THE MASSES
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

SPECIAL FEATURES

IOLANTHE'S WEDDING
A Serial Story beginning in this Number
HERMANN SUDERMANN

THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT
GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK

HIGHBROW ESSAY ON WOMAN
EUGENE WOOD

CO-OPERATION IN AMERICA
PIET VLAG

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THE MASSES

For Manhattan and the Bronx:

Premium No. 1.—The Scout who will have sold the largest number of copies by April 15th, shall receive a check for a spring suit, a hat, and a pair of shoes.

Premium No. 2.—The first Scout whose total sales reach 1,000 will receive a check for a spring suit.

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THE MASSES

THE SCOUT

CONTEST

In this contest, a yearly subscription is equivalent to 16 copies sold; a half yearly subscription is equivalent to 8 copies sold.

All scouts must send in their money and statements weekly, by mail, to The Subscription Department at 112 E. 19th St., N. Y. C.

The contest will close on May 15th, 1911.

Premiums will be paid on May 25th, 1911.

Scouts are allowed to engage assistants.

Scouts are not allowed to add to their accounts copies sold by fellow Scouts.

Those desiring to join The Masses Scout Club, please apply any day after 6 P. M. at 112 E. 19th St., N. Y. C.

To encourage yearly subscriptions, we allow the agent 3 points in the contest for each yearly subscription, and 3 points for each half yearly subscription.

If you want a different premium, let us know, and we will try to accommodate you.

Do not order any more magazines than you feel certain you can dispose of.

If you desire any additional number, drop us a postal, and we will send them.

In taking subscriptions, mark next to each name "1 R" which means first copy received through you.

Next to the name of a subscriber who does not receive his first copy from you, mark "N R" and we will mail current issue.

THE YELL

Booster's Column

Is The Masses a success?

Ten days is a short time in which to answer this question. But the first impression a magazine creates is very often decisive and prophetic of its future destiny. If so, The Masses must already be considered an overwhelming success.

The readers are of course the final arbiters of the fortunes of a magazine, and the readers have received The Masses with instantaneous favor.

Let them speak for themselves. The following are extracts from a few of the letters received within ten days after the appearance of the first number from every part of the country to which The Masses was sent.

The Masses should be a success. It is the first Socialist periodical that has a professional appearance. Here's good luck!—Louis Kopelin, Washington, D. C.

The Masses is an admirable publication, and ought to be a success.—Robert Hunter.

Enclosed find 10 subscriptions. Send me 100 copies of The Masses at once. I believe I can get 100 subscriptions. Yours for Socialism, Jos. A. Steiner, Corning, Ohio.

Kindly send me 100 copies of The Masses, and a number of subscription blanks. I believe The Masses is a good magazine with which to work for the cause.—Morris Spiegler, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send me 100 copies and subscription blanks at once. The Masses looks good to me.—J. Webb Richman, Washington, D. C.

Send me 40 copies of your magazine.—H. Polinsky, Brockton, Mass.

Send me 150 copies of The Masses at once. I want to cover my ward with them.—R. B. Chase, Keene, N. H.

Enclosed find some subscriptions. Send me 50 copies of The Masses by express.—B. W. Gedney, Lynn, Mass.

Enclosed find 25 subscriptions. Send me 100 copies by express.—Birch Ellis, Auburn, N. Y.

Dear Comrades:—I have sold the 100 copies. Kindly send me 50 additional copies of the January issue.—Geo. N. Cohen, Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find a number of subscriptions. Please send me 50 copies.—Chas. Boni, Newark, N. J.

Send me 100 copies of The Masses. We are trying to awaken the plain people to see what they are coming to if they continue to vote for either of the old parties. Co-operation is coming to the front. We believe The Masses will set the people thinking.—J. A. Stillman, Tidioute, Pa.

KNOCKERS' COLUMN

L. B.—Thirty-two of your 33 questions are answered through the first number of this magazine. In answer to the 33d question, permit us to say that we will fight capitalism. As for representing personal controversies, we guarantee both sides an equal opportunity of defense—we are not going to have any controversies.

I. H. L.—Our hearty thanks for your persistent and systematic knocking! We hope you will keep it up, and cover a few more meetings.

Our treasury does not, as yet permit any extensive advertising. Any gratuitous contributions in that line, such as yours, are gladly welcomed.

F. W. M.—"Them Asses" are working hard to make the magazine go. We regret not to be able to give you the desired information regarding the last number, as there is not going to be a fast number.

A hearty invitation.—We are rather shy of knocks, and will greatly appreciate some speedy contributions.
EDITORIALS

SOCIALISM AND FICTION

IT IS natural that Socialists should favor the novel with a purpose, more especially, the novel that points a Socialist moral. As a reaction against the great bulk of vapid, meaningless, too-clever American fiction, with its artificial plots and characters, remote from actual life, such an attitude is a healthy sign. But it is doubtful whether if the best Socialist novelists were to follow the popular Socialist demand, the result would not be harmful to imaginative literature. The writer of fiction, even if Socialist, may not be restrained in his work by a theory. He must be free from all preconceived notions, even though they be scientifically true. He must devote himself merely to the reproduction of life as an impartial observer sees it. The less hampered he is by theories, the more likely he is to see and depict life as it actually is. And this is the most important function of the novelist.

But life in all its complexity does not immediately reveal the Socialist philosophy. Otherwise all honest men would be Socialists. Much study is needed before the truth of Socialism can be understood. Consequently, the novelist who sets forth Socialism in his works is very likely to be didactic. Gorky is a case in point. His best works were written before he had any definite social theories. His sympathies were always with the oppressed. But as long as he remained unacquainted with the Socialist philosophy he merely described the classes with whom he was most familiar and voiced their revolt. His early works were spontaneous and truthful, and immediately produced a profound impression. But when he became a Socialist and transferred his Socialism to his art, his fiction lost artistic unity and proper perspective. In "Mother," for example, the characters are not essential to the dramatic action of the story. They are brought on the stage to further a preconceived idea. In fact, "Mother" is a novel with an idea for its hero instead of a human being. The old form of hero-worship of man has here been turned into the hero-worship of an abstraction.

Let novelists write Socialist novels if they must, but let them not think they must for the sake of Socialism. Socialism has more to gain from a free, artistic literature reflecting life as it actually is, than from an attempt to stretch points in order to make facts fit the Socialist theory. Socialism has nothing to fear from a true reproduction of life, because life is never opposed to Socialism. But a crude attempt to make a minute part of life equivalent to the whole of Socialism, which is the whole of life, may make that particular exposition of Socialism ridiculous and in so far harmful.

American Capitalism in Russia

FROM the Russian papers we learn that Mr. Hammond is now visiting Russia in behalf of American capitalists. He has gone there to induce the Russian government to let American captains of industry use their capital for erecting grain elevators, installing electric lighting plants, and constructing trolley lines and canals. The American people are so relucent with the gloom of life that they must needs seek an outlet for their excess somewhere. And what country is more in need of the blessings of capitalism than poor Russia?

So Mr. Hammond, in behalf of himself and other American financial interests, has gone to Russia to do the patriotic and philanthropic act. Who his advance agents were we do not know, but that they must have used very persuasive arguments is evident from the fact that the Russian reactionary papers broke into a chorus of jubilation over the announced coming of Mr. Hammond. The Novoye Vremya printed a two-column editorial welcoming Mr. Hammond in the most enthusiastic terms and setting forth the extraordinary merits of his scheme. This is the same Novoye Vremya that has made itself the hand-maiden of the Black Hundreds, and, since the defeat of the Russian Revolution, has been systematically fostering race hatred and hostility to foreign countries. Lately it took to pouncing upon America and ridiculing its love for the "dollar." So its editorial about Mr. Hammond and the incidental bouquets it throws at America and the Americans in general is a complete face-about for the Novoye Vremya.

