

JUNE, 1913

TEN CENTS

The Western Comrade

IN THIS NUMBER

A Woman in
the Race

By Anna A. Maley

Cover Design Sketched From Photo
of MISS MALEY by
Rob Wagner



The Vindication of
Woman Suffrage

By Cameron H. King

The Pessimism of Jack London - - - - By Emanuel Julius
California Today and Tomorrow - - - - By R. A. Maynard

A Rare Treat in the July Number

There was a good joke in a recent number of Everybody's Magazine. It was this:

"You know Bill Jones' neck?"

"Yes."

"Well, he fell in the river up to it."

So now we query:

"You know Rob Wagner's face?"

"Well, he's going to get into the next number of The Western Comrade up to it—and including it!"

A painter who has carved for himself a great big corner in the western hall of fame, an author whose work is called for the best publications in the whole country, he is a man who breathes life and energy and originality and comradeship. For he is a comrade, real and true and earnest. Red of the red, is Wagner—Socialist to the roots of his hair.

So Wagner's portrait, sketched by himself, will adorn the cover of The Western Comrade for July. You have seen Wagner's sketches of other faces on the front cover for the past three months and now he himself is to stand revealed—revealed by his own hand!

And that will be a treat for you to think about! Nor is that all, by any means. For you'll want to know about this artist, this wizard of crayon and oil and pencil. You'll want to know the dreams he dreams, what he sees in the future, what inspires him in his work! That will be told in a delightful conversation-story by Emanuel Julius. It will do you good, cheer you up, brighten the whole month for you—this picture and this story of Wagner and about Wagner. There isn't a more interesting person to be found anywhere than Wagner! And when you know him as you will know him after seeing the picture and reading the story you'll have something new and cheering and thought provoking to think about. You'll see some new sparkles from life's prism!

There will be a lot of new names in the July number, as well. It will be the best number yet. There will be some powerful stories, fact and fiction and propaganda. Every comrade should make sure of getting the July number by at once sending in his subscription.

For, to use one of Rob Wagner's favorite sayings, "It will be a splash! It will ring the bell!"

A Miracle of Civilization

By Stanley B.
Wilson

The century plant grows in forbidden surroundings, a thorny, grisly, homely thing, but holding in its hand a secret. Assimilating sustenance from the earth and drinking in the rain and dew; it stands nodding to the breeze for a hundred years, and then springs into bloom of surpassing beauty.

Socialism, thorny, grisly, homely, forbidding to the senses of those who are unfamiliar with its spirit and purpose—is not a chance growth. It is not the creation of some modern Burbank of economics. It is not the product of some new horticultural laboratory.

Long has it stood, devoid of popular recognition, shunned even by those to whom it offered its blessings, struggling amid the woeful wastes of chaotic society; but always there; always drinking in sustenance; always assimilating the elements of growth and strength; always struggling for expansion and expression, until today it stands forth a miracle of development and power—the most interesting and influential factor in modern civilization.

The Western Comrade

Vol. 1.



No. 3

June, 1913.

Published Monthly by

The Citizen Publishing Co.

203 New High Street, P. O. Box 135

Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year

EDITORS

Stanley B. Wilson

Chester M. Wright

Associate Editors

Eleanor Wentworth

Emanuel Julius

Mila Tupper Maynard

Rob Wagner

Fred C. Wheeler

Editorial Writer—R. A. Maynard



Mount Shasta

"Like a hoary sentinel o'ertops surrounding country at an altitude of 14,350 feet. See page 79.

This World of Ours

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT



TODDLING on in childish innocence, the baby lip scarce off its lips, the little one reached out a wee soft hand to touch the world—to feel its pulse and sense its texture. The world but crunched a massive jaw; the little mite went back to join the great White Throng from whence it came!

The world is Beast. It leaps and lurks and lunges. It slinks in the shadow and prowls in the dark. It peers through the night with a trillion eyes of flame, seeking flesh and blood of human kind, savage, brutal, reckless, in the wild abandon of a drunken chase, keen in the wondrous ways that have come of countless centuries of cunning, fierce in the close-pressed pack of the hunt for life.

The world of the inanimate seems to be a Thing of life; a Thing of life and torture. It seems to be a Thing of vengeance, and fight and hate. It seems to turn and grasp and bite and strike. It seems to be openly violent and frantic at times; at times soft and purring and all mellow-lighted and delicate, glinting and shimmering and beckoning in devilish treachery. It rises up in awful majesty and coolly raises one great arm to crush in calculated measure; it comes by stealth and sneakery to slowly poison and cuttie to death all unawares.

This Thing, the world, delights to taunt with dangling joys the little mites that straggle o'er its face; delights to raise them into ecstasies of joy and wondrous heights of passion; screams in ghoulish mirth the while they build of straw and steel their play-huts of a passing hour. And then, just for the seeming pleasure of a passing whim the Thing but closes just one eye and by the flicker of the lash are countless hordes of pigmy folks swept back into that wondrous mire where lie the dinosaurs, where flit the souls of all those countless ages that have gone.

Wild and wonderful is this world we boastfully call ours. Wild and stern, forbidding while it beckons on with honeyed bait and subtly changing charm. At times it almost seems to take the human form as shadows fall and misty dreamings blind the daylight eye. Its features seem of massive steel and stone and brick. Great flashing bulbs of man made light in white and red and blue seem as the eyes that shine from under brows of mighty buildings made of all the things the earth yields up to decorate her face. Great engines, factories, repulsive yet compelling, are woven in with countless other things of varied use to form the cheeks and features of this monstrous Thing, our world. And in the animation of its ponderous movings there seems to be a little bit of all there is involved in daily life—the straining cranes, the heaving, swinging ropes and guys of ships, the trains, the gaping mines, the piles of stone that crowd and push within the city streets. All this there seems to be in this great Thing that bids us come and lose ourselves in its great maze.

And the misty, hazy dream of dusk time tells no lie. The Thing has life. It wants to crush and kill and lure and trap and spend its lust on tender flesh. It shouts for joy as man goes blindly on and on and gives no heed to what has gone before. Its fist of steel delights to grasp where down the ages it has been its wont to grasp. Its velvet paw derives rare joy from stealing through the night to creep in muffled stealth upon the little things that scamper for a day through what we know as life.

Yet, as we struggle on and strive to use that marvel brain with which this giant foeman never was endowed, we seem to know that we were made to master and to use where now we furnish game and food for what should be our slave. The piled up struggle of the past has left with us the key with which to lock the chains around the throat of this great Thing. And even now as little souls are sent in anguish from their shells of flesh we gain what hope we have by knowing that we lose to win; that as we flicker on the things we know shall be piled unto the things that those to come shall know and that the things thus known will turn the key upon the Thing and hold it fast a slave and fount of joy and life for all mankind to have. Its white hot breath may beat upon us yet a little while; its eyes may glare in mockery and damning glee upon our pain yet for a time; its fingers twitch and twine about our throats; its massive feet tread down upon our heads long bowed in fear, for just a little span.

And then—and then—and then we win, we rise, we take from out the dimness of the past the brain that, gathering there, has lain in wait for us and, proud, we rise to conquer and to have and hold! The dull, roan clay of all the sodden past has left its heritage to us; and now we win! Oh, men and all the sons of men! We win, by God, we win! We win to dwell in peace and common mastery! The terror of the past is slain! The world is ours! We win! In very truth we gain the victory! We see the rising sun and if in these last hours of mist the Thing should flick us off in some mean dying lurch we mourn not as we go, for the coming light has told us of the victory, the victory that little souls like ours have come through all the agony of time to gain. At last we win! The giant Thing is doomed to serve and all its myriad eyes and tensing, flexing limbs shall do for us our will! It seems as though all Time were made for naught but this!



MY BOY

By LILLIAN PELEE

My boy, tall and fine and strong;
 Ever ready to right a wrong;
 Straight as an arrow in action and deed;
 Dares voice his opinion, when there is need.
 Courtneys to all, be it beggar or king;
 A feeling inborn that from the heart must spring.
 Voice low. Each word falls thinking clear,
 Pure and limpid as a crystal tear.
 Gracious, affable, always gay;
 Adds a bit to life each day;
 Mind as broad as the Heavens above.
 No room for meanness in the boy I love.
 His pride and honor he holds most dear.
 Knows not what it is to fear.
 Strength of body and strength of mind,
 Combined qualities, hard to find.
 Beauty and talent blended in one;
 A love for the serious, a love for fun.
 Nothing that is sordid or low
 Finds a place in his heart to grow.
 Always extending a helping hand
 To aid the weaker in the land.
 No fanatical creed holds its sway
 Over this boy of mine, open as day.
 Some would call him "Hero," "Ideal"
 Or other words so true and real;
 But though I know he deserves them all,
 I think it better just to call
 This one who gives me so much joy
 Two simple words—they are, "My boy!"



California of Today



THE imagination of a Jules Verne never conceived romance to equal the fact in California's early history.

The state's name is said to have had its origin in a Spanish romance, first published in 1510. Cortes, who discovered the territory in 1535, christened it.

For the period between that date and the founding of the missions in 1769 there is little authentic history.

It was under Spanish and Mexican rule from 1769 to 1846 and was admitted to the union of states and became part of the republic in 1849.

Its name having had its origin in a romance, it is peculiarly fitting that the chronicles of its early history should read like a tale of the Middle Ages.

The story of the work of the Jesuit priests and founding of Franciscan missions with the history of the presidio period is as weirdly fascinating as any tale of Grecian or Norse mythology.

California's land area is 155,652 square miles or 101,350,400 acres. It is the second state in gross area in the United States and had a population in 1910 of 2,377,549.

What these figures mean can be best shown by comparison. The six New England states have a combined land area of but 61,976 square miles and an aggregate population of 6,552,681. The land area of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and New Jersey is 156,043 square miles, yet these states contain a population of 24,954,483. The United Kingdom—England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland has an area of 121,391 square miles and a population of 45,216,665.

In other words the United Kingdom with far smaller area has nearly fifteen times as many people as California.

The census of 1910 reported the improved land in farms as 11,389,894 acres, an area greater than that of the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island combined.

A statement from the United States general land office gave the public lands vacant and subject to entry and settlement on June 30, 1911, as 18,012,903 acres surveyed, and 5,350,061 unsurveyed, or a total of 23,362,964 acres, an area greater than New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island combined.

But of this large acreage the greater portion consists of mountain and desert land not yet available for irrigation.

Of the 88,197 farms, 9712 contain more than 500 acres each, while the total acreage of the state under irrigation in 1910 was 5,490,361 acres.

California has been rightfully called an empire in extent and is only exceeded by the state of Texas.

Within its borders are the extremes of climate of the temperate and semi-tropic zones, although the greater portion has an exceptionally genial and equable climate.

With a fertility of soil unexcelled anywhere in the world, all the products of the temperate and semi-tropic zones, including fruits and vegetables, are grown in profusion. It contains nearly every known mineral and the mineral production for 1910 was in value \$88,419,079.

The state has a coast line 1200 miles in length, with

three of the world's best harbors and is traversed by three extensive mountain ranges: the Sierra Nevada, Sierra Madre and Coast ranges. Mountain, mesa, plain,



Yosemite Falls

"Volume of white water plunges 2,600 feet—half a mile."

valley, lakes, rivers and seashore—these comprise its general topography.

So much for the cyclopedic facts, each one of which will be pregnant with significance for human kind when the sun of the new day has risen.

The story, however, is not complete without reference to a wealth not to be put in figures—marvels of beauty and glory for the eye in mountain peaks, cascades of

and Tomorrow

By
R. A. MAYNARD

waters, broad expanse of ocean and limitless horizon.

Guarding the northern entrance of the state in Shasta County is Mount Lassen, which rears its head 10,577 feet above the level of the sea, while Shasta, a veritable king of mountain peaks, like a hoary sentinel o'ertops the surrounding country at an altitude of 14,350 feet.

I once entered the state from Oregon on a January day. Great flakes of fleecy snow filled the air as the train neared the vicinity of Shasta. All eyes were watching for a first glimpse of the mighty mountain when suddenly the sun broke through the closed banks and a wondrous picture stood revealed.

Like a great ship on a clear morning, looming suddenly from out a heavy fog bank, so stood the great snow-capped peak towering nearly three miles above sharply outlined in the bright sunlight, gleaming in rainbow colors—a sight to be long remembered. The entire length of the Sierra Nevada range from Mount Lassen south is a continuous panorama of natural beauty—lakes, rivers, and waterfalls, peaks, canyons and evergreen forests.

One of the most interesting regions in the entire state is that on the border line between California and Nevada, known as the lake region, where are twenty or more lakes at an elevation of from 8000 to 10,000 feet. Here is Lake Tahoe, the largest body of fresh water on earth at the 10,000 feet level. Ten miles in length, with an average width of six miles, it lies at the very summit of the Sierras and is the center of a region of scenic beauty certainly not surpassed anywhere in the United States, perhaps not in the world.

This is the angler's paradise. The lakes, rivers and brooks of the region abound with trout of all kinds, from the salmon trout native of the waters of Tahoe to the Eastern brook trout found in the fascinating mountain brooks which thread the mountain sides.

Once, accompanied by friends, I left my home late on a summer afternoon on a fishing trip to this region. After an enjoyable drive of a score of miles on a typical moonlit evening we reached a beautiful canyon at the foot of one of the snow-capped peaks—a charming spot to a lover of natural beauty.

Rushing down the steep descent, forming the center of the picture, was one of the most beautiful of mountain brooks. The waters were clear as crystal and so sharp was their descent that wherever they met with an obstruction, there was a miniature cataract, from which they rushed madly forward only to fall perhaps a few feet farther on into the quiet and rush of some secluded pool.

The canyon was narrow with banks sloping on either side to the very water's edge, and covered with a luxuriant second growth of pine extending up, up and up to what seemed the very summit of the mountain—a solid mass of green foliage.

Amid such surroundings, out in the open air, under the thick foliage of the pines, making the air heavy with its fragrance, we lay down to rest.

Lying there one could gaze upward through the foliage to the twinkling stars overhead, while ever ringing in the ears, was the incessant music of the brook, occasionally broken in upon by the call of a night bird, while covering all with its mellow radiance

was the soft light of the rapidly descending August moon.

I had often been alone with nature in many of her myriad moods, but I had never before passed a night amid such surroundings: had never before been where I could imagine that I felt the beating and throbbing of her great, tender heart.

Never again on earth do I expect to come consciously nearer to the Heart of the Universe than amid these surroundings on this August night, beside this mountain brook.

Scarcely less beautiful was the scene in the morning sunlight. Although with the dawn, the weirdness had departed from the landscape, yet the little brook sang on as merrily as in the silence of the night, while now its waters glistened and sparkled in the sunlight. Inexpressible but very real I found was the inspiration and added trust which had come to my soul direct from Nature's heart.

Down the range in Inyo County, the greatest altitude of the Sierra Nevadas is reached. Mount Whitney, one of the highest peaks in the United States, is 14,502 feet above sea level, while numerous others, within easy range, pierce the clouds at a height of over 10,000 feet. Here the "American Alps" can be seen in all their magnificence and grandeur; here lofty, snow-capped peaks and pine forests sentinel radiant meadows.

Were it possible for all the over-worked desk and counter slaves, all the workers in kitchen and factory, in shop and mill, to escape from their multiform drudgery at least once in each year and spend a few weeks or months up here with these massive peaks for neighbors, every atom and cranny of their being would become brimful of life and every breath drawn cause such tingling of the nerves and quickening of the pulse that the whole being would echo the refrain of life, life—life.

To stand on a mountain peak at sunset—such a sunset as only comes in the mountains—a sunset glowing as if the Creator's fires were just dying out; and in the afterglow with its orange, amber, pearl and smoky opalescence to feel one's soul expand to its utmost tension, until the sense of personal identity is almost lost in the overpowering influence of the mighty expression of Nature's life—this it is to live.

Life, life in its fullness can never be known to any save as every atom of one's being is made to respond to its utmost limit by nature's master hand.

Farther up the range is Yosemite, one of the nation's playgrounds. A misnomer today as only comparatively few people have ever seen it.

