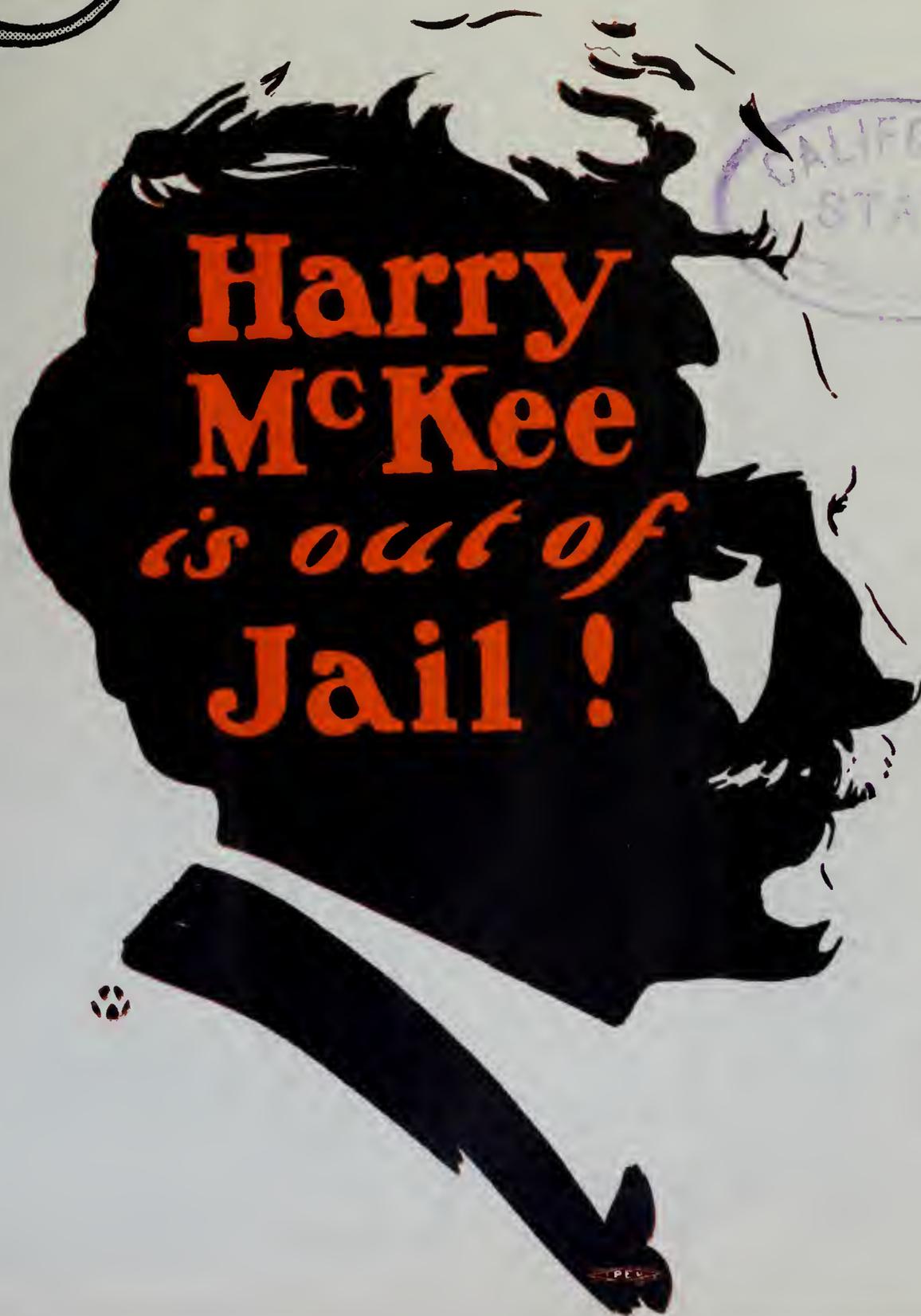


# The Western Comrade



**Harry  
McKee  
is out of  
Jail!**

CALIFORNIA  
STATE

# In the Editorial Room



Not a month has passed during the life of this magazine that some new writer or artist of worth has not been introduced to the readers. This month the pages teem with new names. The contents of this number of The Western Comrade seem to the editors so exceptionally worthy that they would like to write across the cover where all might see, "The best yet!"

Especially do the editors want to call your attention to the work of Charles Tracy, the artist who has decorated the magazine. Tracy is a veteran in the California movement. Years ago he struggled with "Common Sense," a publication that many will remember. Those were the days when a subscription meant a meal. Tracy is as youthful as a boy, as cheerful as the proverbial kitten and as sincere in his work as the most profound scholar. There will be more of his work and it is certain to prove one of the delights of the magazine.

We feel that the cover design this month by Rob Wagner is his master stroke. It has the daring of the unconventional, the exactitude of absolute accuracy in that it at once is a work of beauty and an announcement of fact—as well as being an exceptionally good likeness of Comrade Harry McKee.

"The Underground War," by J. L. Engdahl, whose years of contact with miners have fitted him to write the story as few could, and the study of education by Prof. Leo Wax are two offerings of which we are indeed proud.

Each of the other contributions fills its own little nook in a most delightful way. Altogether the effectiveness of this number of The Western Comrade must be rated at above par as a work of constructive educational value, of the keenest interest to the Socialist and to the outsider who is not afraid to take a peep at the ideas of others.

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Today is the most virile, educational, entertaining magazine in the Socialist and Suffrage movement. Full of aspiration, vim and zip. Excellent feature articles, stories and illustrations. A magazine that deals with conditions and facts from the feminist and Socialist viewpoint without gloves! Isn't that what you want? The Progressive Woman

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## TWO TRAINS

By FRANK E. WOLFE



It was hot, broiling, sizzling hot. The silver mounted thermometer that hung in a nook registered 105 and the humidity was unspeakable.

Servants clad in snowy raiment were moving about swiftly and noiselessly. Whirling fans were given the proper slant to blow soothing breezes; iced drinks were served and dainty summer dishes, fruits and ices were on all the tables.

Spotless napery, sparkling cut glass and shining silver was set off by bouquets of fresh flowers. Women in filmy lawns dawdled with salads and ices and the men were oppressed and ennuied by the heat and boresomeness of the journey. Everybody sipped cooling drinks.

It was luncheon hour in the diner of the Manhattan Limited. The eastbound train pulled into a dim and musty station. An instant later a westbound immigrant train drew in and stopped opposite the Limited. Window to window the trains stood. There the inmates of each conveyance got a glimpse of how the other world lives.

The immigrant train composed of "day coaches" was overcrowded. Every one of the straight-backed, narrow, close seats contained at least two passengers—sometimes there were two or three children in addition to the adults on one seat.

Men and women either slept in the abandon of utter exhaustion or sat bolt upright staring vacantly. There were no fans, no ices, no cooling drinks. The air was filled with a rotting smell. The fetor of the place made it dehumanizing. This "freight" was on the way to the Pennsylvania coal and iron districts—food for the hungry maw of steel!

Opposite a window sat a sleeping giant. The bulk of him compelled attention. Bared throat and breast showed color and contour of torso that would have delighted an artist, brought joy to a sculptor—a great blonde viking with wavy hair. Suddenly awakened he turned with wide staring blue eyes and looked into the luxurious car opposite. He seemed to think it a dream. Wonderment in his face gave way to understanding. A look came into his eyes that seemed to me the most hopeful thing in the world—a look of Demos awakening. It would have been an inspiration for a masterpiece had some great artist seen it.

Flunkies hastened to close the windows lest the stench and horror from the opposite should shock the finer sensibilities of the Limiteds. Then one train moved east—the other west.

\* \* \* \* \*

Will the Giant awake?

I saw another look of understanding last night. A three-foot hedge at Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street was the barrier.

Demos, this time, was a tall, lithe, dark, well set up worker of Latin cast. He paused and gazed steadily at the scene across the hedge. A word will describe it: The dining room of the Waldorf-Astoria at the fashionable hour.

Understanding was registered in every line of his face. The alert policeman moved down on him, spoke a word, then the thin lips parted in a slow, fascinating smile showing two lines of white teeth. One more look at the scene and he moved rapidly on TOWARD THE EAST SIDE.



# My Confession

By JOHN M. WORK



ONCE upon a time, I graduated from a little academy down in Southeastern Iowa. And the ache comes to my heart again as I call to mind the Junior Quartette singing, "Farewell! Farewell!" while we were in the midst of one of the most heart-rending tragedies of human life—the severing of school ties. How I wanted to go to that school forever! I wonder if the acorn has the heartache when it bursts its shell. It can never be an oak without bursting. The bursting of the school shell is just as necessary to intellectual and moral growth.

In those days, incredible as it may seem, I was a fire eater. I had been the most timid boy in school. The first time I faced an audience in the literary society hall, my lip trembled and the corners of my mouth drew themselves away down and for the life of me I couldn't get them straightened up again until I left the platform and sat down.

But I was ambitious. To acquire courage and determination I read about all sorts of heroes, or alleged heroes, and attempted to imbibe their spirit. I read about Demosthenes and his pebble. I read about General Custer, with his flowing locks, flourishing his saber and hurling defiance at the whole Confederate army. And I said to myself, "If these fellows had nerve, why can't I?"