What were the persuasive arguments used by Hammond's advance agents? One thing is certain. The Novoye Vremya can best be appealed to by the self-same arguments that are known to have so magic an effect upon the Russian government officials. And who is more capable of handing out arguments of this sort than the American capitalists?

Happy people of Russia! To enjoy the benevolence of American capitalist exploitation superimposed upon the beneficent rule of Czar Nicholas! However, American capital and American methods of industry will hasten the proletarization of the Russian people and that will certainly hasten the revolution.
Here is the brand-new type of criminal. Neither Lombroso nor Enrico Ferri were familiar with this type. Judge Pollock declared that Fred. Warren had broken no law, and then—inscrutable are thy ways, O Judge!—he sentenced him to six months in jail at hard labor and a fine of $1,500. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals confirmed the sentence!
I TELL you, gentlemen, it's beastly, it's disgusting to stand beside an old friend's grave, his open grave.

You stand there with your feet deep in the freshly dug earth, twirling your mustache and looking stupid, while you feel like howling the soul out of your body.

He was dead—there was no helping that.

In him was lost the greatest genius for concocting and mixing punches, grogs, cobbler's and hot and cold bowls. I tell you, gentlemen, when you went walking in the country with him and he began to draw the air in through his nose in his peculiar fashion, you might feel sure he had just gotten a new idea for a bowl. From the mere smell of some weed or other, he knew the sorts of wine that had to be poured over it to bring into being something that had never before existed.

Altogether he was a good fellow, and in all the years we sat opposite each other, evening after evening—either he came to me at Ilgenstein, or I rode over to him at Döbeln—time never hung heavy.

If only it hadn't been for his eternal marriage schemes. That was his weak side. I mean so far as I was concerned. Because for himself he shares the laurels with him. As a novelis at least as well known abroad as in his own country. It has been said that he is the only German writer of fiction who can bear translation into English. His "Song of Songs," the sensation of a year in Germany, was published last year in this country, and quickly passed through several editions. Ellen Glasgow, author of the "Wheel of Life," said it was works like the "Song of Songs" that were the despair of American novelists.

Many of our greatest writers have spoken of it in equally high terms. A short time ago it was published in England, where the Law and Order Society procured to enhance the prospects of its popularity by prohibiting its sale. The story, the first installment of which comes out in this number, is one of the most successful of his works. It has never before appeared in English.—EDITOR.

Herman Sudermann is without a doubt Germany's greatest novelist to-day, and until Hauptmann's rise he held undisputed sway in the German drama also. Now he shares the laurels with him. As a novelist he is almost as well known abroad as he is in his own country. It has been said that he is the only German writer of fiction who can bear translation into English. His "Song of Songs," the sensation of a year in Germany, was published last year in this country, and quickly passed through several editions. Ellen Glasgow, author of the "Wheel of Life," said it was works like the "Song of Songs" that were the despair of American novelists. Many of our greatest writers have spoken of it in equally high terms. A short time ago it was published in England, where the Law and Order Society procured to enhance the prospects of its popularity by prohibiting its sale. The story, the first installment of which comes out in this number, is one of the most successful of his works. It has never before appeared in English.—EDITOR.

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I ordered the carriage to come and take her home, fetched a bottle of Pütz's best Port, and seated myself opposite Lothar, who was sitting on the sofa, poking the sole of his shoe with the point of his sword.

And such a superb fellow, tall, stalwart, just what a dragon should be—thick mustache, heavy eyebrows, and eyes like two wheels of fire. A fine head, but his forehead a bit wide, and when his hair grew down on it. But a wild forehead suits young people. He had the dash characteristic of the Guards to which we all once so ardently aspired. Neither the Tilsit nor the Allenstein Dragoons could come up to it. The devil knows what the secret of it is.

We clinked glasses—to my old friend's memory, of course—and I asked him:

“Well, what next?”

“No I know?” he muttered between his teeth, and glared at me desperately with his burning eyes.

So that was the state of affairs.

My old friend's circumstances had never been brilliant. Added to that his love for everything in the shape of drink. Well—and you know where there's a swamp the frogs will jump in—especially a fellow, who had been going it for years, as if the stones at Dönbelt were nuggets of gold.

“The debts are mounting?” I asked.

“Quite so, uncle,” he said.

“Bad for you,” I said. “Mortgages, first, second, third—way over the value of the property, and there's nothing to be earned from farming on the estate—the very chickens know that.”

“Then good-bye to the army?” he asked, and looked me full in the face, as if he expected to hear sentence pronounced by the judge of a court martial.

“Unless you have a friend I don't know about to rescue you.”

He shook his head in a rage.

“Then, of course.”

“And suppose I should have Dönbelt cut up into lots, what do you think I'd realize?”

“Shame on you, boy,” I said. “What! Sell the shirt from your body, chop your bed into kindlings?”

“Uncle,” he replied, “you are talking through my daughter. Iolanthe! The comfort of my women are at the keyhole now! Will you get through as in an arbor, and on a table in an ivory bowl was a ball of worsted. And a copy of "Daheim" lay on the table, and a piece of ribbonine.

As I said, altogether comfortable and easy.

We sat down in the corner, and a maid brought cigars.

“The cigars were no good, but the smoke curled so luxuriously in the sunshine that I did not pay much attention to the fact that they burned like a match.

I wanted to begin to talk about my business, but Krakow laid his hand on my shoulders and said:

“After the coffee!”

“"If you please, Krakow," I said.

“After the coffee!" Krakow.

I courteously inquired about his farming and pretended great interest in his innovations, about which he boasted extravagantly, though they were as old as the hills to me.

Then the Krakowitz yard was a little of all this. Bright, clean barns, miserable wagons, fine drain from the stable, but poor stable arrangements. An air of whimsicality about the whole property, more hopeless than the much, much worse, because the worse improves while the other gradually declines. And so on.

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She tried to shake him off and turned scarlet—ashamed of him.

Then the ladies got the table ready for coffee. Fresh red waffles—preserves after the Russian fashion—a gleaming damask—and knives and spoons with buckhorn handles. The fine blue smoke of charcoal puffed up from the chimney of the brass coffee machine, and made everything so cosier.

We sat there drinking our coffee. Old Krakow blustered, the Baroness smiled a fine, melancholy grace. She lay in her cradle kicking her legs—legs like a rose leaf. Well, when I saw all that, I said, in my young father's joy, 'That girl's going to be beautiful and will kick her legs the whole of her life. She must have a very poetic name—then she'll rise in value with the suitors.' So I looked up names in the dictionary. Thelka, Hero, Elsa, Angelica—so, they were all too soft, like persimmons—with a name of that sort she'd languish away for some briefless lawyer. Then Rosaura, Carmen, Beatrice, Wanda. If after all these names—one would elope with some butler or other—you know a person's name is his fate. Finally I found Iolanthe. Iolanthe melts so sweetly on your tongue—just the name for lovers—and yet it does not provoke people to do silly things. It is both ticklish and dignified. It lures a man on, but inspires him with serious intentions. That's the way I calculated, and my calculation has turned out quite right so far. For all she does not remain an old maid on my hands for all her good looks."

