PEOPLES' HOUSE
PEOPLE'S HOUSE

SOUVENIR OF THE OPENING

JANUARY 1918

SEVEN EAST FIFTEENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY
THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE
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NEW YORK
“The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable; the faces of little children laugh out from every cornerstone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades, and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of the dreamers of the world. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness; sometimes in blinding light; now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish; now to the tune of great laughter and heroic shoutings.

Sometimes, in the silence of the night-time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead.”

—From “The Servant in the House,” by Charles Rann Kennedy.
The House of the People

JANUARY, 1917

By IRWIN GRANICH

I

COMRADES, we, too, wander in black marshes under Godless skies, with no pillar of flame before us,

We, too, are lost in our cries, in dank, deep jungles of hate and fear and lying,

We, too, are bent and humble in the storm of the world's agony, and yet we cannot be too humble,

For, O, my comrades, I know and I know that we shall never be strangled by the red hands of the world's midnight of war!

For we are the children of faith, and though the world crumbles to stinking ash about our heads, yet shall we be beautiful.

We are the children of hope, and though the night's hand of darkness is as a wall, we must still dream of light.

We are the children of love, and though madness foams and froths about us, our hearts shall burn wide as the sun.

We are the children of life, and though Death smile his leprous smile of victory, and choke us as with mould, O, we shall flower still!

In the world's darkness we will stand with our souls, and the darkness will come up against us, but we shall still be firm.
Yet it is dark ***

We are humble and alone in the darkness, and the darkness is terrible as the pit of nothing.

And the walls of the pit are steep of the walls of heaven, but they are more terrible than the walls of heaven.

They are endless walls of despair, but we shall send forth tendrils of faith, and they will conquer those walls.

In the darkness we will plant a seed of light, and it shall slowly come to strength, perhaps after centuries, and scatter the darkness.

In the midst of death, we will bring forth a babe and he will smite Death with the mighty sword of innocence, and banish him from our homely-green earth.

O, we are weak and humble, but our strength is the strength of the weak and humble, and it must prevail.

The song of the passionate bird prevails in the jungle where the mad lions are rending each other,

The rift of blue prevails amid all the wild rack of the clouds, and its gladness is more than their fury.

And the babe grows to manhood and prevails, and the temple we raise in this midnight of the world’s impiety, it, too, shall prevail.

O, I know and I know that our white temple will prevail.

And the tiny flame we raise on this altar in the darkness will prevail!

This shall be the Home of the Comrades.

This is the Home of Friends, they shall come here out of the enclosing darkness, into an island of light.

They will warm their chilled hearts here at the common hearthfire of faith.

This is the strong, solitary rock in a weary land.

This is a wayside altar raised by loving hands to friendship, even in the wilderness of hate.

An altar under the sky, its days and nights a sweet, majestic, humble ceremonial of friendship.

An altar where no priests shall come, only friends in the communion of sacrifice.

This is the House of the People, they shall come here and be filled, they shall come here and be gladdened.
The quiet rooms will be sanctified by their yearning, the stones they tread made holy by their faith.

Yes, this is the bivouac where the fighters in the eternal war of righteousness will come and be refreshed.

There will be singing of songs of home, songs of the Holy City of Justice,

And laughter, and courage will ring out, and brave words burn like watchfires against the darkness.

There will be purity here, a pure fountain of light will be ever flowing from this place, and all may drink and be strengthened.

It shall be a temple of dreaming, the young will come and find dreams speaking to them with soft music,

And the dreams will enter their hearts, and hands, and brains, and make of them vibrant harps of justice.

There shall be old, ugly slaves coming here, racked and wrung by the ancient horrors of man’s oppression,

And they shall be touched, too, by the accolade of hope, and will rise young and dreaming, beautiful and free with faith.

It shall be very beautiful here, as beautiful as a broad, beneficent forest where the wind moves.

The winds of change will cleanse every aisle of this forest, every morning the new life will glow again.

And the birds sing, and the mighty trees turn to the sun, and the night come down over all with purple beauty.