Yosemite National Park is in the heart of the Sierras and in extent is thirty-six by forty-eight miles. "The valley itself is a cul de sac about seven miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide. Its center is a level parklike meadow through which a tuneful river runs; a peaceful place, where over the streams bend alder, willow, flowering dogwood, balm of Gilead, and other water-loving trees; where groves of tall pines and groups of black oaks are interspersed with carpets of emerald verdure made colorful by many varieties of wild flowers, such as lupines, daisies, goldenrods, mints, with green ferns of all varieties in secluded dells. Altogether a quaint, flowered landscape of trees and plain and stream with stretches of shrubs.

Above this level of tranquil loveliness, rise mile-high, cloud supporting walls grim and gray, here and there marvelously colored. Sculptured giant-fashion into domes and half domes, spires and pinnacles and frowning precipices, recessed for drooping rivers, these Sierra walls encompass the meadow and make of it the flowerful floor of a great chasm.

Yet brook and meadow green and flowering color of wild blossom own the sunshine and are not overborne by the carved mountains above; the daisy is as much at home in Yosemite as is the cloudlike Half Dome at the head of the valley.

In waterfalls and sheer cliffs the Yosemite is supreme.

Seen from the valley center, Yosemite Falls seem insignificant. They are in fact about thirty-five feet wide and when the stream is full their roar can be heard all over the valley. Half way across the valley it is hard to realize that this volume of white water plunges 2600 feet—half a mile.

But no more space must be given to this wondrous beauty spot, now the nation's playground in name alone. Let those who can never hope to see the reality read John Muir's book: "Our National Parks."

Just a word on the remarkable forests of the state.

There are ten groups of the Sequoias or "Big Trees" as they are commonly called within the state, of which three, the Mariposa, Merced and Tuolumne are within the confines of Yosemite Park.

The average height of these trees is about 275 feet, although some have been found to exceed 325 feet. The average diameter is about 20 feet, although some exceed 30 feet; and their age has been estimated at from 5000 to 8000 years.

In addition to these forest giants there is still standing great forests of redwood and pine. Humboldt County alone originally had 538,000 acres of redwood timber. Of this 77,000 acres have been cut, leaving 461,000 acres still standing, or what has been estimated at 46,000,000,000 feet of redwood lumber. At the present rate of manufacture about 350,000,000 feet annually, this supply, it is claimed, would last nearly a century.

Add to this other forests of redwood, sugar pine and other woods and California still has remaining a forest supply scarcely to be termed inconsiderable.

In this description of natural beauty no mention has yet been made of beauty of ocean and seashore, of islands off the coast, of bays and inlets or seaside resort. These are well-nigh innumerable. Combinations of mountain, ocean, plain and canyon are not at all rare and the scenic beauty of this character is unsurpassed.

Then there are farms and farm homes, the like of which are not to be found in any other state. Great stretches of valleys in citrus fruits, apple, prune, apricot, peach, olive, almond and walnut orchards; great vineyards, palm drives and eucalyptus groves dot the landscape. Roses, flowers of all varieties, plants, shrubs and ornamental trees are possible to every home whether country or urban; while all agricultural products, grown in any state are here produced.

A vast oil territory yields oil in enormous quantity and of excellent quality. A single county in 1910 had a daily output of 44,000 barrels, while its annual product exceeded \$10,000,000 in value. And this but a single county while the entire oil-producing territory extends to many counties.

* * *

And yet this enormous wealth of material resource and material beauty exists today for but a small

minority of the state's two million and a half of people. This great empire has been appropriated and is owned and controlled by a small fraction of its inhabitants.

The product of its farms and orchards, its forests,



Sequoia Giant of Mariposa Group

mines and oil wells, its mills and factories and the dividends from its transportation systems and power plants are all for the few.

The many are exploited and live lives of self-denial and want—that the few may possess enormous wealth and power.

The beauty of mountain and seashore, of nation's playgrounds, of mountain and ocean sunsets, of waterfalls, cataracts and great forests do not exist for the mass, only for those who have wealth and leisure.

There are two landed proprietors in California—one a corporation, the other an individual—who each own three-quarters of a million acres of the best timber land in the world. The combined area of these two holdings is 2342 square miles.

There is in the state falling water enough to produce 5,000,000 horsepower of electrical energy. We now use for all purposes about 350,000 horsepower, worth \$200 each or \$70,000,000 in the aggregate; at the same rate 5,000,000 horsepower are worth \$1,000,000,000.

All of this water belongs now and always will belong to the people as a part of their patrimony. But they have already given away forever the right to use that \$70,000,000 worth of energy.

Says former Governor Pardee:

"At 6 per cent, therefore, we are compelled to pay, to one company, a present but constantly increasing tribute of \$840,000 for the privilege of using electricity generated by falling water belonging, from the beginning and forever, to us.

"If we should continue to be prodigal sons with our water right patrimony until the entire 5,000,000 horsepower have been given away, future generations of Californians will be compelled to pay, as we are paying, a constantly-increasing tribute for the privilege of using the products of their water patrimony. The value of that patrimony is easily \$1,000,000,000. Our children will be compelled to pay at least \$120,000,000 of annual tribute to those to whom we give it."

In a state capable of supporting twenty times its present population with its resources fully developed and its products properly distributed the great bulk of its people lead a hand to mouth existence.

* * *

What of the years to come? Is there any promise

of future change; any hope that the magnificent heritage nature has bequeathed for the pleasure and enjoyment of all can be so administered that all may enter into their inheritance?

Can the empire appropriated by the few be reclaimed for all?

It not only can but will be. Moreover the process of expropriation has already begun. Already the machinery of government is in the hands of the people. The laws they see to be good they have power to enact. The successive steps by which the goal is to be reached cannot be determined save as the issues arise. But surely, steadily the dispossessed masses are uniting and increasing their strength for final victory.

It requires no prophet's vision to foretell the general character of the approaching era. It is already apparent that social need, not private greed, will dominate every phase of life.

In that day social ownership of all that is socially necessary will have succeeded the private ownership and appropriation that now obtains and the reign of capitalism will have ceased.

What a veritable paradise this great state will be when its boundless resources are at the disposal of those to whom nature gave them for their fullest use and enjoyment.

How generously and bountifully these stretches of desert soil will yield when the great volume of water provided by nature for their irrigation is distributed as the best skill dictates, with regard only to the wisest possible use.

When all this great storage power of energy in falling waters shall be liberated and owned and controlled by the people of the state and every tested method in agricultural science can be used at once in greatest economy; when tests of soil and temperature mean prompt and fullest use of each locality for what it best can yield; when the heavy gains now found in large farming are multiplied many times by social administration, the resulting yield in grain and fruit cannot be conceived, so enormous will be the harvest.

In that day, too, the harvest will be for the sower and the reaper and Labor will be free.

Free labor—think what that will mean! No longer the cringing before the private boss. No longer the menacing sword of the lost job over every worker's head!

There will be dependence still, but the self-respecting dependence of each upon all and all upon each.

Not only freedom and plenty, but beauty will reign in degree before unknown.

The entire state developed as landscape architects will plan with regard only to the perfecting of it all.



"Great stretches of valley in citrus fruits"

What joy and pride we will then take in this great garden park of the world, when all of us can enjoy it!

When vacations, travel and money in the purse is the lot of all, how we shall revel in the glory of mountain scene and ocean wave!

How gladly we will make accessible these delights to workers from other climes in their well-earned resting seasons!

Too good to be true?

Just good enough to be true. For humanity's faith that Love has meaning in this old earth must soon find its fulfillment. Brotherhood is a great omnipresent fact of the Universe and will not forever be a creed upon the lips to be denied in daily life.

Just good enough to be true in a world which belongs to Truth and Life and Love.

And when shall these things be?

In a glad tomorrow—a tomorrow fast opening upon today.

MOTHERING THE MOTHERLESS

THE happiness of the mother comes not alone to those to whom nature grants a child. It comes in equal measure to an army of women who know as their own children those whom the world has left motherless. It blesses many whom nature has left childless, that all children might call them mother.

Is it generally known that our orphans' homes and state institutions cannot supply the demand for new-born and very young children? Indeed, comparatively few children of any age whose health allows them to be placed in homes remain permanently unclaimed. There would be fewer still if opportunities were generally known, and if authorities were not so wisely cautious that only the best homes in every respect be given the

state's children. If they only knew, too, how the older children long for a "truly home." They are happy in the institutions, but are hungry for the small home atmosphere.

One boy who was placed from a State Home for Dependent Children was taken back again because he was unquestionably ill-used and overworked. In spite of this the child was broken-hearted to leave even this makeshift of a home, it was so much better than to belong nowhere. How many hungry hearts would have been glad to hold him close had they but known or thought!

The problem, after all, is easier for the children and the parentless than for the misfit in existing homes.

The Vindication of Woman Suffrage

By CAMERON H. KING



THE women of San Francisco have vindicated woman suffrage.

The women of San Francisco have vindicated the judicial recall.

That is the result of the municipal election held in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast on April 22 of this year.

Wherever putrid government raises its hideous head, there the police courts are seen to be a festering sore on the body politic. San Francisco is no exception to the rule. It has been known to the male voters for many years that the police court and the "system" there was rotten. But the male voters accepted a rotten police court as inevitable. The protection of crooks, the defiance of decency, the defeat of justice that was part of the police court system seemed to the male voters as ineradicable as a cancer.

But the aroused womanhood of San Francisco thought otherwise. Womanhood had been wronged in the police court. By the negligence and complaisance of a judge a man charged with assault on a young girl had been allowed to escape, and the mothers of the city determined that a wholesome lesson in morality and justice should be taught that judge and the whole of the "honorable court."

The lesson has been taught. It will be some time before the honorable court will forget.

The case of *People vs. Hendricks* precipitated the trouble. Hendricks used that favorite method of seducers, an automobile ride, to lure two young girls to a roadhouse. He attempted to assault one of them, but both escaped and he was arrested. One judge fixed his bail at \$3000. A police court attorney, one of the "system" lawyers, went before Judge C. L. Weller with \$1000 bail furnished by a notorious saloonman who conducts the "system's" bail bond business, and got an order releasing Hendricks from jail. Hendricks decamped. And the case, of course, was ended in fact if not in the eye of the law.

Rather than would have been the end of it, if there had been no woman suffrage. It would have been the end of it if there had been no judicial recall.

Men never have gotten excited about the escape of a white man charged with assault. Of course, if he had been a black man, he would have been recaptured and lynched. But a white man trying to seduce or assault a white girl—the average man shrugs his shoulders; it isn't his girl; and it's none of his concern; besides the girl must have been partly to blame. That is the male point of view. There is a sort of sex solidarity that numbs the morality that has been preached into them.

Women have a similar sex solidarity, and a different attitude. And the women of San Francisco, armed with the ballot, decided to use that power to protect their daughters. As the story of the Hendricks case was told to the different women's clubs a responsive chord was struck. Woman's indignation at police court methods was aroused and they took counsel as to remedies.

Impeachment was impossible. The judge was within his legal right when he reduced the bail of the prisoner. Moreover, it was certain that no remedy could be obtained from the fraternity of lawyers and poli-

ticians who would conduct the trial of a police judge. There is a clique solidarity, a consciousness of similar interests, among them that would be invincible by the forces at the women's command.

But the final source of power and the new court of last resort is the people. And by virtue of the recall an appeal will lie to them at any time upon a just cause. It was to this court the women appealed.

Petitions were drafted. But even here the slick, slippery, trickery of the police court system began to work. Spies and traitors were introduced into the councils of the women and wormed themselves into places of responsibility. Petitions disappeared. Dissensions and quarrels were stirred up. Finally the disturbers were forced out and the women in earnest went to work getting names. In two weeks they got over 10,000 signatures of persons who desired the recall of Weller.

Then began a search for a candidate to succeed Weller. Lawyers were very reluctant—except those who were undesirable. At last a progressive young attorney named Wiley F. Crist was impressed into a candidacy and the campaign was on in earnest. Behind Police Judge Weller were all the saloon element and professional politicians, many of the fraternal orders and most of the "highly respectables" who viewed with alarm the revolutionary procedure of recalling that bulwark of property rights, a judge of the law. As is usually the case, Pacific Avenue allied itself with Pacific Street—Big Business with the Barbary Coast.

Behind Crist were the women—not the women of Pacific Street, not the women of Pacific Avenue—but the respectable, decent women of the community, who still believe in chastity as a virtue. The campaign of the recallers went into mothers' clubs, and women's organizations, neighborhood meetings and the churches.

Weller went the rounds of the saloons and concluded that it was all his own way and there was no need to spend much money. The saloon men were all for him. At the clubs where spicy stories are told to the clink of the glasses of good fellowship all the rounders were going to vote for Weller. The politicians assured him there was nothing to this "old hens fluttering" because a hawk had swooped down on a "chicken." The lawyers begged to assure his honor that they held the court in too great esteem and regarded its independence too highly to lend themselves to an attempt to make it accountable to the passing hysteria of a female mob. With these assurances why should Weller worry?

But the recallers began to dig up more facts. Other cases where Weller had permitted enemies of girls to go unpunished were brought to light. Weller began to get uneasy. He published falsified endorsements from the officials of the juvenile court. These were promptly repudiated and the trickery of Weller exposed.

The newspapers were mostly passive supporters of Weller. The *Bulletin* at first gave hearty support to the recall and then became lukewarm. The *Scripps* paper, *The Daily News*, bore the brunt of the fight for decency when the campaign warmed up. And at the very last *The Examiner* let go an editorial broadside against Weller. And so we came to the day of decision.

Over 60,000 voters went to the polls. Weller got 29,927 and was recalled. Crist got 30,751. Of Crist's vote probably 16,000 were cast by the women. Weller

Aim of Proportional Representation

By FRED C. WHEELER



THE coming movement in the political world will be for proportional representation. For fifty years it has been discussed, and is now in practical operation in several countries.

The need of it is apparent to anyone who has carefully studied the evil effects of the present system of electing members to legislative bodies. We loudly acclaim our belief in the rule of the majority, yet it is a notorious fact that most of our legislators are elected by minorities.

If it is frequently the case that a minority elects a complete set of councilmen, and the majority is absolutely without representation.

Proportional representation proposes: First, to reproduce the opinions of the electors in legislative bodies, in their true proportions. Second, to make certain that the majority of electors shall rule, and all considerable minorities shall be heard. Third, to give electors a wider freedom in the choice of representatives. Fourth, to insure to parties representation by their ablest and most trusted members.

The British House of Commons when discussing the Home Rule bill, provided by a unanimous vote to secure the election of members to the Irish senate by proportional representation. The Chamber of Deputies in France, by a large majority passed this measure, but it was defeated in the Senate by a small majority. The latest advices from Paris state that in the forty-five bye-elections held during the past two years, of the twenty-three anti-proportionalists, only thirteen remain.

Japan has had minority representation for thirteen years, and the new House of Representatives in China was elected in the same manner. In the Transvaal, the capitalist parties are bitterly fighting it on account of the large number of labor candidates elected. Tasmania has just passed through its third election under the new law, with general satisfaction. The latest advices from England state that rapid progress is being made there. In continental Europe the movement is gaining ground among all political parties.

An international demonstration was recently held in France, and Conservatives, Radicals, Liberals and Socialists joined to make it a success. The delegates from Belgium stated that after years of trial, they wished no change, except to make it more complete.

The first city in America to vote on proportional representation was Los Angeles. With 40,000 votes cast it was defeated by a bare 1200. The next time it will probably win.

TO A BULB

By R. K. Munkittrick

Misshaped, black, unlovely to the sight,
O mute companion of the murky mole,
You must feel overjoyed to have a white
Imperious, dainty lily for a soul.

got approximately 1000 female supporters. This is shown by the variant vote in districts where women voted heavily and where they voted lightly.

In all the districts populated by working class homes; Crist won by a good margin. In all the precincts where there were practically no women Weller won hands down. Weller led by a substantial majority in the Barbary Coast and in those districts where stand the mansions of the rich. The dregs and the scum of society voted together.

