

The Sorrows of Cupid

by

**Kate
Richards
O'Hare**



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BY

KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

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To my children who have been my inspiration; to my husband, his sister, my father and mother, whose unfaltering courage, unflagging zeal and united love has made my work possible, I dedicate this book with all love and thankfulness.

KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

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FOREWORD

In the following pages will be found a number of chapters addressed to the youth and maiden just awakening to the touch of love; to the man and woman to whom love has meant not fruition but elusive hopes; to the married who have known love and lost it; to all to whom love means either the height of happiness or the depth of disappointment.

Eight years ago I wrote a little booklet entitled, "What Happened To Dan," which I think proved interesting to most people who read it. At any rate, because I said things which many, many people wanted to say, or to know that others besides themselves believed, the crude little effort met with instant success and the large edition was soon exhausted. Four years ago I took time to revise the booklet and as many of my friends had found trouble in discovering who "Dan" was, I used the title "The Sorrows of Cupid" as being less obscure. This edition, too, proved successful beyond my most sanguine hopes; from all over the world came words of appreciation and encouragement and many thousand copies were distributed. When the last copy was gone, I thought perhaps the booklet's mission was finished, but so many friends have written urging a new edition of "Sorrows" that I have taken time to rewrite and enlarge the book. I trust I have been able to give to it the added ripeness of ten years of work and experience, still retaining in it the hope and optimism of my youth.

Kate Richards O'Hare.

St. Louis, June 15, 1912.

Contents

	Page.
Foreword	5

PART I. THE PROBLEM.

Chapter.		
I.	Life's Annals	9
II.	Cupid Fettered	15
III.	Broken Ties	21
IV.	A Rift in the Lute.....	26
V.	Sweet Bells Jangling Out of Tune.....	36
VI.	The Wage of Transgression.....	42
VII.	A Queen Unfitted for Her Throne.....	47
VIII.	Priscilla at Her Loom.....	54
IX.	Dead Sea Fruit	62
X.	The Fowler's Net.....	69
XI.	The Scarlet Thread	83
XII.	God's Image Besotted	96
XIII.	A Barren Race	116
XIV.	Will No One Hire Thee?.....	125
XV.	Without Where to Lay His Head.....	133
XVI.	Suffer the Children	137

PART II.

BASIS FOR ANSWERING THE PROBLEM.

XVII.	The Temple of Mammon.....	143
XVIII.	Mine and Thine	148
XIX.	The Laborer and His Hire	154
XX.	I Was a Beast and Ye Raised Me Up.....	159
XXI.	Fang and Claw	166
XXII.	The Ripened Ear	171

Contents, Continued.

PART III.

THE ANSWER.

XXIII.	The Tie That Binds.....	180
XXIV.	In the Image and Likeness.....	187
XXV.	Know Thyself	192
XXVI.	Joy in Labor	198
XXVII.	Service For Those We Love.....	203
XXVIII.	Love Ruleth	209
XXIX.	Two Hearts That Beat as One.....	216
XXX.	The Joy of Living.....	220
XXXI.	Earth and the Fullness Thereof.....	238
XXXII.	Who Sow Shall Reap, Who Build Inhabit.	246
XXXIII.	The Crown of Life.....	250
XXXIV.	Mine Own Vine and Fig Tree.....	254
XXXV.	As a Bud Unfolds.....	257
XXXVI.	Mine Hand Hath Wrought, None May Despoil	264



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The Bank of Wisdom publish all works of human interest, we scorn no ideas of serious thought. Ideas and beliefs some may think “dangerous” and would want to hide, we seek to reproduce and distribute for the consideration and intellectual development of every human mind. When peace and understanding is established throughout the world it might be said that humanity has achieved an acceptable degree of civilization, but until that longed for time we must never cease to search for greater truth and a higher morality for humanity.

The wealth of thought hidden in obscure books of past ages makes festinating reading, and as much of this original thought was suppressed by the sheer power of the established systems of the time, these ideas may well be those needed for the future progress. One thing is certain, the belief systems we have are not the ones we need.

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PART I.

THE PROBLEM.

CHAPTER I

LIFE'S ANNALS

Life is the master theme of the universe. Love is the creator of life. Therefore love, mating and its fruition, will always remain subjects of paramount interest to the human race. One never grows too old or too soured and embittered with life's struggles to pause and smile upon the wedding feast, or find pleasure in the tiny, rosy face of a babe. Love, home and babies are the three graces that make the trials, struggles and suffering of life worth while. Take these things from us and all our vaunted learning, our wonderful handiwork, our sciences and our achievements become valueless, and earth a barren waste indeed.

Sex attraction and joy in reproduction are primal; they come down to us from the far-gone past before society existed. They were a part of life before civilization dawned and became the complicated thing it now is. Of late, however, we are beginning to question whether this primal impulse will survive our complex civilization. In the contest of learned minds, the artifices of busy brains, and the roar of machinery, in the ever increasing intensity of the struggle for existence, the little god Cupid seems hustled aside. We are discussing very gravely what shall

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

be Cupid's ultimate fate when civilization shall have dethroned him and reduced life to a mere mechanical process.

Heretofore optimists, secure in their love and rejoicing in their babies, have laughed and made sport of those who questioned the permanency of the reign of the god of Love, or discussed the possibility of marriage falling into disuse. Though the more fortunate have laughed over the matter, now and then some bald, naked facts have arisen and demanded that we reckon with them. No one denies that marriage, or sex union, is a necessary and normal part of human life, and that without it no life can be complete. But in spite of this accepted fact, every census, compiled by our government, points out that men and women are not marrying as early in life as formerly, and that an ever increasing number are not marrying at all. The percentage of celibates, both male and female, increases with striking rapidity in each decade.

There must be some cause for this unnatural sex repression. Either Love is antiquated and out of date, outgrown by our modern civilization, Cupid grown old and decrepit so his arrows no longer fly true, or there is some other reason for his seeming eclipse. If we are willing to accept as scientific the fact that mankind has outgrown the need of love and sex mating, then we must take the fact philosophically and admit that it is the penalty of progress. If we can not convince ourselves that this is true, then we must find some other cause for Love's apparent downfall. All the world is vitally concerned in finding an answer to the query: Is the elimination of Love the price of Progress, or can we have Love and Progress too?

LIFE'S ANNALS

According to the wail of the clergy and the deductions of the learned, we not only have cause for concern in the number of marriages taking place, but in their lasting qualities as well. "What God hath joined together" does not seem to stay joined sufficiently well to give us a very good opinion of God's workmanship. If marriages are made in Heaven and Love is God's earthly messenger, a woeful lack of good workmanship is being displayed somewhere. In fact man has been compelled by necessity to devise some means of untangling the knotted cords of hearts, supposedly tied "until death do part," but in reality only badly tangled, or simply fastened with plenty of cord for each to get in all sorts of mischief. If "what God hath joined together" will not stay joined, where is the fault? If God himself can not join unmateable couples "until death do part," how shall mortal man solve the problem? We have tried to solve it by the divorce court which allows such couples to dissolve the marriage tie that does not bind. But under the corrupting influences of a badly organized society, the cure is proving almost as bad as the disease. The Throne of Grace as well as state legislatures have been besieged to give us a cure for divorce, but up to date mortal lawmakers have been powerless, and the Almighty seems to have overlooked our plea. It is left for us to solve the problem. We must find a practical, scientific answer to the most vital question in life. Are permanent marriages compatible with advanced civilization? Is there a removable cause for the epidemic of divorces now so prevalent?

The Stork, sacred emblem of human fruitfulness, beloved by all nations, seems to have felt the withering touch of civilization also. His visits become more rare.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

With less and ever less frequency does he come laden with the precious burden of life, which he leaves to nestle close to our hearts and add to the joy of living. From the highways and byways, from the marts of trade, from the college hall, there is arising a murmur that we, as a nation, are losing our fruitfulness, are becoming sterile. The patter of little feet, the prattle of childish voices, the outpouring of filial love are becoming less and less a factor in our lives. Motherhood, once the crown of womanhood, has seemingly fallen into disrepute. Far from being looked upon as the acme of human joy, it is now felt by many to be a curse, a thing to be avoided at all costs. Is the Stork getting old and decrepit too, or is there a natural reason for his less frequent visits?

Within the last few years another problem, old as civilization itself, but taking on new terrors, looms dark on the horizon. The Social Evil has existed through all civilization, but it is only in the last decade that it has been recognized as a frightful thing. The great, nameless, loathsome horror of the slums and brothels and the lurid glare of the "Red Light" district have projected themselves into the consciousness of the nation. Vainly we have tried not to see this pestilential miasma creeping up from the underworld to invade our homes. Blindly we have insisted that ignorance would protect our boys and innocence our daughters; that though our neighbors' sons might be contaminated and their daughters go down into the slimy quagmire, our own were safe. It is useless. The leprous pestilence of the social evil creeps higher and higher up the avenue from the back alley. Christian sanctity and respectability do not check it. It enfolds hut and hovel, cottage and mansion alike in its festering

LIFE'S ANNALS

embrace. Slowly but surely we have been compelled to know that ignorance only digs a pitfall for the feet of our sons, and innocence provides a cover for the fowler's net which ensnares our daughters. Reluctantly we are compelled to face the menace of "White Slavery," and know that the next victim of the procurer may be our girl, that the next life blasted by the "black plague" our boy. One visit of an ignorant boy to the "red light" district may forever blast his life and render fruitless all the pains and travail, the struggle and heartaches of parenthood. The first warm love of a guiltless woman may be made the cause of her physical and moral ruin.

The toilers who feed and clothe and shelter the race are asking why these things should be, crying out for an answer that will satisfy their awakening intelligence.

We have hesitated in the past to cease our labors and study these problems for ourselves, for if we pause, where-with shall the world be clothed and fed?

We have called upon the clergy who claim to have access to sources of Divine information; the political economists who weave fine spun theories of the whys and wherefores of mankind's acts; men who fill our chairs of learning; the masters of finance who have gathered into their hands mountains of gold—we have asked them these simple questions: Why should the fires of love be growing cold, Hymen's bonds be broken, the crown of life be tarnished? Why is the fountain of life running dry or being poisoned? In answer, they have mouthed cant phrases, deafened us with a clatter of tongues, overwhelmed us in a sea of words that told us nothing. Long have we waited and patiently for them to teach us the

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

way of life and happiness, but our feet have been directed in the path of misery and death instead.

We will be patient no longer. A murmur of revolt is arising from the hearts and souls of the toilers who have been robbed, despoiled and misled. We have found our long silent voices and will be heard. If the wise men of the earth can not or will not answer these questions, then perforce, we, the humble toilers must. When we answer the world must hear, for we speak not in the dead, dry texts of political economy, the dead letter of a wornout theology, or the Satanic dialect of business ethics. We speak through the living, throbbing, suffering lives of men.



CHAPTER II

CUPID FETTERED

The first time I heard a lecture on the tendency of modern civilization to decrease the marriage rate, it sounded very far-fetched and foolish to me. I had not been able to notice any decrease in marriages. Most of my friends were married or expected to be. I bought a wedding present for a cousin or schoolmate just about as often as my slender purse would permit, so decreasing marriages had no terrors for me. In fact, I remember the time when I looked upon marriage with vehement disapproval. My childhood home was on a ranch in the West, and I have a hazy memory of an ever-changing procession of "help." Females of all ages, nationalities and previous conditions of servitude were inveigled into our kitchen, only to be carried away by some bachelor ranchers to preside over kitchens of their own. This was very satisfactory to the ranchers and the "help," but sadly demoralizing to our household.

Even a superficial study of the question, however, soon convinced me that for several decades the average age of men and women at marriage had been growing greater and the percentage of unmarried of both sexes was increasing.

Naturally, we may attribute this to some extent to the greater diffusion of education. In the old days a very little learning sufficed for a girl, and when she could cook, spin, weave and sew she was ready for marriage. The advent of the high school, college and university into

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

the lives of women has naturally placed the age of marriage a little higher, as also for men. Yet when we consider that only fourteen per cent of the American boys and girls ever enter high school and that less than two per cent enter college, that explanation is not sufficient.

I lived for some time in New York in a large rooming house. There were twenty-nine lodgers, including my husband and myself. I was the only woman. The others were all young men, from eighteen to thirty-five years of age. All were unmarried, and in the year we lived there not a wedding took place among the lodgers. Far from being ascetics, they were bright, warm-hearted, lovable fellows, who found as much pleasure in a woman's company as a normal young man should. On different occasions I induced them to talk on the subject of marriage, and asked each to tell me why he was not married. Without a single exception they all admitted that they would be, or hoped to be, just as soon as they could afford it. It was not a matter of long college terms, or disinclination on their part, but a plain problem of bread and butter.

On page 312 of the World 1912 Almanac is quoted statistics from the Census Bureau's Summary, issued October 18th, 1911, showing that 6,615,046 wage earners employed during the year 1909 received a total of \$3,427,038,000, or an average yearly wage of \$518.

Taking into consideration the high cost of living at the present time and the average sum received by the workmen in wages, the real cause for decreasing marriages becomes so plain that even a college professor must see it. The whole problem reduces itself to a simple sum in addition and subtraction; the subtraction of the cost

CUPID FETTERED

of food, shelter and clothing from \$518 per year of wages and the addition of a new baby now and then to those who must be fed. The answer is no marriage, no home and no babies.

The young men of our rooming house were clerks, book-keepers and mechanics of the better sort and their wages ranged from ten to twenty-five dollars a week. That wage in New York meant a little room in a side street that had seen better days, restaurant meals and the theater once a week for one; for two it would have meant a miserable hole in an East Side tenement and poverty. These young men denied themselves the God-given right to love and parenthood, in all probability indulged in illicit sex relations, to the detriment of their health and morals, rather than drag the woman they loved down with them into poverty and risk bringing children into the world to be cursed by want.

I am quite convinced that there are thousands of young men who are wrecked mentally, morally and physically each year because the high cost of living and low wages rob them of the opportunity to have the blessing of a woman's love. I am also convinced that there are thousands of young women who are being robbed of their youth, health, beauty and womanhood because these same young men are not receiving wages enough to marry and take them from the drudgery of the mill, factory and workshop. The wrecking of young men's lives by sex dissipation and the dwarfing and stunting of young women's lives by sex repression are two of the heart-breaking tragedies of modern civilization. I waylaid shop, factory and office girls and questioned them as to the reason for their celibacy. None of them said they

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

were deterred from marriage by the hope of a college career, or were they averse to becoming wives. No young man able to support them had appeared on the scene to claim them and they still toiled on alone, heart-hungry and incomplete.

This condition is not peculiar to New York alone. Certainly the cost of living is higher there, but so are wages. No difference where you go, East or West, North or South, wages are fixed by the cost of living, and if rents and provisions are cheap wages are low and the same struggle for existence—the bread-and-butter problem—is always with us.

No longer can the young man follow Horace Greeley's advice to go West and grow up with the country. Some other fellows are already West, and there is no longer free land for the young man to till or free opportunities for him to embrace. Shut out from access to the land, he must depend on a job, and jobs always mean for the workers merely wages enough to stay alive and in working order. So no matter whether a young man goes East or West, conditions are practically the same.

When Greeley gave his famous advice all of the resources of the richest land on earth were open and free to all. A youth needed but to shoulder his ax and travel a few days' journey westward to find untaken land where he might carve a home for the woman he loved from the virgin forest or boundless prairie. In that day an old bachelor was a curiosity and an old maid looked upon with pity and contempt. Fifty years ago if a woman was unmarried it was from choice or because her disposition was not attractive. To-day a woman may be as beautiful as Hebe, sweet as an angel and fitted by nature for

CUPID FETTERED

wife and motherhood, but if the man she loves is only able to get ten dollars a week and has no security of employment, she will in all possibility lose her beauty and angelic disposition manipulating a typewriter or selling ribbon and never have the opportunity for wife or motherhood.

When my father and mother were married, forty years ago, in old Kentucky, the ancestral acres of my grandfather were not sufficient to satisfy them, so they loaded their goods and chattels into covered wagons and traveled out to the distant frontier of Kansas. There they homesteaded land, builded a home and, secure in possession of the means of life, reared and educated five children. This is but the oft-repeated story of the pioneer farmer which, told round the world, brought thousands of landless men and women from other countries to our shores. The children of the pioneers have grown to manhood and womanhood, but there is no frontier to which they may emigrate and take a home as a free gift from the hand of the Creator. The day of untaken land is no more. The Indian brother has been defrauded and robbed of his last domain; the last treaty has been signed, in which Poor Lo got the treaty and the white man got the land. There are no more Oklahomas; the last race has been run; never again will the crack of a soldier's pistol give the signal for men to start in the mad race for the opportunity to have access to land. The last lottery has been drawn, and no more will men hang breathlessly on the turn of the gambler's wheel for their natural, inalienable right to set their feet on Mother Earth.

The majority of young men of to-day have nothing before them but the prospect of tilling soil belonging to

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

a landlord and paying heavy rent for the privilege, or going to the city and becoming mere working attachments to machines owned by others. In either case the recompense for labor is not sufficient to insure the comforts of life for a family.

“Love in a cottage with cheese and kisses” is an old ideal and no doubt a worthy one, but love in a tenement or rented shack with no cheese and the landlord threatening eviction is another story. If marriages seem to be on the wane now, it must be because the cottage and cheese are not forthcoming and love is being worsted in the struggle for bread and butter.



CHAPTER III

BROKEN TIES

In the discussion of the divorce problem the whole world seems to have overlooked the fact that there could be any contributing causes except the natural depravity of men and women. If the divorce court blots out a home it is a foregone conclusion that one or the other of the parties is totally vile and the only cause for the disgraceful proceedings can be but the innate carnality of the human heart. We may find by even a most superficial view of our complicated social life that capitalism is responsible for most of the marital unhappiness of the human race, and since marital unhappiness is the direct cause for divorce, then the social and economic environment of capitalism must be responsible for the prevalence of divorce.

A wise college president not long ago proposed "publicity" as a cure for the trust evil, insisting that if the "ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" of the trust magnates were exposed, these magnates would be overwhelmed with contrition at being found out and would immediately mend their ways. Whether "publicity" will solve the trust problem is another story, but of this I am quite convinced, it is not solving the divorce problem.

If merely discussing and condemning the public divorce evil would have banished it, long ago we would have been free from its baleful influence. Perhaps no other question has been so widely and generally discussed since the abolition crusade in the fifties.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

For several years it has been the stock theme of those who wanted something to talk about. When the writer exhausts his ideas, the lecturer finds his orations getting dull, and the preacher thinks it advisable to add a little sensationalism to his sermons, they all turn with one accord to the divorce question and fill the air with their lamentations of our degeneracy.

Human beings are prone, however, to look at all the world through their own spectacles and to judge all men by their personal experiences, and since the experience of each is slightly different we have as many views of divorce as viewers. Each from his narrow field has spied some little part of this great question and proceeded to expound a theory covering the whole matter.

If we can but for a moment lay aside our spectacles and look at the question from an impersonal viewpoint and try to see all sides at once we may be able to formulate a more comprehensive theory concerning this great problem.

Orator, space writer and preacher have talked all around the divorce question but each, seeing it only from his narrow experience, has overlooked essential facts and has treated divorce as if it were a cause, when a broader view shows that it is but the effect of a cause. Cures and punishments for the seekers for divorce as varied as the proposers have been suggested, but no one has ever suggested the cause itself and the way to remove it.

In the discussion and denunciation of divorce the theological fraternity has been most active, possibly because it is a reflection upon the divine origin and consummation of the marriage tie, and a still more serious

BROKEN TIES

reflection upon the judgement displayed by the Almighty in mating unmatable couples. As agents of Divinity they feel the responsibility and would gladly cover up from mortal eyes these marital failures. Whether this be good reasoning or not, the fact remains that theologians take the most prominent part in the crusade against divorce, are most densely obtuse as to the fundamental cause and in their pious zeal often make statements which lay them open to criticism, if not ridicule.

Every right-minded man and woman is heartily in sympathy with these good gentlemen in their endeavors, but since divorce is an effect and not a cause, it would show greater wisdom on the part of the followers of the Nazarene if they would seek the cause, for possibly in the cause they might find the hand of the Creator working out the plan for the universe.

That divorce is increasing no one denies, but may this not be accounted for by the fact that the world moves and in moving sometimes gets out of perfect adjustment? We do not feel that we as a family are retrograding when our improved financial condition enables us to move into a new and more commodious house, but our tempers may be sorely tried by the upheaval and it may be some months before the wheels of the domestic machinery again move smoothly. The whole human family is moving out of an old, worn-out social, economic and theological house into a new one, and family jars are bound to result.

Quite true, time was when there were no divorces, and for a very good reason. Then the wife was not a wife in the modern sense of the word, but a chattel slave. In Biblical times the one-sided arrangement of a man put-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

ting away his wife simply meant that a poor slave was turned out on the highway at her master's caprice.

We shall never know the horrors of the old slave marriages. There is no word in the Bible that tells of the heartaches of the mothers of the Jewish race; their wail is not recorded. It was not customary to note the plaint of slaves. Only the free and masters were heard in the synagogues or through the written records, and the women were neither free nor masters. It does not follow, however, that the women of that day were too happy to complain; beyond doubt the reverse was true, but the power to complain lay wholly with one side of the house.

“When knighthood was in flower” the wife was still a slave; “lord and master” really meant something in the old days. As women were considered in the light of slaves, and educated, or miseducated, to suit their position, with every law, custom and prejudice directed towards keeping them in mental, moral and physical subjection, the reason for them not rushing into the divorce court is apparent. Not because they were better than Twentieth century women did they submit to brutal husbands, but because there was no way in which they could effectively rebel.

Women apply for divorce today and did not in the Fourteenth century; they could not apply then and may do so now. In that day if they protested their voices were muffled in the castle dungeon or with a club and their daring rebuked by the priest. If their masters sent them to the bedchamber of a guest they had no choice but to submit. At least there is no protest recorded, though we read of some women daring enough to despatch their lords in lieu of divorce.

BROKEN TIES

The world moves forward, and in the moving life and opportunities for women have multiplied. With the working man she has passed from the position of slave and serf and now enjoys "freedom of contract." She goes to the public school with her brother, works behind the counter with him, has displaced him as teacher in the public schools, is admitted to the bar on equality with the masculine practitioner, and in fact enters every field of endeavor that men have entered. This advent of women into the field of affairs could have but one effect. It has broken down her feeling of inferiority to the male. She has hesitatingly tried her wings and they have sustained her, and with the knowledge of her power has grown up a sense of her rights, and one of her rights is the right to be happy.

Today the divorce court exists as a place where women may protest if her one time "lord and master" interferes with her right to happiness, and they are not slow to make use of it. That it is the best place of protest I do not for a moment claim. It is only a makeshift, and a sorry one at that; but seemingly it must be endured until society has moved into its new quarters. Then a less disgraceful method will be devised.

Growing pains are uncomfortable, but they are indications that we are attaining the stature of manhood and womanhood. The travail of birth means suffering, but it is the forerunner of motherhood and we count the joy ample compensation. The present disorganized state of society portends the birth of a new social order and we can but endure and labor for a quick and easy transition.

CHAPTER IV

A RIFT IN THE LUTE

The train was slowly pulling into the city. One section of the sleeping car was occupied by a bride and groom returning from their wedding trip. As the green fields were left behind and the train plunged into the murk and din of the city, the bride rather reluctantly drew on her gloves, gathered up her belongings and smiling up into the face of her young husband said: "Of course I am glad we are home, but it's too bad it's all over, isn't it? It has been so sweet and wonderful that I am like the little girl who wanted to eat her candy and have it too."

Just then the train came to an abrupt stop and an impatient passenger craned his head out of the window to find out what had interfered with the progress. He announced that a box car had tipped over on the track ahead and that it would take thirty minutes to clear the wreck. The bride settled down to enjoy the half hour addition to her wedding trip but the groom fussed and fumed and grumbled.

"Why don't worry, dear," the bride remonstrated, "we have had such a lovely time I would not spoil the last hour by being impatient. We have had a lovely time haven't we?"

"Um—m, yes, pretty good," her husband answered, "but I have been away from the office two weeks and I'll bet that woodenheaded Brown has everything in a mess." Diving hastily into an inner pocket he produced

A RIFT IN THE LUTE

a small account book and consulting it said: "Whew! Two weeks time lost and it has cost me one hundred and eighty dollars and sixty-five cents. Confound this train, why don't they keep their box cars off the passenger tracks!"

As I caught the hurt look, saw the shadow cast over the face of the bride and the tears she could not hide, I did not feel particularly elated over the prospects of married happiness for that couple. I wondered whether their matrimonial bark would be wrecked on rocks of divorce, or whether the bride would grow hard and bitter in the process of being disillusioned, and become as cold and calculating as her husband. Either a wreck or a frozen existence seemed the only thing possible for them. Yet this marriage is typical of today. Common ideals and mental equality—the absolutely essential basis on which real marital happiness must rest, are the last things to be considered in the conventional modern marriages.

If a man succeeds in the commercial struggle of our present system of society he must of necessity concentrate and specialize in money making. Naturally the spiritual and emotional qualities of his being become deadened. On the other hand, the conventions of modern life make women largely bundles of emotion, with little real, intelligent understanding of life and its struggles. A marriage between a man all calculating and practical and a woman all sentiment and emotion must end in disaster.

Men and women are thrown together in business, work and society. They find some attraction. It may be brown eyes or blue, a trim waist or square shoulders, more likely personal beauty on one side and a bank ac-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

count on the other. Mistaking infatuation for love, there is a hasty courtship, a conventional wedding and both are astounded on awakening to find that a real marriage is impossible between them. Their natures will no more blend than oil and water.

The competitive struggle must of necessity create men who are mere money-making machines. They live, breathe and exist for the sole purpose of accumulation. Time spent in any other pursuit is felt to be time wasted. They even deplore the fact that nature requires them to eat and sleep. It is also true that the economic pressure incident to the struggle for existence not only makes money-grabbers of men, but mercenaries of women. In the so-called upper classes, marriage is not based upon love, respect and common ideals, so necessary to a successful union, but upon family, wealth, position and other externals. Women of the upper classes do not look upon the men they marry as future companions and fathers of future children. Society does not deem these things essential, but only incidents in marriage. It is either the money-making machine or the heir to the wealth accumulated by some other money-making machine that is deemed the all important thing. One thing, however, is demanded of the husband of today and that is that he supply the ease and luxury, and open the door of polite society for the woman he marries. Fitness for companionship and fatherhood are of secondary importance.

In the mad struggle for the power and supremacy of gold, Miss Millions on the boulevard is sacrificed in a sordid, mercenary marriage for wealth and position. No matter how dissolute, diseased or brutal the man who

A RIFT IN THE LUTE

holds the golden key to wealth, ease and luxury, society shouts "Bravo!" when an innocent, delicately reared girl barter herself for the golden key. The key of gold may open the door to ease, luxury and social position but it cannot open the door to happiness or make sacred an unholy alliance.

Miss Millions is forced into a miserable, degrading marriage by the economic pressure of great wealth, and down in the slums Miss Toiler is forced into the same miserable, degrading marriage by the economic power of poverty. In the workingman's family the father's wage is never more than enough to tide the domestic bark from one payday to the next. The girl who is not forced out of the home to work, must always feel that as speedily as possible she must find some one to support her, in order that there may be one less to provide for out of the father's scanty wage. The mother, harrassed by the endless cares of making one dollar in wages cover three dollars in needs, and the father, living under the shadow of his uncertainty of employment, long for the marriage of their daughters, and as they fondly hope, security for them. The desire to see their daughters provided for is so great as to blind their eyes to defects in the character of young men who come courting their girls.

The girls forced out of the home and compelled to labor at low wages, enduring long hours, uncomfortable and unsanitary conditions, have their natural inclination for home, peace and protection so intensified, that to them marriage is the one dominant desire. Thousands of working girls marry, not for love, not because they

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

respect the man nor because either are mentally, morally or physically suited for marriage, but because they want a home and thus escape the grind of wage labor.

Men of the upper class choose a wife very much as they choose a house or automobile—something that is ornate and attractive; a rack upon which they can hang the outward evidences of their prowess in the industrial battlefield; a piece of property of sufficient value, beauty and distinction to create envy in the hearts of their male associates. The men of the working class may marry for love, but more likely because they are tired of living at boardinghouses and wearing undarned socks. Add to all this the fact that our unnatural views of life produce girls with a surplus of sentiment and a dearth of common sense, and men as ignorant as blocks of wood concerning the real basis of marriage, and it is easy to understand why the shadow of the divorce court darkens the home life of the nation.

I can imagine no greater torture than for an ardent, affectionate, sensitive nature to be bound in marriage to a hard, cold, unresponsive one. Yet how many of these ill-judged marriages do we constantly meet. It is not the women alone who suffer when marrying men who do not hold common ideals. Many a noble man in whose brain the spark of genius burned has died unhonored and unknown because the wife he choose could not appreciate his ideals. God alone knows how many musicians have died with their greatest harmonies unsung; how many artists have passed to the great unknown with their masterpieces unpainted; how many poets have gone to rest with their sublimest thoughts unvoiced, or how many

A RIFT IN THE LUTE

orators have been silenced before the world heard the magic of their voices, because they found no soul-companionship in marriage.

We often comment with wonder on the fact that men and women live together for five, ten or twenty years and then seek divorce. We seem to overlook the fact that the human mind is not a fixed quantity, but a living, growing, developing thing.

A man and woman may hold practically the same ideals in early life, but circumstances and environment may cause the one mind to expand and develop in leaps and bounds while the other stands still. At the end of ten years the two minds will be as far apart as the poles.

The endless round of domestic drudgery of the women of the working class, the strain of social duties in the leisure class and the conventionalities with which both are bound, retard the mental growth of women and cause them to lag behind their husbands in mind development. The vista of life seen from the kitchen window, (and the kitchen is where the women of the working class spend most of their time) is not very broad. Neither is there great inspiration in pots, pans and dusters, or food for soul development in the contemplation of the butcher's bill. The struggle to make both ends meet, the cares of maternity, the endless round of drudgery with which women must continually contend will soon rob the rosiest cheek of its glow, age the most elastic form and dull the brightest mind. The wives of the rich are as great slaves to their social duties as the wives of the poor to their cookstoves and washtubs. Neither has time for study or real self development. Since the human mind can no more

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

grow without food than the body, there is little chance for the slave of the household or society keeping mental pace with her husband.

Conventionalities which women in the past have considered law and gospel minimize even the small opportunities they have. Fortunately, because of certain changes in the economic foundations of society, a revolution is taking place in our habits of thought. The industrial development which is forcing women out of the purely domestic employments into the industrial field to compete with men for a livelihood is slowly but surely breaking the bonds of conventionality which have so long shaped the lives of women. Industrial life, while a crying evil under present conditions, has a tendency to broaden women's minds. For some years the "New Woman" has been the subject of the space writer's jibes and jeers and the butt of the would-be-wit's jokes. The "New Woman" is held responsible for all sorts of things and not least among them the increase in divorce and the decrease in marriage and womanly virtue. As a matter of fact the very opposite is true. The woman who is forced by industrial conditions to think and act for herself is also forced to see life from a broader viewpoint. She must of necessity become more liberal minded than the woman bound down to the narrow treadmill of strictly domestic drudgery. Hence she is likely to be a more congenial wife and mother. The woman who would rather toil for her bread than become the wife of a man she does not love, has a far higher standard of virtue than the one who accepts the old idea that a civil or religious ceremony makes it right and proper for her to sell herself for home and material advantages.

A RIFT IN THE LUTE

Time and time again we see the bitter tragedy of ruined lives because the business man's wife is incapable of being in sympathy with him. She does not understand the conditions under which he works. She is forced to expend all her energy in the grind of enforced domestic drudgery, while his stenographer or book-keeper, who, being a business woman, can better appreciate his ideals and sympathize with his struggles, is therefore more congenial. A man may find board and shelter in a hotel but life only with a comprehending, congenial woman. If a wife can only furnish a place for her husband to eat and sleep, she stands little chance of retaining his love.

Love is the fundamental demand of life, and when a man does not find the attraction of love at home, he will seek it elsewhere. When such a state of affairs exists there are but two courses which average human beings will take. It either means another divorce, or one woman will be wife in name and the other in reality, and that two women will live in prostitution, one legalized and one illegitimate.

On the other hand, many women find companionship in the family doctor or clergyman. The competitive struggle for existence leaves many men with little time for interest or share in the family life. The wife finding no sympathy or companionship in her husband naturally turns elsewhere for it. The doctor or minister, being most intimate in relationship, and by reason of his vocation coming in direct and continuous contact with the strictly domestic, is able to sympathize and understand the woman's life. Not that alone, but polished manners, little courtesies and amenities that mean so much to a

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

woman are a very large part of their stock in trade. It is easy to understand how a disappointed wife will turn from a cross, overworked husband to the placid, sweet-tempered, smiling minister for the sympathy and companionship she naturally craves. It seems quite evident that as long as our present system of competition lasts, men will have little time for culture, refinement or the pleasant amenities of domestic life, and women will have little time or opportunity for mind development. A really happy married life demands that husband and wife share their lives fully, grow and develop together mentally, morally and spiritually. This is almost impossible under existing economic conditions.

The present economic system not only causes mental and spiritual incompatibility, but often forces men and women to sustain the relation of husband and wife long after love has ceased. Of all the bitter tragedies, there is none more bitter than that of two human beings bound together by the chains of economic dependence when love has ceased to hallow their union. We can never know how many women are enduring a life of legalized prostitution (for marriage without love can be nothing else) because the bread for their own and their babies' mouths must be paid for by the sale of their bodies, not to many men but to one. Nor can we know how many men are tied to women they have ceased to love because the women are dependent upon them for a livelihood.

The saddest, the bitterest, the most damnable wrong, is the wrong to little children born to such a union. If there is one right that is sacred and holy, it is that each child shall be born loved and desired. The old Calvinists

A RIFT IN THE LUTE

preached of the "unpardonable sin." If there is one sin that God and nature never pardons, that can never be atoned for, it is the sin of begetting undesired children. And the world is full of them. They scowl at us from behind prison bars, leer from insane wards, mutter and mumble in imbecile refuges and jeer at us from the depths of their degradation.

If we could bring no accusation against our present social and economic system but that it forces women to become unwilling mothers, that should be enough to forever condemn it in the sight of God and man.



CHAPTER V

SWEET BELLS JANGLING OUT OF TUNE

One cause of marital unhappiness is imperfect health. We may read the story of a sick nation in the hollow cheeks, haggard eyes and drooping forms that fill our streets when the factories close for the day, as well as in the surplus of doctors, the glaring medicine posters and nauseating advertisements which fill our newspapers. The cause can easily be found in an economic system which robs the greater part of the human race of Nature's means of health—conditions which deny us access to fresh air, healthful exercise and sunshine, feeds us on adulterated foods, and forces us into occupations totally unsuited to our strength.

If prospective husbands and wives might spend more time in caring for their bodies and less in the nerve racking grind of industrial life, they would be far more fit for marriage. If the yacht, the golf links and the tennis court were accessible to all, what a "slump" there would be in the medicine market, and the divorce docket. If conditions allowed young men and women to spend more time at the bathing beach or gymnasium, and less in the vitiated air of the factory and shop they would have strong bodies, a great deal more vital knowledge of their physical make-up and would be far less apt to make a mistake in choosing a life mate. If conventionalities and industrial conditions allowed lovers to do their courting out in the sunshine, or under the stars, drinking great

SWEET BELLS JANGLING OUT OF TUNE

draughts of fresh air, there would be far fewer "drooping lily" brides and "pale intellectual" looking husbands. A drooping lily bride may look very romantic under the wedding veil, but she is woefully inadequate to the duties of wife and mother. A pale, intellectual husband may be sweetly interesting, but he is almost sure to contract pneumonia from being routed out of bed on a cold night to get the soothing syrup for a cross, sickly baby.

If there was more common sense and less idle dreaming indulged in during the courtship, the divorce docket would shrink. Yet I would not rob love making of one atom of its romance. God forbid! I would simply distribute it through all the married life and not have it all in one lump during the courtship and honeymoon. But to get back to the subject of health and marital unhappiness; I firmly believe that there are more divorces caused by dyspepsia and female troubles (quoting the patent medicine advertisements) than by whiskey, gambling and politics combined, and that is the worst possible combination I can conceive.

One's own married life may be very happy considering the ill-adjusted system under which we live and yet not be all sunshine. There are times when tempers will flash and angry words be spoken, but when we look for the cause of the outbreak we will usually find it in overwork, worry, indigestion or because the delicate nerves of the feminine body are out of tune. I imagine St. Peter has a frightful score marked up against fried beefsteak, muddy coffee, unfit clothing and unventilated habitations as causes of marital unhappiness.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

I spent six months one winter in the various factories of New York in order to get information by actual experience. I can truthfully and conservatively say that not more than one out of two girls employed in the factory trades for a year or more are physically fitted to be wives and mothers, not considering their fitness mentally, morally or spiritually. There are six million women workers in the United States. If fifty per cent, not ninety, are made physically, mentally and morally unfit for wife and motherhood, by doing work unsuited to their strength, then the wage system must be "weighed and found wanting" indeed. Economic conditions which force women to work in unsuitable industrial occupations are not only a fruitful cause for divorce but an outrage against humanity as well.

