

MAY, 1913

TEN CENTS

# The Western Comrade



IN THIS NUMBER  
MAKING THE DREAMS COME TRUE  
By Job Harriman



THE STAR OF DESTINY  
By Stanley B. Wilson

# A Chat About The June Number



ALL along the Biggest Editor has been consumed with an inordinate passion for pictures, great, big pictures that burn with life and fire. The Biggest Editor brings his fist down hard on the desk and cries for pictures. Meanwhile the Littlest Editor hunches himself up in his chair in the corner and squints an eye and draws one corner of his mouth into a funny smile and lets it be known that in his opinion fiction is about the most ultimate thing that he knows of as a means of getting folks to understand what you want them to understand.

The Next-to-the-Biggest Editor and the Next-to-the-Littlest Editor have ideas about other things that go toward the making of a magazine for Socialists, but those are not concerned in this little account.

The Biggest Editor wasn't to be found anywhere for several days. The Littlest Editor and the Next-to-the-Littlest Editor and the Next-to-the-Biggest Editor couldn't understand it. But all the while they knew that the Biggest Editor would come back with a perfectly good account of himself. And he did!

He came back with a Big Idea! His Big Idea will stare at you from the front cover of The Western Comrade for June and from several numbers after that! Beginning with Anna Maley, the big Socialists of the country will be presented to you IN COLORS on the first cover of The Western Comrade! You will want to save those covers! They will be done by Artist Rob Wagner and that means that they will be done as they should be done—and as only Wagner can do them!

Of course this doesn't mean that the Littlest Editor doesn't win with his argument for fiction—for he does. The June number of The Western Comrade will contain two beautiful fiction stories, delightful, worth-while stories.

And the Next-to-the-Biggest Editor promises you that there will be for you such a propaganda story as you have seldom had the pleasure to read while the Next-to-the-Littlest editor has arranged for two articles of the fact-and-fight-'em kind—a regular bristling pair of them.

But there is little need now to promise more for the June number. You know what it will be—**BETTER** than anything that has gone before it. And another reason is that all the editors want to say something else. The praise for The Western Comrade, the kindly, heartfelt suggestions for betterment, the deep interest, the rallying around the spirit of the new magazine—all of these sentiments have fairly overwhelmed all of the editors, from the Biggest to the Littlest. And all of the editors want to answer all of these Comrades, not simply with a "thank you," but with what means more than that—the promise to strive harder in the future to give to you each month a magazine that shall have the spirit that was born in The Western Comrade, a magazine that will burn with the living fire of the social revolution—the magazine that **YOU WANT!**

In your sincerity of praise you exhausted the entire edition of the first number of the magazine within two weeks after it left the press. To prevent that from happening again this edition will be run to twice the number of the first edition. For your well wishes all of the editors thank you and confidently expect to give you each month a better magazine than you had the month before!

You have told us that The Western Comrade has "made good." It will be made better—and merely as a precaution let it be whispered to you that prudence demands that you place your order for **YOUR Western Comrade** before the supply is again exhausted—that may mean **TODAY! BE SAFE!**

*The Western Comrade*

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# THE DUSK AND THE DAWN

BY CHESTER M WRIGHT

I stood on a busy street corner at dusk. From a little niche in a shadowed wall I watched the throng rush by. And as they passed I saw mirrored in their dress and in their faces and in their manner the whole complex civilization of today!

For they went in many ways, these people of the throng. There passed the people of toil. Toward the places where rents are cheap they guided their feet. Toward the places where shop windows are small they turned their faces.

Men shod in heavy, brick-hued brogans, clad in torn and slouchy clothing dragged their weary way by my little niche. I saw, but I was unseen!

Women and girls with faces whitened by long hours of work in vitiated air away from the sunlight passed as I stood sentinel. Their clothes helped in the betrayal of their position. Sometimes of faded hue, sometimes torn, sometimes severely neat, yet lacking that note of exultant style, they marked their wearers!

There were little children without stockings and without shoes. Their faces told of subnormal lives—of dark homes and of work beyond their years.

These people streamed on and on and on. To see their faces was to picture the places from whence they came and to whence they went.

And then there were the others! Not so many of them! There were jewels on their hands and on their clothing. Beautiful jewels. Their faces told likewise of the homes to which they would go. Not all were beautiful, not all possessed glow of health and happiness. But all possessed mark of money!

Sometimes these people walked. Sometimes they rode. Their self-driven carriages were beautiful to behold. From my little niche I marveled at their grace and beauty and power!

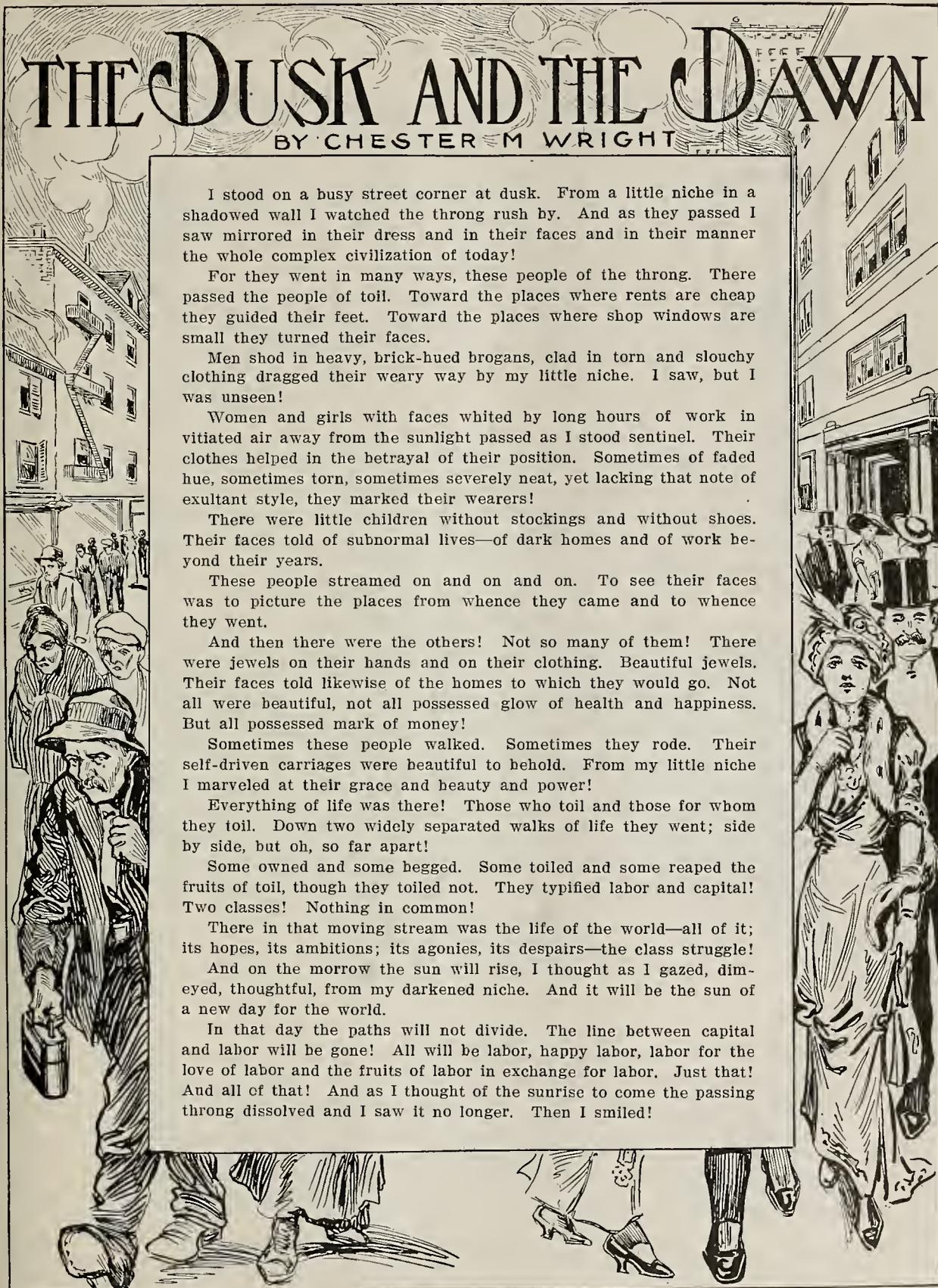
Everything of life was there! Those who toil and those for whom they toil. Down two widely separated walks of life they went; side by side, but oh, so far apart!

Some owned and some begged. Some toiled and some reaped the fruits of toil, though they toiled not. They typified labor and capital! Two classes! Nothing in common!

There in that moving stream was the life of the world—all of it; its hopes, its ambitions; its agonies, its despairs—the class struggle!

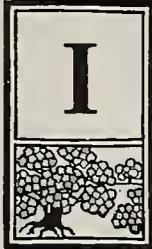
And on the morrow the sun will rise, I thought as I gazed, dim-eyed, thoughtful, from my darkened niche. And it will be the sun of a new day for the world.

In that day the paths will not divide. The line between capital and labor will be gone! All will be labor, happy labor, labor for the love of labor and the fruits of labor in exchange for labor. Just that! And all of that! And as I thought of the sunrise to come the passing throng dissolved and I saw it no longer. Then I smiled!



# Blossoms, Birds and Babies

By R. A. MAYNARD



IT is good to be alive these April mornings. The early sunrise hour brings air as sweet as nectar and sunshine more warm and glowing than ever poet or artist conceived. Green and gold—green and gold carpet the earth here in California, in valley, on plain and on hilltop. 'Tis nature's resurrection season.

Orchard and garden, porch, trellis and arbor are a blaze of color, growing and deepening from day to day. Pinks, reds, whites, crimsons and blues run riot everywhere. 'Tis nature's resurrection season.

Then, too, there is the world of animate nature. For dweller in city home as well as in rural abode, nature's chattering songsters exist.

Each morning with the sun's appearance, a robin on a near-by tree fills my ear with stirring music. Under the spell of his song one can almost forget the weight of years and the "silver threads among the gold" and once again feel as when hope were young and life was new.

Then, too, there is the little twittering, chattering, saucy, feathered urchin—the linnet. In turn sinner and saint, there is no more fascinating bird for careful study, nor no more exasperating visitor to garden or grounds.

Another feathery rascal is he of the first gray streaks of the morning dawn and of the afterglow—the mocking bird. Impertinent, mischievous, willful rascal ever with an air of conscious superiority he disdains your presence.

And last but by no means least is that joyous singer of the early morning, the sunset and the cloudy day—

"Sounds of vernal showers on the twinkling grass;  
Rain awakened flowers, all that ever was  
Joyous, clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass."

Rippling music, gurgling, liquid melody; bubbling, gushing, pouring forth her very life in song, this queen of birds, the meadow lark, singing on highest wing and building on the ground her lowly nest.

'Tis well to open the shutters of the night to the early sunlight and throw wide the windows to the outburst of melody from the morning songsters and unstop the vision to behold the wealth of color spread in blossom and in flower.

For these are but symbolic of that other unclosing of the soul that it too may receive surfeit of these manifestations of the One Life behind all life.

Sunshine, color, blossom, song of bird, what after all are these heralds of the Spring-time, divinely fair and beautiful though they be compared with that other richer, completer, diviner expression of the Infinite Life, the joyous, happy children, singing, laughing, tripping everywhere? At the home, on the street, the playground, the common or in the park, go where one may, their presence still persists, those blessed babies, God's best and dearest gift to man. Tiny humans they are, yet through them and the care and love for them was humanity made human.

"For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are the living poems,  
And all the rest are dead."

God pity man or woman whose heart does not soften or eye brighten at the mere sight of one of these human flowers. God pity the world when "for the child's sake" shall no longer tug at the heartstrings of the individual and collective man.

And yet—and yet—yes, yes, I know what you would say—those other babies—they of the great city slums and tenements. Babies born to poverty, squalor, wretchedness. But this—this is of the dawn, of sunrise, sunshine, springtime, color, light, blossoms, joy and song.

Perhaps—another time of the shadow—of those other babies!

# The Heart of the City

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH



It was black night.

The man and the woman stood on the edge of the city, hating it. They were lovers and sought to go where they might keep their love always.

They saw the lights gleaming in the darkness and thought them demons hunting for prey. They heard the mills of the Oppressors grinding in the depths of the city and thought them relentless torturers, making night hideous with their gloating. They heard Vice stealing through the streets, Vice born of the weariness of human bodies and the numbness of human souls, and they cried:

"We cannot work here—there is only slavery. We cannot love here—there is only brutality. We cannot think here, there is such a turmoil. Let us leave the haunts of men. Let us be alone!"

So they fled swiftly and far to that Isle of Happiness which wealth can buy.

It is a truly wondrous Isle: an emerald poised airily between the deep blue of a river and the deeper blue of the sky; a living, vibrating orchestra of tinkling rivulets, warbling songsters, and gentle, murmuring breezes; a wonderland of riotous color; the site of marvelous temples.

Here the lovers clasped hands and exclaimed ecstatically, "Ah, in this place Love will be with us always. The sunshine, the freedom will make him grow stronger each day. We will shut out all strangers, so that none may take him from us."

One thing they found in their fairyland that was more than wonderful; it was strange—even terrifying. From the center of the forest that covered the island there rose a monstrous structure, larger than any their imagination had ever conceived. It was built of a white marble that was dazzling to behold. Above the columns of its entrance, in Roman script, was the word PLENTY. But from the top of the rounded colonnade to the foot of the square base its whiteness was marred by spots of red. These spots were not merely on the surface. They were ground into the marble; they were a part of it, as the woof and warp of a fabric. The red was the life blood of Labor which had reared that monument of PLENTY.

The island was never wholly free from the shadow of this temple. When the sun rose in the morning the dark, sinister finger began its progress toward the northwest, growing longer as the hours advanced; and after the sun had passed the meridian, that finger journeyed slowly and silently toward the southeast. Later came the sunset, transforming the dome of the temple into a mass of red—red blood. And last of all, like a cloak hiding both the good and the evil, the beautiful and the fearful, like the shadow grown all-embracing came the fathomless twilight.

There was something weird about that shadow. The woman and the man always remained beyond its reach, traveling from beach to beach to avoid it. They were afraid of it. They could not understand it.

No one came to the isle. They were entirely alone and, while the sun shone, believed themselves happy. They warbled and laughed and chatted, mimicked the songs of the birds, discovered odd nocks, and revelled in the flowers. But always they remained warily out of the reach of the shadow.

Soon, however, there came a time when the songs of the birds echoed hollowly, when the perfume of the exotic flowers nauseated them, and the winds whispered tales of loneliness. The handclasp lost its spontaneity. Each wandered alone, seeking new things that could no longer be found. The harmony of color and tone was spiritless. The weirdness of the shadow haunted them more and more.

And Love, fearing the shadow, went away.

## II.

Again it was black night.

The man and the woman stood on the edge of the city, hesitating, yet longing to enter.

They were seeking their lost love.

Breathlessly they listened to the tumultuous beating of the heart of the city and understood that which they had failed to grasp before.

Rising noisily, inexorably as the cloud fog, they saw Brotherhood and Knowledge, and as they rose, Ignorance and Vice became impotent.

Above the mighty whirring of the wheels in the mills they heard a sound that swelled even as the wheels ground faster. "Solidarity, solidarity, solidarity," came the message, louder, sweeter, clearer. "Hear, hear, we hear," was the answer of the toilers. "Freedom, freedom," sang the wheels. "We come," answered the echo.

"Ah, yes, we come," cried the man and the woman. They walked into the city, joyously eager to share in the creation of happiness.

And Love walked in beside them.

# ECONOMICS IN THE QUEE-MACKS

By  
STANLEY B.  
WILSON

"Oakland ain't ter blame. Ranges can't help what herd's on 'em."

He hailed from Oakland, Cal. How creditable his residence in a community was computed, Facts thus sagely stated.

Facts was not voluble, but his lack of volubility was made up by the virility of his remarks.

Oakey, whose volubility was the chief incitant of Facts' remarks, had another name when he arrived in the Quee-macks—the kind they write on envelopes and legal documents—but the Q boys generally supplied their own names for individuals, and with the usual contradiction of Shakespeares, said names had much meaning in them.

\* \* \*

Along the border the cattle rustlers were busy, with a boldness that was as exasperating as it was expensive.

"To get away with a stunt like that is wuss 'en what they get away with," was Facts' way of putting it, and all agreed.

The rustlers were not as numerous as their success would indicate, for was not Facts there again when he remarked: "A wise coyote does better when he plays it sol'taire."

Montano was a coyote.

He lived on the Mexican side of the line, and so successful were his operations that the aforementioned oracle about exhausted a month's speech to add: "If old Mont. keeps this lick up, we'll have to hire out to him to have any cows to punch."

\* \* \*

Montano, iike General Sherman on his famous march, knew his country well. Not a trail or even rabbit-run was strange to him.

And, like others of evil deeds, he loved darkness.

While others were sleeping the sleep of the just, and tired, Montano would mount his mustang, select a secluded trail, and proceed to reduce the tax on the range feed of the Quee-macks, and the number of bovine wards of the Q punchers.

