed of the arrival of the gendarmes, who had come from Douai during the night. Toward half-past seven, when the sun had risen, they saw the officers quietly go away on the road to Marchiennes, after having contented themselves with deepening the place with the trot of their horses on the frozen earth.

Up to nine o'clock the village behaved very well, peacefully keeping indoors. The wealthy people of Montson, with heads pressed on their pillows, were still asleep. At the director's they saw Madame Hennebeau set forth in her carriage, while M. Hennebeau was no doubt at the works, for the house seemed silent. No mine was militarily guarded. But nine o'clock had scarcely struck, when the coal men had started off on the Vandame road to show themselves at the meeting place, which had been decided on the evening before in the forest.

However, Etienne comprehended at once that he should not have at Jean-Bart the three thousand comrades upon whom he had counted. Many believed the manifestation postponed, and it was too late to send another command, for those who were already on the road might compromise the cause if he was not at their head. Almost all those who had started out before daylight must be hidden under the bushes in the forest waiting for the others. Jouvinard, whom Etienne went to consult, shrugged his shoulders; ten resolute men would do more work than a mob; and an anonymous helper was to the open book before him, refusing to be one of them.

From prudence they did not all go together. Jeanin had disappeared a long time before. Maheu and his wife went off together, while Etienne struck out across the forest, wishing to join the comrades whom he ought to find there. On the road he met a band of women, among whom he recognized old Brule and La Levaque. But in the forest he found no one. The area were already at Jean Bart. Then he hastened on to the mine and arrived at the moment when Levaque and about a hundred others were walking across the flagging. The miners were coming from all sides, the Malheus by the main road, the women across the fields; all arrived without chiefs, without arms, as though it was as natural to collect there as for water to run down hill. Jeanin was seated on a bridge, as if at a play. He had run fast and was among the first to enter. There were scarcely three hundred there in all.

They hesitated when Denuelin appeared at the head of the stairs leading to the office. "What do you want?" said he in a strong voice.

After having seen the landau disappear, in which his daughters were still smiling, he had returned to the mine filled with a vague uneasiness. But everything there was in good order, the desert had taken place, coal was being brought up and he again became easy; he was talking with the superintendent when he saw the approach of the strikers. He had quickly placed himself behind a window of the screening room, and on seeing the crowd enlarge and fill up the flagging, he became conscious of his powerlessness. How could he defend those buildings which were open on all sides? He should scarcely be able to get twenty of his workmen around him. He was lost.

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

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

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

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

This rough speech raised a clamor. Maheu was one of the first to become violent, and Etienne still talked on, trying to convince Denuelin that their action was right. But the owner replied that to go on working was the only thing to do. However, he refused to discuss this "foolishness." He wished to be master of his own works. His only remorse was that he had not forty gendarmes to clean out the mob.

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

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

"I beg you, Monsieur, to give the order for your workmen to come up. I cannot restrain these comrades any longer. You will save yourself lots of trouble by calling up those who are still in the mine."

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

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

"Oh, Monsieur! this will be slaughter. What use is it to seek for order?"

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

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

Then they led him away. In the showing of the crowd those in front were thrown violently against the staircase, of which the hand-rail was broken. It was the women who were pushing, and exciting the men. The door was broken down in the absence of a lock, being simply shut with a latch. But the staircase was too narrow; the crowd could not have been able to enter for a long time if the last of the besiegers had not thought of entering by the other opening. Then they spread out over all parts, in the waiting-room, in the screening-shed and in the engine-room. In less than five minutes the entire mine was theirs; they filled every floor, white, with furious gestures and cries, they were utterly carried away with the victory over the owner who resisted them.

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

"They must not kill him!"

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

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

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

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

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

"Let's cut the cables! Let's cut the cables!"

Everyman soon repeated it. Only Etienne and Maheu continued to protest, overwhelmed, speaking in the uproar without obtaining silence.

At length the first was able to make himself heard.

"But the men at the bottom are workers!"

The noise increased. Voices cried from all parts:

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

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

But old Brule disappeared by the waiting room stairway, still yelling: "We must put out the fires! To the boiler room!"

A number of women followed her. La Maheu hastened after them to prevent them from breaking up every other engine as he was trying to argue with the comrades, so was she the most calm of the women. They could demand what was right, without destroying everything in other people's buildings. When she entered the boiler-room, the women had already driven away the two firemen, and Brule, armed with a long sward, was squeezed before one of the fires and was violently emptying it, throwing the coal out upon the bricks, where it still continued to burn with a thick, black smoke. In this manner the fire, soon repeating: "The Only Emile. Le Levaque worked her sward with both hands, Moquette tucked up her clothes so as not to get on fire; they..."
"What Do You Want?"
“Down with the Traitors! Down with the Scabs!”
were all blood-red from the reflection of the fire, perspiring and with disordered hair. The heap of coal grew into a high pile, while the terrible heat scorched the ceiling of the vast place.

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

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

At that moment they heard the shrill voice of Jeanlin, which came from above the boilers:

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

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

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

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

Suddenly the mob began to shout:

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

It was the beginning of the workmen's exit from the bottom. The first, dazzled by the bright light, afraid of falling in the midst of the howling mob, remained where they were with quivering eyelashes. Then they ran off, seized with fright, trying to reach the road and fly.

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

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

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

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

"Bring him out! Bring him out!"

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

"You wanted to be one of us, and so you shall be. Come on out, rascal."

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

In a few minutes Jean-Bart was empty. Jeanlin, who had found a call-horn, was blowing on it as if he was calling the cows. The women Brule, La Lavague, and Moquette ran off together. Other comrades were still arriving. There were almost a thousand now, without order, without chief, running on the road like an overflowed stream. The way out was too narrow and fences were broken down. Outside in the strong air the cries seemed still louder.

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

Madame Hennebeau, with her complacency, matronly air, was drinking with the tips of her lips, when a strange noise outside made her uneasy.

"What is that?"

The stable, built on the edge of the road, had a large door for the carts, for it served at the same time as a barn for the cattle.

Already the young girls, stretching out their hands, were astonished as they distinguished to the left a black wave, a howling crowd streaming from the Vandame.

"Perhaps it's the coalmen again," said the peasant woman. "This is the second time they have passed. Things don't go well, it appears; they are the masters of the country."

Each word was carefully spoken; she watched the effect on their faces, and when she saw the terror of all, the profound anxiety into which this incident had thrown them, she hastened to add:

"Oh, the rascals! the rascals!"

The stable was old and there were such crevices between its rotten planks that from the interior everything that passed on the road could be seen. The noise grew louder. Nothing was seen yet, but on the empty road a stormy wind seemed rising like the sudden gusts that precede great tempests.

Madame Hennebeau, very pale, crowded with these people who again spoiled one of her pleasures, kept herself in the background with a look of disgust; while Lucie and Jeanne, in spite of their trembling, looked through a crack so as not to lose anything that was going on. The thundering roll drew nearer; the ground shook, and Jeanlin was the first to appear, blowing his horn.

Then the women appeared; nearly a thousand women, with streaming hair, disheveled by the race, in rags showing the bare skin, half-naked women tired of giving birth to children only to see them die of hunger. Some held their little ones in their arms; raised them; waved them about like flags of mourning and vengeance. Others, younger, with the swollen throats of warriors, brandished sticks; while the old ones, frightful-looking, howled so loud that the cords of their scraggy necks seemed to be breaking. Then the men streamed along; two thousand furious men, armed boys, miners, patrolmen, a compact mass rolling on in a single serried column, crowded together in such a manner that neither the faded breeches nor the old woollen jackets could be distinguished, all being uniform in the blackness of dirt. Their eyes were burning, the openings only of their dark mouths were seen, singing the Marseillaise, the verses being lost in a confused roar accompanied by the clattering of their sabots on the hard ground. Over the heads of the people was carried on high an axe, as the standard of the people, and in the clear heavens the sharp blade shone out like a guillotine.

"What monstrous faces!" said Madame Hennebeau with a shudder.

Lucie and Jeanne trembled. They stepped back near Madame Hennebeau, who had become so frightened that she sat down upon a trough. The thought that only a look through the cracked door would be enough for them all to be slaughtered, made her shiver. Megrel felt himself growing pale; though ordinarily courageous, he was now seized with a fright superior to his will. Cécile, still a nun, hardly moved. And the others, in spite of their desire to turn away their eyes, could not do so and still kept on looking.