So I waded in. I began to howl and saw the air every time I found myself before an audience. I soon discovered that when a person shrieks and fans the air, people think he is a sublime orator, no matter whether he says anything worth while or not. So I always did it. I got so I took great pleasure in it. It delighted me beyond measure to get out in front of the place where the carpet left off and yell, and churn the air with my arms, and stamp the bare floor with my feet by way of emphasis until the dust rolled up and curled around my ears.

That's the way I did with my commencement oration. My subject was "The Rising Torrent." I pictured a lot of terrible, horrid, grisly 'osophies, 'archies and 'isms, which were gaining ground, and, unless the tide was stemmed, they would sweep our civilization over the precipice of revolution into the bottomless pit of—something or other—I don't remember just what. All I remember is that I rolled civilization over the precipice and chucked her down into the black hole and then gave her a kick.

Now, one of the dread 'isms which I pictured as being about to sweep our civilization over the precipice of revolution into the bottomless pit of what you-may-call-it was Socialism.

Yes, sir; Socialism!

Honest Injun—hope to die!

What did I know about Socialism?

Nothing.

Absolutely nothing.

A few years later I investigated Socialism for the purpose of preparing a lecture against it.

I wound up by preparing one for it.

Since that time I have been atoning for that ignorant, blundering, idiotic crime.

## SONG OF THE SHOVEL

Down on creation's muck-pile where the sinful swelter and  
 sweat,  
 Where the scum of the earth foregather, rough and untu-  
 tored yet,  
 Where they swear in the six-foot spaces, or toil in the bar-  
 row squad,  
 The men of unshaven faces, the ranks of the very bad,  
 Where the brute is more than the human, the muscle more  
 than the mind,  
 Where their gods are the loud-voiced gaffers, rugged, un-  
 couth, unkind,  
 Where the rough of the road are roosting, where the failed  
 and the fallen be,  
 There have we met in the ditchway, there have I plighted  
 with thee  
 The wage-slave troth of our union, and found thee true to  
 my trust.

\* \* \* \* \*

But you're foul to the haughty woman, bediamon'd slave  
 of lust,  
 Who bows to a seignior's sabre, tinged with a coward's rust,  
 Foul to the aping dandy with the glittering finger rings,  
 You who have helped to fashion the charnel vault of the  
 kings!  
 —Ah! the lady fair is disdainful and loathingly looks askew,  
 And the collared ass of the circle gazes in scorn at you,  
 But some day you'll scatter the clay on grinning lady and  
 lord,  
 For yours is the cynical triumph over the sceptre and sword!

Emperors pass in an hour, empires pass in a day,  
 But you of the line and muck-pile open the grave away.

—From Patrick MacGill's "Songs of a Navy."

# TWO FORCES

By Eleanor Wentworth



TWO agitators went abroad in the land, talking to the people about the great cause of Economic Freedom.

The one was very bitter. Incessantly he hurled anathemas against the oppressors. He aroused the ire of the people; he lighted the fires of hatred in their hearts; he caused them to raise their clenched fists with the desire to destroy. Of gentleness he made a mockery.

To the people he said, "Know that your so-called 'masters' are but fat parasites, sitting on your backs, absorbing the energy, the life's blood, the hope of you who are the world, taking to themselves all the results of your efforts and leaving you but an empty pretense as a reward."

He declared that hate was the world's great motive force, the fearful cataract of snow and ice and debris let loose down the mountain-side by the thawing of the Springtime.

The other agitator knew only one sentiment—love. He was as gentle as a mother, but as unwavering in his purpose as the rising tide. His message to the people was, "**Love one another.**" Cease wrangling amongst yourselves. Stand shoulder to shoulder. Divided you are but so much chaff wafted hither and thither by the furious winds of tyranny. United you are more mighty than all the combined forces of hatred and oppression of all the ages, for you set up against madness and destruction, the tenfold greater powers of peace and co-operation."

Those who heard him felt welling up within them a desire to create something beautiful; a great, strong feeling that caused them to know the strength of gentleness and to clasp hands with their nearest fellow.

And further he said, "Do not hate your oppressors. He who is foolish hates the strength of his opponent. He who is wise hates his own weakness and sets to work to remedy it. The only strength of your oppressors is your weakness; your weakness is your division amongst yourselves."

He declared that love was the world's great creative force, the substance of the pulsing hearts, the clear minds and the hardened bone and sinew from which would be built the House of Human Fellowship.

\* \* \*

Some of the people loved the one agitator and some loved the other. There were very few who trusted both and thought them both sincere.

# HARRY McKEE IS OUT OF JAIL

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

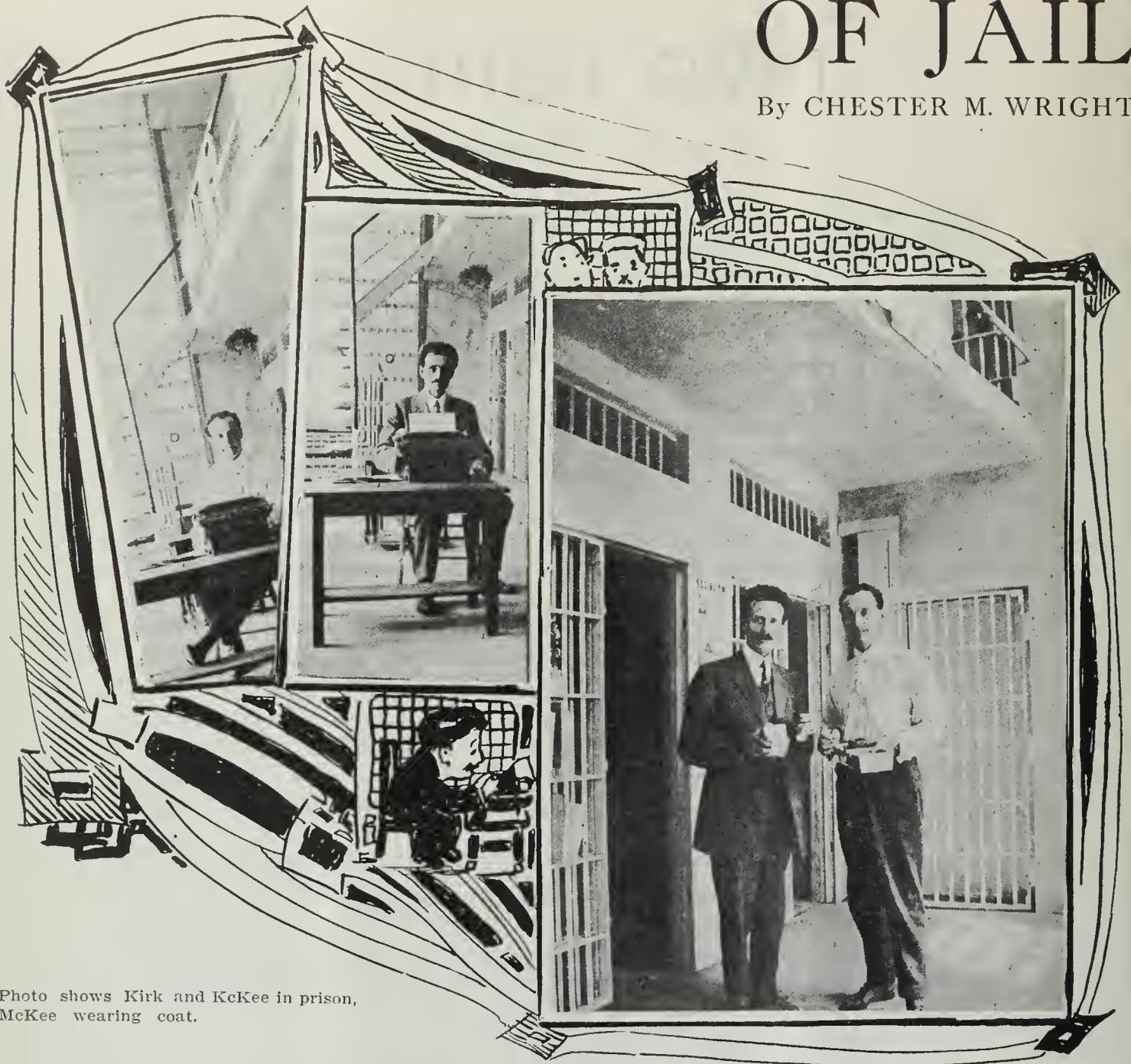


Photo shows Kirk and KcKee in prison, McKee wearing coat.

Harry M. McKee is out of jail; out of the terrible dazzle of the enamelled white bars and the glaring white walls; but in his regained liberty he is a roaring flame, scorching the defenses of the system that demanded his imprisonment, burning into the strongholds of capitalism at a white heat that would not have been possible but for his incarceration.

McKee passed two and one-half months in San Diego county jail, after having been convicted of conspiracy to violate an anti-free speech ordinance and sentenced by a Progressive judge. The entire proceeding is recognized by everyone familiar with the case as an enforced concession to the demands of a ruling ring of Vigilantes, who, themselves guilty of the most heinous atrocities, sought cover under the punishment of some one else, following the time-honored principle of the man who cried, "stop thief," so that he might escape with the fruits of his own plunder.