\* \* \*

It was while working this combination in the rustlers' art that Montano chose a trail that led to the little nook up on the side of Peak Three, where Oakey had a mysterious mine, to which he had been directed by spirit hunch volunteered by an Oakland medium.

Oakey was not at home that night. He was down



at Campo burdening a respectable soapbox with 180 pounds of under-clean humanity, and the ears of the corner loungers with a medley of ideas that would defy the classification of the most widely-informed student of sociology.

Oakey had run the whole gamut, from the Quaker training of his boyhood to the latest philosophical anomaly, consisting of an acute admixture of I. W. W.-ism and philosophical anarchy. And, like his body, Oakey's mind still carried some of each of the various regions through which he had passed—and was prone to impart liberally to the senses of all who approached.

It was while sauntering by the little knot of listeners on the street corner that Marshal Bill Burke heard a couple of Mexican punchers from over by the Wells using the name "Montano." The alert marshal listened and learned that one of the pair had seen the elusive Montano cross the line and enter the Peak Three trail.

\* \* \*

About midnight Oakey was within a quarter of a mile

of his cabin when he was halted by the command, "Hands up!"

Instantly his theories of rebellion against authority took leave-of-absence, and his hands went up obediently as those of a less pronounced individualist would have done—and silently, too.

"Don't turn or move!"

A figure swung from the saddle on the trail behind Oakey, and the pockets of the mineless mine magnate were speedily explored.

A two-bit piece, a few dimes, several nickels and a dollar watch was the extent of the spook dupe's pile, the money being the collection for the soapbox oration of the evening.

In disgust the explorer flung the lot in the trail, swung back into the saddle, and wheeled his mustang back down the trail.

Montano, for he it was who had so effectively appropriated the pet theory of Oakey that "every man makes his own law," made back to where the Peak Three trail crosses Big Trail, and turned along the graded road that winds toward the upper range lands.

\* \* \*

By that peculiar intuition possessed by men of regions where the dove of peace is an uncertain bird, Montano became conscious of danger. He spurred his mustang into a run, and loosened his rifle from the side of his saddle bow.

Marshal Bill Burke was on his trail.

Burke had the best horse in the hills, and Burke knew how to get the best out of him. His combination rifle and shotgun in the crook of his left arm, the officer gave chase.

Along the winding mountain grade raced the two.

More than once the fleeing rustler was an easy shot for the man of the law, but it was written religiously in Burke's personal code of ethics never to shoot a man in the back, not even a rustler and outlaw.

"I'm an officer of the law—to preserve peace; not a licensed man-killer," was Burke's explanation.

Montano was a coyote.

Rounding one of the turns of the grade, he plunged his mustang down the side into the canyon, halting under shelter of the scrub timber until Burke had gone by, and then back-tracked down the canyon trail, and was soon safe in the maze of hills and canyons.

Half a mile Burke had gone beyond Montano's place of departure from the grade before he became aware of the rustler's ruse. It did not take him long to satisfy himself that he was outwitted. He knew that further pursuit was useless. So he pulled his horse to a walk, rolled a cigarette, and rode slowly back to the Peak Three trail.

Noting from the hoof-marks that Montano had been up Oakey's way, Burke pulled into the narrow trail.

In a few minutes he discovered an object ahead of him, which proved to be Oakey, still with arms aloft, as though addressing in "movie" manner the peak looming into the moonlit sky.

"Talked out, but still willin'," muttered Burke, as he beheld the silent figure.

"What's the matter, Oakey; moonstruck?" inquired the marshal, his usual good humor somewhat returned.

Oakey dropped his arms and crumpled to the ground.

Burke got down, picked up the wilted man, laid him across his saddle and started for the cabin up the side of Peak Three.

\* \* \*

Burke remained at the cabin, rolling himself in a

blanket on the floor. At sun-up he awakened, got to his feet, and seeing the all-in appearance of his sleeping host, proceeded to get breakfast.

Oakey's larder was not groaning with the weight of plenty. A few ounces of coffee and a hand-size bit of bacon was all Burke could find.

Not until he had swallowed a couple of cups of coffee did Oakey recover even a noticeable degree of volubility.

He explained his silent posing of the night before, and for one of the few times in his life while in the presence of others, became dumb.

Burke himself had never been known to handle many words that were not called for, but the silence of the wilted Oakey seemed to excite his vocal organs.

"Oakey," he began, "this is the first time I've seen you when you wasn't as full of talk as a lame calf's hide with wood-ticks. An' seein' as how you seem real broke to listenin' I think I'll spiel you a few for a change.

"Right off the reel I want to remark that them spooks what wised you to this here minin' layout is the bummiest lot of minin' experts that ever deluded a tenderfoot. There ain't no more gold in that mine of yours than there is in a cow's ear, an' any spook what says there is, is either related to that feller An'nias or plumb ign'ant of th' minin' game.

"Them ideas of yours is just as wrong in miniu' as in the big herd they call society. Minin' has laws the same as folks must have laws to keep the herd from millin' an' stampedin'.

"You can't get gold out of the kind of rock you've got out there in that hole of yours any more than you can get peace an' prosperity an' a square deal out of the kind of a mess you're tryin' to make of things generally.

"That there greaser, Montano, is a fine sample of the brand of social stuff you'd bring to the top with the kind of diggin' you're doin' with that tongue of yours. Not that Montano's such a heap sight wuss than some of the critters they've got in the lead of the herd at Washington an' on the Big Business range. But Montano's got no license to emulate the example of them there social pirates you spiel about. Multiptyin' crime don't cure crime nonesoever.

"Last time I was down to San Diego I heard one of them there Soc'list fellers doin' the soapbox turn. He talked a pretty fair brand of hoss sense. He just took the old government machine to pieces, an' showed exactly where the rust an' cracks an' wrong gearin' lay. An' he didn't stop with that. He set up another machine that to my way of thinkin' was what old Abe Lincoln had in mind when he said that folks come ahead of spondullx an' he wanted a government where the big bunch was the whole cheese.

"I don't know much about Soc'lism, ner this here thing you call 'direct action,' but I can make a fair guess whether a feller's talkin' from his think-tank or just through his sombrero.

"That Soc'list chap didn't push the herd down into the desert and leave it for the buzzards to hold a fiesta over. He didn't advise any fool stampedin' to give the cop herders an excuse to shoot 'em up.

"He showed how the other outfit got control of the range by usin' the ballot box an' gettin' the 'B. B.' brand on all the implements an' weapons of government, an' that's the deal the workin' outfit must pull off to clean the other crowd out of the good feedin'.

"Explosions can spoil a lot of property, an' spill a heap of blood an' brains, but they can't get any good

# The Conquest of Prudery

By  
Emanuel Julius



MAN is an animal; but he has been trying to dodge the fact for the last two thousand years, and by so doing has got himself into numerous and sundry difficulties.

The biggest single fact of a man's life is sex. Male and female, so we were created, or evolved, or arrived from somewhere somehow and as male and female we shall live, and grow, and reproduce, and die. We may like it or not,

but we are up against it and as individuals and as a race we may just as well face the music.

Human customs and beliefs are not all right—in fact, they are rarely free from the need of reformation—but they are usually based on some past experience of humanity that explains, if it does not excuse them.

We have every reason to believe that the sex relations of early man more closely than now resembled those of wild animals, which, whether monogamous or polygamous, are at least fairly uniform and constant, and suffice for the needs of the species. But when man began, by the force of his mind, to change his life habits, his instincts failed to keep pace, and troubles began to arise. A forest tribe could be almost wholly devoid of what we call morality and survive, but with the growth of the community, promiscuity became race destructive. Not only were diseases so transmitted, but the jealousies, the intrigues, the wars, the neglected child-life made the survival of the species under such conditions difficult, if not impossible.

From such experience, monogamy, or the permanent mating of one man with one woman, came into vogue, and the scheme of sexual morality, as we now know it, was recognized as right and good. These morals, cus-

pasture for the hungry bunch to call their own, an' they can't blow convictions into folks' cran'ums.

"Oakey, I sure admire the way you've stuck to this spook hole, but I feel delegated to make it plain that the chap that digs for gold in the kind of rock you've been wastin' powder on, is just as wise as the feller what's tryin' to rectify things social by buttin' their heads agin the cop's clubs and the cold cement of the drunks' corral.

"I don't hold nothin' agin you for all the skunk cabbage bouquets you've been throwin' at yours truly down on the street corner; but just the same, you want to try to remember that even an officer of the several kinds of a law you talk about is only human. An' besides, he's got the drop on you.

"You're welcome to keep on spielen' your dippy dope hereabouts if you want to, an' you can keep on shootin' powder into the bowels of old Peak Three. But my advice is—don't!"

\* \* \*

Marshal Bill Burke saddled his horse and headed homeward.

\* \* \*

Oakey took his advice to the extent of removing one social unit from the Quee-macks.

toms and beliefs evolved without anyone particularly understanding why. They developed as did the dicta for honesty and truthfulness because they gave the best results.

But with the establishment of the general precepts in favor of monogamy crept in also many notions that are only incidentally related thereto. Woman, as the exclusive property of her spouse was secluded from the sight of other males. And as customs evolve one into another in most fantastic fashion, so the sexes, segregated and clothed in mind and body, came to pride themselves upon their mutual or seeming ignorance of each other, and, for that matter, of themselves.

Because sex functions overdone destroy the balance of life and are an evil, there grew the notion that the whole of sex is evil. Out of this grew sex modesty real and pseudo and the unrighteous belief that celibacy was a sign of virtue.

But sex instinct can break more rules in ten minutes than humanity can evolve in a century. Promiscuity has been checked but not controlled. Civilized man has never been thoroughly monogamous, never free from prostitution, sexual diseases and all those unwelcome facts of perverted instinct that we have hidden under a cloak of moral precept and actual ignorance.

Girls have been honored for "innocence" which was only ignorance; and a constant percentage, together with a larger percentage of males, have ever fallen into errors and excesses that wreck lives and leave the race unclean.

And now comes the Twentieth Century with its scientific analysis of everything—and science simply means definite, classified knowledge. We want to know the best way to do things—we will listen to old teachings, but we must reprove them by modern knowledge before reaccepting them.

We take nothing for granted. We ask why. We look ahead. We see the hopelessness of each man striving for his own immediate wants and killing the chance of the other man, and of the future.

By such an age and such a spirit the established notions and customs of things sexual must be retested. Is it good for a girl to reach womanhood ignorant of the way babies are born? Is it wise and right for a boy to get his information concerning sex from the livery stable man? Is it wicked and wrong for a woman to wear short skirts or an artist to paint the human form? And if a bunch of maiden ladies happen to see some healthy urchins in swimming, does it increase the total of human happiness for them to put their hands in front of their eyes and scream while they look between their fingers? If so, why? Prove it!

There has been, within the writer's memory, a great change of conservative sentiment on the subject of sex. Not long ago Edward Bok of the Ladies' Home Journal began his work in this field. In his campaign there has been little tendency to kid-glovedness in handling the subject, but considering the general conservatism of the paper and its subscribers, the stand taken must have done untold good in arousing the minds of unthinking dames who had always supported the doctrine of prudery because they had closed their eyes and ears to any fair consideration of the subject.

Pearson's Magazine has handled the subject in direct and vigorous style. The editor says:

"No concatenation of circumstances brings more misery to humanity than that caused by certain diseases which thrive solely because of prudery and false reticence. It does not meet the question to say that these ailments cannot be discussed by polite people. Public discussion is the only process by which public conscience can be awakened. An awakened public conscience is the only means by which conditions may be bettered."

Dr. William Lee Howard, in his "The Havoc of Prudery," which appeared in Pearson's, charges the nation with being "prudery drunk" and the daily press with cowardly silence on such matters. He cites specifically the fact that there are given each winter in Boston public lectures upon health and medical matters. These lectures are attended by crowds of interested people, and information given is of great practical value and fully appreciated. The daily papers print the program days ahead, and after each lecture give a summary of its most important facts. That is, they do so in all but that of the most important lecture—the one on venereal diseases, the inference being that they fear to offend the quacks who depend upon newspaper advertising to keep them in their nefarious business.

Hundreds and thousands of youths and men, Dr. Howard maintains, are having their spiritual growth distorted and disturbed through fear—"a terrible fear of self"—because they are left the prey of quacks. And the truth is not taught at schools and in homes.

Dr. Howard tells us that the continental countries are far ahead of America in their attitude toward sexual hygiene and morals. Courses of instruction on all important sexual matters are already given in schools and universities in Germany, France, and other countries. In Finland, Switzerland, and Hungary such instruction is even made compulsory, so that now, Dr. Howard assures us, no youth leaves the high school or university without a solid working foundation for keeping morally and physically clean.

The editor of Current Opinion deserves special mention for his treatment of sex questions. He advocates open and wholesome minded instruction as a substitute for mystery and blind prohibition. He tells us that "the sense of duty creates a stiff and formal morality, but to do good and avoid injury out of pure sympathy is the ideal morality."

Other magazines, among which are Harper's, McClure's, and the Woman's World, have taken up various aspects of the sex question and added their influence in breaking up the sheath of Puritanical ignorance under which rotteness has so long thrived unmolested.

But the periodicals are not alone in indications of the decadence of prudery. Numerous societies and organizations that are interested in social welfare have by means of lectures and literature helped along the change. Among these is the American Association for Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, which is simply a Latin student's way of naming a society for the promotion of sex hygiene.

The above society, of which President Emeritus Eliot is honorary head, has distributed much useful literature and organized numerous lecture campaigns. A wholesome sign is that these lectures have been given to mixed audiences. I recently attended such a lecture by a woman in one of the most prominent churches in New York City. The scheme of "for men only lectures" certainly has not altogether freed us from the evil of mystery that has befogged the subject. Surely it is inconsistent to expect a young man and the

girl he is about to marry to talk personally upon subjects when we segregate them for personal lectures.

Because I believe it may be of help to young people who are sound at heart, but timid by nature, the writer will say that for several years he has tried to make it a rule to speak with equal frankness to both sexes concerning sexual matters, not excluding things of a humorous nature. After all, sex is the biggest thing in life, and to admit that a joke based on sex is for that reason wicked, is but another way of encouraging the old trouble-breeding secrecy which has made evil of much that is good. But let it be clearly understood that there is a great difference between the funny story that involves sex and the story absolutely devoid of real humor that is only told and thought to be funny because it is forbidden.

Because of the policy here referred to, I believe that I have suffered some limitations in the number of my young women friends, but I am sure the loss of quantity has been more than offset by the increase of quality, for I have yet to meet a young woman of mental capacity and clean morals that failed to appreciate and admire this attitude.

\* \* \*

As a whole, in my observation, books on sex subjects are becoming more sane and wholesome. They are substituting an open explanation and a reasonable appeal for the unexplained prohibitions backed up by definite horrors which did as much harm by arousing curiosity as they deterred with their threatened punishment. I recall one book in particular that was given to me when I was about fifteen. The book had been written by a preacher, and I remember distinctly that even for a youth of my age it possessed little positive information and a great deal of harum-scarum stuff, the sole effect of which was to make me afraid of things that I have since learned to be comparatively harmless. There was something about these old preachments that smacked of the inlandestine and made one feel ashamed of himself for being an animal.

Of course, the various workers are yet far from perfection in the method of approaching these subjects, and the errors are not all on the same side, though, perhaps the most common one is in over-shooting the heads of the readers. In a pamphlet written for young men by an earnest worker I note such words as "obsession—sematic—ethicizing—semniferousness."

The same authority in an interview with the writer deplored the sensationalism which he considered was being elsewhere given to the subject. If a man who is not too old to remember his own boyhood may express an opinion, I would like to say that I believe a little of the sensational referred to would do less harm than the dulling, discouraging effect of the "sematic-semniferousness" of a super-learned vocabulary. But this difference of approach that comes of the diversified training will not destroy the movement. Prudery and sex ignorance are being attacked from many sides and the work will not be in vain.

The world has tried the method of the prude these two thousand years and found it a failure. We are now going to have an end with this mystifying, magnifying foolishness and let sex knowledge and sex acts, sex joys and sex miseries take their natural place in life's affairs.

Prejudices die hard. Prudery, which makes a virtue of the mental laziness of ignorance, will be anything but an exception. But the change has begun. Prudery has damned young humanity long enough—and must surely follow cannibalism, witchcraft and slavery into oblivion.

# The CASE of the GIRL

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT.

Time was when if little Marcel Maxwell, who was just sixteen, pretty as a rose, with an eye to the sort of clothes that make a girl look neat and winning, having found her income of five dollars a week insufficient by about three dollars to enable her to live, had stumbled one blue and murky day and gone tumbling down the white lighted but terribly life-wrecking path—time was not so long ago when Marcel would have been pointed out as a horrible example by the perfectly good old ladies of the village and that would have been the end of it. Marcel would have been just a horrible example and there would have been no thought of any other phase of the question.

But, the world moves! And we who inhabit the world and now and then give a reason for inhabiting it by showing a glimmer of intelligence, we move with it!

And we have moved to the point that leads us to ask, when Marcel stubs her poorly shod little toe in an effort to dig the price of better footgear out of the grime of disgrace, just how many Marceles there are doing that same thing and just why they do it and just whose fault it is.