For weeks during the Christmas rush of 1910 I worked as a shop girl in the department stores of Kansas City. Of the thousands of other women, some were girls just budding into womanhood, some women in their prime, some "old maids," embittered towards life and bearing on their faces the heart scars they would gladly hide. There were widows both young and old, married women with children at home and husbands walking the streets vainly seeking work, or husbands working for nine dollars a week. I tried to live these women's lives, endure the same struggles and hardships. With them I plodded through the snow and slush in the morning, toiled through the long, long day of labor with draggled skirts, wet feet, aching limbs and tortured backs. For fifteen hours we stood on our feet, rushed, harried and harrassed by im-

SWEET BELLS JANGLING OUT OF TUNE

patient customers, worried by floorwalkers and impatient superintendents. We snatched an insufficient lunch when we could, struggled through the long back-breaking day and half the night, then dragged ourselves home more dead than alive. In less than five weeks I, who am an unusually strong woman, was down in bed demanding the attention of doctor and nurse. The effect of this labor is such as would wreck the strongest body and mind.

In the cotton fields of Oklahoma I saw a woman dragging a cotton sack down the row, bending to pick the fibre from the bolls, four hours before her baby was born. In ten days she was back again dragging the sack with her baby asleep in the cotton pile at the end of the row. By her side walked a fifteen year old girl, slender and delicate, twisted and misshapen from dragging the cotton sack and swinging the heavy hoe. They are typical of the cotton fields.

The packinghouses are shambles not alone for dumb animals. There are slaughtered youth, intellect and health of thousands of women and girls. The textile mills weave the lives of childhood and girlhood into fabric. Wherever the wheels of industry whirl, they are transforming human life into profits, despoiling the race of the dower of health. Blindly, brutally, this despoilation goes on, though these women and girls are the present and future mothers of the race. Capitalism wrecks the health of womankind in industry, and then blames them because they do not make good wives and strong, fruitful mothers.

It may seem unromantic to attribute a share of our marital infelicity to poor food, but never-the-less it is

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

quite true that such is the case. Under our present system, nothing is produced for use, utility or beauty. All production is for profit, even food. When food is prepared in factories the one aim and object of the factory owner is to secure the largest possible profit from each ounce of foodstuff. We eat alum baking powder, coal tar flavoring extracts, kaffir-corn flour, cottonseed oil lard, oleomargarine butter, ragweed tea, clay coffee, pig's foot jelly, glucose preserves, embalmed meats, and so on through the whole list of edibles.

In Kansas City in the winter of 1910 the Health Department confiscated two carloads of eggs in the last stages of decomposition. The eggs were consigned to a great cracker and candy factory, and employees of the concern testified that one and a half carloads had already been used in the company's products. Poisoned food must of necessity produce stomach trouble, dyspepsia and general ill-health. No man or woman can be a congenial companion while suffering from an acute attack of indigestion or chronic dyspepsia. Medical authorities say that the number of deaths actually caused by poisoned food can not be estimated. The untold misery and suffering, physical, mental and marital, can not even be guessed.

Professor Wiley, chemical expert employed by the government, says that hundreds of thousands of children die each year from impure milk, patent infant foods and soothing syrups, all poisoned in the interest of profit.

Thus the fierce struggle for existence that characterizes our social system makes men dyspeptic wrecks and women miserable travesties on womanhood. How can we

SWEET BELLS JANGLING OUT OF TUNE

expect them to marry, have happy homes and healthy children?

While the leisure class has opportunity for physical culture, its mode of life is such as results in mental, moral and physical degeneration even to a larger extent than the better class of industrial workers. The number of unhappy marriages in the moneyed classes is, therefore, larger.

As long as some men must fight for a chance to exist while others are surfeited by vicious luxury, there will be disease and divorce. Nature is relentless and punishes those who transgress her laws, but is quick to reward the obedient. An economic system which robs men and women of health and the ability to bring healthy children into existence is certainly unworthy of perpetuation. If we establish proper social relations we will soon find health and its manifold blessings within the reach of every human being.



CHAPTER VI

THE WAGE OF TRANSGRESSION

Another common cause of connubial misery is a lack of thorough, rational understanding of the intimate physical relationship of that contract, yet how very few, either men or women, have ever given this important subject any rational study. Boys are taught by their associates in business and society, by precept and example, that there is a double standard of morals and that more or less indulgence in their sexual desires is necessary for health and proper development of manhood. It is but natural that when they have reached manhood the purely physical part of their natures is abnormally developed. On the other hand, girls are taught that any knowledge or study of their sexual natures is immodest and unmaidenly. It is but natural also that a sexual nature constantly repressed is far below the normal, and when two such natures so far at variance and equally ignorant, are bound together in the intimate relationship of marriage a life of inharmony or a divorce is almost sure to ensue.

Conventional usages do not allow a frank discussion of this most important question before marriage. If it were known that a young lady had discussed the sacred duties of motherhood, the right of children to be born desired and the right of a woman to own her own body after marriage, with the man who was to be her husband, public opinion would be shocked beyond mention and the daring one would be tabooed in polite circles.

THE WAGE OF TRANSGRESSION

Real marriage is a union of two souls who find their complement in each other, and as the physical relationship must be much in evidence after the ring is placed and the rice thrown it would seem to be but wisdom that it should be understood and discussed before the final step is taken. The lover who carries away with him the sweet memory of tender confidences and pure expressions from his sweetheart's lips concerning this, the most important and sacred relation of life will have far greater respect for her than if he only remembered that she sang the newest songs or discussed the latest play.

You mothers pride yourself on your daughters' innocence. Oh, yes, you raise your daughters in an adorable state of innocence, but in an appalling state of ignorance. There are great schools to cram their little brains with what we are pleased to call an education; masters to teach them music and dancing and all the arts of attraction, or there are factories where they will be taught to be competent wage slaves, but there is never a school or a teacher to teach them how to be wives and mothers.

I have a young friend whose mother raised her in a blissful state of innocence which came near costing her her life, caused many an hour's agony and forever denied her the joy of motherhood. She simply overstudied when her body needed all of its reserve strength to tide her over the boundary line between girlhood and womanhood and a wretched body was the result.

I never see girls with pale cheeks and dark circled eyes but I long to cry out to the mothers of the nation that you are sacrificing your daughters' health and happiness in your ignorance and their innocence.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

I know that Nature is supposed to have supplied women with a faculty called intuition that is expected to supply all the deficiencies in education, but if we read the bitter life tragedies written on the divorce dockets, notice the frequency with which the little white hearse traverses our streets, and look upon the wretched children that should never have been born, we will lose our sublime faith in intuition and gain a wholesome respect for knowledge.

Girls reared in ignorance, gaining all the knowledge of life they possess from novels that end at the altar, fall in love with a pair of blue eyes or a bank account, are wooed in a maze of romance, married in a blaze of glory and awake on the first morning of the honeymoon disillusioned, disenchanted victims of innocence and ignorance. Many a woman's love is cold and dead before the flowers that form her marriage wreath are withered and the dawn of the honeymoon looks upon many a shattered ideal and bitterly bruised heart.

Not alone are girls the victims of ignorance, but boys as well, though a boy's innocence usually survives contact with the world just as long as the proverbial snowball is said to survive the unmentionable regions. But the harm has been done nine times out of ten before wisdom has been acquired in the bitter school of experience. The greedy vampires whose advertisements disgrace every newspaper fatten upon the misery of boys whose mothers were too modest to teach their boys the sacredness of their own bodies; who were left to learn from the low and vile the things they should have learned at the mother's knee. The man who has learned all he knows of the sex relation

THE WAGE OF TRANSGRESSION

from the courtesan and prostitute is a fit mate for your innocent daughter, isn't he? But, nevertheless, your daughter has a very small chance to ever have any other kind.

Nor seems there great hope of a general diffusion of knowledge concerning our physical selves as long as the sources of knowledge are monopolized by a class whose livelihood depends on our transgressing Nature's laws. Practically all scientific knowledge of anatomy, hygiene and medicine is in the hands of the physicians—a medicine trust—and they must needs have plenty of sickness to keep them in a prosperous condition, so we can scarce expect them to kill the goose that lays the golden egg by teaching the world to make use of Nature's cures and escape ill health by knowing and heeding Nature's laws.

Nature is not in good repute with respectable members of the medical profession; to use the parlance of the day, she is a "scab." At all hours of the day and night, in sunshine and rain, cold or heat, her services are at the demand of rich and poor alike and all without money and without price. The only coin of her realm is knowledge, her only fee obedience to her laws, her ministrations boundless as space. When we consider how hard is the struggle for existence, we can readily understand how reputable physicians with reputations to maintain and livings to make must naturally frown down such an unscrupulous competitor. No wonder they sternly bid us to stay close to the old beaten paths and have faith in pill bags; it is a question of bread and butter with them. A widespread knowledge of physical laws would be bad

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

(very bad, indeed, for the good doctor's pocketbook), and what did God make people for but to fill pocketbooks?

What matter if ignorance has furnished imbecile asylums with inmates, the insane wards with patients, the house of ill-fame with victims, the hospitals with occupants, the divorce courts with wrecked lives and the medical college's dissecting table with cadavers? Doctors, drug venders, patent nostrum makers and itinerant quacks have been protected in their means of livelihood, the newspapers have been provided with a profitable line of advertising and we have retained our respectability and our innocence.

We wail about divorce as if it were a crying evil (and it is at present), but let us be honest enough to thank God for an avenue of escape, humiliating as it is, for the victims of ignorance, innocence and an insane social system.



CHAPTER VII

A QUEEN UNFITTED FOR HER THRONE

Some time ago a certain college professor wrote a very learned article on the decadence of the American home. This decadence, he contended, was due to the fact that working class girls refused to enter the kitchens of the rich to learn the gentle art of making a home happy in a twenty-five thousand dollar a year establishment. He seems to have overlooked the fact that the girl who learns housekeeping in a mansion would scarcely be able to adapt her needs to the slender limits of a workingman's salary. It is not in accordance with human nature that the girl who learns domestic science in an establishment of wealth will be satisfied with a tenement or shanty, or the girl who never learns it will be much of a success in either.

The girl of the working class is rushed through school with a rapidity that effectually bars her from any share in the housekeeping or home life of the family. If a girl has an exceptionally good constitution she may endure the steady grind of ward and high school, but whether she pulls through or breaks down, she has no time for housekeeping. If health lasts and her father is so very lucky as to hold his job she may scramble through school. But just as soon as she has finished she must go to work in a factory, office or store. The competitive struggle for existence is too fierce to enable a father to support the family in comfort, so the girls must work.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

When a girl has stood behind a counter, clicked a typewriter or endured the rush and strain of factory labor all day she is too tired to care for the details of home making. The average working girl gets home at night too tired for anything but rest, or with a feverish desire to forget body and brain weariness in excitement. The cheaper theater, with its distorted views of life, the sordid summer garden, with its scenes of petty vice, or the crowded dance hall, are the only places of recreation open to the working girl. Such tawdry scenes and amusements are not conducive to the proper development of girls for successful wifhood and motherhood.

The false ideals which underlie our present system are also largely responsible for the lack of domestic training. Each stratum of society assiduously apes the one just above, and health, happiness and comfort are sacrificed to mere show. The object of the average home is to keep up appearances. The kitchen usually suffers for the benefit of the parlor. Many girls spend the time in which they might learn to broil a beefsteak or darn a sock, in attempting to master a piece of music which would take years of painstaking study under a competent teacher to execute properly. As a result, the world is suffering from undarned socks, underdone beefsteaks and murdered masterpieces.

Girls are taught that it is more essential to maintain the husband's position in society by giving pink teas than it is to provide for his comfort by sewing the buttons on his underwear. In fact the working class, figuratively speaking, dispenses with underwear that it may indulge in cheap patent leathers and cotton back satins. We have

A QUEEN UNFITTED FOR HER THRONE

an idea that whatever the rich do is the proper thing. The rich wear satins and patent leathers. Therefore we must do likewise, though we must dispense with underwear and other things necessary to comfort.

We insist that our girls be educated, have access to schools and colleges. We provide teachers for them in art and science, have them dabble in all sorts of isms, but entirely ignore the greatest art known to man, that of making a house Home, and giving life to wellborn children.

We stint ourselves to pay for music lessons for our girls, but we never dream of giving them lessons in cooking or plain sewing. We demand that they rack their brains on abstruse problems in algebra and geometry in order to develop their capacity for thought, but we do not make the slightest effort to have them develop common sense by mastering the concrete problems of home-making.

We proudly display the skill our girls have acquired in embroidering impossible flowers on useless frippery, but overlook the fact that they could not make a decent fitting shirtwaist or wearable baby dress if their lives depended on it.

I was lecturing to a crowd of college girls once on "Education." At the close an old man rose and said he wished to make a criticism on my talk. Naturally I told him I would be glad to hear what he had to say, and he replied: "Madame, you have talked and talked about education. There is plenty of book education in the world, but mighty little real knowledge and learning. Culture is the veneer we paste on the outside of a savage,

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

but knowledge is the creative force that makes the savage a civilized human being."

I quite agree with my critic. If we could only make knowledge the basis of learning, and realize that all education has but one end—to enable us to really live—the brain rack of school days would be of more account to the race. Do not understand me to argue, however, that the girls of the working class should not have the advantages of an artistic education, or that they should spend all their time manipulating pots and pans. What I do say is this: That the right to a domestic as well as an artistic education is the inalienable right of every woman; that culture and refinement should be the heritage of all, and that our present ill-adjusted social system denies us not only the opportunity for education, but the ability to supply the luxuries which refinement and culture make necessary to human happiness.

Is it any wonder then that when many a working girl marries, her housekeeping is a miserable failure and the home is frequently swallowed up by the divorce court, or the "third floor back" of a side street boardinghouse? As for children, God pity the poor little defenseless ones that come into such a travesty on home.

The girl of wealth is rushed through school with just as little regard for her health as the daughter of the working class. After school days are over she is hurried from reception to ball, from ball to tea, is initiated into the mysteries of bridge whist and the cotillion, but never into the mysteries of home making. In the social hunt for "big game" she captures a broken down millionaire or dissipated scion of European nobility. She is married

A QUEEN UNFITTED FOR HER THRONE

amid the swish of satin and the blaze of jewels, then awakens to find herself as poor and helpless as the poorest shopgirl, for there are many things that money can not buy. The ability to make four walls home is one of them.

Some women declare that womanly intuition will guide the bark safely through the shoals of the matrimonial sea, but I am not so optimistic. I never yet saw intuition cook a decent meal or guide a perplexed mother in the care of a case of measles or whooping-cough. Intuition may be all right, but I think that when it is seconded by a little wholesome training the results will be far more satisfactory. Some women are perhaps born housekeepers and will be able to readily acquire the ability to care for a home. The great majority are not so fortunate. Many a poor husband has gone down to a dyspeptic's grave before his wife learned to cook. Much time, money and energy has been spent in fighting the drink evil, but I think the poor food evil is the greater of the two. More homes have been ruined by indigestion than by intoxicating drink.

It is slowly dawning on the minds of the race that our girls should have some training to fit them for married life. We are beginning to discuss the fitness of our daughters for wifehood and motherhood, but no one has yet suggested that boys too, need training to fit them as husbands and fathers. To read the newspaper advice given wives on "How to keep a husband after you get him," one would get the impression that a wife is the whole home, and a husband simply a mollycoddle attachment to be nursed and coaxed along like a willful puppy

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

at the end of a string, and not an integral part of the establishment. A real home must of necessity be a co-operative thing. The best, most perfectly trained wife on earth can not make a home unless seconded by the efforts of the other half of the combination.

It is true that the mother gives her child life, shelters it within her own body, nurses it from her breast, shapes to a great extent its character, but of necessity it is the father who shapes the mother's environment and through her, the destiny of the child. It is the mother who guides the toddling footsteps. She is the first teacher and trainer. But unless we place man in the humiliating position of being a useless weakling, or a mere fertilizing agent like a drone in the beehive, we must recognize his necessity and responsibility in the scheme of things.

Men are not superior beings in whom no improvement is possible. Neither are they mollicoddle weaklings. They are just men, one half the race, one half the complete whole that makes home, happiness and human society. If women need to be trained for the duties of motherhood, men need to be trained for the duties of fatherhood. If mothers must be educated to the possibilities of home making, fathers must be educated to be helpers and sustainers.

If two people love each other devotedly, have health, a good digestion and good temper they may overcome the lack of domestic training. But if either lack these essentials they will be sure to find themselves in an inharmonious union and possibly make their way to the divorce court.

A QUEEN UNFITTED FOR HER THRONE

We are too advanced to employ unskilled doctors, nurses or artisans. But we calmly turn over the home-making and reproduction of the race to totally ignorant hands. As Sam Jones truthfully if somewhat inelegantly remarked: "This is the age of ten hundred dollar bulls and ten cent babies, of thoroughbred horses and scrub children, of pedigree dogs and mongrel human beings."



CHAPTER VIII

PRISCILLA AT HER LOOM

There is no doubt that one of the causes for decreasing marriages, increasing divorce and race suicide is woman labor. Yet women have always labored and we have never looked upon it as a problem or a curse until the present. Strange, too, women are doing to a great extent the same kind of labor they have always done, and with vastly improved tools. Notwithstanding this fact, woman labor has grown to be a problem which is demanding the attention of legislators, publicists, philanthropists and reformers.

Women have always been the weavers of the world's clothing. The maid or matron at her loom or distaff has long been a theme for painter's brush and poet's lay. To-day she is still the weaver of the world's raiment, but she no longer inspires song or picture, unless it be the song of misery and the picture of human suffering.

Priscilla, strong and rosy, sat at her wheel while John Alden pleaded the cause of love. She was a pioneer in a new land, surrounded by wilderness and savages, but history paints her as well fed, well clothed and happy. Science and invention have come to the aid of the modern Priscilla. Her distaff and loom, touched by a magic wand, have grown wondrously. The latter now whirrs and roars from morning until night, and a touch now and then is all that is needed to keep it weaving countless yards of finest fabric. Her loom and spinning wheel have

PRISCILLA AT HER LOOM

been harnessed to steam. With almost human intelligence, the wheels revolve and the shuttles fly back and forth so fast that the eyes can not follow. Each night there is more cloth than Priscilla could have woven in a long year.

The housewife of old rendered her lard and cured her hams and bacon by hand process. To-day the packing-house, with the labor of comparatively a few men and women, transforms numberless hogs into lard, hams and bacon, and does it with incredible swiftness.

The old dairyhouse and churn have been replaced by the cream separator and the large creameries, and the butter making of the world has had its labor reduced ninety per cent. Thus we might go on through all the avocations of womankind. Women are doing the work they have always done, and with the assistance of machinery and modern equipment. While science and invention have added a great list of new activities which modern civilization has made possible, woman labor has grown to be a curse to the race. Since it can not be labor itself which is harmful, we must look for the harm in the way in which the labor is done.

Woman labor in itself is not bad; it is good. It is woman wage labor which is the curse. It is not labor, but exploited labor that is a menace to the womanhood of the race.

When the skill, brain and brawn of the workers, both men and women, working at tasks feminine and masculine were placed in machinery, the basis of the wrongs of woman labor was laid. Machines have made industrial

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

workers of women and laid the foundation of the wrongs of industrial labor.

With machines to perform with increased facility the labor of women, they were freed from the varied duties once demanded of them in the home. The world, however, must still be fed and clothed. Since women have always fed and clothed the world, they must still do it; not with their own tools and slow methods near the fire-side, but at the great machines in the factories at wage labor. Within the last fifty years we have evolved an entirely new class in American society, the 'working woman,' the wage-working woman. All over the world the wheels whirr, mechanisms crash and roar and the mighty machines grind out products to meet the needs of civilization. Woman has followed the Tool out of the home into the factory because the machine commands her job, her activity, her ability to clothe and feed the race. Could woman have retained her ownership of the new machines, all would have been well. But when the ownership passed out of the hands of the users and into the hands of a non-working class, the machine owner became a triple master and woman a triple slave.

The ownership of the machine gives the master the power to fix the wage at which women must work. Naturally, he fixes wages as low as women can be induced to accept, for the lower the wage the greater the profit for the master. The machine owner, owning the products of women's labor (the food and clothing she makes), also has the power to set the price on the food and clothing necessary for their existence. Naturally, the prices are placed as high as possible, for the higher the price the greater the profit.

PRISCILLA AT HER LOOM

The machine owners are men and have votes, the power to shape government, elect lawmakers, executives and judges. Women have no votes, no power to shape political action, no power to elect lawmakers, executives or judges.

It is but natural that machine owners, having votes, should influence law makers, executives and judges to make, execute and interpret laws for the use, security and profit of capitalists, and that all the forces of government should be used to more securely rivet the shackles of industrial servitude upon womankind.

The surplus women freed from the necessity of working in the home have no other place for activity except at the privately owned machines of the owning class. Here they perform all the tasks they have always performed, a thousand new ones growing out of the complexities of life, as well as many heretofore considered wholly masculine. When inventors placed the skill of the workingmen in machines, they placed strength there also. Now women strong enough to pull levers, shift belts and feed machines can perform the tasks once possible only to strong men.

It is out of this threefold mastery by machine lords and threefold servitude of women that all the wrongs incident to woman labor have grown. From this mastery comes the wrongs of thousands of pallid weavers in the cotton mills of the South and East; in the silk mills of Pennsylvania; in the velvet looms of New Jersey; the dwarfed and stunted factory girls; the anaemic, underfed shopgirls, as well as the millions in varied industries. The body-wearing and soul-racking grind; the sense of helplessness; the dwarfing and deadening of spiritual forces;

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

the feeling of insecurity; the pall of poverty; the soul-sickening knowledge that underneath the industrial hell yawns the social hell, waiting to engulf the one who slips on the rockstrewn path of life—all of these make the life of the working woman of to-day a sordid and melancholy thing that mocks our boast of civilization and sneers at our claim of Christian enlightenment.

This threefold mastery of men and threefold servitude of women, incident to the private ownership of machines, makes the claim of democratic government a farce, industrial freedom a mockery and the Christian religion either a joke or an impossible ideal. We prate of our democratic government, in which the people rule. But women, one-half of the race and mothers of all, they who go into the valley and shadow of death that men be brought forth, have no voice. Politically they are esteemed lower than the ignorant blacks scarce a century from savagery and cursed by all the vices of civilization. Politically the wives and mothers of the race are classed with idiots, paupers and the insane. The Goddess of just government must weep and the fiends of injustice and tyranny sneer at our claims of "democratic government." We talk of "industrial freedom," the sacred "right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," "a square deal," while living under a system in which the very means of life are owned and controlled by a group of greed-crazed men. This group of men fixes the wages at which women must labor, the prices of food, shelter and clothing, and control our destinies more despotically than the slave masters of old. The slave masters of heathen days were gentlemen and philanthropists in comparison

PRISCILLA AT HER LOOM

with the modern owners of the machinery of production. Nero, the worst of the lot, only killed his wife, mother and a few thousands of Christians who seemed to block his path to power. Nero killed in a swift, humane way—by the gladiator's sword, the quick thrust of a knife or the crashing fang of a wild beast in the arena. The modern masters of industry injure six hundred thousand men, women and children every year and kill thousands. The modern masters do not kill in the glare of the arena to make death an exciting, glorious thing. They kill gradually. Their victims are crushed beneath the weight of the machine; they know lingering agony of hunger; they are burned or crushed in preventable industrial accidents. In the dreary, sordid factories, in the dank tenements, in the black pit of the mine, on the railroads, these modern masters maim and murder the bodies of mankind for profits. Modern industry injures over half a million men, women and children every year.

And the souls that are murdered! Who shall count them? The artists, musicians, geniuses, holding potentialities to bless mankind, that are crushed in the mire of poverty and die with their lives unlived, the race robbed of what they might have given! The heart-hungry men, the love-starved women who never knew the joy of companionship and parenthood! The hundreds of thousands of women pushed down into the hell of the brothel, the millions of men who must snatch their vitiated crumbs from the garbage heaps of prostitution! The souls that are murdered by poverty, that are warped and dwarfed by unearned, vicious luxury, how they sneer at us from the social pit, mock our boast of civilization, make a lie of our religion and a demon of our God!

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

The Priscillas of old, who spun and wove with clumsy hand-tools, were rosy, well-fed, well-housed and happy. They could weave only a small piece of cloth in a day. By being industrious they easily kept the whole family comfortably clad. Priscilla to-day weaves many, many yards of cloth each day, clothing for myriads, but is poorly fed, poorly housed, and she and her loved ones lack sufficient clothing. The harder she works the less she receives. She is denied the happiness which is the natural right of humankind, and we find the reason here:

Priscilla was not a wage-earner. She owned her loom and spinning wheel, and though she wove but little it was all hers. Priscilla's loom to-day is owned by a corporation, and though she weaves much it is not hers, but belongs to the owner of her loom. She receives daily only the value of a very small share of what she has produced. The modern Priscilla bends under the burden of providing raiment for herself and loved ones. She provides all manner of luxuries for an idle class of men and women who, like vampires, suck the life-blood of those who clothe them in purple and fine linen and enable them to fare sumptuously each day.

When butter was made by hand there was butter for the bread of all who were willing to work. Now the workers eat unwholesome, unclean oleomargarine, because the creameries belong to the Creamery Trust. Those who eat butter and those who make it must pay the tribute which builds up the colossal fortunes of the owners.

When the women cured the meat in the kitchen there was meat for all who worked. Now it is cured in the packing houses. They who cure it and they who eat it

PRISCILLA AT HER LOOM

must pay an exorbitant price to the private owners, or their own must either go without meat or pay an unwarranted part of their wages for it.

It is an indisputable fact that woman labor in itself is not bad. The way she at present labors is a curse. Labor is a joy when we perform it for those we love and reap the fruits of our industry. But it is a curse when we labor to create the wealth which means added misery for us and more power for our masters.

Since the workers have lost the ownership of their tools the world has ceased making things for use. Everything is produced for profit. When a woman works for wages she works for a master. He sets the price of her labor, fixes her hours and the amount of work she is to perform, always with the idea of making the largest profits for himself. As a result we see an army of six million women engaged in industry under conditions and at wages which the master, who has eyes for profit only, decrees. The natural result of such arbitrary control is: Low wages, long hours, unsanitary conditions, dangerous work, poor food, poor shelter, insufficient clothing, poverty, misery, want, degradation, crime and vice.



CHAPTER IX

DEAD SEA FRUIT

If we search the divorce dockets carefully we will find oftener than any other as a cause for dissolving the marriage tie the old scriptural grounds of marital infidelity. One reason of course that adultery is so often named is the heathenish, blind ignorance of our lawmakers, who have made it impossible for two mismated souls to be freed without charging each other with all sorts of crimes. It is not enough that they are mismated and would be free; they must prove each other everything that is bad and vile if they would go their way in peace.

Marital infidelity is a term that means so much, that covers so many of the bitter tragedies of life that is is hard for one to know how to describe it. There is first that infidelity of mental and spiritual incompatability, that blind struggle of the chained to be free from galling ties; then there is that hateful, brazen, nameless, shameless thing that we, too prudish to speak the whole naked truth, called the "Social Evil."

Within the last ten years we have awakened to the fact that the most vital and all important problem confronting the world today is the problem of the social evil, the prostitution of womanhood, the debasement of manhood and the poisoning of the very source of life.

In the United States there are, according to best obtainable statistics, three hundred thousand public prostitutes, and many more women employed in some industry

DEAD SEA FRUIT

or profession who eke out their insufficient wages by the sale of their bodies. Each of these women are prostitutes because they can not secure enough to maintain themselves by their labor and there are always men willing to pay the price of their womanhood.

The pious have prayed, the law-makers legislated, the courts punished and the reformers worked against the social evil, but it continues to grow and expand, and will continue to do so as long as our unjust social system condemns hundreds of thousands of women to poverty.

I have given much study to this subject, have sought the fallen woman and faithfully tried to find the reason for her fall, and I believe I am only in accord with all sociologists and reformers in my conclusion that the prostitute is simply a by-product of a social system in which women are economically dependent.

The fallen women of our time come from two sources—the women who are forced to work to maintain themselves and the women who never do any work—the daughters of bitter underpaid toil and of vicious luxury.

When poverty forces the girl out of the home to struggle for her livelihood she finds the law of business competition is to fix wages at the bare cost of existence. Since some women who are employed are partly supported by husband or relatives, the wage of female labor is really below the cost of existence. Necessity compels many thousands of independent women to sell their virtue for the bread their wages will not supply.

A very large proportion of fallen women have honestly toiled in the endeavor to sustain life by labor, but in

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

the end have been forced to sell their sex as well as their labor power to the men who control the machinery of production.

The small remainder are the abnormal children of vicious luxury, children born into the world abnormally sexed because of the luxurious, idle, over-nourished, pleasure-seeking life led by their parents. The child born of wine, stimulating food and revelry, abandoned to the care of ignorant servants and thrown into the vortex of fashionable life, will soon have drained the cup of pleasure to the bitter dregs and, not knowing the joy of congenial labor, will fall into wilder and still wilder revels until at last it sinks into the underworld with its toil-cursed sisters.

Not that alone, but the life of prostitutes is so terrible, so unnatural, that usually they only live about five years. Every year from out the brothels and dives of the nation are carried thousands of women to fill unknown graves in the potter's field. Untold thousands of young girls (girls of the working class) must walk the slippery, rockstrewn, blood-stained path that leads to the brothel. Down the path of destruction they go, pushed onward by the hand of poverty and want, dragged down by the hand of shame or snared in the net of the "white slaver."

The supporter of the fallen woman and the cause of her existence is, first, the capitalist class, the men who live upon the fruits of her labor and who, because they control the means of life, can place her wages so low that she must submit to their passions as well as be the producer of their wealth; second, the men in the professional and wage-working class who are able to secure so small

DEAD SEA FRUIT

a share of the wealth they produce as to be unable to properly support a family.

After the first flush of youth and beauty has been sacrificed upon the altar of greed and sensuality, the rich despoiler of womanhood passes his victim down to the young workingman whose wages are too meager to allow him to marry. He follows the example of his employer and gratifies his animal passions by buying the body of the woman forced to sell. Once the descent is started the pace becomes faster and faster, the degradation deeper and the career of one single fallen woman means the contamination of hundreds of human beings.

When a woman has fallen too deep in the mire to attract men, she preys upon ignorant boys whose mothers are too modest to teach them the impossibility of transgressing the law of sex without paying a bitter penalty.

This most pitiful, most revolting and soul-sickening feature of the debasement of womanhood by capitalism is never discussed, never understood and always kept in the background. The pulpit, press, platform and popular magazines have for the past year been full of "the fallen woman." We have canted and shed crocodile tears of *maudlin sympathy*, but we have entirely overlooked one fact. If there are hundreds of thousands of prostitutes in our nation, they are prostitutes simply because they were forced to work at wages that would not support them and must either sell their bodies or starve. Adding insult to the injury of our hypocritical attitude we have entirely overlooked the most striking fact of all. No matter how many fallen women there are, it takes twenty

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

men to support one fallen woman, and there are just twenty times as many fallen men as women.

Who are the twenty times hundreds of thousands of fallen men? Your sons, your nephews, your neighbors' sons for the most part. Our ignorant sons through whose veins youth's blood flows warm and pulsing, who harken to the age-long call of race preservation, are blind to the dangers of the loathsome black plague of the brothel.

Our sons go down to the brothel and there in their warm, fresh youth are contaminated with germs of the vilest disease known to medical science, the one incurable disease. Medical science can laugh at consumption, knows no fear of leprosy, has conquered smallpox and routed cholera, but stands helpless and aghast at the disease of the brothel, the disease that not only strikes down its own generation, but lies in wait for generations yet unborn; that loathsome, nameless horror that has killed more men than war, ruined more women's lives, cursed more babies than any other disease on earth! Back to the palace, the cottage and the hovel comes this nameless horror, the fruit of prostitution; back to our innocent daughters through our ignorant sons; back to our unborn children; back to curse and maim and slay, and it is we women who suffer most.

As a result of these things medical statistics tell us that one child out of every twenty is born cursed before it ever sees the light of life. One pure virtuous wife out of fifteen goes to the surgeon's table or under the doctor's care because of transgressions of her husband. Thousands of childless homes are empty and drear because the very source of life is poisoned and contaminated.

DEAD SEA FRUIT

If I could have one wish fulfilled it would be that all mankind might have one pair of eyes and one pair of ears that I could force it to go with me to places where the effect of our system is most apparent, to the blind asylum where eyes will never see and hands will grope in everlasting darkness; to the deaf and dumb institute where ears will never hear nor tongues speak; to imbecile refuges where the idiot and the imbecile mutter and mumble in their degradation; to the insane ward where the insane shriek and beat the bars of their padded cells or gaze out into a vacant world through vacant eyes; to the free hospital and clinic, to the slum and gutter, to the home and the graveside—yes, and to the fashionable watering places and hot springs where gold can gild but can not hide bent, distorted bodies and loathsome eating ulcers.

If I could only make mankind see as I must see every day the frightful price we pay for our support of capitalism, I know the battle for a better system would be won.

Priest and politician, editor and statesman have told women that these things were not of our concern, we must keep ourselves pure and ignorant and trust to the chivalry of man to protect us and our own. "No concern of ours?" No, possibly not if we are dolls stuffed with sawdust, satisfied with fine phrases, content with false chivalry, willing to be fed on flattery. Women who have been so fortunate as to annex a biped without feathers who can pay their board bill and supply the requisite amount of jute puffs and hobble skirts, "have no concern." But suppose we happen to be women with

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

brains and hearts and souls, women who have developed backbone enough not to be compelled to do the "clinging vine" act, women who are womanly enough to feel for all the race, motherly enough to mother all childhood, then have we not the right to protest against the abhorrent demands of capitalism?

Not to protest alone, but to use all the brains with which we have been endowed, all the power of our womanhood and the all-compelling force of our motherhood to relegate capitalism and all its horrors to the dim limbo of the past, and make sure and safe the birth of a new social order.



CHAPTER X

THE FOWLER'S NET

Within the last few years a new terror has slowly crept into the hearts of the mothers of the race. A black shadow we can not define, a nameless, shapeless something before which we cower as our prehistoric mothers cowered before the nameless natural forces they could not understand.

About ten years ago I was connected with the Crittenden Mission. Sometimes in going about among the fallen women we heard veiled whispers, a word slipping from the lips unconsciously, then a frightened look that told of things too frightful for even a hardened mission worker to hear.

Sometimes a frightened mother or fear-distracted father came to us for help to find a missing girl who had left her village or farm home to seek employment.

Letters would be handed us from foreign countries telling of a fresh-cheeked Irish lassie, German maiden, Italian maid or French mademoiselle who had left her native home to make a fortune for herself in the "land of the free and the home of the brave," and had been lost to her own.

Sometimes we would be able to wrest from the vampire clutches of a brothel mistress a poor wreck of a girl. In the delirium of her drug and drink-crazed brain, she would babble of her captor, tell of the "doped" glass of

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

wine or ice-cream soda, of dark oblivion, then cower and shriek and shudder at the "breaking in" or the time when Madame Lovejoy or Molly Mantell bought her.

That in a law-abiding town like Kansas City, in the beginning of the Twentieth Century, a girl could be drugged into insensibility, forcibly violated, compelled to live a life of shame and sold from one owner to another, seemed a thing too incredible to believe.

Did we not have a Christian mayor, an honorable chief of police, on every beat were there not patrolmen, sworn to protect the life, the property and the happiness of our people? So, even we mission workers, who knew something of the underworld, dismissed these things as the ravings of a disordered mind, fantastic dreams of a brain disturbed by drugs and drink.

As the months rolled into years the number of fathers and mothers seeking lost daughters grew greater and greater, the pile of letters from foreign lands become higher, and to each we were compelled to give the same answer, "We cannot find your girl."

Gradually the once whispered words became louder, the hints became undeniable facts, the world found itself facing a new problem and a new word was coined—"White-Slave." The ghost would not down. First one, then another case would be noted in the newspaper, the sordid story of police courts would creep out. Finally the report of the Homes Commission appointed by President Roosevelt and the Ella Gingles case in Chicago were made public almost at the same time. The world suddenly awakened to the fact that a frightful state of affairs

THE FOWLER'S NET

existed. Smug and self-satisfied, we were compelled to know that there is a white slave traffic, a systematized, organized, trade in young girls for the brothels, as there is a traffic in cattle and sheep for the shambles. A business with organization, traveling salesmen and procurers, a business owning slave dens, where girls were kept and "broken in" and trained for the vice market, just as there are stockyards where cattle are kept and fattened for the slaughter house.