An unanswerable accusation against the women of "high society" stands out in this one fact.

In the wealthy district bounded by Van Ness and Presidio avenues, Washington and Vallejo streets, Crist was badly beaten and received less votes than the number of women voting in that district. And that is the only district where that occurred. Everywhere else the women not only voted for decency themselves but had enough influence to bring their men folks to the polls in the same good cause. Seemingly the women of Pacific Heights neither care to protect chastity themselves nor do they inspire their men folks with any regard for it.

However, decent womanhood triumphed. Weller is off the bench he helped disgrace. The police court "system" has lost a good portion of its effectiveness. The seduction of girls is a little less popular. Justice is more potent.

And this never would have happened if the women did not have the ballot.

This never could have happened did the voters not have the weapon of the judicial recall.



SONG OF THE OPEN LAND

By Richard Burton

We of the open country,
Men of the ranch and range,
Bronzed of skin and out to win.
Men of the landscape strange.

Hail you, and bid you hither,
Brothers so far away.
City-begulled and greed-defiled,
Into the air of day!

All of it splendid, all of it ours!
Brother by brother stand!
Ho, for the West, where to breathe is best
Hail, for the open land!



THE ESSENTIAL

By Robert Loneman

What care I for caste or creed?
It is the deed, it is the deed!
What for class or what for clan?
It is the man, it is the man!
Heirs of love, and joy, and woe,
Who is high, and who is low?
Mountain, valley, sky and sea
Are for all humanity.

What care I for robe of State?
It is the soul, it is the soul;
What for crown or what for crest?
It is the heart within the breast;
It is the faith, it is the hope,
It is the struggle up the slope.
It is the brain and eye to see
One God and one humanity.

The Prod

By

EILEEN SALYER HITCHCOCK



HERE was an alley among the network of eyesores that scarred the city which was better lighted than others. Yet even this was dingy. One could discern very dimly a human form now and then shuffling along, for the hour was late. The shouting of boys had died out for they had long abandoned their nocturnal haunts and quiet prevailed in the gloomy houses.

A young man, well dressed and seemingly a stranger to his present environment, walked briskly along and turned into the nearest street. With his hands in his pockets, and his eyes glued to his patent leathers, he was exercising sweet oblivion to all the surrounding sordidness. Where he came from this particular night or where he was going does not matter. He was accustomed to engage in a number of philanthropic pursuits and it may be that he was returning from the Japanese Christian Mission.

Upon leaving the alley, he raised his eyes and, either out of force of an old habit or by way of establishing a new one, he entered the postoffice and went to his box. A delicate, dainty handwriting peeped through the window causing his eyes to brighten and his nostrils to dilate as he thought he caught the ambrosial fragrance of the scented paper. Nervously he fumbled for his keys and not finding them, became very agitated and perplexed. Along with the keys were valuable papers and reports of committees on civic and philanthropic work. Evidently he was an important person in the community and a very useful citizen.

He rushed back to the alley and retraced his steps cautiously.

"If you're looking for something, I guess I'm the one who found it," called out an abrupt and coarse woman's voice that caused him to shudder a bit. He could faintly see the blurred outline of a human form against a jagged fence but could clearly see the shining keys in her hand. She relaxed her clutch and extended the coveted articles to him.

"Thank you very much," he courteously and suavely said as he handed her some silver pieces. Then he turned to go.

"Wait a minute," she drawled, staying him by the sleeve. "Is that all you're going to give me? Say, you're in no great hurry, are you?"

She drew closer. He could feel her quickened breath and clearly see her features. The tilt of her young wanton face, the leer of her jaded eye, the faint and forced smile upon her hardened lips repelled him.

Jerking from her, he flashed out angrily, "Do you know that it is just such women as you who send men to the devil? You're to blame. You pollute society. You're vipers and adders infesting the community. You prey upon the ignorance and weakness of men—snakes who—"

"Stop!" she shrieked, at the same time recoiling from him, for the word "snake" had waked her from a dazed apathy.

"Stop," she hissed, and her eyes, like molten coals, suddenly scorched forth at him from a livid face, while her hand gripped at her throat.

He, in turn, recoiled and then found himself pitying her—yes, pitying, her from the bottom of his heart;



"Stop!" she shrieked.

and plunging his hand into his pocket, he brought up with it a gold coin and held it forth to her. She glanced at it, grabbed it and hissed again.

"It's only your money I wanted all the time—just your money most of us 'snakes' want," and the words vibrated in his ears as he hurried out of the alley and rebeat upon them long after he had reached the brilliantly lighted street beyond.

* * * * *

The next morning found our good masculine friend in the office of the largest department store in the city. From the way he was greeted by some and furtively watched or timidly approached by others, it was apparent that he was its owner and manager. Wandering from his private sanctum to the main offices and visiting the heads of departments, he took evident pride in his own supervision of details.

Strolling pompously down one of the aisles, he observed that an unusual crowd was collecting in the basement.

"Here, cash! cash! cash-girl! Didn't you hear me call you a dozen times?" he addressed a little slip of a girl who tripped up the stairs. "A little impudent this morning, aren't you? What's wrong in the basement? Hair pulling over bargain waists?"

"There ain't nothing the matter," and she adjusted her gum in her cheek, "Only Clerk Number 28 fainted. I'm after water." She stalked slowly away as though having the whole day before her to perform her errand.

The head of the establishment descended to the basement and worked his way through the crowd. Few, if any, noticed the sudden flush in his face as he bent over the unconscious form of Number 28 lying on the cold, concrete floor. He arose with no audible comment and skulked back to his private office, sat there on his swivel-chair, shifted his position, and paced restlessly down the room.

"Her name—I wonder?" he muttered as he opened the door to the main office, seized the pay-roll and stood gazing at the entry of Number 28 and of secondary importance her name and of least significance of all her weekly wage of \$5—a pitiful stipend for drudgery in a basement. Closing the book with a thud, he returned to his office, took out a cigar and puffed away. There he sat for some time, letting his thoughts float away with each whiff of downy smoke and glancing listlessly around the room.

"Well, little girl," he responded to the smiling and beckoning of a dimpled face in a picture on his desk. "You certainly are the one to keep the blues away." He picked up the gold frame and studied the bright and happy face nestling in folds of pink plush. At the same time he reached into his vest pocket to see if the scented letter had moved more than its allotted inch.

"What a wonderful girl to give a fellow inspiration to square his shoulders firmly against the world and to accomplish big things," he mused as he thought of his coming happiness.

He turned to the window and out beyond to the somber gloomy buildings lowering through the gray mist and smoke. The city's fumes and clouds were slowly collecting around the sill and almost stifled him. Silently and unobtrusively arose the wan, gaunt, bedraggled figure of Number 28 and stood against the dull background of the city's towers. Her moistened, passionless eyes were turned toward him sadly and searchingly.

He shuddered at this one jarring note in the melody of love he had been enjoying, turned shrinkingly from the window, bit the end of his cigar stub and threw it on the floor.

"My God! That certainly leaves a bitter taste in a fellow's mouth. I was wrong, 28. You're not a viper—nor adder—snake? No, you're Number 28—only Number 28."

❖ ❖ ❖
THE PIONEERS

By Horatio Winslow

We're the men that always march a bit before
 Though we cannot tell the reason for the same;
 We're the fools that pick the lock that holds the door—
 Play and lose and pay the candle for the game,
 There's no blaze nor trail nor roadway where we go;
 There's no painted post to point the right-of-way,
 But we swing our sweat-grained helms and we chop a
 path ourselves
 To Tomorrow from the land of Yesterday.

MAKE SURE OF THE BEST

IN the busy round whatever else gets crowded out time must surely be found to enjoy family and friends. Mothers are often so absorbed in the duties they owe their children that they rarely take time to realize their joy in them. Wives, who would not neglect aught of the prescribed routine for their husband's comfort, sometimes let these lesser things crowd out the subtle, intangible unity of sympathy and feeling which cannot thrive in preoccupation. The dream of love may last—does last in perennial beauty, but only for those who, in the daily round, never forget the supreme value of the heart's treasure.

The man or woman who can face a sunset, hear birds sing and leaves rustle with no delight in the beauty of it all is to be pitied.

The woman who can let days slip by with no glance or word to show the child what he means to her, to show the husband that her innermost nature reaches out to meet the living self of him—is letting the hubbub of happenings crowd out real life.

"Naughty from want of kisses" was the title of a little rhyme published years ago, and the suggestion of the title is a key to many situations. If mothers, teachers and friends could only keep near the child in close and conscious affection, there would be less "naughtiness" than now disturbs.

No one outgrows the craving to feel that close ties unite him to other human souls, and any woman who imagines that her husband cares no more for the romance of life than "the faithful kitchen clock" is making a mistake fraught with heartache. The days should never become too full of cares or activities to displace the sweeter possibilities of life and love. The sacredness of friendship is left too largely to the appreciation of school girls.

Life holds so many pleasant acquaintances that sometimes we awake to wonder if there be any close friends among the multitude.

There always are!

Friends here and there whom we know to be true as steel, always to be found, though years intervene between the meetings, right where we left them in sympathy, understanding and faith. Always the same joy in the comradeship, the same stimulus for our highest and best when we see or think of them. Busy lives should never let slip the luxury of meetings with old friends and opportunity for making new ones.

How foolish in the machinery of existence to crowd out life.

A Woman in the Race

By Anna A. Maley



IN aftermath of the Washington state campaign was heard last winter in the Minnesota Senate when the woman's suffrage amendment was under consideration. "Where will the women stop?" stormed one doughty opponent. "They already want to be mayors of cities and governors of states."

Well, what if they do? Women will not stop while yet one inch of the highway to human freedom remains untraversed. That is, the human race will not stop. Great nations have had queens—and queens are exactly like kings in this, that they are guaranteed to be harmless only after they are dead. But no reasons have developed for wishing them sooner dead or more dead than their brothers.

Every Socialist campaign follows the broad avenue of human issues. First and foremost stands human need for the bread of life. Out of the heart of life comes the universal cry for bread. And while a woman stood on the state platform of the Socialist party of Washington, that platform was Socialist to the core—taking cognizance first of the colossal fact that during a part of the year just passed, six million unemployed men and women had seethed through the streets of American cities, forcibly divorced from their right to get bread on the face of the earth.

Our party stood distinctive in its solid insistence that bread is the issue.

Six million idle, breadless men might well arrest the attention of even a stupid world; but one of the less stupid of the wayfarers, a minister, addressing a union church service in Walla Walla, gravely assured his seven hundred auditors that the dance halls and districts of every city are the great pest and cancer breeders. I was glad to have my innings with that audience when the minister had concluded. They listened for forty-five minutes, with earnest if somewhat curious attention, to the Socialist interpretation of vice and kindred evils.

Several hundred normal summer school students at Cheney heard as much Socialism as I could pack tight into their twenty-minute chapel period. Their director was a Socialist.

Five hundred club women in convention at Tacoma were betrayed by the astute engineering of a Socialist woman on their program committee into devoting forty minutes to a hearing for Socialism. I was the speaker. "The Moral Significance of the Machine" was my subject. The speech was Socialism from start to finish, but not until toward the close was Socialism mentioned. "A very good speech," quoth a Seattle teacher, "until she dragged Socialism into it." Bravo, teacher! Don't permit yourself to be diverted from your task of making defenseless children into perambulating multiplication tables.

Frances E. Sylvester, our party's candidate for state superintendent of public instruction, arranged an audience for me before the county teachers' institute which was assembled in her city, Olympia. The superintendent was "agin' it." Under pressure, however, he set 2:30 of one afternoon for my discussion. I was on hand. The superintendent coolly gave my time to a learned professor from the University of Washington, who expiated for much time and twenty dollars, and with great animation—upon Indian basketry and the financial astuteness of Benjamin Franklin. Then followed a musical number

and a gymnastic exhibition. At 3:45 the director solemnly announced that there would be one further exercise—he did not say what it would be—but he would call a brief recess before it was put on. Naturally most of the fagged out teachers went home at the intermission. That night the Socialists played Wellington at the superintendent's Waterloo when seven hundred people, including several of the visiting teachers, came out to our meeting. Olympia is a conservative government town and rumor had it that the leading banker was stricken with apoplexy when he learned of the attendance at that meeting.

Every night between the middle of June and the eve of election day, I was on the platform. In schoolhouses, halls, and on street corners the listeners assembled. Dreamland Rink in Seattle was filled to overflowing for every Socialist campaign meeting. At our closing meeting in Everett three thousand were in the Coliseum.

Socialism was the issue. The papers made very little adverse comment upon the fact that a woman was the standard-bearer of the Socialists. True, Editor Albert Johnson of "The Home Defender," referred to me as "The fiery Ann." He said my platform was an automobile for every lazy tramp. Johnson is ever the champion of the many lazy tramps who now own the world's automobiles. He is the particular defender of the homes of Hoquiam where striking blanket men who asked for the right to earn homes were horse-whipped by the very best citizens.

M. E. Hay, the Republican governor of the state, gave some fearful and wonderful reasons why he should be returned to office. He published these reasons in a campaign book. He said he was economical in feeding the wards of the state. Glance at this table giving daily per capita costs of inmates in Washington state institutions:

Insane Asylums43
Penitentiary391
Institute for Feeble Minded.....	.501
Soldiers' Homes575

Let it be understood that these costs cover all maintenance expenses, including the hire for the automobile in which the governor visits a commission and the warden's sung little graft. It is not strange, is it—that prisoners sometimes throw their plates at attendants in the mess rooms? The plates are superogatory. There is nothing to put on them.

A young woman who had nursed in the Medical Lake Insane Hospital told me that she had given up her work there because of the way that strong patients cried for food. She went into Spokane and stirred up an investigation. An obliging press telephoned the authorities the date of the committee's prospective visit. In the words of an attendant, "it was Christmas at the asylum when the committee arrived."

Old soldiers feasted on thin soup and the party of their love and loyalty asked for votes because of the splendid incentive offered by it for patriotism. Soldiers old and young might devour a piece of the American flag when they grow hungry. Surely the flag is theirs to be used as they see fit—it has been dearly bought in the blood of their class. But the flag is not the issue—bread is the issue. Over the heads of the working class ex-Governor Hay called to his masters, the large tax payers—"I stand for your right to close the industries and to send twenty-five thousand men despairing and hungry into the streets of Seattle. I stand for your right

Padre Blanco and the Outlaw

By STANLEY B. WILSON



ADRE BLANCO was not a priest. He was a cattleman, owner of the Rattlesnake Valley ranch and many thousand head of the best nourished cattle in the Cuyamacas and the territory over which they stood sentinel. There were many Mexicans and Indians who passed over the trails of the Rattlesnake region, and many were the kindnesses shown them by the owner, both verbally and substantially. The love of the early padres

and the benefactions of the priests who yearly visited the rancherias on holy mission were the most sacred recollections of the descendants of the first inhabitants of Southern California, and Padre Blanco—White Priest—was the type of men most revered by the dark-skinned children of the hills.

Tall—almost six and a half feet—straight, with the uprightness unmarred by excessive toil, and sustained by clean living and a spirit proof against the petty things that weigh men down; his hair and beard silvered by the suns of more than seventy years; of cultured mind and quiet speech, Padre Blanco was a man to inspire respect in the breast of all with sensibilities not entirely atrophied.

While his two sons, Dave and Bill, both now of giant stature like their father, were lads of 6 and 9, Padre Blanco had settled with his wife in the valley nestling in the bosom of the Cuyamacas. His wife, a cultured lady of one of the best known families of early California, died from an injury only a few years later, and the care of the two boys became the passion of the bereaved father. To this he gave his personal attention, fulfilling as best he could the dual duties of father and mother.

On the summit of one of the peaks that towered in the western hill-border of the valley was a small white-fence enclosure, and inside a mound, with a simple marble slab inscribed with two words, each in the middle of a separate line, "Martha," "Mother." That was all, but enough, for those words were the dearest to father and sons, and that shrine was theirs alone. Here they worshipped, and every Sunday the three repaired to the sanctuary of wifehood and motherhood. Even when the peak was white with its glistening blanket of snow, no Sunday found its shrine unvisited. They would bring flowers—in the summer the wild ones of the valley and in the winter those carefully grown in pots and sheltered in the house.