It was the red mourn of a revolution which would carry all before it in a bloody night before the end of the century. Yes, one evening the people let loose, unbridled, would run thus on the roads and spill the blood of the citizens; they would carry their heads on poles and scatter the gold from their safes. The women would shriek; the men would have their wolf-like jaws open to bite. Yes, there would be the same rags, the same thunder of heavy shoes, the same terrible crowd of dirty skins and infected breaths, killing the old people in their savage pushing. Houses would be burned; not a wall of the cities would remain; they would return to the wild life of the woods after great feasting; when the poor in the night would beat down the women and empty the cellars of the rich. There would be nothing left—not a cent—of the great fortunes; it would be like a new land. Yes, it was these things which passed on the road like a force of nature, and they received the terrible truth in their faces.

A great cry was heard above the Marseillaise:

"Bread! bread! bread!"
F late year it has become a custom, even in the circles of bourgeois reformers, to explore the deterioration of idealism and the increase of materialism in various aspects of the modern working-class movement of Germany. The faultfinders, whose idealistic sentiments are exalted, beyond a doubt, (7) have for decades shed crocodile tears over the greediness of the organized workers, whose strength is based on material nature. They claim that the bad example set by these workers has caused idealism to perish. In the "Frankfurter Zeitung" recently, a man, who, according to his own words, is a friend of the proletarian movement, expressed in a warning voice strong condemnation of the change in the modern working-class movement. He wrote:

Formerly the Social Democratic movement deserved much praise for its spread of education in the ranks of the manual workers. In the last years, however, the ruling spirit of the party has immersed itself in an ever-growing circle of prejudices and weaknesses; dogmatism fanaticism and trade union materialism strangle all understanding of intellectual and artistic culture and replace a party that is fitted with a philosophy of human society into a trade union party; the more complete is the withdrawal of the educated elements.

Two reproaches are here cast at the modern working-class movement: the Social Democracy is reproach with becoming ever more ossified and mummified through following a dogmatic fanaticism; and the trade union movement is reproached with developing gross materialism and changing the once idealist Social Democracy from a party dealing with a scientific philosophy of human society into a "trade union party," for which reason, it is said, the educated elements are turning their backs upon us more and more. These reproaches are true, and the consequence of a party dealing with a philosophy of human society into a trade union movement, and if they were true would bode ill for the future successful development of the German working-class.

It is true that the spirit gains more ground in modern German Socialism, and that its influence on the philosophy and political activity of the party becomes ever stronger. As to the withdrawal of the intellectual elements from the movement, this is due to the fact that the proletariat is today in a position to give even the leaders theoretical and practical pointers, and therefore becomes ever more able to do without the element called intellectual. This change, which is the result of the influence of organization, is the most joyful fact of the present. But the assertion that the practical work they perform in pursuance of the Socialist spirit is a foe to culture and education is wrong. The proletarian class struggle has become an educational struggle that no longer begins itself with the need of food, clothing and shelter, but also with the highest needs of humanity. This change in the comprehension of the purpose of idealism is explained in the change in economic and social standards.

At the time that modern Socialism appeared upon the scene in Germany the contrast between capital and labor had reached its height. By the application of labor-saving machinery and the improvement of working methods, capitalism had increased productivity of labor enormously. Into

the laps of fortunes of fate is thenceforth a colossal wealth, while the workers, the step-children of fate, lay in deepest misery. This crying contrast between endless wealth and endless poverty, this class difference between luxurious casts and starving workers was so extreme as to be apparent to the most shortsighted. The agitation against such wrecking of human existence had found expression in outbursts and uprisings, but soon it took the form of determined and lasting agitation and organization. Men appeared, strong voices, all their strength to the task of stirring up the proletarian masses and furthering their organization. And these attempts to awaken the workers had their results; the scattered seed took root and the workingman's organizations sprouted everywhere out of the stony ground.

No one who has considered what is necessary to sustain the productivity of labor would at the fact that in the beginning the modern working-class movement laid so much stress on the immediate bettering of present conditions. The workers at that time had a desire to completely satisfy their hunger for once, and for that reason their striving was centered first of all upon things materialistic. Under conditions such as these, their mental energies could not show a very forceful appearance. But far-seeing Socialists knew then even that the working-class movement had further to go, and a constant struggle with the mental energies of the workers. The poet, Heinrich Heine, is a speaking demonstration of the purely materialistic interpretation that many gave to the proletarian movement. Heine was a friend of the labor movement and of Socialism, but at the same time he had an uncomfortable fear of the starved-out masses, who, in their attempts to satisfy their material needs could not show a very forceful appearance. But far-seeing Socialists knew then even that the working-class movement had further to go, and a constant struggle with the mental energies of the workers. The poet tells us that there are two kinds of rats, the hungry ones and the sated ones; the sated ones stay peacefully at home, but the hungry ones wander about. And then he pictures the approach of these starved rats, with materialistic preying instincts, thinking of nothing but eating and drinking and despising all else.

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At the time that modern Socialism appeared upon the scene in Germany the contrast between capital and labor had reached its height. By the application of labor-saving machinery and the improvement of working methods, capitalism had increased productivity of labor enormously. Into
THE EDUCATION OF
"LITTLE INNOCENCE"

By ALANSON HARTPENCE

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

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

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

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

His father sold lemons for a living and came home about nine o'clock at night, leaving early in the morning to make his rounds again. Giuseppe liked his father very much, for he had a pleasant little way of punching him on the chest, smiling, and saying, "Me right, you right you," until Giuseppe was tumbled over by the blows. Tiring of this, his father would hoist him on his back, made strong by the bearing of many a case of lemons, where he was allowed to pound his father's head till his heart was content.

Of his mother Giuseppe had quite a different point of view. Here it was worth noting as a matter of history, briefly, surely and to the point. There was no pounding of heads there. It was quite different, quite opposite. Giuseppe had discovered this, and also the fact that his mother was a lace maker, by creeping quietly to her side and after due meditation sending her ball of thread bouncing across the room. Madonna eyes flashed into animation then.

Giuseppe had brothers and sisters. It was from them that he obtained his first notion of war. There was also a cat in the family, which soon learned to keep out of his way.

Like most Italian families, that to which Giuseppe belonged was fond of laughter. It was not until one night, his father coming home with a bad cold.

Giuseppe's mother wrapped his father's neck in an old sock, expecting some strange alchemy. But the cough did not go in one week or two weeks. Instead a weakness came, and Giuseppe's father went to the dispensary, where they told him he had consumption.

Soon Giuseppe came to know his father as a man with stooped shoulders and a hacking cough, who grew irritated whenever Giuseppe made a noise. Giuseppe disliked his father now, for he liked to make a noise, but as he was allowed to go down to the street to play it did not matter much.

The street was a place of infinite wonders to Giuseppe. What prizes one might find in the gutter at any moment! It was not long before he had learned how to bring home bits of wood, to swear and to fight.

The last he enjoyed the most, for he found that his father's pummeling had been as severe as any punishment he received in the street—there was only a difference in the spirit. When his father saw him bring the wood he smiled at last, first in a long time, from where he sat propped up by the window.

Giuseppe's father liked best his seat by the window, for he could look across the street at the workers in the factory opposite. Giuseppe's mother worked in the factory now. All day she fed black bread to a machine, bent over with her Madonna eyes riveted on the needle.

The machine sounded like the wind in the pine trees.

One night when a red moon lit the factory walls Giuseppe's father died in his chair by the window.

The funeral was only different from others of its kind in one respect, and that was that it was attended by the booming of cannon. There happened to be a mobilization of the American fleet in the Hudson River at the time and the President was reviewing them. The tenement house shook with the cannonading until the candles flickered on the casket and disturbed the priest in his services. Giuseppe liked the booming of the guns much better than the sad faces of the mourners.

The day after his father had been taken away things seemed much brighter in the house to Giuseppe. Three men came and papered the cracks of the room and made the child obey stay with the neighbors while they lit funny smelling bonfires. Of course Giuseppe did not know this was the state's second attempt to aid him. His mother's eyes were too bright, for she entered the house back to work in the factory until the slack season came, and then she was laid off owing to the fact that she had been the last to be employed. It was quite fair.