Iolanthe now entered the room again. Her eyes were half closed, and she was smiling like a child who has gotten an undeserved scolding. I was sorry for the poor, pretty creature, and to turn the conversation quickly I began to speak about the business I had come for.

The ladies silently cleared the table, and the old man filled the half-charred bowl of his pipe. He seemed inclined to listen patiently.

But scarcely did the name Pütz cross my lips when he sprang up and dashed his pipe against the stove, so that the burning tobacco leaves flew about in all directions. The mere sight of his face was enough to frighten you. It turned red and blue and swelled up as if he had been seized with a stroke of apoplexy.

"Sir-ry!" he shouted. "Is that the reason you visited me—to poison my home? Don't you know that d— name is not to breathed in this house? Don't you know I curse the fellow in his grave, and curse his brood, and curse all——"

At this point he choked and coughed and had to sink down into his upholstered chair. And the Baroness gave him sweetened water to drink.

I stuck my red hands in my pockets, then I took up my hat without saying anything.

Then I happened to notice Iolanthe standing there white as chalk. She held her hands folded and looked at me as if in all her shame and misery she wanted to beg my pardon, or expected something like help from me.

I wanted to say good-by at least. So I waited quietly until I felt I might assume that the old man, who was lying there groaning and panting, was in a condition to understand me. Then I said:

"Baron von Krakow, you must understand, of course, that after such an attack upon my friend and his son, whom I love as my own, our relations——"

He pounced with his hands and feet as a sign to me not to go on speaking, and after he had tried several times in vain to catch his breath he finally succeeded in saying:

"That asthma—the devil take it—like a halter around your neck—snap—your throat goes shut. But what's that you're cackling about our relations? Our relations, that is, your and my relations—there never has been anything wrong between you and me about him. I don't want anybody to remember you or my relations—"

He cut the air three times with his fist, and looked at me triumphantly, as if he had dealt my friend Pütz his deathblow.

"Nevertheless, Baron—" I started to say.

"No, no. I'm perfectly harmless here. You are my friend! You are the friend of my family—look at my womenfolk—completely smitten. Don't be ashamed, Iolanthe! Just make eyes at him, child. Do you think I don't see anything, goosey?"

She did not blush, nor did she seem to be abashed, but just raised her folded hands up to
TRUE co-operation means a collective effort to secure the greatest good for the greatest number. The measure of its efficiency, therefore, may be measured by the number of people benefited by its cooperation. The greater the number the greater its efficiency.

For example, when 100 shoemakers form an organization to produce collectively, they eliminate the middleman, and their products are sold direct to the manufacturer. One hundred people are benefited by this form of co-operation. Despite its small number, such an organization is still entitled to be called a co-operative. When, however, a similar organization proceeds to employ non-partners in the concern, and exploits them in the usual capitalist method, it ceases to be a co-operative and is transformed into a corporation.

A co-operative store organized by the American Wholesale Co-operative is conducted in the following manner: The goods are sold at the established market prices; not higher nor lower. Good quality is insured, and stock is purchased at the lowest possible prices. Profit is made on the purchases of the consumers. This profit is used, in the first place, to pay the operating expenses. After deducting the expenses the profits are divided among the consumers.

Declaring Dividends

The manner of dividing the profits among consumers may best be illustrated by a concrete example. The American Co-operative of Astoria, for instance, did a business from January 1 to July 1 (six months) of $20,000. After the operating expenses had been deducted $2,000 clear profit was left. Of these $2,000 12 1/2%, or $250, were deducted for the sinking fund. Another 12 1/2%, or $250, for Socialistic propaganda, and 2 1/2%, or $50, as a bonus for the employees. The object of this latter rule is to stimulate the interest of the employees in the welfare of the concern.

After these deductions had been made $1,450 were left, or 7 1/2% on the total purchases ($20,000); therefore each consumer received a dividend of 7 1/2% on everything he purchased during the six months at the co-operative store.

The essential difference between this mode of declaring dividends, and the declaring of dividends on stock, is that the dividends are not declared on property rights, but upon the amount of purchases.

A member of a co-operative store who owns 100 shares receives 100 times the amount of dividends that the man receives who owns only one share. The co-operatives argue justly that the woman who bought $200 worth of goods received twice the amount of profit as did the woman who bought only $100 worth. They therefore decided that this woman was entitled to twice the amount of profit. This form of co-operation is about the best we know of. In this manner the greatest good for the greatest number is secured.

Corporations and Co-operatives

There are, on the other hand, many so-called co-operative stores which are, in fact, nothing more than stores organized for the trade of goods. A store was organized in a certain city in Jersey by about 75 members, and each purchased a share of stock for $25. After the store had been in operation for about a year, and it had made considerable profit, no dividend was declared. It merely tried to sell at the lowest prices possible and to give a better quality of goods.

A Promising New Plan

Another true form of distributive co-operation has developed recently in the United States. It is not impossible that this form of co-operation might prove to be the best for America. At any rate, we believe that as far as small cities are concerned the plan is a practicable one. It is simple, and although it seems to work in exactly the opposite direction of the ordinary distributive co-operative, it produces the same result.

The plan is this: A number of people living in a small community form an organization. When they secure 100 members paying $10 each they have $1,000 which they use as a working capital. Then each member orders his goods through the secretary in bulk, weekly, semi-monthly or monthly—what is decided upon by the local organization. These bulk orders are combined by the secretary so that they form wholesale quantities. A wholesale quantity means an unbroken package. The orders are sent in by the secretary. Upon receipt of the goods from the wholesale house the individual orders are put up by the secretary, who is paid for his labor. The member then pays for his goods, for which they pay in cash. They are charged the wholesale prices. No profit is added. In this manner the consumers save directly from 20% to 25% on their purchases. The cost of operating such a store usually amounts to about 3% to 4%. It is low because no store is needed. A packing room is sufficient, and the putting up of the orders can be done in the evening by some one after work, at a very low cost. The operating expenses, amounting to 3% or 4%, are usually paid for by the members at the end of six months.

For example: A woman who has purchased during the six months $200 worth from the co-operative, and thus saved from about $40 to $50, is taxed with $6, or 3%, on $200 to pay the running expenses. There is no fear that she will be overcharged, as her original investment of $10 covers her share of the operating expenses. Unless she pays she cannot continue to deal with the society, and her membership money is forfeited.

Connection Between the Wholesale Co-operative and the Retail Stores

The relation between the retail organizations and the American Wholesale Co-operative is the same as the relation between the consumers and the retail stores. A wholesale profit is made and declared in the same manner to the stores, as the stores declare their dividends to the consumers. For example, if the wholesale should declare a 5% dividend, the store which during the previous year did $10,000 worth of business with the wholesale would receive a dividend of $500. These $500 would be added to the assets of the store, and thus the consumers would be the ultimate beneficiaries of the wholesale, just as they are of the retail.

Paternalism

Many people seem to believe that the American Wholesale Co-operative is a concern started by a few well-meaning individuals to benefit society at large. Let us assure you, once for all, that the American Wholesale Co-operative is no such paternalistic institution.

For two very good reasons: First, because there are so very few paternalists; and, secondly, because we do not believe that any movement can gain real force until it is operated by and for the people.