The peak was known to the family as Mother, and Mother looked down upon the little home and shed the mother spirit.

Once while Dave was a lad of 16 he was breaking a horse he had selected as his favorite. The beautiful little sorrel demon, as soon as the saddle cinch was

fastened, and before the boy had a chance to mount, began to buck, and in its nimble gyrations got its left hind foot through the stirrup. The result was a broken leg.

The boy was disconsolate over the injury to his pet. Cutting the stirrup-strap with his pocket-knife, he released the injured leg, and seeing the helplessness of his pet's condition, sat down and wept.

The father, happening along, consoled Dave, gently saying, "Those tears, Dave, are noble ones; but they cannot heal that broken leg. Let us see what we can do for the poor beast."

"But we'll have to kill him, father," sobbed the boy, hopelessly.

"Kill him? No, my lad. We will do our best to mend the broken leg." And the father gently led the injured horse into the barn, where he called some of the men to help him put it in a sling that raised its feet off the ground. Then he secured bandages and some pieces of thin board and put the injured leg in splints. The suffering animal, seeming grateful for the ministrations and subdued by the gentleness of them, submitting quietly.

Then the Padre stepped out of the barn, and looked up to Mother's brow, bathed in the softening light of the late afternoon sun.

When that scourge of the cattle country adjacent to the Mexican boundary, Texas fever, swept the Rattlesnake range, and the cattle by thousands drooped and died, necessitating their cremation to purge the range from spreading contagion, the boys, Dave and Bill, complained bitterly of the ill fate that threatened to bankrupt the ranch. But the father watched the dying cattle with pity and chided his sons for worrying over threatened financial ruin.

"It is sad, my lads, to watch the poor beasts suffer and die," he said, "but it is better that we should lose our last foot of ground and go out of these hills penniless than that we should compute our losses rather than the suffering of these helpless creatures."

The cloud that had settled over Mother's brow lifted, and a splendid serenity pervaded the valley.

* * * * *

Jim Henry, the outlaw, driven from his former rendezvous in the Chihuahuas, just south of Warner Ranch, had changed his camp to a deep ravine on the east side of the main peak of the Cuyamacas.

Henry had committed many crimes and had about him a dozen or more of the worst characters of the hills.

His last deed of crime before being driven out of the Chihuahuas was one of the most brutal in the annals of desperadodom.

A couple of members of the Henry gang were in the little store at Warner Ranch, kept by two young men named Keim and Graves, and overheard the proprietors plan a trip to Los Angeles, to purchase a supply of goods and proposing to make it a pleasure trip as well, taking their families with them.

In a camp wagon the two families left the ranch at early daylight.

A lookout on the ridge west of the Chihuahuas saw the wagon start and rode rapidly to the Henry rendezvous.

That night the storekeepers' party camped by a spring near San Luis Rey.

to drive these men to crime, to force them into the prisons which first they must build for themselves—and I will save your taxes by starving them in these prisons." The governor thought the working class would not notice. But forty thousand of them did notice. And I am personally willing to guarantee that if the governor ever rallies political energy enough to "come back," there are some costs of state housekeeping that he will never again itemize in a campaign book.

In the morning, the happy travelers, refreshed by the night's sleep in the open air and free from the cares of business, were jubilant and heedless of danger. The women were preparing breakfast. Graves was rustling fuel for the fire. Keim sat on the edge of a camp cot fondling his infant son.

A shot rang out. Graves dropped his armful of fuel and fell dead.

Henry with three of his gang rode to within fifty yards of the camp, sat for a moment viewing with fiendish amusement the effect of their appearance following the sound of the shot, then Henry raised his rifle and taking deliberate aim fired over the body of the infant and shot Keim through the heart. The father's life-blood drenched the clothing of the helpless babe.

Ignoring the frantic women and children, Henry personally searched the bodies of his victims, and securing their money and valuables, mounted his horse and with his trio of accomplices rode leisurely away.

The desperadoes were not long in the Cuyamacas before their presence was made known by the boldness and frequency of their depredations.

The stage, carrying bullion to San Diego from the Stonewall Mine, was robbed after the driver had been seriously wounded.

A prospector was found with a bullet through his head where he had stooped to drink out of the little creek near Buckman Springs.

These, and other crimes of equal and less degree, at length aroused the sheriff at San Diego, who appealed to the commander of the federal troops at the barracks for help in exterminating the lawless band.

A squad under the command of a young captain was detailed to assist the sheriff.

Henry and his gang learned of the coming of the troopers.

When the captain with his men rode cautiously up the ravine toward Henry's camp he found the desperado with some of his men playing poker on a blanket spread on the ground.

"Hands up!" commanded the captain, his rifle leveled at the leader of the gang, while the rifles of his men covered the others.

The outlaws did not attempt to rise from their blanket or raise their hands, but continued playing, while Henry replied carelessly, "Get down, captain, and take a hand."

"Up with your hands, at once, every one of you, or we'll blow you to bits," demanded the angry officer.

"Don't get excited, captain," advised the reckless Henry. "I was lookin' for you, an' opened this little game for your amusement. Wouldn't advise you—"

"If your hands are not up when I count three, you'll never lift them again," snapped the man in blue. "One! Two!—"

From the bushes on each side of the ravine the click of rifles began with the counting, and the captain knew he had been trapped, and did not finish.

"As I was going to remark, Captain, I wouldn't advise you to disturb the peaceful calm of this quiet ravine by discharging them Uncle Samuels of yours! Get down an' join us in this little friendly game. Just drop your lines over the brush, an' leave your artillery on the ground."

The troopers swung from their saddles, laid down their guns and approached the players on the blanket, while the captain was dealt a hand.

As they played Henry chatted gaily with the captain, who smothered his resentment and resolved to make the most of his humiliating predicament.

After a time Henry remarked: "Guess it's about time

for you gentlemen to be goin'. You'll just about make Julian before sundown. You are at liberty to vamoose when you please. Enjoyed the visit a heap, but hope you won't be in a hurry to repeat."

Before returning the rifles the desperadoes removed the cartridges and relieved the troopers of extra missiles.

* * * * *

Padre Blanco was alone at the Rattlesnake ranch. Bill and Dave, with a crew of cowboys, were up at the Lagunas, visiting Chub, the foreman.

The tall form of the venerable cattleman had just emerged from the outside cellar door. He had gone to the cellar for a dish of apples, for the Padre had substituted "apples" for "strawberries" in Henry Ward Beecher's saying that the Lord might have made a better fruit, but he didn't, when a horseman came galloping up, swaying in his saddle, his mount in a lather.

Placing the dish of apples on the doorstep, the Padre assisted the rider to the ground and helped him into the house.

The stranger was weak from loss of blood and in much pain. The ranchman supported him to a bed, removed his shirt and found a bullet wound in his right side below the armpit.

"Got me at last," gritted the wounded man, while the Padre was washing the wound and staunching the flow of blood. "How does it look, pardner—like a finish?"

"Yes," responded the Padre. "You are, I think, fatally wounded."

"Thanks. I want it straight," was the reply.

Both men remained silent. The Padre tore a bed-sheet in strips, laid a heavy cloth soaked with witch hazel on the wound, and wrapped the strips about the man's body.

The stranger seemed much eased by the ministrations of his host, and lay quietly, looking intently at the erect figure on the chair beside his bed.

"Was just wondering, pardner, if you'd been so kind to me if you knew who you were helpin'," and there was a grim smile on the stranger's face.

The old man laid a hand upon the breast of the speaker, and said gently: "Do not try to speak, my friend."

"Guess it won't make things much worse," continued the stranger. "I'm done for, anyhow, an' I don't care how soon the game closes. You've been right good, pardner, but I reckon if you knew who you were fixin' up, you'd a been on your way to Julian for the marshal instead of sittin' there hatin' to see me cash in."

The stranger paused, watching closely the face of his host, who sought by gentle hand-pats to silence the dying man.

"I'm Jim Henry." The stranger paused again.

"So I believed you to be."

"There's enough money on my head, put all together, to start a mint. It won't make no difference to me how soon the law gets its hands on me, an' I don't know anyone I'd as soon see get the reward as you."

Padre Blanco arose from his chair. "Mr. Henry," he said with sadness and reproach, "I will be compelled to leave you alone if you persist. If you had come here uninjured, I would have sought to capture you, not for the reward, but because you are a dangerous man to be abroad. You came here injured and helpless, overtaken by the hand of the higher law, whose decrees are absolutely just and from whose decisions there is no appeal.

"It is too late now for advice, and I have no right or desire to censure. You cannot retrace your life-steps. You cannot restore the lives you have taken, recall the sufferings and sorrows you have caused, or undo the



"There is but one eye capable of scanning your past."

crimes you have committed. They are now beyond you and me.

"I have neither the ability nor inclination to judge you. There is but one eye capable of scanning your past and computing the influences and provocations that impelled your deeds. And His justice is more tender than her's who gave you birth and were she here would be mother still."

Padre Blanco walked to the window and looked up the velvety side of Mother and saw her summit clear and bright, the mid-day sun directly above.

"Pardner," faintly called the dying desperado, "come

an' sit down so I can have my little say before I have to throw down my hand."

When the Padre was seated, Henry spoke again, his voice almost a whisper: "I didn't mean no offense, pardner. I sure made a bum bluff at your hand. I ain't used to sittin' in with your kind.

"I guess I ain't got no kick comin', an' got what was comin' to me. The mother talk sounds good, but I ain't bankin' none on no easy deal if I've got to sit in in a new game. I'm willin' to take what comes my way."

His voice became almost inaudible. Padre Blanco leaned over and caught the faint gasps: "Tell—cap—he—turned—trick."

Peace Everlasting a Dream

Louis Viereck, a former member of the German Reichstag, in the International Magazine for February, closes a discussion on "Shall We Have Peace in 1913?" in the following language: "When we scan the political situation of the Old World we can hardly conclude that the year 1913 will end the era of great wars. I fear on the contrary that our century will be productive of such mighty crises in the lives of nations that, despite the obvious necessity for peace on the part of all civilized peoples, such a thing as peace everlasting may not be thought of except in dreams."

This conclusion is a reasonable one, no doubt, in view of political conditions as they now exist. But 'tis neither politics nor sentiment that rules the world. There is a power more fundamental than either.

Said Albion W. Small, in beginning one of his books: "In the beginning there were interests."

These interests were and in every age have been economic interests. Both politics and sentiment are the offspring of which they are the parent.

Economic power rules the world today, has always ruled, will always rule.

The complete international solidarity of capitalism would prevent immediate war. But the triumph of international Socialism would bring peace everlasting.

The Pessimism of Jack



TEN minutes after meeting Jack London, one is impressed by his grim pessimism. He is, confessedly, a pessimist. But, before viewing this phase of London, let us have some small talk about things that may prove interesting even though they may not be of great national importance. To begin with, he looks much handsomer than his pictures, for the camera never gets his soft, gray eyes. Though thirty-seven years old, he doesn't appear to be more than thirty. He has a magnificent body—a fine form, with nothing pugilistic except his shoulders. He has a chin that doesn't appear to be of the sort to invite dispute. When he laughs, his mouth looks like a jewelry store window. Dressed simply, he wears a plain, ready-made suit of clothes;



*His Mouth Looks Like
A Jewelry Store Window*



a soft-collared, white shirt and a black, silk tie produce a striking effect. His hat is one of those abominable sombreros.

His conversation is decidedly colloquial, having neither the refinement of an over-cultured scholar nor the roughness of a stage Westerner. It is just ordinary English, the kind one hears on city street-cars and office-building elevators. He is quite approachable, always willing to talk streaks just for the asking. His speech is interspersed with mild, harmless oaths. And, here let us give thanks, he doesn't carry himself with an air of dignity. In brief, he is an open, frank fellow, in appearance more of a good fellow than our common conception of a famous author.

When I saw him, he was in the hands of a Los Angeles moving picture man, who was using him to pose before the camera. A company has contracted to have London appear in a number of films that will depict many of his famous stories. These films will begin with London sitting at a desk, pen in hand, cigarette at his elbow, writing one of his tales. Of course, if the moving picture man wanted to be realistic, he would have London seated before a typewriter, but that, it is generally agreed, would be lacking in romance. Au-



thors, in pictures, should pen their stories, not type-write them. He will scratch away for about 200 feet of film, when the scene will fade, soon to open with the action of the story. So says the manager.

After proper intervals, London will reappear on the screen. Then, it will close with a hundred or more feet of film showing the writer in the act of closing the story and inserting the manuscript in an envelope, intending doubtlessly to send it to the harsh, hard-hearted editor. A photoplay of "John Barleycorn," a serial that appeared in a popular weekly magazine, will be one instance, it is announced by the film managers, where London will actually take part in the action. As this story is autobiographical, it will add much to have London himself in the cast. His famous trip in the Snark will be included. London's wife, Charmian, will also appear in this play, it is said.

"Of course," says London, "I never pretend to be an actor. I don't know a thing about the profession. I'll do whatever I'm told, for I am in the hands of my friends."

The plays will be produced at Balboa, Cal., where the Balboa Amusement Company has erected a studio for the special purpose of staging the London stories. The managers predict that these stories, with London himself in the films, will attract much interest and possibly be the greatest series of films ever produced.

"As I must stay here for considerable time," said Mr. London, "I am going to wire to the ranch and ask my wife to join me. Do you know, this is the first time in eight years that I have been away from her." The telegram was sent immediately and Mrs. London joined her husband within twenty-four hours. Mrs. London appeared concerned over the impression that her husband's "John Barleycorn" had created in the minds of many persons. They have concluded that because Jack London speaks of his friendship with John Barleycorn since his boyhood days that he surely must be a drunkard. "He has never been a heavy drinker," said Mrs. London, "and though he isn't an abstainer, still he has never taken enough of the fiery fluid to cause the slightest alarm."

Bailey Millard, writing in the May number of The Bookman, has an interesting paragraph on London, saying that "Jack has never survived the effect of his vagrant habits, acquired during his youthful tramping days, and he owns that since that time he has never lost his terror for a 'cop'."

"While I was in college," London says, "I went to a circus in Oakland one night. I lingered after the show and by a bonfire I came upon a bunch of small



Enjoying the beauty

London

By Emanuel Julius

boys who had determined to run away with the circus, which was about to leave town. The showmen, learning of their intention, sent a message to the police. When I saw the sudden eruption of brass-buttoned, helmeted bulls, each of them reaching with both hands, I ran. I was not a hobo. I was a citizen of that community, a college man. And yet I ran, blindly, madly for blocks. And when I came to myself I was still running.

"No, I'll never get over it, I can't help it. When a bull reaches I run."

London views his art pessimistically—in fact, he objects to being called an artist. "I am nothing more than a fairly good artisan," said London, when the conversation turned to art. "You may think I am not telling the truth, but I hate my profession. I detest the profession I have chosen. I hate it, I tell you, I hate it!"

"I assure you that I do not write because I love the game. I loathe it. I cannot find words to express my disgust. The only reason I write is because I am well paid for my labor—that's what I call it—labor. I get lots of money for my books and stories. I tell you I would be glad to dig ditches for twice as many hours as I devote to writing if only I would get as much money. To me, writing is an easy way to make a fine living. Unless I meant it, I wouldn't think of saying a thing like this, for I am speaking for publication. I am sincere when I say that my profession sickens me. Every story I write is for the money that will come to me. I always write what the editors want, not what I'd like to write. I grind out what the capitalist editors want, and the editors buy only what the business and editorial departments permit."

"What, in your opinion, is the effect of the capitalist system on art?" London was asked.

"Awful! Absolutely killing! The editors are not interested in the truth; they don't want writers to tell the truth. A writer can't sell a story when it tells the truth, so why should he batter his head against a stone wall? He gives the editors what they want, for he knows that the stuff he believes in and loves to write will never be purchased."

