

JUNE 1911

No. 6

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# THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS  
OF THE WORKING PEOPLE



THE BEST NUMBER

OF THE

BEST SOCIALIST MAGAZINE

With an Uncommonsensible Essay

BY

'GENE WOOD

AND

Five Other Splendid Features

THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY · 112 E. 19<sup>TH</sup> ST. NEW YORK



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## CONTENTS

Editorial. Horatio Winslow .....	3
Eugene Debs. Frontispiece .....	4
The Third Leg of the Stool. Eugene Wood. Illustration by Horace Taylor .....	5
Iolanthe's Wedding. (Continued.) Hermann Sundermann. Decoration by Frank van Sloun .....	7
The Boy Scout Movement .....	8
Tomorrow In Mexico. Carlo de Fornaro. Cartoon by the Author .....	9
The Fall From Eden. George Williams. Illustrations by M. Becker .....	10
Waking the Tiger. (Continued.) George Allan England. Illustrated by Anton O. Fischer .....	12
A Temple of Justice. Hugh O. Penticost. Illustration by Marjorie Hood .....	14
"Some Things" .....	16
The Peace of the Nations. Cartoon. M. Becker .....	16
The Ferry People. Horatio Winslow .....	16
The Way You Look At It .....	17
Which? Cartoon. Arthur Young .....	17

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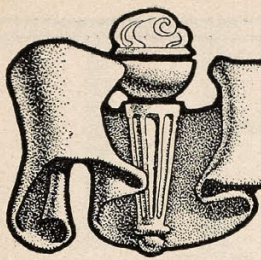
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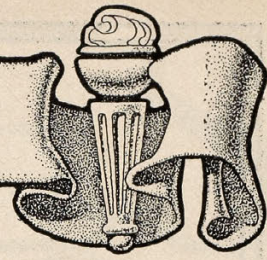
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# EDITORIALS



## GOOD TASTE AND SOCIALISM

(As the editorials in THE MASSES are the personal expressions of the editor the customary "We" has been replaced by "I.")

AND along with June come the men and women of the colleges: from their little, orderly, mathematical world rudely thrust into the welter of things. Before them problems of personal conduct in the new outlook rear sphinx faces; problems settled definitely four years ago and which now demand solving in terms of the "larger life." "My son, live as you please," said one mother on Commencement, "only promise me that you will do nothing except what is in good taste."

And doubtless there are other sons, and daughters too, who hope to win to the Right of Things with the assistance of some such simple road-map. But what is good taste? and for that matter what is bad taste? That's the first barred gate.

### THE PURPLE HEIGHTS OF BAD TASTE.

It is most true that certain bold minds among us have constituted themselves Lesser Deities and from the clouds have cast on our heads thunderbolts in the shape of neatly printed booklets captioned "How to Behave."

Through such sources the investigator may learn that it is bad taste to get drunk; to eat unwisely; to crowd others off the sidewalk; to wear red socks with a purple necktie; to talk about money; to trump your partner's ace; to chew with too obvious relish; to strike the aged; to torture animals; to lose your temper; to enjoy soup from the end of the spoon.

### GOOD TASTE—PREDIGESTED.

But shoulder by shoulder with this army of "mustn'ts" march the equally grim battalions of "musts."

It is good taste to be polite to everybody; to keep your voice at a level pitch; to eat and drink delicately; to select fitting shades of dress; to applaud good music, good art, good literature; to rescue all persons found in picturesque distress; to be a gentleman (or lady); to put nothing in writing which may afterwards embarrass you; to refrain from arguments; to marry but one wife or husband at a time; to be kind to old applewomen.

## NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS OF ETIQUET.

So definite is the whole system that one might think these commandments and exhortations and beatitudes had existed from the very beginning of time in just this arrangement. But science, always the handmaid of truth seekers, hints at a very different theory.

For thousands of years kings and slaves and saints and courtesans and madmen and philosophers have been showering the world with "shalts" and "shalt nots." Of many kinds are these dictums; shrewd and absurd; helpful and hindering; and a good ninety per cent. at hopeless variance with one another. Yet not one of the lot has been lost. In a formless nebula of printed page and tradition the pronouncements wait their masters.

Reaching eager hands into the mass have come at various times the ruling classes of all nations to gather out of this cosmopolitan etiquette whatever was needful for their purposes. Whereupon their selection, crystallized into a system, has been endorsed by the lords and accepted by the serf peoples and without farther argument has become Good Taste.

And at once everything contrary to these selected statutes of behavior has become Bad Taste.

### DEMOCRACY AND THE DEMIGODS.

But the modern spirit has forced today's moulders of good taste into an impossible position for the authority that once pertained to kings has dried up and blown away. Formerly the arbiters of ethics said, "Such and such is good taste for us—nobody else matters—we are not interested in the tribe of hut-dwellers; if you don't like our notions of behavior—off with your head!"

Alas! the public headman has grown rheumatic and the new century refuses to venerate either him or his ax. And much against their will the ruling classes are obliged to declare unequivocally that good taste is not a matter of rank or station but may and does apply to every action of every human being.

"Good Taste concerns itself with everything," say the Guides of Conduct. "There is always a right way and a wrong way. Whatever is done may be done in good taste."

And that is a lie.

### IMPORTANT TRUTH—FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.

Plainly it is not possible (goodtastefully), to tie down an old woman and

burn her feet till she tells where she has hidden her savings; or to kidnap a child from its loving parents; or to lynch a railroad president; or to kick a philanthropist.

"But of course we didn't mean things like that," say the Guides of Conduct.

Indeed. Then how strange that it is sweet and commendable and in no way a bar to social advancement if one burns up Hungarians in his steel mill; or by wage-lures kidnaps children for his factory; or manufactures the whisky that mothers most lynchings; or (by proxy), kicks a volunteer strike picket.

In short we see that the truth of the whole matter may be expressed somewhat in this formula: "Anything may be done in good taste provided it does not upset the kingdom of things as they are."

Anything—anything at all—provided it does not overthrow the good order enforced by They-Who-Must-Be-Obedied. And whatever disturbs things as they are is distinctly in bad taste.

### A PAEAN TO CERTAIN UPSTARTS.

*Who will chant the praise of the heroes of Bad Taste?*

*For was a hero ever otherwise?*

*To be a hero—does it not mean to fight against odds?*

*To contend with prevailing opinions?*

*To be aggressive in the face of much editorial comment?*

*Is not Good Taste like God always ranged on the side of the heaviest battalions?*

*Was John Brown in Good Taste? or George Washington? or Christopher Columbus?*

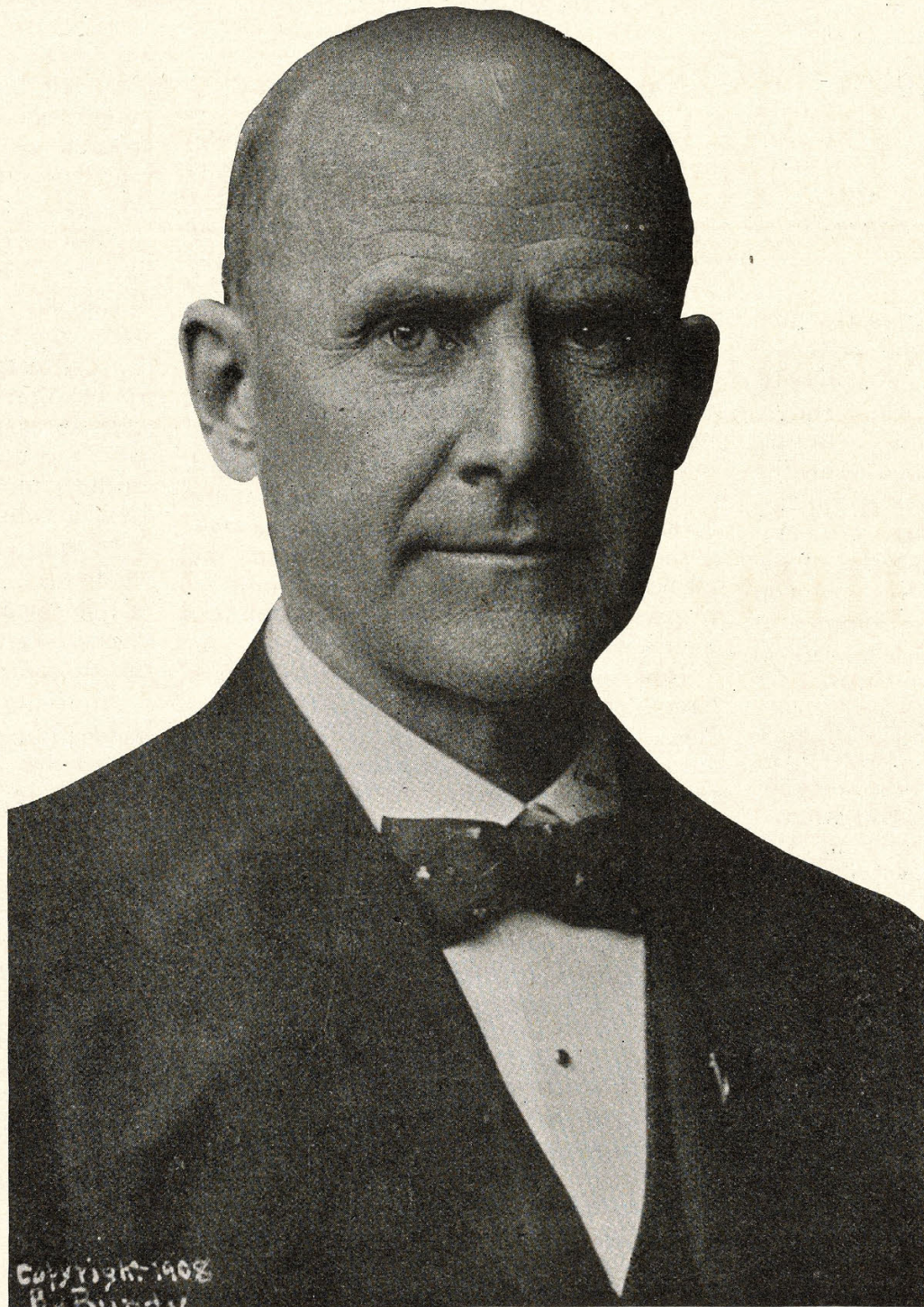
*Was any hero anywhere ever in Good Taste till he had won to his side a reluctant majority or centered the ruling class in himself?*

To drop back into unimpassioned prose—Never. Invariably a great man starts out in bad taste. What is any heretic but a preacher of bad taste till the changing order makes his doctrines presentable in good society?

Dimly the stagers of melodramas have hit upon this truth for in the first act do we not despise the homely red shirt of the hero and admire the neat riding breeches of the villain? Only in Act Five do we realize that our symbols have changed and that the homespun covering an honest heart is in better taste than the boiled shirt which screens a skeezicks.

(Concluded on page 18)



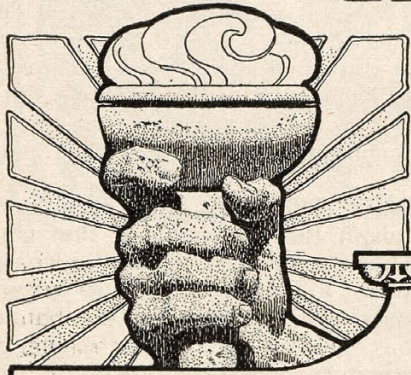


**EUGENE V. DEBS**  
**Railroad Worker and Socialist Agitator**

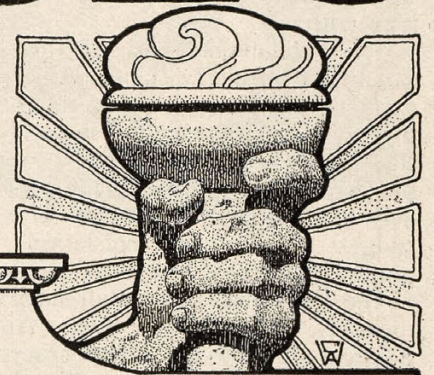
Eugene V. Debs organized a railroad strike in Chicago, went to jail and became a Socialist. Last month a strike threatened the Pennsylvania R. R. Altoona is the heart of the Penn system. Debs was booked to speak in Altoona on May 19th. The Railroad people sent a committee to Debs offering him and the Socialist Party any amount to defer that meeting till the labor storm had blown over. Debs said he would speak on May 19th in Altoona even if he had to be carried away in a coffin and that he would do his utmost to call out the Altoona railroad workers. He did speak there. Hero worship that inspires a respect and love for man like Eugene V. Debs is a pretty safe sort of hero worship



# THE MASSES



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS  
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EDITED BY HORATIO WINSLOW  
EUGENE WOOD, PRES. HAYDEN, CARRUTH, VICE-PRES. ROSE, GREENBERG, SECY.

THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY 112 E. 19<sup>TH</sup> ST. NEW YORK

Vol. 1

JUNE, 1911

No. 6

## THE THIRD LEG OF THE STOOL

About Something That Concerns Most Everybody

By EUGENE WOOD

*Illustrated by Horace Taylor*

If Eugene Wood wanted to lecture on the Differential Calculus he could make it interesting—and that's going some. A good many men have started to think Socialism after reading a Eugene Wood essay and "The Third Leg of the Stool" is going to start a lot more. Mr. Non-Socialist, this is meant just as much for you as for anybody else.—Editor.

**J**UST to get this thing started off right, we'll pretend you've said to me: "The trouble with you is that you're not really a Socialist," and you've looked around at the others, and winked, and nodded as one that says: "Landed on him that time."

And we'll pretend that I came right back at you with: "The trouble with you is that you're a phonograph, and not a thinking being." And I, in my turn, have looked around at the others, and winked, and nodded, having scored on you for being one of those fellows who patter off economic phrases instead of saying the rosary.

Having got this out of our systems, we can now go ahead with the business before the meeting.

We have the Labor Union movement and we have the Parliamentary or Political movement. Excuse me if I say that I think neither of them, nor yet both of them together, will turn the trick. This is not knocking either of them. This is not under-rating either of them. I'm only telling you.

What is it we're after?

The Co-operative Commonwealth. Well, then, let's go ahead and get it. If we want it so much, it's up to us to start in and establish it. Then the next question is: "How are you going to do it?"

Now, you and I, who have imagination and can judge the future by the past, know just as well as we know anything that when you have a large number of people sternly determined that a thing has to be, they'll find a way—even a way to fly. They'll manage it somehow. But you must remember that most people have no imagination. They cannot see a thing until it is actually in existence and hardly then. They live only in the momentary present; the past does not exist for them unless they lived in it; the future does not exist for them unless they'll live in it. All they read is tonight's paper. Mainly the sporting page. You've got to show such people a sample of the goods before they'll order a car-load lot.

They have no doubt about the Class Struggle. But, as it is they live—that is to say, they aren't actually in the undertaker's hands. They keep a-going somehow with the bosses on top in the Class Struggle. That's what they're used to. If

the workers should get on top in the Class Struggle—well, they d'know about it. Who'd hand them their little old \$12 Saturday night? When everybody's boss, who's going to be boss?

They kind o' think it's a good thing to vote the Socialist ticket. Both the old parties are corrupt, and the way the government is run "the poor man ain't got no show." But if the Socialists got in, wouldn't they be just as bad?

Well, now, comrades and friends, it was well enough as an inducement to join the unions to promise "more wages," and "more wages," and still "more wages," and after that, "more wages." Where are you going to stop? When the worker receives the full value of his labor. A clever answer, and, at the time all that was necessary. But that won't do any longer because, if business is to be conducted on business principles, that is to say, if a company runs an enterprise and sells the product for more than the wages of the workmen, when the workman gets all the value of the product, who's going to run the enterprise?

When the soap-boxer for the Political movement is asked: "Supposing you elected a Socialist Congress and a Socialist President what would you do to get control of the 'means of production and distribution'?" Where would you get the money to do it with?" it won't do any longer to duck and dodge and evade, and say that we'll cross that bridge when we get to it.

That was all right enough when the bridge wasn't anywhere near in sight and when we didn't think we'd live till it was. But nowadays it isn't so very gosh-awful far away, is it? 'Most reach out an' tech it.'

There's lots of work ahead of the unions yet. Constructive work, and—keep your temper—re-constructive work. Without knowing so much about the matter that my head bulges, it still appears to me that those craft unions that stick the initiation fee sky-high, and try to corner the skill-market, need to turn their methods end for end; need to put the initiation fee down to about a good cigar, and take in everybody that works at productive labor. "Take" 'em in, did I say? Well, let it stand at that. But a stronger word might fit the case better. I'd like to see the whole working-class, white, black, red, yellow, blue, green, speckled and striped, all fused in one mass, with the injury of one so very acutely the concern of all, as to throw a scare into the boss-class that would make their teeth chatter like the bones in a minstrel-show.