The whole truth is that we have moved to the point where thirty-two states are either actively engaged in uncovering those very important facts about all the woe-begone Marceles, or they have signified their willingness to do it.

Furthermore we have moved to the point where there is a surprisingly general knowledge as to what wages are and how many girls there are who work for less than a recognized living wage and what the result is when girls are forced to work for less money per week than it requires to live per week.

When the state commission now investigating the relation between low wages and white slavery in Illinois was told that in Chicago there are more than 50,000 girls working for less than five dollars a week there was no general outburst of surprise on the part



of the American public. The fact is, they knew that the figures ran somewhere in that neighborhood.

The American public has a rather general knowledge of the fact that six millions of American women

are bread winners. Every little village in the country has its little Marcells who work for five dollars a week—or less. Thousands of perfectly good people—our best people, in fact—have first-hand knowledge of that fact, because they pay the wages. Other thousands, yes millions, have equally reliable knowledge, because they or their relatives get the wages!

And now, just by way of refreshing the memory let us get at a few of the co-related facts with as much definiteness as is possible. These figures, like the others, will cause no great surprise, because they have all been given before, but it may do us good to have them all set up in a row. When we, as a nation, have moved to the point where we can take these figures, and others like them, line them up in a row, analyze them, get back of them down to what they represent and straighten out that tangle, ah, then we will surely have reached a point worth getting at. Now for the row of figures:

Dun's Review, as quoted by Professor Rauschenbusch in his book, "Christianity and the Social Crisis," declares that in 1901 it took \$1013 to buy what \$724 would have bought in 1897.

John Spargo in his wonderful little volume, "Common Sense of Socialism," declares that there are ten millions of people in poverty in the United States. The same author declares in another of his books, "The Bitter Cry of the Children," that there are at least 1,750,000 children at work and that not less than 1,248,000 are suffering from malnutrition "to such an extent that they need medical attention." Vastly more than that are victims of poverty to a lesser degree! Dr. Thomas Wood of Columbia University puts the figure at 5,000,000.

There are approximately 5,000,000 illiterate persons in the United States as you read this—and many of them are among the little Marcells whose labor returns them a wage too scant to live upon.

Kate Richards O'Hare estimated a few years ago that there were 600,000 women in the United States who lived professional lives of shame, and possibly as many more who sacrificed their virtue to augment a livelihood gained in some other occupation!

The famous Chicago vice commission asserted at the close of an exhaustive investigation that the gross returns from professional vice in that city were \$20,000,000 per year.

The United States census for 1904 tells us that 45.5 per cent of all crimes are crimes against property. And it may be added here that it is not difficult to ascertain that crimes against property are crimes caused by economic need to secure economic security in times of desperation!

And that will be quite enough. Many more facts of just such nature as those above might be set down here, but if we have too many figures of large dimension to handle at one time we may not be able to keep them under control. It might be said, however, that if you desire to rank as one of the fifty-one rich men of the country you will have to present credentials to show that you have succeeded in piling up not less than twenty millions of dollars. That will enable you to size up the question roundly.

And now let us go back to the question of little Marcel, with her worn shoes and her toe that is just about to be stubbed in the mire for the sake of new shoes.

The whole question of low wages and fallen womanhood may be figured out on the basis of new shoes. Squire Blue, who has always lived in Cross Corners and taken up the collection regularly every Sunday for

the last forty years and never missed a Sunday and who spends three nights a week down at the corner grocery expounding the virtues of Grover Cleveland and helping himself out of the cracker box when Peter Pouter, the wizened little grocer isn't looking, may not agree with that statement—and he might find an ardent aid in Peter himself, the pair of them never having read a daily newspaper from any other town and neither of them having ever had the faintest conception of the longing of a girl heart for a new pair of shoes like Bertha has—or even for a new set of combs, or perchance a skirt or a pair of silk hose.

But notwithstanding the dire frownings of such worthy folk as these two good old people upon such revolutionary doctrine, the fact remains that every honest investigator who has ever studied the subject of white slavery—and there have been many—agree that the rock bottom of the question is economic—and that means bread!

When a man has no food and no job he commits a crime against property. When he has a little bread, but not enough, he commits a lesser crime—excepting, of course, those who beg, but there you are again. That also is crime.

When the female of the species has not enough bread she commits a crime also. She sells her one salable commodity—her body!

I want to digress a moment to cast a sidelight upon this question. A Chicago newspaper wanted to get at the facts about girls in the big State street stores and it wanted to print them. An expert woman investigator and writer was commissioned to go among the girls who worked, to get their stories and to write them. She did her work well. The editors were well satisfied. The woman was paid for her work. Then the editors planned a campaign, using the stories as a basis for an appeal for legislative action to prohibit starvation wages. To get the appropriation necessary for the campaign the man who held the money bag had to be consulted. And he promptly vetoed the whole scheme. "It would drive every advertiser out of the paper and ruin us," he said. "No, we can't print those stories." And they have not been printed to this day—and probably never will be.

But the facts that they brought out are the facts that are now being laid before the legislative investigators in Springfield, Ill. They told of pay envelopes that contained three and four and five dollars at the end of the week, they told of deductions for petty infractions of rules, they told of brutal floorwalkers, of tired feet and aching heads and broken hearts. They told the whole, complete tragedy of exploited girlhood in the trade palaces of the great metropolis of the mid-west. They pointed out in burning words and white hot tears the beckoning route down to the great white way of death—a route that always went down through the gnawing want of bread!

Out over the remotest rural mail route of our great nation go the glittering promises of these great merchants, offering to all, the wonderful products of their shops; wrapped in the heart blood of the American girlhood enslaved there.

Yes, time was when people didn't know about these things. Time was when people couldn't talk much about them in public. Time was when people didn't know much about the relation between bread and obedience to the law. But we are going on and we learn as we go. We learn that when the human organism is denied a legitimate road to the satisfaction of its fundamental wants that the human organism with its twentieth century skill and its first century instincts will

# Who Pays the Bills?

By Fred C. Wheeler



THE SYSTEM meets us at the beginning of life's journey, pursues some of us to the last day, and then tribute must be paid to the system even when we lay in our caskets.

Like a spectre it meets us in childhood, gives us battle through life, and millions succumb before its vicious onslaughts. It stunts the youth, degrades the adult, and marks the word "Failure" after the names of 96½ per cent of those

who engage in mercantile life.

Youth is robbed of its childhood—mature years become a wild scramble for a place of comfort for later days, and premature old age is the heritage of the system of economic waste. We pay the toll of 100 per cent and get nothing in return save the pitying scorn of generations that will come after us, who will say, "What fools those mortals were."

This system of distribution goes through our entire commercial life, and the waste is appalling, as shown by the following figures in but a few of the leading ave-

find some other way! And in the case of Marcel it is a way that fills us with horror—horror not only for Marcel, for her span of life will be brief, but horror as well for the generation which she will mother—the babes to come!

We know that our machinery of distribution is capable of taking to all the people of the earth all of the bread—and bread means all the things we need to sustain life in full measure—all of the bread they need at all times. We know equally well that our machinery of production is capable of producing all the bread that all the people need at all times. We know that if our machinery of production were allowed to run all of the time it would be capable of producing all that all the people need and to provide a generous surplus. And, with the possible exception of Squire Blue and poor old Peter, we all know that healthy, normal people love to work and will always work at least enough to provide the bread to keep them alive.

We know, again with the possible exception of the squire and Peter, that if there were no profit in sight for the employer of Marcel and her millions of likenesses, they would not be employed, and also that if the profit were eliminated there would be enough and to spare for that sorely tried and tempted little bud of human life.

It is well for wise and profound legislators to go delving into the facts about Marcel. Many of them have been Squire Blues and Grocer Peters up to now and they must needs catch up. And God bless 'em for the desire to catch up. But just as sure as little Marcel finds only five dollars in her purse next Saturday night and has eight dollars chalked up on the debit side of her worn little account book, something that is not sanctioned in a proper code of ethics is going to happen!

When we reach the point when we shall have set our economic house in order our legislators may forget about the problem of Marcel and her wages and her morals. There will be no problem then—but there will be one UNTIL then!

nues of business: In distribution alone our national waste amounts to six billion dollars annually; insurance, \$500,000,000; for crime (its prevention, detection and care of those convicted and awaiting trial), \$1,000,000,000; in manufacturing, \$1,250,000,000; in agriculture, the enormous sum of five billion dollars. The waste of food is placed at one billion, and at the same time there are millions of people needing the things so wasted.

Bankers and brokers draw \$600,000,000; transportation (parallel roads and competing lines), \$1,000,000,000; the drink traffic, \$1,650,000,000; advertising, \$3,000,000,000—or more than the national debt at the close of the Civil War; unnecessary household moving, \$45,000,000; militarism (past, present and future), \$600,000,000; agents and solicitors, \$720,000,000; the unemployed, \$600,000,000, and the idle rich, \$900,000,000.

The economic waste of militarism is a staggering one. The United States Bureau of Education, in discussing the question, says:

"At the present rate of expenditure the four countries of Germany, France, Great Britain, and the United States will spend in the next forty years, the life of one generation, for the support of armies and navies an amount sufficient to build 2,000,000 country and village houses at an average cost of \$2500 each. With father, mother and four children in each of these houses they would furnish homes for 120,000,000 of people, which is more than the total present population of these four countries living in villages and the open country. Thus the fear of war is consuming the home of the rural and village population of these great nations in a single generation.

"It is estimated that the total direct cost of the armies and navies of the world each year in time of peace is \$2,500,000,000, which equals the total valuation of the wheat and corn crops of the whole of the United States."

These astounding figures are the yearly cost of economic waste, and under a sane system could be reduced to a minimum. The total of these items alone equals \$34,961,600,000, or an amount equal to \$388.50 yearly for every man, woman and child in our land, or, in other words, equal to one-half of the entire amount received by the average adult worker in America. To put it still plainer, for every dollar's worth of goods we buy we pay a tribute of 50 cents to economic waste.

To give a few illustrations: A circular from a New York advertising company says that there are 1000 firms in America that spend \$1,000,000 each in advertising each year. John Wanamaker recently signed a contract calling for an expenditure of \$170,000 a year with a single paper.

According to Printer's Ink, the following firms pay annually to the New York Herald these sums: Bloomingdale Bros., \$30,000; Siegel, Cooper & Co., \$30,000; and R. H. Macy & Co., \$50,000. This is for one paper alone. Printer's Ink gets \$10,500 a year for its front page alone.

It is estimated that advertising alone takes the labor of 122,150 men (which is practically all waste) at an expense of \$145,720,000.

Drummers, commercial travelers, agents and solicitors work at an expense of \$495,000,000. There are 300,000

of them, but their number is growing less as the trust reaches perfection.

A startling fact is given concerning the wage loss of our unemployed. It reaches the enormous total of six billion dollars annually. Three hundred thousand idle rich cost us \$900,000,000. \* \* \*

Some time ago a farmer sold a barrel of apples for 75 cents. In the barrel he put his name and address and requested the purchaser to tell him what the apples were bought for. Some time later the farmer received word that the purchaser had paid \$4.50 for the apples. This is a good example of economic waste.

By way of passing, I will say that the trusts have done away with an enormous amount of waste, and as they develop, more waste will be eliminated.

The trust is a labor-saving device and deserves recognition as such. Let us enlarge the trusts until every person in our land is a member of a co-operative trust, to be operated for the interests of all the people.

Another phase of our economic waste is evidenced by the fact that every year 900,000 people are needlessly killed in the United States by preventable diseases, or by unnecessary accidents. These might have added \$18,000,000,000 a year to the national income.

Thomas W. Lawson tells us in Everybody's that "there are sixty billion dollars in stocks and bonds on this nation's industries, forty billions of which is fictitious, and on which the people pay 2000 millions annual tribute to 10,000 individuals."

Who pays the bill of these enormous expenses?

Labor—and labor alone. A corporation desires certain privileges by which it can control valuable rights of way, or valuable concessions, which when obtained force the people to pay tribute far in excess of a reasonable amount; or through unlawful influence have high rates maintained in order that it may pay dividends not only upon the actual investment, but on stock watered to an enormous extent.

In order to do this, corporation agents throng our city councils, state legislatures and national congress. Whenever our national rights are bartered away, the burden falls on the workers, because they must finally pay the bills. But what do you propose to do? First, call attention of the people to the facts. Educate them to a better understanding; second, show them that a co-operative system is SAVING, while the competitive system is SLAVING.

A non-producer is a parasite. He must live from what others produce. So the workers must not only support themselves, but the idler and non-producer as well.

The Republican and Democratic and Progressive parties are in favor of continuing this system of economic waste. Socialism would substitute in its place a co-operative system in which the toiler would receive much better returns for his labor and yet pay much less for the necessities and comforts of life. Competition is anarchy; co-operation will bring order from chaos.

**THINGS ARE COMING DOWN**

The high cost of living has come down considerably. A good aeroplane can be bought for about half of what it cost a while ago, and automobiles are somewhat cheaper. Good news to the horny-handed and flat-pursed sons of toil.

**HOW HE TRAINS NOW**

"The 'white hope' has closed his fight camp."  
 "Given up training?"  
 "Nope. Taking his work-outs delivering parcels post."

**In Funnyland**

"Thank goodness there won't be any strap-hanging in heaven," exploded the lady in a crowded street car.

"Don't see what difference that will make to anyone in this bunch," retorted the abused conductor.

\* \* \*

**BLUE SKY LAW**

"Billy," said a street gamin the other day, "what's this 'ere blue sky law the papers talk about?"

"Oh, that! Don't you know what that is? It's a law that keeps folks from gettin' soaked with watered stocks."

\* \* \*

**WHY HE WAS DOCKED**

The engineer who had been blown up in the air by an explosion during the week had just drawn his weekly pay. He found himself docked for thirty minutes.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"For the time you were up in the air."

\* \* \*

**PUNCHING PUNCH**

The British suffragettes are threatening to wreck the office of Punch. Go to it, sisters.

Don't care how much you punch this Punch;

Yes, punch him with a mallet

Until he cuts his nasty stuff

To keep you from the ballot.

\* \* \*

**ECONOMIC DEFINITIONS**

The young preacher was asking the old preacher how to present the ten commandments to his flock.

Said the old and experienced preacher:

"To the poor people present them as commandments. When you're preaching to the middle class present them as recommendations. But when you're preaching to the wealthy give them out merely as suggestions."

\* \* \*

**A GHASTLY JOKE**

Recently near Omaha the body of an aged man was found in a snowdrift.

In a little notebook in one of the pockets was the following:

"My name is 'Guess Who'."

"My home is—nowhere."

"In case of death or serious accident notify—the floating population."

\* \* \*

**SOME TEMPER**

An old Scotch farmer in Iowa was one of the best loved men in the community where he resided. He had one bad failing, however—a violent temper.

On one occasion a neighbor, one of the slack, easy-going type of men without sufficient vitality to lose his temper, remonstrated with the Scotchman, who had flown into a passion with a balky horse.

Said he: "Oh, Deacon Jones, you ought not to give 'way to your temper like that; you should control your temper."

"Control my temper," replied the old man, "control my temper! Why, God bless you man, I control more temper in a week than you do in a year."

# IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

There are as many kinds of men as there are men—almost. Sometimes they are funny, sometimes sad, sometimes hail-fellow, sometimes taciturn and not a bit chummy. And, sometimes they are sensible and sometimes they are not.

But when you've found a man who is funny, who is sensible, who is hail-fellow and who has the body-build to fit his brain-build—well, when you have found such a man you have found a man with a personality worth looking into.

You can take a man like that and roll him around in the mill—yes, even stick him right in between the upper and nether stones, so to speak, and he'll come out wherever it is that things come out of a mill just as chipper as he went in and his bodily circumference will be just about like it was when he started on the journey. Moreover his smile will be just as broad and his mental vision just as keen and all-grasping as it was before.

And that's why Oscar is as happy and roly-poly as he is today. Oscar—I don't know how ever the parents of Oscar happened to have the foresight to give him that most admirable name—but if every man was so admirably adapted to his name as is Oscar Ameringer, what a world this would be. Ameringer would be woe-fully out of place in the company of a name like Clarence or Montmorency. It wouldn't do at all.

Just take this single sentence from the Ameringer line of discussion: "Sabotage? What does it mean? Why, Sabotage is putting soap in the beer." Just as soon as you'd heard him say that, with his little touch of accent, you'd know that his first name was Oscar.

And it is just the Ameringer way of expressing things, the Ameringer sunshine, the Ameringer personality that makes him one of the best propagandists in the Socialist Party.

They call him "The Flying Dutchman from Oklahoma." That also fits Ameringer. And the reason they say "from" Oklahoma is that in recent years he has been "from" that commonwealth rather more than in it. For instance there was the time he was down in New Orleans helping win a half dozen strikes. Then there have been several years during which Oscar has been seen rather freely around Milwaukee. He is tolerably at home in that bailiwick, it being a city of strong, not to say pronounced, German proclivities—proclivities being hardly adequate at that, if you have seen Milwaukee. For while Milwaukee has those pronounced German proclivities Oscar is Dutch. And if all Dutchmen are built like Oscar, the Lord be praised for the Dutch.