The most appalling, disgusting fact we are compelled to realize is that the white slave traffic and traffickers are protected not alone by the police departments of our cities, but by all executive departments of government. In every case where white slavers were captured and brought into court, the officials did not use their power to convict the white slaver, but his victim.

Proof of this is the fact that when the Commission appointed by President Roosevelt, to investigate the white slave traffic, reported back to Congress, Roosevelt did not attempt to deny the truth of the report, but declared it too vile to be put into print and recommended in a message to Congress that it be stricken from the records of the nation.

A modified report, shorn of the most loathsome features, was finally issued under the caption of Senate Document 196. Even this was so revolting that the nation was aroused. In order to protect the men in high places, who were responsible for the unprintable facts, and use the power vested in them by the voters of the nation to foster and profit by the untellable condi-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

tions, this document, too, was suppressed. Too late, however, to stem the tide, the world is flooded with a stream of knowledge concerning the white slave traffic.

We know now that there is a white slave traffic. We know that the girls of our country, the fairest, the purest and the fittest, are bought and sold like lambs in the market and slaughtered not alone in body, but in soul, not like lambs to feed us, but to pander to the bestial passions of mankind. To fill pockets with profits and enable politicians to pay political debts, by protecting the traffickers.

We know now that the stars and stripes are no protection for our girls, that under the starry folds are slave pens a thousand times more hellish than the slave markets of Constantinople. We know that two blocks from the White House are white slaves who would consider a harem in Turkey a haven of rest and security.

We know that blue uniforms and brass buttons do not mean protection for our daughters, but protection for the white slaver who would sell her into slavery a thousand times worse than the black slavery before the Civil War.

The white master of the South bought black women for their labor power; the master today buys the white slave for her sex function. Labor of even the most toilsome kind is sweet as the fields of Paradise in comparison to enforced sex relation. A woman will work her fingers to the quick, labor when each step is stained with blood, and do it happily, if her soul, her body and her love may be her own, and she may give it where she will,

THE FOWLER'S NET

but she will fight to the last atom of her strength the luxury and ease that must be paid for with her womanhood.

The prehistoric mother cowered in her cave and shuddered at the flash of lightning and the crash of thunder. How could she know it was a mighty natural force which her children would some day master and make it free mankind from fear as well as toil?

How can the great mass of mothers to-day know that the lurid flames of the brothel and the consuming power of bestial passion are natural forces, and out of them will come the final emancipation of the race from sex slavery?

What is white slavery and why does it come creeping up from the underworld to make our sleep hideous with nightmare and our waking filled with dread? It is the thwarted cry of Nature, the stinging, burning, grinding pain that must waken mankind to a realization of transgressed laws.

White slavery is an effect of an economic cause. It has its basis in the same soil in which black slavery flourished, and must be wiped out, possibly in the roar of battle and the flow of blood, as black slavery was forty years ago.

Black slavery was instituted because there was a demand and a profit in filling the needs. The Crown of England had given great grants of land to certain favorites in the new world. But the land is not profitable without labor, it is useless without human hands to till. Here in the Southland of America was fertile soil, here the rain

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

fell and the sun shone, but soil and rain and sun will not produce wealth—only human hands can do that. The land owners of the South could not and would not till their own soil; they could not hire wage-labor, for no man will work for another when he may be self-employed; no tenant would till their land, for no man will till another's soil when he may own land of his own.

Labor was necessary and our Yankee ingenuity found a way to supply the need and turn a nimble penny. Over in Africa was a black race, a semi-savage people with strong backs and sinewy arms but little brains, hence ideal slaves. They were a defenseless race and easy prey, so the good Pilgrim Fathers fitted out slave ships and went over to Africa, captured the defenseless blacks with little brain and lots of muscle, and sold them to the white planters of the South, to till their idle soil.

Slaving was a profitable business, profitable for the master, for it provided workers for his idle soil, and profitable for the slavers because the expense was slight and the price high. Being profitable, this business became both moral and godly, and in the North the minister regularly prayed each Sunday morning for "our ships at sea." Down in the South the minister asked God's blessing on the Divine institution of slavery. The foundation of the fortunes and aristocracy of the South was laid in slave labor, and the blue blood and wealth of the "best" families of New England come straight down from some godly Pilgrim Father who served God piously and traded in slaves shrewdly.

The foundation of the white slave traffic was laid in the same fact of demand and profit in meeting the de-

THE FOWLER'S NET

mand. I have spoken of the girls pushed down into the underworld by poverty, but all-compelling as the power of poverty is (many of the girls are forced out to meet the conditions of wage labor,) this is not sufficient to meet the demands of the brothel.

You ask "why this abnormal demand for prostitutes?" "Are men becoming more vicious and depraved?" Not at all. Men are just what they have been, no worse, possibly a little better. Nature is just what she has always been and demands natural expression as ever. It is only that our unjust and abnormal system thwarts Nature and we are paying the bitter penalty of transgressed laws.

By the private ownership of the machine, not only the wages of women, but the wages of men are fixed by the private owners, and naturally fixed as low as they can be compelled to labor. The summary of the Census of 1910 gives the average earnings of the wage workers of the United States at \$518 per year.

If the average is \$518 per year, we know that older men who have been in the trades longer get more than this, while younger men newer in trades get less. But are the young men whose average wage is less than \$518 a year of marriageable age? It must be a self-evident fact that no matter how willing and anxious young men might be to marry, if they get a wage of less than \$518 a year, marriage is absolutely impossible, because he cannot support a wife on his wages. No young man can possibly marry and maintain a family on the current wages of the mass of young men to-day; consequently that always means one thing, not a theory but a fact. We may rant

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

and cant, preach and pray from now until doomsday, but facts are facts just the same. Though we may shut our eyes, they are there still. Sex desire and companionship is just as natural, just as necessary, as food and drink. If the young men are denied the opportunity for sex companionship in home and marriage they will seek it in the brothel, all preaching and moralizing to the contrary. It is from these millions of young men and boys, these human beings denied by economic conditions the opportunity to live natural lives, comes the overwhelming demand for girls for the brothel.

Just as the black slaver two hundred years ago fitted his slave ship and sailed away across the ocean to Africa for his black slaves, so the white slaver to-day goes out into the villages and the country districts or down to the moving picture shows, the department store door or the cheap boarding house, there to capture by guile, enticement or force the pure, sweet young girls to be sold into the brothel.

The white slaver assumes whatever guise is most useful at the time and place. In the farming communities he may be a cotton, cattle, horse or hay buyer; in the city he may be an employment agent, theatrical agent or man about town. The procurer displays his business card, transacts tentative business with the men in his line and gives every indication of being a legitimate business man. The procurer for the white slave pens is as carefully trained for his vocation as the traveling salesman for a business house. He must be prepossessing in appearance, well educated, talk fluently and be able to discuss the business he assumes intelligently. The procurer

THE FOWLER'S NET

usually goes to a village or small town, stops at the best hotel, discusses business and proceeds to gain the confidence of the people, both men and women. He will carefully attend the most prominent church, frequent the moving picture shows, skating rink or other social gathering places, and with good clothes, affable manners and evident knowledge of the world rapidly gain a foothold in the good graces of the community.

If there is but one girl to be captured the procurer falls violently in love, pays ardent court. He easily carries the poor victim before the force and eloquence of his wooing, and appealing to the romantic, so much a part of a young girl's life, an elopement is planned and swiftly carried out. Possibly a mock marriage allays any suspicion she may have, and gladly and happily she places her life in the keeping of the vile vampire. Once in the city she goes without question to the place her supposed new husband suggests, eats whatever he provides, drinks whatever he orders, then sleeps to awaken and find herself a prisoner in the slave pen.

If more than one victim may be secured the white slaver does not pay court, but becomes a philanthropist. He sympathizes with the narrow, constricted life of the farm and village, talks of the wider life, the golden opportunities, the good wages that await such brilliant, promising young ladies down in the city, and offers his services to help the girls better their condition. Even parents are trapped by this ruse and often give their girls over to the white slaver.

These are only a few of the many ways in which these demons in human form ply their hellish trade. They

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

are shrewd, crafty and adaptable, and whatever serves best is the method used. But whatever the means of capture, the experience of the victim is the same.

Once in the clutches of these human jackals the girls are penned in the slave pens, shut into a room from which escape is impossible, where their cries can reach no human ear that might give help. Then comes the frightful experience of "breaking in," an experience so horrible that language cannot express one-thousandth part of its horror, a frightful thing that is untellable and unprintable. A day and night of horror that breaks forever the body, soul and will of the poor victim. A Gehenna which only those who have lived through can even faintly portray. And by the horror of it all their lips are forever sealed. No matter how low in the scale of life a woman has fallen, how hardened and calloused and dead to shame, the only answer you can ever get to the question "What does 'breaking in' mean?" is a shudder and a curse.

Once the "breaking in" is accomplished, the girl, broken in body, mind and spirit, becomes a docile slave that can be sold at enormous profit to the keeper of a brothel. Then begins a period of about five years of the most brutal, debasing, debauching slavery that the world has ever known. The prostitution of the girl's body, the murder of her soul, the coining of her life into profits for human vampires, then wrecked, ruined and murdered, a grave in the potter's field.

A little glimpse of what the first year of life for a white slave must be is given in Senate Document 196,

THE FOWLER'S NET

Page 22. "A young girl when first entering the life is very likely to become pregnant, frequently, usually perhaps, abortion is performed. Otherwise she is compelled to continue her work as long as possible, then after discharge from a hospital to give her child to a foundling asylum. If she tries to leave her man and get legitimate work he threatens her by saying he will tell her employer what her life has been. Sometimes he beats her, if she betrays him, sometimes he kills her. This is the story told by scores of girls interviewed by the commission agents in courts, penal institutions and maternity hospitals."

When the white master bought a black woman fifty years ago he could look forward to thirty or forty years of usefulness from his slave, and though he paid a large price for her, he did not need to drive her to labor unhumanely, for there were years in which to reimburse himself for his outlay.

The price of a white girl is considerable less than that of a black. From old newspapers and bills of sale on file in the Public Library in St. Louis I found that the price of black girls ranged from two hundred and fifty dollars to as high as fifteen hundred for a particularly attractive specimen. Senate Document 196 says that the price of white girls ranges from fifteen to five hundred dollars. Since the life of a white slave is only five years, and only three of them really profitable to the owner, the white master must make larger profits from his property than the owner of the black.

From page 224 Homes Commission Report I take the following:

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

“Prostitution in Chicago.

Number of prostitutes, 10,000.

Gross revenue from prostitution, \$20,000,000.

Average earnings for each woman, \$2,000.”

Senate Document 196, page 16: “Innocent young girls will last longer and are therefore more profitable.”

Page 21: “The motive dominating the procurer and pimp is that of commercial profits, the first thing to be done when a woman is procured is to place her where she can make money for him quickly and plentifully.”

Page 28: “The rules governing the profits of prostitution of women are those governing in any business in that—a woman is worth to her procurer the price for which he sells her less the cost of procuring. A woman is worth to her procurer or disorderly housekeeper the amount of her earnings less the cost of recruiting, or purchase price, the cost of supporting her and the costs of the business.”

In the crash of battle and the roar of war we wiped out the stain of black slavery in human blood, but to-day we are enduring a white slavery, worse in every feature a thousand times than the slavery of the blacks.

It is our own flesh and blood, our own daughters who are victims now, the children for whose very existence we are responsible. The black slave had no voice in government, no part in making laws, and if he saw his girl sold upon the auction block he was powerless. The fathers of the white slaves have a part in government, a voice in choosing law-makers and executives. But they march to the ballot box and cast their vote and use their

THE FOWLER'S NET

voice to elect to office men who make possible the white slave traffic, who foster, protect and share in its profits.

The black slave was owned for her labor power and the mere exploitation of labor power is as heaven to hell compared to the exploitation of sex function.

You say that "the black slave was violated, too." Yes, that is true. The large number of cream-colored progeny of the aristocracy of the South proves that, but it was only by her white master, by one man. The black slave was not forced to submit herself to whoever might come and make commodity of her sex for the profit of her owner. No owner of black flesh ever fell so low, if we may credit history and the words of those who lived during the slave period, as to sell the sex of his slaves. Even Harriet Beecher Stowe never accused Simon Legree of this crime.

The black slave's life was so much more natural than that of the white slave that they lived to a ripe old age, reproduced their kind and possibly enjoyed life as much as any working class ever did. It was not necessary or customary for the master to exploit them so mercilessly in order to make a profit on his investment.

The white slave's life is so unnatural, so perverted, so disease-breeding, that it does not cover over five years, hence the exploitation must be forced to the last degree to make a profit for the owner. The price of a black slave was higher than that of a white slave, and since the master made his profit from her labor power she was better cared for, better fed and received medical attention when ill. A white

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

slave is used to the limit, forced to serve sick or well, exploited to the last atom of her profitableness, then cast out on the street to die.

Fifty years of Christian civilization has placed the daughters of the nation, the girlhood of the race, the future mothers of our country on a lower plane than that of Cassie on the plantation of Simon Legree, the blackest picture ever painted in American literature of that day.



CHAPTER XI

THE SCARLET THREAD

Through every foot of cordage from wrapping twine to great cables used by the English government in army or navy runs a scarlet thread, stamping it for all time as being the creation and the property of the nation. So through all the various forms of prostitution and white slavery runs the scarlet thread of political control, stamping the vice of social evil as the creation and property of existing forms of government.

Follow the scarlet thread from the streetwalker lurking in the shadow of the alley, from the white slave in the house of ill-fame, from the poor wretch in the municipally-controlled "crib," follow it up and up through the various political ramifications and eventually it will lead straight up Pennsylvania avenue to the White House and be found securely tethered to the presidential chair.

The very foundation of prostitution always has been and ever must be laid in man's mastery of woman's bread. Throughout all the ages that men have controlled the means of life woman has been subject to his will, subservient to his wish and panderer to his passions. Since all existing forms of government are the bulwarks of mastery and privilege, it is but natural that they should be used to strengthen man's mastery of woman's servitude.

We stand appalled at the frightful conditions and results of prostitution and white slavery. We call upon our

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

legislative, executive and judicial forces of government for relief. They weep a few tears of sentiment, sigh sadly over conditions, then piously raising their eyes to heaven, say, "God knows what the girls are to do, it is sad, it is deplorable, but we are powerless, take it to the Lord in prayer."

Can't do anything, are powerless? Indeed! Then is our whole scheme of government such a farce, such a disgraceful and disgusting failure?

A few years ago counterfeiters flourished in this country. Skilled men made molds and plates that turned out very nice money, indeed, money that was just as pretty to look at and pleasant to the touch as the money made by the government and blessed and made holy by the bankers; money that took no life, robbed no human being of health or happiness, enslaved no girls, prostituted no body for gain.

What happened?

A great government put every force in action. Secret Service Corps were organized, shrewd detectives were employed and a far-reaching manhunt was instituted. In a few years counterfeiting was nearly done away with. The forces of government got into action, quick action, too, and the nefarious crime of making unholy money was ruthlessly stamped out.

Did counterfeiters spill human blood?

No.

Murder human souls?

No.

THE SCARLET THREAD

Make slaves of helpless girls and sell their virtue for profit?

No.

The counterfeiters simply infringed on the divine right of a government controlled by bankers to make and have the bankers bless the money. They only threatened to rob the bankers of their inalienable right to live pious, godly lives on the profits made in money changing. For this heinous crime, this threatened invasion of our established institutions, all the forces of government were turned to trailing criminals and bringing them to summary justice.

Did the government fail?

Not at all.

No weakness here, no inefficiency, no legal technicalities, no insurmountable difficulties. Like a well-oiled machine every branch of government worked in perfect harmony, and the results were all that good bankers and law-abiding citizens who make money within the pale of the law, and not without, could ask.

To prove that our government is not the poor molly-coddle weakling we have been told, I will cite other evidence. Down in some of the southern states men make whiskey, "moonshine" whiskey it is called, not because it is as weak as moonshine, but because it is made at night, in secret places, out-of-the-way corners and outside the pale of the law.

Again the Secret Service men were called, man-hunts were carried on with force and vigor, with an iron

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

hand, illicit distilling was about crushed out and men's and women's lives, homes and human happiness with it.

Why, because whiskey is bad?

Dear me! Whiskey is not bad, it's good. Our Christian government says so, stamps it with revenue stamps and approval, grants license for men to sell it, even in prohibition states, and appoints the makers and sellers to all sorts of high and lucrative positions in government.

But is "moonshine" whiskey bad?

To be sure! Bad in many ways, bad because it can be made and sold cheaply, which is bad for the distillers, who are a part of our government machine. It is bad because it is sold without revenue stamps, and that is heinous, for it robs those ornamental gentlemen who administer our government of the wherewithal to pay their salaries. Naturally, "moonshine" distilling was stamped out with an iron heel. No failure of government here.

Do I uphold counterfeiters and "moonshiners?"

Not at all, but I do say that the worst moonshiner and the most disreputable counterfeiter who ever lived is an angel of mercy and a shining light of morality in comparison with a white slaver or a corrupt politician who holds his office by grace of the vice element.

I merely cite these incidents to prove that our government towers a mighty citadel, rules with an iron hand, strikes with a mailed fist when the sacred right of profits is invaded, but is a cowering, imbecile weakling when human right to life, liberty and the ownership of bodies

THE SCARLET THREAD

and souls is being trampled into the mire under the feet of oppression.

White slavery could be stamped out in a single year did the powers of government so desire. It exists not in defiance to law and government, but by permission and co-partnership.

The foundation stone of political supremacy is the wardheeler. He controls the vicious vote, the vote absolutely necessary to political supremacy. Sex gratification, being the most powerful lure for mankind, is made use of by the wardheeler. He sees to it that there are plenty of prostitutes with which his vicious vote may consort. By this power he controls his men. On the other hand, the prostitutes, who are the bait, also furnish the money on which political campaigns are largely financed.

Let us see if we can follow the scarlet thread. The ward heeler controls the vicious vote and delivers it to the political boss of the city. The boss, because he delivers the vote, shapes the policies, makes up the tickets and prepares the political bait which all "good" voters ignorantly gulp down. It is a disgusting and deplorable fact, but a fact just the same that "good" voters are ignorant voters and the "bad" ones are also the wise ones. The political boss, being able to deliver both the "good" and the "bad" vote, controls the men elected to office from alderman to president.

First the prostitute, then the ward heeler, then the city boss, state boss, state legislatures, national boss, national legislatures, then the highest official, so the scarlet thread runs.

Now follow it back.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

The president and governors have the appointive power and, naturally, appoint as the bosses dictate. First the judiciary, and they must be the tool willing to serve the boss; then the police powers, and they, too, must be willing to serve as the boss dictates, and since the prostitute and the ward heeler control the boss, back again comes the scarlet thread down to the starting place.

Because the boss controls the police and the police can either enforce or allow the law to be broken and laws are made for women to obey or buy freedom, the poor prostitute must be the lure to control the vicious vote. For protection or freedom from interference by the law she must pay the price for which she sells her virtue. Out of the lifeblood of the fallen women of this nation is wrung annually untold millions. In the city of Chicago the Homes Commission found that the fallen women earn for their masters \$20,000,000 in a year. Of this the girls who sell their souls receive only food, shelter and gaudy clothing, and the balance is woven into that scarlet thread.

The procurer or Madame "splits" with the policeman, he with the chief, the chief with the ward heeler, the ward heeler with the boss, and the boss with those higher up. The fallen woman must not only be the angle-worm upon the hook, but pay for the barb upon which she is impaled, be the bait and pay the price.

So general are these facts of police and political control of prostitution known that no one questions the truth of the statement.

The magazine, "Vigilance," of July, 1910, has the following quotation from Mr. James Bronson Reynolds, as-

THE SCARLET THREAD

sistant state attorney for the State of New York. He said: "Laws in America are made to please one-half the people and not enforced to please the other half."

Senate Document 214, part 2, 61st Congress, second session, page 6, says: "The great extent of this evil (white slavery), which is in various localities strongly entrenched behind local political and corrupt police control, convinced the Bureau that resources at its command were inadequate to cope with the situation."

Page 8: "Unfortunately before this campaign was well under way, the Supreme Court of the United States in the now celebrated case of *Keller v. United States* and *Ullman v. United States*, handed down a decision that a portion of section 3 of the act of Feb. 20, 1907, which relates to the harboring and maintaining of women in houses of ill-fame, is unconstitutional."

"This was a severe handicap and almost nullified the endeavor to prosecute those engaged in the nefarious traffic."

"In connection with the attempt to prosecute, the Bureau has been considerably harrassed by the undue leniency of certain courts in imposing sentence, one court in particular customarily inflicting a sentence of less than thirty days' imprisonment and a \$5.00 to \$10.00 fine, when the maximum imposed by law is five years' imprisonment and a \$5,000 fine."

Page 12: "Pimps and procurers have been found banded together in different localities for political purposes and, perhaps, self-protection."

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

Page 13. "The callous indifference, which permits our largest cities and the country at large, to be infected with lewd women and degenerate parasite pimps, may perhaps be considered a matter which should be left to the moral sense of each community and each state, but in so far as the Federal Government is concerned it should be possible to prevent the traffic from being aggravated by the migration hither and thither of large numbers of alien prostitutes and procurers."

Senate Document 196, page 21: "According to the best evidence obtainable, according to the stories of the women themselves and the keepers of the houses, nearly all women now engaged in this business in our large cities are subject to pimps to whom they give their earnings, or else they are under the domination of the keeper of the houses, a condition practically the same."

Page 21: "It is the business of the men who control women to provide police protection."

Page 27: "Most of the girls questioned by the Commission's agents on this point said that payments were made to the police to insure their protection from too frequent arrest."

Page 31: "During the month of October, 1908, over \$5,000 was paid into the police fund in Seattle, Washington, as fines by prostitute women—each woman being fined \$10.00 a month. The same custom abounds in many cities. Will the profits make the taxpayers less eager to enforce the law?"

And, remember, this was only paid in fines, accounted

THE SCARLET THREAD

for on the books of the police department, to salve the conscience of the taxpayers, and is not included in the "split" exacted for the share of police and politician!

Bellingham, Wash., said to be the clearing house for the white slave trade of the western coast, maintains a municipal "crib" house, where miserable cells are rented to unfortunate victims for an excessive sum. Each girl pays a certain sum for the use of a "crib" and license to ply her trade each day or night. Waco, Texas, grants a night's license to a prostitute for \$2.50, or at least did do so, and I have no reason to think the plan has been changed.

"Bath House" John of Chicago, ruler of the underworld, is the one political factor to whom all must bow in the "Windy City," while Lorimer, vice magnate of the State of Illinois, recently occupied the position of Senator and saw to it that no laws were made detrimental to vice interests. Lorimer has been made a scapegoat—has been expelled from the United States Senate, but Tom Taggart is still on the Democratic National Committee, and our abnormal and brutal social system continues to put in power the Lorimer type of public officials.

The story of Tammany Hall in New York is too well known to need repeating. In every city, large and small, vice rules and virtue peacefully slumbers on, while debauchery of womanhood, the debasement of government and the wreck of lives and democratic institutions go merrily forward.

So completely has the business of vice been organized and protected by police and government that an inde-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

pendent prostitute, like an independent business man, is practically a thing of the past. Ten years ago, when I worked in the Rescue Mission, a woman could ply her trade unmolested as long as she "split" regularly with the patrolman on the beat; but now vice, like business, is organized, trustified and the "independent" is a menace to the "regular" and must be brought into line. Why should a woman be allowed to sell her body and soul and keep the proceeds herself, when there are vice kings who can do it so much better and spend the money where it will oil the most wheels and do the most good in sustaining our glorious system of political action? No reason at all. So the independents are hunted about, browbeaten, clubbed and jailed until they fall in line and acquire a master connected with the "machine." Even the Madame, who in years gone by was a queen of vice, has been dethroned and become only slave driver, under a master herself.

The following editorial from the Rocky Mountain News of April 3, 1908, gives a picture of conditions in Denver, and they are worse in St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago or New York:

"Billy Wheeler, described by himself as a retired gentleman of leisure and by the district attorney as a well-known macquereau, was sentenced for vagrancy in the county court the other day. Unlike most of his ilk, when once caught in the toils, Wheeler elected to go on the stand in his own behalf. His testimony makes interesting reading for the decent citizens of Denver. For he told on the stand that he has \$9,000 in one bank on deposit, that he has valuable property in Canada and has

THE SCARLET THREAD

money out at interest. HE WAS FORCED TO ADMIT THAT EVERY DOLLAR OF HIS WEALTH WAS MADE BY MARKETING THE BODIES OF THE WRETCHED WHITE SLAVES IN THE MARKET STREET CRIBS, those cribs which Mayor Speer has been 'regulating' these many years!

"It is doubtful if the average citizen comprehends the full meaning of the conditions revealed in Billy Wheeler's testimony. The average man, or even a man whose morals are considerably below the average, must make a distinct effort to sense the infamy of the calling of the macquereau. Here is a group of men who are nothing less than slave holders. THESE SLAVES ARE NOT BLACK, BUT WHITE; NOT MEN, BUT WOMEN. Many of them have been literally kidnaped into slavery. All of them are compelled by their masters, the macquereaux, to hold their bodies at the disposal of all comers, who will pay, not the woman's, but the man's price. Jack Maynard, one of these reptiles, has a cash register in his place, and collects the fees from his customers as they come in. The women get nothing but their keep. They are compelled to lead a life not only unspeakably degrading, but so deadly to health that few endure it five years.

"It is the business of the macquereau to hold these women in slavery. The News submits that no language can exaggerate the degradation of such a calling. Compared to this, ordinary prostitution is decent, and burglary a respectable and aristocratic profession. The offense of the maquereau is so foul that the law never

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

thought to provide a penalty for it; and vagrancy is the worst charge that can commonly be maintained against these scoundrels. And yet **THEY HAVE BEEN PLYING THEIR TRADE IN DENVER UNDER POLICE PROTECTION FOR YEARS**, and today nearly 300 macquereaux are listed and registered at police headquarters. * * * Why do not these white slaves rebel? Why do they not appeal to the law of the land? For many reasons. In the first place, very few of them have any knowledge of either the laws or the language of the land; and the account of these laws which they get from their masters is not calculated to encourage an appeal. In the second place, suppose a woman in one of those cribs decides to strike for freedom, to whom would she appeal? To the officer on the beat, of course. **AND HE WOULD TURN HER OVER TO HER MASTER, THE MAC—WHO WOULD PROMPTLY PROCEED TO BEAT HER HALF TO DEATH.** Why not? He is killing her by inches anyway; why should he shrink from hastening the process? He does not hesitate, his slaves know that he will not hesitate; and so—**THEY ENDURE.** What else is left them to do?"

You may think I am too harsh when I say the scarlet thread runs all the way up to the White House, but here is a demonstration:

Taft Aids "White Slaver."

Executive Cuts Year from Sentence of Convicted New Yorker.

Washington, Dec. 24.—President Taft commuted the sentence today of a New York "white slaver" by cutting off one year from a three-year sentence.

THE SCARLET THREAD

The case was that of Auguste Rousset, a Frenchman, convicted in New York of "importing women for the purpose of prostitution and of harboring an alien woman for immoral purposes."

The law making the harboring of an alien woman for immoral purposes a crime has since been declared unconstitutional.—Portland, Ore., Oregonian, December 25, 1909.

We boast of our civilization, our Christian government, we send missionaries to Darkest Africa and seek to convert the Chinese with these conditions right here at home and the white slaver and the brothel reaching out their talons for our own.



CHAPTER XII

GOD'S IMAGE BESOTTED

Drunkenness, is a most fruitful cause for divorce and the whole question of drink and drunkenness is one worthy of more intelligent study than has even been bestowed upon it. It is not a question to be dismissed as impossible of solution, nor can it be solved on the basis of morality. It is a deep study and one that leads an intelligent student out of the realm of religion, morals and ethics into the science of human life.

It is not sufficient to say that drunkenness has always existed and ever will. Nothing exists without cause, and the scientist can trace the cause of drunkenness as readily and scientifically as the cause of prostitution or any other social disease. The time is past when men and women interested in the real advancement of the race are satisfied with the theory of "natural depravity." They refuse to lay the blame of every social ill on the shoulders of poor old Eve. Eve has been a useful scapegoat, but man is slowly developing a little moral backbone of his own and has traveled far enough along the road of progress to have the courage to shoulder his own sins.

In the superficial and sporadic attempts that have been made in dealing with the liquor problem, we have been divided into two camps—the "wets" and the "drys." Both sides have ignored common sense and science and indulged in far-fetched, glittering generalities.

The "drys" have depended upon frenzied religious

GOD'S IMAGE BESOTTED

tirades against the "Demon Rum." For them he is the most powerful demon of all time. Greater than God himself, for he has debased and debauched men created in the image and likeness of the Creator: swayed governments, ruled kings, robbed men, ruined women and murdered children. Judging from the propaganda of the church and temperance forces, God has been defeated in the mighty struggle with "Demon Rum." Church and temperance society, like Don Quixote, have donned their armor, gone forth to slay the demon that God himself could not subdue.

Religious press and pulpit have drawn such lurid pictures of this "Demon Rum" that "good" people tremble at the very mention of his name, shudder at the sight of a corner saloon and grow faint at the mention of a glass of beer.

I remember very distinctly as one of the vivid things of my childhood, the mental picture of a dear old preacher, tall and spare, with patriarchal beard and snowy hair. Every Sunday he stood in the pulpit of that tiny country church and thundered forth in awesome words his denunciation of "Rum." How I thrilled in terror of his forceful speech and resonant tones, and how that demon rum did stalk through my dreams; in a thousand frightful forms he haunted me by day and night. I had never seen a saloon, never known a saloonkeeper, never looked upon a drunken man, yet my childhood was haunted by wild unreasoning hate and shadowed by frightful pictures that I did not understand.

Perhaps the most bitter sorrow I ever knew up to ten years of age was when I accidentally heard my father

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

say he had gone into a saloon to find Bob, my favorite cowpuncher, my dearest friend and childhood playmate. The horror of it haunted me by day and night. To know that Bob—dear old Bob, whom I loved so much, Bob who let me wear his spurs and ride his pony and taught me to shoot without shutting my eyes—was in the clutches of Rum. Many nights I cried myself to sleep, only to dream of leaning over the jasper walls of Heaven and watch Bob sizzle in the flames of hell below.

How I longed to be a man that I might go out and fight, and slay and kill. The peace of my childhood was shadowed, the sweetness of girlhood turned to consuming hate and the early years of my womanhood spent in a fruitless battle with forces I did not understand. My soul responded to that wild, incoherent battle cry of the temperance crusade, but my mind was chaotic, my knowledge nil and my forces all undirected and therefore wasted.

I was not alone in having my life shadowed and my days filled with unreasoning fear; thousands have felt the same influence. The church has insisted on giving the whole problem a religious trend and trying to deal with it as if it were a question of morals and religion or a lack of them. One-half of the world cowers in fear of the spectre of drunkenness, and the other half illogically dismisses the whole matter as unimportant, accepts it as inevitable or rants a lot of foolish nonsense about the "right" of a man to drink if he feels like it, and the "right" of men to engage in any kind of business. Both positions are untenable and unscientific. The "Demon Rum" is no more frightful than the demons of poverty, unemployment or overwork. Neither can we rightly use

GOD'S IMAGE BESOTTED

the word "freedom" in connection with drunkenness. No man is free to do a thing that harms another. That is license. There can be no human right to engage in a business that wrecks bodies, ruins brains and murders souls.

There is a problem of drunkenness, just as there is a problem of poverty, overwork, child labor and prostitution. It is a part of the great master problem of human life, and if it is ever to be solved it must be by a rational, scientific study of cause and effect, and not by canting "freedom" or fighting windmills like Quixote.

Drunkenness is a disease, and like all diseases, largely vocational. Certain diseases are common to certain trades. Miners have rheumatism, railroad men kidney disease, printers consumption, hair workers anthrax and match-makers phossy jaw. Each trade and vocation develops a disease peculiar to its surroundings and the disease of drunkenness finds proper culture medium in excesses—excess of idleness or work, excessive cold or heat, excessive speed or deadly monotony, unnatural nerve tension or exhausting muscular strain. The physical causes for inebriety are as easily traced as the physical causes for consumption. The cure must be physical also.

Miners in both coal and metal mines develop the disease of drunkenness to a considerable extent. Their work is excessively hard, carried on underground, in constant danger, and always in darkness, slime and damp air. They live and labor knowing that every moment their life hangs by the slenderest thread. A misplaced blast, the flicker of a lamp, the careless lighting of a match, and coal dust may flash into an explosion that will leave them only a seared lump of human flesh. The slightest miscalcula-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

tion of the strength of rock or coal, the snapping of a timber may crush them into pulp. The deadly black damp is always lurking in readiness to grip their throats and throttle them. The life of a miner drags on in endless grappling with powerful unseen forces, and the disease of drunkenness finds fertile soil for culture.

Telegraph operators who sit with their fingers on the pulse of commerce, the click of whose keys sends trains thundering down countless tracks with their burden of wealth and human life; these tense nerved men know that the slightest twitching of their weary fingers, the least dullness of their sense of hearing, a single dot or dash misplaced or misunderstood means death and destruction. They live and labor keyed to concert pitch, and naturally many brace their shattered nerves with drink and seek relaxation in drunkenness.

In the glass factories the heat and nervous strain is so great that men are worn out in a few years. One of the striking things in that trade is that you never see an old glass blower or a sickly one. The glass furnace demands strong, lusty young men, with more than the usual degree of health, brain, muscle and nerves as delicate and responsive as a violin string. There is nothing more fascinating than to watch a window glass blower in action. A strong young man, stripped to the waist, with flesh as pink as a baby's, with muscles that slip and play under the satiny skin in perfect harmony and unison; with strength, mastery and delicacy expressed in each graceful movement he swings the iron blowpipes and molds the molten glass into perfect form. For just a few short years the glass furnace uses these magnificent men. Then suddenly their lives snap out just as their

GOD'S IMAGE BESOTTED

great rollers smash if only a fraction too much force is used. These men look death in the face in the white-hot furnace, blow their lives into the brittle glass and die as their handiwork is shattered by the slightest overstrain on tense wrought nerve and muscle. It is not strange that they should drink. Why not? They know their fate is sealed; they have seen their brothers die. They know their day of reckoning with outraged nature is near at hand. Drink cools their heated blood, eases the nervous strain and helps them to laugh in the face of the grim reaper. That is why they drink.

In the steel mills the fires of Inferno rage. Mighty machinery reduces man to a mere speck, heat scorches body and brain, death strikes from a thousand crashing cranes and roaring wheels. Here drunkenness flourishes.

Wherever men are driven to labor beyond their strength under unnatural conditions and live abnormal lives, they will demand abnormal stimulant; stimulant to spur the jaded brains and bodies on to renewed effort, and to provide a substitute for the thrill of life of which they are robbed. Many men seek this spur in drink, some in sex debauchery and some in religious frenzy. The drunken man reeling to his lonely boarding house after a day of abnormal labor and a night of wild carousal is not an example of natural depravity—he is but a product of the abnormal state of society in which we live. He is not a bad man—he is just a robbed man, robbed of all that makes life worth while. He has sought the only substitute within his reach and understanding. The drunken orgy of the brothel is not a demonstration of the vileness of men and the lewdness of women—it is but one phase

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

of the blind, but world wide, search for happiness in an abnormal system in which happiness for the many must be impossible. The insane religious frenzy of a Gypsy Smith revival or a holiness camp meeting is merely the howling drunk or sex revel given a religious trend. It has the same cause and the same effect on its victims. No matter whether men seek spur and relaxation in drink, religious or sex expression, the effect is just the same in either case, a wrecked body, a warped brain and a murdered soul.

Excessive idleness is just as demoralizing as excessive labor. Where men find no useful work for idle hands and brains, physical and mental force must be expended, and it always finds expression in drunkenness, dissipation or some kind of degenerating vice. The master theme of all the universe is creation; to labor and create with hand and brain the only road to human happiness. When men are robbed of the power to create either by excessive wealth or excessive poverty, shut out by bars of gold or bars of private ownership, from the natural resources of nature and the machinery of production, then the path to happiness is blocked and barred, and the road to degeneration is opened wide. Labor and Love are the only Saviors of mankind, and when we crucify them on the cross of gold they can not make vicarious atonement. It is only when they live in us that they save the race. As long as hands, brains and hearts are idle, and lives are naked and barren we will try to hide our nakedness and cover our shame with the sordid cloak of drunken revelry, the pretense of religious feeling or indulgence in sex expression. No matter whether a man is poor or rich, tramp or millionaire, in sordid slum or boulevard, in hobo's dump

GOD'S IMAGE BESOTTED

or fashionable club, where there is idleness the culture soil for drunkenness and degeneration exists and damns the lives of men.