And there's lots more work to do in the political field. Slews and slathers of bright intelligent people have never heard a Socialist speech presenting the case for us, slews and slathers of bright intelligent people have never had a piece of Socialist propaganda literature in their hands. The message hasn't been brought to them yet. The political campaigns afford a good excuse to spread the gospel, to awaken men's hearts and consciences for the coming of the kingdom. And—don't read me out of the party for this—that is about all it can amount to.

When we have gained a majority of all the voters of this country, have a majority in Congress and in the legislatures—even have Socialist courts, we'll be no nearer to the Co-operative Commonwealth than we are now. Oh, yes, we will, too, for by that time we shall have started to make one. But what I'm getting at is that political control won't make the Co-operative Commonwealth. It might in a country like England or Germany, which have parliamentary governments. But this isn't that kind of a country. We are always blathering around about "the majority rules," and that sort of nonsense. But the express determination of the Fathers of the Constitution was that the majority should *not* rule. That was the very thing they labored to prevent. And it wasn't until after they found that the Supreme Court worked according to specification, and effectually plugged the action of the majority, which is composed, as Madison



said at the time, of those "who labor under all the hardships of life, and secretly sigh for a more equal distribution of its blessings,"—it wasn't until after the Supreme Court was found to be the real legislative power, that universal suffrage was granted. They let 'em have it to play with.

The fundamental law of this country is the sanctity of property rights. Anything the legislatures or the Congress may do that doesn't conflict with property rights is good law; anything that does conflict with property rights, no matter how much the welfare of the people may require action, is not good law at all. If we had Socialist judges to interpret legislation, if they were honest men, they'd have to decide that way too.

We must have and shall have a political democracy. That's a sure thing. And we must use political action to get a democracy. But we don't expect with harness-makers' implements to make a horse.

The trades unions and the political movement are both well started and can go right along. But now we've got to start in and get up an industrial democracy, we've got to make our Co-operative Commonwealth. That can be going and growing while this other work is getting itself done. Do you fellows realize that I'm going to die one of these days? I want just the least little bit of a taste of this Co-operative Commonwealth before I pass over. And, oh! comrades, how many, many thousands there are whose eager eyes are watching for the first, faint signs of the Coming Day!

You oughtn't to make us wait till all the mud-heads are convinced; you oughtn't to make us wait until this fool, out-of-date and antiquated Constitution goes to the bone-yard before we get the least, little, teenty-weenty bit of blessing from Co-operation. It isn't fair.

It takes three legs to make a stool stand steady. Let one be the trades union, let another be the political movement, and let the third be the Co-operative. That will enable the trades union to make good its promise to keep on raising wages till it takes all the product for the worker. That will enable the political movement to make good its promise that the means of production and distribution shall be owned by the working class for the collective benefit of the working class. Unless we can show the American public how this thing is to be done, we might as well hang up the fiddle. We've got to answer the question: "Where will you get the capital?" not by theory but by practice. We've got to deliver, not the gab, but the goods.

What is capital?

"I know," says you, and hold up your hand and snap your fingers. "It's the saved-up product of labor used in the production of more wealth."

Forget it.

I told you you were a phonograph and not a thinking being. That's a record that was made a hundred years ago, and was a fake then. What you call Capital everybody else calls Equipment. Have the express companies Capital? Well, rather. Have they Equipment? Very little.

Capital is an imaginary sum of money calculated on prospective income. If I could persuade a lot of suckers, or compel a lot of loyal citizens (same thing) to give me \$10,000 a year without my giving them anything, I should have \$200,000 capital, if I could make the general public suppose that that income would come right along

## DO YOU LIKE YOUR WORK?

Out of every thousand people in the world only one works at the occupation for which he is best fitted.

Millions of people are popularly charged as "failures," because they have never found the occupation for which they are best fitted.

without a fuss. You don't first possess money in great gobs, and then become entitled to the right to have your "capital" earn a reasonable return on the "investment." You first get the income and then calculate that you are "worth" a sum of money of which your income is 5 per cent.

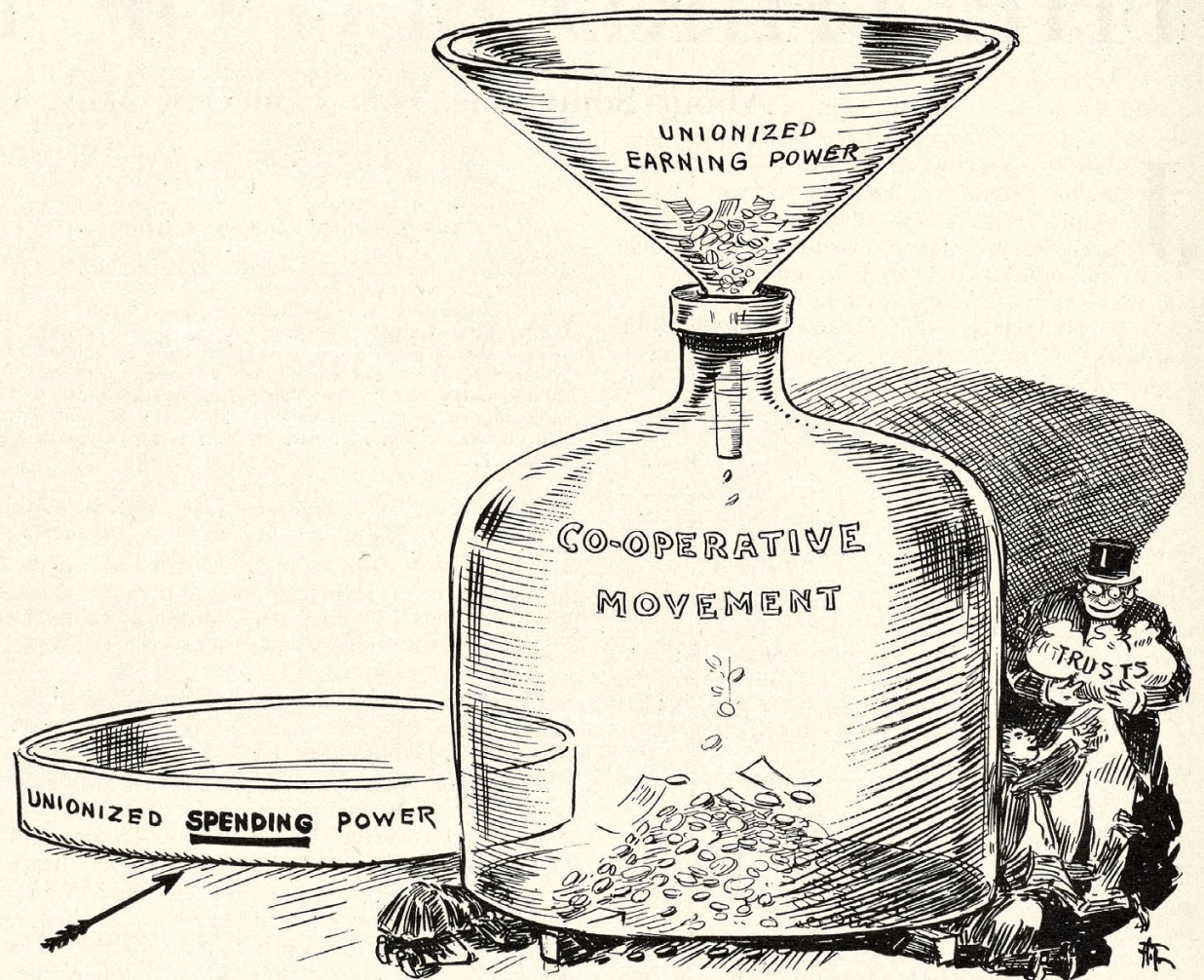
What makes the Standard Oil Company so rich is that it gets its money all from people who cannot afford gas, working people, farmers scheming and struggling to pay the interest on the mortgage or to pay the rent. The big money comes from people that would think themselves too lucky if they ever had \$100 in the bank, people that never wear better than a \$12 suit of hand-me-downs that fit them like a handkerchief on a hitching-post, people that smoke the sweepings of the covered bridge and think it's tobacco they are burning. That's where the money comes from.

The power of the labor unions is in the fact that the business agent can call out the labor-power on strike. If everybody that worked for a living in this country were organized so that—Bang!—they would all stop work at once, the working class could run things. If everybody that buys out of a pay-envelope with no more than \$12 a week in it could be organized in the same way so that a business agent could swing

point, that's what the Co-operatives achieve all over the world, but that's not the main thing. But when you have united your buying-power in this town and that town, you cannot help yourselves but must put up your own flour-mills, and soap-factories, and so on, so that you may serve your customers—that is yourselves—and you do this, not on somebody else's capital but on your own capital, for your own power to pay in week by week little dribs and drabs of money is Capital. It isn't what you save up and stint yourselves of that constitutes Capital but *what you spend!*

And still that isn't the big, inspiring, grand and hopeful thing about the Co-operative, that you should become tiny capitalists. But let the working class organize, unionize its buying power, look upon the purchase of goods from other than Co-operatives as nothing less than scabbing, league store with store, and add mill to mill, and factory to factory, and mine to mine, all for their own mutual use and service, all coming from the same source that the big fortunes come from now, the wages of the \$12-a-week crowd, and there's your Co-operative Commonwealth all ready to hand.

Have you union fellows got your men all organized, and ready to demand the full product of labor for the laborer? Well, here's the organ-



Drawn for The Masses by Horace Taylor

What's the use of the Funnel with the Bottom cut off the Bottle?

their trade, the Standard Oil could be smashed in no time.

The Co-operative isn't merely a scheme so that poor people can save a little on their buying. That's a poor, picayune way to look at it. It isn't that they want to get good goods, food with the poison and the garbage left out. That's a good

ization to run the shebang. Have you political fellows made over the United States so that it's a pure democracy? Well, here's your industrial democracy ready to hand.

But the Co-operative Commonwealth has got to be on the ground when these other fellows get their job finished.

you will also derive great personal satisfaction.

You will feel that you are no longer working without a purpose. You will feel that your span of life is of some moment to the progress of civilization.

We want you to correspond with us in regard to this matter.

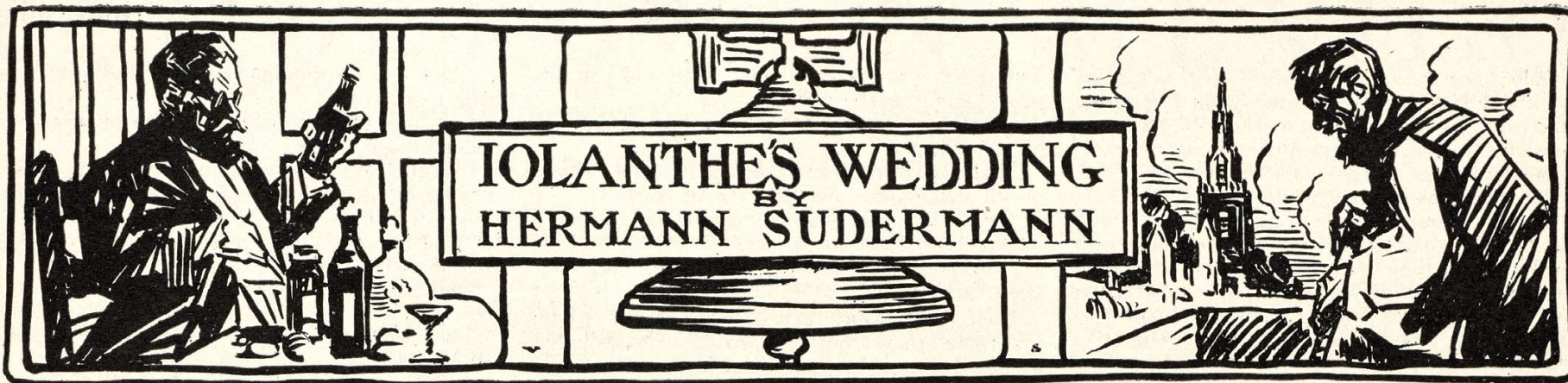
Shall we hear from you? Now?

Mr. Financially Unsuccessful Socialist, we believe we have the answer to the riddle of your failure:

It is because you have not yet found the occupation for which you are best fitted.

We have a job for you which will not only bring you such returns that you will no longer be considered a financial failure, but from which





(Fifth Instalment)

Drawing by Frank Van Sloun

**T**HERE we were: at the gate—torches flickering . . . Then everything dark and black.

Gentlemen, that was a ride to remember!

The carriage wheels splashed through the pools of water—ss—ss—ss; the stormwind howled and piped; the waterdrops drummed on the top of the carriage—tara tata! tara tata!

"And now, what are you going to do with her?" I asked myself.

She was neither to be seen, heard, or felt; it was exactly as if I were driving through the night alone. Only as we came into the forest and the lanterns shone from the wet birch trees so that a gleam of light was reflected into the carriage, only then did I see her cowering in the farthest corner, huddled tightly to the wall as though she were trying to press through the side and pitch herself out.

Good Heavens! The poor little thing! Bereft of all that made up her old existence and belding in her new world nothing but an oldish fellow who has just been dead drunk.

The devil! How ashamed I felt.

But, of course, I had to say something. "Iolanthe."

All still.

"Are you afraid of me?"

"Yes."

"Won't you give me your hand?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"Here."

Slowly—very slowly—something soft strikes my sleeve. I catch it; I hold it fast; I cover it up.

Poor thing! Poor little thing!

And at the same time a kind of—I might call it inspiration if I wished to be sentimental—took possession of me. And, in short, in my hour of need, I found nothing but nice and comforting words to say to her.

"You see, Iolanthe," I said, "you are now my wife—that can't be altered—and after all you wished it yourself; but you must not get the idea that I shall bother you with all sorts of amorous moods and demands. It is a true friend who is sitting beside you—if you can get any comfort out of those words—because I haven't the least idea of trying to disguise the fact that I am much older than you. But, Iolanthe, if your heart is heavy and if you want to cry your heart out—you'll never find a breast at which you can rest more securely. But don't—don't shrink from me, even if you do feel that I am an enemy from whom you must escape."

That was very nicely said, wasn't it? It was inspired by my sympathy and by my pure non-contaminated good will.

Poor old fellow that I was! As if a little youthful fervor were not worth a thousand times more than the deepest sympathy and all that. But at the moment the impression of what I said was so strong that I became agitated myself.

She jumped out of her corner, threw herself upon me, and kissing my face through her veil said between sobs: "Forgive me—forgive me!"

At once my memory went back to the scene at our engagement when she had confused me with a like remark.

"What's all this?" I said. "What have I to forgive?"

But she did not answer; she merely withdrew to her corner and not another sound came from her lips.

The rain had stopped falling, but the wind blew and hammered at the carriage windows more madly than ever. Then—suddenly—a flash of lightning! and hard at its heels a thunderbolt! The horses made a jump toward the ditch.

"Hold them tight, John!" I cried. Of course he didn't hear me, but the beasts didn't stir: his fists were like iron. I never had a better coachman.

But the cannon shot was nothing but a signal. Now it's all aglow—right and left—everywhere; flaming roofs! balls of fire! glowing towers! and the park radiant in a beautiful emerald light.

In short, my good old Ilgenstein had been transformed into a real fairy castle.

For pure joy at being able to show her the new home bathed in such splendor, I shivered with pleasure. All this I owed to him—the dear boy—and perhaps much more; for often it is the first impression that decides a whole life.

She had stretched her hand from the carriage window, and in the red glow I saw her eyes directed forward in a kind of eager and anxious searching.

"All that is yours, my dear," I said and tried to find her hand.

But she did not hear me; she seemed to be completely overwhelmed by the beautiful picture.

As we passed into the court a hellish bedlam broke forth, a shouting and shooting! drums and trumpets! torches and lanterns right and left; and faces blackened by smoke: glowing eyes, open mouths.

"Hurrah! Long live his Lordship! Long live her Grace! Hurrah!" And the whole gang tramped and shook their hats in the air as though they were possessed.

"Well," I thought to myself, "she must see that she isn't married to a thoroughly bad husband, considering how he is beloved by his retainers," and, primed for emotion as one is at such times, I started to cry a little.

As the carriage stopped I saw Lothar standing in front of the house-door among the inspectors and apprentices. I jumped out and took him into my arms.

"My boy! my dear, dear boy!" In my thankfulness I came near kissing his hand.

But as I started to assist my young wife out of the carriage that child of misfortune, the Chief Inspector, in the midst of the excitement started to treat us to a solemn speech.

"For God's sake, Baumann," I said, "we'll take all that for granted," and I helped Iolanthe into the house.

There the housemaids were standing, curtsying and tittering, the housekeeper at their head; but Iolanthe stared right through the pack of them.

Then I was seized by fear of what was to come.

"Oh, if you had not sent your sister away!" I thought, and looking around for help I spied Lothar in the doorway, apparently about to take

his leave. I sprang wildly to him and caught his two hands.