O, this fair land of hope will thrive with a thousand farms of dreaming, there will be a thousand homes of hope in this fruitful valley.

O, I know and I know this place of the People will prevail, that the dark ways of madness will not conquer it,

That it will stand against the storms of the world’s midnight of war,

A beacon in the night, a seed in the choking mould, a song piercing with silver the world’s murky dissonance!
The Comrade World

DEDICATED TO THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE

By EDWIN MARKHAM

Alas, how much of life is lost—
How much is black and bitter with the frost,
That might be sweet with the sweet sun,
If men could only learn to lift as one!

But it will rise, Love's hero-world at last,
The joy-world wreathed with freedom and heart-fast—
The world love-sheltered from the wolfish law
Of ripping tooth and clutching claw.

It comes! the high inbrothering of men,
The New Earth seen by John of Patmos, when
The comrade-dream was on his mighty heart.
I see the anarchists of the Pit depart—
The Greeds, the Fears, the Hates,
The carnal, wild-haired Fates.

Comrades, rejoice with me,
For the joy that is to be,
When all the world, far as the blue sky bends,
Shall be a light-heart company of friends!
LABOR organizations spring from the material needs of the workers, but the final triumph of the labor movement depends upon its educational power.

The material needs of the workers will never fail to assert themselves. However much the human stomach may, as is often said, be like India rubber, shrinking with hard times and expanding with prosperity, it is flesh and blood after all, part of a complex, living organism. Unsatisfied physical wants will, by means of pain and suffering, demand relief. If entirely disregarded, they create such explosive forces as made possible the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution. You can't play with multitudes made desperate by hunger.

The most pressing material needs of the people will, therefore, in the long run, take care of themselves one way or another. One must feed his body or he will suffer tortures.

It is different with the mental needs of the people. The intellect does not possess the power of pain and suffering to compel satisfaction. The body—the more it is starved, the stronger it rebels; the intellect, on the other hand, the more it is starved, the more meekly does it submit, until it finally passes into unnoticed death.
Yet the working class, in order to succeed and finally triumph, needs food for the mind no less than for the body. If the labor movement is to continue solely as a means for protecting the immediate material interests of the members of the several trade organizations (which means in most cases nothing more than attempts at checking the downward trend of the conditions of labor) the workers must degenerate into human beasts of burden, for whom a successful strike means simply more forage and more rest after a day's toil, so that there may be sufficient energy for the day's toil that is to follow.

The labor movement is a social movement, with the entire universe as its stage of action. It is to carry out the last and greatest social revolution of the human race. That cannot be successfully accomplished without the labor movement understanding itself, its place in the scheme of society, its work and its mission. Moreover, the labor movement cannot hope to succeed fully in its everyday struggles unless it understands all that.

The mental needs having no power to assert themselves as have the physical needs, we must substitute for the power of pain the consciousness of those mental needs. We must arouse among the workers this consciousness of the vital necessity of education. That will create the need for it and we shall stimulate it, feed it and develop it.

The light of working class education will give vision and guidance to the blind forces of material needs.

The working class, organized by education and educated by organization, will possess that irresistible power which will make the world free.

Let the workingmen's university meet with the success it is so justly entitled to!
N the seventh day of last November the Socialists of New York awoke to find themselves a political factor in America's metropolis. Our representation in the Assembly had risen from two to ten; we had elected seven members of the City Council and one judge, both for the first time in the history of our movement; twelve assembly districts were carried for the head of our ticket, and almost every fourth voter in the city had indicated his preference for the Socialist Party. Power had come to the New York Socialists over night.

What is the meaning of this wonderful vote on last election day? Is it the realization of our long cherished dream of a sudden political awakening of the toiling masses, the harbinger of victory for the cause of Socialism in America, or will it prove to have been merely a romantic episode in the history of our movement, a passing gain due to temporary and unusual conditions?