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

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

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

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

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

His uncle placed the box on the floor before him and put his foot on the little iron rest. Shortly Giuseppe was on his knees shining away for dear life. There must have been some racial instinct that came to Giuseppe's aid, for it was not long before the little son of the sunny land could shine as they all can shine. His uncle gave him three cents when he had finished and a clap on the back. It was the first time that Giuseppe had ever had a cent without immediately descending to the candy store. Perhaps this great amount of wealth required careful investment. Things began to look brighter in Giuseppe's family now, and with the returning fall season his mother was taken on at the factory again and the Giuseppe family flourished.

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

Giuseppe resisted, pulling away violently and hitting the stranger a whack in the shin with his blacking box. The stranger's eyes grew round and he muttered "Damn you!" under his breath. Giuseppe retaliated with a few choice curses that made his own collection as the man pulled him along. Seeing resistance useless, he finally gave in, thinking himself under arrest and saying, "Oh, mister, what's de mat?" The stranger would give him no satisfaction, however, and the boy began to feel downright uneasy once more. It was the building and went up in the elevator. Giuseppe was put into a room full of boys with the information that when he was ready to tell his name he might go home.

The consideration did not worry him, as he was interested in the other boys, and it was not until the room commenced to thin out that he thought of the matter. Finally there was no one left to divert his thoughts. He perched himself on a bench in front of a window that faced the street. It was late afternoon now and the street was free. He gazed at the windows of the office building reflected the rays of the setting sun. It seemed so melancholy that Giuseppe thought for a moment of his troubles and then of his mother.

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

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

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

Giuseppe's teacher was a blonde with a turned up nose. Giuseppe had his national distrust of blondes. Still there was that about her called "class" that Giuseppe had already learned to fear. So he fell in line and took to his R's with the ease of a versatile nation. The state, through the blonde, allowed him the privilege of bringing his blacking box to school with him, so he could be off to work as soon as released. There were two forces now forming him, education and business.

The shiny nickel, the small but valuable dime, the wealthy quarter were more and more a force in his life. He saw the world pass by as so many coin collectors. When he shined the shoes of a stranger it was always of money they talked, and many would ask him...
ASIATIC IMMIGRATION: HOW ABOUT IT?

By JOSHDUB WAKHOOPE

Written for THE TIMES.

A mong the category of questions with which the Socialist movement of this country is confronted, and upon which the last word has by no means been spoken, or any general settled conclusion arrived at, is the question of immigration—a question of much greater import to the United States than to any European country.

One of the most important phases of this question was presented at length at the last national convention of the party, and so close was the vote upon the two different positions taken that the convention wisely decided to again take the matter up, appointing a committee composed of members holding both views to investigate and report at the convention of May, 1912.

It is perhaps needless to say that as regards the question of the admission of European peoples generally there was no difference of opinion, the convention being practically unanimous in regard to the absolutely assimilable and readily available for enlistment in the army of militant labor in the struggle against capitalist class rule.

The difference of opinion developed with regard exclusively to the admission of Asiatic labor—Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Malays and the peoples generally of Eastern Asia. The minority report stood against the admission of these peoples, while the majority report, though it could not be said to directly oppose, in the sense of declaring them, the admission of these peoples was not taken as "you were" position, merely asserting in general terms the solidarity of labor regardless of race or nationality. A substitute for both reports, which on the whole resembled the minority report so closely as to be practically indistinguishable from it, was finally adopted by a vote of 52 to 50.

One main argument in which the majority report was based was to the effect that the peoples whose exclusion was demanded were so far behind the peoples of Europe in the plane of evolution that they were not readily assimilable. That coming from lands where the modern wage system was not as yet the predominant form of production, their mental conceptions, their psychology, their views of life in general, were colored by their native environment. In short, that there were several stages of economic development separating them from the peoples of Europe, the conclusion drawn being that they would most likely serve the ruling classes of this country as solid, assimilable, racial wedges for the purpose of splitting the modern labor movement, and could and would be used in this manner by the ruling class. Also, that their presence would aggravate the race problem—the negro problem—now a vexatious and irritating obstacle with us, and in general retard the march of militant labor toward its destination.

In presenting the report this phase of the question was discussed at length by those who advocated the majority report and the majority of the committee. There was, however, very little difference of opinion as to the basis of the opposition. The majority who spoke against the report confined themselves mainly to reiterated assertions that such exclusion was opposed to conceptions of international socialism and the solidarity and fraternity of the working class; that Marx and Engels talked upon the very words of which the advocates of exclusion not only no conception of the workers of one country excluding those of others from their borders, but distinctly opposed such a proposition. That in short the proposal was unscientific, unscientific, and out of harmony with the teachings of international socialism.

There was also a well-defined fear that a proposal for Asiatic race exclusions in one line, if adopted, for the exclusion of others—the Hebrew comrades, practically all of whom opposed the majority report, and the republican Socialists—was a step in the same direction. The majority report found most of its supporters among the delegates from the Pacific coast States, the greater part of whom voted unequivocally for exclusion. There were some who voted against, but from them came the argument that the Japanese, for instance, were stubborn and solid against the rurale and that they were not generally prejudiced against the exclusion of any class, or even generally class of people, or in any way against the use of the white labor as against the employment of the white laborers as against the employing classes, or showed any inclination to do so, the solidarity of labor being completely racial.

Possibly on the condition that the convention decide as it did. There is no doubt but that the content of the majority report was unexpected by the greater part of the delegates present, and they were not prepared to discuss the principal point which it presented. It is to be hoped, however, that the coming convention will thrash the matter out on the basis of the presentation given, which in all probability will appear again substantially in the same form at the next meeting.

The framers of the majority report were in every extent disappointed by the evasion of the point presented by the minority report. But this difference of opinion may be satisfactorily expected in view of the unpreparedness of the delegates.

Perhaps the suggestion is appropriate here that such questions must be settled not by mere assertions of the "unscientific" character, or citations of declaratory phrases by Marx or Engels or other Socialist thinkers. The question under discussion is peculiarly an American question, and while the opinions of European thinkers are of course worthy of consideration—if we could intelligibly tell against the proposition, which is doubtful, to say the least—in the last analysis they are not decisive. The phase of the immigration question presented by the majority report is not an international but rather a national, and must be finally settled by American Socialists and with particular reference to American conditions. With the possible exception of Australia there is no other considerable country on earth in which the question presents itself in this particular aspect, and we may remark that in Australia labor is unalterably opposed to the influx of Asiatic immigration.

If it can be shown conclusively that these races are tolerably easy of assimilation with the labor and so-called white man; if it can be shown conclusively that it is not possible for the exploiting class to utilize them against American labor as to partially throw the struggle into a race struggle; if, in short, any reasonable proof can be brought forward showing that the premises of the majority report are regarded from the psychological and economic plane of race, it is understood that the conclusions drawn therefrom to be a non sequitur, then naturally the report will be rejected and in such rejection the framers will have an opportunity on the question, on which it is understood that the members who emphasize it have expended so much labor and thought, must be directly dealt with and considered sufficiently to the point that it certainly was not at the time of its initial presentation.
HISTORICAL accounts of the progress of co-operative organizations are, based chiefly upon the monthly or yearly balances of the books, are many. Such accounts are useful. Much may be learned from careful study of these figures. But infinitely more useful it is to understand, gauge and measure the various forces that produced these results.

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

The accompanying pictures, with the facts and figures appended, tell in a most direct manner the story of the Volharding's material success. But they do not reveal the fact that it was built like the old temple of Israel—with a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other.

Not a single mark is now left by the disagreeable disease known as excessive democracy. But the disease was there just the same, in its various forms. When in the earlier period of the Volharding a member surpassed in some respect, he was at once deposed by the mob with a "Down with him! Down with him!" The slogan of the mob was: "If there is one among us who excels, let him go elsewhere to excel!"

The Volharding was founded by a group of Socialist students of economics. A course in state economy started in 1879 by F. Domela Nieuwenhuis was what suggested the organization of the Volharding. At one of these meetings the students were told of the wonderful progress of the co-operative bakery in Ghent, Belgium. A meeting of the working-men of The Hague was called. The working-men enthusiastically accepted the idea of co-operation. A subscription list was started then and there. At the first meeting $32 was subscribed, to be paid in weekly installments of 4 cents.

Already in this meeting the name "De Volharding" (translated "The Persistent") was on the lips of many. I wonder what far-seeing Dutchman thought of that name! The records do not show. I presume he knew the Dutch and what was in store! Then for months and months they had weekly meetings, at which they collected four-cent pieces and enrolled new members.