Oscar has a home circle that is a circle. There are enough people in it to go 'round. There is Mrs.

Ameringer—with a pause long enough to say that Mr. and Mrs. Oscar are about as near the perfect team as one would jolly well find in many a day's tramp. But that doesn't make the circle. Not until you are introduced to the seven Ameringer children do you realize that here you have a real family circle. Further than that, it is a music circle, for every member of the family, from Daddy Ameringer to the littlest Ameringer of them all, plays some instrument.

In the days when Oscar used to rove the west country, propagating from the rudder end of a covered wagon, he would drive up to a village, cut the horses loose from the front end, stake them out in the grass, stick a gasoline torch up over a rear wheel, gather his family circle around him and get the good will of the inhabitants by giving them the Marseillaise from nine good, strong, healthy Ameringer brass blowers and string manipulators. Then he would find the coast clear for a verbal demonstration of his mental powers. "Friends, I ain't got nothin' against the capitalists, no more than I got against the bedbug," he would say to them. "Only I object to the way they get their living." After that Ameringer has them.

Ameringer has written a whole bunch of little books—one might almost say a flock of them—they have that "Flying Dutchman" twang and that Oscar Humoring way of lambasting the capitalist system to a fare-ye-well and a merry good night!

Being as you now have a very clear conception of what Ameringer looks like and is like—I admit this description is accurate—you are now

at liberty to wonder what would happen if Oklahoma Oscar should ever crash—he couldn't merely amble—into Congress and sally up to Hon. Root and say to that bland old codger, "Elihu, old chap, you are about as socially useful as a bedbug. You get yours in the same way—only you get more."

## WHEN RALPH IS KING

Ralph Korngold, who recently delivered a number of Socialist speeches in California, had occasion to visit the barber's chair while in Los Angeles. And, as to be expected, the barber slashed poor Ralph's face.

"It's all right, sir," said the barber, "here's a little court plaster I'll put on it."

"Do it well," said Ralph, "and when I become king I'll make you court plasterer."

## DIOGENES IN A BIG CITY

The modern Diogenes hangs his lantern on the back of his vehicle to keep honest folks from runing into him in the dark.

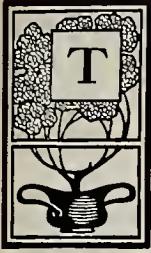


He's Always Happy

# The Painted Pigeon

—An amazing tale of a sentimental bird that crowed out of turn

By Rob Wagner



WO beautiful Belgian guards carried Andrew Carnegie into his private boudoir and laid him on a blue velour ostermoo, where he dissolved in tears. Congressman Berthold threw his hat so high in the air that it went through the skylight and never came down. The Kaiser kissed the President of the French Republic and Teddy clinched with Taft. The great Temple of Peace shook with the hurrahs,

banzais, and hohs of the assembled multitude. Bands played, whistles blew and newsboys shouted the glad tidings that universal peace had come.

It was a picture no artist can paint, but I've done my best to post-impress you with its symbolism. Peace!! Real peace! After all those red years of struggle! But it all goes to show what money can do when intelligently directed. For it was all the fruit of Andrew's endowments of temples and peace propaganda. At last the world had been educated to the horrific effects of war. And now his patient years of waiting were to see the culmination of his hopes and aspirations. Do you wonder that Andrew dissolved in tears? It was some triumph, I tell you. From the profits of the armor plate he had made he had so ordained events that now there should be no more use for armor plate. Such self-abnegation was bound to result in dissolution.

The day of this great event opened auspiciously. The sun shone, the bands played and the streets were alive with the picturesque presence of international diplomats, attaches and newspaper men. The Hague had had many peace conferences, but this one was pregnant with a great meaning, for everybody believed that a notable event in the epic of human progress was about to be enacted. The great war started in the Balkans had left Europe prostrate and the world was sick of war. Yes, the time had arrived for lasting peace. So Nicholas, William, George and Andrew had called this parliament together.

Because of his unique position and his noble peace medals, T. R. was elected president. He presided with a large stick that made the rafters rattle. His dental personality immediately dominated the great assembly. They were all given evidence that the best way to obtain peace was to be prepared for war, and T. R. was prepared. He told them all where to head in.

He began by forbidding England to build more Dreadnaughts; Germany, Zeppelins; France, submarines, and America, aeroplanes. He told Germany she must get out of Alsace, Japan out of Manchuria, England out of Egypt and America out of the Philippines. He promised Greece the return of the Elgin marbles; Paris the return of the bronze horses from the Arc de Triumph and said that France must send back the Venus de Milo and Madam Toussand return Napoleon's hat and coat. He promised Venezuela that America would return her asphalt, though it meant tearing up half the streets in that country. The Morgan group was given sixty days in which to re-distribute among the rightful owners the plunderings of its naughty trusts. (The good trusts were to be left undisturbed.) Each nation arose in turn and amid great applause agreed to return its thefts.

And though, he said, he preached the soft heart,

he did not preach the soft head. He told them that now that they had squared off the causes of most of their quarrels and jealousies they would go forth and do battle with the instruments of civilization. From now on it was to be a war of wits instead of Winchester. He forced them to settle boundaries, pay old debts and clear the slate generally—so that the world would begin all over again and go forth in peace and concord. It was all accomplished very quickly amid stupendous applause, and as the last nation signed the compact a vast roar of approval went up from the assemblage. Strong men with beards wept like women.

They sang and cried and whooped and yelled very much as I described in the first paragraph.

But in the midst of their pandemonium and before the signature of the last delegate was dry a curious thing happened.

Directly over the head of the speaker was a large allegorical mural painting by Wilhelm II representing the nations of the world with arms uplifted to a white dove of peace, and to the amazement of the crowd the dove began to move.

It had come to life and was trying to free itself from the canvas. Finally, with a triumphant coo it burst forth—flew three times about the great hall, and with noisy flapping alighted right on the end of the Speaker's stick.

The Congress, awed by such a phenomenon, sat spellbound, and in the great silence that fell the bird spoke.

"Gentlemen," it said (it spoke a sort of pigeon English), "I thank you for what you have done. For years I have been aborning. Up to today I have been nothing but a painted pigeon decorating the halls and letter-heads of peace societies, appearing stuffed at weddings or lowly relieved on tomb-stones. But now I live!

"My mother was a wish, and you, gentlemen, have from that wish brought forth my living presence. Therefore, you are my father. I shall do my utmost to honor you—for it is not every bird that has such a large and distinguished father. You shall never regret your fatherhood and now let's give three cheers for me!"

The noise was deafening and for a moment the poor bird was frightened, but her attention was arrested by the Swedish delegate who was asking the Speaker if he did not think the Carnegie Temple in which they had met and brought forth their child would be a fitting abode for the dove.

But the bird interrupted him and holding up her claw for silence thus delivered herself:

"I thank you, father, but I ask you not to confine me to this or any other temple. I've been here long enough in that old picture. Besides, I have a mission to fulfill. Through you, fathers, I have the blood of messenger-boys in my veins. I must carry this message of peace to all the world. I feel that I am a natural-born carrier. Call me Carrie—Carrie Pax!"

In the confusion that followed the wonderful pun that this opportunity afforded the British delegate the bird up and flew out of the high window and was soon lost to view.

After their amazement had subsided a permanent organization was effected with Teddy as its president. The Hague was neutralized and Teddy was to make it

his permanent home. A palace was ordered built for him and his large family to be surrounded by an immense park in which he could keep pogsnoggles, cheetahs, dik diks and other of his jungle favorites.

\* \* \*

The world basked in the Pax Carnegieism—  
But:

One day a huge steamer called the *Biggerenania* was thirty hours out of Cherbourg when the heat at noon became most uncomfortable—an unusual thing at this time of the year.

Aft, under a large awning, sat a group of delegates returning from The Hague. They were exulting in the triumphs of international peace one moment and cursing the uniced drinks of the British bartender the next.

With the setting of the sun came no respite, for at 7 p. m. the thermometer stood at 89. At midnight it had risen to 93. No one could sleep and everyone's nerves were on edge. A great storm seemed impending—except that the barometer showed no such indication.

Toward morning the vessel ran into a hot fog—almost like steam. Thermometric readings of the water ran nearly to the boiling point.

The condition of the passengers had become alarming, but it was difficult to know in what direction to turn as there was no way of telling where the disturbance was.

Fortunately at sunset a red glow was observed far to the south. Though it was uncomfortably hot everyone was immensely relieved that danger had been averted.

There was now no doubt that a submarine eruption had occurred. Because of such an unusual phenomenon the captain felt warranted in "laying to" for the night and taking observations. The next day was spent in circling the disturbance and its volcanic origin was clearly indicated by the dead fish, seaweed and cinders.

No other vessels were reported and at 5 p. m. the big Leviathan proceeded on her course. The greatest excitement and interest prevailed and the wireless was busy reporting to both shores.

A New York newspaper correspondent returning from the peace conference had been aloft all day with a pair of powerful glasses. After the boat was well on its course he descended and sent twenty-two words in cipher to his paper. He had seen something no one else had noticed and he would scoop the world on the biggest story yet.

The next morning there appeared on the streets of New York a most sensational newspaper splash of a great submarine earthquake that had thrown up an island in mid-Atlantic.

As soon as other vessels reported the truth the boats were dispatched from all directions to make scientific reports on the seismic phenomenon.

While most of the world was interested only in the scientific aspect of this amazing occurrence, a few hard-headed old anarchists sitting around the mahogany in a directors' room on lower Wall street, turned loose their splendid brains on how to make even an earthquake profitable. Now, when brains like these are scrambled the omelet is liable to pay twenty per cent—and, of course, that's worth cherishing. So they came to a magnificent conclusion and it was this: When that island cooled off, standing as it did midway between four continents, it would dominate the trade of the world. And the first nation to get a flag on it would be its possessor. They immediately got the Admiralty on long distance and had a real little heart-to-heart talk with the High Boys there. Their argu-

ment was an economic one and it convinced the department that its usefulness would no doubt be discontinued if it had nothing to do and the ranks of the unemployed would be largely augmented by former admirals. The argument rang the bell and pretty soon there were great stirrings in the navy yards.

Now you may think that these industrial captains were amazingly shrewd, but bless your heart, they were not so stupenduously original, for all over the world twenty per centers think in the same terms. Thus it happened that similar schemes hatched around many foreign mahoganies.

\* \* \*

"When the *Bunkton*, Captain Spevans commanding, arrived several days after the above-mentioned conference he found that he could not approach within six miles of the island, so he decided to circumnavigate the whole disturbed area, but was very much chagrined to find an English and a German cruiser doing the same thing. It now became a waiting game—waiting for the island to sufficiently cool to get a flag over it.

Spevans, however, was resourceful and had no intention of waiting. He wired the situation to Washington and immediately they dispatched the *June Bug 32*—carrying two men besides Lieutenant Glenwright. Their mission was to fly over the island and drop an anchor with an asbestos flag attached right on the highest point of the molten mass. Then would the place belong to America by right of discovery. The *June Bug* arrived early the next morning and to the amazement of the intrepid pilot he discovered high to the east the approach of two huge dirigibles, one flying the English and the other the German flag. He suspected this motive and hurried straight for the island, but the hot air rising from the lava caused the air currents to whirl in all kinds of eccentric circles and, to the horror of all, the biplane turned trutle and shot straight for the water and he was soon lost to view. The captains of the big airships witnessed this with their binoculars and were chuckling over the fiasco of their aeroplatonic friend when two fearful explosions rent the air and both the huge dirigibles succumbed to the strange gases.

At almost the same instant a shot was heard and an immense projectile flew over the ship. It seemed to come from the direction of the German cruiser and landed too accurately close to be accidental.

In a few minutes the *Bunkton* was under full steam, headed for an explanation. As the vessel turned toward the south it passed between the British ship *Inevitable* and the island. With the glass could be seen much agitation aboard the English vessel, and no wonder, for with a loud report a great hole was torn in the bow of the *Bunkton* by a British torpedo.

Explanations were not needed now. It was too obvious. Spevans let go both batteries, one at the Germans and the other at the English. The Germans returned their fire to the English ship—which was puzzling.

Pretty soon there was the prettiest three-cornered fight you ever saw. Toward evening the three vessels were still afloat but badly used up. They were all glad of a chance to eat and rest and send news back home.

This incident shows how easy it is to start trouble, for had Captain Spevans known the truth a terrible catastrophe would have been averted.

Like M. & M.'s, captains usually think in the same terms. Each had determined to outwit the others and get his flag up first.

Captain Schmitsberger of the armored cruiser *Whosahollerin* had rigged up a flag fastened to a pro-

jectile that he fired at the top of the hot mountain. Unfortunately it went high, just missed the U. S. S. Bunkton, and was most uncharitably interpreted.

Aboard H. M. S. Inevitable, Captain Johns Stoke-Pogis, V. C., was equally alert and had had made an asbestos Union Jack that he determined to send ashore in a slow-going torpedo.

The only trouble was that in the excitement of dispatching it they forgot to pull the war-plug from the cap in its nose and the American ship accidentally intercepted it on its triumphant trip to the hot shore.

When the facts were known many hoped that each nation would see the futility of the brawl and call off the dogs of war, but the Percenters called in their newspaper publishers and told them to whoop it up for patriotism and play up the flag stuff strong. National honor! the Stars and Stripes! and all that. Of course, they obeyed. One great publisher admitted that he had made fortunes off of wars and earthquakes. And so the conflict waxed.

As the news of the terrible losses to the three countries became known, nations that had suffered for centuries in silence became bold, and pretty soon in Europe and Asia the lesser ones began to assert themselves. Small irritations grew to great ones; old scores were remembered, and as they were all armed to the teeth it was easy to guess the answer. And, sure enough, trouble broke out in all directions. Red war was ablaze all over the world in less than two weeks. The sight was sublime. The English at the time had a greater fleet of Dreadnaughts than the Germans and utterly annihilated the latter, and the great fleet of Zeppelins was torn to pieces in a storm while trying to invade the British Isles.

The Agrarians of Mexico took advantage of the withdrawal of foreign money from their military despotism and easily won back their lands, which they were about to divide, when some planted Mexicans on the border raided an American town, and of course the government had to send troops into that country to show the rebels their place.

By the end of December every country in the world was prostrate from exhaustion except Great Britain and America. Their wealth alone prolonged the struggle.

Beside which their naval supremacy was still unsettled. England staked everything on her great Dreadnaughts, while America put all her eggs into a new type called the Fearnit class. It was exactly opposite to the British Dreadnaughts. Though quite as large, it had thousands of small guns of tremendous energy. Everything vital to the ship was submerged—even the guns being worked from below. The superstructure was built of pipes, like their military masts. Thus they could run close to the cumbersome big vessels and pour in a fire as from a thousand hoses—at the same time presenting a skeleton battle-front to the enemy. They claimed that even though the big guns should strike them, the projectile would pass right through, and at its worst carry away only twenty or thirty small guns.

These fleets did not meet until January tenth. The battle was fought off the New Atlantis and lasted two days. The din and roar was awful. Ship after ship on both sides sank with all on board. The end of the first day found the Union Jack floating over the island—now cool enough to land on.

However, the victory was temporary, for the next morning the Americans, in a splendid exhibition of seamanship and marksmanship, managed to send the last of the British vessels to its doom.

At the end of the battle only one American ship re-

mained afloat, and it immediately raised the Stars and Stripes over the conquered island.

No sooner had the small boat returned from its patriotic labor and the news flashed to America than the great ship began to settle—and almost before they knew what was happening the huge creature pitched forward and with one tremendous plunk sank to the bottom of the sea.

This battle was the closing scene of the war. America was acknowledged the victor in the greatest war of all time, and though the sacrifice had been great the prize was worth it.

A new peace conference was called at The Hague to negotiate a treaty. It was a very different gathering than the one held only six short months ago. Bent and broken in spirit, the delegates filed up to the Speaker's desk and signed the covenant for their respective countries that gave to America the prize. They knew now that the Great Republic was supreme and would arrogantly dominate the trade of the world.

But as the last name was signed to the treaty a wonderful commotion arose, for it was noticed that Carrie Pax was flapping violently against a large stained glass window of Andrew Carnegie. In his excitement an Irish member hurled a book right through the Tiffany features of the great Peace Maker, and Carrie staggered into the hallowed temple.

Bewildered and weak, she flapped aimlessly about, trying to find a mural painting with a hole in it. Finally she flopped fainting onto the Speaker's desk. Her features were burned and one leg was broken. Occasionally she would raise her head as though to speak.

A great silence fell over the august gathering. No one dared to move.

At last, with a supreme effort, Carrie raised herself up on one leg, and clearing her throat began:

"Father," she gasped, "something has gone wrong. When I left here I was full of your wonderful message. I started out to deliver it, but I seemed to be speaking out of turn, for I found few who cared to listen. And then came the great struggle for that fool island—it was awful, though even I, a sentimental woman, could understand the importance of it; but now that it's all over I've hurried back to you with a sad tale—the island has disappeared!!!"

"Gone!!!" shrieked the American delegate. "My God! Carrie, what do you mean?"

But Carrie had begun to giggle hysterically and she found it difficult to go on.