It is hardly reasonable to assume that the hundred thousand persons who have voted the Socialist ticket for the first time on November 6, 1917, have all become fully conscious converts to the Socialist philosophy since November 7, 1916. Many of them no doubt have. The last year has been replete with striking object lessons in Socialism in the indus-

Eleven
trials, political and social spheres of American life. The dominant classes and political rulers of the country have proved excellent propagandists for our cause, and the Socialist Party has made an unusually strong appeal to the workers by its consistent and courageous stand in behalf of the rights of labor and the cause of peace and democracy. Still a large part of our new voters have probably supported us in the last election as a matter of protest, rather than as a result of an enlightened understanding and deliberate acceptance of our full political and economic program. They are sympathetic and susceptible and may become a permanent and integral part of our movement, or they may be swept away by the next wave of middle-class "reform," which will inevitably come in the near future as it has been periodically coming and going in the political life of the recent past.

Whether they will follow the one course or the other will largely depend upon ourselves. It is not so much victory as opportunity that the recent election has brought to us. With sustained efforts and good judgment we can hold and increase our tremendous gains. We must not relax in our efforts or fail in our judgment.

We must educate our new followers to a sound understanding of the Socialist aims and philosophy and we must bring them into the active party organization. Intensive work of education and organization within our movement; loyal, enlightened, class-conscious and energetic action on the part of our elected officials, and steady public propaganda on a large scale, these are the methods that will make our movement a lasting and determining factor in the city and in the country.

The big task calls for planful activity and centralized direction, and it is in this connection that the People's House and the Rand School are of vital importance to the practical work of the Socialist movement. The People's House, the large and beautiful building located in the very heart of the city, with the manifold educational and organization activities of Socialism, radicalism and organized labor radiating from it, is peculiarly adapted to become the intellectual and physical center of the growing Socialist movement; while the Rand School, with its vastly increased facilities, its comprehensive courses of study, brilliant staff of instructors and incredibly heavy enrollment of students, can render most efficient service in the vital educational work of Socialism. Both institutions are integral and vital parts of the Socialist movement.
THE RAND SCHOOL

By ALGERNON LEE

Whatever else the Socialist movement does, or leaves undone, the one aspect of its work which it can never neglect without being untrue to itself is that of education. This follows logically from the fact that the movement is necessarily democratic in its aims and methods—democratic in a far deeper sense than any movement the world has ever seen—and is, in its very nature, a movement conducted and directed not only for the masses but by the masses themselves. Insofar as it fails to be this, it fails to be socialistic.

But democracy does not consist merely in equality of rights, nor even in equality of rights and duties. In order that a movement may be fully democratic in fact as well as in form, its whole membership must have the ability to exercise their rights wisely and perform their duties efficiently. In other words, its membership must have education (not merely instruction) commensurate and appropriate to the task they have to fulfil.

And how great is the task which our movement must carry out! Whatever has been undertaken by any or all of the social movements of the past shrinks into insignificance when compared with this. They have sought to remove particular evils, to do away with particular abuses, to change some details of the social system; or, at most, they have aimed to
take power and privilege from one minority in order to put it into the hands of another. For the first time since the world began, does a subject class not only wish and dream, but consciously and scientifically plan to do more than emancipate itself from class rule—and, in emancipating itself, to tear down and destroy every vestige of class domination and, simultaneously with its work of destruction, build a world-wide and all-embracing classless society, which shall inherit and preserve all the achievements won through tens of thousands of years of class rule and class struggle and put them at the service of all mankind.

Because Socialism as a movement, as a theory, as a program and as an ideal, touches literally every aspect of human life—economic, political, juridic, social, hygienic, ethical, esthetic, scientific, philosophical—because it must go to the very root of things in all these phases and because it is the masses who must do all that is to be done, not merely submit to or approve the doing of them—that is why Socialist education, the co-operative self-education of the proletariat, ought to be broad and varied and thorough, theoretically sound and concretely practical, positive and yet not dogmatic, elastic and yet purposeful, to a degree beyond all the conceptions of professional pedagogues.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp." Our Socialist education is not and never will be all that it ought to be. But by striving toward that dreamed-of perfection it gains wisdom and strength to approach it.