As long as our abnormal system lasts and men must live abnormal lives, jaded nerves, wornout bodies, empty existence will demand a stimulant. If it is not alcoholic drink, it will be drugs, more powerful and more terrible in effect. As the strain of life grows more intense, the robbery of life more complete, the suffering of mankind greater, a stimulant and narcotic more powerful than alcohol is sought.

Within the last ten years the science of pharmacy has been revolutionized. A thousand new and powerful drugs have been developed, and most of them are artificial stimulants or sedatives for racked and jaded human nerves. For every saloon to-day there are two corner drug stores. For every drunken man and woman there are two drug slaves. Headache powders, bromides, nerve tonics and vitality pills are crowding the whiskey advertisements off the billboards, and "dope" is rapidly growing to be a greater menace than drink. The drug fiend is a more appalling sight on our city streets to-day than the drunken man. Drugs claim more victims every year than drink. Drugs kill just as quickly and effectively, and leave a greater trail of human misery. For drugs drag down the finer natures to whom drunkenness is too abhorrent to be endured.

Sociologists have found by long years of experiment and study that drunkenness most abounds in the two extremes of life—the overworked and the underworked, the idle poor and the idle rich. With them drunkenness is

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

the rule, while among the common work-a-day people, the better class of artisans, farmers and small business men, it is only the exception.

In the great festering, rotting cesspool of humanity we call the slums, the underworld, drunkenness flourishes in all its horrible, bestial nakedness. But in the gilded halls of vice, in the palatial homes of the millionaires, it is clothed in gaudy raiment, is gilded, but it is drunkenness just the same.

The life of the unskilled laborer, and ever so many of the skilled, is one long series of alternating periods of overwork and idleness. There are seasons when body, brain and nerves are taxed to the utmost by slavish, driven labor, in horrible, unsanitary, body-racking toil, alternated with periods of enforced idleness, when the wolf of hunger and cold is skulking at their heels; days of weary, soul-destroying search for an opportunity to labor, only to be met on every hand with the gruff and surly answer that there is no work; days when the faces of wife and children grow pale and pinched with hunger, when anguish-dulled eyes ask always if there is still no chance for ready hands, no bread for empty stomachs, no hope for better things. Is it any wonder that in these soul-damning periods of idleness men take to drink, forget their misery for a time and sink back into animalism? When there is cold and want and hunger at home, or when the home has been swallowed up in the quagmire of poverty and wretchedness, there is warmth, shelter and companionship in the saloon and a few drinks will bring forgetfulness for a time.

Considering the many trades carried on under trying and debasing conditions, one can not marvel that

GOD'S IMAGE BESOTTED

men turn to the thing which will make beasts of them when they are compelled to work like beasts and in places that only beasts could endure.

The miner who has lain prone upon his belly for ten hours in the mud and slime, the packing house worker who has worked all day wet to the skin and chilled to the marrow, wading in muck and filth indescribable, may be forgiven if they seek to put warmth into their chilled bodies with alcohol that warms and deadens the ache of fatigue.

Are we to judge too harshly the forgerman, the steel-mill operative or the glass-blower, who has stood before the furnace glowing with such intense heat that his skin becomes parched, his blood boiling and his brain baked, if he seeks coolness in copious draughts of beer? It cools, yes, and it deadens and exhilarates at the same time, and for a little while gives new life to that heat scorched body and brain.

When nerve strain and starvation of life becomes unbearable, are we to blame and condemn the poor victim of drugs? Capitalism has robbed him of life, starved body, brain and soul, racked and ruined him, then provided the blessed drug that makes him forget he is a wornout wreck on the human scrapheap and brings the sweet belief for a little time that he is a man again. Happiness is all there is in life, and if the only happiness civilization can insure is the artificial happiness of drunkenness and drugs, we can not condemn mankind for grasping the counterfeit when we withhold the real.

Cause for the disease of drunkenness can be found not alone in the physical condition under which men labor,

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

or are denied the opportunity to labor, but in the psychic influences that encompass them and the environments in which they exist. From my experience I draw the conclusion that man is made up of nine parts environment and one part heredity, and heredity is the environment of our ancestors. Man is made or marred by his environment, and cannot be saved or uplifted except through it and it alone. Other forces may help or hinder, but environment is the master Creator and will always dominate all expressions of life. From the simplest form of vegetable life to the highest expression of human life, it is environment that shapes and forms, makes for use or uselessness, strong, rich health or puny weakness, purity or vice, full rich life or starved existence. The gnarled and useless tree on the stony hillside, the warped and useless man in the gutter; the withering flower by the dusty roadside, the fading girl in the sweatshop; the flaunting ragweed in the wornout field and the painted prostitute in the brothel are but demonstrations of the resistless law of cause and effect, the shaping force of environment.

I worked with the striking anthracite miners during that great and bitter labor war of 1903, and for the first time realized how demoralizing mentally, morally and physically environments could be. I remember that after the strike was over we were going to New York. On the train we entered into conversation with a Christian minister. Naturally we discussed the strike, and he, like other good Christians, placed the blame for that great labor war upon poor old "Demon Rum." He said: "If miners did not spend their wages for drink they would have plenty and there would be no cause for strikes." In bit-

GOD'S IMAGE BESOTTED

ter anger, for I knew their lives and how brutally false his statement was, I flashed back the reply: "If I were a miner, had nothing but the body and brain-racking work of mining to do; had nothing but his life to look forward to; were compelled to raise my family in a coal camp; send my girls to the silk mills and my boys to the breakers; knew this was to be my fate in life, I would get drunk to-morrow and never get sober if I could avoid it." I was young and impulsive then, I am older and I hope wiser now, but I have never changed my mind in the least.

The wonder to me is not that men who are compelled to live the sordid, bleak, ugly lives with which capitalism curses us, drink, but that so many are strong enough to rise above the environments that drag them down and remain sober. Housed in miserable tumbledown shacks, ugly company houses, or crowded into fetid slums, denied the common comforts of life, strangers to even simple luxuries, shut out from education, culture, music and art, robbed of the things which raise man above the animal—how strange that any should escape the curse! When I walk among the homes of the great mass of workers I do not shudder and marvel when I see a drunken man or woman, but rejoice with great thanksgiving when I see a sober one. If man can rise above the animal in such brutalizing environments, what possibilities for him when we have trod the long, long, weary way and reached real civilization.

I have been taking my meals at a modest little restaurant in a side street in St. Louis recently. It is frequented by stenographers, school teachers and better paid working women. I often shared the table with two school teachers employed in one of the schools in the slum sec-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

tion of town. One is a young, kindergarten teacher, just beginning to learn the bitter lessons of life, and the other, like myself, older, sadder and possibly a little wiser.

One day the young teacher came in flushed, nervous and with the mark of tears on her cheeks. One of her tiny boys, only five years old, had come to school so drunk that morning that she had been compelled to make him a bed on her desk and allow him to sleep off the effects of the liquor. Poor little girl! She was wild with indignation, and insisted that the mother of the boy should be arrested and sent to jail. No punishment seemed severe enough to meet the case.

I gently questioned her as to the whys and wherefores of such an appalling condition. Did not that poor, ignorant mother down on Carr street love her child? Is not the instinct of motherhood the same from the mother bird on her nest to the queen on the throne? Was the mother really criminal that her child came to school drunk, or merely the victim of ignorance and the conditions of poverty in which she dwelt? I asked her to question the child and get the cause of the appalling fact. The next day the teacher told me that her tiny boy had said that his mama went to work every morning before he was up. A neighbor woman was supposed to give him his food and for breakfast she had provided a chocolate roll and a can of stale beer. Naturally he ate the roll, drank the beer and came to school drunk. What else was he to do?

Here is a child destined to become a drunkard and a criminal. His mother, ignorant and helpless against the debasing and degrading conditions of poverty, has borne

GOD'S IMAGE BESOTTED

and will rear a criminal, not because she does not love her boy, but because she can not protect him. The state does not concern itself with this child until the criminal is made. The church offers prayers that have no saving force. The individual condemns, but there is no saving power to stretch forth a helping hand until this baby is hardened in crime. Then there will be jails and courts to punish, clergy to damn, and individuals to blame because this tiny mite was not strong enough to rise above natural law and overcome the forces that pushed him down.

Again, as I sat at the same table with the same teachers, an old woman bent with years, gray-haired and broken, entered. The virtuous wife who presided at the cashier's desk quickly ordered her out. When I remonstrated and said I would pay for food the poor old wretch needed, she cried out in disgust: "She is drunk," and all the diners shuddered. Drunk! Yes, she was drunk, but she was something else also. She was a woman, a mother, a worker, one who had toiled long and hard. Her shoulders bore the droop that comes from nursing children, her form bore the marks that frequent maternity leaves. Her ragged dress showed the stains that come from creeping about on freshly scrubbed floors. Her hands were knotted and gnarled, the hands of a working woman. Old and poor, she crept about the streets of the city and begged for the crust of bread she could not buy with her labor power.

Drunk! Yes, she was drunk on poverty, misery, wretchedness, sorrow and the lees of life. Do you wonder that when the bartender and prostitute, kinder than the virtuous wife and cultured school teacher, gave her food

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

and drink, that she ate and drank and added the drunkenness of beer to that of sorrow and despair?

As I looked at her, I thought of my own mother, almost the same age. Gray and bearing the marks of maternity and labor, but how different. My mother's hair is silvery. Her face, though seamed, is soft and pink with the sunset glow of life. In her the marks of motherhood have rounded into softened lines of happy grandmotherhood. The toil-stained hands are freed from toilsome labor now, and the stiffened knees do not bend to scrub. These two women are as far apart as the poles, but made of the same clay. Both have loved, sorrowed and joyed; gave birth to children and fulfilled their missions in life. One is a drunkard, one a happy grandmother. One, fate cast in a home of comfort; one, in a pit of poverty. Had the lives of the women been reversed, the happy grandmother would have been the drunkard and the drunkard, the happy matron.

Who can fathom the myriad causes for inebriety, the thousands of things that drag men and women down? Who, not knowing or understanding, shall say who must be blamed? When and where shall we draw our unsullied skirts away?

The idle, toil-racked poor, drink poorly matured sloppy beer and rectified whiskey to forget their misery and brace up their work-racked bodies. The idle rich drink wine, highballs, absinthe and champagne to pass their time and bolster up their dissipated, wrecked brains and bodies. But no matter whether it be poor or rich, and whatever the cause, there is never a drunken man but

GOD'S IMAGE BESOTTED

there are broken-hearted women and neglected children. Rich or poor, the heartaches are the same.

There are reasons for the liquor traffic aside from the economic ones. Man is a social animal, must have companionship and social intercourse, or become a raving maniac or mumbling imbecile. Capitalism has robbed the workingman of the opportunity for social life. Family life is broken up, the boys and girls are herded into the cities, crowded into boarding houses, jammed into factories, become a part of the mighty crowd that can never assimilate and become social companions. The young working man or woman has no opportunity for social intercourse, for becoming part of a social circle or enjoying life. It is a law of nature that men and women denied social expression either sour into misanthropes, dry up into moving mummies, or degenerate into vice.

There are great theaters and concert halls, there are balls and receptions and social life in the city, but it is not for the workers. Their earning capacity is not great enough to give them access to intellectual or social life.

There are big, beautiful churches in the cities, filled with artistic beauty, music, and the things men and women crave, but they are built for the glory of God and not for the use of man. They are only used three hours a week and shut up to moulder and get musty all the rest of the time. The church complains that the working class is drifting away from its influence, becoming irreligious, and that the saloon is gaining the ascendancy with men. This is no doubt true, but there must be a reason for this deplorable condition. Possibly if the church looked at the question with both eyes, it would find the reason in this fact, deplorable also.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

The saloon is always open, full of light and music; it is a common meeting place where soul-starved men may find warmth, welcome and social intercourse. Usually the liquor men drink is only incidental to the companionship they crave. Perhaps if the church took the pains to become the social center that the saloon is, it would find its influence growing. But just as long as the church doors are carefully shut and locked, and the saloon and brothel doors swing wide, boys' and girls' feet will wander astray.

In the few instances where the church has condescended to allow God's children to use His house for their social gathering place, it has insisted on dictating what form that social recreation shall take.

It is a pitiful thing to see a crowd of poor gathered up by social settlement workers and welfare cranks, having "art" and "kulchure" handed down to them in such large-sized chunks that assimilation is impossible. There is nothing sadder, no greater evidence of misdirected energy, than to see a group of earnest enthusiasts administering art and culture as Mrs. Squeers administered sulphur and molasses. By the force of their personality, these would-be philanthropists grasp the unwilling victims, ladle out an enormous dose of "upliftment," cram it down their throats with the wooden spoon of "charity," give them a resounding whack of "condescension" and then wonder why the poor do not "uplift."

Art, culture and upliftment must come from within; must be the expression of the soul unfolding. It cannot come from without or be dished out in any sized doses. The church, not understanding this, has failed as lament-

GOD'S IMAGE BESOTTED

ably in trying to ladle out upliftment as in holding its own against the saloon.

Though there may not be an atmosphere of upliftment about the saloon, there is an atmosphere of democracy. Class, creed and race lines are not so closely drawn. No matter what the saloonkeeper's personal views may be religiously, politically or economically, he never tries to dictate what form the discussion carried on in his place of business shall take. He knows that his very existence depends on attracting men to his bar. He knows that the drink he dispenses is not sufficient for this, so he makes his saloon a forum, a social gathering place, club, where men may expound their philosophy, expatiate on their religion or lack of it, and defend their political principles.

The preacher is not so wise. In his place of business there is no freedom or democracy, and no possibility of expression unless that expression is absolutely in line with the church's pinpoint view of theology. The church and its meetings are dominated by certain cut and dried rules and regulations, which to transgress is sacrilegious. The men and women who are so foolish as to try to find social expression within the musty, frosty walls of the church must accept the dose as ladled out and express no wish for individual expression or taste.

The history of Paul's journey may be both uplifting and edifying, but if the hearer is more concerned in his own fruitless journey after a job, Paul may prove rather palling. Infant damnation after death may be a burning question, but infant damnation on earth is nearer and more interesting to the workingman.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

Hymns, prayers and musty sermons may be very soothing, but indulged in for a *steady diet* they cause cramped sleep and its unpleasant accompaniment—nightmare. So the church sleeps fitfully on, harrassed by the nightmare of the saloon and the brothel, but never awakens to dispel it.

As long as the clergy poses as the mouth-piece of the Divine; claims to have access to founts of divine wisdom from whence the world shall learn how to live here and hereafter, it must have some better answer to mankind's cry for bread, spiritual and temporal, than simply, "It is God's will that you should hunger and thirst." Mankind is asking, WHY? If the church will not answer, mankind will seek elsewhere and the pews will be empty.

Another phase of the drink question is this: In every great labor struggle in the history of our nation, the church has never espoused the cause of labor, but always that of the master class. The great church rooms stand empty and vacant all the week, but if *workingmen* wish to meet and study labor or economic problems, they must rent a dingy hall in the saloon district in which to gather. When industrial warfare breaks out into the open battle of strikes, the church never opens its doors and says: "Come on, boys, meet here; study your problems; educate yourselves; wage your battle for righteousness from this citadel. We will help you fight for better conditions." Only the saloon does that.

The fat, gross saloonkeeper may be neither pious nor godly. Though engaged in an accursed trade, he usually has more real human feeling, more sympathy and understanding of the wrongs and sorrows of the workers than the mummified preacher wrapped in his mouldering garments of theology.

GOD'S IMAGE BESOTTED

I have always wondered how God really felt about this situation. Since He dwells in a city paved with gold and built of pearls and jasper; since He is eternally surrounded by music and beauty and harmony, I really can't think He would be so stingy as to deny heart-hungry, soul-starved men and women an opportunity to use His little house here on earth for social intercourse.

If His children have been so starved for music that they cannot grasp great symphonies, I don't think He would object to a waltz or a two-step now and then. If the lilting tune should set the young blood pulsing and young hearts beating, I have a feeling that He would not mind having the carpet worn by dancing feet.

I don't know; I have not interviewed Him on the subject, but I think that if I walked right up to the Great White Throne and asked: "Father, what sayest thou?" I am almost sure He would reply: "Go find my girls and boys. Call them from the saloon, the dance hall and the brothel. Save my boys from the curse of drink and my girls from the arms of the white slaver. Let My House be their Home."



CHAPTER XIII

A BARREN RACE.

We have now come to the question that is perhaps of greater moment than either of the ones already discussed—namely, that of race suicide. Every authority, from the Ex-President to the most humble occupant of pulpit or obscure space writer, is sounding the warning that our birth rate is decreasing so fast as to be a source of gravest danger to our national life.

Statisticians tell us that should foreign emigration cease, our country would be practically depopulated in a few decades. The mill, the mine and the factory are killing American children as fast as babies are being born. Were it not for the constant stream of immigrant children from other lands, our philanthropic machine owners would soon have no little ones to furnish with employment. We learn from all authorities—civic, ethical, moral, social and industrial, that the unprecedented shrinkage of our birthrate is a problem which is assuming alarming proportions. Particularly is this true in large cities and centers of industry and among those persons best fitted to bear and rear children.

Among the non-working class the scarcity of babies has long been noted. But as that class is a useless part of society, it has affected our civic life but little. In fact one can not regret the small number of children among the very wealthy when we consider the very poor specimens they produce. Nature is one force in the universe

A BARREN RACE.

which wealth cannot awe. The effect of her law is as pitiless among the possessors of millions as among the poor and humble. Every law of Nature is violated by the class that lives in luxury produced by others. Since the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, the children of the rich have a crushing weight of heredity to bear. Being reared in the same transgression as their fathers were, the children of the rich prove a ready harvest for the scythe of Nature which cuts down the weakest specimens and those least fitted to survive.

The machine owning class, however, make up a very small percentage of the population. There is our large middle-class and working-class. The decrease in the birth rate among them is almost as noticeable and much more alarming than in the class of great wealth. It is only among the very poor and densely ignorant that the birth rate remains even approximately normal. We cannot hope that a citizenship worthy to inherit our nation can be reared amid poverty, want, vice and crime. Many of our greatest Americans were born in poverty, but it was the poverty of the pioneer's cabin. The poverty of the pioneers and that of the slum dwellers are vastly different propositions. For the child of the pioneer there was freedom, independence, opportunity, healthful natural life, fresh air, sunshine, purity of thought, word and action. For the child of the slums there is dependence upon the owner of the factory, the door of opportunity closed, insufficient wages, uncertainty of employment, unsanitary environment, degrading bestiality, the noisome air of the tenement, sunshine at a premium, fresh air unknown, sin, vice and crime on every hand. We can not hope for great Americans to spring from such soil.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

What a sickening lot of maudlin cant the working class has been compelled to listen to concerning the blessings of poverty! Poets have written and singers sung, statesmen orated and editors effused over the sweet home joys, the humble abode where the brain and sinew of our nation dwells. 'The sleek, well-fed clergy have prated of God's blessing of poverty; told us to be patient and long suffering, meek and lowly; to rejoice that we were permitted to live in cold, hunger, want and misery, in ugliness and discord, that we may be prepared for the warmth, splendor, beauty and harmony of the "Great Beyond."

Persistently, insisently, our intellectual leaders have refused to grasp the great fundamental fact, that if in the midst of capitalistic night, there is now and then a gleam of human happiness, a flower of human love, a thrill of the joy of life manifesting in the lives of the working class, it is not because the workers are poverty stricken, but because they are workers. They are workers doing honest labor with willing hands, serving mankind—creating. Service and creation are the primal joys of life. The workers are not happy because they are poor (they would be far happier freed from weight of poverty,) they are happy because they labor and create. The rich are not unhappy because they are rich, but because they are idle vampires sucking the life blood of mankind, shut in their prison house of idleness by golden bars of unearned wealth.

I heard Archbishop Glennon of the Catholic Church expatiate the joys of poverty. He told the mothers of his church to thank God that they and theirs were permitted the blessings of poverty. Did not God lift up the lowly,

A BARREN RACE.

cast down the great? Was not the stone rejected by the builders, the crowning stone of all? Did not the fairest lily grow out of the muck of the swamp?

Yes, Bishop, out of God's pure soil, under God's warm sunshine, kissed by God's gentle rain the lily grows fair and beautiful as love. But down in the noisome slums, in the filthy gutter, grimed with sordidness and poisoned by vice no lillies grow, human or other. You never saw a lily growing from the gutter mud and you never will see a real, live, vital human being spring from the slums. Poverty, sordidness and vice, and physical, mental and spiritual unfitness walk hand in hand. The children of too much toil and degrading poverty live lives as debasing as the children of the idle rich and are just as deficient and as mercilessly mowed down by the grim reaper's scythe.

Every summer we hear the same sad wail of the frightful death rate in the slum sections of the cities. The waste of baby life is so appalling that smug and self-satisfied as we are, the awakening is coming. Graft ridden, vice controlled and class ruled as our cities are, municipalities have been forced to institute measures for preservation of young life. From out of the dark, unsanitary tenement homes the "white plague" is spreading. Scarlet fever, diptheria, small-pox and infantile paralysis are claiming each year more and more victims and forcing the world to take heed. Not only are we not bearing babies fast enough, but we are killing them too fast. Each generation that survives in such conditions grow less and less fit to reproduce their kind. We are

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

burning the candle at both ends, becoming unfit to bear children and killing them after birth.

In the great middle ground between vicious luxury and vicious poverty the cry of race suicide is also raised. Excessive wealth and excessive poverty disturb the equilibrium of race replenishment among the two extremes of society. Uncertainty of success in business, the low rate of wages and the high cost of living do the same in the middle class. Ninety seven out of every hundred who embark in business to-day fail. With such prospects before him it is only an evidence of prudence for the business man to limit his family to a very few children. As the cost of living gradually creeps higher, and the possibility of individual achievement and opportunity for success in trade or professions narrow down, the thoughtful man hesitates to bring children into the world not knowing what the future may hold in store for them.

There is perhaps no place in society where the struggle for existence is more terrible than in the great middle class. The small business man finds himself vainly fighting for existence, grappled and hampered by mighty forces he can not understand. The old systems of business are passing away. The new is being gradually ushered in and the small business man is being slowly ground to dust in the operation. He can not understand it. He has no scientific knowledge of industrial evolution by which to be guided. He just struggles and goes down. In a life and death struggle of this kind men are too absorbed in the fight to be concerned in the reproduction of the race. If they think of the matter at all it is simply

A BARREN RACE.

to avoid, if possible, being responsible for new victims. Hence the birth rate goes down.

In days gone by we looked to the farm to supply the new blood for the upbuilding of American citizenship. But to-day the Beef Trust, the Cotton Trust and the Grain Trust have monopolized the market into which the farmer is obliged to sell and the market out of which he must buy. The farmer is reduced to the level of a poorly paid wage laborer. He can offer no better advantages to his children. When the sons and daughters of the farmers grow restive under the grinding toil, the isolation and monotony of their lives, they emigrate to the city. There they find the door of opportunity to the higher callings shut and double locked against them; the only doors open are the doors of the factory, the department store or the brothel, and the virile blood of the soil soon grows contaminated by the noxious air of the slum. The last hope for American manhood and womanhood seems fast disappearing amid the blackness of our economic night.

The wage workers condition has already been noted. The average wages in the United States is only \$518 per year, and in 1904, 49.8 per cent of the working men of the country were employed only a part of the time. A few weeks or months out of work is bad enough when there are no babies. But with little mouths to feed, idleness becomes unbearable. The stretching capacity of ten dollars a week is soon reached, and a man and woman who can skimp along on that sum when there are but two, find it much harder when a baby comes. When one is multiplied by three or four and the wages remain the same, can we wonder that women resort to desperate

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

measures to prevent motherhood? Not alone does the unlicensed greed inherent in the private ownership of the means of life hinder marriage, but it causes those already married to transgress Nature's law and by methods most degenerating and unhealthful prevent births.

Every physician who can be induced to speak his mind will tell you that we are fast degenerating into a nation of infanticides or child murderers. The mission of the doctor of old was to preserve life and assist the coming of new lives, but the mission of the physician of today seems to be to destroy life, to prevent births. One of the saddest sights of our modern life is a mother lying cold in death by her own hand, or that of a physician forced by economic conditions to become a murderer, because the scanty wages of a father will not permit the coming of another little one to be fed.

Norman Barnesby, M. D., in his "Medical Chaos And Crime" (p. 221) gives a physician's view of this phase of our modern civilization that while very true is most revolting: "To what extent criminal abortion is practiced we shall never know, but that it has increased at a most alarming rate in recent years is acknowledged by every medical authority and sociologist in the country. A study of the census and the birth rate affords sufficient evidence. In a notable article that appeared in the *DELINEATOR* for November 1907, Mrs. Lydia K. Commander, who has pursued her investigations for many years, presented some startling facts. Probably 2,000,000 homes she estimates are without a child and have never had a child."

"A little more than one hundred years ago," says

A BARREN RACE.

the Journal of The American Medical Association, commenting on these figures, "it was calculated that children formed one third of the population of the country. According to the last census there were about 18,000,000 children in the country which is less than one fourth of the population. This difference does not seem to be much, but in cold figures it amounts to 7,000,000 children. When people become so individualistic or selfish that they do not care to assume the burden of rearing children, they have reached a stage of evolution which is apparently undesirable."

"I think the editor has overlooked the acute economic distress that has overspread this land of liberty and plenty, which is undoubtedly responsible in part for these conditions. But his charge of selfishness is certainly true of the leisure class, and it is this class who have corrupted the medical profession, who are in turn corrupting the people of lesser means till abortion has become to be all but a legitimate branch of medicine. I say this advisedly. Williams stated nearly a decade ago that, 'a conservative estimate would indicate that about every fifth or sixth pregnancy ends in abortion', and as far back as 1893 the MEDICAL RECORD estimated that 'only one out of every thousand cases of abortion is detected by the authorities,' at this rate New York alone had at least 80,000 in that year. It has since been estimated by Justice John Proctor Clark that the cases in that city exceed 100,000 per annum."

If you think the desire for children is dying out of the hearts of young women, just try this experiment. Take a beautiful, well dressed child and walk through

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

a store or factory where many women are employed. Watch the look of heart hunger that leaps into their eyes, see the starved mother love suffuse their faces as the longing for the touch of baby hands and the kiss of baby lips stirs their lonely hearts. The mind of woman never conceived a falser thought, or the tongue of man spoke a greater untruth than that the desire for love and the longing for children is not as strong in the hearts of women today as it ever was. It is our unjust economic system which is to blame. Its vicious or ignorant supporters would incriminate the men and women who are its victims.

If we will but open our minds for a moment to the voice of reason and common sense, we will know that if children are not as welcome today as in the past, it is not because the desire for parenthood is dying out of our hearts, but because economic conditions make marriage and parenthood unwise or impossible.



CHAPTER XIV

WILL NO ONE HIRE THEE?

Unemployment is responsible for thousands of desertion by husbands. It is a prolific cause for divorce. The wage earner must frequently face the problem of insufficient wages to support a family but there is the still greater question of no employment at all. The present wage system produces a vast industrial reserve army of unemployed. This problem of unemployment is not new. It is as old as the instinct for invention, the first effort of mankind to make tools to lessen labor.

In the earliest stages of society, mankind had few tools. Only bare hands were used to produce food, shelter and clothing of even the rudest sort. In the tribal wars for territory the weaker tribes were subdued and slaves made of the captives. In that day no human being ever dreamed of owning land; it was the common hunting ground of all. Slaves were made to till the soil and bear the burdens of war, as well as prepare the fruits of the chase. The ownership of slaves became the dominant passion in life.

The slave population gradually increased until the fertile land was practically all in use. Land then became the thing of most importance and the master class transferred its ownership from men to land. The workers were freed from their master and attached to the master's land. The slave belonged to the master and labored for him alone; the serf belonged to the land and gave a

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

portion of the product of his labor to the lord for the use of the land. Just as soon as men gained even this shadow of freedom, the instinct for invention began to develop. As long as the laborer was a slave he had no incentive to create tools or improve the methods of labor. For thousands of years there was no progress in either agriculture or the arts of industry.

The slave never invents. The serf created tools to lighten his labor and make more productive the work of his hands.

An era of improvement and invention swept over the world. Everywhere tools and rude machines came into being. But strange to say, the tools did not lighten the labor or make shorter the hours of the workers. It became possible however for fewer men to produce the necessary things. For thousands of years, slave and serf had been hunted like wild animals when they attempted to leave their masters or his land. They were branded as we brand live stock, or wore collars with the master's name, like our lap dogs.

With the coming of improved tools and machines the master ceased to be wholly interested in the ownership of men or even land; owning the tools he could control both.

All over Europe, a new order soon came into being. No longer did the master hunt his slave or serf. No longer were drastic laws made to discourage runaway slaves. The masters found themselves possessed of more serfs than were necessary to do the work with the improved tools. A systematic effort was then made by the lords to get rid of the surplus workers.

WILL NO ONE HIRE THEE?

Hundreds of men and women were driven from every feudal estate to become thieves and beggars.

The exploits of Robin Hood are but the stories of a leader of these highwaymen, who robbed the rich to feed the poor, dispossessed serfs. These workingmen and women, the pioneers of all "hobos," gathered in villages or sallied forth to rob their lord's hen roosts and pig sties. They were "villeins," dwellers in the villages. All villagers were credited with being petty thieves, and hence comes the significance of the word "villain."

Perhaps nowhere in literature do we find a more touching picture of the beginning of the unemployed problem than in Goldsmith's poem, "The Deserted Village."

All Europe was soon over-run with unemployed workers. What the result would have been no one can tell. No doubt the problem would have demanded solution. But just when conditions were most critical, Columbus discovered America. The surplus labor was diverted from Europe to America. Here was a great, undeveloped land of wonderful richness. Here were all the natural resources, the material out of which to make tools and the opportunity for access to the land. Like magic the unemployed disappeared, for no man remains unemployed when he can apply himself to land of his own. For more than four hundred years, the tramp, hobo and sturdy beggar disappeared from society. There was no "unemployed problem," for the simple reason that there were no unemployed.

Here men had access to the soil, tilled for themselves and retained the product of their labor. Invention of tools and machinery developed at a marvelous rate. A free

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

school system was established. Free education was made possible for the great mass of people. With the increase of education came a wonderful increase in the productivity of men's labor, for brains applied to labor produces wonderful results.

New systems of agriculture were introduced. Machines for transforming the raw material of farms, forests and mines into finished products were perfected and a wonderful period of nation building was inaugurated.

The United States became a nation in which men were protected in the opportunity to labor and possess the products of their toil. Land was free and all men had access to it. Machinery and tools were inexpensive and within the reach of all. From all the nations of Europe men and women poured into this vast territory, until there no longer remained free land for all men. Land began to grow in price, until its ownership became an impossibility for the great mass.

Land was monopolized until ours became a tenant nation like the older countries. With the passing of free land, the small tool passed out of existence. Invention, given full sway, produced machines the like of which the world had never seen. A loom was invented that could do the work of two hundred and fifty women; a spinning jinney that could spin more thread in a day than five hundred women; shoe machines to make as many shoes as thirty men; a type setting machine to set more type than ten printers. But like the first tools invented in the closing days of feudalism, these machines were the property not of the workers, but of the master class. Through all the changing scenes of progress the master class had not lost

WILL NO ONE HIRE THEE?

control. It had only been in abeyance while the land was being subdued and machines made.

Once again, when the machine had been developed and its ownership fully vested in the master class, the makers of the machines were expropriated like the serfs of long ago.

Every new invention, every improved machine made the power of production greater, but it did not lift the burden from the shoulders of the workers. Neither did it shorten the hours of labor. With every new machine a large number of workers were thrown out of employment. This time there was no free land to absorb the surplus, no new industries to engage the idle workers. Then one of those peculiar manifestations of insanity incident to our system, a panic, occurred. Once again the highways of this country were full of sturdy beggars.

Each year that passed saw new machines developed; each new machine meant more men out of employment. The brain and skill that once was vested in the man was now incorporated in the machine. Women were called from the home and children from the school room and the cradle to pull the levers and shift the belts. All the while, the mass of unemployed men grew greater and greater.

Since 1873 we have passed through an industrial crisis once every ten years. The markets of the world become over-stocked with the wealth created by the workers, but which they cannot buy back with their wages. A panic ensues. Following each panic comes a better organization of the master class and a greater improvement in machinery; hence, a greater number of idle men.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

Cures and panaceas have been offered for the tramp problem. Dissertations on the unemployed have afflicted the world since that day, long past, when the "vilain" raided the master's hen roost and the sturdy beggar infested the highway. But the tramp and the beggar we have always with us and the problem is still unsolved.

Since the private ownership of labor-saving machinery is the fundamental cause of unemployment, we must either dispense with labor-saving machines and go back to hand methods, or devise some other form of ownership.

Going back to hand methods (highly favored by the Democratic party) might be perfectly satisfactory were it not for the unfortunate fact that mankind never "progresses" backward. "To make the hair of the dog cure the bite"—in other words, to make more machinery to cure the ills of having too much—(the plan of the Republican party) might be perfectly satisfactory. But the fact is that the tramp insists on getting hungry and raids the hen roosts of capitalism, while the wise men and statesmen are unraveling fine-spun theories of the cause for unemployment.

All this is bad for the morals of the tramp and disconcerting to the wise men.

Are men denied the opportunity to fulfill God's command, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread," because there is no work? Not at all! The work of the world is only begun. Thousands hunger for bread, untold thousands are ill-clad, myriads are homeless, more than we can number lack the comforts of life and the

WILL NO ONE HIRE THEE?

greater part of our nation knows nothing of art, beauty, music and culture. There are irrigation ditches to build, deserts to reclaim, swamps to drain, waste lands to bring under the plow, more work to be done than our minds can conceive. Nature has supplied the raw material as well as the brain and brawn to do it; then why should there be millions of idle men vainly seeking work? If one individual is out of a job it may be because he was discharged for adequate cause. But when a million and a half or more men are out of employment, we can scarcely say that it is because they are all incompetent. The cause for unemployment is simply the sheer inability of the employing class to put the workers to work under our present system. All industry is carried on solely for profit, and must be kept at the point of most profit regardless of the effect upon society. More coal produced means more miners at work, but an overstocked market means decreasing profits and finally a loss. Increased production in any line means that a market must be found for the product. Since the working class receives but a small portion of the value of their product in wages they can buy back only a part of what they produce. The master class must then find a foreign market for the remainder of the goods or close down. Every time production is curtailed for the lack of a market the army of unemployed grows larger and the purchasing power of the working class less. This being true, the employing class becomes alarmed at this state of affairs and frantically demands that we make war upon weaker nations and force them to take our surplus goods. An industrial reserve army is absolutely necessary to capitalist production.

The amount of wages paid any class of laborers is

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

always determined by the price at which the unemployed man will work. It behooves the employing class (who hire all wage workers) to see to it that there is always a sufficient number of unemployed workers to keep wages down to the bare cost of living.

When the financial fabric of society totters and trembles as it does to-day; when the stroke of the pen or the turn of the stock market may make thousands of men idle; and when idle men have no hope for employment, it is easy to understand why the cry of race suicide should be raised and the marriage rate decline.



CHAPTER XV

WITHOUT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD

Another condition which makes men and women shrink from marriage and parenthood is the total lack of home life possible for the greater part of the working class—forty-six out of one hundred American families live in cities of 2,500 population or more. For millions the prevailing rate of wages will permit of nothing but a tenement or a hovel, and women grow weary of bearing children only to see them wither and die in the noisome air of the slums. We need but read the statistics furnished by the health board of any great city concerning the death rate of the children of the very poor to understand why women escape maternity if they can.

The uncertainty of employment makes a fixed place of habitation practically impossible for the greater part of the working class, and the American wage-earner is fast becoming a nomad who roams about from one town to another seeking a job. Since babies are an incumbrance under such conditions it becomes necessary to dispense with those luxuries.

Again, it is not alone the very poor who suffer for lack of homes for their children. Among the better paid trades, where men can afford to pay from twenty-five to forty dollars a month for house rent, the problem is almost as pressing as among the poor.

You may go into any large city in the United States

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

with the money in your purse to rent a modest habitation in a respectable neighborhood and if you are so unfortunate as to possess three or four children you will look long and fruitlessly for a shelter.