Harry McKee emerged from the great concrete prison with some very definite ideas concerning prisons. The first and greatest of these is that all jails are wrong and must be abolished. In this, he stands firmly in the acknowledged position of the Socialist party—with the additional strength of his own "inside" knowledge of facts.

"The real criminal is an abnormal person," says McKee. "He is abnormal either through environment, through having been forced to live in surroundings that warped and crushed, or through the effects of heredity. Abnormality leads him to crime. And to effect the cure of this criminal society takes him by force and plunges him into a prison, which, no matter how modern, is absolutely abnormal. In jail the prisoner is treated abnormally; his surroundings are abnormal. Nothing is natural. His food is brought to him, such as it is. He has nothing to do; takes no thought for the morrow.

No incentive for anything is required. Existence is a dull routine and the prisoner may look ahead for ten years, if he be sentenced for so long a term, knowing that on each of the separate days in all of those years the routine will be exactly the same. He can time every event in his life for every day of his term, knowing that those things will happen by the clock without fail during that entire time. And how ridiculous it is to hope to remove abnormality by thrusting upon the abnormal creature more of abnormality;"

McKee does not mean that every man who is put in jail is abnormal. He means, with distinctness of definition, the men and women who commit real crimes—the acts that an honest society would regard as criminal. He declares that a thief may be perfectly normal—so normal that he will not permit the unjust impositions of capitalistic society to deprive him of the means of sustaining life, even though prison be the punishment. But the murderer is always an abnormal person.

As an example of the effect which prisons and prison appurtenances have upon persons of perfectly normal and healthy character, and with this still more amply fortified by the breadth of view that is given to those who understand the Socialist philosophy, some of the experiences of McKee himself are of interest. His companion in prison describes the feelings of McKee in connection with the food problem. The jail fare is served in tin dishes, oblong in shape, much like the tins in which bread is baked in the home oven. The fact that these tins had square corners was the bane of McKee's life in jail. Those square corners loomed up at every meal, adding to the repulsiveness of the unsavory contents of stew or beans. If only those corners had not been there; if the tins had been round, Harry McKee would have felt far less repugnance toward jail fare. And if there had been a dish of different size and shape upon occasion, that would have been relief of equal magnitude. But always the same oblong with the hideous square corners, like a miniature coffin containing the dead offering of a deadened social conscience to a prisoner, whose every human attribute was supposed to have died when he passed behind the bars.

That is an instance of the abnormal life in jail. To the outside onlooker such things may appear trivial, but the fact is that the entire life of the prisoner is made up of just those things—there is nothing else!

With Kirk and McKee, of course, there were some other interests, but they were forced in by superior will power and by virtue of the understanding of social problems which absorbs them. The bars of their "tank" were utilized as book shelves and here they gathered a circulating library. Donald Lowrie's "My Life in Prison" has gone the rounds of the entire jail. Other books have followed it through the tanks and cells and papers and leaflets without number have gone from prisoner to prisoner because of the interest of these two Socialist prisoners.

No two prisoners that this grim dungeon ever held have exercised such an influence within its walls or so

stirred the citizenship outside the bars. During McKee's term he passed some of his time in sketching, and the product of his pencil adorns many a square on the walls and bars that still surround Kirk who must remain there until December 1st. The books, some few gay pictures from magazines, and the art products of McKee's pencil dreamings went far to relieve the killing, maddening blur of white.

And the solid white does not end with the walls and bars. It continues down over the floor, though it blends into a gray. But there is that solid cement floor, always cement; never once a foot fall on a bit of turf—always on cement, month after month.

Now sum this up: The solid white walls and bars, all in the most precise geometrical order, every unit just like every other, just so many fractions of an inch from bar to bar, so many inches between every door; the little oblong coffins for the food twice each day; the interminable portions of mush and stew and beans

chasing each other in endless and uninteresting routine in, over the floor and out; the constant and unyielding cement underfoot—everything exact, no element of choice anywhere, no stimulant to the interest of the prisoner; nothing except the automatic progress of existence as regulated by law and the wishes of the sheriff, though, as for Sheriff Fred Jennings neither McKee nor Kirk has anything but words of kindness. The sheriff is a good sheriff, and the jail is an excellent jail, as a jail—but the jail is a JAIL and the sheriff is a SHERIFF!

Time was, early in the term of the two Socialists, when the windows outside their tank were open. Between the tank and the outside world then there were the bars of the tank, the heavy screen of the window and still other bars outside—two sets of bars and the heavy screen. But the prisoners could see outside—they could see the sunshine and a little bit of the great wide world. And that was a wonderful privilege to have. But let McKee tell you how closely they studied everything about them, how the attention of the man behind the

bars is riveted down to things that never would cross the mind of the free person. "We never could look out of our tank from any point, through those double bars and that heavy screen and see the same object at one time with both eyes!"

But there came a time, when for some reason, the windows were closed—all except one way up in a top corner, twenty feet above the floor. "When they closed those windows it seemed as though a weight had been let down upon us," said McKee in describing the sensation. "It seemed as though half of life had been shut away—it was like something pressing hard against the eyes."

So for weeks there has been no sight of the great outside, no touch of mother earth, for Kirk and there was none for McKee until his release came. But—

The best laid plans of a lot of people are never fully carried out and so that statement about never a sight of the out-of-doors must suffer some slight modifica-

### WHAT I WANT TO DO

BY HARRY M. McKEE

The thing constantly on my mind is that Kirk is still there—he's in jail. And I know what it means to be in jail—locked up, bolted up, barred in, with guards walking the steel and cement corridors. The constant longing of my soul is for the liberty of my comrade. I want to see him free—away from the cell, out here with the rest of us.

And further; I want to see the time hastened when no one will have to go to jail for the causes that sent us there. My whole being is in the fight against that thing.

I want the time to come when no one will have to go to that kind of a jail for any kind of a crime. I want the time to come when jail as we know it shall cease to be.

The only way I know to gain those ends is for the working class to stand shoulder to shoulder, invincible, at the ballot box, in the Socialist party, the political expression of the working class. To bring about that day is my single aim.

Workers of the world, that is YOUR fight, as well. And the victory will be YOUR victory.

Join the party of your class! Help to hasten the better day, when peace and justice shall hold sway over the world, when the race shall bloom in freedom of soul and mind and body, when iniquities shall have fled, when honest thought and honest toil shall be the measure of the manhood and womanhood of us all!

“The world has never had a good definition of the word liberty, and the American People, just now, are much in want of one. We declare for liberty; but in using the same word we do not all mean the same thing. With some the word liberty may mean for each man to do as he pleases with himself, and the product of his labor; while with others the same word may mean for some men to do as they please with other men, and the product of other men’s labor. Here are two, not only different, but incompatible things, called by the same name, liberty. And it follows that each of the things is, by the respective parties, called by two different and incompatible names—liberty and tyranny.

“The shepherd drives the wolf from the sheep’s throat, for which the sheep thanks the shepherd as his liberator, while the wolf denounces him for the same act, as the destroyer of liberty, especially as the sheep is a black one. Plainly the sheep and the wolf are not agreed upon a definition of the word liberty; and precisely the same difference prevails today among us human creatures, and all professing to love liberty.”—Harry McKee’s favorite quotation from Abraham Lincoln.

tion. That little window away up in the top of the tank, is the modification. And when McKee or Kirk wanted to get a wee glimpse of real, honest sun and to prove again that the world actually WAS still outside, they climbed up the bars, hand over hand, like sailors going up the rigging, and stole a glance out of that real high-up loop-hole in this adjunct to the ship of state. It is hard for the person who never has been locked within prison walls to get the impressions, the mind agonies, the awful feeling of restriction that bears down upon the mentally alert, fast-thinking man who is suddenly grasped away from life’s ambitions, from family and liberty and thrust behind bars and bolts and walls and screens where it is prison, with PRISON stamped in every inch of the surroundings, with PRISON drilled into every waking hour and every fitful dream! It is hard to understand that sensation. But I am trying to carry it to you as you would get it if you could stand close to Harry McKee or Earnest Kirk and look into their eyes as they talk!

The point here is not that Kirk and McKee are to be commiserated with, or pitied or anything of that sort. No, the point that they make in every consideration of the question is not made from their personal viewpoint, but from the viewpoint of society—the greatest good for the common people everywhere. Jails don’t make the world better! That’s their argument. Just one person attempted to commiserate with Kirk and McKee during the time McKee was incarcerated. He happened to be a visiting minister. “I’m so sorry,” he began. And he got no further.

“How do you know you’re sorry? How do you know you ought to be sorry? How do you know you oughtn’t to be glad?” came the questions rioting after each other from the tense lips of McKee. And the minister of the gospel left that tank with an apology and the conclusion that being sorry wasn’t just the right thing in some cases. Being proud might better serve the purpose!

No, the point is not that they are to be commiserated with at all. The point is not so much concerned with them individually as it is with society collectively. That has been the point throughout. They went to jail as a service for humanity, because of devotion to a principle. Their personal sacrifice was for all of their fellows. Had it been merely a personal matter neither Kirk nor McKee would have gone to jail. Both are frank and vehement in their dislike of jails—but both are staunch and unrelenting in their determination to stand by their principles, even though the cost be prison.