However, between laughs she managed to tell them that when she was hurrying back to the Conference and was about half way across the Atlantic she heard a terrible noise below her. Looking down she saw Atlantis disappearing again into the Atlantic.

"As I passed over the spot," she said, "where once the proud flag of America floated from the top of the battle-scarred mountain, I saw rising to the surface, hubbles; some red, some white and some blue. I'd never seen any bubbles before—oh, they were beautiful! But when I began to think about that island I began to laugh, and say, I thought I'd die before I got here. I couldn't hold my sides and fly, too. To think——"

But she went off into peals of laughter she couldn't control.

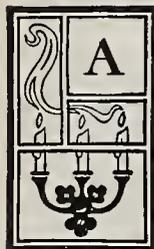
Finally she just rolled over and died.

Did they bury her?

They did not. They just put her back in the pictures, on the tombstones, and the letterheads of the Peace Societies.

# Making Dreams

By Job



**A**N aeroplane flight from Red Bluff to San Diego, Cal., would unfold an indescribable vista of mountains and valleys and boundless sea.

Sailing south from Red Bluff to the Tehachapi range, a distance of 400 miles, one would pass over only two valleys, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin.

On the east extends an unbroken mountain range, lifting its peaks into great beds of perpetual snow—veritable inverted reservoirs, that supply myriads of lakes in the beautiful mountain valleys from which streams rush down the canyons into the valleys below.

Seventy-five miles away on the other side of these level beds of rich alluvial soil, there lays another range of valleyed mountains beyond which is heard the roar of the ceaseless tide of the sea of seas. Passing over the Tehachapi range southward the mountains open again and the eye sweeps over the great Mojave desert. This valley extends far to the east and down below sea level into Death Valley. Here many a wanderer has lost both his way and his life and left his body on the hot desert sands.

Still farther to the south lays that little paradise,



Falling Waters to Propel Our Trains

the San Fernando, the San Gabriel, the Santa Ana, the Los Angeles and the Cajunga valleys like a great five-cornered star, in the heart of which is the city of Los Angeles.

For yet another hundred miles southward extends the coast mountains and little valleys to the beautiful

city of San Diego. Here there is a deep harbor capable of accommodating the navies of the world, there is another to the north at San Pedro, and at Monterey and Santa Cruz and at San Francisco the world's best, surrounded with wonderful valleys, and still farther north at Humboldt, this coast line of 800 miles, equipped by



Strewn With Orchards and

nature with unsurpassed harbors, invites the commerce of the world.

In the north the mountains are covered with forests, the bowels of the earth are filled with precious metals, and the valleys fairly burst with fruits and grains and flowers; while the irrigable deserts of the south are rapidly developing into veritable valleys of the Nile.

Still prodigal with her blessings, nature refreshes this land of promise with a gentle and cooling breeze from the Japan current, and thus makes of the valleys a perpetual summer land.

In this wonderful country dwells a population of three million people which could be increased to fifty millions and under normal conditions they could dwell in comparative leisure and luxury.

But early in the history of this great commonwealth an octopus of seemingly infinite power settled down upon this favored land. Around every man it threw its terrible arms and over his heart it thrust its still more terrible mouth. "All the traffic will bear," in a fearful metallic roar, is ever heard belching from the iron throat of this unconscionable, heartless monster. In every valley and town, from the mountains to the sea, its relentless greed and power has grown until all the means of transportation and most of the industries and commercial institutions have been encircled in its serpentine arms.

The cry of despair and the call for help is heard in every city, town, village and hamlet, but their hearts and hopes are palsied by the ever increasing roar of fruitless promises mingled with demands for more traffic and higher rates. Each worker struggled alone in the battle until he was overpowered by the very monster he fed.

How natural it is for those in despair to rush to

# ns Come True

arriman

each other for help, and what visions open before them to which they were totally blind before they clasped each other's hands.

It is the power to do a thing that makes one think of the thing to do.

A minor power cannot even dream of harnessing and



Fields and Fields of Grain.

appropriating an infinitely superior power. Possibilities to do, must be inherent in the facts before a conception of the idea of doing is possible.

Before the development of great social power one could not have seriously thought of harnessing Niagara, hence all the possibilities springing from the comforts, luxuries and leisure, made possible by its proper application and appropriation were visions beyond our ken.

Standing alone on the plains of the San Joaquin, looking at the snowy peaks of the distant mountain or listening to the roar of the waters rushing over the cataracts, one could not have even dreamed of turbine wheels and endless wires and powerful dynamos. Much less could he have had a vision of transporting the infinite power of the falling waters through endless wires and unknown devices to bless cities then unbuilt and peoples unknown.

But now that cities and towns and villages are built, now that the plains are strewn with orchards and vineyards and fields of grain, now that the cities are filled with various industries and those who have worked hardest have hungered and thirsted and bowed most under the power of over-production and under-consumption—how natural it is, when they clasp hands and begin to feel the power of their united might, that they should not only conceive of and construct great irrigation systems, but that they should also harness that water power and thus shift the burdens from the shoulders of man to power generated by falling waters.

Having the power to do it, what visions unfold before us!

Our homes could be warmer, our pathways lighted, our factory wheels could hum, while the dangers of the coal mine would be forgotten. Great cold storage plants, elastic reservoirs for perishable foods would

spring up in every industrial and commercial center. The cost of maintenance would be infinitely less to the state than the value of the fruit that now decays. From these sources would flow a constant supply of fresh food to the market places of all our large cities.

With the mutual desire on the part of all the people in this state to shift the burdens from humanity to gravity the vision would enlarge and the concept would take practical form commensurate with its scope.

From Red Bluff to San Diego, railroads would be built with lateral lines to all industrial and commercial centers. The falling waters would propel our trains and products would be transported to our cold storage houses, to our markets and to tide water at cost.

Here on the shores of the sea, with our product in hand, new ideas would be suggested. Steamships to ply between the Pacific and the Atlantic would become a necessity. With this gap closed the cost per ton of transporting from the field in the West to the factory in the East and from the factory in the East to the field in the West would be a mere bagatelle. Millions and millions of dollars would be saved annually to the people of this state by the change.

Along the lines of these proposed railroads throughout the state the policy of excess condemnation would surely follow. The increase in the value of the lands condemned would accrue to all the people instead of to certain individuals. This would put an end to the usual railroad townsite speculation and lend great impetus to the movement.



With Our Product in Hand New Ideas Would Be Suggested

All the people being beneficiaries, they would be bound more closely together. The rent accruing to the state from a strip of land a mile wide on each side of a state wide railroad in a comparatively short time would liquidate the entire cost for the general good.

The state ownership of that portion of the transcon-

tinental railroad beds which lay within this state would probably be forced by this policy. Nor would such ownership either interfere with interstate traffic or in any way become a burden to the state. The roadbeds could be used by their former owners at a rental sufficient to cover the purchase price within a reasonable time, however reasonable or unreasonable that purchase price might be. This rent charge would not be met by an increase in traffic rates but would accrue from profits arising from lower rates than now prevail, inasmuch as the transcontinental lines would be compelled to meet the rates on its line of steamers. The only advantage in rates accruing to the railroads over the state line



That Little Paradise

of steamers would be one of time and to this extent only would the railroad rates be higher than the state water line rates. In addition to the vastly lower rates which would be forced by the state there would be freedom of access for the people to all harbor and water frontage.

State ownership of all water power within the limits of the state, properly applied and furnished at actual cost for municipal and domestic heating and lighting, for all industrial and commercial purposes, also for all the state railroad and storage plants, would call into being not only such industrials under state ownership as are necessary to build, equip and maintain the power plant, the state railroad, the storage and municipal distributing plant, and the great steamers of the state line, but such cheap power would lay the foundation for industrial development throughout the state, and the low rates established by the state line would prevent further discrimination in rates between localities or industries. Under our present railroad management, the companies have it within their power to make or break or seriously injure cities as well as industries. By the clever manipulations of terminals, the companies force enormously increased rates, equivalent to the rates charged for vastly greater hauls.

For a long period, the rate on freight from Chicago to Spokane was the same as from Chicago to Seattle and back to Spokane. For forty years the Southern Pacific has warred with Bakersfield because that city refused to be held up for an enormous sum incident to the road entering the city. For similar reasons a railroad magnate said some thirty years ago, "I will

make the grass grow in the streets of San Diego," and the threat was practically executed for years. Similar instances of railroad tyranny are too numerous to mention and too vicious to endure.

All this will some day pass away and will be remembered by future generations as the barbarous and savage acts of capitalism.

These are only incidents in the criminal history of railroads from which humanity has borne a grievous burden at a horrible cost. Combined with and made possible in many instances by them are also other combinations, each fastened upon the jugular of our industrious classes.

It is from these combinations that the people are fleeing. It is by the tyranny of this fearful power that we are being forced into new social relations. The people are literally being forced into each other's arms. They are learning that along the way of mutual help and not strife lies the greatest economic, moral and intellectual development. How differently we feel toward our fellows when we find them actually helping us to the things we need. With what tenacity does this fact make us cling to them. We have all been struggling each against the other with hearts of stone and tongues of steel, only to learn that our hearts and tongues are made of flesh to feel and to tell the story of life.

Whatever destroys life the heart will hate and the tongue will curse. If, perchance, one benefits by destroying or absorbing another's life, even then he will hide it, will close his eyes to it, will deny that his conduct causes it, but will never face and confess it. All of which means that the conservation of life is the premise from which we must start and not the conservation of extraneous power by which human life is absorbed and wasted.

What a splendid step toward the conservation of the lives of the people in this great state would we take by loosening the grip of the octopus from the throat of our industries and by opening the way thereby the entire population through the machinery of the state could unite in mutual service.

Such a step would bring the people closer together and would make them feel and better understand their mutual interdependence.

What feeling would accompany the state ownership of railroad and steamship lines and cold storage plants and markets in our cities, so that our products could be preserved and freely moved at cost by one great system with the propelling power as far as possible shifted from the shoulders of man to the falling waters?

I think I can see men of every calling looking into each other's faces with a welcoming smile and more brotherly recognition. Can we not see their minds opening to an understanding and comprehension of possibilities infinitely beyond this step? Can we not see in this bill which has been presented to the present legislature of California the elements of most vital issues leading to the growth of great social institutions? Indeed are not such measures necessary to their making and preservation? Has not the time arrived when the masses of the people must establish an economic foundation upon which all may stand with equal opportunity?

How differently we would then feel toward the other! What a groundwork upon which to build an abiding civilization! Our brotherhood and brotherly spirit will be as permanent as the institutions out of which these relations grow and are sustained.

(Editorial Note—Illustrations in this article are used by courtesy of the Salt Lake Route.)

# HEROES OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

By  
R. A. MAYNARD



COMRADE BEN HANFORD, in his great Socialist classic, "Jimmie Higgins," has immortalized one type of hero of the rank and file in the Socialist revolution. He who is janitor, billposter, literature agent, soap-boxer if occasion require, and general all-round hustler is drawn so true to life that thousands of comrades have imagined that some particular "Jimmie Higgins" of their acquaintance had been taken as the type.

The history of the more conspicuous members of the movement is too well known to need discussion. But there remains still another type of whose triumphs no poet has sung, and whose virtues have never been extolled save by personal friends and comrades with whom these have been associated.

These are the moral and intellectual heroes of the movement. Men and women who have triumphed over moral infirmity or weakness or the lack of intellectual opportunity in early life, and who, through the inspiration that has come into their lives from our great world cause, have been brought into newness of life moral, intellectual or both.

I have met them and so have you: comrades who have undergone a veritable spiritual and intellectual regeneration through the experience of becoming class-conscious.

Only a week or two ago a new convert, a well-to-do business man of middle age, who had just taken out his red card, was congratulated upon the fact. "Yes," he replied, "but I don't know yet whether mine is a real case. It seems to me that to be all right, you have to get it like you get religion, and I haven't yet reached that stage."

To many this remark is couched in language not comprehensible; to others it will suggest meanings very real and vital.

At the close of a summer day in the presidential campaign of 1908 I reached one of the smaller cities of Illinois, where I was bidden to speak in the evening.

My instructions gave the name and address of one comrade. On inquiry the information was obtained that a lockout was on in the paper mills of the city, and this comrade, who was a paper-maker, being out of work, had sought it on a farm ten miles out into the country.

I asked if word had been left for me, and receiving a negative reply, expressed my surprise. "Oh," said my informant upon being told my business, "Never fear, he will be here in time for the meeting. You can rely upon that."

Sure enough, before the hour arrived he was on hand, having walked ten miles in from the country after quitting work for the day.

After the meeting, in a visit before he took his departure for the return trip, also on foot, I casually inquired: "Comrade, have you a family?" "No," he replied; "that privilege has been denied me. You see, Comrade Maynard," he continued, "it's like this: When I became a Socialist I took a vow that so long as I lived every dollar that I earned more than sufficient for my personal expense should go into Socialist propaganda. I have kept that vow, and I shall keep it to the end."

Soon I parted from him as he set out on his long

tramp back to the farm. I have never seen him since, but because of the steady light in his eye and the indefinable quality in his tone as his hand gripped mine, I am as certain he has kept the faith as I am of any fact within my knowledge.

In the adjoining State of Iowa there is a city with a Socialist local which once had a secretary whose front name we will call John, since that was not his name. He was a blacksmith by trade, and was chairman at the meeting at which I was speaker. His personality, coupled with an unusual grasp of Socialist principles and rare dignity and ability as a presiding officer, attracted me. On inquiry I found that before becoming a Socialist he had been a drunkard and gambler, but at that time neither drank nor gambled.

In conversation I asked, "Have you always been a blacksmith, Comrade?" He glanced at me quizzically and said, "The comrades have been talking, haven't they? Well—never mind; I don't care! No, I have learned my trade since I became a Socialist. Before that I was the town drunkard and gambler in this very town. I became converted to Socialism, however, and whisky, cards and I fell out. I have never touched either since. Now I work at my trade, support my family, pay my debts, and fight for Socialism. My wife and children love me, my comrades respect me, so does the community, and, what is best of all, I respect myself."

He added earnestly, "I sometimes dream of what Socialism will do for the world when it comes, but I have positive knowledge here and now as a living, actual reality of what it has already done and still is doing for me and mine."

In one of the thriving cities of Indiana I once met a comrade, perhaps fifty years old. He went with me to my hotel after the lecture and remained for a visit. In the course of the conversation I learned that his schooling had been limited, for he had been compelled to leave school at an early age and before having finished the grammar grades. He had been a Socialist for perhaps a half dozen years, and previous to becoming one his reading had been almost wholly confined to the newspapers.

To my surprise, at the beginning of our talk, he launched into a discussion of Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," then on to Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, John Fiske, Dietzgen and Feurbach.

We sat until two o'clock in the morning, when he apologized for remaining and was about to take his departure.

I said, "Pardon me, Comrade, but of what college or university are you a graduate?" In reply he gave me the personal information already stated and said: "You cannot understand what these few hours with you have meant to me, it's so seldom that I have opportunity for such discussion. I am a working man—a driver of a city sprinkling wagon, and in an hour or two must go to my daily work. In this whole city there is but one person, a young woman in the public library, who will take the trouble to direct me in my reading. Like most workers, I have known hunger of the body, but, oh, this hunger of the mind! This insistent demand for intellectual food without the requisite knowledge or means to satisfy it! Today I live in a universe of the existence of which I had never known save for Socialism. It will never be mine to live in the Cooperative Com-

monwealth—I am too old—but I dream sometimes of what the world will be when all men and women have freedom and opportunity to develop their latent powers and possibilities.”

In a small village in California I met a young girl sixteen years of age whose ill-health had prevented attendance at school. She had, however, done what she could at home, aided by the tutoring of her parents, and her reasoning faculties and power of analysis had developed much beyond most girls of her age and opportunity. As I was leaving her father's house, where I had been the guest of a night, she said with an intensity of emotion before unnoticed: “Do you know, the ambition and aspiration of my life is to give myself to the Socialist movement.” I replied: “Well, that is not at all impossible.” Do you mean it?” she eagerly inquired. “How shall I go about it?”

After directing her to take a thorough course of reading and study in Socialist literature, I informed her of a school for girls in one of the cities of California. During the next two years nothing was heard from her directly or indirectly until a few months ago, when, accompanied by her mother, she greeted me at the close of a lecture in the city containing the school.

Arrangements were made to attend some of the lectures at the school and she became a member of a class in public speaking, one of the educational features of a Young People's Socialist League. Today her ambition is on the way to realization. At the age of eighteen she has developed remarkable power as a speaker, and, health permitting, Socialist propaganda, state and national, will know her and her work in the near future.

During the Night Rider war in Kentucky I made a trip through the State, and in many towns was the first Socialist speaker. In one of the small cities in the southern portion of the State the lecture was given from the public square, with the consent of the mayor. Indeed, nowhere in all the States it has been my privilege to visit have the public officials shown the same degree of courtesy to Socialists as in Kentucky during this fierce industrial war.

At the close of this lecture, which was the first given in that city, an appeal was made for members, and thirty-five signed application cards were returned. Satisfied that the message given was not responsible for this unusual number, I took the trouble to investigate and was directed to a farmer's wife there present.