None can know so well how far the Rand School of Social Science falls short of its own steadily-aimed-at ideals as can those who are carrying on its work. Let others say how far it has advanced toward their realization, what service it has rendered as an agency of the revolutionary proletariat. For my part, having been associated with it from the start and for eight years one of its responsible heads, I feel like letting its results speak for themselves, and, after having tried to state its conception of the work it is helping to do, merely give a few facts and figures, to acknowledge a debt and voice a hope.

In a few months, the Rand School will be twelve years old. In its first years, it commonly had not more than fifteen class sessions a
week during not more than thirty weeks of the year, with an average, at most, of twenty attendances per session. At the present moment we have fifty sessions a week and two or three weekly lectures in the auditorium bring the average attendance per session up to fifty or sixty, while it is sure that henceforth the school will be in active operation ten months in the year, if not twelve. Say one hundred thousand attendance per year, as against eight or ten thousand in the old days—and no account taken of extension classes and correspondence courses.


Are we doing all this well? If I were an outsider, reading the school's bulletin, I should probably suspect that it was being done superficially. As a fact, however, I know that it is not. And the credit for the quality of our work belongs only in part to our teaching force, our administrative staff, and the directors. I wish I could, without seeming to rhapsodize, tell how much credit is due all these—to the many unpaid, to the others very badly paid, and none of them working for the sake of pay—to William J. Ghent, who did more than any other to start the Rand School right; to Bertha Mailly, who, besides wrestling successfully with financial problems and attending to a heavy daily routine through these last eight years, has made her energy, her patience and her imagination felt in every part of the school's life; to others too numerous for me to name, including some who seldom get any public recognition, but are not the least helpful.

But more than to the efforts of all these, the success of the school is due to the avid, alert, indomitable spirit of its students. Some day, instead of trying to describe it myself, I am going to get Beard or Dana or Montague or Nearing or Shotwell to tell the difference they have felt be-
tween teaching in a great university and teaching in an unofficial working-class school. One and all, they have told me of the peculiar inspiration they got from our students.

And now for the hope. The Rand School has to-day a student body approaching two thousand in number and a body of former students perhaps four times as large. Among its Alumni it counts an Assemblyman or two, the president of a great international labor union and many minor union officers, a number of Socialist Party organizers and propagandists of national repute—not to mention some who are just now in jail, greatly to their credit, but also to our regret.

The Rand School has arrived. It has survived the trying period of infancy. It is now in the prime of a healthy and courageous youth. To its students, past and present—and future—we look for the support, the active interest, the steady and enthusiastic devotion which shall carry it on to a point where its present size and quality will seem small and poor in retrospect.
O conceive the idea of a home for Socialism and labor in New York City required vision and faith in the working-class movement; to make the idea a reality in the present time of "Sturm und Drang" called for courage and determination. But the workers of America have proved equal to the test—their dream is now a proud reality.

But for the stern "mother of invention," however, the People's House project might have been many years a-borning. It was necessity—the pressing need of larger accommodations for the Rand School, cramped and hampered in its inadequate, unsuited quarters—that gave the dreamers their opportunity and forced the hand of those who might otherwise have held back for more propitious times.

The story of the first timid steps, the anxious conferences, the hardy pioneer subscribers to an initial guarantee fund, the search for a location, may some day be told by one of the sturdy band who blazed the way. When the story "broke" and for a moment staggered us with its daring, the ideal spot had already been found and an option secured. The substantial Young Women's Christian Association headquarters, a few yards from Union Square, in the very heart of the greater city and at the
center of the organized labor movement, a quarter-of-a-million-dollar property, was ours for a round hundred thousand. It sounded impossible—we set to work to make it come true.

The rallying of the clan for that summer campaign was an impressive mobilization. From home and school and workshop, from factory, bench and office they came, running, tumbling, jostling, hustling, eager to take a part in the great adventure.

School teachers gladly sacrificed their vacations and working girls and boys their pastimes to lend a hand in the big task of raising that hundred thousand. Workingmen but little accustomed to speaking in public found courage to plead for the fund before labor groups. Labor leaders lent their endorsement, their counsel and their active help. The entire staff of the Rand School swung over to join the campaign. Even soldiers came in uniform to help.