For example, the co-operative movement in Germany, known as the Schultze Delitz movement, was essentially paternalistic, and although it was backed by a large capital the co-operative movement did not gain impetus in Germany until the working people took a hand in it. When they began to invest their savings in the co-operative instead of in the banks, and did things for themselves instead of having them done for them, the co-operative movement began to grow. We do not mean to imply, however, that we have not recommended and welcomed the support of such comrades, as themselves could do very well without the benefits of co-operation. If it were not for Rufus W. Weeks, Chas. K. Ovington and Helen Phelps Stokes, neither the American Wholesale Co-operative nor the number of retail co-operatives would be in operation to-day. But, as a whole, the support of
these comrades was not meant to furnish a capi-
tal, but merely to furnish the means with which
to agitate for co-operation. It has been argued that the co-opera-
tive movement in the United States has not the
same chances of success as the co-operative
movement in Europe, because the trusts are too
highly developed, and the working class cannot
supply sufficient capital to effectively combat
them. Is this true? We wish to say that the co-
operative movement in Europe has grown phe-
nomenally during the past ten years. The German
kartels were much further advanced ten years ago than our food trusts to-day, with
the exception of the meat trusts.

We know as well as our critics that in order to
build up a successful co-operative movement
a large capital is necessary. But we are also
convincing that this capital can be secured, but
only through hard and persistent labor.

The American Wholesale Co-operative has
issued $5 interest-bearing bonds, and although
it does not expect to sell enough of these bonds
within a few weeks or months to be able to
build up an enterprise capable of eliminating the
middleman, it does not doubt that at some time
in the future the working class of the United
States will begin to realize that it is to their
advantage to put their savings in their own co-
operatives instead of in the banks.

The working people of the United States are
certainly not poorer than the working people
of Germany, Belgium and Denmark. The working
people of Europe managed to raise sufficient
capital to establish some of the largest and
most powerful distributive co-operatives in the
world. There is, perhaps, one difference. The
German party press officially urged the people
to join the co-operative and stand together solidly.
We have as yet not been able to induce the So-
cialist press in the United States to take any
such stand. That our comrades do have the
necessary money to invest in their own enter-
rises is best proven by the recent report on the
Wilshire matter.

It was reported in the papers that a very large
amount, approximating a million dollars, was
collected by Comrade Wilshire to invest in gold
mines and rubber plantations.

In my opinion, the trouble with the American
workingman is not lack of money, but lack of
confidence in his own ability to do things. We
have here a great deal of talk about a party-
owned press, about party-owned enterprises, but
we have as yet never been able to induce the Socialists to invest in their own enterprises the
amount of money that is invested in the Wil-
shire gold mines and rubber plantations.

Strange as it may seem, we are led to believe
that with all the enlightenments on the subject
the Socialists do not as yet understand the capi-
talist system. Many still prefer to give their
little savings to a bank, where they receive 3% or
4%, or nothing at all. These banks loan their
money to small stores, larger stores and manu-
facturers at 6% to 7%. The stores use this
capitalistic institutions, and merely talk about
merely to furnish the means with which
to agitate for co-operation. It has been argued that the co-opera-
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A HIGHBROW ESSAY ON WOMAN

A Dissertation on the Economic Function of Woman with the Part Played Therein By Scientific Bulletins and Deep Thinkers

By EUGENE WOOD

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

If there is any one thing in the reading line that I dote upon more than another, it is a bulletin, a real Scientific Bulletin, whether it be on the Stomach Contents of Arctomys Miurus or The Method of Procedure in Making Salt-rising Bind. Those fellows go at it so thoroughly. Right up to the handle. They don’t have to go very far, and, when they ask their editor will like it or not. They don’t care about whether it will hit the public or not. If anything, they’d a little rather it didn’t. It can’t be very scientific if people read it and enjoy it. They aren’t like literary folks, who when they take hold of a subject must not do more than pull out a few of the prettiest tail-feathers. They pluck the subject as bare as a tea cup. And then they take the hide off it. And then they cut it open and have a look at its insides, and dissect away every muscle from every bone, so that when they get all through, and washed up, that subject hasn’t one secret left. They know it backwards and forwards, lengthwise and crosswise, up and down, and outside and inside.

So, when I received a few days ago a Teachers’ College Bulletin on The Economic Function of Woman by Edward T. Devine, Ph. D., Professor of Social Economy of Columbia University, I just knocked off work on that hurry job I had, part of the pay for which is to reward the insurance company for my not dying this year, and settled myself to a really enjoyable intellectual soaze. Here was something that nobody else could ever read clear through unless he was paid for it or had to read it in order to get a term-standing. And I’m interested in Woman. Most men are, if you’ll notice. More or less. It is a subject that is brought to the male attention so often, so very often when we worry about the future, and then, again, this seemed a particularly promising viewpoint from which to consider Woman—what, if any account is she?

There is not an extended piece of writing, however foolish it may seem, from which it is entirely impossible to get one good idea. And I will say for Dr. Devine that he sets forth some very sound and sensible things. I am sure of this because they’re exactly what I think. When he says that students of the economic processes haven’t paid as much attention to Consuming as they have to Producing, I think he’s quite right. (I want the printer and the editor to let these capital letters stand as they are because I want to give the impression that I am a Deep Thinker, Nobody can be a Deep Thinker without capital letters sticking up through his nose like bristles on a cucumber. If I can’t have any other symptoms of a Deep Thinker than Capital Letters, I must have them.)

That this thing of overlooking of Consumption in favor of Production is what ails Society is what I have contended all along. Society takes a lot of pain to produce automobiles and never turns a hand to see to it that I consume one. Doesn’t pay any more attention to me in that respect than if I didn’t exist. And, from what I can learn, there are many others in just my fix. It isn’t that we can’t use them or don’t want to use them. The trouble is that the Society doesn’t pay us enough to buy them, and charges us far too much on things that we can’t get along without, food and shelter and clothing and coal and such. I can’t consume near all I’d like to, just on that account. As a nation we can produce till you can’t rest. No trouble in the world about that. But when it comes to getting all these things consumed so that, as a nation, we can keep the producing end of the enterprise running full-powered, why, we simply aren’t there. The working-class doesn’t in wages what will buy back the things it produces. (I don’t know if you ever heard that before. If not, you ought to write it down so that you won’t forget it.) If we could rig up some kind of a scheme so that all the working-people could swap their products on an even-Stephen basis with each other, so many hours’ time of the shoemaker’s being exchanged for so many hours’ time of the farmer, and the piano-maker, and the weaver, and the tailor, and so on, till all we got all we wanted, and no middleman cutting in between to grab off his profits, or his interest on the investment, or his cost of credit, or any of the charges we have to pay that represent no real use-value, why, then we’d come pretty close to having the Co-operative Republic, and all we’d need of political control would be to keep the predatory class’s hands off what did not concern them.

And it isn’t wonderful, either, to come to look at it, that more attention has been paid to the Productive Department of the Nation’s housekeeping than to the Consuming Department. It has only been about half a century that we have really got to that stage of human progress where, if we wanted to run full-powered, we could produce such oodles and oodles of the things we’d like to have, that we don’t know what to do with them all. (That is, some of us don’t.) It is only quite recently that we have begun to produce more than we know what to do with until a large proportion of the people get over the notion that they are lucky to be alive. A great many of our citizens aren’t educated up to believe that they are entitled to more than four things to eat, or more than two rooms to live in, or better clothes than what will do very well for a mop-rag. We are trying to educate them to live better, but oh, dear! It’s an uphill job. The demagogue that goes about inflaming the passions of the poor and making them envious of their more fortunate brethren has got his work all cut out for him, I tell you. But the fact remains that it is only the other day, so to speak, that we put in electricity, and scientific processes, and cut up industries into sets of two-and three-motion jobs, so that any kind of mud-heads could learn how to work at anything in a week. And now it’s time we gave our attention a little to getting the good of all this. At Production we’re a hickey; at Consumption we’re a lot of thumb-handed dubs. Most of us.