“They tell me,” I said to her, “that you are responsible for the beginning of the Socialist movement in this town; tell me about it.”

“Well,” she replied, “I have never been to school a day in my life. I had learned to read, however, and the postmaster would occasionally give me an unclaimed newspaper or periodical.” She went on eagerly: “One day he gave me a torn copy of an Appeal to Reason. I read what there was of it, wrote to Girard and ordered the paper sent to my address, and soon was a Socialist. Then I went after ‘my old man,’ she smilingly asserted, “but I couldn't get him. I had some boys and captured two of them. They and I together finally got ‘the old man,’ and then two of my brothers in the neighborhood; then we left the farm and set out to capture the town.” I knew the result of the work thus set in motion. It had been shown in the harvest that day. “I am the happiest woman in Kaintuck tonight,” she added. “Think what has come from that torn copy of the ‘little old Appeal’ that found its way to my hands!”

It was Saturday night. Finally I accepted the pressing invitation of this sister comrade and her “old man” and went home with them to the farm. A tasty, clean, well-kept home and farm was found. On leaving, I

thanked them for their hospitality and complimented them upon the condition of home and farm. My hostess remarked: “It didn't used to be this way. So many, many things have changed since I read that torn copy of the Appeal.”

Away up in North Dakota I once met a comrade, by profession a lawyer. In traveling over one of the transcontinental lines I fell in with, as the traveling companion of a day, an official of the railroad. In some way, I have forgotten how, the name of my lawyer comrade, whom I had not yet met but expected to meet on that trip, was mentioned. Said the railroad official, to my astonishment and surprise: “There is a man I would like to see elected as a member of the Supreme Court of the State—an absolutely honest lawyer.”

When I met the comrade I repeated this conversation. “Yes,” he replied, “I suppose I could be a Supreme Court judge if I desired. But—do you know what I am going to do instead?” Upon receiving a negative answer, he continued: “I think I have accumulated sufficient estate to provide for the maintenance of myself and wife for the remaining years of our lives. During the ensuing year I shall convert this into safe securities and then, in my automobile, give my time and services to Socialist propaganda. 'Tis the only thing in the world worth doing.”

I met him again the next year and he had kept his word.

In the winter of 1911-12, while on the National Lyceum Circuit away up on the Mesaba range in Minnesota and in the same latitude in North Dakota, there was some weather floating about; mercury from twenty-four to fifty-three degrees below zero. Yet night after night sleighs loaded with comrades came from fifteen to thirty miles and returned the same night, while other earnest comrades walked five, ten and fifteen miles for the lectures. Glorious comrades in a glorious cause! One worth dying for and, better yet, one worth living for—living in the truest, fullest, completest sense.

Mark Twain, in “Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven,” makes the Captain say: “In the matter of honors in the New Jerusalem, the prophets take precedence over the patriarchs.” Shakespeare was numbered among the prophets and walked in the procession ahead of Adam, a patriarch. But even Shakespeare had to fall behind a common tailor from Tennessee by the name of Billings. The Captain was asked: “Why did they throw off on Shakespeare like that and put him away down behind shoemakers, horseshoers, knife-grinders and tailors?”

“That,” he replied, “is the heavenly justice of it—they warn't rewarded according to their deserts on earth, but here they get their rightful rank.

“That tailor Billings from Tennessee wrote poetry that Shakespeare and Homer couldn't begin to come up to; but nobody wanted to print it; nobody read it but his neighbors, an ignorant lot, and they laughed at it.

“Whenever the village had a drunken frolic and a dance they would drag him in and crown him with cabbage leaves and pretend to bow down to him, and one night, when he was sick and nearly starved to death, they had him out and crowned him, and then rode him on a rail about the village.

“Well, he died before morning. He wasn't even expecting to go to heaven, much less that there was going to be a fuss made over him. So I reckon he was a little surprised when the reception he was given broke over him.”

What a world ours will be when justice reigns and merit is the only test in individual living!

# EDITORIAL

## JOE CANNON ON POVERTY

**I**T will be recalled that ex-President Taft, who was once asked a question, gained immortality through his answer.

Joe Cannon recently sang his swan song, in the course of which he took occasion to answer the same question.

Inasmuch as both he and Mr. Taft are of the same political faith and entertain views in common upon tariff and other questions, the radical difference in their answers to this important question is as significant as unexpected.

Said Mr. Cannon:

"The human animal is uncomfortable when there is extreme poverty. If I were a young man and had a wife and five or six children, and there was no employment and they were hungry and starving, as primeval man did, I would take with a strong hand and dare the law, because that would be the only way to get it. Since I could not get it by labor, I would get it otherwise rather than starve and see my children starve."

It would be interesting to know whether he would have given this answer before his constituents decided to end his official career. The man with a job lives in quite another world from the fellow who is jobless.

Uncle Joe is now in the latter class without a union card.



## THE INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIETY

**P**HILOSOPHY discovers that mankind is one, and civilization confirms the revelation.

"First comes the self-consciousness of the individual, then of the family, and afterward successively of the nation and the race. Humanity, begotten an unself-conscious unit, was splintered into fractions by self-consciousness; and history shows us how it voluntarily recombines until it becomes a unit once more, every atom conscious of the whole and the whole feeling through all its component parts."

This fine summary is one of the many notes to be heard at present, showing that a new symphony is growing, ready for the harmony of universal chorus.

The breaking of the primitive unity into separate units through self-preservation and self-consciousness, and the combining of all again into a vital whole, are the two continuous processes in the past and will continue to be in future history.

But these two are supplementary, not antagonistic.

If we look at evolution in human society in one way, we seem to see means ceaselessly at work to separate men and bring out their distinctive qualities or individualities.

Looked at from another viewpoint, unity of interests and enlargement of interdependence appear the chief motif at work. As a matter of fact, the threads of each tendency are found in every nation at all times.

Unity and individuality are the two desirable products in human development and both must increase as time goes on.



## A BIT OF GROUND

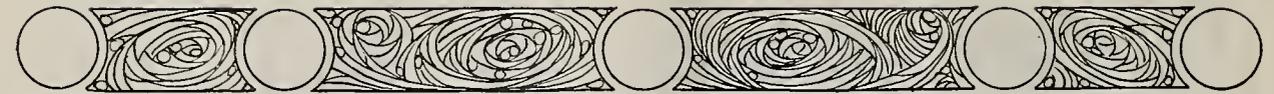
**I**T would be difficult to account for the origin of the desire to dig in the ground in the springtime which comes to every normal man.

When the grass begins to take on an added shade of green, with advent of robin and meadow lark, there comes a longing to seize spade or hoe and dig in the ground.

There is something in the abounding life of the springtime, that awakens a desire in the heart of man to aid nature in her effort to express herself in leaf, and blossom and fruit. The desire is undoubtedly a survival from the period when agriculture was man's chief occupation.

Jack London in his famous classic, "The Call of the Wild," shows the influence of environment





over the nature of a dog and its power to cause reversion to primitive type. So with civilized man, his savage instincts are not obliterated, only controlled in their exercise, and environment is the controlling factor.

Return man to his primitive environment and there is reversion.

Man and environment—it is these that have created civilization. Through the action and reaction of the two man has been lifted higher and ever higher in the scale of manhood.

But, whatever the origin of the desire to dig in the ground in the springtime, it is not an evidence of reversion to indulge it. A bit of ground where one can get close to the soil, where day by day the unfathomable processes through which nature expresses the secret at her heart may be watched and noted, and through which he is made to feel his oneness with her and with her life, is a most beneficent factor in the life of any man. "A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!

Rose plot,  
Fringed pool,  
Fern'd grot—

The veriest school  
Of peace; and yet the fool  
Contentends that God is not—  
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?  
Nay, but I have a sign;  
'Tis very suré God walks in mine."



### THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

**C**HOREAU once said: "To please our friends and relatives we turn out our silver ore in cartloads, while we neglect to work our mines of gold—known only to ourselves, far up in the Sierras, where we pulled up a bush in our mountain walk and saw the glittering treasure. Let us return thither; let it be the price of our freedom to make that known."

Men are prone to think when remembering the service rendered by a few heroic souls that they were of different clay than the average, or had some special call for their work. Of course, the world has had its geniuses, but great reforms

have for the most part not come through these. They have usually come through persons of ordinary ability, whose only peculiar traits have been steadfastness of purpose in following all the truth which their own hearts had revealed to them.

These have been men who could not be intimidated by popular clamor nor cowed into submission by the good-natured content of friends.

No special genius is claimed for the early anti-slavery leaders; they simply recognized an evil that thousands of others also saw, and differed from these others in that they gave their hearts and lives to the effort to right the wrong.

Columbus' claims to the original discovery of America may be undermined. It may be proven that he possessed a knowledge of previous discoveries. But the world can never overvalue the moral grandeur which lay in the persistence and unyielding determination with which he acted upon the theories and rumors which others passed lightly by.

Fidelity to the truth of one's own heart, loyalty to the highest voice which speaks, is the price of freedom. Nothing short of the rich gold ore away up in the Sierras of our hearts will satisfy the demand made upon us. We must give of our best; the cartloads of silver ore will not suffice. He gets most from life who gives most of himself.

Said Herbert Spencer: "Not as adventitious will the wise man regard the faith which is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter; knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world—knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at, well; if not, well also, though not so well."



### TOUCHING THE BEDROCK

**D**ISPATCH from Dayton during the flood: "Money can't buy anything, a man with \$1,000,000 could not buy a loaf of bread, but he could get at the relief stations as many loaves as he needed for his family. In every section of the city there are long bread lines composed of the well-to-do and the poor, the well dressed and the





ragged, waiting for supplies of food. There is no food on sale."

Rather wholesome once in a while to find out the difference between a piece of gold and a loaf of bread, is it not?

The big problems of the world will be settled finally only as we learn the difference between what satisfies real need and the things which have no genuine value.

The workers must be the fulcrum for the moving of the world, because they are the necessary, bread-giving, shelter-supplying factor in social life.

"Money cannot buy anything." It never can buy anything worth having unless labor has produced the something.

Let us think this through to the end!



### DEMOCRACY'S NEXT NEW TOOL

**T**HE New York Sun pertinently asks: "Does government by the people, Republican-Democratic self-government, mean in municipal affairs this foolishness, this waste, this rule of savages, this constant and inevitable intestine war of departments and heads of departments, this lingering death of civic pride, activity and hopefulness to which the Roman municipia of the empire show the only parallel? Are the kindest, sympathetic foreigners right in believing that here is where government by the people has "broken down?" Can Americans rule soberly and sanely a little town by town meetings, a county, a state, a federal government, but not a city?"

If this were simply the opinion of one editorial writer it might not be worthy of attention. But there is scarcely a thoughtful student of municipal government who would not agree with the writer. Many would not confine their opinion to municipal government alone. They would declare it equally true of all representative government as at present administered.

It is emphatically not true that democracy is a failure. For democracy, save in town meetings, has never been tried in this country. It probably never will be for the reason that be-

yond the boundaries of a township it is not practicable.

There is, however, a form of representation very near democracy that is practicable to city, state and nation. This is proportional representation. During the past month the voters of Los Angeles came very near adopting it in their city government. Had the plain people who had most at stake in its adoption really understood, it would now be a part of Los Angeles' charter.

Through its use most if not all of the evils of which the writer quoted complains would be eliminated. Every official would be made personally responsible to some group or organization of voters. Elections would cease to be games of chance as now. The best uses of parties would be secured without their abuses. Minority representation gives full publicity before action and makes wiser action certain.

Justice and civic righteousness will not prevail until industry is socialized, but every step by which Labor can make itself felt will improve conditions.

Proportional representation is the next new tool democracy will use to prove that it is not a failure.



### FREEDOM AND A JOB

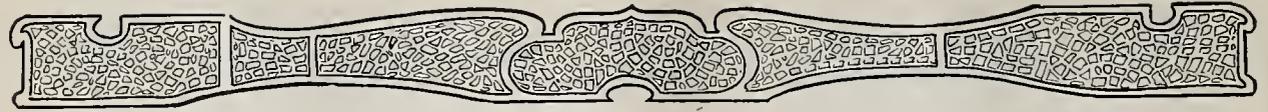
**T**HE Santa Fe Railroad Company, it is claimed, compels its flagmen in Los Angeles to work long hours—often fifteen hours a day.

One of the men thus employed was a Socialist. When agitation was begun for the passage of Socialist Assemblyman Kingsley's eight-hour bill, this man, exercising what he conceived to be the right of every freeman, circulated a petition for signatures.

But, he neglected to consult his master in the matter. As a result, to use his own language, "I was canned quicker than I ever knew a man could be canned."

Jobless at sixty-three! Because he did what any true man would do to retain his self-respect. And this in our great free republic! This in a





state where the high-water mark has been reached in political democracy!

Yet how free was this man? Failing to consult the interest of his former master; choosing the rather to serve his own interests and those of his class; he is now free to look for another job and not finding it, to starve or steal.

This the system and this the freedom which all save the Socialists would perpetuate. And this is not an isolated case—'tis one of many.

Is it not apparent then that every form of freedom will be but mockery to the workers until industrial freedom has been won?



### THE HERO IN DEMOCRACY

**T**HE prizewinner in democracy is ever the man in the ranks. Democracy means this or nothing. Indeed, history writ large is the story of the downmost man coming into his own. The populace may have shouted its acclaims for the epaulets, for the leaders, but the real prize has ever belonged to the common man.

Throughout the ages in the evolution of society and the growth of the state, wider and ever wider has the door been opened for the entrance of the common man into all life's affairs. From out the mists of the ages larger and larger has his figure loomed on the world's horizon.

He has been compelled to struggle for the possession of his birthright, but the necessary struggle for each successive gain has but prepared him for storming the next citadel that opposed his progress.

What though much in immediate gain has gone to rulers in power or to power behind rulers, his has ever been the real victory.

The laws of the universe are so framed that it must needs be so. The triumphs of justice and democracy are all for him.

The common man has not yet come into his own. In the future, however, there will come a day when he shall stand an uncrowned king on the earth. In that day, he shall set forth with a

manhood greater than any the earth has yet known as his goal.

When all earth's battles for freedom have been won then shall he enter into his full heritage.

In that day he will be king.



### THROUGH OTHERS' EYES

**T**HE color of passing events is determined largely by the eye which observes. They shine by reflected light. The sense of vision and the mechanism of the eye does not differ materially in different persons. Yet the thing seen takes on as many different forms as the number of observing eyes. General characteristics may, and often do, remain the same; but there is a wide divergence in details.

It causes a feeling of lonesomeness often, when, as at this season of the year, one has given himself completely to the enjoyment of the spring morning to realize that there is no other eye on earth seeing exactly the same morning.

The loneliness of a crowded city street, where the eye greets no face other than a strange one, is the superlative of loneliness. Yet there is a sense in which he who has most of human association still lives a life of isolation. The sense of isolation which the true artist or poet is compelled to feel in the average community is of this character. The knowledge that we know and can know little of the real inner life or self of those nearest and dearest sometimes comes home with a terribly depressing effect.

We may number our friends by the score or by the thousand, and yet there are none who know us or can know us as we know ourselves. Some can enter more appreciatively into our lives than others, but the difference is one of degree only.

In the very nature of things much of the life of every individual must be of this isolated character. There is no escape from it. In large measure each is compelled to use his own sense of vision and to see with his own eyes. Yet there is such a thing as seeing through others' eyes. Much





of the wrong and injustice in the world arises from the fact that few people possess the ability or the disposition to see through others' eyes. More than this, the vast majority of human beings seem content to see only through their own eyes. They have no desire to see otherwise.

The men and women who have aided most in the world's progress, however, have not been of this class. They have been of those who were able to enter appreciatively into the lives, not only of friends and associates, but of all kinds and conditions of men and women. To anticipate their needs and in some measure comprehend their lives. This they could do because possessing the ability to see through their eyes.

This power, either temperamental or acquired, determines perhaps more than the possession of any other, the degree of usefulness of every citizen to his day and generation. Whether nature has or has not been generous in this regard, it is worth cultivating. There is no better evidence of culture, no possession which can bring to one's own life greater satisfaction and contentment than the ability to see through others' eyes.



**A BANKER'S FAUX PAS**

**A** MOST amusing incident was that which occurred in Los Angeles where the opponents of Socialism recently met in conference to arrange for a political union in the coming city election.

The chairman of the meeting was a prominent bank president who is as afraid of a Socialist as is a mouse of a cat. In assuming the post of chairman to preside over the heterogeneous mess, this financial magnate let the cat out of the bag when he declared that the necessity for the get-together conference was due to the fact that the good-name and fair-fame of the city was seriously menaced by the danger of Socialist success.

The standpat Republicans, Democrats, Progressives, Liquor and Temperance men all must come to the rescue of the "chosen of the Lord"

from the awful menace of Socialism. This was solemnly announced as the chief reason for the unnatural union.

Now while every intelligent citizen knew this as the sole reason for the attempt to scramble the incongruous elements, they had supposed that the leaders would have sufficient sense to attempt to disguise the real motive.

Whatever admiration one may have for the honesty and sincerity of the banker chairman, it must be conceded that he scarcely possesses the requisite qualifications for a successful politician.

Like the Irishman's parrot, he talks too blamed much.