"Come, now, you aren't going away, are you? After all this trouble we must have something hot together—what do you say?"

He turned red as blood, but I led him by the hand to Iolanthe who had just been relieved of her hat and cloak. "You must help me to persuade him to stay, Iolanthe; his exertions have surely earned him a cup of tea."

"I ask you," she said without even opening her eyes.

He made a stiff bow, pulling meanwhile at his moustache.

So I led them through the lighted halls to the dining room.

She looks neither to the right nor the left. All the splendor brought into being for her sake shines unnoticed. Two or three times she reels, supported though she is by my arm, and at each crisis I look anxiously about to see if the boy is with us.

Praised be the Lord! he's still there!

In the dining room the tea kettle was boiling as my sister had ordered before she left.

"Suppose you send for her?" came the thought. One carriage hurried to Krakowitz, another to Garowen—and she might be here inside of an hour.

But I (poor old fogey!) was ashamed to admit my helplessness; and besides I had Lothar to whom I could cling in my desperation.

Thank God, Lothar was still with us.

"Well, be seated, children," I assumed the air of being wonderfully at ease.

I can see the whole scene as though it were even now before my eyes: the snowy white tablecloth with Meissen china and the old silver sugar bowl; the hanging lamp of copper over us and in its hard light—to my right Iolanthe, pale, stiff, with half closed eyes, like one walking in his sleep—to my left Lothar with his bushy hair and yellowish brown cheeks and the dark fold in his forehead, his eyes fixed stiffly on the table cloth.

Because the boy evidently felt like a third party at the wedding feast of a strange couple and plainly wished to take short leave of us I caught him firmly by both shoulders and from the bottom of my heart thanked him for the trouble he had taken upon himself.

"Take a good look at him, Iolanthe," I said, "for we three shall sit here many a time just as we are sitting here now—enjoying each other's company."

She nodded very slowly and closed her eyes altogether.

Poor thing! Poor little thing! And the anxiety of it all almost took my breath away.

"Make merry, children," I called out. "Lothar, tell us a story or two and be quick about it! Have you anything to smoke? No? Wait a moment and I'll get you something."

And in my anguish I ran straight into the side room where the cigar cabinet stood as though with a good smoke everything would come to a happy ending.

And then, gentlemen, as I was returning with the box under my arm I saw through the open door something that stopped the blood in my veins.



Only once in my life have I felt a similar shock and that was one evening when I, a young cuirassier, came home from a merry party of comrades to find a telegram containing these altogether pleasant words: "Father just dead."

But what was it I saw, gentlemen?

The two young people were sitting still and stiff on their chairs as before, but they had, so to speak, dipped their eyes into one another's; and the eyes were staring with such a savage, despairing, insane glow as I never thought human eyes capable of. It was like the spouting of twin fires.

So that was my fate. She had not yet become my wife and already my friend, my son, my favorite had betrayed me.

Adultery was at home in the house even before the wedding had been consummated.

In that look my whole future—an existence of suspicion, and care and gloom and ridicule, full of gray days and sleepless nights—lay unrolled before me like a map.

For what was I to do, gentlemen?

My impulse was to take her by the hand and say to him, "She's yours, my boy; I have no longer any claim to her."

But please put yourselves in my position. A look is something intangible and undemonstrable. It may be denied with a smile . . . And, after all, might I not have been mistaken?

And while I aired this thought the two pairs of eyes continued clinging to each other in complete oblivion of everything about them.

When I re-entered there was not even a twitch of an eyelid, but they turned angrily toward me as if to ask: "Why does this old man, this stranger, disturb us?"

I felt inclined to roar out like a wounded beast, but instead I collected myself and offered the cigars. But it was necessary to put an end to the business quickly, for all kinds of red suns were beginning to dance before my eyes.

So I said, "Go home, my boy, it's time."

He rose with difficulty, gave me an icy handshake, with joined heels made his lieutenant's bow to her, and turned towards the door.

Then I heard a cry—a cry that pierced me to the quick.

And what did I see?

My wife, my young wife is lying at his feet, holding his coat tightly between her hands and crying, "You must not die! you must not die!" Well, gentlemen, this was the catastrophe.

For a moment I stood like a man hit over the head; then I caught Lothar by the collar. "Stop, my boy," I said, "that's enough: there's a limit to everything."

Thus, still holding his collar I led him slowly back to his seat, closed the doors and lifted my wife, who was lying on the floor weeping convulsively, to a couch.

But she caught my hands and started to kiss them whimpering, "Don't let him go! He is going to kill himself—he is going to kill himself!"

"And why do you want to kill yourself, my boy?" said I. "If you had older and better rights

why did you not assert them? Why did you deceive your best friend?"

He pressed his hands to his forehead and remained silent.

Then rage overpowered me and I said, "Speak! or I'll strike you down like a mad dog!"

"Do it," he said, stretching out his arms, "I have deserved nothing better."

"Deserved or not—it's time for an accounting."

Well, gentlemen, then I learned the whole miserable story from the two of them, coupled with self-reproaches, tears and imprecations.

Years ago they had met in the forest and since that time had loved each other—hopelessly and silently as behooved the offspring of two feuding families—Montecchi and Caluletti!

"Did you make an open profession of your love?"

No, but they had kissed each other.

"And then?"

Then he had gone on garrison duty in Berlin and they had communicated no more; they did not dare to write and each was uncertain of the other's affection.

Then came the death of old Pütz and my attempt to bring about a reconciliation. When I appeared at Krakowitz Iolanthe had first conceived the plan of making me a confidant of her love; in fact she had hoped to receive a message through me. Nothing of the kind. Instead I had misunderstood her tender glances and had played the enamoured swain myself. Then, when the rage of her father had proven clearly that there was not a bit of hope for her she had decided in her despair to avail herself of the only means at her command to bring her near to her beloved.

"Ah, but, my dear, that was really too contemptible of you!"

"But I longed for him so," she answered, as though that made everything right.

"Very good—excellent! But you, my son, why didn't you come and say, 'Uncle, I love her: she loves me: hands off!'"

"But I did not know if she still loved me."

"Splendid! You are a precious pair of innocents, you two. And when did you finally get matters settled?"

"Today—while you were sleeping."

And now came a terrible story. After dinner, on leaving the table, a single silent handshake had made clear to them their misery. And as they saw no escape they had decided to die on this very night.

"What! you too?"

Instead of answering she pulled out of her pocket a little bottle from which a human skull grinned at me.

"What's that?"

"Cyanic acid."

"The devil you say! And where did you get it?"

A friend of hers from the dancing school, a chemist whose head she had turned some years ago, at her request had given her the pleasant fluid as a gift.

"And you were going to drink that stuff, you little toad, you?"

She looked at me with big glaring eyes and nodded twice, thrice.

I understood very well and a shudder passed down my back. That might have been a fine bridal night!

"And now?—What am I going to do with the two of you?"

"Save us! . . . Help us! . . . Have mercy on us!"

They were on their knees before me, kissing my hands.

And because I, as you know, gentlemen, am a professional good fellow, I devised a means of bringing my shipwrecked marriage to a speedy end.

John was ordered to hitch up and fifteen minutes later, without any noise, I took my bride of twelve hours to Gorowen to my sister under whose protection she was to remain until the divorce had been decreed—for under no circumstances would she return to her father's house.

Lothar asked me quite naively if he might not go with us.

"You young whiffet!" I said, "see that you get right home!"

At the right time and place, gentlemen, I can be very severe.

\* \* \*

It was striking half past four as I came home.

I was beastly tired and my legs were hanging from my body like pieces of dead wood. Everything was quiet, for, before going away, I had sent the whole household to bed.

As I walked along the corridor where the lights were still burning I saw a door dressed with floral wreaths. It led to the bridal chamber which my sister had kept locked up to this time as a surprise.

Moved by curiosity I opened the door and looked into a purple sepulchral vault where my breath was almost choked by a confusion of strange scents. Everything was hung with curtains and draperies, and from the ceiling swung a real church lamp—burning. In the background on a raised dais there had been erected a sort of catafalque with golden ornaments and silken covers.

It was there that I should have had to sleep!

"B-r-r-r!" I said and shut the door and ran away as quickly as my limping legs would carry me.

And then I came to my own room and lit my fine splendid working lamp: it smiled at me like the sun itself.

In the corner stood my old narrow campbed with its red-stained posts, the gray straw-bag, and the worn, elkskin robe.

Well, gentlemen, you can imagine how I felt at this moment!

I undressed, lit a good cigar, jumped into bed, and read an interesting chapter of the history of the Franco-Prussian War.

And I can assure you, gentlemen, that I never slept more soundly than on my wedding night.

(The End.)

## The Boy Scout Movement: Seen by a Workingman

**I** DO not consider the Boy Scout Movement a deep laid plot, but a class-conscious move on the part of the capitalist to retain the present mode of society.

Large sums of money are contributed by numerous capitalists in all parts of the country towards the building up of the Boy Scout Movement. Ninety per cent. of the promoters of the Boy Scout Movement may perhaps conscientiously plead "not guilty" to the charge of premeditating the future subjugation of the working class, by teaching our children blindfold obedience to their superiors. Surely 10 per cent. of these promoters would have to plead "guilty." I even doubt as to whether the 90 per

### A Little Study of Working Class Psychology

cent., after thorough analysis, would be able to plead "not guilty."

About seven years ago, I saw a parade of Boy Scouts, marching up Fifth Avenue, New York. I stood still and looked. A powerful sensation went through me. Pale as death, with something like the grip of a vice at my throat, I turned to my fellow-worker, and finally managed to exclaim: "There are the . . . that are going to shoot us."

The submerging of the individual for the good of the collectivity; discipline; organization; I admit that incidentally all these factors,

which are highly desirable from a Socialist point of view, are promoted with the growth and organization of the Boy Scout Movement. Likewise does the trust eliminate waste, socialize industry and many other things without which Socialism would have no future. In fact, Socialism would have never been heard of, if no trust had been organized. Still no one has as yet told us to leave the trust alone because of that reason.

The Boy Scout is taken away from the dark, filthy tenement, to camp-fire, romance and adventure. A very noble act, and such a noble motive! Oh yes, our friends, the capitalists, are wise; they do know our soft spots!



# TOMORROW IN MEXICO

## The Fourth Article of the Series—Revolutionary Mexico

By CARLO DE FORNARO

**T**O FORECAST the future of a nation which has a written history and whose character, temper, and tendencies are known factors is not an impossible task; especially if the forecaster be not related to his subject by nationality, financial, interests, or racial prejudice.

As to Mexico the present writer some time since foretold the impending revolution and the disintegration of the Diaz regime. Events have more than proved these assertions which, at the time of their publication three years ago, were regarded as the vaporings of a lunatic.

Mexico's future lies in the hands of her very

The political and financial structure of the Diaz regime has shown to the observer of late events that no dictator and no political oligarchy can ever rule a nation patriotically, unselfishly and philanthropically, unless watched by a free press and checked by the possibility of change by ballot.

No peace, no compromises are possible with General Diaz in power, for he will promise anything and everything and he will as readily and unscrupulously break every promise if it suits his ambition or his greed for power.

initiation to the work of forming real political parties to formulate platforms and nominate candidates.

### WHAT BROUGHT THE REVOLUTION

A very clever and talented Mexican lawyer, Mr. Blas Urrea, in an exhaustive dissertation entitled "The Solution of the Political Conflict in Mexico" declares that the great strength of the Revolution has proven that it was not the outcome of the personal ambition of Madero and his friends.

He claims that the Revolution created Madero, just as any political revolution or war creates the leaders and generals which it demands. No, the causes of the Revolution lie in the abuses of the despotic rule by *jefe politicos* governors, corrupt judges, peonage, the graft of the *cientificos*, economic and social privileges offered to Americans, foreigners, and wealthy Mexicans, and finally the suppression of all attempts to create a free press, a free judiciary, a free ballot.

### NOT NEW LAWS BUT NEW MEN WANTED

Mr. Urrea asserts that the problem is not one of principles because principles have been conquered and written in the Constitution of 1857. But the problem lies in putting these principles into effect. There must be changes in the personality of the government, a change of methods, and the initiation of a few laws to consolidate the change of the system. What is urgent in Mexico is not so much the creation of new laws as the bringing forward of new men.

### THE NECESSARY CHANGES

There are, however, certain vital legislative reforms which must be brought about. First is the non-reelection clause—to do away with dictatorships and the ambition which is bred by a desire for a continuation of power. Second, a really effective suffrage law granting direct, indirect, or limited suffrage. Third, a rehabilitation of the municipal rule and suppression of the *jefe politicos*. Fourth, a complete change in the present system of impressing soldiers into the army from jails, and the recruiting by the police and the *jefe politicos*. Fifth, the protection of small land owners. Sixth, the suppression of peonage or slavery. Seventh, a complete revision of the penal code of the different states. Eighth, a more thorough and national system of education.

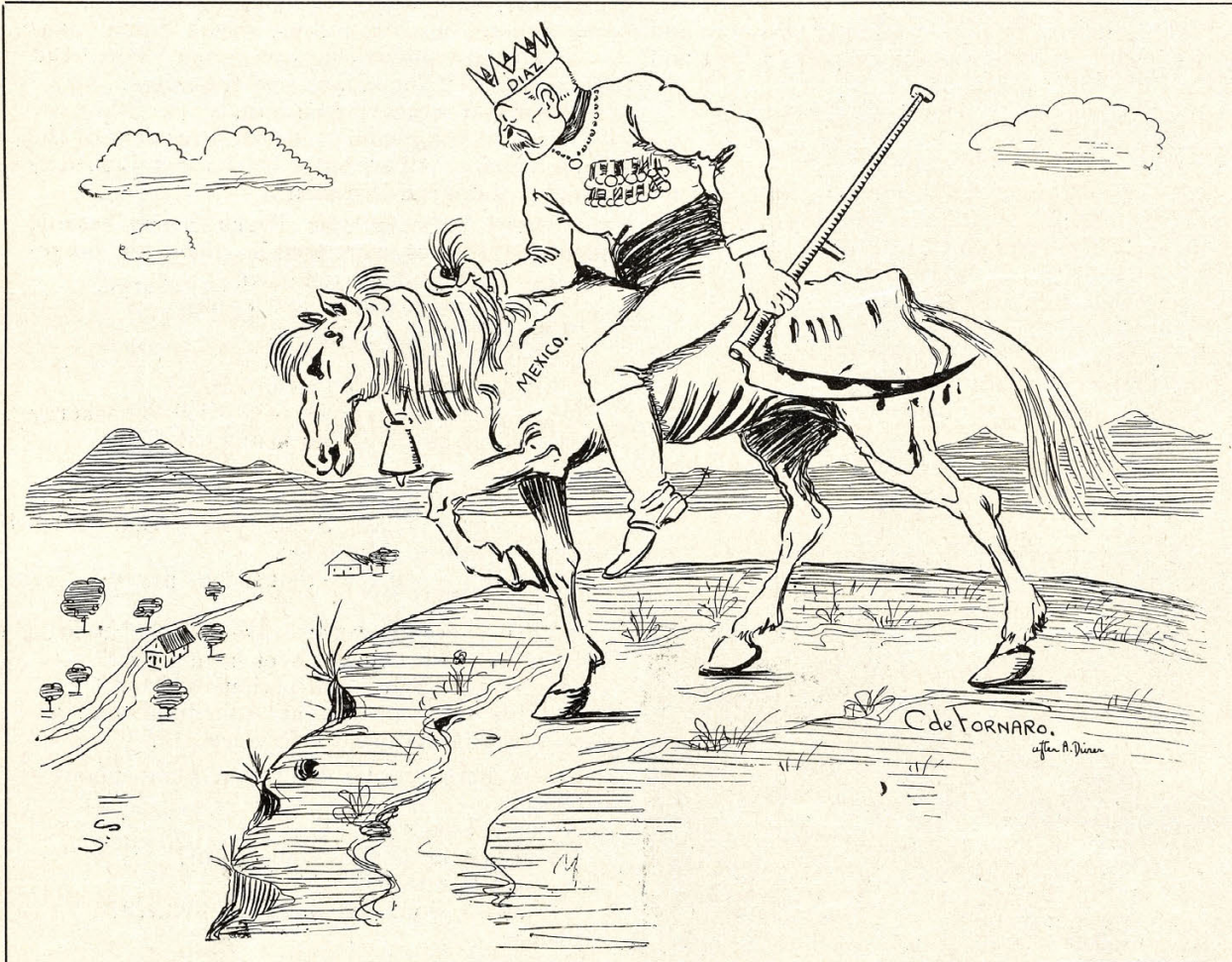
The solution of the political question will come through the creation of several parties and a free press for their support and adequate laws to prevent fraudulent elections.

### SOCIALISM IN THE NEWER MEXICO

At present Socialism in Mexico is entirely out of the question. Its doctrines cannot thrive among people whose illiteracy runs as high as 86 per cent.