Now here are two grand divisions in Economics, Production and Consumption. Singularly enough, there are two grand divisions in the human race, Male and Female. So Dr. Devine concludes—and what could be more natural? Why, it’s almost providential, as you might say—that the Men-folks should have charge of the Productive end, and the Women-folks of the Consumptive end of the job. Mr. Man puts on his hat, and takes his dinner-bucket, and starts off Monday morning when the whistle blows, and works till Saturday night, when he receives his little old pay-envelope, with $13.80 in the upper left-hand corner. He fetches it home to Mrs. Woman, who thereupon begins to function. She throws her shawl over her head, and takes the market-basket on her arm, if man is the producer and woman the consumer, will Prof. Devine kindly name the sex of the fat party in the middle?
labor, men or women? And not to go so far back as the Garden of Eden and Mother Eve taking a bite out of the apple of knowledge would be good and made folks wise. I have just returned from a trip to the Ozarks, where the women-folks wait on the men, and no more think of sitting down to the same table with them than a midget down to sit down to the same table with white folks. The women have always done productive work. See if you can think of one trade or profession that the women did not originate and now do practice. The laundry business? Medicine? Agriculture? Pottery? The men didn’t turn their hand to anything in the way of productive labor until they, too, were enslaved. If you will swing the hammer while women fry the beefsteak, I can also show you women swinging the hammer and men frying beefsteak, both remaining essentially masculine and feminine. When it comes to cooking—

They tell the story of a man who stopped into a restaurant and asked: “What have you that’s good?”

“We’ve got some very nice roast lamb to-day,” the waiter said. “And the asparagus is extra good. And say, Captain, we’ve got coffee like back as the Garden of Eden and Mother Eve knows it will be taken care of on its merits, it comes to cooking.”

Women do most of the cooking that’s done, but there are some mighty good men cooks, and most men can cook nearly as badly as most women. Women do most of the marketing, but there are men who can shop expertly, and most men can buy with as little judgment as most women. (Present company, you understand, always included.)

No. You take a thousand men and a thousand women. Give to each batch an equal amount of intelligence, instruction and experience, and whether you put them on the Productive, or the Consumptive end, there won’t be five cents’ worth of difference between them. What little difference there may be in the matter of labor too hard for women is being rapidly done away with by machinery. Just as soon as it appears to be cheaper to install a machine and set a woman on the job, just that soon will the big, strong husky man get the blue envelope.

Attending to the buying for the household is just about as much of a sex-characteristic as long hair.

But if you count Labor-Power as a Commodity, then Woman puts it all over Man as a Producer of Commodities. And she is a Specialist who stands unrivalled. And while shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax, and many other things are of great importance to be produced, I submit that a good crop of children coming on is of importance the vitalest. If the world were full of nothing but grown-ups, all getting older every day, if not a finger of them ever were to be poked into a young mouth to feel the gritty edge of a new-cut lower front tooth, oh, what a no-account and dead-and-done-for thing this world would be! What would be the use of anything?

No, folk and friends, not Consumption of Commodities, not Production of Commodities, but Reproduction of Labor-Power is the main-top, all else being but side-shows of the mildest sort. That which truly is the whole shooting-match, is The Economic Function of Woman. (Which anybody knows who is more than seven years old last birthday.)

In this matter, you ask, aren’t the men-folks entitled to some slight consideration?

Oh, yes, but not nearly so much as they think they are. For quite a good way up the scale of life, they get along pretty well without males. And when they do appear, they cut very little ice. When a plant has been cultivated as long, for instance, as the banana-plant, and knows it will be taken care of on its merits, it quits all that sex-foolishness. Males aren’t such a much. It is a cheap experiment to try, to fancy a steady diminution of one sex while the other remains constant. If there were fewer and fewer women until finally there were only men, it would be fairly easy to figure out just about what human beings would cease to exist altogether. But in-rend, the proposition, and keep all the women, and gradually diminish the men until there are no more of them, it isn’t so easy a problem in arithmetic.

Mind you, I am not advocating the extermination of the men-folks. While I have tongue or pen to raise in protest against such a procedure, I shall do so—unless, of course, I were one of the few left till the last, and it came to my time to go anyhow. I simply wish to point out that such a slew of us as now exists is far in excess of the real need. In heathen countries where they have never had the Gospel light, and women are in the way, they kill the girl babies. Some day, maybe, when the tidings comes: “It’s a boy!” the instant response will be: “Who had the hammer last? Somebody go hunt for that hammer.”

If Loeb and those fellows pry into Nature’s secrets much farther, you know there mayn’t be any need at all for that which so fondly thinks itself the Superior Sex. Coming up on the boat from Mobile, I had for fellow-passenger as far as Key West, an assistant at a biological experiment station on one of the Florida keys. He told me of sea-urchins, living and thriving, that never had a papa, unless an artificial mixture of certain chemicals salts be called by that dear name. I listened with interest not unmixed with horror, for with the prophet’s eye, I saw the finish of my sex!

No, Dr. Devine, there is no Economic Function peculiar to Woman but the one. Whatever the Man is able for, she also is able for, and then some.

But look at the paradox of Her! The more Woman is explained, the deeper grows the mystery. If she gain the Ballot, she will one day run everything, even to running Man off the earth, if necessary. Yet, while most men favor Votes for Women, most women do not.

After all, they’re good to us.
The confidence man

How the Police Commissioner Needed the Lesson which he Himself could so well Impart

By JULIUS STETTENHEIM

Illustrated by A. O. Fischer

The mayor of S...
examinations without having to study a bit more. Your gentlemanly friend, your bunco-steerer, had warned you of the game. He himself had picked out the Jack of Spades a number of times, and won. Then you fell into the trap and had warned you of the game. He himself had examinations without having to study a bit more. You don't have to stay in Berlin another hour." And the police commissioner laughed a full-throated laugh, while the unhappy mayor sat there staring into space in desperation.

February, 1911 THE MASSES

The mayor of S——, Kramer, the general-store-keeper, stepped in. He was an elderly gentleman, with a friendly but rather stupid face. He walked rapidly up to the commissioner—

"That will do," shouted the commissioner, who was getting very nervous. "Show him in."

The mayor of S——, Kramer, the general-store-keeper, stepped in. He was an elderly gentleman, with a friendly but rather stupid face. He walked rapidly up to the commissioner—who inspected him sharply—and poured out a lot of words to tell the commissioner that he was the mayor whose coming Judge M—— had announced with recommendations to the commissioner.

"The mayor whose coming Judge M—— an-

"Of course not. Confidence men are sly fellows. They even keep us guessing."

"How much did the gang do you out of?"

"Every cent I had with me," the mayor wailed. "Some hundred odd dollars."

"Be glad it wasn't more. I'll give you the same amount."

The commissioner rang, gave the mayor a voucher, and told Stuppke, who had answered the letter from an enormous pocketbook and told the mayor, and put him through a severe examination. The mayor had arrived the evening before with the eight o'clock train from S—— and had gone to the Central Hotel. Strange. Just like the other one. He would have come to the commissioner sooner if a man who had gotten into his compartment at the last station and with whom he had entered into conversation had not told him that the commissioner would receive no visitors in the morning and was very disagreeable until after he had had lunch. The man somewhat inspired confidence. He had spoken with the air of a person who knew what he is talking about. He made such a good impression upon the mayor that the mayor had told him his name and the purpose for which he was coming to Berlin. He had shown him a copy of the judge's letter, which he was bringing along as a credential.