Through the hot summer months the army of beavers toiled. They toiled by day and they toiled by night. At one memorable juncture a special squad came on at midnight and worked till dawn. Sundays, holidays, every day they worked with never a let-up and never a complaint.

Broadcast we sent the call to Socialists and the friends of labor everywhere, by letter and telegram, by newspaper article and by telephone and even by special envoys who traveled here and yon telling of the great vision and asking aid in achieving it. In all directions they went and always they returned with the same cheering message of fellowship in the big venture and practical assistance in carrying it through.

Untiring messengers also were the Socialist publications which gave unstinted cooperation and did valiant service.

From all sides came the response, by mail, messenger and special despatch. Steadily the dimes and dollars rolled in, the meagre margin of the worker's scanty wage or the tribute of solidarity from some more fortunate friend of labor. Soldiers brought money direct from Uncle Sam's coffers. Workingmen circulated among their fellows and brought small heaps of coins earned by the sweat of toil.

Yipsels, by untiring perseverance, made pennies and nickels mount to dollars. Socialist groups in distant cities formed themselves into committees and garnered diligently. Every week that gentle soul of
Socialism, Comrade Alice Sotheran, eighty-five years old, came gently into the bustling headquarters with her regular contribution and her gracious benediction.

As the fateful day of final payment drew near, anxiety grew but zeal redoubled and energy never flagged. Twenty-four hours before the limit set, the transaction was completed and the deed to labor's temple was placed in labor's hands.

The People's House it is indeed. With their own toil they built it, they and their friends, their sons and daughters. Purchased with the self-sacrifice of Socialists the world over, of labor unions, Workmen's Circle branches and mutual benefit associations, Y. P. S. L. circles, thirteen different foreign language groups, it owes its existence, not to the largess of some private benevolence, but to a mighty marshaling of the power of a united working class.

There let it stand, a monument to the international solidarity of the workers of the world, of every land and every speech, a modern Tower of Babel, which shall not, however, be halted by a confusion of tongues, but which shall help in the fusion of all races for the victorious struggle against the common enemy of mankind.
DEPARTMENT OF LABOR RESEARCH and the Library

By ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG

THE Department of Labor Research is one of the youngest branches of the work of the Rand School. Established but two years ago, it has already won for itself a place in the school as well as in the general Socialist and labor movements. It has conducted several investigations into labor conditions, has published a number of pamphlets and has brought out the American Labor Year Book, a periodic review of the progress of the Socialist and labor movements here and abroad.

The first volume of the Year Book, published in 1916, has found its way into many a public library, governmental institution, corporation, labor union and Socialist office, as well as to the desks of teachers, publicists, social workers and other persons interested in the progress of the industrial movement. Several university professors are using the book in connection with courses on labor problems. That it will become a permanent publication is guaranteed by the enthusiastic reception of the first issue.
A pamphlet on "The American Socialists and the War," a documentary history of the attitude of the Socialist Party toward the present war, has also proven of inestimable value to those interested in the momentous question of the day and the reaction of American Socialism thereto.

In addition to its other activities, the Department conducts seminar conferences in various subjects. A unique feature of this work is a Seminar on Social Legislation, attended by the Socialist Aldermen and Assemblermen, who are preparing themselves to take up their duties as legislators.

The aim of the Department is to establish a scientific link between the educational work of the Rand School and the Socialist and labor movements. In investigating trade union problems, in studying Socialist practices, in furnishing information on various matters in the broad field of social and economic conditions, in helping Socialist legislators to formulate programs of activity and supplying them with scientific data, the Department of Labor Research is serving the cause of labor and Socialism to which the Rand School has dedicated itself.

THE LIBRARY

Many a great university has grown up around a few bookshelves. Many an educational institution is best known by its library.