Lower California cannot stand out against a united Mexico as an independent Socialistic republic. There would be a constant fear that the great doctor, Uncle Sam, might conceive such a republic to be a menace to California and Arizona. Peaceably or by force Mexico will bring Lower California into the fold.

American and foreign financiers will realize that under a democratic form of government wages will rise and as a result the expenditures of the laboring classes will increase; concessions will be granted in an honest equitable and constitutional manner—not thrown as a sop to politicians, journalists, or capitalists; finally it seems probable that the political independence of Mexico will be held inviolate by the United States as a proof to Central and South America that the labors of Elihu Root in behalf of those republics was not a "Yankee bluff" but a sincere pledge of the good will of the American people.



Drawn for The Masses by Carlo de Fornaro

### The End of the Ride

#### After Years of Headlong, Despotic Power Diaz faces Ruin and Disgrace

patriotic, able, and determined middle class, and if the United States does not interfere in Mexican affairs, under the pretext of protecting the lives and property of American citizens, the readjustment will be made along reasonable and not too burdensome lines. Moreover, this readjustment will work to the benefit of the whole nation instead of helping only a few friends of Diaz and representatives of big corporations. If we eliminate from our discussion the ability of these big interests to force an intervention the question becomes much simpler.

### THE END OF DICTATORS

One thing is quite certain and that is that the days of dictators, political supermen and bandits are over.

General Diaz may have been the biggest man in Mexico, politically speaking, when in 1876 he rode into power; but now the country has grown too big for General Diaz or any other one man lustful of dictatorship. Under his rule, in spite of his all-absorbing ambition, a numerous enlightened middle class has grown up and it has become conscious of its power and ability. It knows what is necessary for the country's well-being.

### THE COMING OF THE INTERREGNUM

For the sake of clearness in our prophecy we shall assume that Diaz has been eliminated or driven from power. The next step is the inevitable formation of a provisional government. This government must keep the reins of power till the country is prepared to hold elections for congressmen, governors, vice-presidents and president.

The Maderists are utterly opposed to placing a warrior in the presidential chair and this opposition would be supported by the *cientifico* party. The great *cientifico* chief, J. Y. Limantour, would be constitutionally ineligible for the presidency, and even if he were eligible could not be elected, for he is, with the exception of Corral, the most hated man in Mexico.

The *cientificos* might be represented by J. Y. Limantour; Gen. Reyes would be a popular choice for Minister of War; Minister of State, Theodore A. Dehesa; Minister of Public Instruction, Dr. Vasquez Gomez; Minister of Justice, Pino Suarez; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sebastian B. Mier.

Following out some such policy all the factions would have representatives. This would act not only as a guarantee of good faith but also as an



# THE FALL FROM EDEN

**A**N ACHING melancholy overspread the Garden of Eden.

With legs folded under him Chott nibbled perplexedly at a sweet thread of grass. He had quite lost thought of his late companion in crime who lunged and bounced in the hammock a thousand miles away. After all what had he and Thack Smith in common? Thack Smith bore on his soul no trace of guilt: Thackeray Smith had never lived in the Garden of Eden.

A splendid place—that Garden of Eden; a place where everybody kept mouth and conscience clean of foulness and where all things pleasant and agreeable were as true as true. Besides, the Garden was most romantically situated.

To the West lay the region of Indians and Buffalo and Trappers and Bear and Tomahawks, where a boy, who was any sort of a boy at all, might easily scalp a couple of braves—climb a mountain—bust a broncho—or do any one of a dozen other delightful and exciting things before breakfast. Uncle Dick said so.

Farther off but none the less real was Romance Land, a jumble of chivalry and geography to the South. There fascinatingly armored knights spent their whole lives rescuing Maidens from neat stone-built Castles; Archers shot deft arrows into willow wands or chased the King's Deer in the Greenwood; Turks roamed about waiting for a dauntless youth to hew off their heads; Egypt was still building pyramids; Centaurs ranged the hills of Greece; in Rome the Gladiators died—two thousand in an afternoon. As for Princesses the South was simply running over with them; there couldn't be a finer country for an ambitious boy who wanted to settle down and be a King.

Still the North had its attractions, for up there stretched Fairyland with Gnomes, Pixies, Sprites, Magicians, Enchanters, (worse than Magicians), Witches, Elves, Ghosts (a forbidden topic, but Emma, the Second Girl, told some dandies), Hippogriffs, Sorcerers, (worse than Enchanters), Goblins and fearsome fiery dragons. Also true believers held—in spite of the unexpected denouement of the Sunday School Christmas Tree—that in this land lived that tremendous old gentleman Santa Claus himself.

But the most peaceful country, the nicest to think about, the pleasantest to discuss on dark evenings when you didn't want to sneak up scared to bed, was the East. For in the Beautiful East the Wise Men followed the Star to the Bed in the Manger; in the East the Child was saved from the Wicked Herod; in the East Angels came down and talked to men until the far edges of the East became Angel Land itself—a shadowy place filled with bright wings and flashing haloes. And the Angels played such an important role in the natural history of the neighborhood that they seemed much more real than the Indians. Of course no one in these days actually saw an angel, but their handiwork was apparent in almost every household along the street. Also Angel Land was important because of the Recording Angel, who sat on an enormous throne listening to reports from every little boy in the world. And whenever you did anything bad the Recording Angel sighed and wrote it down on the left hand page in letters of fire. But when you did something good every angel for miles around simply *shouted* with joy, and the Recording Angel inscribed it on the right hand page in letters of gold a foot high.

And Chott thought of the Recording Angel and was sore troubled.

"What do you care?" demanded Thack Smith, stopping the hammock in the middle of a swoop.

"Emma'll tell on me."

"Well, what does that hurt?"

"Then my father'll ask me if I was smoking."

"Well, say you weren't. Just tell 'em Emma's

## A Boy Story With A Problem

By GEORGE WILLIAMS

Illustrated by M. Becker

mad at you and wants to get you into trouble and then they'll believe you and they won't believe her."

"But—"

"But what?"

"That would be lying."

Thackeray Smith stared in incredulous horror.

"Didn't you ever tell a lie—ever?"

"N—not that kind."

"Never?"

"Well, once when my Aunt Kitty was here and I got a sliver in my foot, she asked if it hurt and I said it didn't, and it did."

"But didn't you ever tell a—a regular lie?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I ought not to, and because I don't feel good when I do what I ought not to."

"You went swimming Tuesday."

"That's different."

"I bet you didn't tell about it."

"They didn't ask me."

"I bet even if they did ask you never told about that candy Saturday."

"I did—and I got spanked too, but I felt better."

"Why don't you lie just once—just to see how it feels?"



"The two boys pattered up the block."

Drawn for The Masses by M. Becker

"I don't want to," said the virtuous Chott.

Thack Smith swung hard in the hammock, then bringing himself up sharp with bare heels digging in the earth he tried another tack.

"A fellow's father and mother don't care what they say to him: they'd just as soon lie to him as not."

"Mine wouldn't. I bet my father never told me a lie in his whole life."

"He'd tell one if you asked him something he didn't want you to know."

"He wouldn't."

"What have you asked him?"

"Everything."

"Did you ask him if there was a Santa Claus?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said there was."

"Then he was foolin' you because there isn't."

"How do you know?"

"Because I was at the Sunday School Tree when Mr. Filkins got those whiskers burned off'n him."

"Huh!" said Chott, unsquatting his legs, "so was I there, but Mr. Filkins wasn't Santa Claus—he was just *playing* he was Santa Claus. But there's a real Santa Claus just the same."

"I bet you've never seen him."

"No, and you haven't seen the President of the United States either, but I betcha a million dollars that there is a President."

Stunned by such logic Thack Smith became silent. His eyes wandered to the little horse-window at one side of the barn.

"I should think you'd have a pony."

"I'm going to have a pony."

"When?"

"Just as soon as Bob has a colt."

For the upper reaches of wisdom Thackeray Smith stared down at the benighted Chott.

"When?"

"Just as soon as Bob has a colt. Papa said so."

For minutes Thack Smith was dazed. Such ignorance seemed incredible.

"But—don't you see—that means never."

"Why does it?"

"Why! Why, because—say—I'll bet you a million dollars Bob won't ever have a colt."

"Perhaps he won't and perhaps he will."

By this time an anxious solicitude was apparent in Thackeray Smith's voice.

"Look here, Chott, don't you know about—babies?"

"Course I do."

"Well, where do they come from?"

"I don't like to tell."

"Go on—I won't say anything—where?"

Silence.

"Where?"

"An angel brings 'em."

In Thackeray Smith's attitude there was more of sorrow than contempt.

"Who told you?"

"My father told me. I asked him and he told me right off."

Thackeray Smith stood up so excited that he forgot to put his hands in his pockets.

"Say, Chott, you come up with me to my house."

"What's up at your house?"

"I got something I want to show you."

"What is it?"

"Oh, so nothing—a book."

"What kind of a book?"

"That's for you to find out."

If on this afternoon it had been turtles' eggs or kites or Chinese postage stamps Chott might have held back to commune more fully with his guilty conscience, but a book was a book. Besides, Thack Smith's books were of a type not generally found on bookshelves. Most of them Thack treasured between the mattress and the springs of his bed—an excellent purlieu since his mother made him care for his own room. The library was made up of uniform paper-bound brochures, whose covers displayed good cowboys in blue shirts being rescued from bad cowboys in red shirts or daring young men in baseball uniforms, jumping yards into the air to catch a flying ball or an airship. It was worth stirring your



legs to see a brand new addition to the collection—even on a lazy day.

With the hot afternoon sidewalks scorching their soles, the two boys pattered up the block.

"You've got to promise not to tell anybody," panted Thack Smith.

"Tell anybody what?"

"'Bout this book. Do you cross your heart?"

"My father and mother don't care if I read books."

"Well, don't you tell 'em 'bout this one anyhow."

By the end of a short three minutes they had rattled up the Smith's side steps and thence by the back stairs to Thack's room.

Door locked Mr. Thackeray Smith drew from under the mattress a book—but it was not like the rest of the collection: it was fat and short and black with a complete absence of gay color.

"Remember you promised not to tell."

As Chott glanced at the cover he wondered why Thackeray should make so much ceremony about such a book. It seemed to promise the same dreary prospect that he had experienced in skimming similar works at home. The title in big white type read, "Family Medical Guide."

Thackeray Smith opened at a Sunday School card bookmark.

"Read that page," he said, "and right up to there and then look at those four pictures . . ."

In spite of arguments, in spite of proofs, in spite of definitions looked up in that unlying work, "The Unabridged Dictionary," the hour's end found Chott pale—qualmish—horror-stricken but unconvinced.

"I don't believe it," he said doggedly.

"You just wait," nodded Thack Smith, "wait till the chance comes, and when it does come you ask those questions I told you. Just ask those three questions, and you bet you'll find out that everything I told you is honest and true."

It was a thoughtless boy who skipped into Thackeray Smith's house: it was a world-weary old man who tumbled down the front steps and fled into the street. Somehow Fate kept hard at his heels, for before he could leave the wretched place Mrs. Smith caught him by the sleeve.

"How is your mother, Charley? Have you heard today?"

"Oh, she's all right, I guess."

He shook himself loose as though the touch of her hands could taint him. Then putting speed to his toes he pelted down the sidewalk in a vain try to stop thinking. Suddenly and as it seemed of their own accord the legs halted.

*How is your mother?*

Sure enough for the last couple of weeks his mother had been ailing. Then the awful and logical conclusion of Thack Smith's premises forced itself home: if this disgusting thing were true about the rest of womankind then it was also true about his own mother. She was *one of them*.

"I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" he cried as the rack tortured his soul, and faster than before he started running again.

Yet the fiendish thought would not be shaken off nor did it ease his mind to see his father standing in the front yard. Usually at this hour his father kept the store, but now he was surveying the crab-apple tree and whistling softly. Why did he whistle? For the last week he had been whistleless and sad and very sharp when spoken to.

Chott found himself caught in strong arms and tossed into the air.

"Charley, what do you think! You have a little bit of a new baby sister!"

The blow had fallen. He tried hard to hold to the old truths, but as often as he thrust the "Family Medical Guide" from his mind it climbed back. "I don't believe it—I don't be-

lieve it," he cried to himself. "Then ask those three questions," prompted the devil within him.

"Papa."

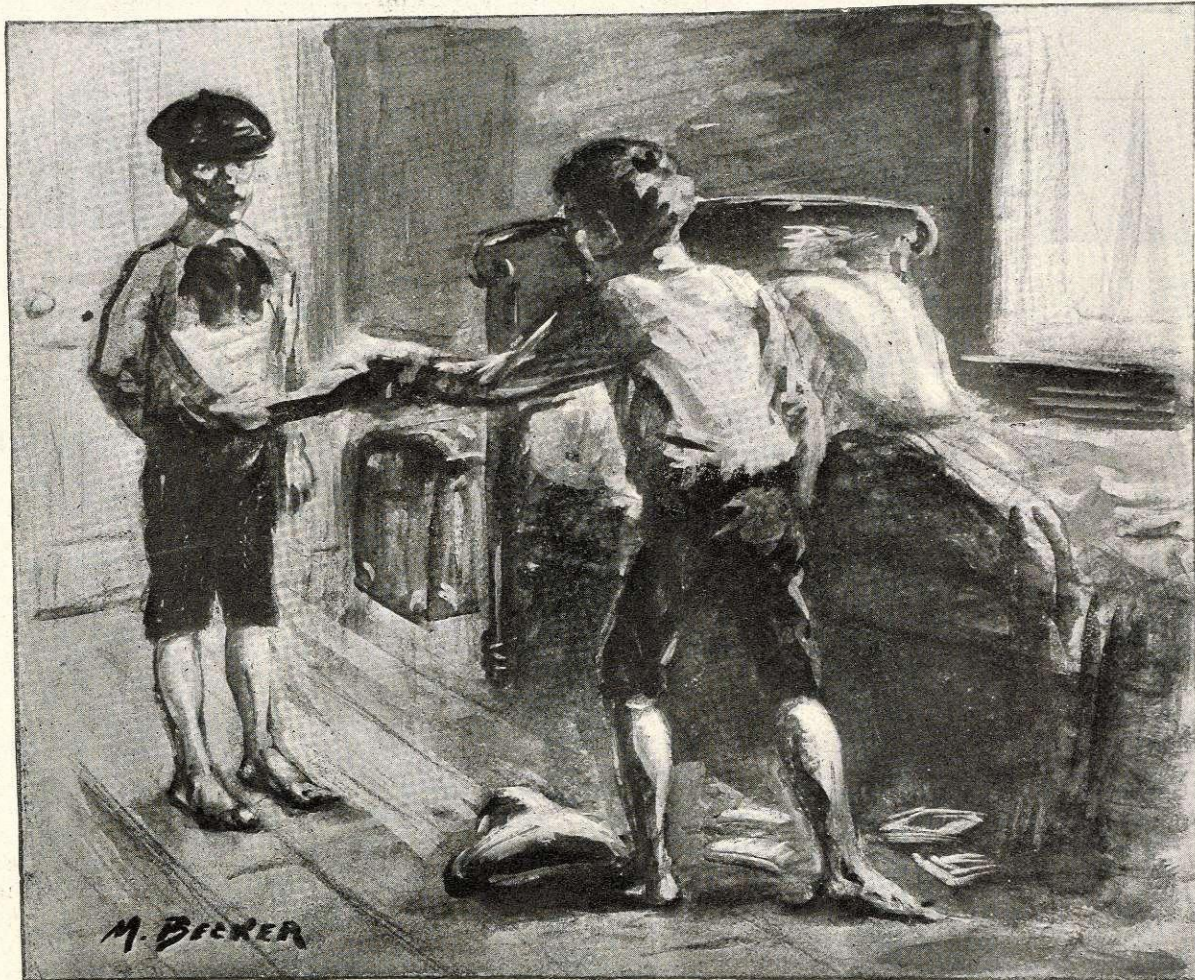
"Well, Charley?"

"Is—is—(he swallowed with difficulty) is a—the Doctor here?"

"Why, yes, Doctor Beye is inside now. Did you see him drive up?"

of never lying; the fruit of being put upon his honor. They thought they could make a fool of him—did they?

Hark! was that a crash? Aye, a crash indeed. It was the crash and thunder of the earth as it swallowed up Kit Carson and Natty Bumppo, Robin Hood and Saladin. It was the thunder roar of the candy palace of Santa Claus as its



"'Read that page,' he said 'and right up to there and then look at those four pictures . . .'"

*Drawn for The Masses by M. Becker*

"No—somebody just—just told me he was here."

Victory the First for Thack Smith.

"Papa, can fathers have babies?"

"Oh, no, Charley, it's only to mothers that God ever sends babies."

From behind the hedge it seemed to him that he heard Thack Smith's chuckle. But the proof was not yet complete; perhaps the last question would show that after all—

"Is—is a mother always sick when a baby comes?"