"What a pleasant view you take!" I said.

"I give things little thought these days," London responded. "I am weary of everything; I no longer think of the world or the movement or of writing as an art. I am a great dreamer, but I dream of my ranch, of my wife. I dream of beautiful horses and fine soil. I dream of the beautiful things I own up in Sonoma county. And I write for no other purpose than to add to the beauty that now belongs to me. I write a book

for no other reason than to add three or four hundred acres to my magnificent estate. I write a story with no other purpose than to buy a stallion. To me, my cattle are far more interesting than my profession. My



Jack London

friends don't believe me when I say this, but I am absolutely sincere.

"You may wonder why I am a pessimist," said Mr. London; "I often wonder myself. Here I have the most precious thing in the world—the love of a woman; I have beautiful children; I have lots and lots of money; I have fame as a writer; I have many men working for me; I have a beautiful ranch—and still, I am a pessimist. I look at things dispassionately, scientifically, and everything appears almost hopeless; after long years of labor and development, the people are as bad off as ever. There is a mighty ruling class that intends to hold fast to its possessions. I see years and years of bloodshed. I see the master class hiring armies of murderers to keep the workers in subjection, to beat them back should they attempt to dispossess the capitalists. That's why I am a pessimist. I see things in the light of history and the laws of nature.

"I became a Socialist when I was seventeen years old. I am still a Socialist, but not of the refined,



his own ranch

The Socialist Spirit in the City

By
CHESTER M. WRIGHT



WHEN you pick up the Socialist platform in your local city campaign and read over the general demand for better homes, better food, better clothing and more leisure for the working class you probably pass over it quickly without much thought. It is the usual thing and seems to be put there out of habit, you gather.

But you have made a fundamental error. Your idea that the short, snappy statements that come under the head of "Immediate Demands" are the real meat of the platform is all a mistake.

The real meat of the Socialist municipal platform is contained in that general demand for better homes, better food, better clothing and more leisure. And if it should so happen that the campaign should end in a victory for the candidates who stand upon that platform you would find that the spirit of the entire administration would be based upon that broad, general demand. It is the essence of what the Socialist municipal administration is striving for.

That statement in the Socialist municipal platform does not mean that the administration is pledged to secure a palace for every family; it does not mean that the administration is pledged to declare a holiday twice each week; it does not mean that there shall be lobster salad on every table every day; it does not mean that every woman in the community shall be

quietistic school of Socialism. The Socialists, the ghetto Socialists of the East, no longer believe in the strong, firm Socialism of the early days. Mention 'confiscation' in the ghetto of New York and the leaders will throw up their hands in holy horror. I still believe that Socialists should strive to eliminate the capitalist class and wipe away the private ownership of mines, mills, factories, railroads and other social needs.

"I do not believe that Socialists should soften and yield, eventually becoming mere reformers whose greatest desire is economy in government and low taxes, and the like. They should take upon themselves the task of doing away with the robbing capitalist system, do away with the profit system and place the workers in possession of the industries."

"Are you opposed to political action?" Mr. London was asked.

"I believe there is much to be gained by entering political campaigns," he answered. "The real advantage, in my opinion, is the great opportunity to educate the workers to an understanding of the wrongs of the present system and the meaning of class consciousness."

"Do you believe in sabotage and syndicalism?"

"Hopelessly so. I have believed in them for twenty years. I look upon myself as a veteran in the Socialist movement. I joined when it was disgraceful to be known as a Socialist. I believe that any means will justify the end. I believe in any method to bring about the Socialist commonwealth."

"You think that a peaceful and legal change is impossible?"

"History shows that no master class is ever willing

deeked out in the garb of snobbery or that every man shall be enabled to go to his daily toil in full dress. Nothing like that; nothing foolish.

Putting it in another way, that platform statement is just the Socialist expression of the need of those who toil for a fairer chance in life, a chance for enough rest, enough play, enough education; a chance to get back a little more of the product of labor, until in the end all that labor creates shall remain with those who perform the labor. It is the Socialist way of saying, "We know where we are going and we are on the way."

It has been a rather commonplace saying in American politics that platforms are made to get into office on and not to be performed upon after office is secured.

That saying is rather going out of style nowadays. None has been more active in putting it out of style than the Socialist. For it has been discovered by American politicians that the Socialist means what he says. It has been discovered that when the Socialist party puts forth a platform it puts forth a platform upon which it is eager to perform IN office. And it has been discovered that the Socialists DO perform upon their platforms IN office as well as run on them FOR office.

There are many people who have not yet learned why it is that the Socialist party always performs according to promise—why it is that one who understands the Socialists can almost always tell just in which direction the Socialist energy will be expended; just where the Socialists will attack.

to let go without a quarrel. The capitalists own the governments, the armies and the militia. Don't you think the capitalists will use these institutions to keep themselves in power? I do."

"What do you intend to do, Mr. London?"

"I feel that I have done my part. Socialism has cost me hundreds of thousands of dollars. When the time comes I'm going to stay right on my ranch at Glen Ellen and let the revolution go to blazes. I've done my part."

After a pause, he added:

"That's the way I feel now. I suppose when the time comes I'll let my emotions get the best of my intellect and I'll come down from the mountain top and join the fray."

"What a grim, pessimistic view you have, Mr. London!"

"Well, I'm a pessimist; I admit it."

As I rose to leave, I shook his hand and said:

"Yes, and I think I know the cause of your pessimism."

"Tell me."

"I feel positive that your liver is out of order."



This is the reason: The Socialist party holds certain beliefs regarding society, its past, its present and its future. Because of these beliefs the Socialist party must take a certain course. No man or woman enters the party without belief in what the party stands for; without understanding its diagnosis of conditions and its prescription of remedies. Whatever differences there are among Socialists are largely—almost solely—differences of opinion regarding tactics. But the Socialist party stands adamant upon the proposition that the present social system is absolutely wrong and that the remedy lies in the co-operative commonwealth. The co-operative commonwealth cannot come, except through the overthrow of the present profit system. For that reason every energy is bent toward the overthrow of the profit system.

Every bit of added security to labor is a blow at the profit system. Every strong, healthy, clean, normal child is an asset to the cause of Socialism. Every unnecessary hour clipped from the drudge of labor is a mile stone passed in the march toward complete emancipation. Every woman placed in a normal sphere, every man who is given a straight back and a clear brain, are stepping stones to freedom. Every tenement abolished, every home made beautiful and clean, every street made serviceable honestly, every park and school and playground—these are things that have a different value to the Socialist than to most other people.

Your strong, healthy child may be the son of a Democrat; your workingman whose conditions are improved may still be a Republican—still the Socialist organization works for the improvement of the conditions of all. For the Socialist party recognizes and teaches the idea that a people whose brains are free to think and whose bodies are clean enough to hack up and provide food for good brains will not remain long in any sort of bondage!

Your Republican or Democratic neighbor who is bringing up a bright young family with leeway to think and understand and exercise the natural faculty to inquire and reason and acquire information without fear is menace a-plenty to the next generation of capitalism. So the Socialist persists in demanding for ALL the things that he demands at all!

Out of these things comes the spirit of Socialist municipal administrations, a spirit manifestly and necessarily different from the spirit that actuates any other sort of administration.

To set up the contention that a Socialist administration will differ in spirit in different municipalities is to set up the impossible, since the Socialist party is international and actuated in all nations by the same motives and for the same reasons. A Socialist administration in Chicago will have the same spirit as a Socialist administration in Kankakee. It will be found the same in Schenectady as in Berkeley, the same in Butte as in Milwaukee—and when the time comes, the same in New York as in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The Socialists in different cities may DO different things, but they will do them for IDENTICAL REASONS, working toward ONE end!

One of the first things the Socialists did in Milwaukee was to compel the installation of air brakes on street cars and to compel sanitation in street cars. Two of the greatest things it accomplished were a phenomenal reform in street paving and a wholesome revision of the manner of levying taxes, the latter being now in process for the reason that the Socialist tax commis-

sioner did not take office until a few weeks before the term of Mayor Seidel expired. On the other hand, the Socialists in Schenectady found their opportunity greatest in furnishing ice and coal to the people at cost through municipal enterprise.

So, you will find the Socialist administrations of different cities DOING different things. But always these things that they are doing are done IN THE SAME DIRECTION, so to speak. They may use different guns but they all SHOOT THE SAME WAY!

The Socialists of Milwaukee were able to install a complete municipal factory inspection system, owing to legislation that the party had been able to force through the state legislature and through this inspection system factory conditions were wonderfully improved for Milwaukee workers. On one occasion I went with a deputy inspector to a factory where the filling for cheap quilts was made. The product of that factory was sold exclusively to the working class. The place was indescribably filthy. It was a menace to the workers who toiled there and to the workers who purchased the product. Rags from the tenements were taken, uncleaned, ground and prepared for use in quilts, a substitute for fresh, new cotton. The deputy went direct to the commissioner, omitting all red tape and delaying formality. He detailed the conditions that he had found and he showed samples of what he had found. Bang! The door of that factory was shut and sealed under orders that it be not opened again until it was made sanitary and until some method of sterilizing the materials used had been found.

Profits? Who said anything about profits? This time it was LIVES!

I saw Mayor J. Stitt Wilson look out of a window in the Berkeley city hall where workmen were putting the finishing touches upon a municipal playground where the children might come to play without fear of trespass or warning to be careful not to spoil the lawn. He was proud of that little bit of work; he knew what it meant, not in magnitude, but in DIRECTION!

None of these things is very big in itself. Not one of them, nor all of them constitute the Socialist goal. No effort has been made to sum up what Socialists have accomplished in any city that has or has had a Socialist administration. The sole object has been to bring out the spirit that animates Socialist administrations—to set out the line that separates Socialist from capitalist in the administration of municipal affairs. The Spirit of the Socialist is always the spirit of revolution and that is the spirit that animates every Socialist administration in the world. If Socialist administrations DO different things it is for the very good reason that they find themselves confronted by different manifestations of the capitalist system, as well as by different limitations in the way of statutes and other blocking agencies.

But whatever Socialists do, whatever they undertake, it always is done according to one measure, and that measure, applied, will always determine the action of the Socialist party: WHAT DOES THE WORKING CLASS NEED AND WANT?

Under the capitalist system the capitalist is engaged in keeping from the working class as much as possible. The object of the Socialist is to stop that proceeding. Therein comes the class line, the class interest and the class conflict. When you have found the class interests of the workers you have found what the Socialists are fighting for and the spirit of their fight is the spirit of the people who are fighting for justice, who know their road and who know they will win. It is an irresistible spirit and there is not likely to come up out of capitalism any immovable object to halt its progress.

EDITORIAL

PROTEST AND PROPHECY

HUGH O. PENTECOST once said in a Memorial day address:

“Not because war is glorious, but because men who live and die for their fellowmen are glorious, even though their devotion finds expression in so shameful a thing as war, do we observe Memorial day.

“By and by we shall learn to decorate the graves of factory children who are worked to death, of trainmen who are killed in service, of consumptives who die in sweatshops—victims of the struggle humanity is making for better conditions.

“And by and by we shall decorate the graves of poets, prophets and peace-bringers, when war shall have ceased.”



THE ONE AND THE MANY

CARL BARNES, formerly of Stanford University, once used the following illustration of how strengthening the independence and power of the individual finally secures a higher form of unity:

The first printing was done without separable types. A new construction was required for each piece of printing. When the types were perfected they were capable of wide individual use, and yet could be combined into a more perfect unity than under the old method.

The modern growth into a personal sense of being one with all mankind is quite consistent with the desire to arouse in each the fullest personal development. There are many persons who are as yet scarcely distinct individuals. They absorb the ideas of those about them, accept the approved routine for their lives; their actions and their emotions are governed by the strongest suggestion of their associates.

Such passive, negative people are largely back in the primal mass unity.

The great need is that education and the pressure of conditions break up this mass and bring out each human unit into the power it possesses.

It is only when there is such individuality that true social consciousness is possible. The riper and fuller the individual life the more capable is it of that enlargement of sympathies and wider consciousness required of one who knows himself part of a great human whole.



TRYING TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE

WHEN Los Angeles cast the huge vote of 1911, it seemed that this could never be reduced. True, it was not earned in the slow, steady fashion Socialists expect, but the pressure of class feeling was so intense, it seemed that no one who had weathered that storm could ever fail the cause thereafter. Since then, one election after another has shown that less than half the vote then cast can be depended upon when only the ordinary conditions prevail.

There is only one way to account for this. The friends of that day are with us still in spirit, but they do not realize that a vote has power even if it does not elect.

“When my vote can count to put the Socialists in, it is theirs, but until then I will not bother to vote or will help choose between evils.” This is what many feel and a few say. It is a woefully wrong position. **THE SIZE OF THE SOCIALIST VOTE IS THE BIG POWER IN THE WORLD TODAY IN CITY AND IN NATION AND IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD.**

Los Angeles will need to bestir itself and put in a Socialist Council or reaction will show itself more openly than it has dared to do since the primaries of 1911 made it known that that city was on the red map in emphatic fashion.



CONSTRUCTION NOT DESTRUCTION

MUCH of man's work goes for nothing. Much energy is wasted through methods employed. Well-meaning people with the best motives accomplish little of the good they seek because working through wrong methods.

Nature is constructive, not destructive. Man is beginning to learn from her. He is also coming to understand that only insofar as he co-operates with her and her laws can he be certain





of accomplishment. Have you not noticed how persistently the dry, brown leaves of the oak remain clinging to their stems throughout the cold blasts of winter, never yielding to the fiercest storms. But in the spring, after the stout blasts cease their angry shakings, some warm, bright day they gently loosen their hold and fall quietly to the ground. What has dislodged them? The new, living sap from the roots of the tree working up and out with promise of new and fresher foliage.

He who would attempt with a flourish of brooms and dusters or more substantial weapons to dispel darkness from a room would injure his reputation for sanity. Every child understands that no power save light can banish darkness.

When mankind understands that this principle is equally applicable to all life's problems, there will have dawned a day filled with hope and promise.

It is a lesson many Socialists should take to heart.



LET US FORGET IT

FORGET it! There is no creed of greater value to humanity than that comprised in these two words. Forget what? Forget all the real or fancied injuries done you. Forget the slights, the injustices, the misunderstanding of your motives. Forget all in the past that to you seemed bad and remember only the good. Every real or fancied wrong remembered, every desire to repay the same in kind harbored works an injury not only to the individual who harbors it, but to society as well. No man or woman can be true to themselves while they harbor in their natures a sense of wrongs done them or a desire to revenge themselves for real or fancied injuries, slights or indignities. The most unhappy person in existence is he who remembers all his own mistakes and the mistakes of friends; all the little unpleasantnesses that are bound to creep into every life. The lesson taught from these is the only thing worth remembering. Every human life might be happier than it is if each would adopt this simple creed: Forget as far as possible every unpleasant thing in the past. Forget the ills of the present. It doesn't make

them or you any better to think about them and dwell upon them in thought or conversation. Drive them out of mind by turning attention to something else. Let the mind dwell upon the pleasant, positive things in life to the exclusion of the negative, unpleasant things, and the result will be an increase in the sum total of human happiness. Forget it! In the practical application of this creed there is health, joy and happiness for whomsoever will make it his own.



PRESIDENT WILSON'S PLATITUDES

LET us be good, but not too good. Let us be honest, but not too honest. Let us reform abuses, but be careful that we hurt nobody. This, with becoming reference to our greatness and grandeur as a nation and plenteous allusions to the Deity, was the substance of President Wilson's Inaugural." Thus begins an editorial in Pearson's for May.

Truly, not since the reign of Theodore has there emanated such high-sounding platitudes as continue to fall from the lips of the present incumbent.

As an arraignment of existing conditions the President's "new freedom" has no doubt educational value of a kind. But a long-suffering public, having had its curiosity whetted, now anxiously awaits some intimation of the nature of the President's constructive policy. Just how he proposes to make the strong weaker and the weak stronger is what the people would now like to be told. The man on the "make" who has been assured that he is to be the especial beneficiary of the present Administration is becoming anxious for the "melon cutting" to begin.