The Rand School is already in possession of a library which is unique, particularly in its rare collection of periodicals and pamphlets invaluable to the student of the beginnings of the Socialist movement in this country. Since the organization of the Department of Labor Research, the reference branch of the library has been further enriched with a comprehensive collection of public documents, labor reports and official publications of trade unions. Graduate students of nearby universities have found in the Rand School library material which could not be obtained in any other library in this city.

With the removal of the school to the People's House, a new era has opened for the library. The large room on the second floor, with addi-
tional stack room in the galleries, can house a collection of books that any college could well be proud of. Rich opportunities for growth are provided for in the new quarters and plans are under way to build up a library which will become a national institution. It will aim not only to serve the many hundreds of our students and visitors to the building, but to become a storehouse of material indispensable for research in Socialism and industrial problems and history.

Already several collections of valuable material have been promised to the library. Various organizations and veterans in the Socialist and labor movements are sending valuable material now out of print.

A committee of trained librarians is at work organizing the library and classifying its contents. The information and reference work will be especially developed with the co-operation of the Department of Labor Research. A reading-room, newspaper and periodical room, as well as special facilities for research and study have been provided for.

With the growth of the School, the onward march of the Socialist and labor movement and the consequent demand for study and research, the Rand School library is destined to become the central Socialist and labor library of the country.
Radical ideas are seldom inherited. Conservatism is usually in-born, but the progressive spirit is inspired—and most often by reading.

It is this inspiration which the bookshop of the Rand School radiates. Not different from the everyday bookstore in appearance and management, and reflecting necessarily many of the shortcomings of the capitalist form of society under which it must operate and maintain its existence, it yet differs fundamentally and vitally in the service it renders.

This difference is most strikingly typified in the titles of the works that line its shelves, titles that bespeak mankind’s effort through all the ages to make the world a better place to dwell in, titles that tell of the long work of education done and the still longer work ahead. The four walls of the shop are resplendent with the light of human progress.

It is as if each of the volumes on these shelves were storing up this light as a storage battery becomes charged with electric current, preparatory to going forth into the world to radiate their vibrant message of hope and energy. Into the homes of inquirers after truth, into the gatherings of those who seek the path of effective service, these messengers go with the call to be up and doing in the work of social regeneration.

Just as the sun illuminates the world, so in its way does the Rand Book Store shed its light into the four corners of the earth, not a pale, chill light, but the warm, revivifying glow of brotherhood and the high ideal of the Socialist communion.
It is peculiarly appropriate that a democratic cultural center such as the People's House should embrace in its program the arts of the stage and of song.

Unlike the plastic arts, which, although capable of conveying a social message, are necessarily individualistic in their conception and execution, music and drama lend themselves with singular facility to co-operative artistic creation. For countless centuries they were the favorite media of group expression. They are the earliest and the most enduring forms of popular artistic effort, the antique choruses and ancient tragedies and farces being the later fruit of a prehistoric stock.

Persisting tenaciously through the feudal period, these arts of the people have, however, withered under the deadening drain of modern industrial life and have sickened in the poisoned atmosphere of commercialism. No longer do the toiling masses have the freshness or leisure—or, what is more tragic still, the inspiration—to give joint expression to their hopes and fears and aspirations. Under the duress of the economic struggle, they have abandoned their ancient prerogatives.
to the greed of the entrepreneur and the self-interested energy of the professional.

Except for a few spasmodic and sporadic—and often undemocratically benevolent—experiments, the people are to-day without opportunity to taste of dramatic or musical enjoyment either as performers or as auditors. Behind the footlights, professionalism; before them, a commercialism which opens the door only to the well-filled purse.

To redress this wrongful deprivation—not by some magnanimous act of restitution, but through the proud reclaiming of a long-lost right—is the aim of the People's Society for Music and Drama.