"Yes, Charley, but you mustn't be afraid because your mamma is ever so much better now and perhaps you can see her tonight."

His legs were weak and wobbly: vague things he remembered of baby kittens; the evidence of Thack Smith's book; strange remarks heretofore not understood; the result of the test questions; all proved the horrid truth.

And yet a sort of faith remained in him still. Perhaps in the old days his father had been merely trifling; had answered him only to put him off as one puts off an inquisitive baby. Now his father would see the difference—would understand that he was dealing with a mere child no longer.

"Papa (he looked searchingly into his father's face), papa—please tell me—I want to know—where do babies come from?"

"Why, I've told you that a dozen times, Charley—the angels bring them."

So this was the result of truth telling; the end

highest pinnacle crashed upon the foundation stones. Down with them! Down with them all—from the hoary-whiskered, gift-giving humbug of the North to Solomon in all his glory. Let them perish from the sight and mind of men. His heart blazed. He longed for torch and sword to slay and burn and lay waste all life in such a foul lying world. Down! Down with everything! And let the ground be plowed and sown with salt.

"Charley."

Now he was called back to himself. There was a sternness in his father's voice that aroused him.

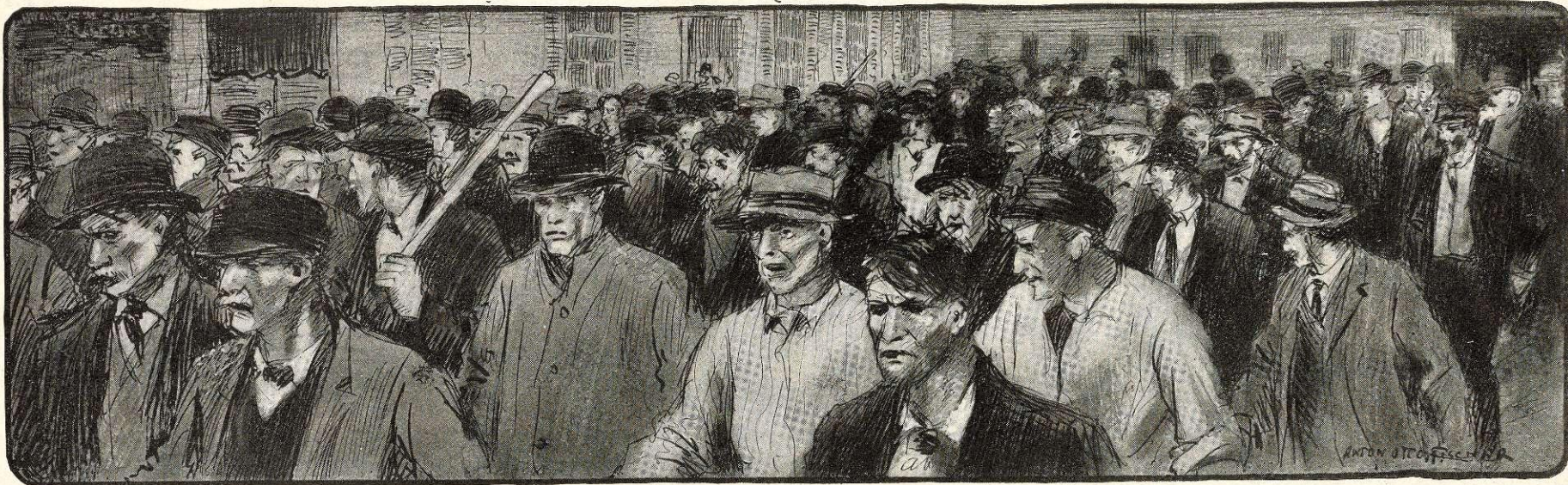
"Charley, I'm sorry to speak of this at such a time, but you know my rule. Emma tells me that she saw you in the woodshed this afternoon smoking a cigarette. Tell me the truth, Charley."

Tell me the truth! Where do babies come from? *Where do babies come from? You old—LIAR!*

"No; 'course I didn't smoke any cigarettes. Why should I smoke any cigarettes? If she says I smoked cigarettes she's lying."

At once his breast stirred and he wanted to weep bitterly. Like a leaf blown on the wind he had passed from familiar things into a strange country, and as he looked fearfully behind him he saw that from the wreckage of his beliefs one figure only remained. It was the Angel—the Angel with the Flaming Sword turning him forevermore from the gates of the Garden of Eden.





Drawn for *The Masses* by Anton O. Fischer

# WAKING THE TIGER

## Part III. The Perfect Product

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Illustrated by Anton O. Fischer

**R**OARING like sea-caves at the flood of the tide, down Railroad Avenue toward the C. & K. shop yards the strikers poured.

Through the lowering drizzle of that November afternoon they seethed; through the black, frost-stiffened mud; through the squalor, ugliness and filth of the "Levee." And as they came, many-headed like Hydra, myriad-handed like Briareus, their swarming tumult refuted in terms of life and breath, dirt, sweat and stern reality all such arm-chair philosophers as deny the War of Classes.

Around the corner they debouched, along the high grout wall of the shops; that savage wall defended at top with strands of barb-wire and with shards of broken bottles set in mortar. Inside the wall rose the shops; but, though smoke threaded from the tall chimney-stacks in imitation of continued work, no sounds of shunting, riveting or sawing smote the air. A strange, unnatural calm hung over this buttressed citadel of Wealth.

Down on the crowding throng below, the iron-shuttered windows peered. One might have thought that, through those metal-lidded eyes, entrenched Capitalism itself were spying, curious, scornful, in mockery of all that puny writhing of the human worms beneath.

The strike was on! And it was getting out of hand!

First the wage-cut of August 9th; then the discharge of four red-card men in the foundry; then the new scientific "motion-study" speeding-up—these had laid the tinder, the dry thatch about the pyre. Judge Mulligan's blanket injunction against the whole range of union activities, apparently against every conceivable act save existing, had struck the spark. And now with pickets in the Bridewell, leaders indicted by the grand jury for conspiracy, funds looted, headquarters raided and wrecked, every paper in town shouting vengeance and every pulpit-pounder shrieking denunciations; also with eviction from the Company's shacks and no credit from the pluck-me's, and with the Works scabbed full from end to end with seven hundred of Harley's "Heavy Battery-Thug Brigade," the forced-draught flames were eating very close to the magazine.

That was no pretty sight to gaze upon—the frenzied mass of men (dumb cattle would have gone goring-mad, long before!), some in shirt-sleeves, some hatless, some pale with fury, others red-necked and brawny, but all shouting anathema as they boiled in swirling eddies toward the great red gates of the Works.

For it was parley they wanted, now, and par-

ley they meant to have, with Masterson. Masterson, the "Super" who, that very morning, only two hours before, had thrown their committee neck-and-crop out into the street.

In the forefront strode Ed Johnson. Secretary now of the Car-builders' Union, he; and bound to have it out, this day, for good and all, with the enemy there in the office behind those barriers. Secretary, just elected to replace Quigg, in "stir." Well he knew the probabilities—the black-list, the bars, the imminent ruin unless the strike were won. But little cared he. For Ed was fighting now; fighting, at last!

The five years that had passed since that evening when he and the Rev. Mr. Uriah Supple had held converse, had grayed his hair, thinned his cheek and put new wrinkles round his eyes. Those years had set his jaw, too, with a new squareness; they had put a red card into his pocket, and a red button with clasped hands and a "Workmen of the World, Unite!" into his button-hole. From his eyes, now a trifle sunken, flashed out a fire such as the former times of compromise, cringing, conciliation and truckling to Authority had never seen.

\* \* \*

Compounded of a thousand angry voices, the swelling flood of uproar boomed to a higher note as the mob disgorged itself into Fullman Square, before the car-shops. From yawning windows over saloons and dives, from dens of ill-fame and from joints where every game save a straight game ran wide open under the Good Government administration of Mayor Corey; from sordid, stinking tenements along the Square; from rum-shops and blind-tigers where anything from "white-line" to "burnese" could be purchased and consumed, degraded, bestial faces peered.

Some half-alarmed, some curious, others mocking, all tinged with the lust of excitement, the lure of "something doing," the men and women of the Levee—pimps, prostitutes, slavers, "coke"-fiends, rummies, repeaters, heelers and all the slimy scum of this American industrial hell—they watched to see what was about to happen.

Here, there, a word passed; a wink, a jest, a nod, a leer. "Old Dr. Hall" was hard at work—that is, Dr. Alcohol, as the Underworld names him. And more than one of those brutalized on-lookers had "taken a sniff o' the flake" by way of extra treat in view of the rare eventualities now forthcoming. How glorious an occasion for the Levee! How memorable—how

pregnant with excitement! Better some of these non-combatants knew, far better, what manner of thing was waiting there inside the gates, than Ed knew, or the committee, or the thousand outraged "free" Americans now clotting into a dense stew between the line of buildings and the rubble walls of the Car Shops.

Now the broad head of this huge human serpent had spread far out over the railroad spur which led into the grounds—the spur on which, secretly and by night, box-cars full of scabs had last week been run into the plant. And Ed was at the very gates. Using a steel bolt which he had snatched up on the way, he pounded summarily upon the planks.

"Hey! Hey there, inside!" he shouted, as though above that swarming ocean-surge of turmoil his voice could carry; as though they, inside, needed any other warning or notification of the presence of the mob, without! Again he pounded. Through his mind flicked a wonder: Why had there been no police, along the route from headquarters to the Shops, to contest their way? Why this lack, so far, of any opposition? But this was no time for analysis. To hammer against the citadels of Wealth with a mere bar of steel, while at one's back a thousand men make riot, is not conducive to introspection. And again Ed struck. Again he hailed: "Hey, you, inside!"

With ominous promptitude the watchman's slide in the gate snapped open.

An eye appeared.

Ed recognized that eye. Somewhat greenish, with a peculiar narrowing squint, he knew it even in the on-coming gloom of the November afternoon. Among ten thousand he could have singled it out.

The eye belonged to Francis Xavier McCaffrey, foreman of the paint-shop where the strike had first flared up; McCaffrey, who stood high with President Stark of the C. & K.; McCaffrey, Treasurer of the Militia of Christ, a Knight of Columbus; a drill-master of the Scouts. And at sight of him, Ed's face went a trifle gray, then reddened angrily.

But he made no abuse, nor yet spoke the words that burned with him. Instead, he took from his pocket a typewritten paper. Undramatic, that paper, yet true. He held it high in air, like an oriflamme, a standard for the hosts behind to see. And, as a comparative hush fell over the vast assembly, he folded the paper and thrust it through the peep-hole.

Thus did he present the collective demands of all those outraged men: Admittance of the committee; conference; arbitration.

The paper was pulled in. Then, hardly a sec-



and later, up shot a little cloud of fragments over the top of the gate. Hurling in a compact mass, they opened out as they fell. Some of the paper bits spiralled to earth; others zigzagged out over the mosaic of upturned faces. The bitter breeze caught them and flickered them away; and, at sight of them, the men understood. More eloquent, that answer, than all the oratory of a Demosthenes. To greet it, up rose a swelling tumult, a deep-throated roar, instant, spontaneous, that burst and boomed and flung itself, re-echoing, from wall to wall.

Ed faced round. Both hands raised high, he shouted for silence, for a chance to be heard. As well had he addressed the tides of Fundy when the forty-foot bore sweeps up from Grand Manan to Minas Channel. He and his little group of lieutenants were drops on the seethe and tumult of that storm; drops, no more. And, as they struggled, now came an ominous, concerted movement from the other side of the square. Something seemed to be forward, there, whereof the leaders had no cognizance.

This movement could be discerned by the onward-plowing of a certain mass of heads, which ripped down slowly through the main pack of that multitude as you have seen an iceberg cranch a floe.

Voiced by a thousand tongues a battle-cry arose; and on, on, came the militant body in a long double line of men. Impossible to hear anything definite; impossible to see much; yet Ed all at once understood the tactics. And,

"Drop that, you fools!" he shouted, the veins standing out in neck and temples with the useless straining of his voice.

But he was wedged aside, he and his men with him; into a corner hard by the gate they all were packed. And the up-wrenched telegraph pole—its cross-beams still dragging wire—plowed on, on, toward the gate. Butt-foremost it came. On either side a hundred men or more were ranged. Four hundred hands held it and bore it. At either side the crowd was peeled back by this monstrous centipede with a dead, wooden body and with living, moving human legs.

"Gangway! Room, there! Way!" rose yells.

"Drop it!" shrieked Ed, waving impotent fists. "Oh, you damned, infernal fools!"

Somebody crooked an elbow round his neck and bore him down. When he fought clear again, the battering-ram was within twenty feet of the gate. It paused for the men to get a fresh grip; for the first swing of the charge.

Suddenly, click! the slide in the gate opened again. Through it poked a metal nozzle.

Uprose yells of terror. What was it? A machine gun? Both ways the mob scattered, out of range; but the nozzle swung and dipped and followed them. The pack grew stifling.

Then with a *Whoo-ish!*, a sputtering, choking squirt and gasp, came the water from the fire-hose. Muddy at first, bursting with compressed air that foamed white and frothy, hissing, belching, then solid and compact, out shot the stream backed by every ounce of pressure in the Company's emergency pumps.

Down bowled a dozen men, a score, fifty! Struck on the heads and chests, dazed, choking, blinded, deafened by that cold, resistless deluge at lightning speed, they were swept away like chaff. The foremost bearers of the telegraph-post fell ignominiously. For a moment the ram itself wavered and showed signs of defeat. For a moment the monster centipede halted irresolute.

Then, quite at once, the stream failed. It fell, lost force, dribbled and died to a few trickling drops. At the same instant, high above the wall, cascaded a white spray. The shout went up:

"Hose bust—or cut! We—maybe—got help inside! Come on! Go to it, Bill! *Go to it!*"

Forward surged the ram again. Mad clear through and through, the men now rushed from every side to lend their aid. Through the reek

and slop and mud in front of the gates they drove the huge weapon. Wherever a hand could find any possible hold, it gripped.

"*Heave 'er!*" rang the cry.

*BOOM!*

With a splintering crash, the pole collided with the gate.

Splinters flew; ironwork groaned and bent. The nozzle was jerked wildly to and fro.

"Water, there! Damn you, *water!*" shrieked voices. Ed, in that scene of indescribable confusion, rage and hate, was lost like a mote in a whirlwind. Again the ram drew back.

"*Soak 'er! Bang Hell out of 'er, this time! NOW!*"

With a long, swinging cadence the steady assault began. The ton or more of hard-pine, driven by hundreds of sinewy arms, thundered against the citadel of Capitalism like the ballistae of Titus against the walls of fated Jerusalem.

Now the beams creaked and complained. The gates shuddered.

"*Again!*"

Mighty the shock was. Iron ground and roared as the bolts burst.

"*ALL TOGETHER!*"

Smashed like an egg-shell struck by a rock, the barriers leaped inward. Back shivered the gates.

administration creaked open. And, framed like pictures of ill-omen, three or four in each window, a company of National Guardsmen appeared.

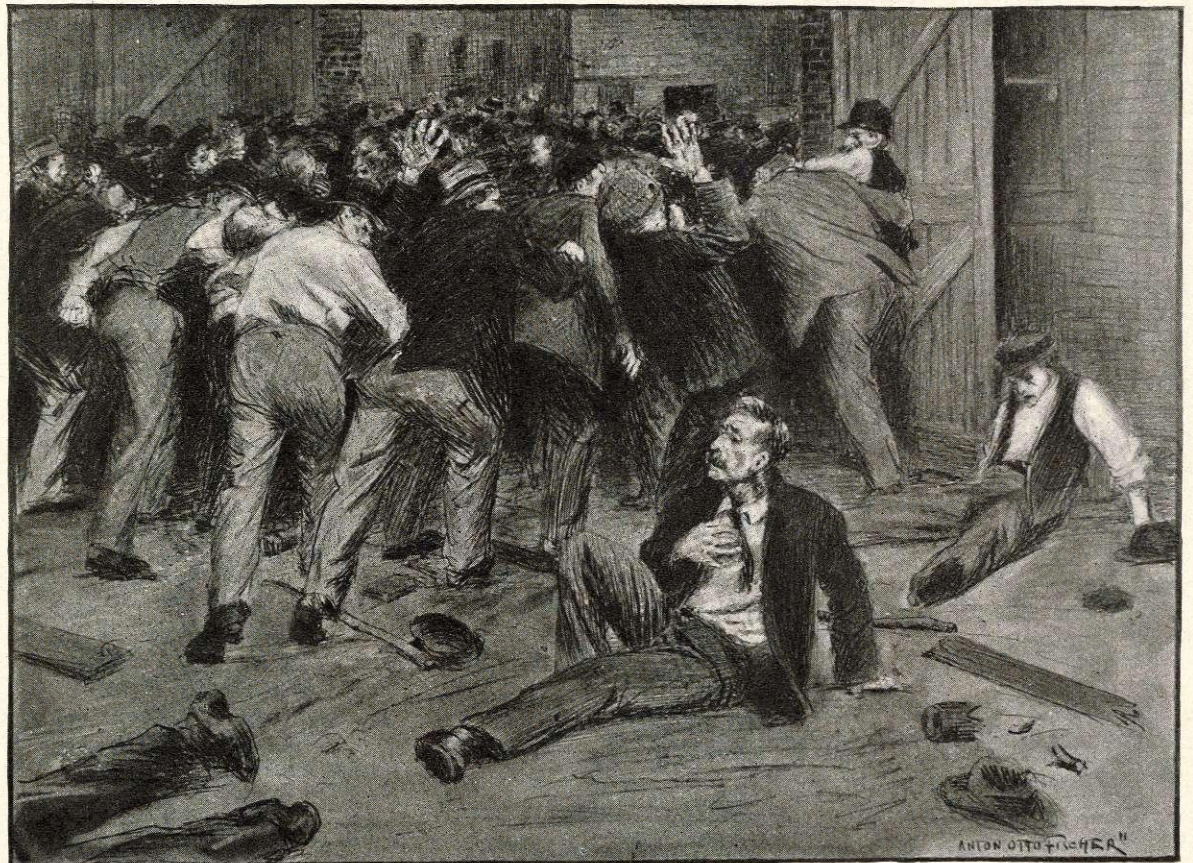
At sight of the khaki, the broad-brimmed hats, the shiny Krag-Jorgensen barrels, the strikers in front tried to recoil; but those behind pushed them along, even as at the sunken road of Ohain the foremost cavalymen were ridden down to form a bridge for all the rest.