And so, some three months ago these two comrades marched down to the jail doors and passed inside, to suffer “reformation” for the high crime of asserting their right to freely speak their thoughts on the streets of

San Diego. But they went to jail in triumph, knowing as only Socialists could know, that their cause must win in the end and that their sacrifice would hasten the final victory. They knew that their sacrifice was a service—and so they went gladly.

McKee came out of jail on Friday, September 12, at noon, pardoned by Governor Hiram Johnson, sixty-eight hours before his term would have expired. The pardon was recognized beforehand as a possibility, but not as a probability and its arrival at that late hour was a surprise indeed to most.

McKee is a more powerful man than ever. The fire burns more fiercely within him. He feels more keenly the wrongs of an unjust system. He is more firmly determined than ever, if that is possible, to do his whole part in winning for the right. His voice will be a guide and a shining light to thousands who would never have come within his reach had not an arrogant plutocracy sought to punish him for encroaching on its ill-gotten preserves. Capitalism resorts to diverse tricks its ends to gain—and pretty generally, when those tricks are played on class conscious members of the working class, it loses ignominiously!

It has lost this time. Harry McKee is the victor; the Socialist cause is the gainer.

And three months hence when Kirk steps from the big white door there will be a new victor and we shall count fresh gains!

For of such are the fortunes of the capitalist war upon the enemies of plutocracy—and of such are the fortunes of the war of the workers upon those who sit idly upon their shoulders, sapping the product of their toil in parasitic fashion.

The victory, in the end, is with the just!

## A DREAM CHILD

By DAVID FULTON KARSNER

A child went forth into the world dreaming of love.  
Truth, wisdom, joy and hope were woven by it into a cloth  
of fellowship.  
It knew the meaning of aerial elements and the demons un-  
der the sea:  
It made songs to weeds by the roadside and to lilies in the  
pond:  
It made songs to libertines and harlots and to the faithful  
and pure:  
For this child dreamed of unity, chanting to everybody, cele-  
brating everything, omitting nothing but nothingness.  
Its pilgrimages led it to the remote corners of the earth and  
to densely populated cities.  
This child is a dream child who visits me nightly, takes me  
by the hand and leads me to places and people of whom  
I paint mental pictures in my brief day dreams.

# The Impeachment of Sulzer

By William Morris Feigenbaum



THE impeachment of Governor William Sulzer of New York is an illustration of the foulness and the rottenness of capitalist politics; it is a sample of the raw work that is "pulled off" every day in the year; it is a laboratory demonstration of the workings out of the fake and the fraud that goes under the alias of "Democracy" nowadays. It is the final argument for the placing of the government in the hands of the working class.

The manner of it is thus: For years "Bill" Sulzer has been the prize joke in New York politics. Elected to Congress at 32, the election was altogether without significance, as he came from the congested East Side where a yellow dog on a Tammany ticket could easily be elected; where, indeed, last November, a violently insane man, Timothy D. Sullivan, was chosen over Joshua Wanhope, the brilliant writer for *The Call*. Tammany does not care whom it sends to Congress. During the fourteen lean, hungry, officeless years of 1896-1910, the unterrified Democracy of New York cared more for the shrievialty of New York county, with its vast patronage, than it did for the New York congressional delegation. So it is that little nonentities, like Daniel J. Riorden, little petty politicians like Sulzer, ignoramuses like Henry M. Goldfogle, go to Congress from the imperial metropolis. And there they become totally forgotten. That is why the whole lot of them, led by John J. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, voted for the infamous Republican gag rules in 1909, in return for which favor the Republicans put up a straw man for Mayor in New York to be knocked down by William J. Gaynor.

Tammany lives on several things, but it gets its support from the people by gifts or promises of jobs, and by protection to its henchmen. It is not generally known, but one out of every thirty of the vast population of New York City is on the public payroll. Not all of these hordes of civil servants are protected by civil service rules, and the registrars and surrogates and sheriffs in the five counties constituting New York City, and their subordinates numbering thousands, all with swollen salaries, are the officers and the rank and file of Tammany.

Tammany wants access to the public till, so they get hosts of men to work for the victory of Tammany candidates; they get slimy cadets and gunmen to repeat at elections, to drive away opposing voters, to colonize, and to stuff the ballot boxes. And in return, Tammany rewards some with jobs, promises others future jobs, protects the business of the cadet (for a percentage of the receipts) and protects the gangmen, the gunmen and the murderers, who are rarely punished for their activities.

This is Tammany, and this is her philosophy: You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours; you give me the fat contracts for city work, and I'll pay you well. You can commit any crime, but one—don't go back on the gang, don't peach; because if you do, you might just as well go to a notary with your last will and testament.

And because there's no pabulum or pap in the Congressional delegation, Tammany never cared whom it sent to Washington, never cared about the national party of which it was an integral part, never cared for one moment for the issues that animated the nation. "This here Wilson, we don't know who he is, but he's on the

ticket with our Bill Seltzer and our Tim Sullivan, so he must be all right. So vote for him," said an orator. And they did. The electric sign that blazed against the autumn sky was "Wilson and Sulzer." Read that. Study it. Mispronounce it, as all New York did. Then judge of the psychology of the people who thought politically in terms of whisky.

So Bill Sulzer was tolerated for eighteen years in Congress. He was a strutting peacock, the funniest joke in Washington. He affected the pose of the professional "friend of the 'peepul'." He cultivated a disordered lock of hair; he wore a string tie; he let everybody know that he wanted to be the latter-day Henry Clay. He was much like Clay in one respect. As the story that newspaper men in Washington still tell has it, when the barber told Bill that he resembled Clay, Bill puffed up and asked, "Is it muh brow?" And the barber said, "No, sah; it's yo' bref!"

In Washington, Sulzer was merely funny, but he was shrewd. He knows his district. Made up, as it is, largely of newly-arrived immigrants: Jews, Italians, Hungarians, Germans, Bohemians, Slovaks—the most polyglot district in the world, the modern Babylon—he knew his ground. His extravagant speeches about his friendship for everybody, "Everybody is my friend!" "went" on Second avenue. His speeches were models for burlesques of politicians on the stage. And so, when finally Taftian stupidity led the Democrats out of the age-long wilderness of joblessness and into the bright sunshine of control of the House, Sulzer's sixteen years of more or less service to the people in Washington was rewarded by the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, a reward for seniority in service and for nothing else.

He used his position to enrich himself in the rich Central American pie. His extravagant speeches in favor of President Estrada of Guatemala astonished those who wondered what he knew about a country so far from Second avenue, but those that know dollar diplomacy, those that understand the fiendishly far-reaching "concessions" those Central American tyrants are wont to grant in return for American protection, were not astonished at those pranks of "poor, but honest" Bill Sulzer.

The abrogation of the treaty with Russia is his prize stunt. The million Jews in New York read his speeches in the Congressional Record, but the million Jews, not understanding Congress, or Congressional procedure, or the functions of government, do not know that the whole thing was the most monumental, the cheapest, the most insolent fraud that was ever pulled off. But it made Bill governor!

Bill announced that he was governor, not Charlie Murphy or any other boss of Tammany. And he proved it, too. He appointed as chairman of the Public Service Commission Edward E. McCall, tarred with the stick of Equitable rottenness, put him where he could loot the city for the benefit of Tammany. No. McCall is no crook. But he worked for the gentry who are looting the city in the gigantic \$300,000,000 subway construction.

To fight the boss—in the newspapers—is the game. To take orders in public would queer you with the people. So Sulzer stridently announced that he was boss—and privately did Tammany's bidding, until—

Until Charles F. Murphy gently intimated that it

would not much distress him if one James E. Gaffney were appointed highway commissioner. Sulzer gasped. It was a trifle too raw. Gaffney is Murphy's partner in the contracting business, and that job would give the firm \$50,000,000 worth of state contracts. If Sulzer had appointed Gaffney, he would have to prepare himself for retirement from active life on January 1, 1915. So he didn't, and he'll have to retire a bit earlier.

Certainly, Sulzer is guilty of what is charged against him. But, as Mr. Dooley said, he's guilty of murder, arson, grand and petit larceny, and going back on the gang. So the legislature that includes some of the blackest politicians in America, the legislature that exonerated Senator Stillwell of bribery, said Senator now being in prison stripes in Sing Sing, that legislature impeached Sulzer. And the leader of the proceedings acting under Murphy's orders, Murphy who sat with his

ear and his lips to a telephone for long hours while the dirty work was being pulled off, Aaron J. Levy is rewarded by being made a judge.

That's your Tammany in all its hideousness, cruel, relentless to its enemies, greedy, murderous, the epitome of capitalism. It's a picture of capitalism enthroned in politics, holding out "good" men like Sulzer, men who are not shown up until they go back on the gang. Its sole excuse for existence is the reluctance of the working class to take hold themselves. It isn't Murphy or Levy. It isn't Penrose or Flinn. It isn't Hinky Dink and Lorimer. It is capitalism expressed in terms of municipal politics. Republican or Democrat, it worries them not. "There's no politics in politics."

And this will last until the working class runs the cities for their own class interests, until the rank and file will disregard loot and look to class welfare.

# QUEER

By A. F. GANNON



FAGAN was a genius with the supernal artistry of line that limns the window-pane o' frosty nights woven into the fiber of his being. As a small boy in an obscure middle-western town, the tracery of the naked trees on a sombre autumn sky awakened the indescribable dream that forever after filled his years. Time clarified the vision a bit and goaded him to the city.