He is quite familiar with the good old Democratic tariff antidote for economic ills and is beginning to fear that after all the loud talk this is the only "joker" up the President's sleeve.



FINDING FEET OF CLAY

THE fairy stories masquerading as American History will have to be rewritten soon if the Marxian view of things continues to open the eyes of the writers of books. A. M. Simons' "Social Forces in American History" hewed out a path which has been followed vigorously by Prof. Charles A. Beard of Columbia University.





Professor Beard has dug deep into dusty boxes, some of them covered with dust which had to be removed with a vacuum cleaner, and has found (ah, woe is we!) proof incontestable that the venerable and infallible men of the convention which formed the American Constitution were dyed-in-the-wool class-conscious capitalists.

Socialists only needed to read that document to know this long ago, but a lot of folks will not believe until a Columbia professor tells them. "An Economic Interpretation of the American Constitution" is the title of this book and, of course, Macmillan publishes it.



BETTER FRUITS, FAIRER FLOWERS

IT IS said of Luther Burbank, the miracle-worker in the vegetable kingdom, that he declared: "I shall be content if, because of me, there shall be better fruits and fairer flowers." A great ideal, is it not? An ideal of service open to all. It is true all cannot contribute in the same degree with this wonder-worker, but there is no man, no woman, who cannot contribute toward making this earth the fairer for their living. All can come into vital touch with the universe at some point; can become in some measure a creator of beauty; can co-operate with nature in bringing into manifestation that fullest, more abundant life for which she ever strives.



SUPREME COURT DEADLOCKED

AN interesting situation rapidly becoming acute has arisen in the United States Supreme Court.

Three cases of utmost importance to the people are tied up in the hands of the judges. These cases are the Minnesota rate, the Omaha bridge and the Spokane-Reno cases.

More than twenty cases involving state authority to make two-cent fare laws or to cut freight and passenger rates within a state, are awaiting decision of the Minnesota case. If the circuit court be upheld it will mean that no state can regulate its state traffic on roads also used for interstate traffic. As the constitution of the United States gives the federal government control

only over interstate traffic, it would mean that no authority exists to control purely state traffic.

The Spokane-Reno intermountain cases involve the right of a road to charge more for a shorter than for a longer haul. The railroads imposed a rate which made it more costly to ship freight to Spokane and Reno than to ship the same freight all the way to the Pacific Coast. General equalization was asked by the commerce commission. The roads went to court.

The Omaha bridge case simply involves the question of whether the Interstate Commerce Commission has and can enforce authority over municipal transit service which crosses a state line.

Common sense would indicate but one possible decision in these cases and that for the people and against the railroads. But unfortunately common sense is one thing and the law as construed by courts when the interests of the corporations and the people are involved is far too often quite another.

Of course, neither king nor court can do wrong, yet in the event that such a thing were possible, the next best way to serve the railroads in case a decision in their favor were too bare-faced would be to create a deadlock.



IN MINER'S MIRAGE LAND

ACALIFORNIA woman writer once wrote a book which she called "In Miner's Mirage Land."

In one of its chapters she said:

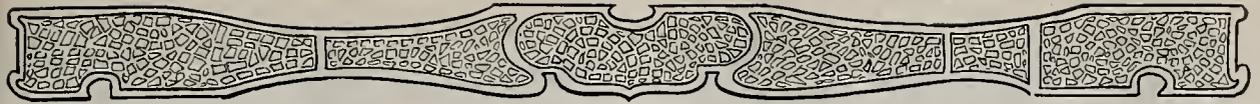
"If you love the desert, and live in it, and lie awake at night under its low-hanging stars, you know you are a part of the plusebeat of the universe, and you feel the swing of the spheres through space, and you hear through the silence the voice of God speaking.

"Then you will come to know that no better thing is in the world for man than just this—the close-touching of great things; the undesire of the small, such as the man-crowded places give, and just enough food and clothing and shelter to support life, and enough work to fill one's days."

There are few persons who have ever been able to comprehend the old prospector in his lonely, isolated life or the hold which that life gains in his affections.

In the mountain regions today, wandering over





the hills and through the canyons with a prospector's outfit can be found men to whom that life has become second nature; men who would die of suffocation in haunts where their kind most do congregate. They will continue living where they are and die as they are.

If asked what the charm of that life upon them, they could not tell. They know the fact but are unable to interpret it.

Search for gold—do you say? Not at all! They have long since abandoned hope in that direction. It is a nameless something that chains and holds them where they are. They may at times delude themselves with false hopes. They may throw out ahead false promises to lure them on. Yet all the time they are cognizant of the delusion. They know themselves as irrevocably committed to their manner and mode of living as though bound with chains of steel.

None may voice the emotion of their souls. But as this writer says:

"Some time your destiny may lead you there, and lying in your blankets some night under a purple-black sky that is crowded with palpitating stars, while the warm desert wind blows softly over you—caressing your face and smoothing your hair as no human hands could—and bringing with it the hushed night-sounds that only the desert knows; then—all alone with only God and the desert—you will come at last to understand the old prospector and his ways."



DECADENCE OF PIE

NEW YORK medical authority says the American pie has reached the period of its decadence and is fast disappearing from aristocratic menus.

Commenting upon the fact, a writer says:

"It is now we realize for the first time that the framers of the constitution of the United States did their work in a slovenly manner.

"Nothing was said in the constitution about the perpetuation of the American pie. It now dawns upon us all too late, that the preamble to the constitution should have read as follows:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice,

insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity and, above all, to foster and encourage the home manufacture of the American pie, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States."

This is an era of decadence. Many American institutions heretofore deemed impregnable and eternal are threatened. Even the Declaration of Independence has been characterized by the president of an American college as a bundle of consecrated fallacies. Free speech and a free press are frowned upon in certain quarters and even the fundamentals of democracy are called in question.

Americans are a long-suffering people. But there is a limit to their forbearance—a limit beyond which the iconoclast goes at his peril. Is it not probable that he who attacks the great American dainty—pie—is standing very near the dividing line separating good-natured indulgence from righteous indignation?

There are few American men to whom pie is not the piece de resistance. It has been asserted that the road to a man's heart is through his stomach—an assertion most men would dispute, whatever most men's wives might say. Yet the fact remains that these same men would regard as a serious infringement upon their liberty any organized attempt to deprive them of the consecrated pie of their fathers.

The American pie is, in a peculiar sense a national delicacy. It was used in large quantities by the Pilgrims to fill them with hope and vigor as they blazed the way for those who were to come after. Rocked by the stormy breezes of the Atlantic as the Mayflower drifted almost helplessly over its briny depths, developed by contact with the rude winds and sterile soil of New England, matured in the fiery crucible of the Revolution, the love of liberty has become the heritage of every true American. And amid all the struggles, through each successive step in this evolution of liberty, each succeeding generation has been fed on pie. It is indissolubly linked with the development of the American spirit, and as long as that spirit survives so long will the American pie find defenders worthy to defend it.





IN LOVE WITH LIFE

TO be joyously alive—this it is to be in love with life; this it is to love.

Wouldst know the secret of this manner of life? It is to love supremely; to become attuned to the key to which the music of the spheres is writ; to understand that at the center of nature there beats a heart of infinite life and love.

Down in the great state of Texas there sings an humble poet, whose song is ever a song of joy. He is that modern creation—a newspaper poet, singing once, twice and sometimes thrice a day. Each note struck rings with joy. There are no minor strains. He is a father, and many of his poems ring the changes upon his love for his baby girl. And it is this supreme affection of his heart which is the key that has unlocked for him the reservoir from whence flows the stream of a perennial joy. Thus, without intending it, does he disclose his secret:

“My baby is playing next door tonight,
 . And her mother is with her there,
 And I know that her eyes are all aight
 And the night breeze lifts her hair;
 And to me the old world seems all right,
 Out here in my easy chair—
 Out here in my chair in the perfumed night,
 With her laugh in my ears, the world’s all right!

“The jasmine is white ’gainst the dark green
 gloom
 Of the shrub, and its perfume drifts
 And catches the scent of each other bloom
 And blends with them all, and lifts
 Like an unseen scarf from a fairy loom,
 Bulged big with some wondrous gifts,
 And my baby’s laughter comes through the night
 To my easy chair, and the world’s all right!

“Aye, she’s just over there, is my baby wee,
 And here’s me in my easy chair,
 And, oh, but the world has been good to me,
 And, oh, but the world is fair!
 For my baby is where I can hear her glee,
 And her mother is with her there,
 And the blooms are bending ’round where I sit,
 And the world’s all right! I’m in love with it!!”

INCOME TAX—FIRST BRAIN FRUITS

EDUCATION of the kind that is inserted in the cranium with a hammer is sure to be one of the best results of the income tax.

Already some facts shining with a great and mighty light have been brought out in that connection. Two statisticians in the Treasury Department have made estimates as to the number that will be eligible to pay a tax, namely, those who have incomes of \$5000 per year. They differ largely on the question of how many have incomes of \$5000 and less than \$7500, one saying 100,000, the other 200,000. On one point they are agreed, that less than 3000 persons have incomes of \$100,000 or over.

In the tables given as to wealth distribution the figures are usually from the census of 1890 or 1900. For some wise reason the figures for 1910 census are not easily available. Yet the piling up of wealth in a few hands has gone on far more rapidly in the last ten years than before that time. The income tax is likely to make some of the facts evident.

According to the tables mentioned about 35,000 persons receive \$20,000 a year or over. This is the least that can be accounted wealth, the least that provides real leisure and luxury.

There are, then, 35,000 out of 51,500,000 (the population over 21 years of age) who are reaping the chief harvest of America’s vast “prosperity.” That is six-hundredths of one per cent or three out of 5000.

That the 4997 like the situation would seem clear on election days. Perhaps not next time. Let us watch and see.

So many men confound prejudice and bigotry with intellectual integrity and moral stamina.

To sell one’s friends for financial gain is but another form of selling one’s soul to the devil.

Character assets are of much greater importance to the true man or woman than financial possessions.

No man can leave greater legacy to his children than he whose death is sincerely mourned by all who knew him in life.



IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

Whose life in this generation has been most nearly what you would want your daughter's to be?

Have you ever asked yourself this question?

In this age of changing ideals and enlarging opportunities for women, it is interesting to ask what opportunities and what goals are after all truly worth while.

Education? Just as much as the age allows—provided always that it has in it a purpose large enough, unselfish enough to repay society for what it costs and to reward the one who works for it in soul growth and the consciousness of vital service in a great cause.

Marriage? Yes, provided that a right one be found strong in body, mind and character, and if like training and devotion to a common cause be added, so much the greater fortune.

Judged in this way, May Wood Simons is a favored daughter of her time. She has had the best the country affords in educational lines, having graduated from North Western University and later doing the work for a Doctor of Philosophy degree in Chicago University. In 1910, she competed for the Harrison prize for the best thesis in Economics and won when her competitors were all men and the judges the professors in Economics in five of the great universities.

While engaged in the preparation of this work, Mrs. Simons was busy each day as Assistant Editor of the Chicago Daily Socialist, of which her husband was the Editor-in-Chief. He is now the editor of The Coming Nation.

Mr. and Mrs. Simons are almost the only "red card Socialists" who are doing scholarly, original investigation. Much of their work has been to dig out the facts of history from the documents of given periods. They are demonstrating the Marxian theory of history (that economic forces control the trend of events) in many ways.

This all sounds as though musty libraries had crowded out all homey comfort and romance. Not by any means. No couple could better suit the school girl's imagining. Here is the dark-eyed stalwart hero and the golden-haired, dainty lady, as mutually devoted as heart could wish.

The moving of The Coming Nation to Chicago meant the return of this family to their artistic, carefully planned little home in Evanston, with a garden in which the farmer editor raises miraculous vegetable harvests. One thing about this house is significant. There is no kitchen in it. In a corner of a beautiful dining room is a buffet gas range and a dainty sink. A screen can hide it all easily when desired.

Perhaps you think there is no difference between eating in the kitchen and cooking in the dining room, but that is where you greatly mistake. There is all the difference between our grandmother's time and our own; all the difference between living to eat and eating to live. Think it through and see.

The important part of this establishment, however, is the winsome, dimpled little beauty of twelve years, who plays like a child of six in mischievous gaiety and devours grown-up histories with as much pleasure as her fairy stories.

If one is searching, too, for an old-fashioned mother or rather for a devoted mother, a supreme example may be found in this most modern of women. Miriam has never spent a night away from her mother and the brooding care she has received has been the marvel of all observers.

Mrs. Simons is much in demand as a lecturer. Much experience as a "soap-boxer" in the earlier stages of the work, has given her great power as a practical propagandist. With a fine voice, tremendous earnestness and effective skill, she is equipped as are few scholarly persons to give others the benefit of her grip on principles.

Mr. and Mrs. Simons have both been delegates to every convention held by the Socialist Party and to Socialist Labor party conventions prior to that. She was delegate to the last International Congress. In all phases of the organization work, her efforts have been persistent and most helpful.

Such realization even today of well-rounded, many-sided life is a prophecy of rich, more beautiful fulfillment in the life of all the race.

Do you remember in Ibsen's "Doll's House," the husband says to Nora, "First of all you are a wife and mother." Nora answered, "First of all I am a human being." Even with this woman's unique devotion as a wife and mother, she has never lost sight of the fact that she is, first of all, a

human being, a human being with full responsibility to serve her generation. May the future have even more in store for her and for hers of effective service in the great movement which forms the larger life of all of us.



May Wood Simons

Smile awhile,
And while you smile another smiles,
And soon there's miles and miles of smiles
And life's worth while,
Because you smile.

PLAYS, PLAYERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

By MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

A WORKING GIRL IN NOTABLE PLAY

"Hindle Wakes," the most discussed play of the year, has as central figure a novel kind of "new woman." It is not a doctor or lawyer, a suffragette or a doctor of philosophy, but a factory girl. Moreover, the factory girl is not the kind to pass laws for and sob over, but a young woman proud of her skill, well paid as wages run, sure that as long as cloth is woven in England that she is sure of a job and can support herself. Incidentally she can decide her own fate without dictation from parents or need to marry until it entirely suits her so to do.

All this is pleasant to note, but the play also makes it apparent that this self-dependent young woman thinks she can sow wild oats after the fashion of her brothers if so it pleases her, without being forced into either marriage or prostitution as the result. This can not be contemplated with the same degree of complacency.

It is painful to think that because women are not dependent for bread, that they are to be no longer shielded from the dangerous follies and life-wrecking mistakes which have been heretofore difficult for women but horribly easy for men.

Let us hope it is not true nor will be true. Forced marriages, no doubt, will grow fewer. Ostracism will be less used but protecting care will become greater for girls than it is today, and will extend to boys as well as girls. Freedom and the possibility of going wrong cannot be prevented and it is probably well that they cannot be, but a brooding care in the training of both boys and girls, the utmost effort to make their interests and associations helpful and wholesome will become, not alone the problem of parents, but of all society.

Mankind has not passed so far beyond animalism that the race can afford to weaken the safeguards that have grown up in customs and conventions. We must, however, turn on the fullest light. The standards of a "man-made world" must give way to a free world, but a freedom controlled by a reverent regard for what the experience of the race has found to be best adapted to the general welfare.

PINERO'S PITIFUL WOMEN

To appreciate *Hindle Wakes*, in spite of the dread it stirs, one should read or see some of Pinero's plays. "The Second Mrs. Tanquary" had a past and the past cursed all her future until putting herself off the earth seemed the only thing to do.

The last important play by this author, "Mid-Channel," pictured a husband and wife meeting a rough place in their life voyage and separating. After a few months, they discovered that they had made a mistake, for their mutual love was very real. They met. The husband had serious confessions to make and was duly forgiven.

When, however, it was found that the wife also had something to confess, the husband took it for granted that there was nothing to do but make the other man marry her. Forgiveness on his part was not to be even imagined. Since the other man had returned to

a confiding girl and was about to marry her, the woman cut the knot by dropping from a balcony ten stories high. Pinero evidently sympathizes with the



Emilie Polini, skillful Factory Girl in "Hindle Wakes," Who Scorns Marriage Without Love

woman, but he draws the picture as it is, and in the world he has observed the woman always pay the penalty.