"Trapped!" realized Ed, fighting those back of him.

He understood the "plant," now; the absence of police; the maddening effect of that hose-play and the "accident" of its bursting; the tearing-up of the demands—all, everything.

He understood, as in flash, the meaning of all this; the making good of President Stark's grim assertion: "Very well, let them keep on with the strike. We'll teach them their lesson!" He understood. So did the cooler heads, there in the crowd.

But ninety-nine out of every hundred understood not. They only felt! Felt rage, fury, passion, a burning, cooking desire to hit out, to strike, smash, get even with something, somebody, for all these weeks of misery and insult and defeat and bitterness. And so, yielding not,



Drawn for *The Masses* by Anton O. Fischer

"He got to a sitting posture in the black, half-frozen mud, all slimed and limed with its sticky trampled filth."

And, sweeping Ed and his resisting committee like straws on a mill-race, into the yard the strikers poured.

Sticks and staves brandished in air; fists, bricks, and here and there a revolver-barrel, all clinched the proof that the interests of Capital and Labor are identical. So, too, did the wild, thousand-throated roar of exultation as the resistless flood of men, bearing Ed on its wave-crest, foamed down between the long brick foundry and the paint-shop, toward the offices at the other end of the Works.

Then, all at once, the tone of the wild tumult changed; the roar rose in volume but fell in tone—became that low, droning "*Ut,*" described by Kipling as the sign of deadly trouble impending.

For, as the first froth of the storm-wave flung itself half-way down the yard, the iron shutters of the second and third story windows of the

blind-mad, on they pushed, roaring the battle-song without words, the wild mob-roar that from time immemorial has swirled up from the mass infuriate.

Rose an officer's arm. The sword in his hand, projecting through one of the central windows, looked cold and keen as a lancet—it *was* a lancet, the Capitalist lancet for social phlebotomy!

Ed saw the officer's lips move in command, though no word reached his ears. He knew that officer; Redmond, paying teller of the Mechanics' National Bank, henchman of Stark, with ambitions for a directorship in the C. & K. As the sword rose, up came files of Krags.

All at once Ed, still jostled and pushed forward by the mob, saw his son, Jim, there above him.

In the window next the officer he stood, Jim did, clad like the rest, rifle at shoulder, a cold

(Continued on page 18)



# A TEMPLE OF JUSTICE

## A Story of the Workings of a Big City Court

### FOREWORD

[This is the last article dictated by Hugh O. Pentecost before his death in December, 1907. He never saw it for correction.

Minister in an orthodox church, mental scientist, single-taxer, anarchist, at last he reached the Socialist Party, which he joined the year he died. "I was really a Socialist always," he said many times, after he was enrolled, while one of his wonderful smiles would soften the beautiful austerity of his face, "but it took me a long time to find it out."

After expressing horror at the undeserved fate of the Chicago anarchists, hung in 1886, Mr. Pentecost left the church. His sympathy with those in the clutches of the law led him then to study criminal law which he practiced for many years in the courts of New York. For several years he spoke every Sunday morning at Lyric Hall. His oratory was brilliant. His extreme radicalism kept his audiences small as a rule till the last year when there was not even standing room to be found.

Mrs. Pentecost, though disagreeing fundamentally with her husband, came regularly to his lectures with him as she did also to every meeting he attended. When

**S**TANDING about half way between Broadway and the small park that covers the site of the old notorious Mulberry Bend—about half way between wealth and poverty—is a rather handsome building of red brick, trimmed with stone, known as the Criminal Courts Building. It occupies the block bounded by Franklin, Centre, White and Lafayette Streets.

Walking from Broadway eastward, along Franklin Street, almost within a stone's throw of the great business thoroughfare, one sees a steel ligament connecting the court building with another group of buildings occupying the opposite block and known as The Tombs. This is a prison mainly used for the detention before trial of unfortunates charged with crime. The ligament, spanning Franklin Street, is popularly called the Bridge of Sighs. Across it pass in the course of the year thousands of prisoners for trial before judges and juries. About half of them, after an imprisonment of a few weeks or many months, go free, for a time or forever. The other half depart for Blackwell's Island, the State Reformatory at Elmira, or the Sing Sing State Prison, the period of their living burial being determined partly by the gravity of their crimes and partly by the temper or temperament of the judge who "sends them away."

How little New Yorkers know about this mill of justice, the New Criminal Courts Building! It has eight large rooms, occasionally nine, devoted to the judicial determination of the fate of arrested persons. There are a Coroner's Court; a City Magistrate's Court, which is commonly called a Police Court; the Court of Special Sessions, which is composed of three judges without juries, for the trial of persons charged with misdemeanor only; four parts of the Court of General Sessions and one part of the Supreme Court, criminal term, for the trial of felonies. These latter consist of crimes ranging from murder in the first degree to being present at an Anarchist meeting. Or a felony may consist in firing a brick through the window of a saloon whose keeper turned the future "felon" into the street after taking all his money in exchange for drinks. Or it may consist in stealing a bridge ticket from the "complainant's" pocket, an offense punishable by five or ten years in a state's prison, according to whether it was done before or after sun-down; or in putting a hand "with intent to steal" into a pocket containing nothing, an offense punishable by half the terms mentioned in the foregoing, sun-up or sun-down being the determining factor. Imagine the feelings of the wretch on his way to Ossining for trying to steal—nothing!

Besides these courts the red building contains the offices of the District Attorney and his many assistants, the grand jury rooms, rooms for de-

By HUGH O. PENTECOST

With a Drawing by Marjorie Hood

he died there were arranged and carried out conventional services, including the reading of the Bible, prayer, etc. In justice to Mr. Pentecost it must be said, if there are any who ask, that this was not in accordance with any wish of his. This after his death is as inexplicable—or as plain—as many of the tragic features of his life, which in such great measure separated the man personally for all his later years from the radical movement to which he gave his mind and soul.

Manuscript designed for a book of his Lyric Hall lectures was refused by his family to a representative of a committee of his friends who wished to arrange for its publication in accordance with plans Mr. Pentecost had already made. The manuscript was typewritten, corrected, and ready for the printer when Mr. Pentecost died. All this work, except the correcting for which the manuscript had been placed in his hands, had been done by Comrade Bertha W. Howe. She it was who asked

liberation by petit juries, offices for the clerks of the various courts and the awe-inspiring "chambers" of the judges, upon whom devolve the duty of determining the destinies of the pitiful creatures who have been convicted. Few persons can enter one of these private "chambers" without feeling that he is in the presence of a kind of god, an arbiter of the destinies of men, sometimes terrible in his judgment, but much oftener very merciful, considering what he might do "under the law." It is of daily occurrence that one of these humane judges says to a trembling young criminal, "Under the law I might send you to State's Prison for five years, but in view of your youth and your previous good character I shall suspend sentence. Go home, and try to wipe this stain off your life."

In the Coroner's Court nothing is done except to decide by vote of a jury, generally of smaller mental calibre than the General Sessions juries "upstairs," what the cause was of the death inquired into, and who if any one was responsible for it. Here come all cases of death by accident, of persons found dead by drowning, or in bed, or on the street, of persons who "drop dead," of suicides, of murder, etc. The human interest centers about the accused, the driver of a wagon, a motorman or engine driver, or the one charged with shooting or stabbing the deceased; but more than all about the widow or mother of the deceased who goes on the witness stand, heavily clothed in black, generally only to identify the deceased, which she does in quiet tears or choking sobs.

Perhaps the most interesting to a student of the underworld is the Police Court in the early hours of its session, say from eight or half past eight to half past ten in the morning, especially if it be on a Sunday morning, when may be seen what is euphoniously called "the watch" composed of a long line of "drunk and disorderlies" who have been picked up during the night by police officers—the flotsam and jetsam of city humanity, an indescribable collection of scraps of social sediment. Men and women, still half drunk, unwashed, often splashed with blood from a fall, or a blow received in a fight, or from a policeman's club, sometimes with bandaged heads, generally with "black eyes," the women the same as the men, hats askew, hair falling down, garments in rags and bedrabbled, pitiful, pitiful, pitiful.

Here also are girls and women arrested for "street walking," their faces worth studying, hard generally, brazen occasionally, pathetic not infrequently, with a pathos more heartrending than that of the widow in the Coroner's Court.

"It's the first time, your honor," says one of them, head hanging.

"Do you know her, officer?" inquires His Honor.

for the copy she had prepared, but it was not given her. Mr. Pentecost's Lyric Hall lectures have never been printed, except parts of them which appeared weekly in *The Truth Seeker*.

Ida Gatling Pentecost, Hugh O. Pentecost's wife, died in New York a few months ago.

The fall of 1907 a story by Mr. Pentecost dealing with the lives of criminals appeared in *The Broadway Magazine*. It was to be followed by others of the same kind, had the author lived. The idea was suggested by the interest his audiences took in the stories he told on the lecture platform. He wished to show that criminals were not unlike the rest of human beings. His stories were full of sympathetic understanding of the motives of those among whom his practice took him and were told with a deep desire to abolish the ban of ostracism under which people are prone to classify those whom the law brands.

The article appearing here was also intended for magazine publication. Dealing as it does with the place where Mr. Pentecost's profession took him daily, it is the more regrettable that it never received his attention after dictation. It was written from short-hand notes after his death.]

"No, sir; never saw her before."

What significance, what tragedy.

"The first time!" Who is she? Perhaps a discouraged shop girl or "saleslady," finally tired of trying to live "like other women" on five dollars a week. Calling his probation officer, a magistrate with one of these young girls before him, told the officer to take her to his private room. Then to the writer, "Wait till I get through here. I want you to see this girl."

After an hour of "discharged," "one dollar fine," "three dollars fine," "one cent fine," (which some bystander promptly pays, not infrequently the officer who made the arrest), "six months in the workhouse," the magistrate and the writer went into the private room. There, shamefaced and in tears, "The first time, your honor" told her story of a lonesome life in the country, the monotonous farm life, the dog baying at night, chickens to be fed in the morning, cow to be milked, endless chores, always the same, every day the same; then the flight to the city, the struggle for existence; and finally this "first time."

"How about father and mother," inquired the magistrate.

"Good people, but they couldn't seem to understand what that life meant to me. They meant to be good to me, I suppose, but they didn't seem to understand."

"Do you want to go back home?"

Tears, sobs, outbreathing cries, and then, "I suppose they won't want me now, but I'll go, I'll go. I didn't think it would come to this."

His Honor kept her in the matron's care, communicated with her parents, and paid her way home out of his own pocket.

No citizen's education is complete until he sits besides a city magistrate and sees "the watch" disposed of.

In the Court of Special Sessions from one to two hundred cases are ruled off each court day. Petit larcenies, fist fights, bastardy cases, cruelty to animals, keeping live chickens in the city limits, selling watered milk and hundreds of other kinds of cases are tried here. The index of the Penal Code shows fifteen pages of misdemeanors, triable in this court, with an average of over fifty crimes to the page; for a low estimate, say six hundred different statutory offenses are liable to land one before the Special Sessions Judges. How do so many of us escape? Is it because we are not detected? How do we know that we are not committing one or more of these six hundred offenses every day?

Many respectable people find themselves in this Court, and convicted too, almost before they know what has occurred, for, though the mills of the gods grind slowly, the mill of this particular court is geared up to a high rate of speed. Over ten thousand cases were disposed of in



1905. In a large number of these, over in a few minutes, the defendant does not know what the verdict is until he is pushed out into the street, a free man, or back into the Tombs. All that he understands is "Get out," or "Back to the pen." This is not to say that "justice" is not done. It is merely to indicate the lightning-like celerity of the lady, the deftness with which she handles her sword and scales.

Many who are convicted in this court are young boys who, instead of being sent to jail, are paroled to report once a week to a probationary officer, who follows them up and informs the court of the progress they make toward respectability. About once a month they are summoned to court, generally accompanied by their mothers, who sit in the audience with beating hearts and trembling hands to hear whether the parole is to be continued for another month, or whether the little culprit is to go to some reformatory, there to be educated in the arts of the crook by companions more advanced in crime than himself. If the lad is well behaved during his parole he is finally discharged in about six months.

As the crimes over which this court has jurisdiction are petty the sentences are generally short—a few days, weeks or months in prison—and from these offenders are generally selected the "runners," scrub women, and other necessary workers in the Tombs and the district prisons throughout the city.

On the second floor of the courts building are the four parts of the Court of General Sessions, each part presided over by a judge. Here are accepted pleas of guilty or trials conducted before a jury of twelve of these prisoners' "peers," if jurymen selected from one class can fairly be called the "peers" of the accused, who usually belongs to a different class in society.

Here the jurisdiction of the court embraces felonies. Here acute human tragedies occur.

Below the court rooms are the "pens" or cages, in which the prisoners are kept awaiting trial. To these pens some of them return from the Tombs, day after day, with days intervening, five, ten or fifteen times before their cases are reached.

These cages are built of steel, something like the cages in the "Zoo," where wild animals are kept, except that one rarely sees more than two four-footed animals in a cage, and the cage is open, but for the bars on the side. The criminal

cages are shut in, except for a window at one end and a door of bars at the centre, and are inhabited throughout the day by from ten to twenty human beings, who contract the animal habit of walking to and fro for hours at a time. Visitors, including gentle ladies, are not infrequently brought to gaze at them.

At about one o'clock they are fed a grayish-white soupy substance and a bit of bread, brought from the Tombs by men in striped clothes—Special Sessions convicts. The soupy stuff is dipped from a large receptacle, about the size and shape of an ordinary ashcan into a tin dish, and eaten with a spoon. Again a picture of the animals in the park. One wonders if a happier and wiser people of the twenty-first century will read of these cages as we read of similar things long since outgrown.

Upstairs the mill of justice is grinding. In one part of the court a jury is filing into the room to announce a verdict. A well-dressed young man whose destiny will be decided by the verdict, is standing pale-faced at the bar.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury," cries the clerk, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

The foreman responds, "We have."

The prisoner grips the railing before which he is standing and grows livid.

"Do you find this defendant guilty or not guilty?" again in metallic tones, inquires the clerk.

"Guilty," responds the foreman.

In a cheery tone the clerk repeats the formula, "Hearken unto the verdict as it stands. You say you find the defendant guilty of the crime of grand larceny in the second degree, as charged in the indictment, and so say you all."

The defendant drops like a stone, his head striking the railing. The court officer standing by, and a few of those nearest to him, hear him, in stifled tones, exclaim, "O, God; my wife!"

A woman at the back of the room faints.

In another part of the court a colored woman is being hurried from the room down stairs to the women's "pen," emitting shriek after shriek, more and more dimly heard as she recedes below. She has just been sentenced to State's Prison at Auburn for seven years. She stole twenty-eight dollars from a white man who went with her into a hallway, at two o'clock in the morning, on West Thirty-seventh Street.

Through the doorway of Part III, there comes rushing into the corridor of the building a young Italian, surrounded by five or six fellow countrymen and met in the corridor by as many more, among them his mother and two sisters. They all fall upon the young man, kissing his hands and face, smiling, laughing, chattering. All joy; all gladness; hysteria. He has been acquitted!