The mayor of S—— ferreted out the copy of the letter from an enormous pocketbook and read it out aloud trembling in his hand trembling and said:

"Incredible!" said the commissioner, beside himself.

"You may believe me," the mayor said simply. "I am not lying."

The commissioner looked at the man, who really made the impression of honesty.

"Impossible!" the commissioner exclaimed again.

"Why are you so surprised?" asked the mayor, and continued, "My new acquaintance knew Berlin well. I could tell that instantly. So I was very glad when he offered to spend the evening with me. He said he was a straw widower and was feeling lonely. I went to my hotel, washed up, and met the man again in the hotel lobby, where he was waiting for me. We walked about until we got hungry. We happened to pass a bodega, which my acquaintance recommended, and we went in."

"I know," the police commissioner said, excitedly. "They played piano there and sang, and some fellow-townsmen of your acquaintance were sitting at the same table, and they played a game that wasn't really a game, but a trick with the Jack of Spades. The Jack never turned up where you expected it would. After your acquaintance won several times, you tried your hand at it, and parted company with every cent you had. Oh, I know all about it. And you have come here now not only to get me to teach you the tricks of the confidence game, but also to borrow money."

"Exactly," said the mayor, though he should have been speechless with astonishment at the thorough, accurate knowledge of the affair that the commissioner displayed.

The police commissioner walked around his desk. He had been buncoed, that was clear. So he stopped before the mayor, and said to him:

"My dear fellow, you have been buncoed. You are the victim of a confidence man. You learned all about the confidence game last night, and you can now calmly return home to S——. I will let you have fifty dollars and charge it up to the town of S——."

The mayor sank back into a chair, and the commissioner of police, regaining his composure, said:

"I see through it all. No fooling me. I know the tricks of the trade."

At this point Schallow entered, scrutinized the mayor once again, and said he could not find a face resembling—

"Here the police commissioner interposed:"

"Never mind, Schallow. It's all right. Take the gentleman to the cashier, and let him have fifty dollars on his receipt."

Schallow looked at the commissioner of police, and said:

"Very well, sir."

A fine ear might have detected something like, "You don't say so!" in his formal reply.

The commissioner of police shook hands with the mayor of S——, and said:

"Very pleased to have met you."

But that was an untruth. He was by no means pleased to have met him. And when he was alone, he lighted a cigar again, swallowed a glass of whisky, and muttered to himself:

"How the devil am I going to itemize those hundred dollars? I've got to fix that."

Then he resolved in the future to be a more careful man.

When Stuppke entered the office to lay something on the desk, the commissioner did not look up; which was very sensible, for there was a mischievous smile on Stuppke's face which would not have added to the commissioner's good humor had he seen it.
The Social Problem in Japan

A Country Abounding in the Instruments of Death but Poor in the Means of Life

By JOHN SPARGO

The villages are beginning to voice their discontent through the press—especially through the reform press. Something like a "social survey" is going on in scores of Japanese villages at the present time. From every quarter comes the complaint of poverty and excessive taxation. I quote here some interesting figures relating to one village—by no means one of the poorest—supplied by an investigator of unquestioned competence and integrity, a Japanese gentleman whose extensive knowledge and reliability are vouched for by no less an authority than the editor of the Japan Chronicle.

Numasawa is one of the four azas, or villages, which constitute the mura, or township of Higashihigo, in the prefecture of Yamagata. It has a population of 800 men, women and children, belonging to 120 families. It is fairly typical of Japanese villages, and is rather more prosperous, or, better, less poor, than many other villages of equal size.

As in most Japanese villages the land is in the hands of small holders, peasant proprietors. Large landed proprietors are practically unknown in Japan, and tenant farming is an exception. It exists to a small extent, however, and is on the increase. As a rule, each farmer or peasant tills his own land with the assistance of his family, his wife and children doing the work which would otherwise have to be done by hired laborers. Instead of rent, he pays a tax to the State.

The chief crop raised in the village is tobacco, but silk and charcoal are both responsible for larger shares of the total income. Rice, barley and rye are grown upon practically every farm for home consumption, but it is significant that the value of the tobacco crop is far from being equal to the amount of rice which has to be purchased from outside. The American farmer who buys butter and eggs from the country store has no counterpart in Japan.

The total income of the village from all sources—exclusive of the value of the products consumed on the farms—amounts to 13,200 yen per annum, or, roughly, $6,600, or about eight and a quarter dollars per head of the population. This income is made up as follows:

From tobacco leaf .................. 3,200 yen
From silk (raw and in cocoons) .... 4,000 yen
From charcoal ..................... 4,000 yen
From sundries ..................... 2,000 yen

Total .................. 13,200 yen

On the other side of the ledger the biggest item of all is taxes. From every side comes confirmatory evidence of the fact that taxation is to-day the greatest burden of the people. Mr. Wakatsuki, Vice-Minister of Finance, has estimated that, taking the people as a whole, the Japanese pay not less than thirty-five per cent. of their total income in taxes. Mr. Wakatsuki is of the opinion that this is by no means excessive! Yet there is probably not one man in the world who has not paid a greater amount than this ther in the world, which the State takes more than one-third of the total production of its people.

The expenditure of the village of Numasawa on absolute necessities runs its total income very close, as will be seen from the following summary:

For taxes .................. 3,200 yen
For rent on sub-leased land (tenant farms) ............... 600 yen
For rice purchased to meet deficiency in home supply ........... 3,000 yen
For sake, clothing, etc ................ 2,900 yen

Total .................. 13,200 yen

The figures are very suggestive. After taxes and rent have been paid, and enough rice purchased to meet the daily needs of the people, there remains a sum of about $1,450 upon which eight hundred souls must depend for all their "luxuries," for clothing, pleasure, saving, construction and maintenance of homes, and so on. In other words, over and above the bare cost of providing the simplest and coarsest kind of food, there remains about $1.80 per head of the population, or about 12.08 yen per day.

But these figures are not all too much good reason to believe that they are far from disclosing the full measure of the people's poverty. There are many thousands of Japanese in the agricultural villages who seldom taste rice except on festival occasions. They live on rye and barley, in houses that are destitute of the most ordinary simple comforts. Picturesque such houses often are, but deficient in most if not all the qualities of homes.

From time to time it has been said by the American farmer, or by those who have championed his cause, that it often happens that the farmer's income is less than that of the hired laborer. In Japan this would seem to be commonly true. An official return, published by the

(Continued on page 18)
Breaking Barriers

By WILHELM OSTWALD

Drawings by Wm. Washburn Nutting

SCIENTISTS have reason to believe that the solar system was first a gaseous sphere, which slowly turned into a fluid, and finally became a solid. After this, life sooner or later appeared on the different planets, and scientists connect man’s appearance with that state of the earth in which it consists of a solid framework partly covered by the fluid ocean and entirely surrounded by the gaseous atmosphere. It was on the solid parts that man first moved. He required an incalculably long period of technical development to obtain some degree of power over the fluid element. That old chicken-hearted poet, Horace, even in his day, centuries on centuries later, was still aghast at a man could have had the idea to embark on the open waters. Contrast that obtain some degree of power over the fluid elements, however, are able to avoid contact with the ocean acts as a solvent on some solids, so the ocean acts as a solvent on the rigid political forms into which men are divided, and which keep them apart. A process of diffusion among the various human groups was brought about by travel on the seas. That process is continuing at an increasing rate, and is no longer to be checked.