At twenty-three, love found him an engraver. The girl was an art student who also harbored a dream. Society does not like dreams, not, at least, until the dreamer dies and the dream lives on, so society put both their foolish noses to the brasive wheel of necessity. The girl's dream at best was rather bloodless, so it died from inattention, and the wealth of her affection and faith gave added luster and strength to the man's.

Long since, he had found his forte, and the secret soul of his dream, to be etching; but society stupidly insisted that it was So-and-so's, long dead, and Such-a-one's, a howling mediocrity with topas-tinted whiskers and a "studio," whose etchings were particularly desirable. His dream did not fade at this fiat, or in the lean, struggling years that followed; but the color in the cheeks of the one person whom he loved, slowly did.

He said she was going to have proper medical attention and a climate to counteract the encroaching malady. Certain suave gentlemen who had slyly complimented him on his cleverness as an engraver were soon in possession of the pleasant information that sudden and swift repulse would not be their portion again should they care to reopen negotiations.

Certain other urbane and forceful gentlemen, some weeks later, interrupted him in the act of putting the finishing touches to the last of a series of plates that were to bring him a sum sufficient to retrieve his wife's health, or ease her remaining days in a sunnier clime. Society, duly and snugly horrified at his depravity, thereupon cast him into a dungeon. His wife quickly and conveniently died. In point of fact, everything of any moment concerning him died but his dream, and a baleful hatred of society, as a record of his subsequent labors in the field of criminal art would bear witness.

\* \* \*

Marden could be categorized as a genius also—if two plus two is exquisitely poetical to one's soul, or if one thinks the multiplication table bears a family resemblance to the divine afflatus. In early manhood, while his compatriots were at one another's throats over what they supposed to be an ethical question, he managed to get possession of a large quantity of but recently discarded and dangerously inadequate firearms and resell them in the excitement to one body of the belligerents. This wondrous feat dispelled all vestige of doubt as to Marden's financial status from the calm, judicious minds of the remaining (at home) patriots, and from their patent admiration Marden's dream of dominance evolved.

At first he thought in thousands of dollars, later in millions, but finally, when the twin devils of Power and Profit had gained complete mastery over this scarred sabotier and rifler of society, he could cogitate only in hundreds of millions. It was during this period of his career that he conceived and executed a coup, beside which Fagan's act, for which society savagely squelched him, pales into absolute and utter insignificance, and even all his own former financial rapine seems to be as free of duplicity as the monetary matters of a Baptist barbacue.

By surreptitiously acquiring or gaining control of the known or conjectured iron-ore bodies of the country, and the strategically situated manufacturing plants, transportation facilities and fuel deposits, conservatively valued at five hundred millions of dollars, and capitalizing the coalition at fifteen hundred millions, he calmly uttered, in effect, counterfeit money to the amount of TEN HUNDRED MILLIONS! Did society instantly incarcerate him and confiscate the "queer"? Not so it was visible to the naked intelligence. Society fatuously fawned upon him, gave him twenty millions in real yellow coin for his "cut" for the "Napoleonic stroke" and nearly broke its collective neck in the scuffle to pay hard cash for Paper, the value of which lay in the bone and sinew of unborn workers.

Thereafter, Kings of the blood made obeisance to Marden and sought his counsel.

That he lived, the great mass toils deeper and is not spiritually quickened, and it was fitting that he should pass in the land where Christianity's anasthetization occurred centuries ago.

# The Socialist Movement in California

By STANLEY B. WILSON

In this article Stanley B. Wilson begins the story of the condition of the California Socialist movement as he has found it in a tour of the state lasting about three months. In succeeding chapters Comrade Wilson will go more fully into the matter of facts and conclusions. This series promises to be of inestimable value to the California movement.



LOVE you, California! One who has not caught the sentiment needs only to get acquainted with the fair Miss of the Pacific to become a devout enthusiast.

While the purpose of my tour of California was not to generate sentiment, I must admit that the last few months' travel over the Golden State has made me a more enthusiastic devotee of California.

In a recent article in the California Social-Democrat I endeavored to show the great disparity between the Socialist Party and the Socialist movement in this state, and that the cause of it is the lack of an "intelligent, concerted and consistent" effort in the way of organization.

Since that article appeared, I have been covering that portion of our great Pacific commonwealth which lies north of San Francisco and will in this and succeeding articles in The Western Comrade give a description of the trip.

Some months ago, Grand Vice Chancellor K. A. Miller, of the Knights of Pythias of California, urged me to accompany him on an auto trip over his district to assist him in teaching the lessons of the order and in building up the lodges. I informed him that I had already arranged a lecture tour over the same regions and feared he would object to my mixing Socialism and Pythianism. He informed me, however, that he didn't care what I talked about in my lectures so long as I confined my Socialist teachings to my own meetings.

I joined the party, consisting of Col. Miller, Capt. H. W. Broughton and E. C. Thompson, at San Francisco. Besides being a K. P. grand lodge officer, Col. Miller is an attorney of Los Angeles. Capt. Broughton is a member of the Los Angeles Paint and Wall Paper company. Mr. Thompson is a court reporter in the Superior court of Los Angeles county. Monday afternoon, August 25, we left the Ferry building on the Sausalito boat. Arriving at Petaluma, I found that the comrades had not received notice of my coming. However, they hustled around and secured a hall, and did their best to advertise the lecture, with the result that we had an audience of about 100. At the conclusion of the lecture I hurried over to the K. P. hall, where I delivered an address.

Next morning we rode around Petaluma and visited several of the famous chicken farms. We learned many interesting things about chickens, one of which was that the chicken that has the finest feathers is generally the poorest layer. "In this respect," remarked our informant, "chickens are like folks."

We visited a mammoth hatchery, and in one room were introduced to 8000 young chicks, fresh from the

shell. Frequently these young chicks are shipped as far away as British Columbia and Mexico in crates. They are shipped fresh from the shell and do not require any food until they reach their destination.

Santa Rosa comrades had not made any arrangements for a lecture, on account of insufficient time for advertising.

Between Santa Rosa and Ukiah, we stopped at the Swiss-Italian wine colony and were shown through the great wine houses. A very interesting feature of our visit was the inspection of the building where they manufacture champagne. We saw millions of bottles of this costly and effective beverage, and were astounded to learn that there are champagne manufactories in France that produce more than twenty times as much as this one. Conditions at Ukiah and Willets were the same as at Santa Rosa.

From Ukiah we ran up to Blue Lake, a beautiful resort. The lake is one of the most charming in all the world. The water has the appearance of being perfectly blue. We had a refreshing swim. The comrades in this vicinity have been asking for speakers. Just beyond Blue Lake, at Clear Lake, is an immense string bean cannery and we met scores of wagons and auto trucks laden with its products.

Our next point was Garberville, and we were told that it would be impossible for us to cover the distance from Willets in one day. We did, but it was a day of thrills. Some of the grades we climbed seemed impossible for an auto. Mile after mile we ascended and mile after mile we descended. In some places all except the driver were compelled to walk. When we reached Garberville and got our machine inside the garage door it stopped of its own accord, and we found that the last drop of gasoline was exhausted. Garberville is at the bottom of a deep valley on the bank of the south fork of Eel river.

Here we were treated to a trout dinner. One of the boys of the K. P. lodge had spent the day fishing and to his piscatorial prowess was due our delightful repast.

There was no lecture scheduled for this place, but the lodge held an open meeting which was largely attended. At midnight a banquet was held at the hotel. Our next objective point was Scotia. Our route lay along the river. We passed through one of the greatest apple, pear and peach sections of the state. We found the river banks dotted with the tents of deer hunters and saw much spoils of the chase. Here we entered the mighty redwood forests and paid our respects in wonderment and delight to the mammoth monarchs, some of which were so large at the base as to completely hide our car.

Four miles from Dyerville, the end of the railroad

from the coast, we broke a vital part of the auto, and Col. Miller and I started afoot for the railroad, leaving the others with the machine.

We reached the railroad in time for the 5:30 train and at 6:30 were in Scotia. There is no Socialist local in Scotia and there is no better place for one. Hundreds of men are employed in the mills there and in the woods surrounding. Union organizers are at work trying to get the men together, but they meet with almost insurmountable opposition. They are obliged to get among the workers by all manner of subterfuge and woe betide them when they are found out.

Here is the condition of affairs where Socialist literature is especially effective. The bosses may be able to throw out individuals, but a piece of literature is a treasure to isolated men, and the printers' type is too elusive for the boss to eliminate.

In Scotia I spoke to a large number of men in an open meeting of the K. P. lodge. Scotia is a strictly company town. The company owns everything. We did not reach the dining room of the hotel until about 7:33. It closes at 7:30 and we were compelled to employ the utmost diplomacy to get anything to eat. We were told later that no other hotel is allowed in the town. The company owns all the stores and houses. If a man wants to bring his family there he must sign a lease that he will not rent any of his house or take any boarders. In fact, the company dictates about everything the family is permitted to do. Old King George was not more heartily hated by the colonists than the company is hated by all of its employes. Talk about soil for the seeds of Socialism!