**POLITICAL ACTION ACTS!**

**I**F anyone ever doubted the power of votes, the flutter in the Los Angeles chicken coop the first week in April should have taught its lesson.

What a hurly burly of cackles, crows and flapping wings!

What, oh what would happen if oil and water did not get promptly together and mix in a beautiful emulsion.

"The red peril"—how it blurred all issues between black and white, fish or fowl, the benighted and the elect!

It has been a beautiful exhibit of brethren dwelling together in unity.

Incidentally, all the near Socialism that could be burnished up for the occasion has been put up in exhibit. Every candidate who could claim any "original Socialist" traditions has been more available because thereof.

O, it has been a merry circus!

If it were not that there is real work to be done, it would be rather interesting to let these children dance awhile to the Socialist fiddle.

As it is, if the imitation makes a pretty show, the real thing would actually get results and make Los Angeles a city to lead the world.

Success to the Socialist ticket!





# PLAYS, PLAYERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

By MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

## WHO ARE THE MODERNS IN DRAMA?



ALL who write at the present time are not necessarily modern. Their work might often have been done from two generations to two centuries ago.

It is not easy to define the qualities which make a work distinctively of today and for today.

Ashley Duke thus defines this subtle difference: The moderns are distinguished from the mob of authors in their own period, he affirms most clearly. "It is simply that they are in touch with or in advance of the thought of their own time; that their work breaks new paths, offers new forms and modes of expression; that the men and women they create do not merely reflect the conditions under which they live and the spirit of their age, but are dynamic, developing, continually offering a criticism of those conditions, and so projecting themselves into the future and making history. \* \* \* Above all, the persons of the drama must be engaged not only in being but becoming. The final curtain must see them changed. Both they and the audience must have learned something. They are the transition men of a transition period, the bridge between yesterday and tomorrow."

This all has meaning, it will be noted, only as one sees society as a growing, branching, blossoming life—a great whole growing by the upward-pushing energy of all its parts.

So possessed of the idea is Bernard Shaw that it is the essence of his religion, which to him is not at all a joke. In deadly earnest he says that a man is in the world to co-operate with the onward urge of social growth, and that the spirit which prompts such effort is the Divine Reality—which gives all things meaning. This is the one "real game" worth the playing in a universe which is on the side of the "good game," as he puts it in "Blanco Posnet."

The method by which this push from today toward tomorrow is secured is not essential. In the drama it is often connected with the naturalist technique. Any method, new or old, which holds with dramatic power is modern, provided it is rooted in the vital life of today and reaches out to an approaching future. Usually this will mean a life struggle of some kind, and the more closely this is knit with essential factors in progress, the more truly modern the play.

To the Socialist, the most essential forces are those which make for Labor's growth in solidarity. Hence the plays we await are those revealing this mighty force in its mighty potency.

\* \* \*

### THE EASIEST WAY

The play which was the sensation of the New York season two years ago has been among us—Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way."

This is a bit of deliberate propaganda. Its author was a "soap-boxer" in the New York campaign of a decade ago. He found a means for reaching a wider

audience. Incidentally, he found a way to fill his empty purse.

It is hard to trace the origin of the present phenomenal agitation regarding the white slave trade. But not least of the countless agencies by which society has been forced to face its industrial cause is this play.

With the precision of a surgeon probing a festering sore, Walter shows the ease with which the wrong path is entered, the horrible difficulty of keeping in the right path. With such skill is the work done that few plays of the generation offer such opportunity to the actors.

Unfortunately, the play ends just where "the easiest way" becomes the most horribly hard way the universe contains. While this is implied, the average imagination cannot picture in its grewsome horror the hell at the bottom of the abyss to which the "easy" way leads.

The play is a straight economic gospel, but it is also very strong dramatic art. A young woman who has been supported in luxury for some time by "a friend," meets a young Western man willing to overlook the past while both start anew. The girl attempts the task of self-support in New York City, knowing nothing but the stage and debarred from that by the machinations of the discarded lover. After a hard struggle she gives up.

A few weeks later her Western lover, whom she has not enlightened, appears with a fortune and a marriage license, only to find that the girl who welcomes him devotedly has lied to as well as betrayed him and he leaves her to a fate all too apparent.

The work is well done. You see the girl's struggles in all their sordid bitterness—the strenuous landlady demanding overdue rent, the diet of milk and crackers, the surreptitious eating in a room against rules, the ebbing pennies from the last valuable pawned, the final surrender to what seemed the inevitable.

It is all easy to understand, easy to pity in sympathetic heart-break—but cause and effect are not pitiful.

The girl pays the price none the less. She weakens in character, coarsens in spirit until she is utterly unable to tell her lover the truth. The toboggan slide to complete inferno is easy to predict after the fall of the curtain.

The lesson is taught plainly enough and the play avoids throwing any glamour over the path of least resistance. In this it differed from "The Escape," a play recently "tried out" in the West and now playing in Chicago. Here an ignorant girl escaped the slums and after years of support in a luxurious flat emerges a fine, intelligent, strong character, full of ideas and high purpose, and marries a broad-minded physician.

It is a miracle play since by no law of rhyme or reason could the results be obtained. Almost as fearful and wonderful is the play's chief presumption—that the people of the slums should not be allowed to marry.

Truth to character and the natural development of real people is the essential element in the drama, and Eugene Walter has not missed the mark. He has "counted it crime to let a truth slip." A great work is the result.



—Photo by Moffitt.

Florence Reed  
Starring in "The Easiest Way."

## A Man or a System?

"Rutherford and Son," by Githa Sowerby is a drama which has attracted much attention in book form. In England it has been a pronounced success and adds a woman to the list of notable current dramatists. Moreover she is a young woman in her early twenties and writes with a sure grip and stern maturity, which the critics are pleased to term "masculine" to the point of genius.

The play pictures John Rutherford as head of a manufacturing concern for which he has worked with a devotion and narrow fixity of purpose which crowds everything else out of his life. In one way or another he ruins the life of each of his children until his autocratic brutality has driven every one from his home except a daughter-in-law and her child, a baby boy.

This mother of the babe makes a bargain that she and the child shall be supported for ten years and then the boy will belong to his grandfather, "For," she says, "in ten years you will be an old man and not able to make people afraid of you any more."

The offer is accepted and the old fanatic seems quite content since there is to be but one to inherit the business and keep intact its greatness.

This old ogre of parental tyranny seems almost too abominable for human shape. The play is written in such prosaic, naturalistic fashion that symbolism seems out of the question. Yet what could better express the effect of commercialism upon all humanity than this picture of a father whose very breath is a curse?

One son is despised because he is a preacher and he feels that through his father's influence all the community regard his work with secret contempt.

Another son makes a discovery important in the business but is robbed of it by his father.

A daughter is driven from home into white slave paths.

All in all, in America at least, this Rutherford resembles much more the "System" than he does any domestic autocrat ever seen on land or sea.

Remember the name of this girl—Githa Sowerby—you are likely to hear it again.



### OLIVER HERFORD SINGS THE PRAISES OF G. B. SHAW

In the American Magazine Oliver Herford contributes the following verses on George Bernard Shaw under the caption, "Celebrities I Have Not Met." Following are his lines:

"GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

"The very name of Bernard Shaw  
Fills me with mingled mirth and awe.  
Mixture of Mephistopheles,  
Don Quixote, and Diogenes,  
The Devil's wit, the Don's romance  
Joined to the cynic's arrogance.  
Framed on the Pythagorean plan,  
A Vegetable Souperman.  
Here you may see him crowned with bay  
The greatest playwright of his day;  
Observe the look of self-distrust  
And diffidence—upon the bust."



### SPRING

"For it's spring! the willow tells us; and it's spring  
the blossoms say,  
And it's spring! the warm sun carols as it wakes the  
early day.  
But you'd know if all were silent, by your new heart's  
glad refrain."

# BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

## ROBERT MINOR AND HIS BLUNT CRAYON



THE cartoon has "center stage" these days. In fact, it has the entire stage, including all available spotlights and an extra row of footlights. It is the whole show, and, from all appearances, threatens to hold its position for many and many a day—oh, for a long, long time—at least a year.

The cartoon is a popular form of Art. Many newspaper editors are little concerned over "star" reporters, snappy "feature" writers, profound editorialists, "sob sisters" and overworked "funny fellows." Give them a good cartoonist and their joy is unlimited. A cartoonist is a better editorialist than a dozen Brisbanes. One person in a hundred may read an editorial; everybody "reads" cartoons. There's the difference—cartoons "get across." Please remember, I am speaking of good cartoons.

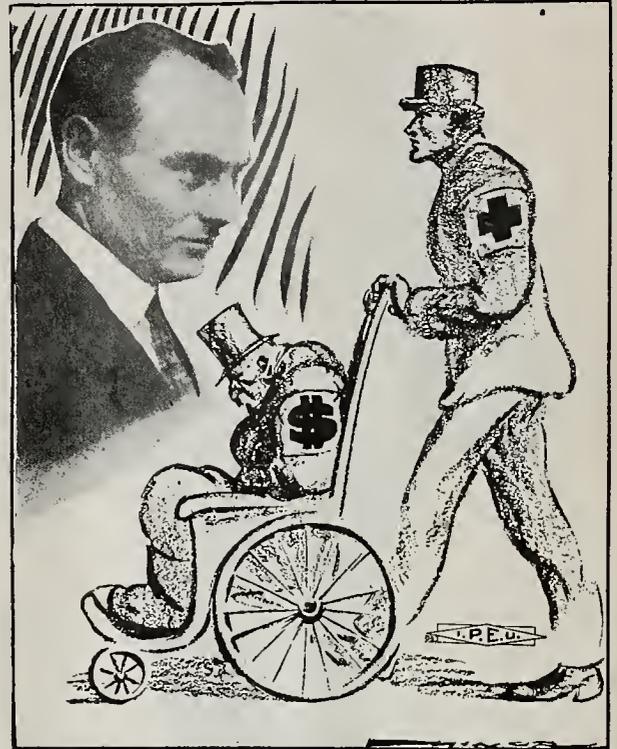
And, having spoken of good cartoons, I feel that this is the psychological moment to ring in the name of Robert Minor, Jr., the St. Louis Post-Dispatch's matinee idol. It has taken him but a few years to become world-famous. Everybody knows Minor and his rough, blunt crayon.

In the March issue of "Cartoons" appears a brief article by Minor on "Cartoons, the Slang of Art." Slang, says Minor, is the most successful mode of expression. "The cartoon is fascinatingly simple and its appeal persuasively direct," Minor remarks.

The cartoonist and short-story writer have one thing in common: they strive heroically to use only such material as will enable them to emphasize the theme. Anything unnecessary—even a single crayon-stroke or a single word—dare not be used by a good cartoonist or an artistic short-story writer. "Leave out everything you can!" exclaims the cartoonist. "Don't say too much!" cries the writer. All of which means that the modern writer must not be a slave to detail. So, instead of becoming complex, modern art is striving for simplicity—and attaining it. What you don't say is even more important than what you do say. To leave out, to eliminate embarrassing detail is more difficult than to put in an overdose of non-essentials.

William Hazlitt, in his interesting "Table Talk," tells of Denner finishing his unmeaning portraits with a microscope, and without being ever weary of his fruitless task. Denner was not an artist in the true sense of the word. To magnify an object to reproduce each wrinkle, hair and speck is a sign of patience, care and industry, but no indication of genius. It is not enough to merely place the mirror up to nature.

Emerson, in his wonderful essay on art, says the painter should give the suggestion of a fairer creation than we know. In other words, Emerson tells us to value the expression of nature, and not nature herself. In a portrait, says our seer, he must inscribe the character, and not the features.



Robert Minor, Jr.

Mere realism is not art. To say otherwise would lead one to the conclusion that the photographer's camera is one of the highest mediums of art, for it does, in truth, mirror nature's most minute details.

And now we come to Minor's blunt crayon. Says Minor:

"When I use a large, blunt crayon it is not for the sake of the appearance of the lines, but because it forces simplicity—for you cannot draw tedious details with a big crayon."

\* \* \*

The reader may, at first thought, conclude that it is an impertinence to talk of a cartoonist in a "Books and Reading" department. I believe a person may discuss cartoons and still have in mind a philosophy of literature. A cartoon is expression. Literature is expression. The difference is not in expression but in form; that is all. Each has its bearing on the other.

\* \* \*

## POOR DAVIDSON

In speaking of "The New Poetry," last month, I said: "John Davidson, John Hall Wheelock, and a half dozen others, including a few Americans, are writing poetry that is new—" Of course, I meant to say John Masefield instead of John Davidson. My typewriter de-

# The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

## THE COMING MOTHERHOOD

*It takes great strength to train  
To modern service your ancestral brain,  
To lift the weight of the unnumbered years  
Of dead men's habits, methods, and ideas;  
To hold that back with one hand and support  
With the other the weak steps of the new thought*  
—Gilman.



THIS very well expresses the predicament of modern motherhood. Behind it lie "the weight of the unnumbered years, dead men's habits, methods, and ideas," the idealization of the individual mother, of duty limited to family. And these confuse and retard the development of the newly awakened social sense. Before it, equally confusing because of their newness and immensity, lie the conditions that tend toward a social motherhood—a motherhood richer and stronger than the old as the oak is stronger than the acorn from which it sprang.

It has so long been the accepted view that a mother fulfilled her obligations to a "T" if she knew how to cook, washed the babies' faces thoroughly, kept father's socks darned well, and always wore a cheerful smile, that it is veritable heresy to suggest a change or an improvement. This in spite of the fact that our daily life reveals the fact that the old conception no longer fully serves its purpose.

The idea still clings that the mother is needed nowhere except in the family, though the family occasionally suffers from ptomaine poisoning, the result of eating canned goods, which mother didn't cook; though stockings are made of such shoddy material that darn-

ceived me. That doesn't mean Davidson's poetry is bad—by no means. But Davidson is not among those who "are writing poetry," because, poor fellow, he did something drastic four or five years ago—he died.



## UTILITARIANISM

There are many intelligent persons who are proud of their utilitarianism. A thing should justify its existence by "doing something concrete, useful and necessary." Such persons look on Niagara Falls and sigh:

"Ah, see the good horsepower going to waste! Let's harness the power and make it work for us."

That, in a word, is the philosophy of the utilitarian. I cannot agree. I believe a thing of beauty is worthy of existence and admiration even though it may not operate a sewing machine or bake a loaf of bread. A thing of beauty is a joy forever, exclaimed Keats. A thing of beauty is useful because it is beautiful.

The utilitarian philosophy is as bread to the stomach. But we cannot live by bread alone. We must have something for the soul—music, poems, pictures.

ing them is a thankless task; though the streets, where the babies must now play, are so dirty that to wash their faces is a mere matter of form.

But this old idea is by no means complete master of the field. The thought, which pictures THE mother as meeting the problems of the world with other mothers and with fathers, is growing, if slowly.

Like all the ideals that have won their way onto the forum of human achievements, the ideal of social motherhood comes through many years of painful experience. And though it calls but faintly as yet to a few women, to a great many it comes as a clarion call, hiding them face grim facts that will not go unheeded.

It calls to the wives of strikers as the pangs of hunger grip their little ones and they are powerless to relieve them; to the women who see their little sisters driven into the streets because of starvation wages; to the mothers who see the free young spirit they have given their children crushed by hopeless drudgery for the sake of profit; to the mothers who see sons and husbands and fathers slain in mines and lumber camps and battle fields. To all these it calls and to millions more.

Through the blindness of many tears they see the vision. But pain drives them swiftly toward it. Each mother is beginning to say, "Alone I am nothing. I cannot protect my own children unless I protect the children of the world. The strength of one is but a single stone to be washed away by the torrent of exploitation. But the strength of many is a dam that will turn the torrent from its course."

And when the torrent with all its swirling load of logs and gravel and underbrush is turned aside, then will it be time to make of the earth, which it has covered, a garden spot beyond comparison.



## ECHOES FROM PASSERSBY

(What I heard one day when I tried to fill up the gap of lonesomeness by entering into the spirit of other people's troubles.)

In my city it is an accident when one gets a seat in a street car. (I suppose in your city there are no straphangers.)

Well, anyhow, on this lonesome morning the accident of getting a seat happened to me. Someone carelessly pushed me into one. And immediately I began to cheer up. The world didn't seem such a bad place after all. The weather was fine. And the people—but what was the matter with the people!

Here are some of the comments that floated around:

"Say, look at that two hundred-pounder go through the crowd." "Gee, ain't that conductor the fresh guy!" "Pardon me, you're standing on my foot." "That motor-man isn't fit to run a car. He ought to be driving a plow with a bell on it." "If the rails were laid straight it wouldn't be so hard to stand up." "It looks as though some people have just got to give you a shove that

# The Star of Destiny

By Stanley B. Wilson



HE uncle of the first Napoleon once sought to dissuade him from further attempts at conquest, urging the dangers that beset such a course. Napoleon caught his uncle by the arm, and drawing him to a window, pointing upward, impulsively inquired: "Do you see that star?" "No," replied the astonished pleader. "Well, I do!" exclaimed the ambitious soldier.