On July 6, 1880, they were ready to start. With 83 families they opened their little bakery in the Paulus Potterstraat, shown in the center picture above.

From the first and for years the organization was in a continual turmoil and fist fights at meetings were not exceptional.

The Volharding did not then as now have for its motto: "In things essential, unity; in things doubtful, liberty; in all things, charity." It took thirty years of good hard personal scuffling to lead to that motto. During the 80's there was a strong anarchistic element in the Socialist party in Holland. A number of these anarchist or so-called "Free" Socialists were members of the Volharding, and in 1885 they succeeded in getting into control, notwithstanding the combined opposition of the real Socialists, of those who politically were anti-Socialist, and of the broader element which objected to any political control because it turned a mass movement into a wing of a political party.

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

But still our scrappy Dutch comrades had not finished. In 1897 a general scrap started against the anarchistic element within the organization. I wonder whether they realized that they were fighting the very element which formerly had used them as a cat's paw in fighting the "neutrals." If ever a group of people reaped what they had sowed, the anarchistic element then in the Volharding did. To the personal knowledge of the writer, the anarchists were chiefly responsible for the prevailing intolerant spirit. They, and many agents provocateurs who mingled among them, originated the cry "Down with him!" which was lustily applied as soon as any one in this big mass movement had the temerity to stand on his toes, raise his voice, and lift his head above the level. I say I have personal knowledge of the activity of this group, because I was one of them, although not a member of the Volharding.

During the early nineties the Volharding cleared itself of the anarchistic element. Or, rather, the Anarchists left the Volharding. They abandoned it because it failed to materialize the numerous Utopian expectations they had formed of what a successful co-operative should be. The principal reason why those elements had remained so long in the Volharding as they did, may be found in the fact that it offered an excellent shelter for their persecuted comrades. But soon the Government ceased to persecute, and, furthermore, the persecuted agitators ceased to agitate when they felt themselves comfortably under the shelter of the Volharding.

To-day the Volharding is getting more and more under the control of the housewives, who made it live in spite of all; who are acting from the pressure of their hungry needs, and who, like the European labor unions, are moving further and further away from their would-be leaders.

The housewives are eventually going to run the Volharding. Nobody can run it well enough for them, not even their own husbands. It is the housewives' union. They are going to do with their husbands what the rank and file of the European unions have done with their leaders. Not fight them, but ignore them. The housewives will simply go ahead and do things, and leave their husbands a-scraping until they find they have lost their observing audience. And after they have thus been ousted, they will probably speak of it as "a grossly materialistic movement."

The special lesson to be learned from the struggles and success of the Volharding is that no working-class movement can live permanently and carry on a successful work unless it is driven by two diverse forces acting toward the same end. The mass must be (Concluded on page 14.)
Kneading the Dough in the New Bakery.

Paulus Potterstraat Bakery.

VOLHARDING THE HAGUE HOLLAND

Baking the Bread in the New Bakery.
families they opened their little bakery in the Patins Potterstraat, shown in the center picture above.

From the first and for years the organization was

said that neither Socialist nor Anarchist should be ad-
mittied into the organization. By the way, these re-

sults of their co-operative work are not all due to the

successful work unless it is driven by two inverse forces acting toward the same end. The mass must be

(Concluded on page 14.)
THE AGITATORS

L

AST and most persistent of the three Anti-Soci-

alists is Old Man Dread. This untiring propagandist is so obli-

quitous that he spends a little of each day with every

working man and woman on earth. He sits down at

the table with some and with others he perches leaning

at the foot of the bed. He breaks into the conversa-

tion of lovers an hour before the prayers of the morn-

ing. There is no sanctuary too strong to keep him out.

There is no moment so sacred that he will respect it.

And this is what he says as he struggles up close to

you, and lays his chin over your shoulders:

"Here I am. You all know me. I'm Old Man Dread. Yes, I know you've got a job to-day, but how

about to-morrow, eh? Or how about next week, or

next month? This streak of prosperity can't last.

There's bound to be a panic pretty soon and what

then?

"And suppose there isn't a panic? What'll you do

if you get a boss to-morrow that doesn't like your

looks? Did you ever stop to think of that?

"Suppose your hand gets caught in the machine to-

morrow—what then?

"Anyhow, suppose none of this does happen, what

about that girl of yours? She wants pretty things

and you can't afford to get them for her? Ever think

of that?

"And that boy of yours? He's at an age when he

ought to be at school taking his fun on the football

field. Instead of that he's spending his nights with a

cheap gang at the corner. How about it, anyhow?

Doesn't it make you shiver to think of the sort of

man he may turn into?

"Now I'm Old Man Dread. I keep you interested—

don't I? No matter what you're doing you're always

wishing to hear me talk. All right, then. Don't vote

the Socialist ticket because if those Socialists get in

I'll lose my job."

Old Man Dread is one of the most persistent work-

ers in the field.

But I'm afraid that some time pretty soon his living

is going to be taken clean away from him.

OVER THE RIVER

A

n endless procession of men was crossing a

swift river full of shifting, treacherous bars and
currents. On the further side stood a

little group, who had successfully crossed,

watching a less happy comrade being swept away into

the swirling mid-stream.

"Let him drown," growled the first. "I got across

all right, every man's got an equal chance."

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

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

preserver."

"No," said the third, "that would destroy his manly

feeling of independence. "We will engage a swim-

ming teacher to teach him to swim."

Whereupon they passed around the hat and were

making great progress when the fourth remarked:

"But the man is drowned already; let us use this

money to build a bridge so that everyone may cross

in safety."

THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

"Oh," said the other three, falling upon him with

their fists, "you're immoral and you're trying to de-

stroy the family. And they gave him the sound beat-

ing which he deserved.

MODERN METHODS

THE Marconi operators refused news of the 

'The Mithers,' the well-known police officer at the corner of Main

Street and Fourth Avenue, because he refused to tell

the direction taken by a pair of hold-up men who had

just robbed Nathan W. Tucket. Smashberry says that

he offered to sell the information to Mr. Tucket for

a reasonable sum, but the offer was refused.

A complaint has been lodged against George Smash-

berry, the well-known policeman at the corner of Main

Street and Fourth Avenue, because he refused to tell

the direction taken by a pair of hold-up men who had just

robbed Nathan W. Tucket. Smashberry says that he

offered to sell the information to Mr. Tucket for a

reasonable sum, but the offer was refused.

UNCLE RIM AND THE ENEMY

"They tell me," said Uncle Rim Highwater, "that

Socialism is going to put an end to invention

because under Socialism there won't be any

incentive for inventors like there is to-day. I

wish old Hi Dicky could hear that. Hi worked

out a scheme for cooling hot-boxes and the rail-

road company after turning it down went ahead and

used it. Hi mortgaged his home and sued

'til they fought the case for sixteen years and

then they'd probably be fighting it yet if Hi hadn't

called the whole thing off by dying one night in the

County Poorhouse."

THE VOLWARDING

(Continued from page 13.)

actuated by economic pressure, and yet it is equally

true that the movement will not be permanent, will

not expand unless a part of the members are animated

by the Socialist faith, unless they have their eyes on

the future and realize that: what they are doing now

is preparing the way for the revolution that is to be.

These two forces, seemingluly diverse, are really not in-

consistent and must blend in one if the movement is to

have vitality.

THE WORD OF THE LORD

By BOUCK WHITE

(Continued from page 7)

feel of hands that have known the feel of tools.

There is a dirt which is not dirty, and there is a clean-

liness which is not cleanly. Dirt! There is no dirt in

worthy toil. To me the producer class is clean, with a

dep and pleasant cleanliness. They who eat the bread

of self-respect are glitteringly white to mine eye,

though an acre of black loam be blackens them and the

carbon from a hundred chimneys.

But smeared indeed is the ideal, living on another's

toil. An endowed trier, no eye can cut the dirt that

grimes him. For he drinks the drink of another's

sweat; his blood is sucked from the veins of a brother;

feasting at table, the flesh he carves is cannibal flesh.

Man-eaters are not cleanly to my beholding, though

they bathe many times and wear washed linen.

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

MAKING 'EM SQUIRM

"S

ithers," said the great newspaper pro-

prieto as he called into his office the lead-

ning editorial writer of the world's greatest

independent news sheet. "Smithers, there's a

general complaint that we aren't aggressive enough

in our policy. We're losing subscribers because we're

not hitting out hard enough. Now that's got to be

changed, but, of course, we can't offend anybody.