The spirit of the factory girl who refuses to let one mistake blast her life, is far preferable to that of the woman of wealth who finds nothing to live for when the men of her world regard her as altogether lost. But

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

ILLINOIS WOMEN ON THE DIVORCE QUESTION

Two bills for the regulation of marriage and divorce, pending in the Illinois legislature, one of which is directed against the securing of divorce by "collusion" and "fraud," while the other aims to make both marriage and divorce more difficult, have caused quite a turmoil among the women of that state.

On the one hand, these bills have resulted in a petition for a National Divorce Commission, composed entirely of women, to investigate the causes of divorce in all states of the union. On the other hand, they have resulted in a scorching open letter to the legislature, which places the framers of the bills in a ludicrous position, and will surely make them laugh at themselves, if they are humorous enough to face the situation. The petition for a National Divorce Commission was initiated by Mrs. Charles Henrotin, and is not at all improbable that the commission will soon materialize. It is to report two years from the date of its appointment. The open letter to the legislature was framed by Mrs. Lida Parce and was endorsed by the Woman's Party of which she is chairman. The letter reads in part, as follows:

"We call your attention to the fact that the parties to a marriage contract are not guarded by being provided by the state with the text of the contract—before signing the document. We submit to you that the state ought to safeguard the signing of the marriage contract at least as well as it does the signing of a business contract; and that failure to do so is in the nature of 'collusion' and 'fraud' against the woman, who incurs such heavy duties and penalties under it. So long as

people are not guarded in the signing of the marriage contract by being furnished with the text of the instrument, the great concern now being manifested regarding 'collusion' and 'fraud' seems somewhat misplaced and is not altogether convincing. The procuring of divorces by such means ought to be stopped when the procuring of marriages by such means is stopped, and not until then.

"Further; three fourths of all divorce cases are brought by women, and two thirds of all divorces are granted to women. . . . Lawyers unanimously testify that many women try to secure divorces for causes which they cannot talk about to lawyers and judges, and for which the law does not grant divorce. Without 'collusion' and 'fraud,' therefore, these women cannot procure the release they crave. Should such petitions be denied? By doing so the state places itself in the position of conspiring to force women to perform, against their will, functions which it is a criminal indecency to force upon any one.

"The bills now before you were prepared by a group of persons, nearly all of whom are priests or judges. They have publicly declared that their purpose is not to investigate the causes of divorce, but to make both marriage and divorce 'more difficult;' like the quack doctor, who insists that the ulcer must be healed, but cares nothing about the condition of the blood. Such a course is frivolous and childish to the last degree and a confession of hopeless incompetency.

"The commission has addressed a letter to preachers, requesting them to demand the 'enforcement' of the

the girl's story is not all told. Deserted by friends, among strangers, economic independence will not save her from new and subtle temptations. Poor girlie! There are many chances that she will wish she had taken the Pinero path out of the difficult situation before she has weathered the storms awaiting a young woman with "advanced" ideas.

THE DRAMA'S SPRINGTIME IS EXCITING

This play "Hindle Wakes" is by a new author, Stephen Houghton. It is remarkable in being so dramatic with almost no action. It is wholly a drama of ideas and character revelation.

A friend attending the annual meeting of "The Drama League," held in Chicago last week, has sent me a report of an important lecture delivered there by Mr. Clayton Hamilton, of Columbia University.

The last thirty years have seen, he said, greater strides in the drama than for two hundred years before. Alfred Noyes pictures in a poem Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Spencer and others meeting together and bemoaning the fact that there were no more poets. So today there are people who sigh for the greatness of the past, while they ignore the truly fine work going on around them. *Hindle Wakes* was used as an illustration frequently in this lecture as one of the best of the new type.

NEW SOCIAL INSPIRATION

The reason why the drama is awakening to new life is because the industrial revolution is bringing new ideas, new problems and a generation of young thinkers full of a social ardor which they wish to express in the most effective way. The evolutionary belief in the power of environment, too, has a large part in the new play. Each character is set in a background of just this world as it is today. Iago and Hamlet could be found in any period. They need no special setting in time or place. The modern plays, except Maeterlinck's are all part and parcel of today's capitalistic society.

Few of these authors draw the moral direct, but a searching diagnosis of the disease will usually give some thought of a cure to the thoughtful. So the drama is a powerful agency for the social uplift by making the essential facts stand out clearly. Browning says that we are made so that we see first when it is painted things we have seen a thousand times nor cared to note. A few lines drawn by the artist will bring out points in a face or landscape we will never again forget.

So the dramatist is drawing society and making clear conditions which will never be forgotten and which must be faced.

'sanctity' of marriage. We submit that 'sanctity' is not of a nature which admits of 'enforcement.'

"Under the regime of 'sanctity' the race has become infected to the extent of 85 or 90 per cent with deadly

dependent motherhood, when he is not born under compulsion, it may be that he will resent with greater energy the fact that he lives under compulsion.

But as long as he is conceived of slavery, nurtured in slavery, and reared in slavery, it can only be expected that at maturity he will think slavishly.



Lida Parce

diseases, and the white slave traffic has grown to giant proportions; while insanity, feeble-mindedness, defectiveness, delinquency and crime are increasing much more rapidly than the population. We believe that the time has arrived when the laws governing marriage, and hence controlling the reproduction of the race, should no longer rest on 'sanctity' alone, but should be framed to secure the preservation of society, both as to its physical and mental well-being, and its social efficiency and happiness. Laws to be so framed must rest on the evidence of all the related facts, both biological and social. These judges and priests see marriage only as a theological or legal question, to be settled according to their respective theories; whereas, it is a practical question, which is at the bottom, directly or indirectly, of every human activity and relationship."

This last sentence proves that the women who sent this letter to the legislature have gotten down to fundamentals. It suggests an explanation for the great difficulty with which perfectly apparent economic facts are impressed upon the average mind. It does seem inexplicable that a man, who must dispose of his most vital energy—his labor power—at the behest of another, who produces \$5.00 and receives \$1.00, who builds mansions and lives in a hovel, or starves while plenty is within arm's reach, should still live under the illusion that he is an independent being.

But when it is remembered that his mother probably accepts sex slavery with hopeless submission, it is not so surprising that he should accept economic slavery with hopeless indifference.

When a man is not a product of forced motherhood, or

GRANDMOTHER'S SECRET

"What were your dreams about the world when you were my age, Grandmother?" I asked.

It was the first of May and my sixteenth birthday. In view of this fact Grandmother and I had gone to the garden on the slope of the hill for a heart to heart talk and I had impetuously told her of my ideals and rose-hued dreams of the future. Now that I had given vent to my exuberant, youthful spirits, I hoped that she would be responsive.

Receiving no immediate answer, I again put my question and looked at her from my position amidst the grass and dandelions at her feet. Her expression was so set that I exclaimed in alarm, "Why, dear, what have I said to hurt you? Tell me. You know, surely, that I meant no harm."

"Don't worry, childie," she murmured softly. "What you said did not hurt me. It was just memories. Come, give me your hand and I'll tell you what you ask."

She smiled her wonderful, enigmatic smile and I crept closer with a queer feeling of suspense, imagining that all the life in the garden paused in its activities with the same feeling. The breeze halted its rustling game of tag between the rose petals and the leaves of the oaks. The robins stopped their twitter and stood by attention. Even the flimsy white clouds, which had been casting cool, fleeting shadows over the gravel paths, seemed motionless for the moment. And the sunlight fell on Grandmother's face, throwing a halo about her soft, white hair that made her look like the priestess of an oracle.

"At your age, Ruth, I dreamed of many of the things of which you have just spoken to me; of a peaceful, beautiful world, peopled with happy, vigorous beings; dreamed of helping to bring this world; and dreamed of love.

"It was my pet ambition to paint pictures of the beautiful world we want to create, and as I had done quite successful work, many of my friends encouraged me to continue my efforts. But I dreamed also of love, and love came first. In the minds of my parents and in the mind of my sweetheart, love and ambition exclude each other in a woman's life. Even my friends, who encouraged me before I thought of marrying, considered it perfectly natural that I should give up my work on becoming a wife. I was very young and afraid to act without a precedent. So I gave it up."

"But how could you!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Did you forget the pictures, really? Or is it because you couldn't forget them, Grandmother, that your smile is often sadder than tears? I've often wondered about that."

"Being in love made it easier at first," she replied. "And for a number of years the babies took up so much time that it was possible, with a little effort, to imagine that I did not miss my work at all. But as they grew older and I had more leisure, I found there was a vacancy in my life which nothing could fill."

"Didn't you ever work at it again?" I questioned.

"Yes." She looked at me with strange intensity. "I'll tell you of one picture I tried to paint, after neglecting the work for five years.

"It was an autumn sunset. When I saw it, I was standing in a little hollow. The fir-covered hills all around were the frame and the sky was the picture. To me it was symbolic of the struggle for that beautiful world of which we dream.

"On the very edge of the horizon hung black, sinister clouds that looked like factories and strikes, hunger and hate. Above the black clouds were crimson ones, tumultuous and fiery, like the flames of a social furnace, purifying and moulding the old order into the form of the new. Beyond the mass of red clouds were tiny, broken up, many-tinted groups that gradually grew paler until they melted into the great blue infinite,



Mrs. Charles M. Henrotin

stretching far, far beyond the compass of human vision, symbolic of peaceful labor and love.

"But I could not paint that picture—could not even make a caricature of it. My fingers had learned to pat butter and knead bread. The art of wielding a brush was no longer known to them. Instead of becoming master of a profession, I had become the servant of a medley of chores."

I held my breath, wondering if Grandmother would say any more. She was looking out into the distance and did not seem aware of my presence. But just as I thought I must say something—anything, to break the silence, she came back from the Far-a-Way and spoke to me.

"I'm sure you'll understand," she said. "I'll tell you the real reason why I've often been sad. It's your due. You must not make the same mistake. For, love will come to you too, and you must know which of its claims are true and which are false.

"My greatest pain did not come from giving up something which I loved very much. I could have endured that pain if giving up my work had been for the best of all concerned. It is because I have found that

it was for the worst that I am sad; because I know that my sacrifice was made in vain.

"You remember the time that Grandfather had such difficulty in keeping his little magazine running, and how it finally failed because he was unable to secure a good artist for the salary he could afford to pay. If I had continued my work, I could have helped him then. As it was, I could only assist with the wrapping of the papers. I might also have remedied the situation at the time he was so seriously ill and we had no money. But without my profession I could only offer sympathy in lieu of money. There are numberless instances in which I might have helped if I had kept my profession. But I had dropped it—stopped doing a big work for many people to do petty work for a few people and ended by being unable to do efficient work for anyone."

Grandmother took both my hands in hers and said gaily, yet with unwonted seriousness, "And so in dreaming, girlie, promise me you won't forget to dream of these two things: Self expression and social service. If you miss the one, you miss your happiness. If you miss the other, you miss your function. I have missed them both."

TRAINING THE CHILD

HERE is a good old Bible passage which reads: "Be not conformed to the world, but ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, so that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

The soul that is poured into some mold of petty self-importance or of other people's opinions or unwise habit is conformed and needs to be transformed into the self of truth where, unwarped, the mind may by insight see what is the good and find that its own will is the will of the Highest.

What a blessed thing it is when there is no need of that transforming, but when the soul is kept from babyhood simple and loving and hence truly spontaneous in its activity. Much of the best thought of the past century has been given to the problem of securing for childhood this balance of harmony. The old ideal was one of repression, an obedience in which conformity to innumerable prohibitions was the chief virtue.

A later ideal—especially in America—was of freedom and has resulted too generally in a lawless autocracy of childhood which was not freedom at all, but the saddest sort of tyranny in which the child became slave to his own petty willfulness.

The true aim should be freedom, but freedom held sacredly for the activities of the true self—the activities which proceed from and make for life and love.

"The nations of the world are vying with each other in the conquest of the air, not for the advancement of civilization, not for the acquiring of knowledge, not to lessen the load of the worker, not for the betterment of mankind; but for the sake of war. Invention pays best, today, if there is in the new idea a possibility for slaughter. In the meantime, hundreds are killed while searching for the means that will make killing easier."

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THE ART OF UNDERSTANDING

To misunderstand one another is tragic comedy; it is often the basis of our humor and pathos. A person speaks, striving to express his feelings. To him, a word means a certain thing. To his hearer, the word shades off into another meaning. A misunderstanding follows, and two persons are hopelessly estranged.

One phase of life misunderstands another, failing to comprehend the significance, the meaning, the place of things. Friction sets in, unity is lost and chaos reigns. One trade misunderstands the other, just as one mind fails to comprehend the other.

Yes, and even one art often thinks itself the whole, forgetting that it is but a part. It derides, scorns and sneers at what it thinks is a lesser or a useless art.

A machine performs its full function only when all its parts work as parts. Were one cog to misunderstand the importance of its neighbor there follows great loss to the whole machine. Is it not the same in the machine of life?

The poet does not understand the naturalist. He cannot understand why a person should desire to measure a sunrise, time an eclipse, or study the structure of a beautiful rose. He sees the beauty of things, and is indifferent to their mechanism. To him, nature is a beautiful vision, not a smelly laboratory. So, William Wordsworth writes of the natural philosopher, calling him

"a fingering slave,

One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave."

And the natural philosopher gazes on the dreamy-eyed poet and wonders what it is all about. He often thinks that man should study nature and never bother about rhapsodizing over it. Nature to him is a concrete, definite thing. So, he says the poet is

"A man of trifling breath,
One that would flute and sonneteer
About his sweetheart's death."

And so, we forget that each is good, each necessary, each a part of the whole. If they were to understand each other, would they sneer? Would the poet sing the praises of his patient brother? Would they be comrades? Would there be unity if they but possessed the art of understanding?



SHAW AGAIN

The best way to begin this paragraph is by referring to George Bernard Shaw as the "inimitable Shaw," for that appears to be the custom. Well, Mr.—or rather, the inimitable—Shaw has delivered himself of another

Shavianism, addressing a letter to those who attended his "John Bull's Other Island" at London and asking them to smile instead of laugh. Handclapping should be reserved until the close of the play, says the Irish Socialist. Mr. Shaw asks: "Would you dream of stopping the performance of any piece of music to applaud every bar that happened to please you? And do you know that an act of a play is intended, just like a piece of music, to be heard without interruption from beginning to end?" All of which gives the newspaper paragrapher an opportunity to talk about Shaw's sparkling, charming originality, and repeat the time-worn statement that "Shaw is a paradox," or accuse him of striving for publicity. I don't think Shaw is so very original in his request that laughter be eliminated. Baudelaire, a half century ago, said he despised laughter, branding it as infernal and sinister.

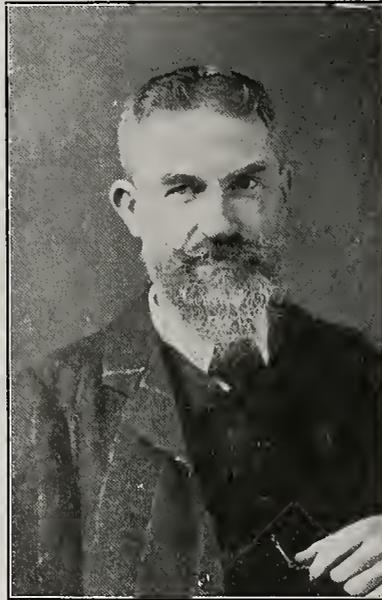
THE RENAISSANCE

In the April number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, Robert Shafer's article on the two newest poets, John Masefield and Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, opens with the observation that decadence in poetry is once more dead and buried. This means that the spirit of Socialism has rescued poetry and given it a new lease on life. Socialism is entering every phase of life and its influence is for the best—for a better world, a more beautiful life and a fuller appreciation of the human family. Socialism has brought a renaissance.