The purpose of this article is to direct the mental vision, through the gloom of greed, and selfishness, and injustice, and wrong that is too much with us, to the star of hope, the star of enlightenment, the star of human ascendancy, the star that signals the birth of a new era for America and mankind—the ever-rising, ever-brightening star of Socialism.

Look up into the sky on a clear night and you behold two thousand or more sparkling orbs that look like jewels set in the grand overarching canopy.

Most of these are suns similar to our own. Many of them are inconceivably vast in size—probably a thousand times larger than our sun. They look very small only because of their distance from us.

The nearest one that has been measured is twenty-five trillions of miles from us in the measureless depths of space, and some have been measured that are nearly forty times as far away.

These stars are not mere separate twinkling dots in space to decorate the sky. Each has a system of worlds of its own, and like our own supplies light, heat, attraction and cohesion to its individual system. The heavens

are one immense organized system with intimate relationships and laws for their government.

Man is by nature a civic creature. He is a creature of organization. By virtue of this, "all action by individuals toward incorporating their views in laws and public policy must be through associations or groupings of individuals." Organization implies order. Order implies government.

The highest social triumph is that which puts government in the hands of all associations, or groups, or parties affected by it. The best government is that which best serves the best interests of the human family.

Astronomy is the most ancient of all the sciences. The Chinese have astronomical annals claiming to go back 2857 years B. C. All down the ages the study of the heavenly bodies has been prosecuted as of chief importance among the sciences—the basis and illumination of all the sciences.

The science of social astronomy is the basis and illumination of all that is vital to social man. Let us cast our eyes to the great widespread social firmament and conjure for a time with this star of destiny.

It is not a freak.

In astronomy there is a vast difference in the heavenly bodies. The planets have fixed orbits in which they make regular revolutions that do not vary from century to century. Comets, on the other hand, are very different in their nature. A comet will suddenly burst into view, dash around the sun, and fly away into the unknown realms of space. They have been called the tramps of the solar system.

For many thousands of years, in an orbit over three and one-half billion miles in length, a great

sends your hat over one ear." "Wish I had a pin to stick that fellow to make him move."

"How I would hate to be the car company if this crowd went after it," thought I.

But have you noticed, for some reason, the crowd never goes after the car company.

For lunch I went to the usual cafeteria. Near one of the windows sat two women who attracted me by the striking contrast they formed. So I put my tray on a table near them.

One of them was heavily built. Her clothes were in every respect "the latest thing out." Her voice was affected. The other was a pert little wren, whose clothes were not noticeable at all. At least, I didn't notice them. I noticed only her bright brown eyes, which were soft and meet one moment, and the next sparkled with the most surprising mischievousness.

"What is the meaning of that sign—Metropolitan Cooks' Association?" she asked her large friend.

"Oh, that is an elaborated title meaning Cooks' Union," was the reply.

"A woman's union?" The brown eyes were mildly innocent.

"Of course not, Rheta. What a question! How could women belong to a cooks' union? A union is a fighting organization. It fights the people its members work for. Women cook for their families. They have nothing to fight about."

"The poor ones cook for their families," responded

the little lady. "And they don't like it any too well. It's no wonder they don't, either. This having a cookery in every house is about the most wasteful thing imaginable. How much would the owners of this cafeteria make, do you think, if they cooked up a little plateful of stuff in the home of each customer instead of handling it all together as they do here?"

"But the cooking by women for their families has nothing to do with economy," was the indignant rejoinder. "They do it for love."

The brown eyes took on that surprising sparkle.

"It's a pity, then, that love should muddle up even such a prosaic problem as that of cooking."

In the evening I went to the Women's Trade Union League headquarters. I had no special business there. In fact, I had important business elsewhere. But you know what a contrary creature lonesomeness is.

A group of women, among them several of the marchers in the recent pageant at Washington, were discussing the treatment accorded the suffragists there. Most of the conversation expressed high indignation.

"You don't seem to take it to heart as much as the rest of us, Miss \_\_\_\_\_," said one of the group to an elderly woman who, judging from the conversation, was among the standard-bearers of the procession.

"Don't I?" she questioned. "I wonder is it really true that I don't?" She paused to think a moment, taking the charge quite seriously.

comet coursed through the sky at a speed fifty times greater than the speed of a rifle bullet. A few years ago this stupendous solar tramp took a brief stroll, brushed by our earth, and every eye was watchful for a glimpse of the wonderful vagrant of the sky.

Socialism is not a tramp or a vag. It is not a social freak. It is not a new-fangled scheme of social salvation. It is the simple, sane, stable, free, forceful principle that has actuated prophets, and statesmen, and humanitarians since systems of government began.

I see the lone Israelite—his heart throbbing with indignation against the oppressions of Pharaoh—face the tyrant with flashing eyes and voice vibrant with the courage of commanding conviction, and I hear his demand: "Let my people go!" I hear his cry to his Lord: "Save my people; if not, let me be blotted out of the Book of Life!"

I tell you he was under the spell of the same star of destiny, the same social impulse that is sending the workers to the polls today to smite with the silent, yet invincible weapon of the ballot, the modern Pharaoh of capitalism.

Centuries later I see a scholar probing the social strata of his day. I see the same look of indignation and courage. I hear the same vibrant tone: "Ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoils of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye heat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?"

Many centuries later I see a company of men, with the same look and the same tone. They are facing a crisis involving the destinies of nations—yes, of mankind. What are they saying? "All men are created equal"; "all just powers under God are derived from the consent of the governed!"

When Garrison said: "The great fundamental fact of anti-slavery is that man cannot hold property in man"; and Wendell Phillips penned that splendid resolution more than a half century ago, "Resolved, That we declare war with the system, which demoralizes alike the hirer and the hired, cheats both, and enslaves the working man; war with the present system of finance, which robs labor and gorges capital, makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, and turns a republic into an aristocracy of wealth"; and Abraham Lincoln declared that "to secure to each laborer the full product of his labor is a worthy object of any government," they were fired by the same spirit, inspired by the same stellar social influences that warms the lips and impels the pens of our Debs, and Seidels, and Bergers, and Stitt Wilsons, and Harrimans, and Maynards and Warrens, and their many colleagues today.

Joseph Cook used to say: "The nineteenth century has made the whole world one neighborhood. The twentieth century ought to endeavor to make this one neighborhood into one brotherhood.

"The world was once a block of marble. Struck on one side, the other side did not quiver. But it is now like a mass of nerve fibre. Wound the modern world anywhere and it winces everywhere. There are no foreign lands. There can be no more hermit nations."

Over the cradle of this new century shines today this star of destiny, heralding a new era of social relationship among men and shedding a sensitizing and energizing influence of ever-increasing intensity and expansion.

**This star of destiny is the star of hope to the whole world of humanity.**

I have chosen the figure of a star because a star is a creature of nature, and as such expresses something that is integral, something that conforms with the great universal plan.

The Socialist is often looked upon as a dreamer, a theorist, a fanatic. His doctrines are pronounced visionary, impractical, unreliable, even dangerous. But measured by the fundamental—the deepest and purest principles of Americanism—he is the most normal kind of a citizen.

It is argued against Socialism that it promises an unnatural and impossible equality—a resolving to a dead level of the whole mass of humanity.

Socialism asks and offers nothing that is not promised by the Constitution of our country and the common rights of mankind.

Socialism does not mean to reduce all men to a dead level, but to lift up all men to the limit of their abilities.

It does not mean dividing up the wealth of the world. It means putting the sources of wealth in the hands of the wealth-producers.

It does not level down. It levels up.

It does not discourage initiative and enterprise, but indolence and exploitation.

It guarantees nothing to nobody, except the full product of labor expended.

It is only the scientific application of the principle of the square deal.

Emerson advised: "Hitch your wagon to a star." But when we point to our star of destiny with the same advice we are pronounced Utopians.

Well, let's seek Utopia. It's better to seek much and get less than seek little and be satisfied.

Socialism has access to the stars. It is the star of destiny.

"Rather than Utopian," says George Dole, "it is the wisest possible application of practical common sense to human relationships in the place of individual prejudice and privilege, with their countless train of barbarities."

"The spirit of Socialism," says Rev. Charles H. Vail, "is fraternal, and its aim is to realize the brotherhood of man in all the relations of life. It recognizes the solidarity of the human race, and would surround men with an economic and social environment that would minister to that ideal."

Is this Utopian? Then there is nothing worth while practical. It is to this the best minds of the ages have aspired. It is to this the best souls of the present are applying themselves.

Is it Utopian? Then we are hitched to our star and it will take us to our desired destiny.

"Today," says Edward Bellamy, "it matters little how weak the voice of the preacher may be, for the current of affairs, the logic of events, is doing his work and preaching his sermon for him.

"This is why there is ground today for a higher-hearted hope, that a greater deliverance for humanity is at hand than was ever before justified.

"When sun and moon together pull the sea, a mighty tide is sure to come. So today, when the spiritual and economic tendencies of the times are for once working together; when the spirit of this age, and the Divine Spirit of all ages, for once are on the same side, hope becomes reason and confidence is but common sense."

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#### AS YOU LOOK AT IT

Wealthy Tourist—"They tell me that only a few years ago men actually killed each other on the slightest provocation right here in this place."

Western Booster of His Home Town—"They tell me they're still workin' women an' children an' killin' folks in the shops an' factories back East there. Takin' them a long time to catch up with us out here, ain't it?"

# Message of the New Revolution

By Harold Story

Harold Story, of Whittier College, delivered the subjoined at the twenty-fourth Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, March 27, winning first prize. This is the second time within a year that Harold Story has come away with flying colors, each time choosing radical subjects. He is a member of the County General Committee of the Socialist Party of Los Angeles.



CENTURY upon century, age after age, the workers of the world have toiled upward toward the light. The story of their bitter struggle to rise out of bondage and barbarism is the true history of the human race. The fundamental force behind this struggle, the energy behind man's evolution has always been human toil. But only in recent years have the world's manual and mental laborers begun to realize that they are the indispensable agents of social and economic advance.

When the masses emerged from the gloomy gulf of prehistoric savagery they had to gain a foothold before they could continue their climb. Slowly, with infinite pain, they carved out one after another the empires of the ancient world. Egypt and Greece, Carthage and Rome were successive steps of their progress. But though slaves and plebians made the conquests, patri- cians and emperors reaped the reward. At last, driven to desperation, the workers rebelled against the Caesars. Swiftly the empires crumbled. Rome fell, imperialism was overthrown, feudalism was ushered in.

Through the next thousand years, the "dark ages," humanity still plodded on. In these centuries of reaction and conflict the culture of the south and the vigor of the north were gradually welded together. Now serfs and servants fought the battles of progress; knights and kings stole the profit and prize. Again the wretched workers rebelled against their despotic masters. Terrific revolutions swept over America, France, England, and Germany. In a mighty upheaval feudalism was banished and a third social system, capitalism, was placed on the throne.

Thus far had humanity climbed unknowing, uncon- scious, unseeing. But with the advent of the new period, the modern capitalistic age, a few of the work- ers commenced to realize that man was on an upward journey. Through the shifting mists they caught occa- sional glimpses of bright upper slopes, rising in the golden glow of the warm sunlight. They dreamed of a fair future day when freedom should smite the shackles of slaves, when pure democracy should reign supreme, when the toilers at last should come to their own. They founded a new philosophy of political and economic progress.

This philosophy is an instrument by which the work- ers may behold in themselves the only creative force of human society. From its fundamental viewpoint, by means of history, economic facts and scientific laws, it interprets and analyzes the faults of society. It formulates its doctrines from rules of social growth and evolutionary advance. Recognizing that all per- manent change and substantial reorganization must be brought about by the essential force of the masses, it appeals to the workers alone, shows them their trouble, its cause, and its remedy. Now that the capitalistic system has fulfilled its purpose, now that humanity is at last ready to rise into the light, this philosophy brings an urgent message to the workers of the world.

Through the voices of its earnest prophets it is send- ing forth this mighty manifesto:

Workers, by your toil all material value is produced. You till the soil, you work the metals, you write the books, you burrow in the bowels of the earth, you travel the trails of the land, you sail the ships of the seas. By your skilled hands and active minds the gilded palaces are builded, the mighty engines are con- structed, the wealth of the world is amassed. And yet you live in huts and hovels, you do not own the tools you make, you are scorned and called "the poor." Idlers live in your palaces, plutocrats own your machines, social parasites control your wealth. Kings and capital- ists, princes and priests live in luxury while you sweat in drudgery. A thousand standing armies live on what you earn. You make the loaves that nourish the world, but you give them all to your masters. You eat only the meagre crumbs, the wages they toss back to you. Workers, you are being robbed.

Toilers, most of you have ceased to live; you only miserably exist. You must struggle to earn the neces- sities of life; its comforts and its luxuries you cannot win. Books and poetry, music and art, all the finer things of life, all the glories of civilization, they are not for you, though you alone can produce them. In- sanity and crime, disease and prostitution, with these your lot is cast. You are haunted by gaunt famine, you are victims of false charity. Your children are the child slaves; your sons and daughters taste the world's bitterest dregs. You are governed by a rule of gold, rather than the golden rule. Your bodies, your minds, your very souls are being crushed by the merciless grind of a despotic industrial system. Toilers, you are being degraded.

Laborers, without a reason of your own, without a hope of gain for yourselves, you bear arms against each other. You blindly fight the wars of the world at the command of your industrial lords. From your ranks come those who writhe and groan and bleed out their lives on the red battle fields. Nowhere among those lifeless bodies, nowhere among Mars' bloody vic- tims can you find the mangled corpse of a single great landlord. You pay the price in blood; they reap the profit in gold. Laborers, you are robbed and degraded, and, in addition to your misery, you are murdering each other.

You may say these words are rash and bold, but, friends, are they not the truth? Where is there any material wealth that labor did not produce? And is not the world's wealth controlled by those who produce little or nothing? Are there not in this country alone ten million actual paupers? And do not the wolves ever howl about the doors of fifty million more of our citizens? Who fill the slums of the cities and the "hell- holes" of the earth? Who fill the awful sweatshops and the child labor mills? What wars are ever declared by vote of the laboring class? And whoever sees a merchant prince in the ranks of a fighting army? If these words are rash it is because the truth is rash. If these assertions are bold it is because the truth is bold.

But, workers, it is in your power to change your

unjust conditions. Nothing holds you back but a worn-out industrial system that has long since fulfilled its historical function. The fault is not greatly with your economic masters, for they are bound by gold chains as you are held by iron. You, workers, you alone can break humanity's bonds. Bright hope persuades you, progressive evolution commands you to free yourselves and the world.

Such, friends, are the primary teachings of this working-class philosophy. Standing on these teachings and believing in these doctrines there is a powerful, ever-growing working-class movement. Already a great company of your fellows is striving toward the goal. Fifty millions of them there are, from every corner of the earth, every nation of the globe. Fifty million men, women, and children, all bound together in a forward movement by a noble common cause and by humanity's brotherhood. From this great host of my comrades I bring this final appeal to you who toil.

Workers, you are the vast majority; the world is yours; take it! Socially take and socially own the instruments of production. As you socially produce, socially control the production of your toil.

"Ye sons of toil, awake to glory.

Hark! Hark! What myriads bid you rise,  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries."

Let democracy be a reality and justice rule the world. Let kindness, mercy, and love have a chance to grow and be pure. Clasp hands with your fellow man; put race and creed aside. Welcome with open hearts and helping hands that new revolution "which marks the transition \* \* \* from wage slavery to free co-operation, from capitalist oligarchy to industrial democracy." Join that great array of your fellows and follow their conquering banner, ever onward even upward.

"Workers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to win."

## In Black and White

### Tom and Bill—

Tom lived down in the valley, where he only saw the sun a few hours during the day. He never saw it rise, he never knew the glory of its setting. He was too far down—the walls around him were too high!

Bill lived up on top of the mountain. He saw the sun all day. He saw it burst up in the splendor of its regal glow; he saw it sink to rest amid wonderful shadings at night!

Tom just worked all day, without wondering about WHY anything was. He just took his orders and carried them out, dully, without reason. He saw people rise; he saw people fall. He saw money come and go. He saw evolution, but he didn't recognize it. He went to work; he worked; he went home.

Bill went to work; he worked; he went home. But while he worked he thought. He asked questions. When he went home he talked and he read. He heard what others had to say, and he reasoned with himself and with others about what others had to say. He saw people rise; he saw people fall. He found out why. He saw evolution and he came to recognize it.

Tom lived in the valley. Bill lived on the mountain!



### Move—

Move! Everything moves! The world revolves, the meteor flies through space, the river flows, the ocean roars and surges—even the lily of the field grows in beauty. Everything moves. Nature intended everything to move. Are you where you were yesterday? Are your ideas those of yesterday? Is your brain moving forward? If not you are not in accord with the universe. Be open to the new. Move! Everything moves!

# Two Books that Appeal to the Best in Everyone

## THE GOSPEL OF SOCIALISM

By Stanley B. Wilson

A book that makes you look into your real being and find yourself—one of those books that are filled with thoughts worth thinking and reading. Here's a little sentence from the book: "To the Socialist the test of righteousness is not personal piety, but social harmony."

## THE Religion of a Socialist

By R. A. Maynard

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