Understand me?"

"Yes, sire," said the faithful Smithers and that

night the following trenchant opinions were double-leaded:

THE HOUSE FLY MUST GO.

The house fly must go. We have endured the filth

and disease of this pest long enough. The house fly

must go. He must be exterminated. We stand fearless-

ly and now forever against this house fly. All good

citizens will approve our stand in this matter.

The house fly must go.

A BLACK OUTRAGE.

No sympathy can be felt for the criminal assassins

who attacked and killed Julius Caesar. Although this

event happened two thousand years ago, the very

scarcity of it is enough to set an honest man quivering

with indignation.

What sort of a man was this Brutus who killed

Caesar while posing as his friend? The whole affair is

revolting.

THE NEW CITIZENSHIP.

Summer is here. Are we to have a sweltering sum-

mer or a summer of mildly tempered days swelter

to all? Any citizen of this country who pretends to call

himself a man will approve of our stand in favor of

pleasantly temperate weather.

As for those who demand sweltering nights and red

hot days it is enough to say that they are fit candidates

for the state penitentiary.

Our policy will remain unchanged. We demand GOOD WEATHER—now and always.

ADVENTURES OF GEORGE W. BOOB

I

T happened that while he was wandering about in a

hilly country that he saw a great many men

boozing and hissing.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

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

"What are they doing?"

"They're calling attention to the fellows who want to

take their jobs."

"What, they won't let a man work when he pleases? What's this here country coming to? Huh? What's it coming to? Why, if a man isn't got the right to work after he pleases we'll all better start now and git over and live in Russia," said George W. Boob.
THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT
THE OTHER WAY

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Illustrated by Alexander Popeau.

Written for The Masons.

"SHE will go the way her Aunt Lucy went."

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

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

Lucy Adelaide had always cherished a romantic af-
fection for her aunt, because she was named for her
and because, in consequence, some of her pretty, per-
sominal effects had come into her possession. That
other inheritance—a hideous, protracted death—might
also be hers, had never occurred to her. Lucy Ade-
laide knew that she was not well, that her existence
had become a dreary perplexity, but she shrank from
the thought. No, she did not want to die. She wanted
most passionately to live. Perhaps, some time, things
would be different. She and John Sleaply might meet
again, and then

She jumped out of her seat, dispersing her medita-
tions with a burst of laughter which startled her.
With the portrait still in her hand she examined her-
self in the glass, her eyes roving questingly from the
pierced face to the mirrored gown. She was as far removed as possible from the mod-
ern type. Her shirt waist and trim, short skirt seemed anachronistic. By right, a poke bonnet with bunches of
iliaaria dangling from the brim, should have
framed her face. Her frail, tall figure should have
been swathed in one of the many-ruffled gowns of ante-
bellum days. Her sloping shoulders seemed to de-
mand a shawl. All these things were in the daguerre-
type, and, like it, her hair was a satiny brown, her
dropping star-like eyes were a soft blue. A blush that
looked evanescent bloomed too deeply pink in her
transparent cheeks. The lines of her body were the
tenderest of curves, her look innocent, a little startled,
if you spoke quickly.

Lucy Adelaide's eyes raked her reflected self merci-
lessly, the hand that held the daguerreotype falling
ultimately to her side. There was a suggestion of a
hollow in her pink cheeks. A third, more noticeable,
lay at the base of her neck. There were others be-
ginning to scoop into the black shadows under her
eyes. It seemed to her that her body had dwindled and sunk, as if the skeleton imprisoned in the deli-
crate flesh were making a gristy march outward.

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

"I am dying of unrequited love," she addressed her-
self in a metallic voice, "just as the women of Aunt
Lucy's day did. I don't belong in these times at all.
I belong back fifty years with those women I've al-
ways made fun of—the women to whom love was ev-
erything. I'm dying because the man I'm in love with
doesn't want me."

She laughed. It sounded as if it came from lips
bone, rather than lips of flesh. It revealed a strange
flavor, her lips, a new tightening of the muscles
there, that the thinness of her face had made possible.
She had never noticed it before. It frightened her.
She peered trocken-stricken from the bureau, her
eyes fixed immovably upon the sinister stranger in
the glass, who was peering out of her eyes and smiling
with her lips. She felt that she was staring into the
very eyes of death. She struck against the bed and fell
on it with a moan.

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

That winter she took a course at Radcliffe College.
She spoke at a precisely regular rate to her classes, she
did promptly and regularly the work prescribed by
them. She exercised languidly in the gymnasium. In
the library she read with feverish energy over all the
books pertaining to heredity that she was able to
procure.

But two things that she had planned she did not do.
One was to lose herself in the college life. It was a
selfish little world, a perfect miniature of the selfish
big world, peopled by immature creatures who, hav-
ing ceased to overawe, could not be overcome with
awe or the air of experience. Lucy Adelaide lived a solitary
life there, a mental Gulliver among Lilliputians.

Her society could not forget John Sleaply. In these days, at
every dreary night she went in twitched iteration through
the meagre records of her friendship with him. Why had
he looked so much and said so little? Why had he
been once first moody and silent, then excited and
gay? Why, at the end, had he gone away abruptly,
without even bidding her good-bye? She asked her-
she, the questions a thousand futile times, and
it seemed to her that her ingenuity answered them in
as many futile ways. Anniversaries of various charming
little events kept coming to add their poignant point to
her meditations.

By midwinter she had lost ground. In the spring she
was definitely playing a losing game. She would spend
the summer in the deep south. It might be her last summer, and she might possibly see him there. In the fall, if she were no better, she would go south. Somehow, at last, she did not mind what came out of it all.

One morning in the late spring, she started out for
one of her listless, lagging walks. Apathetically she
turned into the beaten path.

As she approached the yellow house on the corner,
she saw a man open the gates and stand as if wait-
ing. She wore a plain dark woolen gown that blow,
a crisp white apron that rattled in the breeze.

"I beg your pardon, miss," she said in an embar-
rassed way. Lucy Adelaide stood there. "There's a sicken-
girl in the house who wants to see you. He's watched
you go by here ever so many times, and he's got into
his head that he wants to talk to you. He's bothered
me so much about it that I made up my mind I'd ask
you if you'd be willing to come in and try to quiet
him. I hope you won't be offended, ma'am.""No," Lucy Adelaide said quietly. "I'll be very glad
to do anything I can for him if he'll feel better for it."

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

"Oh, no!"

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

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

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

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

In spite of her ineptitude Lucy realized that he
must once have been magnificent. He was still strik-
ing-looking. His skin was drawn tight over an enor-
mous frame and he had a strangely shaped powerful
head. The hair that streamed in masses against the
pillow and about his long, yellow face was jet-black.
His nose was hooked, his waxy lips parted over firm
white teeth. Gray, with huge pupils, his eyes were set
in cavens of deep shadow, arched by heavy brows.

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

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

Lucy Adelaide pushed a chair up to the bed.

"Will you put your hat off?" he asked gently. She
silently drew out the pins. It is wonderful," he murmured. His look seemed thirstily to be drinking her in. "The same soft hair—not a curl anywhere—and the line of the forehead
and temples, the very same!"

Lucy Adelaide listened breathlessly.

"You might be our little daughter!" The voice
seemed, as he went on, to grow old and weak: "I have thought of that so many times, as I have seen
you pass—how long is it that I have watched for you,
tell me?"

"Seven months!"

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

"No, this is not a dream."

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

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

"So like, so like!" he murmured. For a long time
his eyes clung to hers; a rapt look misted them. "Oh,
my little Stella!" Suddenly his voice rose. "You are
Stella? Tell me you are Stella!"

"YOU MIGHT BE OUR LITTLE DAUGHTER."

"Oh, you might be our little daughter!"
LUCY Adelia smiled down into his eyes. He held out his long gloves and the slipper hats into it.

"Do you remember, Stella, that April day in the woods?" he babbled, "the mayflowers through the snow—and then just the roses in the garden—the moonlight on the sun-dried roses—reminders for fools." It said—I told you my secret among the roses, the secret my father told me. I should be like Swift, he said, and die at the time first—cost me my happiness to tell you that—but you understood—we said we should be like Swift and Stella—do you remember I called you Stella because your eyes were like stars? And we read their letters in the rose garden. The letters we should write—only letters—they would be our children's giant—s decoded stories—fancies—what was it you told me?—the secret—I'm like a rat in a trap—but you loved me, Stella?