The whole plan of landlordism and tenantry entirely leaves children out of the scheme of things. No child can live and develop naturally without room to run and romp and access to plenty of good, clean dirt and sunshine. Land monopoly and greed for profits makes every foot of land so valuable in the cities that yards and lawns are out of the question. Long hours of labor and transportation monopoly makes suburban homes impossible for the workers and every city mother finds herself forced to sacrifice her children's health and future welfare in the insatiable greed for profits for the landlords. Ugly flats stretch from curb to alley, piled three or four stories high and absolutely no provisions for child life. Not a foot of green sward, not a patch of earth, not even room for a sand pile. In front are streets blistering hot in summer, wind swept and wet with slush in winter, roaring with traffic, filled with honking automobiles and clanging streetcars and these streets or filthy alleys are the only playgrounds of the modern city child. Nor is the fact that landlords make no provision for child development all the problem, they for the most part absolutely refuse to rent even the unsuitable flat or apartment to a family with children. For weeks during the spring of 1911 I haunted real estate offices and walked countless miles trying to find a modest shelter for my own family of four little ones, in the city of St. Louis. The "For Rent" sign is the most noticeable thing in the city, it stares at you in every block

WITHOUT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD

and repeats itself until it jars ones nerves. There are thousands of houses for rent in the city of St. Louis, we were able to pay fairly well for shelter, but in all that city there was no house really suitable for a home that I could rent when the landlord found that we were so unwise as to possess children. If I found a place with a bit of lawn or a tiny back yard where the children might play in comparative safety and hurried away to the landlord to rent it before some other distracted mother should snatch the prize, I found my money scornfully refused and my plea rejected as soon as I had plead guilty to the crime of being mother to four.

Though the philanthropists are wailing over our tendency to race suicide, when they build a house or apartment to rent the edict goes forth that there must be no babies in the families of the tenants.

The wage system does not permit men to own homes, and landlords will not rent them the poor apology, a flat, if they have children. Then these same landlords denounce us because we do not supply them children to equip their mills and factories with laborers.

We often express disgust for the woman who fondles a dog, but women must have something to love and care for, and since landlords have placed a ban on babies and welcome dogs, women must by force of circumstances content themselves with what landlords will permit.

For the farmer or small business man who wishes to build a home for himself there is first the problem of obtaining land on which to build. This accomplished he must begin to interview the representatives of the various

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

trusts which control the supply of building material. If he decides on a frame house there is the lumber trust, nail trust, paint, wall paper, cement, glass and lime trust. After their levy of tribute is paid, there is the architect, contractor and various laborers who must be paid, and long before the gauntlet of trust tribute is run the average man has decided that it is cheaper to live in a rented house than to own, for after the house is built the expenses are only started.

The great landlords usually control in local politics, and elude the tax collector and assessor very readily. The burden of taxation naturally falls upon the owners of small homes, the men who are not rich enough to debauch public officials, and they must pay the expense of maintainance for all. Sewer tax, paving tax, sidewalk tax, school, state and county tax heap a burden upon small owners that is almost impossible to bear and adds to the ever-increasing number of homeless flat dwellers.



CHAPTER XVI

SUFFER THE CHILDREN

Between small wages, uncertainty of employment and lack of facilities for home life, the difficulties of marriage and paternity would seem to be sufficient to deter any thoughtful person from incurring the responsibility, but these are not all. There are still our inability to educate children and the lack of future prospects for them. It is only by the most bitter struggle that the scanty wage of the workingmen can be made to supply the bare necessities of life. There is nothing left for the proper education of children, even if it were not necessary (as it is) for them to become wage earners at the earliest possible age.

Less than thirty per cent of the children of the working class ever finish grade school; about fourteen per cent enter high school, and less than two per cent reach college. Yet this is a country that boasts of its wonderful free school system. It is quite true that we have a splendid free educational system, but we have not a free industrial system. The child of an industrial slave finds little opportunity to utilize a free school system, no matter how good it may be.

Many cities have instituted medical examination of school children in the hope of raising the efficiency of our schools by giving attention to the physical health of pupils. In each city where free medical examination of school children has been made, the report of the examination board has been the same. Without a single excep-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

tion, the reports of each examining board stated, that far more important than free medical examination for school children, was a practical plan to feed those who came to school each morning too hungry to study. Several cities have already established kitchens in the grade school buildings where food is furnished free to the pupils who cannot pay, and at cost to others. This step became necessary because school boards have learned from experience that a hungry child can not assimilate mental food, and that if school systems are to be made effective under our present industrial system, the community must feed the stomachs as well as the brains of the children. The methods employed however are insufficient and demoralizing. Until free food shall become as natural and honorable as free buildings, teachers and text-books, the providing of free food by municipalities will pauperize the children forced to accept it. A child with the bitterness of pauperdom stamped into its soul can never develop into a desirable man or woman.

As the wages of the working class are slowly pushed downward and the cost of living raised, the inability of the father to keep his children in school becomes more and more apparent. With a rapidity that few understand the school room door is being closed to the children of the nation, and the door of the factory yawns to receive them. A liberal education is no longer a necessary part of a wage earner's equipment. In the past when machines were less perfect, educated brains and trained hands were necessary. Now, that machinery has been perfected to a point of almost human intelligence, the workers need not have brains—they are in the machine. The worker

SUFFER THE CHILDREN

needs only the capacity for endless labor and unquestioning obedience. A man or woman is more docile and contented without an education than with one. It is easier to rob an ignorant man of the products of his labor than an educated one. Naturally the class which gains its wealth by robbing the toilers sees to it that the children of the working class do not get a harmful amount of learning.

I know that we have truancy laws and compulsory school laws galore. But since the law making and law enforcing powers of government are in the hands of a class whose interest it is that children should be in the factories and not in the school room, these laws merely cumber so much white paper on our statute books, and furnish lucrative positions for the lackeys of the employing class. These laws were made to look at and to boast of, but not to be enforced except in rare and isolated cases.

Every year the army of child workers in the United States gains new recruits. The invention of new machinery places the skill and brains of the workers in iron and steel, and only small hands are needed to guide the wonderful mechanism. Men are turned out on the streets and highways to tramp while children are drafted into the industrial army of our nation. Every new machine means men displaced and children forced into the factory. Every new process of production means more tramps and more child workers.

Weaving machinery has been so well developed that to-day the clothing of the race is produced almost entirely by children. Nowhere on earth is the robbery of child-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

hood, the deadening of brains, the warping and deforming of bodies more apparent than in the weaving industries of the United States. A cotton mill in Georgia, a velvet mill in New Jersey or a silk mill in Pennsylvania has come to stand in our minds as the blackest blot on our civilization. So frightful are the conditions in the cotton mills of the south that recently the report of the Commission appointed by Congress to investigate child and woman labor in the weaving industries, was suppressed by Congress. Not because it was not true, but because it was too shocking for men and women to read.

In the mining districts the father goes to the pit, the girl to the silk mills and the boy to the breakers. There the bodies, minds and souls of all are crushed and ground into profits. Out of the wealth they create, the owners of the machinery allow them enough to rent a miserable company shack, buy insufficient, coarse food and the poorest of clothing. With such prospects as this before the working class, we cannot wonder that men and women escape parenthood if they can, no matter at what cost of life, happiness and morals.

To-day there is scarcely an industry that does not demand child workers. If one walks through the streets of our cities in the gray of morning or at nightfall and notes the endless stream of child workers, boys and girls hurrying away to shoulder the tasks of manhood before their tiny forms have lost the roundness of babyhood, the dullest mind must be shocked, the deadest heart respond and the most satisfied must be concerned in the outcome.

We can not distort the bodies, deaden the brains and

SUFFER THE CHILDREN

murder childhood without paying a bitter penalty. We are sowing the winds of greed and avarice and will reap the whirlwind of physical, mental and moral degeneration.

Each child in the family of a workingman means not a little one to be tenderly reared and nurtured that it may be the light of the declining years of the parents and the mainstay of the nation, but merely another victim to our wretched system of child slavery. Already there are more than five million children giving up their lives in the mills, mines and factories of this country. The wail of despoiled motherhood and murdered childhood is ascending from the granite hills of New England to the cotton mills of the sunny south; from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate. It sobs and moans and demands a day of speedy reckoning. The greedy capitalists who would snatch our children from our breasts are calling always for more and more babies. American mothers do not bring forth babies fast enough to supply the hungry maw of the factory. The countries of the old world are being drained of workers with large families that our Christian, God-fearing capitalists may have little lives to grind into profits.

We shudder at the tales of babies murdered in the terrible race riots of Russia and the massacre of the Armenians in Turkey. But if the choice were left to you, which would you prefer—that your child die by a Cossacks sword or Turk's scimitar, or live the long drawn out agony of a living death in a velvet mill or a pearl button factory? We thunder our condemnation of Russian brutality to the defenseless Jews and peasants, but it

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

would be well for us to look into a cotton or velvet mill, packinghouse or tobacco factory before we censure Czar Nicholas and the autocracy of Russia too severely.

I have seen children in factories in the "Land Of The Free" suffer a hundred times more than did the Jewish children pitted on a Cossack's sword, or tossed from an upper window. Death was short and sharp for them, but for our little ones it is the long-drawn-out agony of never ending want and poverty. We have not the excuse of ignorant religious fanaticism and lack of civilization to palliate our crimes, for "we are the most enlightened nation on earth." Ours are the cold-blooded crimes of greed and gain.

The press, the pulpit and the platform, all owned by despoilers of childhood, are crying out to American wives, accusing them of all manner of vileness because they are not sufficiently prolific child bearing machines—not replenishing fast enough the supply of child slaves that their lives may be ground into profits for the idle owners of our mills and factories. From all manner of high places is going forth a mighty protest because of the dearth of babies that has fallen upon our land, but it is not because of desolate homes and heart hungry men and women. It is because child laborers are needed that their flesh and blood may be coined into gold.



PART II.

BASIS FOR ANSWERING THE PROBLEM

CHAPTER XVII

TEMPLE OF MAMMON

Language, like everything in Nature, is constantly in a state of growth. New words are being added as new conditions demand. and old ones become obsolete as old conditions pass away.

I remember when I started to study sociology, the terms used were most confusing. In many instances the dictionary and encyclopedia gave no light, because the words were new and had not yet been properly registered. I found writers bitterly condemning "capitalism" and the "wage system," but when I tried to find out what the terms "capitalism" and the "wage system" meant, I looked long and vainly for a comprehensive definition brief and lucid enough for my matter-of-fact brain. So no doubt it will be with many of my readers.

We have traced every marital ill of which we complain back to the wage system and capitalism, but what is the wage system and what is capitalism? Both words refer to the present economic system which is used to feed, clothe and shelter the race, to distinguish it from feudalism and the system of chattel slavery. The foundation stone of capitalism is the ownership of the tools of production and the monopoly of the forces of Nature by a class. We call our present state of civilization the wage system because labor is hired for a wage. In previous

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

times the laborer was owned by the master class or attached to the land. Capitalism produces all things for sale. The dollar mark is placed upon everything in life, even life itself. Religion, virtue, honor, manhood, womanhood, childhood, music, art, culture, the sweep of the ocean, the mountain heights, everything on the earth and under it and in the sea, all are commodities that are bought and sold at a price to make profit for the owners.

There are three factors in production—land, labor and machinery. The capitalist class owns the land and machinery and through this ownership rules the universe. Capitalism is world wide, knows no race, creed, or color. Under its sway national boundary lines fade away and it becomes monarch alike in “Darkest Russia,” awakening China and “free America.” Petty, impotent kings, emperors and presidents may sit on idle thrones and play at government, but the masters of capital, the masters of the market, rule the world with an iron hand. Kings as well as shop girls are their subjects and are moved on the chess board of life like pawns.

Capitalism means untold wealth for the owners, but unspeakable poverty for the workers. It means that a few shall be surfeited with luxury, enervated with idleness and debauched by the vicious quest for pleasure, while the many must always be hungry and cold, degenerated by want, strangers to happiness and the playthings of the rich in their futile chase for amusement.

Capitalism means that at the nod of the masters of capital, kings and rulers shall send forth their armies recruited from the ranks of the workers to slay their

TEMPLE OF MAMMON

brother laborers with whom they have no quarrel, but in whose veins flow the same human blood; send them forth to wage war upon each other like demons, until the earth is soaked in blood, covered with dead and maimed, while the voices of mothers, wives and sweethearts are raised in a wail of mourning. Capitalism means that the billions wrung from the life blood of the toilers shall be spent to build and maintain battleships, arsenals and armies that the masters of the market may force weaker nations to buy the wealth created by the workers who suffer for the need of it.

Capitalism means the debasement of womanhood, the vitiation of manhood and pollution of the source of life by prostitution. It means womanhood robbed and despoiled of everything that makes life worth while, the net of the white slaver spread for the feet of our daughters and the frightful ravages of a disease that scourges rich and poor, high and low, guilty and innocent.

Capitalism means unhappy marriages, broken homes, wrecked and ruined lives, loneliness, heart hunger and the murder of human souls. It transforms love, the holiest instinct of life, into lust, the natural desire for companionship into brutal conquest and replaces the law of natural selection by a mercenary barter of bodies for gold.

The wrongs and abuses of capitalism make a story that no human tongue can do justice. It has woven about the race a net of vice and crime that it seems hopeless to dream of ever untangling, a mesh that ensnares both rich and poor. All are victims of the system.

Like the devil, capitalism, too, deserves credit for

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

being industrious. It has developed the machine until we have some conception of the extent to which we may harness the natural forces to do the drudgery for mankind. Under capitalism the forests have been cleared and the deserts made to bloom, railways and steamships annihilate distance, and in a great measure waste is eliminated from production; mankind is trained to co-operate, to produce socially.

Capitalism has made the dream of the old philosopher come true. It is said that at one time a pupil of a great philosopher asked him if the time would ever come when slavery would be no more. The teacher answered: "When the lyre shall play of itself, the loom weave without hands, then human slavery will cease and machinery be the slave of man."

We have made the lyre that plays of itself and we can now listen to the music of the masters reproduced by a mechanical force. We have made the loom that weaves without hands and now the clothing for the race is created by mechanism with only a human brain to direct. We have conquered nature, too. We have gone down into the earth and brought forth hidden treasures, reached up into the air and grasped and chained the forces of electricity. The click of a telegraph key can send a message around the earth, and we have made the ether waves carry our message across ocean and continent. We have harnessed the winds, conquered the sea, annihilated space, and man stands master of the mighty forces of nature.

But above all things, capitalism has nourished that giant, the modern working class, who is even now throwing off the inertia of mere brute existence and rising to

TEMPLE OF MAMMON

the sublime height of manhood, and who shall at last abolish the class ownership of capital and vest the ownership in the whole people. Then will private monopoly of public needs be no more and the wage system cease; then will the dollar mark be removed from all things of life and the value of things will be determined by the measure of human service in their production.



CHAPTER XVIII

MINE AND THINE

From the warm, brown bosom of Mother Earth must food for all mankind come.

Access to land is the first essential to life. For untold ages land was considered the natural birthright of all. The Jewish religion expressly forbade its sale or continued ownership by an individual. The fundamental basis of the Jewish land law was in the command (*Lev. 25-23*). "The land shall not be sold forever, for the land is Mine, for ye are strangers and sojourners with me." The time came in the history of the race, however, when the communal ownership of land was destroyed. The stronger and more greedy claimed more land than they could till and the weaker and less predatory were left landless and compelled to till the land of their more greedy neighbors, on terms made by the self-styled owners. It was then that Isaiah cried: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place."

Land, however, is only one factor in production. As soon as man becomes a man he uses tools, simple and crude at first; then, as intelligence develops, more complicated, until tools become machinery. The old Jewish lawgivers recognized man's dependence on tools as well as land and forbade the private ownership of tools necessary to the life of all. "No man shall take the nether or the upper millstone to pledge: for he taketh a man's life to

MINE AND THINE

pledge." (Deu. 24-6.) The millstone of ancient Judea was typical of machinery, and the old Jews, barbarians that they were, realized that if one man were allowed to have a mortgage on the millstone on which they all were dependent, he could control the supply of meal and thereby the lives of all others. Therefore land and machinery were protected against capitalist appropriation.

Land and machinery are two factors in production. The third is human labor. All three, land, machinery and labor, provide the race with the things necessary to life. When a class made up of a few individuals own the land and machinery necessary to life, the class who do not own must sell their labor, which is their life, for an opportunity to have access to the factors necessary to sustain life, becoming thereby slaves to the wage-master.

Civilization and the security of the nation is built upon the home. Yet the effect of the wage system is this: In the United States 53.5 per cent of the people do not own homes at all, but live in rented shelter; 14.7 nominally own their homes, but have mortgaged them, and only 31.8 per cent own, free and clear from debt, the roof-tree that shelters them. The effect of tenantry is poverty. Ireland is a classical example. The Southern States of the United States are strikingly tenant. Georgia has more tenants than any other state. Three out of five of her farmers are tenants. Of her women and children 300,000 toil in the field in the midst of poverty as abject and frightful as that of the farmers of Ireland.

It seems strange that the men who quarry stone from the earth, make brick from clay, fell trees to make lumber, dig ore to make building hardware and assemble

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

these materials and build homes from them, have no homes of their own. Yet the men, who never quarried a stone, nor made a brick, nor felled a tree, nor built a single house have many homes and rent them to the men who produce them all.

I stood in the street one day and watched a master carpenter as he directed a force of men in building a beautiful residence. He was a master of the art of building. He had drawn the plans, selected the material, furnished the intelligence and much of the muscle necessary to create a home. As I stood and watched the work he noticed my interest and invited me in to inspect his workmanship. Proud of the fruits of his handicraft, he took me from one room to another and pointed out the many conveniences and beauties of this new home. When we had carefully inspected its many superior points, he said: "This is glorious work, building homes. As I wield pencil, saw and hammer I weave many romances of the bride and groom that are to occupy this home nest. I think of the coming of the little ones to occupy this sunny nursery and of the happiness that shall be sheltered by my work."

"How many homes have you built in your lifetime?" I asked.

"Oh, hundreds, I suppose."

"And your own home must be a dream of beauty; you who have builded so many homes must have combined the best of all of them in your own home, the abiding place of your loved ones," I said. He replied, "No, I own no home, but rent a small cottage from the man who

MINE AND THINE

owns this house." "How strange that you, a master builder of many homes, should own none of your own."

"Oh, no! while I am a master builder, I have always been a wage-worker. I married young and my wages were never enough to more than keep my family, though we lived very modestly; then I have been forced to go from place to place to seek work and so, you see, could own no home."

I learned that the man who owned the new home was just a youth, had never performed a day's work in his life, had only spent and wasted what others created. But his father was a contractor whose political influence secured for him rich contracts from a corrupt municipal government and he hired other men to carry out these contracts. From the fruits of their labor he built many houses which he rented to his workingmen to live in, and with the rents supplied himself and son with money to live in idleness.

So we may go through all of the activities of life. The cotton farmer who raises all the cotton is most scantily clad; the farmer who raises and fattens fine steers or hogs does not eat fragrant hams and juicy sirloins, but subsists upon the cheapest, coarsest salt pork or goes meatless; and the women who weave shimmering silks dress in the commonest shoddy and rags.

Recently I visited a large automobile factory. I watched with wonder the skillful workers and listened spellbound as the foreman explained the efficiency of modern machinery and human skill; of how many perfect machines were produced per man in a year. That

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

night we stood at the factory gate and watched the workers who had made automobiles stream forth. There was not a single car there to carry home the men who had made many cars. Like cattle they crowded into street cars, walked or nimbly dodged the automobiles of the men who had never turned a screw, polished a scrap of metal nor performed a single stroke of manual labor. The idlers rode, the workers walked; the idlers got the machine, the workers received the gasoline fumes and the "honk" of the horn that shrieked, "Out of my way, you common worker."

The workers have built every railroad, erected every palace car, manned every engine, dug the coal and provided the food, yet when they travel it is in a filthy day coach, if they are lucky, or they "bum" their way in a "side-door sleeper," if they have missed connection with a job.

The workers have paved the boulevards, but live down in the muddy alley; they have built the palaces, but live in hovels and tenements; they have built the schools, but send their children to the factory; they have erected every theater and concert hall and fed and clothed and made possible every artist, musician and actor, but music and art and literature are not for them. The door of culture and enjoyment is shut in their faces.

The whole working class is busy producing wealth and the idle owning class is just as busy robbing them of it by the strange and intricate workings of the wage system. This system of making and robbing has gone on

MINE AND THINE

until at present about eleven per cent of the people own more than ninety per cent of all the wealth and the other eighty-nine per cent own less than ten per cent of the wealth. In this fact of poverty, or no property for the masses and great wealth and accumulation of property by the small leisure class, do we find the fundamental cause for decreasing marriages, increasing divorce and race suicide.



CHAPTER XIX

THE LABORER AND HIS HIRE

Capital and Labor are like wasps in a spider's web. The web is spread that a leisure class might live by devouring the substance of wage-working flies, but Labor is proving not a fly but a wasp, dangerous and vicious when trapped. Capital might be glad to loose Labor ere he wreck the whole social fabric in his struggle to be free, but dare not, lest Labor turn and sting him to death. So the death struggle goes on, Capital using every endeavor to strengthen the web of wage slavery, and Labor, fierce with resentment for past and present wrongs, learning to use his mighty strength to snap the galling cords that bind him.

There is but one source of value, labor. True, Nature is a bountiful mother, lavishing her gifts upon her children with prodigal hand, but Nature's choicest gifts are valueless until man's hands have transformed them. The tree upon the hillside, the ore beneath the earth, are valueless until labor has changed them into forms of use or beauty. Mountain, plain or valley has no value unless dressed and kept by man.

No creed, no school of political economy, no sophistry can deny the fact that the natural resources are the birthright of all mankind. The fact that a few, a very insignificant class, are in possession of the birthright of the millions proves nothing but that the drama of Jacob and Esau has been re-enacted. Wily Jacobs have traded

THE LABORER AND HIS HIRE

upon their brothers' necessities and bought from them their birthright for a mess of pottage. Nature has supplied the raw material and labor has created out of it wealth. The fact that one man possesses more wealth than he could have created by his own labor is simply proof that he or his fathers have robbed his brothers of a share of their natural birthright, the product of their labor.

In all this maze of wrong, robbery, class distinctions and class bitterness it is not strange that we should often lose our sense of the relation of things, of the interdependence and joint responsibility of both working class and owning class. If the coal miners are paid such miserable wages that they must send their boys to the breakers and their girls to the silk mills in order to eke out an existence, we blame the owners of the mines. When we read of the horrible conditions under which sweat shop workers and packinghouse and cotton mill operatives live and labor, we straightway blame the individual owners of the industries, or else dismiss the whole matter with the thought that if the workers endure such bad conditions it is because they are lazy or incompetent and ask for nothing better. Both of these views are wrong. The owners of these factories can not individually change conditions and neither can the individual workers.

The wage system is based upon the ownership of the natural resources and machinery of production by the capitalists. This carries with it the power to command the working capacity of those owning no natural resources or machinery of production. The result is competition among the capitalists for ownership of natural

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

resources, machinery of production and command of labor, against quite as keen competition among the propertyless for access to the means of production.

Competition in business means that the capitalist who produces any given necessity most cheaply secures the business and he who can not produce so cheaply must be eliminated.

The share of wealth returned to Labor in the form of wages is always the smallest amount that will sustain life and keep the worker in working order. This amount varies with different people.

In America the standard of living is high and naturally wages must be higher. High wages for the worker means less profit for the capitalist and in self-interest he ever seeks to lower the standard of living and with it wages. Because the standard of living of American labor is high, capitalists import the lowest type of alien labor from the most poverty-stricken lands of Europe to supplant American working men at lower wages.

Baer, the mine owner, would in all probability be as pious and godly as he pretends, might actually wish to do the "good steward act"; but if he did not force the wages of miners down to the last notch, Morgan would, and Baer would have no "wealth of his master's", over which to be a steward bad or good. Morgan no doubt thinks it bad Americanism to import aliens to do the work of Americans at a slavish wage; but if he did not do it Baer would, and Morgan would be forced out of business as a coal operator. Both undoubtedly deprecate the fact that wages of miners are so low that their

THE LABORER AND HIS HIRE

girls must go into the silk mills and their boys into the breakers. But both are looking solely for profits and there is no sentiment in modern capitalism. The system is based on monopoly and greed. In handing down a decision Judge Mayes of the Supreme Court of Mississippi refers to business competition as "warfare". A Massachusetts Judge refers to competition in business as "always selfish, often sharp and sometimes deadly". The most successful capitalist is the most selfish, the sharpest and the deadliest competitor of all.

Competition among the workers means that the hungriest man will work the cheapest, and the industrial reserve army supplies plenty of hungry men. Hungry men have learned the art of living cheaply and are an irresistible force in battering down wages. A woman can live cheaper than a man, so capitalism replaces every man possible with a woman. Children can live more cheaply than either man or woman and hence both are displaced by children.

Since the day when slavery first began, the forces of church, government and ruling class have been carefully, persistently and tirelessly inculcating in the minds of the working class that old, hoary lie that interests of master and slave, lord and serf, working-man and capitalist are identical. There never has, never can and never will be any identity of interests between the workingman as a wage-earner and the capitalist as an owner of the machinery of production. The interest of the worker is to have shorter hours, better pay and better conditions of labor; the interest of the capitalist is to have more profits. More profits for the capitalist means

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

lower wages, longer hours, harder conditions of labor for the workers. As long as capitalism exists the endless war of interests will continue.

The church may prate "Servants obey your masters"; governments may cant of "patriotism" and "loyalty to established institutions"; Civic Federations and Trade Unions expatiate of the beauties of "identity of interests"; but the class war goes on just the same. The workers will fight blindly it may be, but fight nevertheless for more of the wealth they create, and the capitalists will fight craftily to give them less and less.

Strike and lockout, boycott and blacklist will be the weapons in the class war, until the rising might of the workers will finally end the war. Religion, ethics and morals to the contrary, might is right. When the working class has developed its might, it will by right control the means of wealth production and end the class war.



CHAPTER XX

I WAS A BEAST AND YE RAISED ME UP

Since we take it for granted that things have always been as they are within our memory, it is easy to fall into the error of thinking that they will continue so through all time. We sometimes forget that the human race is always changing and developing, and that the social order which sufficed in one stage of its development would be as inadequate in its next and larger stage as the pinafores of childhood for a woman grown.

The progress of the race has always been forward. Progress comes through struggle. Therefore the whole history of humanity is one of continual struggle. First man struggled with Nature alone. Then he combined in groups or clans. As he grew in number he struggled with his fellow men in similar groups for the possession of pasture and hunting lands. Sometimes in these struggles captives were taken. At first these served only to provide a feast for the captors, but when Nature had been to some extent subdued and the rudiments of agriculture established, the captives were kept alive and put to work on the land. Thus the institution of chattel slavery began. The slave system endured for many thousands of years. The Old Testament, the annals of Rome and Greece and Carthage are but history of the slave economy.

About the beginning of the Christian Era the white race outgrew the slave system by reason of the fast in-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

crease in population, making land and not labor the dominant factor in production. The master ceased to be a slave owner and became a land owner, while the laborer was no longer a slave, but became a serf, and belonged not to the master, but to the land upon which he was born. The master owned the land and the land owned the serf, so the system of servitude still continued, though in a different guise. Serfdom lasted from about the beginning of the Christian Era until the sixteenth century. This was the time when "Knighthood was in Flower" and the "Crusaders" flourished. Again the race outgrew its garments and demanded a new social order.

All known territory was in use and the serf population was increasing rapidly. The wasteful methods of production then in vogue resulted in a surplus of workers. The lord no longer guarded his serfs lest they escape, but began to drive them out on the highways at the point of the sword. About this time the inventive faculty of man, which had lain apparently dormant since the introduction of slavery, reasserted itself and machinery and improved methods of production were evolved. Gradually the industries which had been carried on on the feudal estates were transferred to the city which was then just coming into prominence, and the dispossessed serf became a worker in the newly established factories.

The factory owner did not want a slave, for if he owned his body he must care for it whether the factory were running or not; neither did he want a serf, for he would be responsible for his keep as with a slave. He found it cheaper to hire a man for a wage, employing him when profits were to be made and turn him adrift when

I WAS A BEAST AND YE RAISED ME UP

not needed. The laborer could then find a new master or starve. Thus labor became "free"; the wage system began and so it has continued down to our day.

But no matter whether master, lord or employer, the owners of the means of life have maintained their mastery. Whether the workers were slaves, serfs or wage workers the bonds of slavery have bound them.

We talk of the black slavery of fifty years ago and shudder over the picture of the auction block. But what matters it to a worker whether chains or hunger enslaves him, he is a slave just the same. What was frightful about the auction block? Why was the slave market so terrible a thing? Because men and women were sold there? Because homes were broken up and families forced to separate? If so, then the wage market of to-day has every horror of the slave market and many more. We shudder over the condition of the black slave because he had a master, but a wage worker to-day who has no master is in a more deplorable condition for he suffers all the wrongs of chattel slavery and hunger as well. Chattel slaves were always fed, as horses and mules are fed to-day, because they were property and had a market value. Working men who have no masters are not fed for they are not property and have no value.

During the St. Louis World's Fair I saw a wonderful picture, one that impressed me much. It was the picture of a slave market with the type common to that day. On the block stood a brawny black man, by his side an auctioneer, grouped back of the block were women and children waiting their turn to be sold. In front were grouped

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

the bidders, pitted against each other in bitter rivalry, each determined to become the master of the black working man. One master bid against the other until the price of the black man ran higher and higher when at last he was sold to the master who could afford to pay the greatest sum of gold for him. It was a soul searing scene, a hellish picture that I have never been able to erase from my mind. As I looked at it I rejoiced that chattel slavery was no more, even though it cost so much in life and human blood to wipe it out. *Black slavery is gone, but wage slavery is here with every wrong and crime of chattel slavery and a whole new list of its own.*

The slave market now is not bounded by four walls; it has enlarged until it covers our whole industrial system. The auction block is not visible but it stands at every one of the places where men labor.

The black man was a slave because his labor power was sold for him by the master. The white man is a slave because he must sell his labor power in order to live. It makes no difference whether the pressure is physical force or economic dependence, the results are just the same. The working man of to-day like the black slave of fifty years ago can only live by having a master. When the black man was to be sold, he folded his arms and waited. The master furnished the auction block and paid a high priced auctioneer. Bidders pitted themselves against each other and contended eagerly for a chance to own the black man's labor body. When the contest between the masters was over he passed into the hands of the highest bidder. The workingmen to-day who go out to sell their labor power must carry their auction

I WAS A BEAST AND YE RAISED ME UP

block with them and be their own auctioneers. There is no group of eager bidders pitted against each other in the contest for this slave, but there are plenty of eager slaves bidding for a master. In the old days the slave folded his arms and waited while the masters contended; to-day the master folds his arms and waits while the workers fight for an opportunity for employment and a master.

The master sits at his mahogany desk. The working-man comes in, eager, shrinking and ill at ease and waits for the master's nod, then auctions himself thus. "Master, I must have a job, must work or I'll starve. I am a married man, have wife and child, I am a Union man and believe in a fair day's work for a fair day's wage; I must have two dollars and a half a day." The master folds his arms and smiles. Then the man skulks out and another comes. "Master, I too must have employment, but I am a single man, have no wife or child; and I am not a Union man, I don't care what you pay me, only give me work. I can live on a dollar and a half a day." But the master folds his arms and waits. That man creeps out and a woman comes. "Master, my father can not support me with his wages and I must labor." The master is interested for he knows that the woman can sell her labor power by day and her virtue by night, and the woman can work for five dollars a week. Then comes the patter of childish feet and the child cries: "Master, my father's wages will not feed me; I must labor or I starve, but I am small, I eat little, wear little and I can work for three dollars a week." Then the master nods and smiles in peace for above the shrill treble of the child

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

comes the dull murmur of the machine and through its restless roar runs this song: "Master, I eat not, neither do I wear garments; my arms are of steel, my brain of iron, my muscles are belts and pulleys and chains; I never tire, never sleep, never organize and never strike. I never complain and never ask for higher wages, but ceaselessly, endlessly, through heat and cold, by day and night I labor. Every pulse of my whirring wheels means that the wage scale is being pushed down and your profits-enhanced. I, the machine, am the cheapest and most profitable slave of all."

To-day man is pitted against man, woman against both, the child against man and woman and the machine against all. The scab, the woman, the child and the machine set wages in the competitive struggle for existence and place mankind in greater servitude than that of the chattel slave of fifty years ago.

Competition among the workers forces the hungriest man to work cheapest and the industrial reserve army supplies plenty of hungry men. Hungry men have learned the art of living cheaply and are an irresistible force for battering down wages. A woman, because she can sell her sex, can live on less wages than a man and Capitalism has replaced every man possible with a woman. Children can live more cheaply than man or woman and hence both are displaced by children.

Long, weary, toilworn and bloodstained has been the path that has led us from the depths of darkness and savagery up to the point where we can look forward just a little way and see just beyond a real civilization. The story of that long, long march upward from beast to man

I WAS A BEAST AND YE RAISED ME UP

is the story of the human race. On it a thousand lights and shadows fall, on the background of ignorance and misery the swiftly changing picture of human history have been wrought. Here a splash of blood, there the gleam of whitened bones, here a tender flower of human love, there a gleam of awakening intelligence, so down the ages the tapestry woven of human lives has unrolled. Always the lights have grown brighter, the background of misery and ignorance has faded until they are but a mist through which we may see, though faintly they may be revealed, the outlines of the new society, the real civilization that shall sweep away the last shackle of slavery and free completely mankind.



CHAPTER XXI

FANG AND CLAW

In speaking of competition we mean that form of activity which has dominated the life of the race through all the different social orders. In fact, slavery, serfdom and the wage system are merely different expressions of the competitive system exhibited during the growth of the race.

The first form of competition was the struggle of one tribe against another for possession of hunting grounds. When strong men became leaders of the tribes, competition grew up among them for land, slaves and women. Under the slave system competition was between master and master, for there could be no competition between master and slave. Under the serf economy the competition was between the lords for land, slaves, women, the powers of government, and royal and feudal prerogatives.

Up to the establishment of the wage system there had been no competition between the workers. But when the slave was cast off by his master and the serf was separated from the land, laborers became free to compete with each other for the chance to have a master and a job. Competition under the wage system is for property or employment and has expanded until it now involves every form of human activity. It has reduced the whole human race to a pack of hungry dogs snarling and fighting over a bone.

FANG AND CLAW

When machines were invented, factories built and the industries taken from the farm and feudal estates to the cities men ceased to produce individually and began to produce collectively.

As the machines of production grew larger and larger it became impossible for one man to own and operate them individually. First partnerships appeared, and the competition for trade was between these. As they grew and encroached upon each other's trade territory and fought for business supremacy, the weaker firms were either destroyed or absorbed by the stronger. When the business interests of these combined firms became too large to be controlled by firms or partnerships, corporations were formed. These corporations grew and expanded, crushed out the weaker and annexed the stronger, until they developed into trusts.

The birth of trusts dealt a death blow to competition, for, with the amalgamation of many individual corporations with common interests a new form of activity had being.

Competition in ownership of productive activities was relegated to the dark ages of the past along with slavery and serfdom. Co-operation in ownership and management replaced it.

At the present time the world's work is being done both co-operatively and competitively. The production of the foodstuffs necessary to feed the race is carried on co-operatively by the workers under the co-operative domination of the grain, fruit and meat trusts. The cotton, wool and silk for our clothing is produced by the textile trust. The iron, lumber and building trusts provide shel-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

ter. The transportation trust carries us from one place to another. The preachers' trust looks after our piety, the doctors' trust after our health (or lack of it) and the undertakers' trust buries us after we die. The owners of these trusts are not competing with each other, but co-operating in every possible manner. The laborers, too, are co-operating; they compete only in the effort to get a job, but co-operate in the employment.

For the owners and managers of the trusts co-operation has proven an untold blessing. It has brought peace and order where once anarchy and war ruled, has eliminated waste in production, made larger and more efficient machines possible, added to the producing capacity of labor and increased wealth beyond comprehension.

Though our principal industries are carried on co-operatively and not competitively, it is only co-operation among a few capitalists. The rest of the world is still in the benighted condition of competition.

The members of the drug trust do not compete. They co-operate, producing the necessary amount of drugs much cheaper than formerly, selling it at an increased price and dividing the profits pro rata. But every little corner drug store is still competing with every other little store, trying to undersell, adulterating drugs, paying increased running expenses and getting less and less profits.

Individual members of the Typewriter Trust don't compete any more; they co-operate. But each individual member of the stenographic fraternity is competing more bitterly than ever for a chance to be employed and wages are getting lower and lower.

FANG AND CLAW

The packers don't compete; they co-operate and the Packing Trust rules the world, through the world's stomach. But the packing-house employes still compete most bitterly for a chance to be employed, and, though they feed the stomachs of the world, their own are often empty.

The capitalists have ceased competing and joined in co-operative effort, but the workers have yet to learn the lesson, although they are learning it very fast. Already many millions of men and women in every civilized country on the globe have declared that if co-operation limited to a few capitalists is good, co-operation extended to include all the workers would be better. It is becoming a leading political, academic and ethical question. Each month sees great additions to the ranks of those who believe that trust methods of ownership extended to include every man, woman and child would solve many of the problems which beset us.