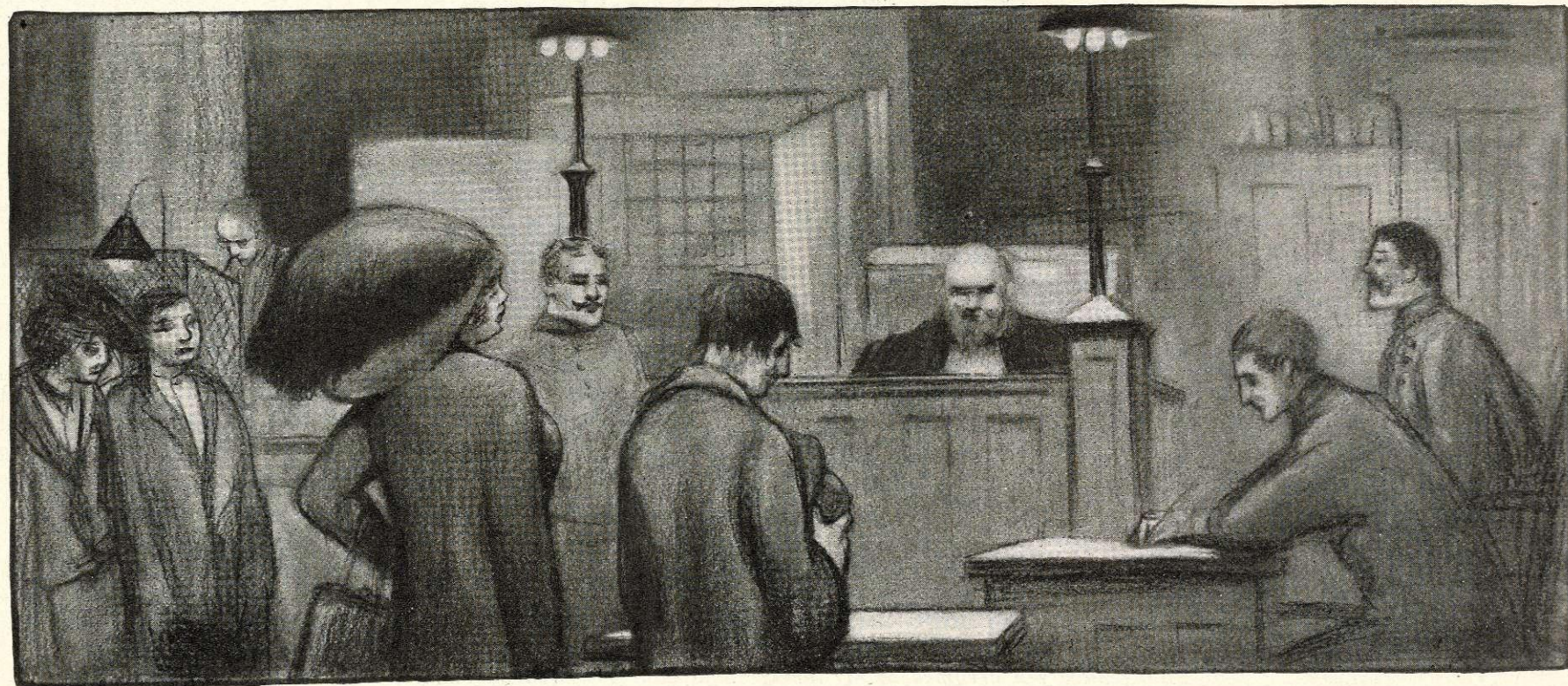
Standing against a pillar, near the door of Part IV, is a woman in tears, her head buried in her hands. She is thin and poorly dressed, apparently no longer young. Her clothing hangs straight down along her spare form. Her attitude is hopeless. Inside the court room a man is to be sentenced and the officer has put her out, fearing that the dignity of the court will be disturbed by a scene should she remain. The officer knows that the young man has "done time" before and that the court "has it in for him." While the woman stands weeping without, the judge within is speaking from the bench:—

"James Corrigan, this is not your first offense. In 1889 you served one year in the penitentiary on your plea of petit larceny, though you were indicted for grand larceny. In 1892 you were sent to Sing Sing for five years for the same crime of which you now stand convicted. In 1899 you were again sent to the Island. You have now been convicted of robbery in the first degree, the full penalty for which is twenty years in State's Prison. I can find no mitigating circumstances in your case, and I should give you the full term if it were not that the law obliges me to make your sentence such that you may be discharged in the summer time. I therefore sentence you to State's Prison at hard labor for the period of nineteen years and ten months."

There is a stir in the court room. A drawing in of the breath can be heard among the jurymen and spectators. Many turn their heads, craning their necks to look at the man who is led back to the "pen," with no expression whatever on his countenance.

The judge turns to speak to a friend who has taken a seat beside him on the bench. He and his friend laugh heartily, though without sound. It is about that dinner at the club last night; the joke that was turned so neatly on the life insurance president who was one of the party.

Only one person cares. She is still standing at the pillar, her face in her hands. She is Jimmy's mother.



Drawn for *The Masses* by Marjorie Hood

The Arbiter of Destinies



## Some Things About Restlessness

DR. JOHN WILLIAM CAVANAUGH, President of Notre Dame University, Indiana, according to a recent speech declares himself much opposed to the restlessness of modern American life.

That scamp Galileo with his deplorable restlessness wasn't satisfied till he'd turned Joshua's sun-stand-still miracle inside out; and then along came Darwin to upset the divine right of kings with his grandfathers-and-monkeys nonsense; and now when we're just beginning to take kindly to the doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest and the Slickest out pops Karl Marx with his formulation of Socialism.

Worst of all these restless Americans, never willing to let well enough alone,

are actually leaving the good safe, solid, substantial old parties to become Socialists. It's very trying—especially for all Doctor Cavanaugh's.

## Some Things About Co-operation

THERE are three main lines along which the Socialist movement progresses: by political action; unionism; and co-operation. The German Socialist party has reached its strength largely through political action; the English movement springs from a great labor union development; and the Belgian party, perhaps the best organized of all, comes from the Belgian co-operatives.

So far we have pretty well neglected the co-operative movement in the United

States. Fake and futile co-operatives have eaten up the workingman's confidence in this side of Socialism, and we have let all its potential strength go to waste. But true Socialist co-operatives are flourishing today on this side of the Atlantic. And they are making money for the Cause.

There is no reason why there shouldn't be a Socialist co-operative in every city and town in the United States. It's just a question of "want to."

## Some Things About Ourselves

HERE is a fact to be chewed over. We have succeeded where our friends said we would fail. Friends are seldom sunshine bringers.

When you tell them what you intend to do they pull a long face and say, "Oh, you'll never be able to do that."

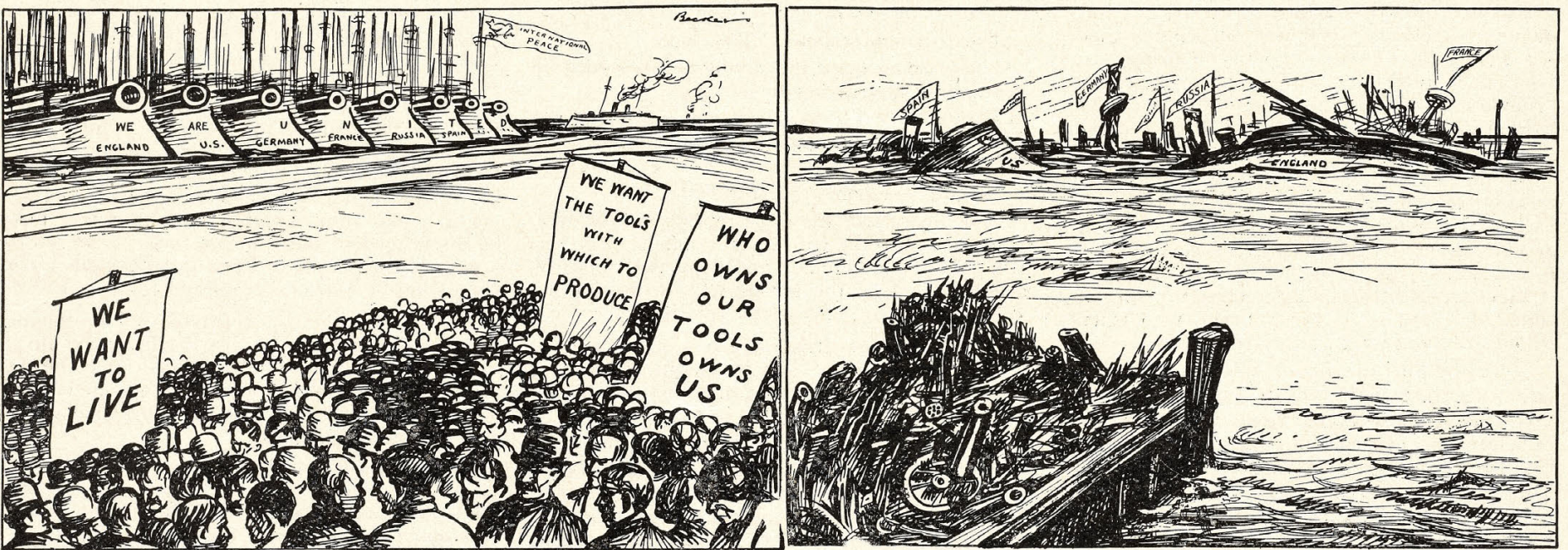
Our friends said that a high class periodical had no place in the Socialist movement in the United States. "Socialists won't buy it. It will go over their heads. Try something else."

And now *The Masses* has reached its half-year mark. It circulates 10,000 copies a month. It has on file scores of approving letters. It has shown that the Socialists of America do appreciate good literature and good art. By its example it has raised the standard of all the other Socialist magazines in the country. It has been tolerant, yet revolutionary. It has preached class action but not class hatred.

Our friends were mistaken.

## THE PEACE OF THE NATIONS

Drawn for *The Masses* by M. Becker



As the Professional Peace Makers Want it  
—The Guns Trained on the Working Class

As the Socialists Want it—The Guns  
and Navies of the World Scrapped

## The Ferry People

By HORATIO WINSLOW

I.

Hard by the slips the liners tug at their cables' ends  
While dock and deck and gang-plank hear friends' goodbyes to friends:  
O careless, lucky nation to sail and sail away  
And wander round the wonder world forever and a day!  
But we are the Ferry People and never shall we go free  
To spy from their lordly liners the glint of the farthest sea.

II.

Yes, we are the Ferry people, the slaves of the daily wage,  
Who travel aboard the ferries as a man might ride on a stage:  
Bridges there are and tunnels and airships (coming) in shoals,  
But we cross the river by ferry for the sake of our heartmost souls.  
"Weary, I wait," the Voice cries that will not let us be,  
"For I am the Sea your Mother—and have you forgotten me?"

III.

"And I am the Sea your Mother—your fathers found me sweet  
For they left the fire o' the hearthstone to follow my dancing feet:  
Norsemen and Celt and Saxon, Latin and men from Tyre,  
To taste of my secret beauty, to conquer my lip-spoke ire.  
Quick their blood in your bodies and why should you not go free?  
And I am the Sea your Mother—and have you forgotten me?"

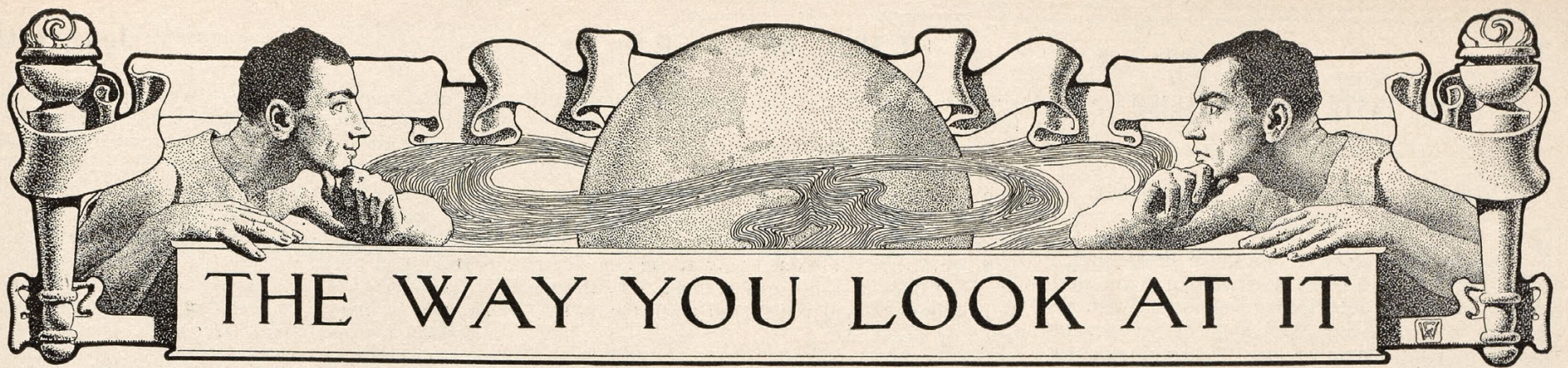
IV.

But we are the Ferry People, our watches close to our hand,  
(We're running on time this morning—just two more minutes to land)  
And once on the earth Lord love us! how the ferry fancies fade!  
In that rocking ride up the subway and the hum of the wheels of trade  
And we'll never do any different from now till the dismal dark  
When we'll live in our children's houses in Something-or-Other Park.

V.

Dim eyes . . . dull ears . . . and the finish . . . The finish? or shall there rise  
The voice of the wave-lipped woman crooning in tenderwise:  
"Sons of my heart awaken! long have you drowsed ashore.  
Long have you dreamed of my luring—now shall you dream no more,  
Sons of my heart awaken! sons of my heart go free!  
I am the Sea your Mother—and have you forgotten me?"





# THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

## Another Prayer of the Social Awakening

To be Used by a Sleeping Car Company in Addressing the General Public.

O G. P., listen to the prayer that we pray thee and make haste to answer. In our employ, as thou knowest, are scores and hundreds of worthy men upon whom thou hast aforetime bestowed the Honest Half, the Delightful Dollar, and even on occasion the Frolicsome Fiver. Yet now is the favor of thy pocket turned away from these our servants who now, most unjustly, try to take a piece of money off'n us.

"Travelers are tightwads," cry the Porters. "Where once we got a quatah now we don't git nothin'. Yassah, we cain't live noway at all and us havin' to pay foh all the blackin' we done use on the gemmen's shoes. Mo' pay!" cry the Porters. "Give us \$50 instead of \$25!" cry the Porters—cry the ungrateful Porters.

Consider, O G. P., is it thy intention that we, with our own money, shall increase the pay of these dusky ones? Behold, do they not brush *thy* shoes and *thy* coatcollar—and with the same brush? Do they not carry *thy* bag? Do they not chuckle at *thy* jest? And do they not breathe down *thy* neck as they open *thy* window? And are we to pay them out of *our* pockets?

Such a conclusion, O G. P., cannot but offend against thy sense of good taste. Forget not thy friends and remember the Porter. Thanking thee for past favors and confidently hoping for thy future generosity, we remain

Thine for an Upper Berth.

## How To Know Pigs

THE REAL Pig is a Real Pig.

He admits it. There is no evasion about him. He is single-minded and without a trace of deceptive cunning. He doesn't spend his time saying, "Watch me closely, kind friends, I'm the latest thing in birds of Paradise"; or "Look at my forehead, fellow citizens, that broad altitudinous bump stands for knowledge: I know more than Solomon and Old Doc Munyon rolled into one."

No, though the Real Pig may not respect airs in other people he puts on no fancy fixings himself. He is a child of nature: he eats with both feet in the trough and all the salad forks in the discard—and he's proud of it.

If this were all it would be easy enough even for a child to tell a Pig from any other animal. But unfortunately there roams at large a corpulent somewhat similar creature whose close though unconscious imitation of our hero may cause confusion.

This gobbling varmint may be distinguished from the real thing as follows:

He has two legs rather than four. Instead of devouring waste he makes more waste.

He is fat but he is not good eating. He never fights for his food with anybody his size.

He doesn't stick to a pen but roams at large from flats to palaces.

Instead of cleaning himself he trusts it to a manicure.

Whenever rooting is necessary he hires someone else to do it.

He isn't worth his keep.

In short he has all the bad qualities and none of the virtues of the pig.

Beware of imitations.

If you must be a Pig be a Real Pig. Be honest if you can't be polite.

## Barnyard Brevities

DR. OSCAR T. WOGGLES, the courteous and popular White Leghorn, has made public the fact that he is the original Chantecler and inspired the recent play of that name.

"I brought home the bacon," said Mr. O. T. Woggles with true sportsmanlike conciseness when asked about his recent combat with the "Plymouth Rock Kid." In ring circles Mr. Woggles is known as "Spike" owing to his cleverness in the roosterly art of self-defense.