"Oh, yes, I loved you!" Lucy Adelia said, her sad heart beating hard. She knew how I loved you! She was not sure—quite—and you passed—but was it our daughter? I forget. My head—my head! Say it is you!!

"It is Stella, it is Stella," she iterated, passionately.

Her hold relaxed. His eyes were soft and young with the love that filled them.

"I will go soon," he said, in a fainting voice, "when I'm well—when you come to the rose garden—you shall stand by the sun—the—" He muttered thickly, and paused.

Lucy heard a clicking sound in his throat. A film grew over his eyes and Dulle there, but only for an instant. The light that flared suddenly behind it burned out.

"The roses—" he said again, and his voice was the shadow of a sound. "The moonlight—the shine of your hair—" The light behind his eyes went out. They closed gently.

She became aware that something that lived was standing in the doorway, that it had been there a long time, waiting for her to turn. She looked up into John Shipleys eyes.

"He's dead," she said, pitifully.

"Yes, I know—that is the best way out."

She watched him dreamily, as he came over and lifted her by the old man's head, the old man's propped on the book. She covered him with the bedclothes.

Something whirled off from the disarranged folds, jarred along the floor and lay upon at Lucy Adelia's feet. Mechanically, she picked it up. It was a daguerrotype. She tried to look at it. After a while she saw, through the fog that whitened before her eyes, that it was a portrait of her Aunt Lucy, a duplicate of the one she owned. It dropped from her hand.

John Shipleys knelt beside her. "You now understand?" he asked.

"Yes."

"But I love you," he went on. "You knew that, didn't you?"

"No. It killed me not to know—but I'm glad, now."

"I had to do it, too—he gave up the woman he loved."

"My aunt. I have her copy of the diary of Swift and Stella, that they read and marked together."

John Shipleys took this as if there were no wonder in it. He arose. "He killed himself too, as I am killing myself—"

"As you are killing me?"

His glance devoured her face. "You are not well," he said, brokenly. "What is it?"

Lucy Adelia glowed with the rapture of seeing him again. "I'm well," she said, delightedly, "because I thought you didn't love me—you do love me, though, don't you?"

"Love you! Let us get away."

She glided into the arms he held out for her. "I shall not die now. I shall live and take care of you!"

His lips lingered on her. "My love, I'd rather see you like him!"

Lucy Adelia looked at the peaceful, dead face. As if it gave her courage, a new strength seemed to stiffen her thin figure.

"Listen!" she said. "Your uncle and my aunt loved each other just as you and I. They gave each other up. It killed her and ruined his life. They tried one way out, and it failed."

"My mother died as he died. He said this in the time of one who was to marry him. They ran off to himself. Their father before them, and his father before him. I shall go as they did."

He turned away from her.

(Concluded on page 19.)

WHY I AM FOR COMMISSION GOVERNMENT

BY DAVID C. COATES

Commissioner of Spokane, Wash.

Written for THE.unknown.

BEYOND any question, the Commission form of Government has been demonstrated as sound in political development, but every form of Commission Government should be considered on its own merits. While most of them embody some of the same central features, still the form can be made either autocratic or democratic, according to the provisions and details of the charter.

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

Our form abolishes wards and aldermen and provides for five commissioners to be elected at large. No political parties or political branches for aldermen, at the expense of the city's general welfare. Now we do municipal work when and where it is needed, and not because of the party or the class it will have on the position of an alderman in his ward.

The five commissioners elected chose a presiding officer, who is called "Mayor"—the legal representative of the city, who has veto or other power to suspend any other commissioner—and assign each commissioner to his department.

I was assigned as Commissioner of Public Works, with full power to carry out work of that department.

I introduced and had passed an ordinance providing for the day labor system of doing public improvements, for the $1 per day wage scale, employing only citizens (solving the contract immigration problem in a large measure); enforced the council's regulations of work cutting out grafting of paying companies, contractors, etc., the interest of the working class and citizens in general.

These things had to be done, and to do them, a department commissioner has greater power and influence than if he were a mere alderman.

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

All important legislation must be by roll call. All acts are published in a gazette, issued by the city once a week; ordinances are not effective for thirty days after passage and 10 per cent. petition of citizens will hold up the ordinance and compel its change or submission to vote of the people.

I was in charge of the non-partisan commission. It changes legislation on 10 per cent. petition, and commissioners can refer legislation to the people; 20 per cent. petition will force special election for recall of commissioners, and 15 per cent. petition will force a recall at regular election of commissioners whose terms have not expired.

We elect under what is known as the preferential voting system, abolishing primaries and party elections; petitions 10,000 persons must sign for a place at the election; voting first, second and other choices—making it possible for each elector to vote for every candidate running if he so desires. It implies political independence and political combinations of public service corporations, labor unions, men and women, and, as usually prevails under the old system, as those elected must have a majority vote. Under this system, I am in favor of the non-partisan feature, as it gives the Socialist a better chance to reach the voters with his principles, and, besides, precludes all factionalism in politics (this condition being the great destroyer of political parties), as all who desire may run for office and on election day the candidates stand on their merits, as they do on a party referendum vote.

The five commissioners are paid $5,000 a year each, and are required to be in the entire time during business hours to the transaction of the city's business, which makes possible speed and proper attention. The placing of the legislative and administrative functions in the same hands tends to make it efficient and effective.

To conclude, I will say that the Commission form of government in Spokane has demonstrated that it is an evolutionary step in the direction of efficiency, economy and democracy, which are embodiments of the principles of Socialism, and I do not hesitate in saying that many of the Socialist party and the citizens who are opposing the proper form of Commission Government are making a serious mistake and keeping the party in the shadow, ineffective and futile, which has ever hampered the party in its mission of emancipating the working class from political and industrial thralldom.

THE WEAKNESS OF COMMISSION GOVERNMENT

BY CARL D. THOMPSON

Ex-City Clerk, Milwaukee

Written for THE.unknown.

So far as I can see, the commission form of government operates under the commission form of government that has not been equally if not better by some municipal governments operating under the council form.

The commission form of government gives it an increase of efficiency for it. And yet there is not a single major city not in effectiveness of the commission form of government. And there is not a single major city that has not been equally if not better by some municipal governments operating under the council form.

The commission form of government has a chance to secure representation by carrying certain wards or districts.

The commission form of government has a chance to secure representation by being the only council that has not been equally if not better by some municipal governments operating under the council form.

The commission form of government has a chance to secure representation by being the only council that has not been equally if not better by some municipal governments operating under the council form.

The commission form of government has a chance to secure representation by being the only council that has not been equally if not better by some municipal governments operating under the council form.

And, besides, the idea is open to serious objection at this point. Not only is it too extensive and too little, but there is another fatal objection from the standpoint of democracy—there is no provision for a minority representation. Not a single council has ever had a minority of the commission form of government seems to have ever dreamed of proportional representation.

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

For example, the best governed cities in the world are those of Germany. In every sense, more efficient and more progressive, than any of the best governed American cities. It will require a decade at least for our foremost commission cities to come within sight of the progress of the German cities.

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

With that splendid scorn for the achievements of other people which marks the American politician the butt of real statesmen, our councilors stumble into things without due consideration, without a consistent plan, without a constructive program.

So it seems to me our councilors have been too much crammed into this new form. Nothing so very bad about it perhaps, but nothing to commend it. Its best friends are busy all the time picking and polishing it, trying to make it work better. By the time they are through patching we may have discovered a better way.
PROGRESS AND THE WORKINGMAN

by Joseph E. Cohen

Thoughtful people are those who pause from their labor of growing wheat and casting railroads across the high ridge of the world. Do they see more progress now than a continuation of what they are and the rest of the human society are now busy at, or are there new channels into which the flow of experience must pour if it is to vring us a fuller and better life?

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

Now, if we consider that vast numbers of the people grovel for their bread in dire poverty; that their own hopes and those of their dear ones for the morrow are menaced by the fear of unemployment, invalidity and old age; that only through charity portions of sweetness and joy seep into their lives, and that the burn which stings deepest is the reiterating monotony of it all, can we come to any conclusion other than that the need is great for us to hitch up the chariot of progress for another start.