This agent of diffusion has been known for thousands of years, but has been effective for only several hundreds. And now we are looking forward to another, the air. We can foresee the time when it, too, will be effective. In keeping with its gaseous character, its influence upon diffusion will be incomparably greater. The inevitable result will be an entirely new relation between the individual and society.

Surfaces are separated by lines, spaces by surfaces. Our countries have surfaces, and hitherto it has been comparatively easy to separate them by linear confines, and so preserve tariffs and military and linguistic boundaries. But after the third dimension has become accessible it will be absolutely impossible to maintain these divisions. Every country would have to be surrounded by walls as high as Mt. Blanc (even this, after a time, may not be high enough) to prevent the smuggling of lace, pearls and progressive ideas.

So in the flying machine I see a powerful instrument for bringing about the brotherhood of man. In effectiveness it far surpasses its predecessors. This is not a sentimental, but a technical observation. I am not raising the question, “Is diffusion of men desirable, and if so, to what extent?” Whether we wish it or not, the process will take place. We cannot prevent it. And that is the condition we have to reckon with.

Of course, progressive people will look forward to such a future with pleasure. The conservatives will regard it with distrust, disinclination, and even hatred. The reason that conservative sentiment has as yet scarcely been aroused is that the consequences of the introduction of the flying machine are not yet easy to foresee. Besides, the conservatives do not fully believe that the reality of such things as flying machines, and so fortunately lose the chance of using the power they have to nip aviators enterprises in the bud. In fact, history is playing one of its ironic tricks upon the conservatives. There are conservatives who are advocates of war, and war is a remnant of an earlier, coarser state. It is therefore upheld by those who have some interest in preserving the old, or, at least, in retarding inevitable progress. Now, these conservative partisans of war are eagerly furthering the perfection of the flying machine, which stands for man’s technical progress, because they expect that the conquest of the air will produce an extremely effective mode of warfare in the future.

We will let this go, because we can anticipate the true and final results.

And the final results will be that under the pressure of circumstances we shall give up all those linear boundaries which artificially divide territories allied to one another geographically and economically. What man who thinks and feels in terms of energy is not impressed with all the pitifulness of our life when he sees what a vast amount of energy is spent upon preserving boundary lines? Consider the Austrian provinces, for instance, those countries upon whom nature has been so lavish. Would anybody be the loser if they were to give up their frontiers? No. On the contrary, everybody would be the gainer. The same is true of all lands. Each artificial boundary is necessarily a thief of energy. To maintain a boundary line requires an expenditure of energy; so it does to cross a boundary line. And that energy might be applied to much better purposes.

Then, pray, why do we keep up boundary lines? For the same reason that a tailor sews two buttons on the tails of every man’s dress-coat. The two buttons don’t button anything. There are even no buttonholes to match. There was a time when the two buttons were of some use on a coat that reached entirely around the body. The front flaps could be buttoned back on them to leave the upper legs free. On a dress-coat there are no front flaps, and the two buttons are absolutely unnecessary. But like a rudimentary organ, the remnant of a previous stage of
development, they continue to hold undisputed sway on the back of every dress-coat, and no man ventures to obey logic and tell his tailor not to sew them there.

Who is the gainer if I have to change my money in coming from Canada to the United States? The land, the climate, the people are practically the same. But man raises artificial differences, differences energetically unproductive, and maintains them with the same devotion with which the tailor defends the position of the two buttons on the dress-coat against anyone who would dare to question it.

Yet we are constantly witnessing the fall of one artificial barrier after the other. Universal mail service will lead irresistibly to a universal stamp, and next to universal money. The German Empire in its formation ripped off one of the useless buttons when it abolished custom duties among the states composing it. The Franco-Prussian War hastened the process, but did not give it its direction. Its course had been fixed long before. And Eismarck, be it remembered, almost exhausted himself struggling to remove at least a few stones from the road to a future customs-union with Austria. The insurmountable obstacles he encountered were a shortsighted doctrinarianism and the need for agrarian protection against threatened competition.

The United States of the World—the idea is a dream of the remote distance. Those of us who have at heart man's liberation from unnecessary ills do not venture to confide our dream to our neighbors. They will accuse us of chasing chimeras. But intercourse in the third dimension is inevitably realizing our dream. Boundaries that cannot be uprooted in practice are doomed to disappear. So the question no longer is, "Will boundaries pass?" but, "How and when will they pass?"

The sum and substance of my observations is that the opening up of the third dimension to travel is a fundamental cause of a fundamental change in our social conditions in so far as these are affected by the mutual relations of the great political entities.

There has been a constant development tending to the internationalization of a larger and larger number of affairs hitherto considered private to each nation. One example is science, which has been almost completely internationalized. The conquest of the air will suddenly add vastly to the sum of international values and interests. This will set free for cultural purposes enormous stores of energy previously consumed in maintaining frontiers. Energies latent in the wide masses of the people will be made available for all mankind by appropriate curtailment of the artificial barriers.

A further result will be the spontaneous advance of civilization characterized chiefly by increased socialization of thought and feeling. The railroads will be the most powerful means of this development.

The Acts of Travel have been a constant source of social effect. The rapidity of modern man's mental advance of civilization characterized chiefly by increased socialization of thought and feeling. The railroads will be the most powerful means of this development.

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Think, for example, of the newspapers. They will pass, and they will be passed.
The Boy Scout Movement
To Perpetuate Docility, Stupidity and Brutality
By GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK, Author of War—What For?

The Boy Scout movement is an organized, craftily subsidized effort for creating the kill-lust in boys, the love of arms, the desire for the military life, and the brainlessly automatic obedience of soldiers. As many with drills and marches, seduced with ribbons, sashes, "Feisty" bars, khaki, medals, pictures, picnics and wild tent life in the woods—betrayed into stupid gratitude to their wages cut and millions more are fostered into stupid gratitude to the crafty, dollar-marked subsidizers of the woods—betrayed into stupid gratitude to pictures, picnics and wild tent life in the future when millions have trained armed guards ready for use in the steel-glitter, deafened with drum-roar, of the promoters—"the ennobling physical development of the youth." That is the sly cry employed army.

While the boys are to be physically developed they are to have their intellects ossified and their sociability suffocated. The boys are to have their wills killed by a thousand drills in a slave's crowning virtue—obedience.

Obedience—word of infinite import in the history of organized robbery of the workers by the shirkers. Obedience, automatic obedience, has been and is now the damnation of the workers.

Caesar is alarmed. The industrial despot—who more and more refuses the rôle of professional cutthroat. The Department of Murder, of the various intellectual professions, all of you who bow the knee to the steel and gold gods of industry, and shout aloud the incomparable excellences, advantages, superiorsities, and desirabilities of the Boy Scout enterprise. Take the boys to the woods and train them, take them to the street and train them, take them to the army and train them—and also and especially and all of you who bow the knee to the steel mill and mine.

"I will obey any body who is said to be my superior. I will obey any and all orders from my superiors—without question. I will obey my employer and be loyal to him. I will obey my captain, because (no matter how cheap, vulgar, ignorant, cruel and vicious he may be) he is my superior.

I will always believe that well-dressed people know more than I know, and more than I should be permitted to know. I will always let others inform me what my duty is. I will forget that I have a brain (if I have one). I will gladly learn to handle the sword, rifle and bayonet—for I may be needed; my superiors tell me.

I will gladly learn the glory of arms, the splendor of war, the grandeur of red-stained patriotism, and the nobility of narrow-brained, low-browed race prejudice and cheap jealousy. I accept my employer as my best friend, as my ideal and my idol. I will make a faithful effort to become a fool—a loyal endeavor to remain one—"Proudly I accept the high honor of being an automatic jackass, ready for the dull rôle of armed guard for the coward ruling class. And all I ask is flattery and a "good time" sometimes—if it suits my employer."