There was a celebration yesterday in the Woggles household when Mrs. Oscar T. Woggles (7) completed her feat of laying a hundred eggs in a hundred days. Mr. Woggles was modest as usual.

One of the prettiest brides of the season was Miss Daisy Grubbins, who was married yesterday afternoon to our genial fellow citizen Oscar Toots Woggles, Esq. After the ceremony, which was very brief, the pair adjourned for a short honeymoon. The good wishes of all will follow Mrs. Oscar T. Woggles (11).

Perhaps the most taking booklet of the year is a little thing issued by Mrs. Oscar T. Woggles (5), entitled "Fifty Ways of Gobbling Corn." It is dedicated, "With admiration and regard to O. T. W."

Grandma Woggles, mother of the eminent publicist Mr. Oscar T. Woggles, remembers back to the "Befo' the incubator" days. She says that the generation hatched in an incubator and brought up in a brooder have no respect for their elders and betters. "Spare the beak and spoil the bird," is a favorite maxim of Grandma's.

As we go to press we are favored with a piece of news which will doubtless surprise our many readers. Late last night as the distinguished and widely known clubman Mr. Oscar T. Woggles was about to retire with his family a stranger suddenly appeared in the Woggles private yard.

After an exchange of conversation (not reported) the stranger attacked Mr. Woggles and a truly Homeric combat ensued. We are obliged to report that the late Mr. Oscar T. Woggles is now perched on the top of his former residence steadfastly refusing to come down, while inside the victor is holding high carnival with the rest of the Woggles family.

LATER: It is rumored that the victor has also taken to himself the name Oscar T. Woggles. We extend our heartiest congratulations to the new head of the family and wish him a long and prosperous career.

Rainy tomorrow. Worms.

## Economical Uncle James

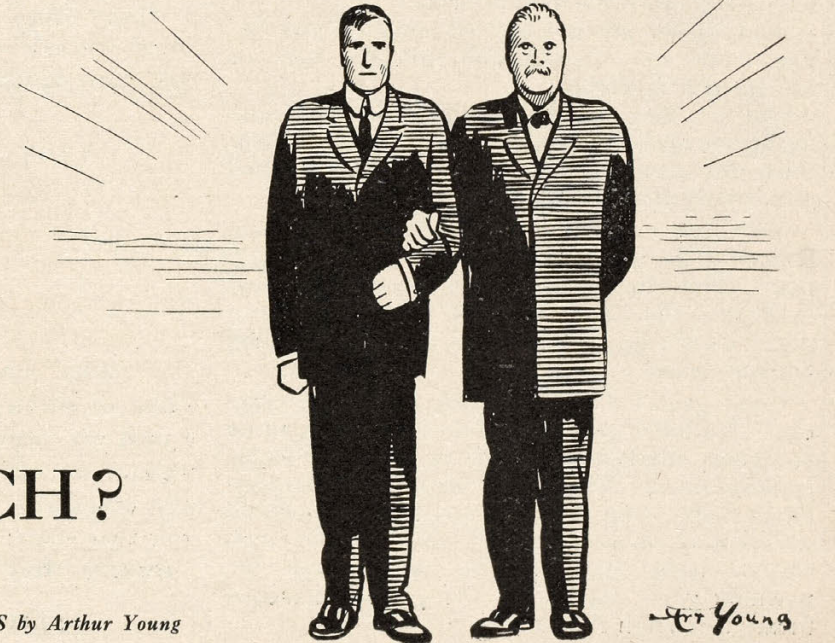
SEE DEAR old Uncle James in bed! What trouble he seems to be in! How contorted his brow acts.

He does not look at the sun peeping in at the eastern window. What can be the matter with him?

Listen, children. Uncle James has just awakened from a dream in which he lost fifty cents down a sidewalk. If he gets up now he knows he will never be able to dream again and so the fifty cents will be gone forever. On the contrary if he doesn't get up he may lose a chance to lend some poor woman money at nine per cent.

Poor old Uncle James! Who says that a man who is economical will never have money troubles?

## Man against man or Human Brotherhood



WHICH?

Drawn for THE MASSES by Arthur Young

Arthur Young



## GOOD TASTE AND SOCIALISM

(Concluded from page 3)

### CONCERNING A MOST IMPOSSIBLE PERSON.

Suppose that into our odd little hodge-podge of a world should come a citizen of Time and Space—a shrewd intelligence acquainted with all peoples and all eras. And suppose we should ask him point blank saying, "O Distinguished and Discriminating Visitor—what is Good Taste?"

It seems likely that he would first study our customs and manners and the strata of our society, meanwhile observing curiously the priests and priestesses who worship at the shrine of Recognized Good Taste. And I think he would frown a great frown because he would see that all our Good Taste was Built on a foundation of the Worst Possible Taste and that lovers of The Correct Thing attained their desire only by compelling a great many people to lead dusty, disordered, meaningless and ungraceful lives.

He would see that the eaters of the banquet had commandeered less fortunate non-eaters to wait on table and wash dishes; that the man who used many forks (each one correctly), lived on the labor of people who ate with their fingers; that the women who wore fine clothes thereby forced other women to wear poor clothes; that the people who spent much of their time bowing and scraping sponged on the raw lives of other people who had no time for anything but toil; that the children with pony carriages and

governesses flourished by reason of uncounted babies who sucked at dry breasts.

And it is not impossible that the Man of Time and Space would declare that in such a civilization but one thing is in good taste and that is to be a Revolutionist; to destroy from the face of the earth such a system of society. For as long as grace of life is obtained only at the blood-price of other lives it is not grace at all, but ugliness and ugliness it will remain no matter how scalloped or tinselled.

### A MANIFESTO TO ALL SILK-STOCKINGS.

Therefore, all you whose lines have fallen in pleasant places, who are able to think less about bread and butter and more about the amenities, I beg of you look to the ground on which you are standing.

You say you seek only to do all things in good taste, but in this jungle civilization of ours how can you reconcile that aspiration with your lives? Would you exchange small talk and be ceremonious in your comings in and goings out if you knew a fellow human in the next room was being foully murdered? Yet that is just what you are doing now. You spend all your hours in the things that do not count while men and women and children are being devoured by the system that owns them.

Where is your boasted politeness—your vaunted good manners? Even if you are a Social Dictator or a Doctor of the Philosophy of Etiquet what does it all amount to if you let a child die alone in the dark?

But if you are sincere in your belief that the most important thing in life is good taste then you must drop your surface politeness and come to us. You must be a Revolutionist; there is no other course open to you if true courtesy warms your heart.

Rebel against things as they are! For only so may you prove steadfast to your principles.

*Noblesse of the world, unite! you have nothing but your vulgarity to lose and you have a fresh, splendid, tearless etiquet to gain!*

### THE END AND THE BEGINNING.

Yet even as I write this I know the words are a jeer rather than an appeal; because for the most part I doubt your sincerity; I do not believe you seek good taste. Your way of life has taken from you the consideration and lovingkindness which should have been yours; your courtesy comes not from the heart, but from the dancing master. You will endure all fatigues to be in the fashion, but you will not lift an arm to free a world from slavery.

And so Socialism will come in spite of you to play havoc with your carefully laid dinner table and all your lackey politenesses. With rough hands it will send to the devil your codes and systems. You will be utterly lost and from the depths you will cry out that the end of all good is at hand.

But safely building even now, dependent neither on ruling classes nor social leaders comes the New Etiquet—the Good Taste of all human-kind, purified and made strong to guide the weak and the powerful of earth in mutual kindness.

## WAKING THE TIGER

(Concluded from page 13)

sneer upon his face. Five years had robbed him of boyhood, lined his features with coarseness, rimmed his lips with tobacco-juice, reddened his face with alcohol and coarsened it with lust.

Yet, still to Ed this was his son.

Did the boy see his father? Who could tell? What were his thoughts? And was the Scout Oath there among them? God knows—perhaps. But all the years of obeying, all the thousands of orders minded without thought or question—these had worked their will of him.

"My boy! Boy!" Ed screamed, waving wild arms. "Don't—"

The sword fell.

All the way up and down the building fire spat. The hundred little black rifle-mouths vomited spurts of flame and lead. A crashing roar shattered echoes from the opposing buildings.

Up, sword! Down!

Again the volley! Again the stabs of death-fire; once more the thunder-clap!

And, answering it from the muddy yard, below, wails and shrieks and the mad fight of beaten men in flight.

Out, out they struggled, flailing, tearing, clawing at one another. Down went the weaker; over them the stronger climbed and fell and writhed and cursed and struggled.

Yet, even in flight, the Guardsmen shot the n down! The wounds in a score of backs told that! The blood-madness fell upon those men in khaki; the "Fire at Will" command given them, their rifles cracked and spat and spouted without cease.

Good game! Good shooting and good practise! No better targets had they ever had, those bourgeois marksmen, those proletarian Scout-trained allies! The yards became a shambles. Here, there, lying distorted, twisted and horribly writhing or more horribly still, as the mob cleared itself and jammed out through the yawning gates, figures on the ground detached themselves from the ruck.

Ed was among them.

For a moment he lay inert and crumpled, where a nickel-steel bolt from the first volley had struck him down. Then painfully he hunched up on one elbow. He got to a sitting posture, in the black, half-frozen mud, all slimed and limed with its sticky, trampled filth.

About him, with dimmed, darkening eyes he saw bodies, bodies of men, carcasses of human things that had been men only a moment before and now were less than clay.

Ed tried to speak, to shout, but could not. Blood foamed, frothy-crimson, from his lips. In his chest he felt a dull ache; his ears rang and sang. Everything seemed whirling round and round.

With a last effort he tore open his shirt and bent his dimming gaze upon his naked breast.

A little below the right nipple, he saw a round blue hole, blackened all about the edges. There was little, almost no blood; just a sluggish ooze, looking very red against the white bare skin.

Ed stared at it. Just a moment he stared. He raised his eyes. His head lolled.

"Jim! Jim!" he gulped. Then the gushing blood choked him.

He swayed, fell limp, and lay quite still, his face bedded in the icy mud. Beneath him a little clotting pool, red that turned quickly black, coagulated.

His work-worn hands sprawled idly, palm-outward, in complete surrender.

Thus, with fifteen dead and twenty-seven wounded, of whom nine died later in the Angels of Mercy hospital (subsidized by the C. & K. for advertising welfare-work purposes), the strike collapsed.

Thus Jim got his diploma.

Thus was the tiger awakened, never to sleep again.

In the "Glad Hand" rum-hell over on "Nigger Run," Jim spent the rest of that day and night. A hero, now, with money in his khaki pockets and fire in his dull, besotted brain, he drank oblivion.

Next day he joined the Regulars.

Ed rots to-day in a pine coffin in Calvary on the hill overlooking the smoke-belching chimneys of the Works.

And still the Scouts are growing, spreading everywhere.

And The End—is not yet . . . .

**Nutreto,** Cereal Coffee,

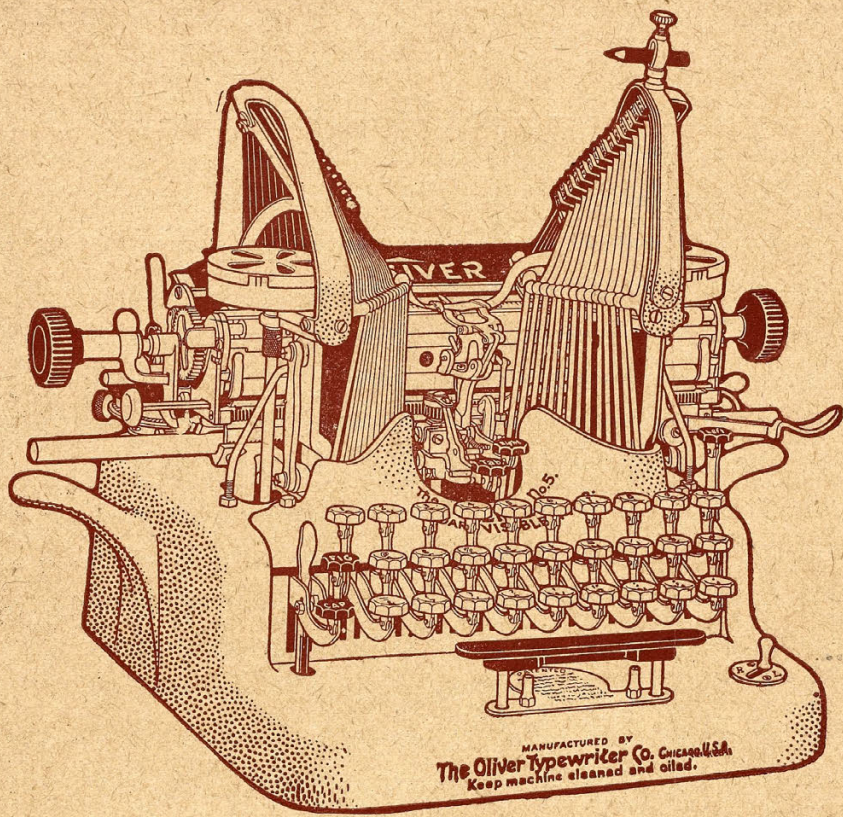
**Primel,** Cereal and Breakfast Food,

**Nutol,** Odorless Cooking Oil

What must be thought of a Co-operative store anywhere that does not carry the above line of socialist-made products? The reason comes back to you, Mr. Co-Operator—perhaps **you** are neglecting to **call** for them, and buying peanut hull brands in their place. How about it? If you have no friendly dealer goods will be shipped, at wholesale rates, direct to consumers who club together. At the ballotbox you can strike a lick for freedom once in two years; by use of your economic power in buying you can deliver a stroke that counts **every day in the year.** To give you this privilege is "THE REASON" behind the

NEW GIRARD MFG. CO., OF FORT SCOTT, KAS.





## 17-Cents-a-Day Buys Oliver Typewriter!

What! Actually buy outright the \$100 Oliver Typewriter for *Seventeen-Cents-a-Day*?

Yes, sir—that's the proposition on the new model Oliver No. 5, the *Standard Visible Writer*.

We not only invite you—we urge you—to take advantage of our Seventeen-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan.

This plan was devised for the benefit of the many thousands who are renting machines or doing without them for lack of the ready cash.

In selling you an Oliver Typewriter we meet you more than half way. A small cash payment brings the machine. We willingly wait while you pay at the rate of Seventeen-Cents-a-Day.

We don't want a cent of security. Just your promise to pay is enough.

### Thousands Sold for 17-Cents-a-day!

Since we began selling typewriters on this broad-gauge plan our business has more than doubled. Tons upon tons of metal have been turned into thousands of typewriters and sent all over the world to supply the demand for Oliver's—at Seventeen-Cents-a-Day! We have ample capital and confidence to sell typewriters on this plan. Our losses are infinitesimal. The public has justified our confidence in such an impressive manner that to-day we are just as glad to book orders on the "Penny Plan" as we are for all cash in advance.

### Swiftest, Strongest, Simplest \$100 Typewriter

The speed of the Oliver sets a pace that has never yet been excelled. Its strength and endurance are such that it serves you efficiently for a lifetime. No other machine in the \$100 class compares with it in simplicity, for we do away with hundreds of parts used on other standard typewriters. The first crude model of the Oliver Typewriter was built from an old wash-boiler and the type of a country print shop. The machine was a curious looking affair, but the principles embodied in its design were destined to revolutionize the typewriter world.

The

# OLIVER Typewriter

## Model No. 5 Wins World's Applause

This model has captivated the public by its wealth of exclusive features which save time and effort, add scores of new uses and give tremendous gains in efficiency. The new "coat of mail" protects important working parts from dust, gives added strength and stability. The Disappearing Indicator shows exact printing point and ducks when type strikes the paper. The Vertical and Horizontal Line-Ruling Device is a wonderful convenience.

The Automatic Tabulator and the Line-Ruler are *Twin Devices*. Each supplements and completes the other; in tabulating, invoicing and all kinds of statistical work. The Balance Shifting Mechanism, the Automatic Paper Fingers, the Paper Register, the Back Spacer and other innovations put the finishing touch of perfection to this incomparable writing machine. You get all these immensely valuable improvements, without additional cost, when you buy the Oliver Typewriter for Seventeen-Cents-a-Day!

### Send for Book and "17-Cents-a-Day Offer NOW!

We have told you, very briefly, about the Machine and Plan. Free Books, giving details in full, are yours for the asking. If you are a salaried worker, the use of the Oliver Typewriter will increase your efficiency and force you to the front. It has helped thousands to better salaries and more important positions. If you are in business for yourself, make the Oliver your silent partner and it will do its full share towards the development and success of your enterprise. Whether you wish to take advantage of the Seventeen-Cents-a-Day Offer or not, you should have a copy of the *Oliver Book* and become better acquainted with the typewriter that has made itself indispensable to the business world and broken all records in sales. If you own "any old typewriter," we will accept it in lieu of the first payment on the Oliver Typewriter.

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