Comrade Joseph Bredsteen, of Eureka, telephoned me that the Finnish comrades of his city would hold a picnic at Canyon Park, four miles from Scotia, the following day (Sunday) and wanted me to address them. Canyon Park is the most beautiful park I have ever seen. It is just as nature made it, except for walks and buildings. It is owned by a Socialist comrade, and has been the scene of some great Socialist gatherings. A Socialist camp meeting in this magnificent park, with several of our leading speakers and workers, would be an undertaking productive of great results.

Monday I spoke at the Labor Day exercises at Sequoia park, Eureka. Managing Editor Irvine of *The Times*, a Eureka daily, was orator of the day. His speech was eloquent and full of compliments and advice to the workers. I was given ten to fifteen minutes following him, but the audience would not permit me to stop.

Monday evening our auto party went to Portuna, where I lectured to more than 200 and then went over to the lodge hall, where I addressed a K. P. open meeting, which was followed by a banquet, at which I again spoke.

The Ferndale meeting the following evening did not materialize. Messrs. Thompson and Broughton drove me over in the machine from Eureka, where I was to address the Knights the same night. At 8:30 there were only about a dozen people present to hear the lecture, so I announced that there would be no lecture. Returning to Eureka at once, I made two addresses before midnight. Our ride that night was made in a heavy rain.

Our stay in Eureka was exceedingly enjoyable. It is one of the gem cities of California for climate and natural advantages. But it is a gem owned by the most selfish kind of exploiters.

Indeed, exploitation is at its most acute stage in this lavishly endowed locality. Corporations own all the land and timber, which they secured for next to nothing.

In their mills they are cutting the timber into lumber by the hand of labor reduced to a shamefully low standard of wages. Then the land, stripped of the timber, is held at a price far above what they paid for it before it was despoiled of its wealth of timber. And all this is permitted in the United States of America, in this year of our Lord, 1913!

There was a fine, healthy young Socialist local in Eureka until it began to be a menace to the exploiting interests. Then some sinister hand sowed seeds of dissection which propagate too easily in this active movement of ours. As a result, the local is split and is no longer the menace it once was to the wily exploiters.

With the others of our party I visited the studio of the famous painter of forest scenes, C. T. Wilson, the products of whose brush have gone all over the world. Mr. Wilson paints all of his pictures from nature, spending months at a time in the great forests. Our enthusiastic expressions of admiration of his art moved the artist. When one of our party asked about the financial results of his work, Mr. Wilson said that he did not include the financial in his computation of art. In tones thrilling with feeling he told of how he had struggled to perfect himself in his art, and declared as a climax, "I wish I were able to place one of these pictures in every home in the world. I would rather do that than have all the money in the world." I was glad to know myself part of a movement dedicated to the placing of the best in all the arts and industries and inventions in all the homes of the world.

For the lecture in Eureka the hall was filled to the doors. The auto was waiting at the close to take me to Arcata, where I addressed the Knights of Pythias. When we were ready to leave Arcata for Crescent City next morning, we found one of our front springs broken and we returned to Eureka to have it repaired. The distance from Eureka to Crescent City is 110 miles. It was noon before we got started, and it was raining. The roads became slippery and dangerous. We had tire trouble a-plenty. Reaching Orick, the half way place, at 6 o'clock in the evening, we spent the night.

We were advised not to attempt the remainder of the road to Crescent City until it had dried, but we were scheduled there that night. It was a ride never to be forgotten. The road lies close to the ocean most of the way and in places winds along bluffs hundreds of feet above the beach and is so narrow at best that the outside wheels are only a few inches from the precipice, while there are turns so sharp that it requires considerable maneuvering to get around. Then we would wind back into the forests, where the dense foliage prevented the sun's rays from reaching. The roads were so soft that corduroy was necessary.

About 4 o'clock we came in sight of Crescent City as we wound down a steep grade at the foot of which we found a delegation of citizens headed by Judge John L. Childs, waiting to escort us into the city. The sheriff of Del Norte county was one of the delegation. The last four miles lay along the smooth sands of the beach.

Judge Childs informed me that some of the Socialists wanted to postpone my lecture until the following evening and that it was the general wish, as all were eager to attend both meetings. It was so arranged.

There is no local at Crescent City, but there are a few Socialists who are of the red-blooded type. They secured the opera house, got out dodgers, and boosted the lecture vigorously.

It was one of the most unique meetings in the history of Socialist propaganda. Judge Childs, who is the whole judicial authority of Del Norte county, presided.

He announced that he had never known himself to be a Socialist, but he realized the educational and moral value of the lecture, and called to the platform several of the officials and business and professional men present. Col. Miller, Capt. Broughton and Mr. Thompson also took seats on the platform.

While at Crescent City we were taken over to Smith Valley on a fishing trip. Another of the guests was a

Catholic priest who had recently come to the community. He was one of the jolliest of the party. We got along like two school chums.

Think of it, Socialist comrades, not a single Socialist local in Del Norte county! It is not a populous county, but almost the entire population is of the producing class. Is it not an ideal field for Socialist organization?

(To be continued.)

## THE TURNPIKE

By Marion Louise Israel



IT WAS autumn. The labor of summer accomplished, the promise of spring fulfilled, it seemed as if the weary earth had drawn a long breath of relief as she suspended for a time her never-ceasing routine. The little old town bathed in a golden haze slept peacefully. Old men and women who had traveled its narrow, straggling streets from childhood walked to and fro under the leafless trees, with an air of placid content.

One walked those streets in the yellow October sunshine, to whom the peace and stillness were a torture, one who had come back for a brief time from feeling the pulse of the world, and to him the placid little town with its contented men and women seemed dead.

Away to the south stretched the road to the city. Over brown hillsides, through patches of leafless woodland, past exquisite little lakes, mirroring the parti-colored leaves on their banks in a blur of scarlet and russet and gold, the road led up from the sleepy, bygone little town, to the throbbing, teeming city.

Out beyond the edge of the town, out beyond the last snug farmhouse, with its garnered winter stores, up the long, uneven road, strode the returned traveler. His head throbbed and his heart burned within him—for he had watched long with a diseased humanity, until its fever burned in his veins.

As he wandered along the old highway in the autumn afternoon, he saw on every hand the signs of decay and death—the windrows of fallen leaves by the roadside, the leafless trees, the dry rustling cornstalks in the fields. Thus the landscape ministered to his mood. It seemed to him as if he were living in the very autumn of human existence. The old road, which so many feet had traveled on the way up from the little town to the great city, was as the road of life; the dead leaves under his feet the decayed customs, the worn-out laws, the futile efforts at reform, which strew the path of progress; with here and there a crimson-hued maple leaf, like a splotch of blood shed by the way. A little while, and then would come the fierce autumn gales, which a rotten civilization could never withstand—and after that a deal, cold world, under the mantle of eternal winter.

Then from over the yellow fields, down from the tender sky, there seemed to come a mystic presence, and walk with him on the road. And she seemed to speak to his troubled spirit saying, "O wayfarer, this road that you travel is indeed the symbol of the long, long road of life, and that quiet town you have left behind is the City of the Dead Past. These dry leaves that strew the road, they are as you say, the customs, the institutions and the systems that have fallen into disuse forever."

"Failures!" he exclaimed bitterly.

"Nay," answered the radiant spirit, "a fallen leaf is not the sign of failure, but of work accomplished. The road is indeed strewn with fallen leaves, and marked by deserted houses, which may never again shelter humanity, but this is but the passing of the old to make way for the coming of the new. This wayside shall once more be bordered with blossoms, and these woods and fields shall again be clothed in green. As spring comes after autumn, so shall a new civilization flower among men. As surely as this road leads up from a little old town in its decay to a city that teems with life, and that holds the hopes of men, so leads that longer road of human progress to a City of Mankind, where the common life is beautified by just relationships, where the spirit of service reigns, and where labor is sweetened with song."

# The Underground War

By J. L. ENGDahl



AMES KEIR HARDIE, veteran coal miner and Socialist, stood aghast in the streets of Dublin, Ireland, only the other day and asked the workers of the British Isles, "Is this America?"

He had reference to the manner in which the mailed fist of the law was being used against the street car strikers in Dublin in behalf of the exploiters. Hardie has been in the United States several times. He knows of the bitter struggle between capital and labor in the nation to which the Britisher refers as "The States." He recognizes tyranny when he sees it.

Yet the American worker seems to thrive on his "Siberias" and "Little Russias." For out of the anarchy that the blood smeared hand of capitalism has made of law and order there has risen resplendent the greatest labor organization the world has ever known.

I refer to the dual alliance between the United Mine Workers of America and the Western Federation of Miners in the mining department of the American Federation of Labor. In carrying the torch of civilization upward and onward among the workers of the world these two organizations are as one. They have cemented five hundred thousand toiling men into a real "one big union" and declared a peaceful, educational war for the unionization of the remaining half million men who toil "in and around the mines," coal and metal, in the United States.

This war of the workers underground is a wonderful thing. It is the enlightenment of the future conquering the darkness of the past. No bigger struggle for humanity's rights was ever declared. Justice never before put as much in the balance.

The bituminous coal miners are supreme in the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and in Western Pennsylvania. It is the nucleus of the strength of the United Mine Workers. When the mine worker parleys with mine owner these states include what is known as the "central competitive field."

The wages, hours and conditions of labor in these four states are the basis for negotiations in other states. What the Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Western Pennsylvania bituminous miners have won the soft coal miners of the other states of the nation are out to win and the battle begins.