Mr. Shafer quotes a haunting poem by Mr. Gibson, adding that this working-class poet possesses a sensitive social conscience and perceives that if

his art is "ever to be real it must concern itself directly with life." The poem:

Snug in my easy chair,
I stirred the fire to flame.
Fantastically fair,
The flickering fancies came,
Born of heart's desire:
Amber woodland streaming;
Topaz islands dreaming,
Sunset cities gleaming,
Spire on burning spire;
Ruddy-windowed taverns;
Sunshine-spilling viues;
Crystal-lighted caverns
Of Golconda's mines;
Summers, unreturning;
Passion's crater yearning;
Troy, the ever-burning;
Shelley's lustral pyre;
Dragon-eyes, unsleeping;



George Bernard Shaw

Old Repley's Kid

By
CLAUD ELLIS SHECKLES



ELL, as near as I can reckon," said Repley, "it was in the fall of '89 that we all finished up the troublesome Apaches, and put an end to their devilment. If I'm mistaken in the date I'll warrant it won't be far off."

Repley sat in his accustomed seat in front of the barroom, in the cool of a summer evening, his chair tilted back and Nig, his favorite dog, quietly dosing near. The old Arizonian was at peace

and contentment with all the world. Repley was reminiscent that evening and had been recalling stirring times on the border.

He was a native of the South, an ardent lover of all its traditions and romances. He referred to it on all occasions when comparisons were made with other portions of the country; but he had followed the frontier until he had lost the characteristic twang of that sunny clime, and now called himself a Westerner, with all the name implied.

He squared himself for a long story and with a long pull at his pipe began:

"If I recollect in particular, it was Lute Davis who first brought the word that the Apaches, from the reservation at San Carlos, about twenty miles below, had broke loose and were on a big raid, and had killed an old man and his daughter, at a point on the old Indian trail near Guthrie, quite a ways up the river from here.

"You know a few years before we always had a bunch of them soldiers hereabouts, but Uncle Samuel thought that because the redskins had been quiet and orderly-like for a long spell past, there was no particular danger in them a-wanderin' off of the reservation; so he took the army boys over to Fort Grant across the Graham Mountains. For this reason we couldn't get no soldiers at this time.

"Well, in less time than I can tell you, me and Lute Davis, John and Jim Parks, Ed Livingston, Crook-neck Thompson, Bill Perry, Judge Hyatt and Archie Brook-miller, old man Solomon, Jake Thorne, Sid Green and a gang of cowpunchers from the Double Circle got our hosses and shootin' irons ready and was after them redskins to a fare-u-well. Our bronchos was a-feelin' fine and we certainly did cut the dust some.

"We rode all that night, and early next morning took up with the Indians' trail near Coronado, where it struck straight into the mountains. We got a little feed and drink for ourselves and got fresh hosses in the corral at old Sam's place. He told us to be keerful as there was about fifty savages in the raid.

"The news of the Indian uprisin' traveled powerful

fast, I tell you, and by the time we left Coronado there was some twenty-five of we cowpunchers in the party, a few having joined us from Clifton. Most everybody on the Upper Gila knowed that the savages were out on the warpath.

"We headed due south right into the heart of them mountains over yonder. If the Indians had searched all over Arizona they couldn't have found a wilder place to make their get-away.

"Their trail led up past an old abandoned mine that was supposed to have been worked a couple of hundred of years ago by the early Spaniards, who came to this country to look for gold. It is likely them Spaniards was run out or killed by the murderous Apaches who infested the country at that time. At least that is what has been handed down to us.

"May be some of the forefathers of the savage gang that we were after had a hand in massacring the early Spanish miners at these old ruins, and now as these Apaches, the ones we were after, were passing by, probably the spirits of some of those old red devils, who were killed in this ancient battle, and are now wandering around in the happy hunting grounds, kept egging this younger generation on to keep up their devilish work.

"Judging from the old tumbled-down 'dobes, scattered around, the deserted camp must have been a powerful busy diggin's in them days. It's almost all worked out now. Once in a while, during the rainy season, a few Mexicans go up there and pan out enough gold dust for a small grub stake.

"From this place the trail led up the canyon past the Cliff-dwellers' long-deserted homes. These Cliff-dwellers' caves are certainly interesting. How them natives dug their homes in the face of them perpendicular cliffs will always remain a mystery. The Cliff-dwellers must have been considerably like monkeys, and could climb mighty well. The only way they could have possibly reached their homes must have been by rope. You couldn't make a ladder long enough these days to get into one of them.

"Me and Ed Livingston, a few years ago, explored one of the Cliff-dwellers' caves. It took us nigh onto two whole days to make it. By good luck we managed to get into one of the largest of the caves. It looked just as it had been left ages ago, only the floor of the cave was covered with the dust of centuries. In one corner we found the ashes of the fire the cliff dwellers had used. The ends of the mesquite sticks looked as though they had been put there but yesterday. Near the ashes broken pottery and cooking utensils were scattered about, showing that the natives had made their escape in a hurry. In a room adjoining we found a skeleton, a portion of which crumbled away at our touch. By the shape of the skull one could plainly see that them Cliff-dwellers were not of a high order of intellect. At the feet of one of the skeletons was a pair of bear-grass sandals that showed plenty of wear; but the weaving of the bear-grass was certainly a fine job. Scattered about the room were pieces of bear-grass ornaments showing that the women folks of the tribe were handy at weaving. From what little that was left in the cave it was hard to get much of an idea of the every-day life of the Cliff-dwellers.

"One of the things that struck us most was the painting on the pottery and on the walls of the cave. There

Witches' caldrons leaping;
Golden galleys sweeping
Out from sea-walled Tyre:
Fancies, fugitive and fair,
Flashed with singing through the air;
Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
I shut my eyes to heat and light,
And saw, in sudden night,
Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark,
The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

it had stood the wear of the elements for a couple of thousand years, I guess, and was just as fresh as the day it was put there. We found corn cobs, but where they came from no one can tell. They couldn't raise an ear of corn in forty miles of the Cliff-dwellers' habitations.

"Just what killed off these Cliff-dwellers will never be found out, I'll warrant. Whoever it was that exterminated them didn't mean to leave anything behind that was valuable. Their pottery was broken into fragments and scattered about. At the foot of the cliff we found many pieces of beautiful handiwork.

"I have often asked the Indians living around here if they knowed anything about the history of the vanquished race, but they know nothing. As far back as the redskins' traditions go, and that's a tolerable long ways back, the Cliff-dwellers' homes have been as we see them now. But I am wandering—I was telling about that Indian uprisin'.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day we caught up to the last camp of the Indians, where they had left their camp-fires burning, and we knowed that we were near them. We then picketed our bronchos, knowing that we could do nothing more that evening, and cooked our supper, meanin' to start before daybreak the next morning. We were out in our saddles just as the first gray streaks began to show over the distant hills. Riding was hard in the foothills and the path, an old cattle trail, was bad to follow. You know them mountains out there are covered with mesquite and cactus, and it's really worth one's life to ride fast over that kind of a country.

"Lute Davis and me and the two Parks boys rode a little in the lead of the bunch, and it was near onto five o'clock in the afternoon when, lo and behold, in a little flat down the canyon we spied the redskins eatin' their supper!

"They had no idea that they was bein' followed, as they had picked out a mighty hard place to get into. For that reason they felt perfectly secure. But you know we fellows out here get mighty handy at following trails ourselves.

"No sooner had they seen us than the fun began. You ought to have seen them Indians throwing their blankets and other traps away and make for their bronchos! They had no time to save anything. We never did get nearer than a half mlle of them savages, but we pumped lead into them faster than I can say it. The short range guns of them days didn't do much good and I don't think we hit any of them very bad, but we scared them a-plenty. On some of the horses there were two of the Indians, as some of them didn't take time to get their own ponies. The way they made them bronchos fly was fierce.

"I was more than making good headway in the running fight and was about to overtake a young squaw who had a little papoose fastened to her back. In order to lighten her load, so her pony could run faster, she deliberately threwed the papoose, together with the basket, away from her and away she went as fast as the broncho could carry her, never looking back to see what had become of the kid.

"I had little time to think, but as I dashed along as fast as the wind, I reached over, grabbed the papoose basket and throwed it over the horn of my saddle, never stopping for a second, and more than kept them redskins on the hump. They wasn't loaded down like we were and could go faster. The squaws have a way of fastening their kids in them baskets so that you couldn't loosen them with dynamite, so I wasn't afraid of the kid a-fallin' out, while I was on the run."

"We never did catch up with them redskins. Nigh coming on, they got lost from us in the chapparal an mesquite brush and we had to give up the chase, as we were near the border of Mexico, and the Indians wer sure to cross into the land of the manana in the mornin, where we could not follow.

"That's the last we ever seen of them Indians, an they have never left the reservation since them days. That scare we cowpunchers gave them was enough. They are tame Indians now—because they've got to be. Of course, every once in a while one of them gets loaded up on stolen whiskey and raises some fun, but he is immediately called in, and he certainly knows what's best for him.

"We rode into Lordsburg the next morning and had breakfast and fed our live stock. I turned the kid over to an old Mexican woman to take care of while we al had a sleep. The kid was a-cryin' right smart. He was hungry. The old women gave him something to eat and cleaned him up a bit and in a little while he was O K. The old women begged mighty hard for the kid but I had made up my mind to take him home with me.

"After a day or two of rest we all left Lordsburg for home. The kid soon forgot how his mother had throwed him away—he was little more than a year old. I reckon—and by glving him a little milk now and then from a bottle the Mexican woman had given me, he didn't make much complaint. Indian kids don't cry much. He stood the ride, nearly fifty miles, in his little papoose basket, attached to the horn of my saddle, all right, and when we got home he seemed as happy as any of us.

"Of course the news got quickly around about my Indian kid and the women folks and men folks joshed me considerable. I hired a Mexican gal to take care of the kid and I resolved to raise him and send him to school and make a man out of him.

"I have kept my promise. He is a man now, but don't amount to much. I have some consolation in the fact, however, that I tried to do my best by him, and maybe he will always retain a kindly feelin' for me for pickin' him up that afternoon long years ago, after his strange mother had throwed him away to starve and become food for the coyotes."

Old Bill Repley was thoughtful a moment, but the heavy tramp of feet in the barroom recalled him from his reverie and his reminiscence of Repley's kid was soon forgotten in the convivial round of firewater.

The last time I saw Repley's kid he was living in San Simon, where he had lived nearly all his life. Standing to the rear of him was his squaw, a papoose basket strung across her back, containing a pair of black little eyes gazing out in wonderment—a miniature of Repley's kid, when he was picked up on the plains many years before. Repley's kid was indifferent. The Indian characteristic was strong within him. That element is seldom eradicated by contact for one generation with the whites. Repley's Kid, as he has always been called, is content with life. His learning in the white man's school has changed him but little and he remains an Indian—nothing more.

TODAY

"Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play:
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of stern Today."



IN FUNNYLAND



THE ACQUISITION

He had read Socialism because the Social Circle had taken it up. The wealthy Mrs. Got-My-Rocks had become a sort of second aunt to the cause, so he took out a Red Card.

He was at once featured in the local. The wealthy young Mr. S. Cranium was a valuable addition to the party—indeed the whole multiplication table. They couldn't roast the Socialists as a bunch of ignorant boobies any more.

He was placed on all the important committees. His opinion was the Golden Text of the meetings. The members hesitated to call him "comrade." It was too presumptuous familiarity for ordinary Socialists to thus address one of his standing.

Old Comrade Fightingrebel became a bore. His speeches were so rough, his tactics so extremely radical.

The Jimmy Higginses were a reproach to the party. Their collars weren't tall or stiff enough, their clothes creased by over-wear instead of a tailor, their fingernails unmanicured.

The Sister Comrades were a common lot. They couldn't talk bridge and lingerie. Their economics smacked of the kitchen and shop. Their costumes did violence to the fashion books.

The wealthy Mr. S. Cranium was IT. He was of the set Kipling wrote of in "The Pioneer":

"Well I know who'll take the credit,
All the clever chaps that followed;
Came a dozen men together,
Never knew my desert fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted,
Used the water holes I'd followed.
They'll go back and do the talking;
They'll be called the pioneers."

* * *

AT THE MINSTRELS

"Mr. Interlocutor, if a baby swallowed a key, what would you call it?"

"I don't know, Mr. Bones. What would you call it?"

"A key in A minor."

"Mr. Baker will now oblige with a recitation entitled 'Ragtime.'"

Rags make more paper.
Paper makes money.
Money makes banks.
Banks make loans.
Loans make poverty.
Poverty makes rags.

* * *

"Don't you think it would be a good thing if our legislators were limited to one term?"

"It would depend on where the term was to be served."

* * *

"What are your views on the great public problems?"
"I haven't any views on public problems," replied the man whose interests are under investigation. "I'm one of them myself."

LEGAL MATTERS

"How does it happen," said the Lean Workman, "that though I obey the laws I go about most of the time half-clothed and half-fed?"

"That," said the Puffy-Faced Person, "is because of the Inevitable Law of Supply and Demand."

"But the Supply which I produce is greater than the Demand which I make on the Supply."

"Alas," said the Puffy Face, "you know nothing of the Laws of Economics."

"Perhaps some of the Laws of Economics will be repealed," said the Lean Workman softly, "for if you have observed, you will notice that I am beginning to understand the Laws of Stomach and Fist."—The Masses.

* * *

FAVORITE FICTION

"Old Chap, You Haven't Changed a Bit in Thirty Years!"

"Dear Maria: I Eagerly Seize the First Opportunity to Write to You."

"Universally Pronounced by Press and Public to Be the Greatest Play of Modern Times."

"Mr. Chairman, I Rise with the Greatest Reluctance, but—"

"I Don't Know Whether You Owe Us Anything or Not, Mr. Smith, but I'll See."

"George, I Wouldn't Say a Word to Hurt Your Feelings for the World."

"I Admire Your Nerve!"

* * *

MODERNIZING SOLOMON

Editor—This stuff won't do for a filler."

New Assistant—It's good dope; some of Solomon's proverbs.

Editor—Bah! Nobody ever heard of him. Tell you what we can do, though. Head it "Business Epigrams of Rockefeller," and we'll run it on the front page.

* * *

Kind Wife—John, dear, what are you weeping about?

Husband—I—I just looked through this auto supplies catalogue and find there are 2500 accessories our car hasn't got.—Boston Transcript.

* * *

O'Rourke—There, you've gone an' sat down on your new hat an' smashed ut.

O'Flaherty—Faith, an' Ol'm glad my head wasn't inside ut at the toime.

* * *

"What did the teacher preach about Sunday?"

"Thou shalt not steal."

"I'm getting tired of that kind of talk. What business has a preacher got mixing in politics?"

* * *

"My friends," declared an orator during the convention—"My friends, I say to you that this great republic of ours is standing on the brink of an abscess!"

* * *

Exploitation is the aviator that keeps high cost of living up.

Hunter Fifteen

Easily the peer of any \$15 Suit sold in Los Angeles. They are not made for one-time trade. On the contrary, it is "once a customer, always a customer" with us. We have built up an enormous clothing business by living up to our advertised statements. These suits are tailored from the best all-wool fabrics, are handsomely finished and are guaranteed to fit and please. Come in and examine the "Hunter Fifteen"—note their genuine worth, their beautiful lines and the distinctive patterns.

**Suits
For Men
\$15**

Other and better Suits, \$20, \$25 and \$30.

STRAW HATS We have just put on display a large line of Straw Hats in all popular blocks, at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$10.00.

We also carry a full line of Men's Furnishings, including all Standard Brands

"Hurry to Hunter's"

W. Hunter & Co.

525 So. Spring St.
Los Angeles, Cal.

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

"The great message of modern evolutionary science to humanity is that man is a part of nature," declares the author in this remarkable little book. It is a stirring, inspiring message that is told between the covers of this messenger of intellectual helpfulness and satisfaction.

These two 32-page booklets will set you right on a lot of points.

You get them for a dime each—just a 10-cent piece slipped into a letter

The Citizen Print Shop,
Los Angeles, Cal.

203 New High Street
P. O. Box 203