Slowly but surely bitter experience is teaching us that the whole human family is one great organism, and that no portion of it can be wronged but that the whole will suffer; that we cannot have freedom, security and justice for ourselves and our own until it is the portion of all; that as long as one single woman can be despoiled of her womanhood, we and our daughters are unsafe; that as long as there is one single child slave it may be our own; that as long as one man may be denied the right to have access to either the land God has given him or the machinery labor has built there is wrong and injustice in the world and the whole human family must suffer.

Every state and stage of human progress has prepared the race for the time when the knowledge of the

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

oneness of humanity would dawn into the consciousness of man. Realizing the solidarity of the race, man would know that all the machinery of production, from the stone hammer of the savage to the mighty world trust, is the combined handiwork of all ages of men; that it is the combined labor and intellect of all ages bequeathed to all men; that the earth is God's heritage to his children and that an equal, indivisible share is the natural birthright of all. When once this consciousness dominates the mind of man, kings and rulers, idle owners and toil-broken, propertyless workers, vicious luxury and bitter want, wage-taker and wage-giver, will cease to be. All will be equal owners of the productive property and have equal opportunities to work and enjoy the full fruits of labor. Then will the whole earth be one vast co-operative republic, a democratic government built on a democratic industrialism. The curtain will have been rung down on the drama of master and slave, lord and serf, employer and wage-earner, and there shall be men and women with equal opportunities. The wage system will pass away, the competitive struggle for existence will have served its purpose and the present social order be merged into a new one, which will be a brotherhood of men working for the greatest happiness each, and hence of all; a social order built on co-operation in ownership, management and labor as the foundation stone.

CHAPTER XXII

THE RIPENED EAR

A study of history teaches that the whole development of the race has been a simple, natural, gradual unfoldment, as natural as the development of a seed into a flower. Slavery grew out of savagery as naturally as a seed puts forth sprouts, and when slavery gave way to serfdom it was because serfdom was an advance and provided an industrial system which better served the race. The wage system was established because the wasteful methods of agriculture and production in vogue on the feudal estates would no longer serve to produce food and raiment of the race. Hence the surplus serfs on the estates must be put to work in the newly established factories making shoes and clothing to supply the agricultural workers, while they with better means and methods of agriculture produced food enough for all.

There were wrongs under the slave system, but not because the masters were intentionally and wantonly cruel; there were wrongs under serfdom, but the lords were not personally responsible; there are wrongs under the wage system, the trusts have worked untold hardships and human speech is incapable of telling the story of the suffering of men, women and children in the industrial shambles of the wage system, yet the wage masters are not responsible as individuals. The wrongs of each system have been inherent in that system, yet each system has been a necessary step in human progress and the race could never have reached its present stage of devel-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

opment without it. When the slave was freed from the master and attached to the land it was a step forward. When the serf was freed from the land and attached to the machine it was an advance also, and when man is freed from the wage system (as he must eventually be by force of the law of progress) it will be the greatest step forward the race has ever taken.

When the wage system, like slavery and serfdom, has served its purpose and passes away, we will enter into a new social order, which, for want of a better name, we call Socialism.

The student who reads the story of the future from the history of the past, who is able to discern the shadow which coming events cast before, calls himself a Socialist. He knows that the wage system is following the natural path of worn-out social orders and is passing away; that co-operation must take the place of competition; that collectivism must replace trust ownership; that these changes will take place without his help, whether he wishes it or not; that it is written in the immutable law of progress. He knows that when the germ of a new life is conceived, in the fullness of time that new life will come forth and make manifest. But the wise mother makes ready for its coming; she sets herself and her household in order, that when the hour of travail is upon her nothing may be amiss; that when the pain and the suffering is over all may rejoice in the new life that has come to make the world gladder.

The Socialist knows that the embryo of a new social system has been conceived; that in the fullness of time it, too, must come forth and make manifest and, like the

THE RIPENED EAR

wise mother, simply seeks to set himself and the household of the race in order, that when the hour of travail comes there may be nothing to mar the peaceful birth of a new system which will fill the world with gladness.

Every forward step in the march of human progress has been met with the bitterest antagonism by the great mass of the people because they honestly believed that the old ways were God's ways and that all innovations were of the Devil. All history is stained with the blood of great men who have discovered new truths and principles in Nature and dared to stand before the world and proclaim them. There is not a science but has its martyrs, brave men who have laid down their lives that the generations following might be blessed by their researches. It is not strange, then, that the Socialist should share the same fate as all men who have given a new science to the world; neither is it more than natural that we should be called heretics, blasphemers, atheists and disturbers and undesirable citizens; that we should be charged with seeking to destroy the very foundations of society. It has been so with all men who have given the world a new thought.

When Karl Marx first expounded his theory of social evolution he did not patent a new nostrum for civic ills; he simply traced with the accuracy of a scientist the natural growth and development of the means of producing the things necessary to life. Many reformers and Utopian dreamers had already constructed a brand-new, ready-made pattern by which a new society was to be fashioned, but repeated trials and failures proved beyond a doubt that society is a living organism and can not be cut to

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

pattern like a garment. Scientists may gather together in one vessel all the chemical atoms necessary to construct a human body, but it would not be a living body. It would be only a mass of chemicals. Reformers may construct a plan for the reconstruction of society, but it will not be society reconstructed; it will only be a lot of words on paper.

Marx merely pointed out to the political economists of his day the fact that we need neither make a new pattern for the reconstruction of society nor contend that it shall always remain in exactly the same form. The embryo of a new form is always developing in the body of the old and in due time must be born by the natural process by which all living organism reach the earth.

One spring I sat on the sunny side of the barn shelling seed corn to plant our fields. My little son, playing about my feet, would toss the yellow kernels to the barnyard fowls and laugh in glee to see them scramble for a share. I took a single grain and told him how the men-folks would cover it under the warm earth, how the rains and dews would moisten it, how the sun's warm rays would fall upon it and after long months each little grain would have grown into a tall stalk, much higher than papa's head, and each stalk would bear a whole ear full of golden grains. Because my boy had never seen a stalk of corn grow, he thought I told him a fairy story, and laughed at the idea that a tiny grain which he could hold in his dimpled hand would ever be a stalk of corn, taller than his papa, and the papa of a whole troop of little grains.

Marx held the tiny grain of machine production in his hand and pointed out the mighty area of co-operative

THE RIPENED EAR

production that would grow out of it, and the world of wise men, like my baby boy, laughed him to scorn. But the autumn days are come, the golden corn ripened; the harvest time of Marx' prophecy, too, is come and the trusts are in full and ripened fruitage. The corn is covered by brown husks and must be garnered by human hands; our co-operative system is still covered by the husks of private ownership and must be stripped and garnered into common storehouses of the people.

Socialism is not a dream of dreamers, or the finished plan of a reformer. It is a new social system, maturing in the body of the present organization of society, and in due time the hour of its birth will come. All of the dark features, all of the ugly, misshapen things of capitalism, all of the human misery and suffering that has been pictured on the preceding pages, are but the exaggerated form, the discomfort, the travail that ushers in a new social life, the natural accompaniment of birth.

Before passing on to a statement of what Socialism really is and what Socialists seek to accomplish, let us fully and clearly understand just what conditions confront us.

The day of free land is past and gone forever in America. No longer is there free land upon which a free people may gain their means of life. For the landless young man of to-day, and nearly all young men are landless, there is no future but that of a tenant farmer tilling land that does not belong to him, living in poor quarters, moving at the command of the landlord, working without proper equipment and machinery and being forced to give the owner of the land one-third or one-half of all his labor

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

products for the mere opportunity of living on God's footstool. Or if the young man does not care to become a tenant farmer, he can leave the farm and go down to the city to become a wage-earner. But conditions have changed for the artisan as well as the farmer in the last few decades. Fifty years ago, when a young boy reached a certain age he was bound to a master to be taught a trade—shoemaking, cabinet-making, carpentry, smithing or whatever pleased his fancy or seemed suitable. For three, five or seven years he worked with the master and at the end of his apprenticeship had mastered the craft. At the fulfillment of his time the master was bound by terms of the contract to supply his apprentice with a whole outfit of tools with which to employ his labor. The young journeyman, with his kit of hand tools on his back, was free to go where he could, employ his labor as seemed best to him and receive the full product thereof. Owning his tools, he was free, free as the farmer who owned his land. For freedom consists not alone in words or phrases, constitutions, forms of government or right of ballot, but in the unmolested ownership and control of the product of labor. The black slave of the South was not a slave simply because some white man owned a piece of paper called a bill of sale for him, but because the white man who owned the paper also owned the land and tools with which the black man worked and by this ownership was able to take from the black man all he produced except enough to keep him alive and in working order.

The small hand tool has disappeared and with it the system of apprenticeship. To-day when the young man goes to the city he goes not to a master workman who will teach him a trade, but to a million-dollar trust-owned

THE RIPENED EAR

factory, where he will perform but one operation in the thousand that it takes to make a shoe and where, if he worked a thousand years, he could never earn enough to buy the machine with which he works.

The small hand tools of production, both of the farmer and the artisan, have by the slow process of evolution developed into trusts controlling the complete machinery of production. Not only are the majority of farmers tenant farmers, but they must sell the product of their leased lands at the trust-regulated price into a trust-owned market. The system of hand production for the farmer has passed away also and the farmer must take the proceeds of the sale of his labor which he sold into the trust-owned market and with it buy the things necessary for the food, clothing and shelter of his family, also at a trust-ruled price. The artisan has nothing to sell but his labor power, the skill that is in his fingers, the strength in his arms and the intelligence in his brain, and the only market he finds for these commodities is the trust-ruled labor market. Here he sells his life at so much per day, week or month, and with the proceeds of the sale buys from the trusts food, shelter and clothing. The trusts rule the price at which the farmer sells and at which he buys, the price for labor power, the conditions of labor and the price of the necessities of life. Nor is the merchant or professional man any freer from the controlling influence of the trusts. The trusts set the price at which the merchant buys, the price for which he must sell, and determines the jobber with whom he may deal. The editor's policies and expressions are controlled by the trusts who buy his advertising space, the college professor's mind by the

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

trust magnate who endows his college and the preacher's sermons by the parasites of the trusts who fill his pews.

Not alone do the trusts dominate the farmer, wage-worker and professional man, but the politician as well, and government as well as industry has become the private property of a few multi-millionaires to be used for their private ends at the expression of their private demands to add to their private bank account and free, representative government for the mass of the people is a farce. The trusts control every branch of our government, law-making, law-enforcing and judicial, and as proof I make this statement: The workers are ninety-three per cent of the people and cast ninety-three per cent of the votes and elect every law-maker, law-enforcer and all judges except those of the federal courts. Yet in the last fifteen years no laws have been put upon the statute books of state or nation, no laws already there have been enforced, no court decisions rendered, except in a very few minor cases, that have been for the benefit of the ninety-three per cent of the people and detrimental to the profits of the very small class of trust-owners.

As I write this the United States Supreme Court has rendered a decision in the Standard Oil case that hands the whole country, bound and gagged, over to the monopoly, and makes our constitutional form of government a joke.

The Socialist realizes that we are facing facts and not theories, and the facts are these: A few trusts are in complete ownership and control of the industries, markets, professions and politics of the nation. Either the nation must take over the ownership of these trusts or the trusts will enforce their ownership of the nation.

THE RIPENED EAR

The first great demand of Socialism is the public ownership of the trusts. But it is not enough for the nation to own the trusts unless the people can own the nation, and we have found to our sorrow that our present political machinery will not permit this. Representative government without the power to force our representatives to serve us has proven a delusion and a snare. Socialists see the necessity of certain necessary changes in the fundamental form of our government which will make it possible for the people to have real, representative government. The changes are: First, the Initiative, or the right of the people to initiate such measures as they deem necessary for the public welfare; second, the Referendum, or the right of the people to have the deciding voice in legislation and the power to veto harmful measures; third, the Right of Recall, or the power of the people to recall at will the public servant who after election proves unsuited to the position, incapable of properly performing his functions or susceptible to corrupting influences.

Socialism may be summed up in these simple propositions:

The public ownership of the trusts and all public utilities.

The government of the nation, state and municipality through:

The Initiative.

The Referendum.

The Right of Recall.

The natural result of which would be free and unhampered access of the people to the means of production, the workers or producers alone sharing in the wealth created.

PART III
THE ANSWER.
CHAPTER XXIII

THE TIE THAT BINDS

Of all of the far-fetched and fine-spun theories that upholders of capitalism have expounded, the theory that industrial democracy would "break up the home" is the most absurd. Divorce, like every other social phenomenon, is merely the visible effect of certain causes. The causes for the wide-spread frequency of divorce are inherent in the wage system and will in the measure in which they are inherent pass with its passing.

As long as society is only a market where women display their charms and men come to buy, bargains will be made and marriage vows exchanged with never a thought of the physical, mental or moral fitness of the union. As long as marriage means only the barter of a woman's body for a man's purse there will be wretched marriages, broken hearts and the monotonous grind of the divorce court will go on.

It is the sheerest nonsense to talk of guarding the sanctity of the home and the sacredness of the marriage tie when homes are not sanctified nor marriages made sacred by love, but are often the product of a man's desire to possess a woman's body and a woman's dire need of food and shelter.

When Socialism takes marriages from the sordid, mercenary basis on which capitalism places it, makes it

THE TIE THAT BINDS

really the union of two hearts drawn together by love and entirely free from pecuniary considerations we will have forever settled the divorce problem, or at least the evils of divorce.

When the right to labor and the right to the product thereof is ours as naturally as the sunshine and the air, marriages will be made with never a thought of wealth or position, and they will be marriages that the shadow of the divorce court will never haunt.

To say that Socialism and monogamy are incompatible is to display the most dense ignorance of the development of the race and growth of civilization. Real monogamy or individual mating presupposing faithfulness on the part of men and women, is of modern growth and rare even now. During the earlier fraternal culture preceeding the introduction of slavery marriage was group mating; all the men of one tribe were the husbands of all the women of another, the children belonging to and tracing their ancestry through the mother. Later came the pairing family when individual men chose individual women. When slavery was introduced men began to own private property in flocks and herds and women, being the most desired objects in life, were owned also. Women became a subject sex and party to polygamous marriage. Finally monogamous marriage developed in Greece and Rome. However, the monogamous marriages of that day did not mean that men confined their sex attention to one woman; not by any means! A man of the master class married one woman in order that legitimacy of the children might be insured and then annexed as many concubines as he was able to support and still in-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

dulged in the proclivity for promiscuous mating. The Bible furnishes many instances of this fact.

The slave, being property, could not possess a wife, hence monogamous marriages were unknown among the slave population. When slavery gave way to serfdom open concubinage fell somewhat into disrepute, possibly because of the rising influence of the Christian religion. The Adamic theory of creation places the beginning of pure monogamy in the Garden of Eden between Adam and Eve.

To support this theory the clergy found it advisable to add monogamous marriage to the requirement of the church, notwithstanding the fact that Solomon, David and most of the old heroes of the Bible as well as lawgivers found favor in the sight of God indulging as they did in polygamy. During Feudalism monogamous marriage came to be looked upon as moral and ethical, but the practices of the master class did not keep pace with the procession. Open concubinage became less popular, but if we may judge from the history of the feudal period, the ideals of the master class in regard to the sex relation did not improve materially. Most of the romantic literature of the Middle Ages revolves about the amorous escapades of lords and knights who apparently preferred rescuing maidens in distress to sharing the fireside with their legal wives. We must confess too, if the literature of that day may be taken as a true picture of life, that wives took advantage of their husband's absence to indulge in a few amorous escapades on their own account.

When the slaves became serfs they gained a slight degree of freedom, and so individual mating grew up

THE TIE THAT BINDS

among them. In the literature of the Middle Ages we often read of the "serf and his litter," the real beginning of monogamous marriage. The serf, attached to the land and very much occupied in making a living for himself and his lord, had no time to wander in search of amorous exploits, so contented himself with one woman. This was quite pleasing to both the lord and the clergy of that day and came to be looked upon as the acme of virtue, though we have no record that either practiced the virtue.

When serfdom gave way to capitalism the worker gained additional freedom and ability to maintain a home. Having become accustomed to monogamy, the ideals of the working class concerning the sex relation became more and more settled in the direction of individual mating and more perfect adherence to the vows of fidelity.

When a lord was transformed into an employer or capitalist he outwardly conformed to the growing standard of monogamy, as his ancestors had put away their concubines. That is, the employer no longer went in search of amorous exploits, but clothed his tendency to promiscuity in the mantle of secrecy. The dual establishment and the gilded brothel received his attention.

There are two reasons why the leisure class, while outwardly conforming to the growing standards of sexual purity, have in reality as a general rule disregarded them. First, from time immemorial the master class has been taught that the rich can do no wrong, and that they rule as masters, lords and employers by divine right. Second, their wealth gives them the power to buy wom-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

en's bodies to gratify their desires and to close the eyes of priest and purist with their gold. Hence there never was an incentive to cause them to modify or check their desires or to deny themselves gratification.

The world is now divided in three great classes, the idle owning class, which simply monopolizes the resources of Nature and the creation of men's hands; the busy working class which feeds and clothes, shelters, teaches, and directs the energy of the race; and the great underworld, the spawn of the capitalist system, the vermin of society, the idle poor.

The stories of the marital misfits of the capitalist class, flaunted through the pages of the sensational newspapers with such frequency have demonstrated to the world that there is no such thing as monogamy in the upper classes. Pure, genuine love, real fidelity to the marriage vow can not spring out of the soil of excess. Excessive wealth or excessive idleness, excessive eating, drinking and emotion, must create mental, moral and sexual perverts.

Among the idle poor there is not even a pretense of monogamy. The wandering, nomadic man tramping or beating his way from one job to another makes no pretense of maintaining a monogamic home. He consorts with the women pushed lowest down in the scale of life and at the end of every job, with every pay envelope, is a wild debauch.

Down in the underworld every prostitute has her "lover," every thug and criminal his "woman." The young man of the working class, too poor to marry, has his "steady" and the miserably paid working girl without home or social life has her "friend."

THE TIE THAT BINDS

Among the idle rich the pretense of monogamy is so transparent as to deceive none. Among the idle poor there is not even a pretense. But among the great intelligent, honorable, intellectual, ethical class who do useful work, it is not a mere pretense, but a reality. Because the workers, writers, dramatists, musicians and thinkers largely come from this class and mold the thought of the world, their practice is taken to be the practice of the world, whereas, it is only the practice of their class.

The idle rich are too deeply dyed in the teaching of "Divine Right" to own and rule, to be purified by the ethics of the working class, and the idle poor are too ignorant and downtrodden.

Socialism seeks only to transform the idle rich and the idle poor into members of a busy, useful, thinking, acting, feeling humanity, each to do its share of the world's work and enjoy a full measure of its joys. What other effect can this have but to make the ideals and ethics of the working class the ideals and practices of the whole race, placing monogamy for the first time in the history of the world, upon a firm basis.

It is wrong to say that monogamic marriage is a failure and impracticable. We have never had a true and widespread monogamic marriage system and monogamy has not been given a fair test.

Our ideals of marriage have only evolved in the race during the capitalist system; they were impossible under any of the preceding social orders, and to the extent that capitalism partakes of the characteristics of slavery and serfdom they are impracticable now. It is only to the extent that the social consciousness of man has been developed, social production evolved, and social distribu-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

tion outlined that even the dream of an ideal marriage has been conceived in the minds of mankind.

What particular form marriage will take under Socialism, no one can say; forms and ideals change so rapidly that we can no more foresee what will be pleasing to our grandchildren than our grandfathers could foresee our lives. But whatever form the ceremonies may take, whatever the form of building in which the family shall be housed in the future, this I know; the law of natural selection will be unperverted, monogamy will be given a fair trial and marriage will be freed from the debasing influence of slavery, serfdom and capitalism.



CHAPTER XXIV

IN THE IMAGE AND LIKENESS

When the common ownership and democratic administration of land and the machinery of production and distribution shall have forever destroyed private profit, practically the whole underlying cause of disease, ill-health and physical unfitness will be wiped out of existence.

Now and then we may catch a glimpse, a dim outline, of what the physical development of the future society may be. Some years ago I visited West Point, the military training post for officers in the United States army. We stopped at a boarding house connected with the Preparatory School, where appointees take the training and final examination for entry.

The fifty boys at our boarding house were just the ordinary kind of human scrubs you may find in any fashionable boarding school where the children of the idle rich congregate! Poor boys! Most of them seemed to be staggering under a rather heavy load of heredity. The sins of the fathers and of society were written all over them. They were as unfit a crowd of boys as I have ever observed in any place, rich or poor. There were drooping shoulders, hollow chests, rounded backs and shuffling feet, and I wondered if this aggregation of human misfits could hold any possibility of future development.

We would go down on the parade grounds at West Point for guard-mount in the morning. There we would see a group of men that would make the most lifeless soul

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

rejoice in the exhibition of physical attraction and beauty. Here were straight backs and square shoulders, clear skins and shining eyes, erect steps and graceful carriage. Here were men who looked fit to live, to love, to create, to reproduce a race worthy of inhabiting the earth. Yet these magnificent specimens had been created from the unpromising material of the "Prep" school. I was assured by our landlady, who had been boarding "Prep" boys for thirty years, that our crowd was just average, and that the men in whom my soul rejoiced down on the parade ground had been just as scrubby as the scrubbiest specimen at our boarding house.

Perhaps you, too, wonder at this, and would gladly know the magic that can transform a poor human scrub into a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. Magic! Yes, magic, but not a secret, for it is written everywhere for him who will to read. The secret of West Point is this: Boys are freed from the necessity of gainful labor, but are not idle. For them there is no struggle for bread, no exhausting, degrading toil; neither is there degenerating, vicious idleness. These boys work with a will, but not to amass wealth for others. Large barracks, immaculately clean, perfectly ventilated, with sanitary beds and ideal bathrooms make the night of sleep a joy and a luxury after a well-spent day. In the beautiful "mess room" nourishing, palatable food, scientifically prepared and daintily served, nourishes their bodies. Out on the parade ground and athletic field, men trained in the art of physical culture teach the boys the secret of physical well being. In the dance hall, masters carefully teach them the poetry of motion. And last, but not least, there are the crowds of pretty girls to cheer the labors of

IN THE IMAGE AND LIKENESS

the parade grounds, to share the melody and joy of youth at the "hop," or, sweeter still, the marvellous, never-to-be-forgotten stroll down "Flirtation Walk."

Remember, though, that while this physical development is taking place, the souls and minds of the boys are being slowly murdered. They are being converted into a mighty machine to kill and maim and destroy. How strange it is that the only demonstration of physical fitness possible to-day should aim to train men in the art of destroying.

When we see such wonderful results in a school for destroyers, how much more marvellous would the results be in a school for creators. Try to imagine a group of boys having all the advantages of West Point cadets, being taught the art of peace instead of war. Try to picture a school where body, brain and soul are developed in perfect harmony and unison. Think of these boys harnessing the winds, conquering electricity, mastering the machine, delving out the secrets of nature hidden in the soil, learning to serve mankind under teachers like Edison, and Burbank, and Marconi. Give them the goal of lifting the burden of toil from the shoulders of mankind instead of the hell of war. How mankind would respond! Open the door of opportunity to the girlhood of the land, let them work and play, study and develop in perfect comradeship. What a race of men and women that would be!

When none will live on the profits of another's labor, when all must work if they would live, and when none will be compelled to support another by his labor, then none need labor beyond his strength. Overwork for the many and no work at all for the few, overwork part of the time

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

and enforced idleness between times will be remedied by a just portion of labor for all. This will mean better health for all.

When monopoly and the power to make profits out of another's life is taken away, the slum, the tenement, the hovel, the palace, the brothel will be replaced by comfortable homes for all and a fruitful source of ill health will be removed.

When food is produced to feed the people and not to add profits to a factory owner's bank account, it will be to no one's interest to adulterate food. Wholesale murder by means of commercial poison will cease.

When the mill, the mine, the factory and the railroad are owned by the nation and used, not to make profits for the few, but to feed, warm, clothe and educate the people, the inventive faculties of the whole race will be set to work to devise safety appliances and methods of manufacturing. Then the appalling maiming, crippling and slaughtering of mankind will be a thing of the past.

When women have an equal ownership and an equal voice in the control of the industrial activities of the world the frightful horrors of woman labor as we know it now will not exist. Either women will be released from productive labor and allowed to turn their attention to the work of home-making, wifehood and motherhood and artistic pursuits, or the shorter hours of labor, improved machinery and sanitary, wholesome conditions in the productive trades will make work fit for women's hands and brains to do.

When children grow to maturity properly housed, fed, clothed and educated and we are not forced to offer

IN THE IMAGE AND LIKENESS

up their immature bodies as a sacrifice upon the altar of profits, children will be born to live that can and will live, and rotting carcasses will no longer cumber the earth.

When the body, brain and nerve-racking fight for bread shall cease, when no man shall go to war with his brother for the chance to earn a livelihood, we will turn our attention to the conquest of Nature. In other words, when Socialism shall wisely order our industrial and social activities and direct our attention to useful and productive effort, men will live natural lives, disease will practically disappear, physical fitness will be the rule, men and women will be strong, healthy beings, glorying in their strength as the Grecians did of old. With men and women of that type, marital unhappiness and divorce will cease to be a problem.



CHAPTER XXV

KNOW THYSELF

The longing to know ourselves is inborn in each human being, and much, if not all the suffering incident to sex life is because that longing is thwarted and perverted. Mother, have you felt the pressure of a little one against your knee, have you looked down into the limpid depths of a child's eyes and read there the eternal question of life, and have you pushed your child away, shut the door of learning and double-locked it, thrown flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone out into the streets for the vultures of society to prey upon? How foolish, how childish to say that you cannot tell your child the simple, beautiful, sacred story of its coming. For if its coming were not beautiful and sacred, then you too, are the victim of ignorance and should strive all the more to shield your child from its ill effects.

I watched a mother of four little girls while she, with a lily to illustrate, told the secret of life, that beautiful, old, but ever-new story of creation. From that day she has been my ideal mother, the mother that not only brings children into existence, nourishes them at her breast, guides their first faltering steps, but girds the armour of knowledge about them that they may meet the whole world and vanquish it.

“As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.” So long as we look upon sex and the creation functions of mankind as unclean, so long will they be unclean. Just as soon as the sunlight of science and reason dispels the

KNOW THYSELF

mists of dogma and worn-out theology, and we shake loose from our body politic the vampires who live upon our life-blood, we shall see life as the old philosophers saw it, a grand and glorious thing, and the creation of new life the height of human achievements, the link between man and God.

If there be a recording angel who writes down the mistakes of man, he also writes down his sufferings as well. The blackest list, stained with human blood, encompassed with broken hearts, covered with ruined lives, wrecked intellects and ravished virtue will be the list caused by the belief in the uncleanness of the source of life.

How strange and paradoxical and yet true that shame for our physical bodies should be the rule only among the people whose religion teaches them that man was created in the image and likeness of God. The belief that sex is vile and the knowledge thereof unclean comes down to Christian nations from the dim and misty realms of Jewish theology. The so-called heathen nations have escaped its withering blight.

If God did place Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and then pronounced a curse upon them for eating of the fruit of knowledge, He could have devised no more humiliating curse than creating them in His image and likeness and then making them ashamed of it.

Ashamed, O God! The bitter wrongs, the heart-aches, the misery, the suffering, the wrecked and ruined lives of that assured fact that we are "ashamed." Ashamed of what? Ashamed that we are men and women, that we live, that pulsing through us is that vital

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

spark of life that has lifted us from star dust to man! Ashamed that the great all force of life has decreed life must be dual, that male and female must be wedded to form a complete whole and reproduce life! Ashamed that we live! Ashamed of the source that lifts us from insensate stone to man! No wonder the world is an Inferno.

The Church must stand at the bar of justice some time, and one of the blackest crimes, one of the most damnable charges it must face is that it has taught us to be ashamed of our origin. If Adam and Eve were the creatures of a pure God, created in his image and likeness, how could they be ashamed when they answered to the call God had placed within them? How could a pure God place an impure impulse in his own creation? But this lie has thundered down the ages, has been hurled from pulpits, intoned by priests, made the very cornerstone of religion until all mankind, if we seek spiritual expression, must be guilty of besotting God and befouling the source of life.

We talk of woman's suffrage, of woman's wrong, of woman's servitude; the mother of all of woman's wrongs is that mankind is ashamed. We know that women are the most desired object in life, that they can sway empires, rule kings, cause wars, make men kill their brothers; for them does the madness of the industrial hell rage on; around them every force in life centers; they sway the world with their hands and the world has its revenge by being ashamed. Of all the wrongs done womankind, there is none so degrading, as when we are ashamed.

KNOW THYSELF

Under its cloak has every crime against life been committed. It has turned love into lust, companionship into servitude, men into beasts of prey and women into cowering victims.

We plant the poison in the souls of our unborn babes, then carefully teach our little ones to be ashamed. We deem it improper for boys and girls to romp and play together like lambs and colts and puppies. Literature, art and music all sing the Siren song of life. Veiled allusions and repressive measures arouse interest and curiosity. That wonderful, sweet, mysterious something is always just beyond the veil of secrecy and guarded by the dragon of shame. Then we grasp the gauzy winged sprite, crush it in our hands, only to find it dead or hiding the scorpion's sting.

Ashamed, vicious, unclean? Is the flower ashamed when it raises its face to the sun, or the roses when they open their hearts to the dew? Is the lily sullied by the kiss of the wind? Is it shame that makes the apple blossom blush? Yet sunshine, and shower and breeze—blossom, pollen and stamen, are but inanimate expressions of love.

The old heathen philosopher said: "Man, know thyself." Each time we have evinced a desire to know ourselves, the clergy has told us: "Because Adam and Eve ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge they were driven from the Garden of Eden." We have no Eden to lose, but we have remained ever mindful of our first parents' fate. We shun the tree of knowledge and hide deep in the jungle of ignorance. No matter how appalling the consequences of our ignorance are to the race, no matter if prostitution, adultery and crimes against nature too loathsome

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

to name, increase and multiply, brothels and saloons be peopled; we have remained faithfully ignorant. And the clergy has said. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," while state and respectable society have chimed a fervent "Amen!"

Possibly the vengeance of that God who pronounced such a frightful curse upon Eve and her offspring for her little excursion into the realm of learning, has spent itself. Possibly his thirst for human blood, for suffering and misery untold may be almost satiated. At any rate, the effects of the curse are slowly passing away from the race. Like a deadly miasma that has hung above a swamp for ages, it is clearing away, and the lifegiving sunlight of science and general education is taking its place. When these mighty powers shall have full sway, gathering all the forces of brain and brawn into a perfect organization to serve mankind, ditches will be dug, which will carry off the poisoned waters of private profit, and with it will go all manner of growth that flourishes in human slime. The adulterer, the prostitute, the moral degenerate, all victims of ignorance, medical quackery and a yellow press that feeds on human sin, suffering and ignorance, will forevermore pass into oblivion.

Man will stand erect in the might of perfect manhood. Woman will own her own body, and owning it, will study and know it unashamed. She will call to her side only the fittest of men to be the father of her children. Children will come, welcomed, desired, loved into being, endowed by the parents with a vigorous body and a healthy mind at birth, and insured in the security of means of life by the state. Youth and maiden will be

KNOW THYSELF

taught the sacredness of human life, that the "wages of sin is death" and that there is no sin but ignorance; that happiness means right living, right thinking and right relation with our fellowmen.



CHAPTER XXVI

JOY IN LABOR

The Capitalist system produces necessity for excessive labor, poverty, and false ideals. There remains little or no opportunity for domestic training. A co-operative system would minimize labor so that an opportunity would be given women to become fit wives and mothers.

Continued access to the means of life and the full product of labor will enable each father to support and educate his offspring. Children will be free from the necessity for gainful labor until they shall be mature, trained workers.

The childhood and girlhood of the future will be spent in the open air, at play, at school and in the home. By this I do not mean that children should spend all their time at play and study; they need work, too, but not the body, brain and life stunting labor of the factory or department store.

The school of the future will not cram little heads with dry texts, six hours a day, five days each week for a few short years. It will not grind all children through the same mill, turning them out like link sausages, all the same size and thickness, mentally ready to be devoured by the sateless maw of the factory.

A few beams of light have already penetrated the Stygian darkness of the pedagogical world. Teachers are beginning to understand that education is not a

JOY IN LABOR

liquid substance carefully bottled up in schools, to be administered in certain doses at given times. We are beginning to understand that education is unfoldment. To be educated is to live the fullest, broadest life, to create with body and brain.

In school I was taught that when I could demonstrate (not understand) a problem in algebra, prattle of historical characters, put a sentence together with due regard to rules and regulations of grammar, quote Browning, know that Rubens painted fat babies, Gainsborough big hats, and Millet frocked workingmen, I was educated. Thank God, my girl will escape some of the withering blight of conventional education. When she finishes school, I hope she will have a better conception of life than I had.

Present social conditions produce strange abnormalities. Our epicurean tastes demand Strasburg goose livers and college culture. To produce a Strasburg liver, the goose is nailed to a board and stuffed with highly concentrated feed by means of a feeding tube. This naturally produces an overtaxed and distended liver. When the poor goose is ready to die from over-feeding, it is killed. It is all liver, no breast, no limbs; nothing but a withered skeleton stuffed with liver. But what a delightful morsel that liver is, tender, juicy and fat.

To produce college culture, we carefully nail our sons and daughters to a board of conventionalities, stuff them with highly concentrated mental food, giving their minds no opportunity to assimilate. Their minds become overtaxed and develop into cases of badly distended egoism. The colleges of to-day produce men and women

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

lacking in body, brain and soul, who are distinguished for only one thing—their conceit.

There is great hope for the future, however. I am quite sure that our tastes will develop until we no longer require diseased goose liver or diseased culture, but shall be satisfied with natural things.

We are beginning to understand that teachers are born and not made. The ability to answer a given question in a given way, or a four-year term in a Normal school, does not make a teacher. We are becoming less concerned about our teachers' knowledge of higher mathematics and more about their knowledge of human nature. The knowledge of psychology is a mighty factor in helping us understand that children learn not by texts, but by doing. We are working toward an educational system which will not cram knowledge in, but aim at drawing expression out. The new ideal of educators is that of unfoldment from within and not merely veneering from without.

Dimly we perceive the outlines of the future school, that beautiful ideal for which Francisco Ferrer became a martyr. A school not encompassed by gray walls, but wide as the universe. Not conning dry texts, but real life. Not stuffing us with near culture, but helping us to learn how to live, create and have dominion over the earth and the fullness thereof.

The public ownership and co-operative management of productive property will wipe out class lines. It will relieve the workers from the pressure of poverty and save them from physical and mental drain of overwork. The struggle of the poor to live, the middle class to keep

JOY IN LABOR

up appearances and the rich to excel in wanton wastefulness will be abolished with the fetish of private ownership of productive property. False ideals will give way to true, and the life of the race will become sane and natural. Under such conditions girls will have security in life. They will have time for domestic training. The schools and homes will be conducive to the best possible education along those lines.

It is encouraging to see that the foundation for the future is being laid. Manual training courses are being added to our city high schools and domestic science is being taught along with clay modeling. The agricultural colleges are teaching our boys how to produce the most food on a given area and our girls how to scientifically blend the chemical necessities of life in palatable dinners. One college has a chair of dressmaking, where scientific and artistic construction of clothing is taught. Slowly but surely rational knowledge of the human body and its care is making inroads on superstition and ignorance. Hygiene is rapidly becoming more popular. The training of the more fortunate youth of to-day is a hint of what the schools of the Co-operative Commonwealth will afford. It will give to all children the opportunity for a well spent youth and open portals of a happy life.

Housewives of the future will have different problems to meet and will require adequate training. The mansion with its numberless servants, the tenement and hovel with its squalor, will disappear and with them the domestic training they require. Where the girl of to-day must know how to make one dollar do the work of five, manage a chimney that will not draw, burn coal that

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

is half slate, manipulate a stove that is made to sell and not to bake, the girl of the future will have at her command electricity and the allied sciences. She will have the opportunity of earning or receiving enough to forever banish the specter of poverty.

All this may be summed up in the simple statement: The common ownership and co-operative management of the means of production will give to the future homemaker access to the scientific lore of the age. The most improved machinery, the best equipped homes and freedom from want will make labor a joy.



CHAPTER XXVII

SERVICE FOR THOSE WE LOVE

In no other thing, perhaps, will there be so great a revolution in the co-operative society of the future as in woman's labor. Yet it would hardly be correct to call it a revolution; rather a gradual application of scientific knowledge to domestic duties.

The Co-operative Commonwealth will do away with the evils of woman labor, as we now know it, but it will not restore woman to her old position of individually feeding, clothing and caring for her own family. It will not even entirely relieve her of what we call factory labor, but it will change her status from that of a wage earner to a partner.