At the age of three the tiny boys of all races and colors gleefully romp and play together; sociability has its own glad way with them to happy laughter, sweet caresses, and a thousand gracious amabilitiies promising the poetry and fraternalism and the ever more glorious levels of life for the human family. But at the age of twenty these same children, shrewdly poisoned with geographic and ethnic "patriotism," cursed by the embrace of Mars, damned by the false teachings of prideless intellectual prostitutes, are proudly ready to slaughter one another at the nod of syphilite kings, cheap queens, at the order of coarse-grained presidents, pot-house statesmen and small-brained commanders.

A boy scout is an incipient assassin, a budding jingo, a germinating butcher of men—a boy, innocent and excellent fruit of cheap stained patriotism, and the nobility of narrow-brained, low-browed race prejudice and cheap jealousy. I accept my employer as my best friend, as my ideal and my idol. I will make a faithful effort to become a fool—a loyal endeavor to remain one—"Proudly I accept the high honor of being an automatic jackass, ready for the dull rôle of armed guard for the coward ruling class. And all I ask is flattery and a "good time" sometimes—if it suits my employer."
Iolanthe's Wedding
(Continued from page 7)

me. It was such a touching, helpless gesture that it completely disarmed me. So I sat down again for a few moments, and spoke about indifferent matters. Then I took leave as soon as I could without provoking him again.

"Go to the door with him," Iolanthe said, "and be charming to him, because he's the richest man in the district." At that we all laughed. But when Iolanthe walked next to me in the twilight of the hall, she said very softly, with a sort of timid grief: "I know you don't want to come again."

(To be continued)

Breaking Barriers
(Continued from page 16)

ever be on the alert. He may not leave the least movement to the machine's discretion. For little reck the machine if it and all its occupants go smash. Thus, the chauffeur tends much more than the cabbie to develop into a real man, that is, into a being who no longer expends his muscular energy in direct effort, but only in guiding great external conquered energies.

Why does the burlak, in Russia, the man who tugs boats on canals, seem to stand on so low a level of humanity? Because he uses his energy as mere raw energy. And an ox can do the same. But I have the sincerest respect for the man at a switchboard. He requires but little energy to move the levers, yet on occasion his presence of mind and rapidity of judgment will prevent incalculable misfortune.

We are wont to lay many evils at the door of technical progress. But now we see that to compensate it in the end raises human worth by openness and of the character. Future man will be different from men nowadays as the chauffeur from the cabbie. The use of the bicycle has made workmen much keener and reader. Similarly, we may expect that the flying machine will produce a comparatively even greater advance in the typically human characteristics.

The flying machine has already counted its scores of victims, pioneers ready to risk death. And it will produce many more before a flight in the air will signify as little as a bicycle ride. But the beings that will soar in the air will and must be a superior race. Nerves, sinews, and muscles must be of the highest type in order to cope with the new demands, and the most careful economy of one's powers will be a self-understood condition of life, since the failure of them for the fraction of an instant will involve risk to life.

But this is not all. It is to be expected that man will learn to fly like the sea-gulls. Sea-gulls can dart through the air at tremendous speed without a single movement of their wings. That is, the motor will be needed only at the start, for certain turns, and for rising. On the whole the flight will be accomplished without considerable expenditure of energy, yet very swiftly.

As a result, our standards of distance will change. Men will be able to live more scattered, and so in conditions worthier of them. The wounds that the development of machinery in its early stages produced, the horrible misery of the great cities, a higher stage of technical development will surely heal.

We saw that in keeping with the physical character of the air travel through the air will greatly facilitate and augment diffusion between nation and nation. And now we see that it will effect the same for individuals within communities.

And so we look forward happily, as the poet says, to "a world far too vast for men to be divided."
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CANNED VEGETABLES.

(Not less than one case of 2 doz. sold.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vegetables</th>
<th>Rate per can</th>
<th>At your Grocer's</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>High Grade Tomato Pulp</td>
<td>$1.05</td>
<td>$1.10 per ½ doz.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomatoes, No. 2, full standards</td>
<td>7c</td>
<td>10c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomatoes, No. 3, full standards</td>
<td>9c</td>
<td>12c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomatoes, extra large, full standards</td>
<td>12c</td>
<td>15c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomatoes, No. 2, Jersey, full standards</td>
<td>15c</td>
<td>18c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corn, No. 2, Main Style</td>
<td>9c</td>
<td>12c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corn, No. 2, Main Style, fancy</td>
<td>12c</td>
<td>15c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corn, No. 2, New York State, fancy</td>
<td>15c</td>
<td>18c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peas, No. 2, Early June Std.</td>
<td>8c</td>
<td>12c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peas, No. 2, Early June Std., sifted</td>
<td>10c</td>
<td>15c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>String Beans, No. 2 Std.</td>
<td>12c</td>
<td>15c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>String Beans, No. 2, stringless, Std.</td>
<td>15c</td>
<td>18c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lima Beans, No. 2 Std.</td>
<td>12c</td>
<td>15c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lima Beans, No. 2, Small Green, Std.</td>
<td>15c</td>
<td>18c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saccottash, No. 2 Std.</td>
<td>12c</td>
<td>15c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saccottash, No. 2, fancy, Std.</td>
<td>15c</td>
<td>18c per lb.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

TEAS.

(Prices on 5 lbs. or over.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Teas</th>
<th>Rate per can</th>
<th>At your Grocer's</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ready Mixed</td>
<td>15c per lb.</td>
<td>18c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young Hyson</td>
<td>20c, 30c and 50c per lb.</td>
<td>25c, 35c and 50c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Japan or Green</td>
<td>25c, 35c and 50c per lb.</td>
<td>30c, 40c and 50c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gunpowder</td>
<td>25c, 35c and 50c per lb.</td>
<td>30c, 40c and 50c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>English Breakfast</td>
<td>25c, 35c and 50c per lb.</td>
<td>30c, 40c and 50c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ceylon</td>
<td>25c, 35c and 50c per lb.</td>
<td>30c, 40c and 50c per lb.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

COFFEE.

(Prices on 10 lbs. or over.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Coffee</th>
<th>Rate per can</th>
<th>At your Grocer's</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Santos</td>
<td>19c and 25c per lb.</td>
<td>25c and 30c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Panama</td>
<td>23c and 27c per lb.</td>
<td>30c and 35c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Java</td>
<td>25c and 27c per lb.</td>
<td>30c and 35c per lb.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

COOKIES.

(Prices on 20 lbs. or over.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cookies</th>
<th>Rate per can</th>
<th>At your Grocer's</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Carey</td>
<td>15c per lb.</td>
<td>18c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Poulton</td>
<td>20c per lb.</td>
<td>25c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Lincoln</td>
<td>25c per lb.</td>
<td>30c per lb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Washington</td>
<td>30c per lb.</td>
<td>35c per lb.</td>
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CIGARS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cigars</th>
<th>Rate per can</th>
<th>At your Grocer's</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Labor Seal</td>
<td>$3.00 per 100; $1.50 per 50</td>
<td>15c per can.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sallie Rendell</td>
<td>$3.00 per 100; $1.50 per 50</td>
<td>15c per can.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Judge Royal</td>
<td>$4.00 per 100; $2.00 per 50</td>
<td>15c per can.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alberta Converse</td>
<td>$6.00 per 100; $3.00 per 50</td>
<td>15c per can.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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