And if we are to make a fresh start, let us place in ourselves a tripe more of confidence than we used to. Let us not lay unkindness to our souls with the thought that such an effort is not guarded and that the poor shall always be with us. Let us start with the proposition that the quest of food is no longer x, the unknown quantity, but x, c, c, what all of us are to learn best of all.

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

The workers have been pegging away through their labor unions for many years, and have made what seems to some no considerable gains. Sporadically, too, they have sought improvement in exchange for their votes. More recently it is this last line of procedure which has been shaping itself more sharply and which is fetching results. Stepping into politics, the workers do not, in one sweep, grab a grand social idea and hasten in a day to remodel the world after their own image. They begin more modestly. They lend a hand here and put their shoulder there; they send a man to a council hall, their other to the state legislature; capture a city government and try out a representative in Congress. But all this is merely testing and tapping; tapping, to sound the strength of the Chinese wall about the guarded throne of social inquiry. And whatever march and retreat and countermove that need be, the tapping has already shown that the citadel is not impregnable, that the wall can be demolished and the throne toppled over.

However meagre, in the eye of the critic, be the progress already made toward the workers' regeneration, it is obvious on all sides that the statesmen of the old school, crediting with being wise only in the smaller things and hardly even sagacious in the larger ones, are still shrewd enough to sense the throb, the outrush and the impact of the gathering forces of change.

Again, it is asked if this activity of the workers is more than imitation of what the ruling classes does? Are the workers to do no better than use the civilization ready to hand; or may they be expected upon to render a contribution of their own?

True enough, the workingman to-day aces the upper class in dress, in mannerism, in morality. His ideas are largely second-hand. Workingmen elevated to foremanship sometimes become the meanest of slaveriders. Others, "clothed with a little brief authority," become directors to the point of arrogance. Still others turn traitor toward the principles they professed them.

But these are only the shadows before the advancing movement. As that movement faces to the dawn instead of to the darkness, in the shadow of our movement will dawn the new.

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

Again, it is asked, have the workers formed a new ideal for the future; have they a vision of a new social order?

And it has been said that the middle class have given the workers the ideal of their movement. This is a gross misinterpretation of those half truths which journalism and hatches, and which pass unchallenged because their charming novelty excites our admiration. Sure enough, the middle class have given the workers an abundance of fancies—including both Utopian Socialism and anarchism. But many of these fancies have had to be repudiated altogether; still others are serviceable only to the degree that they are assimilated and wrought in as transitional influences.

The attitude of the middle class critic is that the workers are only ourtestists, with no outlook other than to reform their lot a pennyworth at a time. That may be.

Yet, though their horizon may have framed only a slit of sunlight, the fact remains that the workers have fought tenaciously for their rights and are the chief fighting stock of the race. And whatever much the horizon of those who are not workingmen may appear to reach higher and farther, the fact also remains that it is the workers who must be the body of every social movement, because it is the blending of ideal and mass that makes any movement possible.

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

So, while the workers owe some measure of their social ideal to others, the middle class owe it to themselves still more to swing their weight into this movement of the workers, the most vital movement there is, for otherwise they will stagnate of inbreeding in their artificial modes of existence, their drawing-room manners, their toy democracies and their moonshine utopias. The middle class can choose not, as they choose—the workers will certainly go their way.

Is the worker forming a vision all his own? The meat of the matter is, it has too long been supposed that he is of the earth earthy and cannot look up and about and beyond. For, opportunistic though he be, insisting first upon sundering the bonds that confine him closest, the worker, nevertheless, is beginning to see a vision that is the clearest, sanest and rarest of all time—the vision of a world free from economic ills, free from constant and never-ending struggle, free from strife among classes and conflict among nations—the vision of an era when social ideals are become realities.

The vision of the worker is that which, in material affairs, is a satisfaction with the work which men do and receive no apatly nor with those won from day to day by labor; it is a vision that does not accept as final either our present institutions or the iconoclast's repudiation of them; it is a vision that reaches far beyond our present dilettante culture and the philistine's derision over it; it is a vision that, in morality, is neither enclosed within the present trigram of prostitution, marriage and divorce, nor within the anarchist's reaction against it; it is a vision that, in religion, neither worships at the cold shrine of a merciless, money-sated god, nor strikes fire at the heart's negation of it; it is a vision that springs from these only as the flower rises out of the muck; it is a vision that, even if beginning from despair and the revolt against despair, has since been charged with a message of social promise and the assurance of the fulfillment of that promise.

Our good friends, the sociologists (Lester F. Ward foremost) tell us that even now the working class has as great a capacity for achievement as any other class. And mingling what forward steps have been taken in the development of the present movement have not been conceived of.

This, then, is the vision of the new democracy, the democracy of toil and enjoyment common for all, which is to mark an epoch in the cycle of human progress and which the worker, plodding slowly up the hill, is to attain for himself and for all the world.
THE GREATEST NEWS FROM PALESTINE
By RUFUS W. WEEKS
Written for The Masses.

IGURING that remoteness in time is the same as remoteness in space, we may speak of a certain little corner of the earth during a certain few months nearly two thousand years ago as a place from which news comes to us now day by day. For it is of intense interest and of vital value to us. I speak of Palestine during the months of Jesus’ public life, and of the new light we are getting on the events of those months, in these days of daring inquiry.

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

"Presently they came to a garden known as Gethsemane. 'Sit down here,' Jesus said to his disciples, and began to show them his great distress.

"Father, if thou wilt, take this cup away from me; yet not what I will, but what thou wilt.'"

The picture is most affecting. We tread the ground with reverence; yet the question must press upon us—What was it that Jesus was so terrible to the young hero? Not his own impending agonies and death; certainly not his pain, for that is barred by every trait he had displayed. The question—What was it that pressed his mind so unceasingly?—is crucial. If we cannot answer it, we should have touched the mainspring of his character.

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

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

The other view, unslaged by religious romanticism, comes from a younger man. It reads thus:

"Leaving his disciples, Jesus goes a few paces into the darkness. There he finds a certain little corner of heaven in his agony. Just when his cause had commenced to move so auspiciously, with the representatives from the world and the dispersion rallying to him and with an entering wedge among the Jewish ruling class itself, to be transformed in the dark and slain in this fashion—it broke him down! Not for fear himself caused the agony of that Gethsemane moment. He had been born holy to a life of heaven in his agony. His fear was for the stability of his disciples. One of them had already gone over to the enemy. Would it not be there, they refuse to merge into one. The main purpose of the actual man Jesus could not have been a blend of minds so diverse; he must have been one of the four and not the others. But to establish any one of the pictures as a reality, as a strong convincing picture, as a unit of personality, there must be re-arranging of the materials given in the Gospels; there must be an ignoring of some items; there must be reading between the lines.

Bouck White has undertaken this imperative task. The Jesus whom he digs out from the fragments of narrative is the democrat of this work-a-day world; and there is an agnostic note, as well as a new vision, of his greatness of spirit in his great attempt. His attempt was, in a word, to effect an awakening of democratic self-respect among the Jewish people at home, then among the multitude of Jews living in other countries, and finally, through these last, by the working of the two countries; an awakening which should lead to a world-wide revolution against the despotism of Rome. The picture as he draws it is full of vivid details, and most startling are the many new facts which he publishes. There is no need of supposing that Mary's first child was born out of wedlock or in any way abnormally. No such thought had occurred to the early Hebrew Christians and primitive Christians who, misled by a Greek misinterpretation in the Septuagint, the Greek version of the Old Testament, believed that Isaiah had prophesied that the Messiah should be born of a virgin, and that accordingly altered in four or five places the record which they had received from the Hebrew Christians, importing into it the notion of the virgin birth. This error did not die out, but accompanied a frequent translation in another story, and inserting or changing two or three phrases.

Bouck White believes that the call of the Carpenter is to ring throughout the world once more, and this time to purpose, because there is now a vast multitude of workers in all lands ready to be aroused. Certainly from the point of view of Jewish truth, the name of Jesus is an asset of enormous value which we Socialists have not yet begun to use as we might. It is a great piece of luck, to say the least, that one of the great religions of the world, that religion which is professed by the foremost nations, happened to be founded in the Middle Ages, and that so recorded sayings contain a stratum of solid working class sentiment. The admiration and love felt for Jesus to-day throughout the world, as within the churches, ought logically to turn into devotion to the cause of the workers, and what a reinforcement that would be! Let the name of Jesus be rescued from the hand of the hour.