No civil war general on the northern side ever scanned the map of the "Solid South" with greater desire for victory than do the generals of 500,000 miners. The story of how West Virginia has been partially won has already been written big in the nation's newspapers and magazines, in court records, congressional proceedings, in pamphlets and in books. To the south of that lies Old Virginia where union miners are unknown, where the chattel slave has become the industrial wage slave and still languishes in bondage.

To the south of Illinois and Indiana is Kentucky. The miners' union forces have crossed the Ohio River and the Blue Grass state is being rapidly won. The campaign stretches to Tennessee and Alabama along

the mountain ranges and the hills where coal is found and miners are held in subjection. The time when these two states must fall into the hands of the United Mine Workers is numbered in months.

Then will follow immediately the Western Federation to organize the metal miners, for in Alabama and Tennessee, coal and iron go hand in hand.

To the southwest of the "central competitive field" are the coal producing states of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. There are some coal miners in all of these states and when they are referred to in the councils of the mine workers they are known as "the southwestern states."

John H. Walker, formerly president of the Illinois miners, has just returned from this field and announces new victories. The Western Federation has just triumphed in the lead mines of Missouri.

Going westwards we find the coal miners organized in Wyoming and Montana. The frontier is down in Colorado, New Mexico and Utah. What West Virginia is to the East, Colorado is to the West.

It is in these same mountains that the Western Federation plans patiently for bigger victories. While it is strong in Montana and Arizona, there is much to fight for in Colorado, Utah and Nevada.

On the Pacific Coast the coal miners have strength in Washington while they are giving the coal barons the battle of their lives in Vancouver Island, the rich coal producing section of British Columbia. The Western Federation is fighting bravely in Alaska where the coal miners will follow just as soon as the fuel mines are opened up to any considerable degree.

In the Great Lakes region the Western Federation is now waging bitter war for mastery on the Michigan copper range, to be followed by a campaign for the capture of the Michigan and Minnesota iron ranges. In the far east the coal miners hope for the recapture of Nova Scotia, Canada, which was lost to them a few years ago. The anthracite fields of Pennsylvania during the past year have been almost solidly unionized.

There is one other section of this North American continent. But it has not been forgotten. The miners have their thumb on Mexico, too, and when the right time comes capitalism must go.

Shortly after Diaz had been shaken from his Mexican throne and Madero had been placed there in his stead there appeared in Mexico City three strangers. They sought an interview with the new president of the Mexican republic. The interview was granted.

That is how Madero happened to hear Frank J. Hayes, vice president of the United Mine Workers; Joseph D. Cannon, of the Western Federation of Miners, and "Mother" Jones, of all the miners, argue for the advance of the flag of unionism across the Rio Grande and into the mining camps of Old Mexico. There was not a line about this conference, striving for peace and enlightenment for the toilers, in the jingoistic press; at the time raving for armed intervention, and nothing has been said concerning it since.

It was soon after this that the strength of the United Mine Workers was demanded in West Virginia and the

fighting force of the Western Federation called to Ely, Nevada, and Bingham Canyon, Utah. And then Madero was assassinated. But like everywhere else this has only momentarily halted the onward sweep of the victorious underground war that knows no retreat, no defeat, no turning back.

It was the growing light in the brain of the Mexican worker that forced Madero to declare to the representatives of organized American miners that his administration would place no obstacle in the path of any effort that might be made to organize the Mexican miners. Madero may be dead but the light is penetrating deeper into the mind of the working class of Mexico and the right time to strike will soon come.

That is the underground war in birds-eye view as it stands today on the third greatest continent of the world.

"It is very significant," said the chairman of the World's Mining Congress, that met in Europe last summer, "that we have with us a representative of the American miners," and the chairman referred to Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation. It was the ambition for the world-wide solidarity of labor that spoke.

For one fleeting moment listen to the voice of the exploiter who is passing. "We will spend every cent we've got and go bankrupt before we'll recognize the United Mine Workers of America," said the mine owners of West Virginia. Up in Michigan the copper barons declared, "We'll let the grass grow in the streets before we will give in to the Western Federation of Miners." Out in Colorado the mine owners claim they will grant everything but the "recognition" of the miners' union. But all that organized labor wants is "recognition." Once having gained that it will take care of all else.

The story is told of the pioneer Mormons plodding

their westward way. They came to Utah, built their homes and began to till the soil in the valley of the New Jordan on the eastern shores of the Great Salt Lake.

Only in their agricultural pursuits did they disturb the ground upon which they trod. They deemed it sacrilegious to rob the earth of its hidden mineral wealth.

But capitalism knows no religion and it soon fol-

lowed the Mormons into Utah and went deep into the hills and mountains and brought forth much coal and copper and other minerals resulting in the accumulation of great wealth. While it robbed the earth it also robbed the worker as it was already doing in every other corner of the land.

Gradually the worker grew in intelligence and with it his objection to being robbed and from that day capitalism was doomed. It is only natural that the workers who dig the coal and mine the gold, copper, iron, lead, zinc, silver and a host of other metals, should form the backbone of the growing American labor movement.

They mined the metal from which the machine was built and they dig the coal that runs the machine. And when the era of machinery began the first gray streaks of the Socialist dawn began their war upon the capitalist night.

Many have tried to explain the reason for the great and growing solidarity among the mine workers and the firm stand for working class progress that they have always taken. As

the Socialist party stands for the emancipation of the working class on the political field so the Western Federation and the United Mine Workers stand for the complete abolition of wage slavery on the economic field.

Take the case of Vice President Hayes, of the coal



Solidarity is written in their faces

miners, just passing 30 years of age. When elected vice president several years ago he was the youngest international officer in any American labor organization, being at that time not yet 28 years old.

Hayes was a little bit of a red-headed Irish lad when King Coal beckoned to him in one of Illinois' many mining camps. There was something irresistible about the beckoning. The boy obeyed.

The whip hand of the monstrous monarch drove the little lad down into the hidden recesses of the earth and numbered him among the one million other men and boys who toil underground in these United States.

The minds of most children are deadened by toil. The minds of a few manage somehow to thrive on it. So the persistent mind of young Hayes developed down there in the gloom of the subterranean caverns. At times he would pick up a piece of slate and scratch thereon the ideas that formed themselves in his mind. Gradually the worlds fell into rhyme and rhythm. It was poetry. He sung just like the unlettered bards in the days of old.

The songs of the miners' life written by young Hayes did not go unnoticed. They were mailed to the United Mine Workers' Journal at Indianapolis, Ind., and when they were published the coal miners of the nation first began to hear of Frank J. Hayes.

That is one way of working out the reason for the strength and solidarity of the organized mine workers. There are those who pick out a nice big word, call it the "psychology" of the miner and let it go at that.

But to me it seems impossible that the youth of the nation's mining camps and villages should go willingly to slave the days away in the underground darkness, where the never-ending night gives birth to dream on dream for better things.

Even the poorest among city boys can usually find something to remove them partially from the day's toil. It is different in the mining camps where there is but a step from the cabin to the mine mouth and back again. The big thing that impresses one in all mining camps is the utter disregard for the child's demand for some joy during its growing years.

I was talking to a young miner, a mere youth, delegate to a convention of the Illinois mine workers at Springfield, Ill. He was waiting for the train that was to take him back to the miners' cabin where he dwelt with his father and mother, brothers and sisters. He spoke in bitter terms of the humble home and of the bare necessities of life—all that they could afford. He had a dream—the dream of a bigger, better, brighter future. So he takes his place and fights his fight in the ranks of the million miners.

For the big thing that labor needs is hope inspired by a dream and that is what the miners have above all things. The fact that their wage contracts are intricate affairs with many sections and clauses, calling for something akin to genius to properly understand them, is not the foundation stone of this or any other labor organization. It is merely the dream laboriously working itself out.

The miner is usually pictured as being irresistibly associated with a pick and shovel. These ancient implements have been almost universally discarded. Now the miner battles with the virgin coal or the ore producing rock with elaborate machinery.

One of the points of contention in the Michigan copper strike is whether one man or two men are to operate the mining machine which is known as the "widow maker," because of inability of the human make-up to long withstand the demands made upon it in the running of such a machine. With two men running the

machine the life-span may be stretched out over a few more years.

These machines are rapid producers, too. Working only three or four days in the week the coal miners of the country can keep the fuel market flooded. When the copper strike broke in Michigan there was an over-supply of the metal. Things like that make the miner think. Why is it that he must remain in poverty while he provides more than the world needs? he asks himself, and straightway orders his delegates in convention assembled to demand for the miner, "the full product of his labor."

Wherever legislators gather to make laws, in state legislatures or in the national congress, the representatives of the miner are to be found. When Socialists were elected to the Nevada state legislature they championed the industrial rights of the metal miners of that state. The same was true in Illinois and Pennsylvania.

There are some who criticize the manner in which the miners go on strike. When the trouble in West Virginia was at its height there were those who pleaded for a so-called general strike of all the coal miners, believing that this would immediately bring the West Virginia mine monarchs to their knees. Such a proceeding could have had but one outcome. It would have wrecked the miners' organization in the unionized states while the miners in the non-unionized fields would keep right on working. A strike of all the miners on the North American continent is impossible until all the mine workers have been thoroughly organized.