Its program is ambitious but founded on a bedrock of democracy that ensures ultimate success, whatever be the immediate trials and tribulations—choral and orchestral training, instruction in smaller groups as spontaneously formed by affinity of taste or co-ordination of talent, concerts on a co-operative basis and at truly popular prices, amateur theatrical performances through the whole gamut from farce to tragedy, from one-act sketch to elaborate spectacle—this is, indeed, a program well calculated to prepare the workers en masse to greet with song and dance, with play and pageant, the advent of the Social Revolution and the dawn of the day of atonement for centuries of injustice and oppression.
THE drab drive of industrialism has well-nigh killed the play spirit in mankind. That spirit, once a familiar figure of village life, is to-day hardly more than a ghost. Play and exercise are to-day possible only to the favored few, to those who wring their abundant leisure from the pleasureless lives of the toilers.

"The golf links lie so near the mill
That almost every day
The laboring children can look out
And see the men at play."

is a pathetic picture of this unjust distribution of work and play.

The grinding conditions of labor warp the physical being and crush the will to play. To revive the love of fun and frolic and to counteract the physically degenerative forces in our modern industrial life is the big purpose of the gymnasium of the People's House.

An enterprise, to be of enduring benefit to the workers, must spring from and be carried on by the workers themselves. Uplift clubs, benevolently endowed and directed from without, never become a part of us,
never express us. They too often impose a culture not our own and involve a humiliating implication of dependency.

In the People's House we have our own creation, our village green, our Greek field of sports, our place of Roman festivals, where we shall find fun and good health through joyous participation in sport and dance. The gymnasium is the one activity in which we can all take part, all be the actors in the play. We shall dance and sing and play and have our feats of prowess, our contests of skill and strength, in which none shall be mere spectators and none the talented elect.

As in former times, when the day's toil was over, the workers gathered on the green or in their temples for their games and festivals, so shall the workers of New York come together in the People's House gymnasium, after the day's drudgery is done, to regain the healthy balance of mind and body, know the joys of comradeship and develop that shoulder-to-shoulder class feeling which shall hasten the day when play as well as work shall be the equal lot of all.
THE CO-OPERATIVE CONSUMERS SOCIETY

By HERMAN KOBBÉ

The People’s House Consumers’ Society is going to launch a cafeteria and restaurant as its first venture. In the cafeteria, the general public will be served with the best of food at reasonable prices.

The restaurant, run more on the lines of a club room, will be a meeting place mainly for the students of the Rand School and for other Socialists and friends of the school and the People’s House.

The immediate benefit to be derived from the co-operative restaurant is that it will furnish a social center in the house, and a day-to-day economy to its patrons. Its ultimate aim is larger. It is a part of the world-embracing co-operative movement, this modest little dining-room, lost in the confusion and ugliness of the world’s biggest capitalist city. Bound by ties of international brotherhood, the members of the People’s House Consumers’ Society work with their fellow co-operators in all lands for the building up of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

From the kitchen, invisible wires lead out to the wholesale buying house. From the wholesale, the wires lead to the national movement, with its groups of groceries and buying clubs, its bakeries and banks. From America, the wires go out to England and Germany, to Russia
and the East. Huge industrial, commercial and financial co-operative organizations, operating with the remorseless certainty of fate, are driving the biggest trusts to the wall and bringing the most powerful governments to terms. They are buying and building, preparing to carry their own produce across the seas in their own ships, mine their own metal and coal, build new cities and rebuild the old ones—preparing, in short, to erect a new world for the children of men.

From the unpretentious little dining-room, the patrons of the P. H. C. S. will look out on the ugly canyon of Fifteenth Street. But they will see beyond the walls a new world in the making, and will know that they are contributing to the task of its building. Every new member will mean a customer gained for the co-operative movement and a customer lost to the capitalist system. Without customers, the capitalist system fails. No matter how big their guns, no matter how rich their banks and their chain-stores, they cannot force an unwilling customer to buy from them. Many a capitalist business man has looked in helpless consternation at his former patrons walking past his window to the co-operative around the corner.

Every bite that is eaten in the People's House co-operative restaurant will be a nibble at the foundation of Capitalism. The process is sure and not slow either. It is the silent revolution at work.
SOUVENIR BOOK COMMITTEE
FREDRICK D. BLOSSOM
JOHN LYONS
ARTHUR ROSENBERG

Thirty-two