"The Carpenter of Nazareth is the democracy's chief asset; to suffer themselves to be defrauded of their birthright in him, were criminal negligence. He is the greatest armour of the masses which human animals have recorded. 'He stirreth up the people,' he is in the biography in five words. 'This child shall be for the falling and rising again of many,' said one, when the babe was still in swaddling clothes. His footprints have been raised up to be a harvest of armed souls, helmeted for warrior work. Gifted with vision into the world of the unseen, he has the powers of the whole world on the side of the dispossessed. His theology had an inflammatory purpose. His ethics was the ethics of self-respect, an ethical destruction of the slavish, servile and the beggar of freedom in every age and under every sky. He identified himself with the proletariat, those a-hungered, thirsty, stranger, naked, sick, and in prison—'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my least brethren, ye have done it unto me.' He lived their life, he died their death. And those pierced hands to-day are lifting empires off their foundations."

"By holding with Jesus, the democracy obtains the momentum of the centuries. Historic continuity is of immense importance. The period in Europe a century ago identified itself with the misfortunes of those issues from Galilee, it might have been other than in the straw, and it can be said of the world that had been the reaction that followed. The most wise and civilized centuries Jesus overlies the democracy to-day, and is ambitious to reinforce it with ancestral wisdom and.
READ THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER

By BOUCK WHITE

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THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

(Concluded from page 6)

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

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

And even as the I. W. W. will assuredly grow beyond its present limits, so the power of the party will attain a strength beyond the promises of its most sanguine prophecies. To a certain extent, it will no longer be a question of desperate determination born of hopelessness. Which brings us back to the picture, which, after all, is not as hopeless as it looks. The friends of the victim have heard of his plight and they are coming to his aid. Like the invisible devil, you cannot see them, but the good ship Socialism, is rapidly approaching from the right-hand side of the picture. It is not yet just beyond its thin black border. The youth has seen it, and his expectation is no longer one of stupefied fear, but of bewildered hope. If you can only imagine the ship, with all its eager Socialist sailors, the picture will lose much of its grimness. In fact, there is a definite air of victory about it, and the eyes of Labor seem opened to new and unexpected visions. The I. W. W. is growing with a new activity and a new courage.

THE OTHER WAY

(Concluded from page 6)

“Perhaps. Only—however you live or die, I must live,” she thought over to the bed. “He killed my aunt Lucy trying one way; you owe it to me to try the other way. I’m full of hope and faith—I believe that you are going to be well always—but if you are not, you must let me take care of you. I’ll rather marry you, even if you’re mad, than any other man in the whole, wide world.”

He shuddered. “You don’t know what you’re doing. No!” he pronounced, indelibly.

“Look at me, John!” Her soft voice rounded and deepened with her conviction. She held her thin, transparent palms up to him. I am a dying woman. You can save me now, if you care. In one month’s time it will be too late. I don’t want to die! I want to live and love you—if it’s only for an instant—this instant! That your eyes gaze into mine. marry me, dear. I want to be your wife!”

He moved away, burying his face in his hand. But as he did so a question to his eyes, the serene, dead face.

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

“I’ll try the other way. Lucy,” he said.
the might of the martyrs. It is no small advantage to the social movement that it can claim as its loyal allies those who redated the calendar. The springs of modern democracy are in Nazareth. A movement is powerful to the extent that it has back of it the push of the centuries. History is the key to futurity.

This is no humdrum book. Let no one imagine because he has read this review that he has read the book, or that he can afford to leave it unread. It abound in stinging phrases and in unexpected glimpses of the past and new ways of looking at the present. Read it and see.

MATERIALISM OF THE GERMAN WORKING-CLASS

(Concluded from page 19)

a cause of joy to every laborer and every friend of labor. The more active a worker is in his union, the more he furthers the well-being of his comrades, and, thereby his whole class, and the more he merits honor.

In order to confirm these statements it is only necessary to review the educational work that a modern union does. From the very beginning it has taken pains to enlighten its members and enlarge the extent of their knowledge. Educational questions are discussed in thousands of meetings: the development of mankind from primitive times to present civilization is portrayed to the workers; the history of past class struggles are laid before them; the world’s literature is placed at their disposal. In other words, there is no work of general education that the organization does not push. And added to this is the educational work done every year by the working-class press.

The attempts of the organization extend even to the field of art, in its widest sense. Through recitation evenings, through the presentation of plays, through concerts, art is brought nearer to the heart of the people. By visiting picture galleries and museums, the love of the beautiful is given satisfaction. It is thus the modern unions busy themselves with the needs of the workers—we would like to know what the state has ever done for such education of the workers?

But not only does the union desire to build the head and heart of the worker; it also regards as its task the schooling of his will and the forming of his character. It plants the feeling of solidarity in his heart, it teaches discipline, sacrifice and faithfulness to comrades. And it directs the glance of the poorest worker to the lofty goal that beckons in the future. That will be a noble end, unyielding that it may not waver until the goal is reached. It awakens class consciousness in the organized worker and makes him aware of his worth and dignity.

The expanding of the right to organize, into the duty to organize, the fact that the necessity of organization has become flesh and blood to the worker, is such a result of the proletarian educational work.

“Ranks easily among the half-dozen most remarkable books of the year in America. It redacts Jesus not as an eccentric, but as a labor apostle, intellectually one of the world’s great geniuses, spiritually no less marvellous, but still primarily a preacher of discontent, a fighter of the Roman system.” —The New Republic.

All the enthusiasm about Bouck Whitte I subscribe to. I think him a very remarkable man, and I hope his book can have the influence I have read his books with enthusiasm and given away many copies.—Rev. Fred S. Grant.

The Call of the Carpenter is a book unquestionably of genius and prophetic fire. It gives a new and almost startling point of view, and is calculated to do a great deal of good.—Rev. W. D. F. Blair.

I have read The Call of the Carpenter with the greatest interest. It is one of the most thought-provoking books that has come to my attention in a long time. I wish for it a wide distribution.—Rev. E. L. Sours, Davenport, Iowa.

In a long time of wide reading, no book has gripped me and fetched me like The Call of the Carpenter. I take the opportunity of expressing my personal appreciation of your great work. Will you be so good as to send the titles of a few books of dynamic power in harmony with yours?—Rev. E. S. Kellner, Blenheim, Ohio.

Will you grant me an interview? I am at present reading your book for the third time. To my mind the book is a speech-making book. As far as my literary experience goes, its treatment is unique. Nothing to my knowledge has ever appeared, so bold, so audacious a book, and, withal, so lovely and tender in dealing with the character of Jesus.—H. C. Sothear, New York.

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And even as the I. W. W. will assuredly continue to grow, and will continue to exert ever increasing power, so the power of the party will attain a strength beyond the promises of its most ardent supporters. There will be no longer the attitude of desperate determination born of hopelessness. Which brings us back to the picture, which, after all, is not as hopeless as it seems. The people on the ship have heard of his plight and they are coming to his aid. Like the invisible devil, which hides itself in the good ship Socialism, is rapidly approaching from the right-hand side of the ship and is just beyond its thin black border. The youth has seen it, and his expression is no longer one of stupified fear, but of bewildered hope. If you can only imagine the ship, with all its eager-II and all its sailors, the picture will lose much of its grimness. In fact, there is a definite air of victory about it, and the ship of Labor seem opened to new and unexpected visions. They are about with a new activity and a new courage.

THE OTHER WAY

(Concluded from page 6)

“Perhaps. Only—however you live or die, I agree. She does love you, and over to the bed. He killed my aunt Lucy trying one way, you owe it to me to do the same. She was all full of hope and faith—I believe that you are going to be well always—but if you are not, you must let me take care of you. I'll rather marry you, even if you're mad, than any other man in the whole, wide world.”

He shuddered. “You don't know what you are doing. No” he pronounced, incredulously.

“Look at me, John!” Her soft voice rose, and it seemed to be the voice of her conviction. She held her thin, transparent palms up to him. I am a dying woman, and I have the same dream, if I can have it. In one month's time it will be too late. I don't want to die! I want to live and love you—if it's only for an instant—this instant that your eyes gaze into mine. You are dear, you want to be your wife!”

He moved away, burying his face in his handkerchief. She seemed to give up—for a moment, an insistent, pleading glance of his eyes, the serene, dead face beneath him. As if there had been some silent communion between them, as if they had been in the question posed and answered, suddenly he turned a kindled look upon her.

“Will try the other way, Lucy,” he said.
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