The long hours of nerve, brain and body racking toil, the unsanitary surroundings, the altogether insufficient wages with its accompanying evils, the despoilation of womanhood by lack of opportunity for marriage and motherhood, will pass away with the passing of the wage system. Women have always been the burden bearers of the race and, no doubt, will always find work to do.

The factory system, bad as it is under capitalism, has taught us that machinery can relieve us of the drudgery of domestic labor. Under Socialism machinery will be the servant of the whole people.

The bread mother baked was delicious we all know; but she spent many a long, weary hour in a broiling hot

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

kitchen and baked into that bread the best part of her life—the spring from her step, the roses from her cheeks and the brilliancy from her mind. A few men with bread-making machines now bake as much bread as a thousand mothers could in the same time, and can make it just as delicious, more scientifically compounded and more wholesome. Mother's pies, too, are famed in song and story, but a pie machine with an electric oven and two girls to operate it will bake sixty pies a minute just as good.

“Blue Monday,” day sacred to the goddess of suds, what memories come with thy mention! Aching backs, parboiled hands, steam, suds and smells! To how many a woman's youth and beauty has the song of your steam and the monotonous rub-a-dub of your board sung the funeral march! A power washer, a centrifugal wringer, electric mangles, electric heated irons and a few skilled laundry workers can in a few hours cleanse the linen for a city.

One woman sewing alone can scarcely make garments for one family, but one hundred women, working in a factory, with improved machines and methods, can clothe a city.

I visited an Insane Asylum years ago, and I came away almost convinced that the sane dwell inside the walls and the insane go raving and howling about the world outside. I saw fifty insane men lying calmly on the grass under the trees enjoying the spring sunshine and quietly discussing the beauty of the sunlight and the mystery of springing grass. Then I stood in the gallery

SERVICE FOR THOSE WE LOVE

of the Stock Exchange in Wall Street and looking down into the "Pit" saw howling, shrieking madmen in that bedlam. I could not adjust my mind to the thought that they were sane and that the insane lay under the trees and talked of nature and of beauty.

I saw insane women, all comfortable and neatly dressed, playing basket ball on the green, old grandmothers and young maidens, and they shouted and ran and tossed the ball like children, forgetful of class, or caste, or creed, with no thought of fashions or heart burning jealousies. They sported away the spring day under the trees and out in the new grass, with never a worry of dinners to cook, sewing to do, washtubs and flat irons to be wielded, or the thousand other cares of womankind.

Then I thought of the "sane" woman, toiling and moiling, fretting and worrying, struggling and fighting through life with never a moment for the grass or trees, and never a thought of play, real play, that calls in use body and brain, and I pondered how the sane got inside and the insane stayed out.

This institution was a little city in itself of two thousand souls. It was housed in a great, beautiful building with large rooms, airy corridors, sunny windows, beautiful lawns and fruitful gardens. It was heated by steam, cleaned by vacuum cleaners, and was immaculate, sanitary and wholesome. The bedrooms were models of comfort, cleanliness and beauty. At regular intervals, dining rooms to accomodate twenty (just a sociable crowd) were placed down one side of

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

the building. A great drawing room and several smaller parlors provided for social intercourse. A ball room, that was also a chapel and a theater, was the center of social life. Here every week the inmates danced, listened to music and enjoyed a play, and on Sunday engaged in devotions.

Being a woman, I was naturally interested in the kitchen, laundry and sewing room. The guide took me down to the basement where the food for two thousand men and women were prepared. There I saw, not four hundred toiling, sweating slaves, but seven men (five of them lunatics) and many great machines. Machines to do everything but manage. Machines to peel potatoes, to steam the food, to weigh and measure and tell to the fraction of one ounce how much food was needed. And oh! blessed dream come true; there was not a dish rag or a tea towel in that city of two thousand. Dishes were washed by machinery, scalded by steam, dried in electric heated ovens, and came forth as scientifically sterilized as a surgeon's knife. Five men (four of them insane) baked the bread in large ovens and worked only four hours per day. Twenty women (eighteen of them insane,) working four hours each day for three days in the week did all the laundry work and kept that family of two thousand immaculately clean. Twenty-five or thirty women (more of them inmates,) kept the family clothed and worked only a few hours each day.

I wandered about this strange city, saw well clothed and well fed men and women, ease and quiet and peace, cleanliness and sanitation and order, and went forth with

SERVICE FOR THOSE WE LOVE

my head hopelessly turned. I felt that the insane were sane and the sane insane. I have been trying all these years to decide which was preferable, to be sanely insane inside, or insanely sane outside. I am still puzzling over the problem.

Just compare this picture with that of the average city of two thousand, with its one palace and many hovels. Think of the dirt and squalor, the unsanitary shelters and miserable streets, the hundreds of individual cook stoves and wash tubs with a parboiled woman at each. Think of the hundred sewing machines and the hurried mothers who never catch up with their sewing. Think of the rush and hurry, the struggle and stress, the heart burnings and the jealousy, the misery and the suffering incident to the life of two thousand sane people, and I believe you will almost say with me: "Let's all go crazy."

The Insane Asylum is Socialism for crazy people. Why not try it for sane people?

Under Socialism all the scientific discoveries, methods and machinery of the world will work together to relieve women of the burden of housekeeping drudgery. Scientific cooks with scientific appliances will prepare pure food; science and machinery will solve the problem of raiment, and lift from women's backs the age-long burden that has bowed them down.

With machinery and science to shoulder the burden of drudgery, and freed from the necessity of feeding,

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

sheltering and clothing an idle, useless class, women could readily and easily do the necessary work for domestic life and find ample time for education, recreation, culture and refinement. Such women demand and create men fitted to be husbands. Freed from the fear of want, secure in the means of life, endowed with the power and capacity for love, the men and women of the future will live, love, marry and reproduce their kind.



CHAPTER XXVIII

LOVE RULETH

I sat in the police court of an Indian Territory city one morning and watched the stream of wretched, degraded, miserable humanity file before the judge to answer for all manner of petty crimes. Among the offenders were two women, one a young white girl, poorly dressed, hollow-eyed, slovenly in manner, sometimes sullen and defiant, and again giggling in embarrassment, who, in answer to the judge's questions, pleaded guilty of prostitution. The other was an Indian woman, young, dark, fierce-eyed and sullen. She answered never a word to the judge's queries or complaints of the witness who told how she had stolen ears of corn and potatoes from his field.

To one who reads between the lines in these two women's lives there is written the whole history of woman-kind. The savage would steal to appease her hunger, and the civilized woman would sell her virtue for the same purpose.

One of the facts that puzzled white men who settled in this country was that they could not force Indian women to submit to them. They would die without a murmur, but nothing could force them to become prostitutes. The white men accordingly took the dusky maidens to wife. We whites have murdered and slain, almost annihilated the Indian, tried to tin-plate him with our civilization, inoculate him with our religion and kill

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

him off with our bad whiskey, but we have never been able to make a slave of him, wage or otherwise, nor a prostitute of his sister; possibly because the Indian is so close to that fraternal period in which our ancestors lived before the establishment of the slave economy. In that fraternal culture there was no such thing as private property in the means of life and no slave class or slave sex. When the ownership of slaves planted in the human heart the passion for ownership of property, women, being the most prized of man's possessions, became the first to be owned. Just as soon as women became property they began to be bought and sold like other property, first as slaves, then as serfs, now as wage-slaves.

Since that far-off time when man first conceived the idea of private ownership of a woman's body, down to this day of private ownership of the things necessary to sustain life in that body, prostitution has been a part of our civilization and will remain a part until we establish the common ownership of the means of life.

Philosophers have philosophized, priest and preacher canted and the pious prayed over the problem of the social evil, but it is still a problem growing more acute each year. All manner of restrictive and corrective measures have been tried from the day when Jesus of Nazareth said, "He that is without sin first cast a stone," down to the suppression of the Homes Commission Report, and every effort so far has only aggravated the condition.

Rescue Missions do not rescue or abate one particle the wrongs of prostitution. They simply keep alive a few months longer the poor victim who is so diseased as to be

LOVE RULETH

no longer profitable to the brothel mistress or procurer. Charles N. Crittenden (one of the noblest men I have ever known) spent a million dollars of his own money and possibly twice as much of others and died knowing that the social evil had doubled in his time.

Vice crusades like that waged by Doctor Parkhurst have only one result. By harassing and persecuting the poor victims of prostitution, life is made doubly hard for them and vice, instead of being centered in one district, is scattered all over the city to corrupt and contaminate like a vile plague wherever it finds refuge. And it will find a refuge as long as men are forced to buy companionship and women must sell.

All laws that have been enacted are not for the protection of the prostitute, who is the victim of society, but for the protection of the men who use the prostitute. Registration, medical inspection and all measures of control have simply tried to make safe the frequenters of the brothel, but never have any laws been made or even considered to make safe the womanhood of the country against the powers that make for prostitution.

The religious have tried to deal with the social evil as if it were a moral question and master it by prayers, sermons and moral suasion. They have failed absolutely and completely.

Lawmakers have dealt with it as if it were a legislative problem and all that was necessary was to pass laws saying "thou shalt not." But when hell-fire and brimstone fails to frighten mankind into observing that command, man-made laws are worse than useless.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

The medical fraternity has tried to deal with the question by registering and medically examining every prostitute, so her patrons might not contract disease. This has been worse than a failure. It is useless and an insult added to injury to womankind.

We have tried religion and it has failed completely to solve this master problem of our time. We have tried law and its failure is more disgusting and absolute than that of religion. There is but one more vital force in life—economics—and it must be in economics we find a solution for the problem.

Through Socialism and through it alone can the problem of the social evil ever be solved.

For years the moral have hid their faces, the pious shuddered, and the church trembled every time they heard the word Socialism because they feared that Socialism would bring about an era of "Free Love."

Now, of course, these good people know just about as much about love and freedom as an owl knows of an anthem. They can comprehend neither, but what they think it means is promiscuity and license. Bishop Maguire of the Catholic Church, has answered this misunderstood idea and I will quote his words:

"Socialists would establish 'Free Love'."

"Our opponents seem to forget that a Socialist state, like any other would be but the outward expression of the people who composed it. We would have only that which the people wished. The only meaning to be taken from the assertion of our opponents is

LOVE RULETH

that if we have not landlords and capitalists to rob us, we would kick our wives to death, cast our children out of the windows and roam the country like savage beasts, leaving the product of our vice for the state to support. Such are the reasons put forward in favor of retention of landlordism and capitalism. If Socialists wished a state of society in which 'free love' or free lust flourished as the Devil would have it, they would support the present. Ascertain the number of prostitutes known to the police in any city, think of the number of immoral men who maintain such an army, total these and deduct the sum from the adult population. The remainder is that section of the community not known to the police as vicious persons.

“In the course of a discussion which took place last year at a Catholic conference, Father Hughes, of Liverpool, told of a girl in that city who was engaged in the drapery trade at 31d or 62 cents a week. She drifted into a life of vice, and when Father Hughes met her she had spent two years thus. He induced her to return to the path of virtue and then she informed him that she had £10,000 worth of jewelry received in presents from her 'admirers' during these two years. The reverend gentleman argued that while girls were offered £15 (\$60) for two years' honest, virtuous service and £10,000 (\$50,000) for the same time spent in a vicious career, we would have this shocking state of society. He might have added that the jewelry was not presented by the workingmen of Liverpool. The class which deprives the girl of her earnings also robs her of her virtue. Under Socialism the rewards would be reversed and so would the results.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

“‘Christianity is sufficient to solve the social problem.’

“If that were so we would find least poverty where we found most real Christianity. Ireland should be the happiest country in the world because there are millions of people who believe without doubting, amongst whom the breath of agnosticism has scarcely entered. It is the very poorest country. Why? Because in a community living under the competitive system, one dishonest, unscrupulous man will overcome ninety-nine who conduct their business in the spirit of Christ. The non-Christians will make slaves of the Christians, just as the armed highwayman will subdue a peaceable citizen protected only by a prayer book. The highwayman is the fitter person according to conditions, so is the non-Christian. It is the conditions which are bad, and for public safety we must change them. Socialism would make robbery of all kinds impossible. Where Christianity advises us to be honest, Socialism would compel us to be.”

Socialism will give back to women all the freedom and security of the savage fraternal culture and add to it all the advantages of our more civilized life; will make her an equal owner and give her an equal voice in the management of all wealth that is supplied by Nature as well as produced by men's hands. She will have an equal opportunity to have access to the means of life, receive equal returns for her labor, and will thus be enabled to lift herself above the necessity of selling her virtue for bread.

That any woman lives the life of a prostitute because

LOVE RULETH

she enjoys it no one with common sense believes. The life is too horrible to contemplate. The sex nature is the most delicate function of life, the most easily disturbed, causes the most intense suffering if abused, and no woman can think (if she thinks at all) that any other woman enjoys receiving the attentions of all comers, at all hours of the day and night, under all conditions, and all manner of men, diseased or whole, drunk or sober.

We women know that deep down under the veneer of submission ages of subjection have endowed us with, there is that old savage revolt at forced sex relation. We know that all the primeval savage, all the wild that is hidden somewhere within us is aroused at the slightest show of force in matters pertaining to sex, and can you imagine force less hateful because it is economic force, the force of cold and hunger instead of brute force?

Socialism will shear man of his economic power to force woman to submit either in marriage or prostitution to his sensual desires. A few generations of free women will produce a race free from sensuality, and that old falsehood of the male's greater need of sexual expression and its natural result, a double standard of morals, will cease to carry weight.

CHAPTER XXIX

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE

While I would scarcely feel like guaranteeing Socialism as a positive cure for bad temper, there is no doubt in my mind that with the passing of our present competitive social system the one great fundamental cause for unhappiness in marriage would disappear.

If you could spend day after day, as I have done, at the reporter's table in a divorce court, and listen to the bitter stories of ruined lives and wrecked homes, you could easily trace the cause of every broken home directly back to conditions inherent in our capitalist system. This cause would be entirely eliminated by a Socialist form of society.

Desertion is the most frequent cause for which women particularly ask for divorce. Why do men desert their wives and babies? Countless times I have listened to the tale, and always the story had the same beginning. "We were happy, Judge, and everything went nicely, until my husband lost his job, or was transferred, then he went away. For a long time letters came, your Honor, and money when he had it, but after a while he did not write quite so often. Finally no letters and no money came. Those were hard days for baby and me." The sordid story would go on to its particular finish, but no matter what the variations, the motive was always the same—"HE WENT AWAY TO GET A JOB."

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE

Man is a social animal and must have companionship. It is as impossible for men to live without the association of women, or women without men as to live without bread and drink. Love may be deep and sincere; the pain of parting bitter; the days and nights of longing a veritable hell, but since man is an adaptable animal, he must adjust himself to that environment in which he finds himself. When the will-o-wisp of a job lures him away, he will and must find some substitute for a home and love where he can.

When Socialism solves the question of a job and transfers the army of unemployed to the ranks of useful workers receiving the full social product of their labor, the most frequent cause for divorce will disappear.

Under Socialism, the fierce struggle for existence would cease. Secure in the means of life, men and women would have the opportunity to live. Education would be universal. Prudery, handed down from the dark ages, would give way to an intelligent understanding of the most intimate laws governing sex life. Men and women would learn to read each other's faces as we now read books and no human being would be able to hide from the world his or her heart and soul. "We should know as we are known," and knowing we could choose wisely.

Shorter hours of labor for men would give them an opportunity to share home life with their wives and children. I believe that there is nothing quite so broadening to a masculine mind as to share for even a time in the work of his wife. How I wish that every Darby could be constrained to essay the role of Joan but

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

for a day! What a flood of light would illuminate the masculine mind! I am sure that if we could force the men of the country to do the women's work, shoulder her cares, and endure her pains and aches for a single week, a revolution such as the world has never witnessed would take place.

Freedom from economic dependence, relief from domestic drudgery, and the opportunity for sharing the industrial, intellectual and political life of the world, would give woman a breadth of mind and heart that would make it possible for her to be a real companion and helpmate instead of merely a household drudge and childbearing machine.

Freed from the rack of the competitive struggle, secure in the fullest means for the broadest life, both men and women would develop the best and noblest traits of character, as a flower expands when exposed to the life-giving sunshine and rain. The sordidness, the petty meannesses, the bickerings, the deceits and lies, the implied inferiority of women, the barbarous laws and customs that degrade her, would all give way to a sane, sensible standard of mental, moral, intellectual, and industrial equality. But of greatest moment and most far reaching effect would be the fact that economic independence for women would forever remove the necessity for a man and woman sustaining the relation of husband and wife if love had ceased to abide with them. Not that alone, but with a sane social system, a reasonable understanding of the sacred right to human happiness would supplant the antiquated theological lie that the words of a priest or magistrate can really consummate a marriage

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE

when love does not exist. The odium and disgrace attending the dissolving of a marital tie that never was and never could be, will pass away.

Freed from the crushing weight which capitalism places upon mankind, men and women will stand erect, share equally the work, the play, the gifts of Nature, the handiwork of man—all that Nature and humankind have evolved to bless the race. With such glorious opportunities and possibilities our hearts and hands will be too full of the joy of living to indulge in petty, sordid bickering. Life will be beautiful, grand and glorious. As “like produces like” men and women will be like unto life.



CHAPTER XXX

THE JOY OF LIVING

There is not a father or mother to-day who is not facing that all important problem: WHAT SHALL I MAKE OF MY BOY? "A Doctor," you reply. No, not a doctor; there are too many physicians now, the profession is hopelessly overcrowded. Nine doctors eke out a miserable existence while one succeeds in life. Succeeds, yes, but not in curing disease, eliminating suffering and saving human life. Doctors starve doing these things. When diseases are cured, that means discharged patients and no more fees, and it takes fees to succeed. When suffering is eliminated, that means the doctor's work is done. His pay ceases, and that is not success. Real success, as measured by the world to-day, means that the doctor must use his knowledge so skillfully as to keep the pain and suffering just at a point of possible endurance and the patient's mind hypnotized in the hope that some time he will cure the disease and stop the suffering.

To save a human life to-day does not always mean success for the doctor. It usually means an unpaid bill. Only the rich can be ill and pay the bill and the rich are woefully few and the doctors many. Success and prosperity comes to the doctor not in saving human life, but in avoiding it. The fee for assisting at a birth is very small, only a few hard-earned dollars. The fee for helping poverty-cursed or gold-mad men and women escape parenthood is all the poor victims can scrape together,

THE JOY OF LIVING

from the sweat-stained ten-dollar bill of the shopgirl to the blood-stained check for thousands from the women of wealth. No, you do not want to make a doctor of your son. That path to success is paved with human bodies, brains and lives, and they make slippery pitfalls for his feet.

“A lawyer, then,” you say. No, there are too many lawyers now. That profession, too, is crowded. A few succeed while thousands fail, and those who fail are more to be honored than those who win. A lawyer who succeeds must be a servile and profitable tool for the master class. He must distort law, blind justice, jail virtue and exalt vice; must make or twist laws to enable the owners of the means of life to rob the workers of the product of their labor, and do it inside and not outside the pale of law. The law of the survival of the fittest operates in the legal profession as well as elsewhere, and the fittest to survive is just what you do not want your son to be. Not a lawyer, what then?

“A merchant.” Yes, possibly, but the shores of the financial sea are strewn with the wrecks of thousands of merchant’s crafts. A hundred men embark in business, seven succeed and ninety-three fail. How can you know that yours will be one of the seven? And how shall he begin? The day of Dick Whittington is past and gone. For your boy no Bow Bells will ever ring, no starting at the bottom now and working up. Business success means great capital, great organization, great power to exploit and rob the myriad of workers. Can your boy have this? Do you wish him to gain success over the hearts and lives and happiness of others?

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

“No, he shall be an honest tradesman working with his hands, a carpenter, a mason, machinist, moulder or blacksmith.” Yes, that is very well, but there are too many of all these now. Carpenters and masons walk the streets and find no houses to build; machinists are out of work; blacksmiths and moulders look for jobs. Your delicately reared son must go out and battle with these strong men for the chance to labor. Must bid against them, pit his labor power and need for bread against theirs; and in that brutal struggle on Industry’s battlefield the strong and crafty survive, and all the rest go down. In our present system the many fail and the few succeed; the many are cold and hungry for life, the few revel in luxury; the good, honest, upright and honorable are failures, and the crafty and greed-crazed are successful. Can you wonder that under such unnatural and abnormal conditions some men should be forced to become criminals and some escape crime by becoming liquor dealers and ruining your sons and mine? It is but natural, for the law of self-preservation is the strongest law of nature.

Drunkenness claims not only the idle parasitic sons of the master class, the toil and poverty cursed sons of the working class, but touches with its scorching breath the men of brains and genius.

One of the most accursed features of our present system is that brains, genius and art are all prostituted to gain and profit. The artist does not paint to express himself or the beauty of life, but pictures to sell. Musicians create masterpieces, not for self-expression and to add to the joy of life for all mankind, but for profit. Writers do

THE JOY OF LIVING

not write for the unfoldment of their own souls or the upliftment and betterment of the race, but to add to the bank account of the publisher. Inventors do not invent that the age-long burden of labor may be lifted from the shoulders of mankind and the human race be blessed, but that their genius may be coined into gold by the master class.

Prostitution is always prostitution, whether it is of body, or mind, or soul. It crushes, blasts and kills. To ease the pain of lingering death, what wonder, then, that the greatest minds deaden themselves in drink.

The liquor problem is not a moral problem at all, but an economic one entirely. Men do not make and sell liquor because their morals are bad, but because they must live under certain economic laws.

We have shut men out from access to the soil and have allowed the machinery of production to be monopolized by an owning class. We endure a system in which men can only work and create when some one else will allow them to do so; when profits for the owners of the means of life and not necessity of the workers determine when, where, and how men may labor.

We have narrowed down the opportunities of life until we have a great unemployed army, until every business and profession is overcrowded. There is no legitimate occupation for our sons, no outlet for men to make things that make for virtue and morality. But we have made the path easy and the pay high for providing opportunities for vice. The workingman vainly seeking a job is a vagrant and a tramp. The police club him, the virtuous sneer at him, and the prison yawns for him. But

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

let him turn saloonkeeper or white slaver and become a part of our political machinery, and safety, security and plenty are his.

The whole basis of our liquor traffic is easily understood. If a bushel of corn be made into meal the profit is sixty cents; if, into whiskey and sold over the bar, ten dollars; but if the same bushel of corn be made into bootleg whiskey and "bootlegged" in a prohibition State, there is a fifty dollar profit after "splitting" with the sheriff, prosecuting attorney and the judge.

Just as long as life is conducted on the profit basis, there will be sixty cents profit in making bread and keeping laws, and fifty dollars profit in making whiskey. And whiskey will be made and laws broken.

Proof is evident that the liquor traffic cannot be handled as a moral problem. For a hundred years the church and temperance forces have been grappling with the problem. They have preached and prayed over it, spent time, money, and energy, circulated petitions and lobbied legislatures. And achieved what? Laws that are not enforced, legislation which leaves the liquor problem just where it has always been. But they have furnished a whole new field for grafting politicians. I think we can truthfully say that all we have accomplished by liquor legislation is that we have provided a good, serviceable club with which corrupt politicians may blackmail men engaged in the liquor business. Whether they know it or not, the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Saloon League have been able allies of the vicious, corrupt political henchmen.

One instance out of many may suffice. Some years ago a fight was waged and won against the Canteen in

THE JOY OF LIVING

the United States Army. The Canteen is a sort of co-operative store operated by the regular soldiers to provide the little luxuries not included in their rations. Among the things handled by the Canteen was soda pop and beer. The psychology of "good women" is a mysterious thing. These "good" women could scent the danger of beer from afar; they drew lurid pictures of the body, brain and soul murder of drink. Then, they rejoiced in "our noble soldier boys," ignoring or never realizing that the very end and aim of armies and of war is to stultify men's brains, kill their souls and then send them out to murder and be murdered.

Just as soon as the fight was made on the Canteen, great sums of money were contributed from unknown sources. James Brown and William Jones and Richard Green sent large bank drafts and touching letters and urged the good work on. The good women sang hymns and praised God over the noble generosity of Brothers Brown, and Jones, and Green, while the brewers, saloonkeepers and distillers chuckled over the ease with which their bait had been swallowed, and the good their bank drafts would do.

In this instance the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Saloon League played directly in the hands of the liquor men. They made a fight and won a victory. The liquor element could not have won for themselves.

As long as the Canteen existed, beer was bought in large quantities at the lowest wholesale price and sold to the soldiers at cost. Because they could have it when they wanted it, there was little excess. This was not good business for the saloonkeepers, brewers and distillers. It

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

was vastly more profitable for them to close the Canteen, build and operate saloons, brothels, dives and gambling dens just outside the Army Posts, and not only sell the boys their beer and whiskey, but women as well, and rob them with gambling devices. So a great "moral" crusade had a most immoral effect.

For years a great crusade has been carried on here in the United States by an army of earnest, honest, sincere men and women. They have given time and money and energy in the effort to mitigate the drink evil. Legislative measures of various forms have been enacted. We have tried everything from local option to state-wide prohibition, yet to-day the temperance forces face absolute failure. Not only are we forced to realize that prohibition does not prohibit or local option operate successfully, but also that the liquor interests can corrupt and pollute every branch of government. All the forces that church, State and individual can bring to bear have not lessened the liquor problem in the least. It continues to grow and spread each year.

The government of Sweden is the only government that has ever even touched the fundamentals of the drink problem. Sweden, like the United States, had for years been sodden with drink. To such an extent did the scourge degenerate the people that finally the capitalist class became alarmed; drunken men are not profitable.

For years the nation battled with the problem. They tried high license, low license, no license at all, and prohibition, and each seemed just a little more of a failure than its predecessor. The nation continued to grow more sodden and drunken.

THE JOY OF LIVING

Just at the time that all known methods of dealing with the liquor problem had been tried and proven failures, the Swedish workingmen elected a large number of Socialist members to their legislative body.

These Socialist members of the Storthing made a proposal to handle the liquor problem in accordance with Socialist philosophy. Because the condition was desperate and every known method had been tried and failed, the Socialists were given free hand, and all the forces of government worked in harmony with them.

The government took over the control of distilleries and breweries, by purchase, I think, the price being arranged by a board of arbitration. The government plainly stated that unless these factories could be bought at the cost of erection the government would build new ones for themselves. The price therefor was nominal. The owners of distilling plants and breweries had no wish to have these useless plants on their hands when the government went into business, so prices were amicably arranged.

The smaller plants were closed, the larger ones brought up to their highest efficiency, and the government proceeded to make beverages as pure as an alcoholic drink can be said to be pure. The best of chemists were engaged by the government, not to reduce the cost of making beverages, but eliminate all adulteration and harmful substances.

The saloons, wine gardens, and beer gardens were taken over by the government also. "Closed?" you ask. No, not closed, for man is a social animal, and must have social meeting places. Instead of closing these poor men's clubs, their use as a social meeting place was widened.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

Saloons were converted into lecture halls and ball rooms; the wine gardens changed to play grounds for children, and gymnasium parks for young people; beer gardens were made recreation parks for the workers and their families.

In each locality dispensaries were established where pure beverages were dispensed at the cost of production and distribution. In Sweden the dispensary keeper is not in business for himself, not dependent upon profits, but is hired by the government at a fixed salary. It is immaterial to him whether he sells a half pint or ten thousand gallons, his pay envelope has just the same amount in it on pay-day.

The Swedish government is not in the liquor business to make profit, but to control and mitigate the drink evil. Their method, which is the method of the Socialist party the world over, has proven successful even beyond the most sanguine dreams of the Socialists themselves. In eighteen months drunkenness decreased 85 per cent, the consumption of intoxicating liquor 65 per cent, and Sweden has taught the world how to handle the drink problem in a sensible, rational, scientific way.

This plan of handling the problem brought forth many striking features. It made it impossible for a workingman to drink up his wages. The price of a half-gallon of the best beer is slightly less than a cent, and a Swedish workingman cannot possibly squander more than a few cents of his wages for lack of tank capacity. The treating habit has almost disappeared. No one feels complimented when his neighbor squanders the munificent sum of half a cent for a schooner so high that he can hardly see over it, and when he has found the bottom there is no possibility

THE JOY OF LIVING

of returning the compliment; there is no room for the contents of another. So treating is practically a thing of the past.

The removal of saloon and liquor influence from politics has almost revolutionized political action. Sweden is now slowly adjusting herself to political expression that is really the expression of the citizenship and not the manipulation of liquor interests.

To meet the problem of those thrown out of work, as the drink traffic is being slowly subdued, the government has opened up public works and found places for all displaced workingmen. It is building docks, roads, razing slums and building homes for the workers.

We, here in the United States, had just as well face the fact one time as another that the liquor problem will never be solved until it is solved on an economic basis and according to the scientific principles of life.

As long as there is poverty, want, misery, heart-hunger, loneliness and social repression, men will drink. As long as children are reared in the slums, they will be sodden. As long as womankind is degraded by brutal toil, debasing poverty and prostitution, they can not bring forth children who will be strong enough to resist their environment and free themselves from the curse of liquor. As long as all political action is controlled by liquor, our nation must be merely an adjunct to the saloon.

We have gone to the working class, to the saloon-keeper and the brewer and asked that they vote themselves out of a job. Last year, we told thirty thousand brewery workers in the State of Missouri to vote for pro-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

hibition, and were much displeased when they refused to vote their jobs and business out of existence. We were ready to supply no more jobs; we had no means of life to offer these men, no other business in which they might embark. We talk of "readjustment," but a man can get very hungry while waiting for readjustment. We cannot hope that sane men will use their vote to do away with their means of life until we have other means of life to offer them.

There is enforced idleness now among the poor because there are more workers than opportunities to work under capitalism. If all the men in any way engaged in the liquor traffic should suddenly become temperance advocates in practice, as well as principle, and all of the vast number of men, women and children who are now so employed should suddenly cease work, what effect would it have on the lives of the workers of other vocations? It would simply mean that thousands of workers would be thrown on an already overstocked labor market to compete with those now already struggling for a chance to be employed.

It is a favorite argument with temperance leaders that if all the millions now spent for liquor were spent for the necessities of life, it would give work to all who are now employed in the liquor traffic. Well, no doubt it would under a different social system, but under capitalism it would not have any effect. There is not a single industry that has not enough employes already on its payroll to produce at least one-third more than is now being produced. The machinery of production is not being used to the capacity of the present employes. But as long as

THE JOY OF LIVING

there are seasons when the workers are only employed for a few hours a day and a few days in a month, and as long as the machinery belongs to the owning class, the millions that are spent for liquor, and would be spent for bread, meat and clothing were there no liquor sold, would not be paid to more workers, but would go to swell the coffers of the machine owners. Even though we may grant, for the sake of argument, that this is not true, and that all the workers employed in the liquor traffic would be employed in legitimate trades, the fact still remains that they would receive for their labor only a meager portion of the products of their toil, and there would still be a scarcity of employment. Look at the matter as we may, we must admit that should the liquor traffic suddenly cease there would be thousands more men, women and children struggling for employment, lower wages, more want, misery and suffering.

I honor the church and temperance movement of the United States for the brave and valiant fight they have made against the liquor traffic. I honor these men and women for the work they have tried to do, for the nobility of their motives, but I know that zealous work and nobility of motive are not sufficient. Some of the noblest men who have ever lived were failures, and the hardest and most faithful workers have often fallen short of their ideal simply because their nobility and zeal were not well directed. The zeal and nobility of John Brown was beyond question, yet he died with his work undone. Men of less zeal and nobility, but of greater practical knowledge achieved where he failed. "Knowledge is power," and not until we bring scientific knowledge to bear will we have the power to solve the problem of drunkenness.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

When we know that inebriety is simply one of the effects of the great fundamental causes of an unscientifically organized society, then we will be ready to approach the problem intelligently and, therefore, effectively.

Just as long as we try to deal with the problem of drunkenness as THE problem and not a part of the whole problem of life, we must fall short of our ideal. I know the frightful effects of drunkenness, realize the menace of the saloon, comprehend its demoralizing grip on mankind, yet insist that it is only one of the minor problems of capitalism. I dread it no more than I dread many other problems and know that the solution can only come with a better organized system of life.

We have preached and prayed, legislated and labored for prohibition and local option. We have allowed this one phase of the problem of life to obscure our view of the other and larger questions demanding solution. We have wept and wailed over the terrible effects of drink, and overlooked the fact that private ownership of the means of life has caused more misery, suffering, poverty and prostitution, wrecked more homes, ruined more lives, murdered more men, women and children than the drink traffic a hundredfold.

The private ownership of railroads has taken more lives, robbed more homes of their breadwinners, despoiled and levied tribute on the whole people to a vastly greater extent than has the liquor traffic. The private ownership of packing houses and flour mills has made more bare cupboards and hungry human beings than the saloon. The private ownership of the textile mills and shoe factories has caused more people to be cold, ragged

THE JOY OF LIVING

and ill-clad than drink. The private ownership of homes by landlords has caused more men, women and children to be homeless, wandering vagabonds than drunkenness. The private owner of the machinery of production is a more despotic tyrant, has power to kill, maim and crush a thousand times more than the "Demon Rum." The slave to the private owned machine is a more pitiful sight than the slave to drink. The waste of health, wealth and human life by drink is frightful. But the waste of private ownership is a hundred times more useless and appalling.

The mortality reports published by the United States government for the year of 1906 gives the number of deaths from alcoholism as about 2,707 for the whole United States. During the same year the railroads killed 3,929 employes and injured 80,630 more. There are no statistics available giving the number of passengers killed and crippled, for the private owners of the railroads have the power to muzzle the press, still the moans of the dying and hush the cry of the bereft.

During the time alcoholism killed 3,000, industry claimed a toll of 616,295, and each of this vast army, almost as many as lost their life in the Civil War, died or were injured for life as a direct result of the private ownership of the machinery of production and distribution. Drink is deadly, but the private ownership of the machinery of life is a thousandfold more so. We would have to visit many graveyards to find the graves of 600 drunkards, but at Cherry, Ill., there is a long, deep trench, and in that common grave sleep 600 men murdered by the private ownership of the coal mine. Six hundred men, some just tiny boys, some old and worn in the struggle of life, some

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

young fathers, but all men—workingmen, who labor and produce—their lives were snuffed out in an instant by a totally unnecessary accident. The private owners of the mines demanded profits. Life saving appliances cut profits, and life was sacrificed that profits might be made. A fuse blew out in the lighting plant of that mine. A new one would have cost a few hundred dollars, and dollars are profits. So the mine was lighted by open torches in violation of the law; and one day there was a terrible explosion. Almost a thousand lives were sacrificed to profit. That is a record of waste of life that poor old "Demon Rum" will find hard to equal.

The waste of wealth in drunkenness is frightful, almost beyond belief, but the waste of wealth by private ownership is so vastly greater that our minds find it hard to grasp the figures. In the year of 1909 our nation expended in war appropriations \$1,044,014,398, and war is but the plaything and the servant of the owners of the means of life. War with all its horrors, its waste of human life and untold wealth, its blood and grime, its stench and roar, is but the force used by the master class to rob the workers. Drunkenness damns, war kills, industries crush and maim, poverty debases, and unearned wealth debauches, and the private ownership of the means of life is the fundamental cause of all!

Socialism and Socialism alone can offer a sensible solution to the liquor problem, and until it is solved by Socialists under a Socialist form of government, it will remain the problem it is to-day.

Drunkenness now exists as a direct result of certain causes inherent in capitalism. When Socialism succeeds

THE JOY OF LIVING

capitalism the cause will be abolished and, naturally, drunkenness also.

If there were no intoxicants manufactured the inveterate toper would find it impossible to acquire a "jag" of even moderate proportions. There can be but one incentive to induce men to manufacture intoxicating drinks, and that is the opportunity for private gain.

All over the world there are great breweries, distilleries and wineries. The sole excuse they have for existing is that men make profits from them and are enabled to add to their private bank accounts by the manufacture and sale of their products. Why, even the good monks of Chartreuse are not wholly unworldly wise; they own great wineries and convert the profits into cold cash for the glory of God! Aside from the owners of liquor-producing machinery, there is a great army of salesmen, saloonkeepers, bartenders, porters and scrub women, as well as those actually employed in its manufacture, who are dependent upon the profits of the liquor traffic for their lives. Nor is that all. Church and State would be in a bad way but for ungodly liquor makers and dispensers. Our nation's finance is built on a whiskey barrel, for the revenues to keep its wheels moving come largely from the tax upon liquors and dispensers' licenses. Why, if all the brewers, distillers and saloonkeepers were to be suddenly converted and give up their evil ways, the whole nation would be bankrupt in no time, in the panic that would ensue. A large percentage of that ornamental and more or less useful aggregation of officials who manage or mismanage our nation would remain unpaid, and Mrs. Third Assistant Postmaster might be compelled to take in board-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

ers and Mrs. Secretary of Labor and Commerce go out washing. Then again, if all the saloons, distilleries and breweries should suddenly cease paying taxes, in all possibility the church would be compelled to pay its taxes (they are exempt now) and that would make frightful inroads on the Anti-Saloon League and Anti-Vice Crusade's funds. Of course there would be a great saving in the cost of maintaining courts and penal institutions, but think what an army of judges, lawyers, court attaches, policemen and inmates of jails and prisons there would be looking for jobs, and jobs at a premium already! As long as we support our present system we dare not look too closely to the source of our revenues. We might be forced to consider them "tainted," and this would make it inconvenient for us to accept them and still more so not to do it.

Under Socialism things would be quite different. Private profit would be forever abolished. No man or group of men could have it to their advantage to make or sell liquor. If liquor were needed and the majority of the people voted that it should be made, the nation would manufacture the purest and best, supply it entirely without profit to any one and, by abolishing gain, the very cause of the existence of liquor would be done away with.

The army of men and women who now live upon the profits of the sale of liquor, having free access to the means of production, insured continued employment and the full product of their labor, would busy themselves in making and distributing food, clothing and the comforts and luxuries of life, adding to the sum total of human happiness instead of its misery and degradation.

Socialism would abolish the classes of the idle rich

THE JOY OF LIVING

and the idle poor, put both the parasite who lives in a palace and the parasite who exists on charity work at honest labor and insure him the full product of his toil. The strain of overwork for intervals and no work at all for long periods would be abolished. All would work long enough to produce the things necessary for the best life for all, and all would share according to the measure of their labor.

Unsanitary and dangerous conditions of labor would be remedied. Mill, mine and factory would no longer be human slaughter pens, but palaces of industry, owned, operated and managed by free workers. Labor would cease to be a brutalizing drudgery and become the highest form of human activity, and the happy, active, live human being would loathe brutalizing liquor.

When the fullest, freest social intercourse is made possible for men and women, one of the compelling causes for drunkenness will be abolished. When the lecture hall, the conservatory of music, the theater, the ballroom, the art gallery and the recreation parks are opened up to all, made possible for all, we will be too busy with the better things of life to seek the lower.

When the slum, the shack and the hovel shall be razed; comfortable, sanitary homes be built for all; when men can earn enough to maintain homes, support their families, life will be clean, sane, secure and happy, and few will care to lose a single moment of it in drunken stupor.

CHAPTER XXXI

EARTH AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF

Economic dependence is the fundamental cause for much of our marital unrest. There can be no cure except through economic independence, and that can come only with Socialism.

The cause for all economic dependence of women and working men is the private ownership of the means of life by a few. All who are not owners are dependent upon those who do own.

The women of the wealthy classes are dependent upon their husbands or fathers. If they rebel at this form of slavery they may become wage workers, but they are still dependent upon some man or group of men. The women of the working class are either dependent upon the masters of commerce or industry or they are wives of men dependent upon other men for access to the means of life, and are thus doubly dependent.

The common ownership of trusts by all will at one stroke do away with economic dependence for men and women. When all have an equal voice in the management of the machinery of production and distribution, as well as the gifts of Nature, those who merely own and do not labor and those who do not own and do all the labor will be merged into one great mass which will own and labor. The mastery of life on one hand and dependence for life upon the other will pass away.

EARTH AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF

In the Co-Operative Commonwealth mere ownership will not suffice to sustain life and all must do their share of labor necessary to keep the wheels of life moving. Would all women be compelled to become workers in some industry and therefore do away with all home life? Not at all! While it is quite true that mere ownership under Socialism cannot support either man or woman, but each must labor, the portion of labor will be so small compared to hours now necessary, that to produce all the comforts and necessities of life two hours labor by each able-bodied man and woman will be quite sufficient, so the best authorities upon the subject say.

Socialism would give every woman access to the best and most suitable employment. The drudgery incident to domestic life would be reduced to such an extent that two hours given to productive labor would be within the possibility of the busiest housewife.

“But what of the woman with babies? She could not give even two hours to productive labor without neglecting them.” No she could not, that is quite true. God knows that the cares of maternity are quite enough to fill the hearts and hands of women without the necessity of doing productive labor in the meantime. It would not be necessary in many cases.

Capitalism takes no thought for mother or babe. During the strike of the Packinghouse workers in 1904, in order to learn the exact facts, I worked as a strike breaker in the Armour Packing Co. of Kansas City, and reported to the Unions. I found that Armour out of the goodness of his heart provided a breast pump for his

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

women workers to use. It was the usual thing for the women to work until a few weeks or possibly a few days before the birth of their babies, then come back when they were just a few weeks old.

It is a common sight in the mill districts to find a mother tending her looms with the baby asleep in a box under the machine. Every industry furnishes its own picture of the debasement of motherhood and in the industrial centers of every city, charity has established Day Nurseries for the babies of mothers who must work.

Frederick Forrest Berry in his "Logic of Chains" paints the picture of childhood under Capitalism as possibly no one else ever has, and I shall give it to you.

"One chilly October night, while waiting downtown amid the crashing hell of traffic confusion for a car to take me home, a horribly ragged and dirty street urchin came crying and running up to me with the evening paper. The little pinched bud of sorrow could not have been more than six years of age, and the bundle of papers under the thin arm nearly touched the ground. He was what, in the city, is said to be a "newsboy." My car was grinding around the corner at the moment. Taking the paper from the trembling, outstretched hand, I dropped whatever I had drawn from my pocket into the blue, bird-like claws, swung aboard and soon had left the shivering babe, ragged, and hungry, and cold, behind.

"On the front page of that paper was a picture which arrested my attention. It was the picture of a chained boy, with face down, and asleep. "BOY IN POLICE STATION ASLEEP, WEARING CHAIN MOTHER USED TO KEEP HIM AT HOME." Thus the article

EARTH AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF

was headed above the picture of the ironed foundling, in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch of Oct. 20, 1910, and I read on: Two police officers found the little waif, manacled like a felon, and crying upon a stone. They took him to the police station, where he fell asleep, after wearing himself out with crying, and with his chains.

“Then, in Judge Grimm’s court, an inquiry was instituted with a view to the separating of the child from its mother!

“Captain Schoppe * * * sent the boy to the House of Detention to await settlement of his case in court! Judge Grimm continued the hearing Thursday until next Tuesday!

“Manacled like a felon! Run in by the police like a thief! Dragged before judges—judges grim, and grey and terrible! Led away to the “House of Detention” to await further “judgment!”

“Conceived in the womb of a sweat-shop slave. Born in a squalid, rented shack. Hived like dumb brutes in the stinking slums from which an unchained beast would flee in terror. Buried under a pall of soft-coal smoke. Gasping for the very breath of life. Clad in rags; mummified with adulterated food; robbed of sleep; robbed of childhood; robbed of the shining sun; away from the flowers, away from nature and the song of wild birds and wild waters, the smell of the sweet meadows—away from LIFE ITSELF—and chained in a polluted pen!

“This is the fate of the children of the city poor.

“This is the result of thousands of years of religious,

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

political ,and commercial damnation, otherwise known as "Christian Civilization!"

"This is the grist of the mill of Capitalism, and it is the heritage of the wage slaves of that same accursed, and out-lived system of legalized murder and rapine.

"Only a picture of a sleeping boy. It is a remarkable picture! In that it were merely the picture of a sleeping child lies not the marvel, for many babes have slept before; babes—per chance—as weary and sore as this poor, little one. But this one tells the sad tale of just one more of Capitalism's social crimes. (Do not mistake me, I said SOCIAL crimes.) Around one slender ankle an iron chain is seen clamped to the tiny limb with an iron padlock. A white, bare knee shows above the sagging sock, sagging because of the weight of the iron. What is the lesson of this manacled child? The paper says he is in a police station, asleep. Obviously, he is asleep on a mattress on the office floor, the pattern of the floor carpet being plainly visible a few inches from the prostrate form.

"Give the paper a quarter turn to the right, and the embryo citizen and prospective parent of a future generation appears to be in the act of pulling himself up the steep wall of a chasm, dragging the chain and lock behind him. This portrays the struggles of the children of the poor, in their futile efforts to climb the insurmountable barriers of poverty, with the chains of wage slavery dragging them down into the bottomless abyss of ignorance, superstition, disease, crime and death.

EARTH AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF

“Turn the paper upside down, and the sleeping babe seems being crushed beneath a great stone. The little knee is drawn up; a tiny hand wards off the mighty weight as best it can. But the iron chain and iron lock had held him to his fate, and the weeping eyes are closed in despair! Look at the shapely head! It is the head of a genius. This is genius being crushed under the iron heel of the Profit System, its ancient, and historic foe.

“Give the paper still another turn, and a boy with a chain and lock attached to its rigid limbs is seen falling over a precipice. This depicts the blighted fruits of the tree of human procreation, blossoming amid the fetid fumes in the festering fens of the Ghetto’s fecundity. Chained to an inhospitable environment, and crowded over the cliff of insecurity into the black void of ravished souls!

“Now look at the picture as at first, and we have but a sleeping child on a prison cot.

“What do we learn from this lesson? Do we learn that a poverty-stricken wife and toiling mother committed a crime when she did the best she knew to protect her boy’s life from the crash of the city street? No! Do we learn that a policeman offended ‘Justice’ when he found a manacled boy crying alone, and, zealous to his oath of duty, ran him in? No! He did the best he knew! Shall we admit, as the mother charges, that the child is an ‘incorrigible’ because he starves for a little sunshine and a wider boundary? The mother is a fool! But don’t condemn her; it is her inheritance out of the womb of a vicious environment. She loves her babe, forsooth,

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

but the hunger cry of famished souls, mingled with snarls of the fangbeasts of commercial rapacity, forced her to her wit's end; and, I repeat, she did the best she knew. She chained her child with iron chains, while she is fettered with the subtle chains of bestial servitude. Let him unfettered among you cast the first stone.

“It is all the result of ignorance. Ignorance is the result of poverty. Poverty is the result of Capitalism, and Capitalism is a social criminal.”

Under Socialism, when all the wealth-producing factors of life will belong to the people, the nation will see in every mother the bearer of a future citizen and will look carefully after her comfort and well being. The farmer to-day feels that his brood mare is doing productive labor when she brings him a good colt. Under Socialism woman will be on at least as high a plane as brood mares. Under capitalism she is not.

When the mothers of the race have a voice in making the laws that govern us, and when we shall have been relieved of the burden of creating wealth for idlers, it will in all probability be unnecessary for women to perform manual labor during the years of maternal cares. Then when a woman takes upon herself the task of bearing and rearing a child it will not be upon her own labor, or the bounty of her husband, that she will depend for sustenance, but upon the whole people, or the state to which she is giving a new citizen and future worker. The future mother will not have to rely upon her own puny strength or the insecure support of her husband to stand between her and want. The combined strength and wealth-pro-

EARTH AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF

ducing capacity of the whole human race will be a bulwark to shield and a foundation to support her. Then no woman will have reason to shrink from or dread motherhood.

Do not misunderstand me for an instant to propose that Socialism would deny the father the right or privilege to support his wife and children during the years of maternal cares. Nothing could be farther from the truth. When men are secure in the means of life and the full product of their labor it will be within the possibility of every man to care for his wife and children in the best manner possible. What I wish to make plain is simply this: Socialism will once and for all free woman from sex slavery or subjection to man during the years her life is bound up in maternity when she has no time for other productive labor.



CHAPTER XXXII

WHO SOW SHALL REAP, WHO BUILD INHABIT

Many persons think that because Socialists object to the present system of private ownership that Socialism would do away with the private ownership of all property. When we speak of the common ownership of land, machinery and railroads, we do not mean the common ownership of babies, wives, and wearing apparel, as well.

Now, to get the matter once and forever correctly placed, let us understand that there are two kinds of property. The kind owned by trusts and corporations: tracts of agricultural lands, forests, railways, express companies, street car systems, packing houses, textile mills and clothing factories. Such properties are public necessities. It is the ownership of these public utilities by a few private individuals to which Socialists object. It is the aim of the Socialist movement to secure the co-operative ownership of this kind of property. Thus the power of monopolists to rob the people will be done away with entirely.

The other kind of property is houses, furniture, clothing, works of beauty and art, etc. The necessities of life consumed or used by the private individual are by their nature the private property of the family or individual. One peculiarity of the latter kind of property is that no matter how much is owned by one individual, it can in no way injure another. Such ownership can not hinder another individual from having free, unhampered oppor-

WHO SOW SHALL REAP, WHO BUILD INHABIT

tunity of procuring all these things he or she is willing to pay for by labor.

Socialism is not a destroyer of land tenures, but simply insists that no idler be given the power to fence his fellowman out of an unused piece of land. Each individual should be secure in the possession of as much land as he really needs for his own use, either as a home or a place to work. Nor could he ever be driven off his homestead by a sheriff's sale or mortgage foreclosure. On the other hand, all mineral deposits, oil fields, forests and other raw materials in nature's storehouses could never again be the property of an individual or corporation. These things are public necessities and can not be rightly held as private property. Public property would not be for sale, and no monopolist could ever again rob the people of their natural birthright. Each would have an equal, indivisible, unalienable, unlosable share in the ownership of all public necessities.

Public property has its peculiarity, too. It is used in common by all humanity to produce things which are used privately by the individual. Land which must be owned in common produces food for the individual. Mills, mines and factories are used in common, but are busy producing things to be used privately. Industrial democracy means that the people shall own in common the land and machinery used in common to produce the things used privately, in order that no private owner of machinery or natural resources used in common may curtail our supply of privately used things.

When private ownership of collectively used prop-

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

erty will be replaced by collective ownership, the vast wrong of placing property above human life will be no more. The railroads will cease to kill and maim and slay; the packing houses will not be human shambles, nor will the mines be infernos where men are trapped, crushed and roasted. Textile mills will not be breeding places for disease nor factories great charnel houses. The god of profit will be dethroned. The law of profit will cease to operate and taking life for profit will be impossible. Property will cease to be a means of living off the labor of others and will become a means to feed, clothe and shelter the human race.

When machinery is the collective property of mankind, owned for use and not for profit, it will become the servant of man and cease to be his master. The willful, pitiful waste of human life by industry will be forever stopped.

When the nation owns the coal mines coal will be dug not for the private profit of Morgan or Baer, but that all homes may be warmed and lighted. When cotton mills belong to the people and no private owner grows rich on profits, then each may have a plenteous supply of cotton for his private needs. When the packing-houses belong to the public, private individuals, including the Armours, Swifts, Cudahys and Dolds, may eat beefsteak at the labor cost of production, which means plenty of beefsteak for every one who cares enough to pay for it by his labor. In other words, the common ownership of commonly used property will mean the possibility of private ownership of privately-used property in the fullest sense.

It is but a wild dream of the alarmist or a deliberate

WHO SOW SHALL REAP, WHO BUILD INHABIT

falsehood of the despoiler to say that Socialism means that the community shall own my piano and determine the hours during which I may use it. What Socialism does mean is that the collectivity shall own the piano factory and I may buy a piano for just as many hours of my labor as it took other laborers to make it. Socialism does not mean that the nation shall own my baby and send it to a publicly owned nursery to be reared. The nation shall own the things necessary to my baby's life and by owning them protect my baby. Socialism does not mean that the nation shall own my husband's nightshirt and your husband's pajamas, but that the nation shall own the factories in which these things are made and protect us in the private ownership and use of the same.

The one great change Socialism will make in property will be to make it impossible for the mere ownership of property to provide revenue. Wealth-producing property will be publicly owned in order that rent, interest and profit may be abolished and that all wealth produced may go to the producers and none to a class of idle owners. Then the people who create wealth will have it. Never again need the builder of homes be homeless, the maker of shoes barefoot or the weaver of fabrics unclad. Each human being will labor at the thing which he finds greatest happiness in doing. Each will do some useful labor and will receive for the work wealth to the amount of the labor performed, and none will go to support in luxury anyone who has not labored.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE CROWN OF LIFE

The desire for motherhood is imbibed by the babe with her mother's milk. It is interwoven in the innermost fibre of her nature at conception. It has developed through the various economic changes of the past and will continue to develop through the many economic changes yet to come. And when capitalism gives way to Socialism, lullabies, old as the race itself, will still be sung.

Race-preservation, next to self-preservation, always has been and always will be the strongest instinct. Babies have always been and always will be the crowning glory of existence. It is not until a man and a woman have trodden together the long months of waiting, of expectation, of anxiety, of hope and fear, have felt that primal stirring of the Great All Source of life, not until a woman has gone down in the valley of the shadow of death, and a man has stood by her side to call her back, that they have really lived.

Nature is a wise old mother, so forceful that even our unnatural, distorted conditions of capitalism can only mar, not thwart her plan. In each rounded curve of a woman's body, in the pink of her cheeks, the rose of her lips, the intoxication of her presence, has nature prepared for motherhood. In the strong arm, square shoulder, the rough hewn face and that encompassing

THE CROWN OF LIFE

cry of life for love has nature fashioned men for fatherhood. In the dreams of men and women will baby faces ever float. In the tangle web of life, baby fingers will ever reach out to grasp life and make it their own. A woman's kiss, a man's love, a baby's cry will echo down through the ages for all time.

When a just social system shall have removed the cause for enforced celibacy and eliminated the divorce problem, the question of race suicide will solve itself. One glimmer of common sense will convince us that when economic wrongs are righted, the innate, instinctive desire for parenthood will assert itself and the cry of race suicide will be only a dark memory of the past.

It is quite possible, however, that the ideal mother—according to Theodore Roosevelt the woman who bears ten or fifteen children—is a thing of the past and will never play an important part in our life again. With the gradual dawning of intelligence concerning our sex nature, women are learning that they are not mature and fit to be wives and mothers until after twenty-five. The child-mother of other days is gone, never to return among intelligent people.

Woman's advent into the world of culture, education and industry has given her a broader view of life. She finds the physical strength with which Nature provides her insufficient to maintain herself as companion to her husband and sharer in the world's life, and yet be mother of many children. As woman gradually takes part in the broader life, acquires more knowledge, she will gradually become less and less a mere child-bearing

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

machine and more a thinking, intelligent wife and mother.

A dim vision of the possibilities of a future race may be seen in the wonderful work of men like Burbank in the vegetable kingdom and Savage in the animal. Burbank has molded and made of fruit and flower what he would; given perfume to the odorless; to the colorless, all shades and tints; to the minute, size; to the insipid, flavor; to the useless, value; until he has created a whole new world of fruits, flowers and vegetables. Savage has taken the horse and created out of a common parent stock beautiful animals for every use and whim of mankind. When such marvels are possible for fruit and flower and brute, is there any limit to the possibility of human development under rational conditions of life?

Restriction on the increase of population will not work harm to the human race. It will be of incalculable value. The race suicide of which we complain now is not intelligent limitation. It is the wholesale murder of innocents for fear of poverty; unhealthful methods of preventing conception and enforced celibacy because of the low wage scale which we condemn.

Under Socialism these unhealthful and degrading checks of child-bearing will disappear. Common ownership of the means of life will insure continued employment and the full product of labor. Hence no possibility of want will exist. With the bread and butter problem solved there will be no cause for enforced celibacy. All men and women physically fit to marry will find mates, will follow the law of nature and reproduce. But it will

THE CROWN OF LIFE

be an intelligent reproduction and not the mere result of unrestrained passion on the part of the father and enforced submission of the mother.

The ideal of the future will hardly be the Rooseveltian one of a great many children, regardless of mental and physical equipment for life. It is to be hoped that the parents of the future will find time and opportunity to study the laws of reproduction as related to the human race; that as much attention will be paid to the breeding of babies as of the most profitable kind of domestic animals; and that the babe will be given the same chance in life as the Poland China pig.



CHAPTER XXXIV

MINE OWN VINE AND FIG TREE

Scientists dig and delve in the ruins of the homes of the cliff dwellers and write learned treatises on the low state of culture in which these prehistoric people lived as evidenced by their homes. We shake our heads over the shiftlessness and laziness of the Indians who live in tepees or arbors. Yet a city slum is a thousand times lower in the scale of real culture than the rock hewn home of a cliff dweller or the tepee of an Indian. Capitalism crowds the workers into filthy slums to live and propagate their kind in the midst of mental, physical and moral degeneration never before equalled in any savage state of society. Not that alone, but capitalism makes even the poor tenement but a temporary abiding place, the shelter of to-day and forgotten to-morrow. Were it not that the home making instinct, like the reproductive instinct, is so deeply interwoven in the very fibre of our beings, homes would disappear from among the working class.

Try to imagine a scientist of the future unearthing a city slum with all its frightful features and then trying to believe that we were really civilized. If homes are the foundations on which civilizations are built, then some plan must be devised which will give the people opportunities to have homes, or civilization will crumble and nations decay.

When Socialism gives back to mankind the owner-

MINE OWN VINE AND FIG TREE

ship of the land, we will cease to be a nomadic, homeless, tenant race. The boardinghouse, the roominghouse, the tenement, the hovel and shanty will disappear. The only ownership of land that will be recognized under Socialism will be based on use. When none may monopolize land they can not use, there will be land in plenty for the legitimate use of all, and all will have access to it.

When the workers can have access to the land and secure from the nation materials to build homes at the labor cost of production, comfortable homes will be within the reach of all. When our social consciousness is awakened and we realize that the disease-breeding slum is a menace to the whole race, we will destroy the slum as a measure of self protection.

Within the last two decades science has entirely revolutionized the art of building shelter for the race. Steel frame and concrete construction has eliminated largely cumbersome masonry and perishable wood construction. Thomas A. Edison has demonstrated that an ideal home, everlasting, comfortable, sanitary and beautiful can be constructed in twenty-four hours and at a cost of less than \$1000, even under capitalism. This cost would naturally be greatly reduced were the materials produced in national workshops. Edison has already expressed his desire to give to the people his invention and asks but one thing in return—that it shall be used to build homes for the workers.

When men shall have access to the means of production and the full product of their labor, and homes be erected cheaply and quickly, it is but natural that homes will replace the wretched, makeshift shelters of today.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

Electric railways and improved means of transportation, owned publicly, and operated for use and not profit, will annihilate distance and relieve the congested conditions of great cities, as well as remove the isolation and disagreeable conditions of country life. Thus population will be more evenly distributed. Over-crowding on the one hand and isolation on the other will give way to healthful, congenial, accessible homes for all.

The home building instinct next to the race preserving instinct is strong not only in the human race but in the animal kingdom as well. The man or woman who has never watched a wren or robin as it flitted to and fro gathering and weaving tiny blades of grass and shreds of fibre into a home has missed one of the sweetest things in Nature. The man and woman who have never worked with hands and heart and brain to possess a home have never really lived.

A real home can only exist when it is planned for and earned by the man and woman who are to live therein and make it a shrine of love and temple of parenthood.

CHAPTER XXXV

AS A BUD UNFOLDS

Of all the civic ills that beset us there is none that has been so widely discussed as Child Labor. So many crocodile tears have been shed, so many hypocritical sighs heaved, so much bemoaning and bewailing of it, and so little intelligence displayed in the superficial and silly attempts to meet the problem that the very mention of the subject irritates me, and as far as possible, it is the one that I taboo. Not because I do not realize its horrors, but because I detest the maudlin twaddle that press, pulpit and platform are always sending forth.

There are perhaps few women who have seen more of the horrors of child labor than I. I have stood beside the breaker boys, gnomelike in the murky darkness, bending to their endless task. I have watched ragged children weave youth and health into shining silks, and human life and quivering heart throbs into soft velvet. I have followed the children into mine and mill and sweatshop; into the cotton fields and over the sunny, fruitland slopes; oh, I know where the icy blasts chill blood and marrow, and where the fires of Hades sear body and mind and soul! I have seen the slaughter of innocents in all manner of hideous and needless forms, and having seen, hate as only a mother can. But what avail? If tears could wash away the crimson stain of murdered childhood, our civic robes would be white as snow (God knows enough have been shed), or if heart ache could

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

atone for wasted life, we might call ourselves "A Christian nation." But tears and heartaches are of no value unless they arouse the heart and mind of mankind, not to weep and wail, but to seek and find the underlying causes, and knowing, dare to act.

One of the clearest statements of the Child Labor problem and its fundamental causes that I ever heard came from a capitalist, a very large employer of children. I was working in a machine shop then. One day the owner of one of the largest soap factories in the West sent for me, and taking me out into the wrapping room where the soap was wrapped and packed for shipment, he pointed to where long rows of children, stoop shouldered, narrow chested, chalky faced and with hands eaten by the alkali, were working with the racking swiftness of pieceworkers.

"In all your shop," he said, "is there not mechanical skill and inventive genius enough to make us a machine that will wrap soap as quickly and as cheaply as those children? The cost is of little moment; all I ask is that you build the machine. We will pay the price. I am so sick of it all, so tired of watching that crowd of children glide into the gates at morning like felons and out at night like ghosts; so heartsick with hearing sad faced mothers lie their children's childhood away; so disgusted with lobbying legislatures, bribing inspectors and juggling laws, that I want to escape it if I can."

Seeing the look of surprise on my face, he added: "O, I suppose you are like all the rest. You think because I am a factory owner and work children that I am a monster of greed. You forget, that I, too, am a man,

AS A BUD UNFOLDS

a human being with eyes that see, ears that hear, a man with a heart and mind and soul, yes, and a conscience too. Do you think that I cannot see that disease and death stalk through these foul smelling rooms, that consumption lurks in each dark corner and epidemic holds high revel here? Do you think that we enjoy taking the urchins from their play in the street, bubbling over with animal spirits and latent mischief, and converting them into mere machines like these?"

"Then why do you do it? Why don't you pay living wages and employ men?" I asked.

"Why don't I, indeed," he replied, "when my competitor across the river pays starvation wages and uses children? I would last just about sixty days in this business, then the bankruptcy court. I must make soap just as cheaply as any one else, and compete in the market for trade, or I perish. As long as that exists" (and with a comprehensive wave of his hand, he pointed to the Patch, the slum of Packingtown), "as long as poverty and want exist there, there will be parents forced to lie that the children may work. And as long as my competitors employ children, I must give them work, revolting as it may be to me."

"Then why don't you work for better Child Labor Laws?" I asked. "Why not help to secure better legislation instead of fighting it?"

"Labor laws! Labor legislation!" he cried. "O, you Laborites, you Trade Unionists, you are so tiresomely verdant, so disgustingly gullible. You prate about laws and legislation, overlooking the fact that the Employing

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

class have always made the laws and are still doing so. Can you hope for a law that will protect life at the expense of profit when those who lose life have no voice, and those who control profits have power in the making of laws? If the very best Child Labor law were placed upon our statute books, would it protect the children and free me from the distasteful position of child labor employer? Not at all. Somewhere, there will be a soap manufacturer, whose conscience is not troublesome. In order to reduce the cost of production and gain the market, he will wink at law, bribe officials, and employ children, thus forcing me to do it too, or go to the wall.

“Granted that we might secure the best Child Labor laws, who would be elected or appointed to enforce them? The fathers of the children working in the factories? Well, I guess not. It would be the same old crowd of political grafters, who have fattened off the public purse and private bribes since the political game began. Child Labor laws cannot solve the problem. They only mean more laws that we must break, more lies legal and illegal, and a whole gang of political harpies that we must bribe. Legislation, laws and penalties! Why is it you good people cannot understand that since the day when the Draconian code was framed, laws have been piled mountain high, but crime has not abated. The motives that impel men to right living must be made stronger than those which impel him to crime. Law and penalty never uplifted the human race.

“Don't you know that for ages theology has held the human race by the nape of the neck, dangling over a pit of fire and brimstone. It has transgressed in spite of

AS A BUD UNFOLDS

eternal fire sizzling at its feet, and sulphur fumes filling its nostrils. If everlasting, infinite punishment cannot coerce mankind into paths of rectitude, what hope of finite human penalties? Mark my words, machinery, the inventive genius of mankind alone can free the child slave from his task and the employer of children from his enforced moral and civic transgressions. Give your inventive genius full play, test your mechanical skill, use the brains God gave you and make us machines, machines, MACHINES, that shall shoulder the burden of toil and make the children free."

Since then, I have listened to the babble of countless tongues and floundered through seas of written words, all prating of the problem of "Child Labor," but I have never heard more common sense and less sophistry than in that hard headed old business man's statement. I can say that there is but one solution:— Machinery to do the work, and the collective ownership of the machines, in order that all may share in their production and be freed from the curse of slavish toil.

Sometimes we hear ardent Socialists declare that under Socialism there will be no more child labor. I hope quite sincerely that these people are mistaken. In fact, I am sure they are. For while we all admit that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," we are learning that all play and no work makes Jack a mental, moral and physical degenerate. The sons and daughters of our millionaires to-day are living proofs of this trite saying, quite as much as are the child toilers that of the preceding.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

In discussing the question of child labor, we must remember that there are two kinds: child labor in which the best that is in life, in which life itself is transformed into wealth for the owner of the factory, mill or mine, and child labor for the best development of the child, mentally, morally and physically. Child labor for profits, or child labor for learning by doing. Under a sane social order the former will not exist and the latter will be the basis of our school system.

We never see children of the rich at the loom, lathe or spindle. For them the whistle never shrieks its warning call; for them there are no long hours of nerve and body racking toil; they never creep home at night dull, dazed and toil broken. When all the mills, mines and factories of the world belong to all fathers and mothers, yes, even to the children, there shall be no more murder of childhood. When they are owned by just a few fathers and mothers, the mass of fathers and mothers cannot keep the wolf from the door without offering up their children as a living sacrifice on the altar of private ownership.

Under capitalism, the child whose father owns a factory is taught that it is degrading to have to work; that ownership means the right and power to despoil childhood, debase womanhood and enslave manhood. Under Socialism, the child will be taught that it is degrading to eat the fruits of another's toil without a just return; that labor is honorable, and that ownership means a sacred responsibility that can only be met by faithfully developing the highest qualities and capabilities.

With the ideal of service to mankind replacing the

AS A BUD UNFOLDS

ideal of using mankind for service, living off the fruits of another's labor will become as repulsive to the child of the future as dining off the flesh of another is to the child of the present. When *Love, Labor and Brotherhood* are crowned the Graces of human life, children will be born in love, reared as brothers and educated in the art of useful, joyous labor. The workshop will be a school, and the school a workshop. The field shall be a university, and leaves of grass and ears of corn, text-books. From weaving bits of colored paper into mats in the kindergarten to designing a dynamo in the draughting room or making a home-run on a ball ground, none will draw the line between work, play and education.

There will be child labor under Socialism, but it will be the labor that trains the head, heart and hand; that develops men and women fit to inherit, to dress and keep this beautiful, bountiful old earth of ours. The child labor that can not exist is that which snatches the child away from its mother's breast and thrusts it into the factory to toil and moil for the gain of the idle owners of the marts.

CHAPTER XXXVI

MINE HAND HATH WROUGHT, NONE MAY DESPOIL

When all the means of producing and distributing wealth are owned collectively and are used not to enrich a few, but to provide comfort, health and happiness for all, the nightmare of uncertainty of employment will be a thing of the past.

When the people shall own the land and machinery there will be no profits to be paid to idle owners. Consumable wealth will be justly distributed among the workers according to the measure of service given. The whole system of selling human life for wages will have passed; there will be no need of an industrial reserve army to keep wages down. All men and women who are willing to eat their bread in the sweat of their faces will have an unhampered opportunity to do so. When there are no idle owners there need be no idle workers, and when there be none that we must support by our labor, all must work if they would consume, provided they are physically fit to do so. We shall willingly care for the helpless from our abundance, not as charity, but as a duty to fellow human beings, realizing that mental or physical inability to earn a livelihood is the result of the insane social system which we have just relegated to the past.

When the land belongs to all, our love will return to the old mother from whose breast we must draw our sustenance. The great unused tracts of land will be put un-

MINE HAND HATH WROUGHT, NONE MAY DESPOIL

der cultivation; science will lend her aid and the water that now devastates will be husbanded that it may make the desert bloom as a rose tree. Mechanical genius has builded great machines which in the future will take away toilsome drudgery. Joyous labor, performed by willing hands, knowing that all the fruits of toil shall go to the workers, will fill the granaries of the world with golden corn, tawny wheat and life-giving cereals. Luscious fruit and fragrant flowers will bloom not alone in the parks and the gardens of the rich, but all over the land, filling the lives of the workers with peace and plenty, beauty and poetry.

No builder will be idle as long as homes are needed; no weaver idle while there are naked to be clothed; no shoemaker idle as long as there are bare feet; no baker idle while some need bread; no artist idle while eyes long for beauty; no musician idle while hearts hunger for harmony; no teacher unemployed while there are children uneducated, and no physician idle while there is physical suffering. When our needs are all supplied we will take a holiday together. No longer will a few have all the holidays and many all the work days. No longer will workers be forced to idle who may not take a holiday even in their idleness because of the shadow of want that falls upon their lives and crushes out all happiness. Neither will the worker be forced to feed the idler who plays all the time.

Labor-saving machinery and scientific methods of production will cease to curse mankind as it does to-day. The man who makes two ears of corn grow where one has grown before, he who systematizes labor and makes

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

it more effective, or builds machinery that does the work of human hands, is doing his race a temporary injustice now. These things, good in themselves, are a curse when they dispossess the laborer of his employment and add more riches to the store of the idler, which will only be used to further enrich him and enslave us.

Under Socialism better methods of agriculture, scientific production and labor-saving machines will not decrease the number of workers or lessen their returns, but will decrease the hours of labor and increase the store of wealth and comfort.

If it should be possible that man may subdue Nature and make machinery his servant until one hour's labor will suffice to clothe, feed and shelter the race, then we will all work one hour doing these things and spend the other twenty-three in such a manner as will develop the highest type of manhood and womanhood and give us the greatest joy in life.

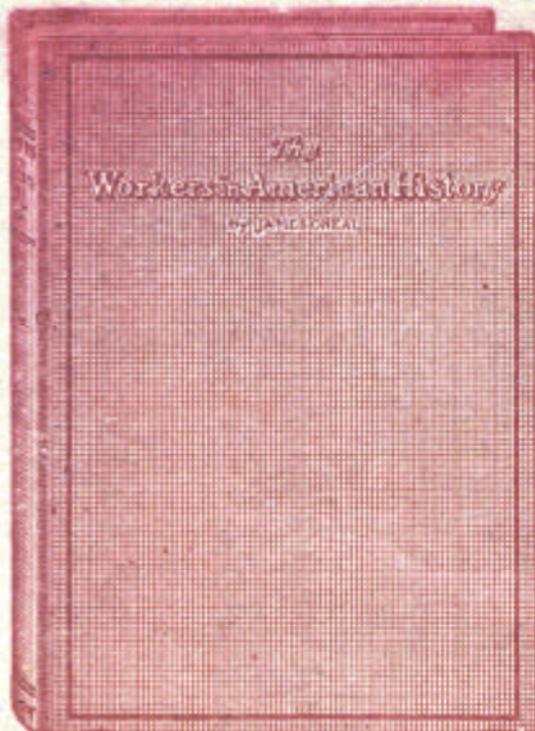
When there is security of employment and the means of life, none will be denied the crown of life, which is creating new life.

“The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine.” Humanity is patient and long-suffering, but mighty in its wrath when aroused. The workers of the world will awaken to the enormity of the wrongs that have been heaped upon us and our children, and when once our pulse is stirred we shall arise as one man and sweep from the face of the earth forever the system that has enslaved us and robbed our children of their birth-right. We will establish in its stead a system of justice, of

MINE HAND HATH WROUGHT, NONE MAY DESPOIL

equity, of security for all. When that day is fully come we shall hear throughout the earth love's old, sweet story being retold. The peal of wedding bells will fill the air, the black-robed demon of divorce "will fold his tent like the Arab and silently steal away." Once more will our ears be blessed with the music of baby voices and every man and every woman will know the height and depth of human happiness that comes with God's best gift, a little child.





SORROWS OF CUPID.

Eight years ago Kate Richards O'Hare wrote a little 64-page booklet, "WHAT HAPPENED TO DAN"—when the great edition was exhausted the book was expanded into 112 pages and called "The Sorrows of Cupid"; when time would permit, Mrs. O'Hare continued the work of enlarging and improving this beautiful work until now it is a fine large volume of many chapters. It covers the entire case of capitalism from the point of most intense human interest. Love,—marriage,—home,—babies, all the sweet and tender thoughts that this gifted writer has expressed in her many written articles are gathered here: a book that every wife and mother, every husband and father, every lover and maiden should have by them. Life will be sweeter and richer for you when you have read "The Sorrows of Cupid."

WORKERS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

James O'Neal of Terre Haute, Ind., spent seven years of study and research to write a book, "The Workers in American History," telling for the first time the history of the American toiling masses, from the days of Columbus until the Mexican War. This is a wonderful book.

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