The present strike policy of the United Mine Workers and the Western Federation meets with success because the mining industry has not yet been thoroughly monopolized. There is still some competition and it is still possible to play one group of mining barons off against another group. This occurs even inside of states.

During the memorable 1910 struggle of the Illinois miners the organization of the mine owners split in twain and opened the way for the victory of the workers. The mine owners signed up with the miners' union in the southern part of the state and the men returned to work. The men in the northern part of the state remained on strike, received support from the southern Illinois miners with the result that the northern Illinois mine owners soon gave in rather than see their properties become bankrupt. The miners' union was stronger than the mine owners' union.

But the mining industry is becoming more and more monopolized. The mineral wealth of the continent is falling more and more into the hands of one set of capitalists. While this is going on the miners' union is growing stronger and stronger.

What is going to happen? I cannot see a continental conflict between the exploiters and the exploited of the mines. The working class has already advanced too far for that. Already the hand writing is in the sky. Not many more years will pass before the nation will take over the mines, the exploiters will be peacefully exterminated and the workers will dictate the conditions under which the miners shall labor. The hand of the "widow maker" will be stayed and the underground wealth of the land will be sought for what it can be used and not for the profits that it will bring. Complete victory will then have come to the side of the workers in the great underground war.

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Act first, this earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe  
You all but sicken at the shifting scenes.  
And yet be patient. Our Playwright may show  
In some fifth act what this wild drama means.

—Tennyson.

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

By EMANUEL JULIUS

Flynn—better known as "Porky" Flynn—was found guilty of murder.

The jury had listened patiently to the evidence, had retired to debate on the merits of the testimony, had reviewed the murder of wealthy, aged J. Albert Sewell, from every possible angle, and reported its belief that "Porky" fired the fatal shot and that death should be his punishment.

The judge thanked the twelve men for their work and told them they could go to their homes. Turning to the prisoner, the court announced:

"You have been given a fair trial and have been convicted. Step forward and say why sentence should not be pronounced."

Flynn—pale and trembling—arose from his seat and almost staggered to the bar before the judge's bench. The jury's verdict had paralyzed him and left him nearly speechless. His brain seemed clouded and unable to comprehend the meaning of it all. Nervously, he cried:

"I didn't do it, judge. So help me God, I never done that job. I know I'm just a measly, low-down dog of a crook, judge"—tears blinded him—"I know I've done a lot of rotten things"—his voice rose to a high, hysterical falsetto—"I know I've served a bunch of terms in prison for things I done, judge; but I never killed that man—I swear, judge; I never killed him that night and may God strike me dead if I ain't telling you what's the truth."

Flynn broke down and wept like a child, his shoulders heaving violently as long, painful sobs came from the depths of his chest. The judge waited until the wretch could control his feelings enough to continue his plea.

"I didn't kill that man, judge—" Flynn became incoherent; here and there, he repeated, "I never done it," apparently leaving the judge unconvinced.

"This is a sad case," said the judge, slowly, emphasizing each syllable, "and I feel for you; but never have I known a man's guilt to be so clearly indicated by circumstantial evidence as in this instance. I have always dreaded circumstantial evidence—especially when a human life stands at stake—but here you are absolutely proven to be the actual murderer of J. Albert Sewell—"

"I never done it, I never done it!" Flynn moaned.

"Your mere denials avail you nothing," exclaimed the court; "to merely repeat again and again that you are innocent does not wipe away the overwhelming facts against you. First of all, you confess you are a professional burglar—you have served more than fifteen years in penitentiaries throughout the country—your record is as black as any criminal I have ever known. All your life you have preyed upon society, all your life you have broken laws and robbed right and left. This you do not deny, for you know denials are worthless. On the night of the tragedy, you went to the home of J. Albert Sewell for no other purpose than to commit burglary. Is that the truth?"

"Yes, it's so—I went there to break in, and, I did get into his house—but I never killed that man," Flynn answered.

The court continued:

"A policeman heard a shot and ran to the Sewell home and caught you running from the place. A min-

ute later the police officer found the body of J. Albert Sewell. Your revolver was found near his remains; one of its chambers contained an empty shell. The bullet extracted from Sewell's body is of the same caliber as the others in your revolver—that is convincing, to say the least. The evidence establishes the motive, which was robbery; you were caught near the scene of the crime; your revolver was the weapon used—that, to any reasonable person, proves you to be the murderer."

The judge gazed steadily, for a while, at the condemned man's face and there, to his own mind, found further proof of guilt. Flynn's knotted figure, heavy, brutal face, glassy eyes almost lost in their sockets, huge, crooked nose and wild brows, together with a powerful, vicious jaw seemed, in the judge's opinion, to help spell his guilt.

"I never done it!" cried Flynn.

"You have been found guilty," said the judge, assuming a cold, uncompromising attitude; "I am convinced there has been no error and I can do nothing but pronounce sentence."

\* \* \*

Seven weeks later, the shadow of what was once a man lay chained to the stone floor of the death cell. Often, he mumbled, "I never done it," but his words fell on ears as hard and deaf as the walls about him. A few hours before dawn, Flynn was given enough whiskey to intoxicate him. He drank long draughts of the liquid, for its numbing effect drove away the fear of death that was freezing his heart. And, while in a drunken state, unable to understand what was soon in store for him, with a priest reading passages of scripture, imploring God to save his soul, Flynn was led down the gloomy corridor to the death chamber, where he was strapped to a chair and shocked with murderous volts of fire until the life in him was no more. And then, the state recorded in its books of justice that a fearful crime had been avenged, that Flynn had paid the penalty and that the last chapter in the Sewell murder had been written.

\* \* \*

About three months before Flynn was electrocuted—or rather, on the night of his arrest—Henry Purvis and Mrs. Jeanette Sewell were seated in the dimly lighted library of J. Albert Sewell's home. They were alone and gazed at each other, anxiety written on their faces.

He was a man of about forty; so evenly featured was he as to leave his countenance almost characterless. Every line and wrinkle had been carefully massaged out of him, leaving him expressionless. But his glittering eyes showed him to be possessed of a quick, shrewd brain and a will always striving for control. He was one who lived by his wits; a man-of-the-world ever ready to risk anything to obtain what he was striving for, a temperament thirsty for adventure.

He and Jennie, as he called her, had long been intimate, and had, for almost ten years, formed a team that looked upon the world as their oyster and who used their wits as an opener. And the many oysters they had opened were not commonplace oysters: they invariably found pearls.

For the past year, since Jeanette had wormed her

way into the elder Sewell's confidence and had become his wife, Purvis had posed as her brother, the "old man," as they called him, never suspecting that they were, in fact, lovers. Their scheme, in brief, was to get his money, of which he had plenty. That they got none of his wealth was a fact painful to confess, but it was true, nevertheless.

Sewell held fast to his money, even taking upon himself the task of paying what expenses were met from day to day, refusing steadfastly to give her sums of money which she tried to obtain. And that, to the pair of schemers, was a very distressing condition of affairs.

"At any time," said Purvis, almost angrily; "the old fool is likely to learn the truth about us."

"Yes," agreed Jeanette; "you can't pose as his brother-in-law indefinitely. "Some day he'll learn the truth and then you'll see your picture in the papers—another handsome correspondent. That would be a fine how-do-you-do, wouldn't it?"

"I wouldn't mind that so much if we could only get his money. That's what we're after and I'm tired of this long wait—I expected to wait six months, but here it is almost a year and we haven't progressed very much. I tell you, you must make that old fool loosen up or I'll do it for you."

"How?" the woman inquired.

"Oh, there are a thousand ways, and one is as good as another. It's a question which is the best at this time. One thing is certain, we must get that money."

The woman nodded her head slowly.

"It's too bad," she commented. "I never knew so old a man with such good health."

"Yes, hang him, he hasn't even got rheumatism."

"Well, there's nothing to be done except wait for our chance. It will surely come sooner or later. Have patience, my dear, have patience."

"If I had him here I'd ring his neck," Purvis blurted, with an oath.

He glanced across the dim room, a look of disgust on his face. Suddenly, he turned deathly pale and felt his heart spring into his throat, for there, to his utter astonishment and bewilderment, stood—yes, there in the doorway, agitated beyond description, stood the object of his schemes—J. Albert Sewell.

"He has heard all," was the first thought that flashed through Purvis' mind. "He caught us napping."

Jeanette also turned and saw what had driven terror into Purvis' heart; but she was not of the kind that flinched when forced to "face the music." She laughed quickly; it was more of a chuckle than a laugh.

"Well, well," she exclaimed in mock seriousness: "just look who's here!"

Her laugh and air of indifference restored Purvis' nerve. He quickly assumed a blase air and snickered:

"Good evening, Mr. Sewell; dropped in rather suddenly, didn't you?"

The man at the door did not answer; coming forward, he shook his head slowly and looked at the pair, hardly able to believe his eyes or admit the truth of what his ears had heard.

"You look worried, darling," said Jeanette, eyeing him coquettishly.

"So this is what has been in store for me," Mr. Sewell frowned. "I married the partner of a thief, brought both into my house, and here they are scheming to rob me!"

Mr. Sewell's anger rose rapidly, his blood boiled and flushed his face a deep crimson, his hands clenched spasmodically. Swallowing hard and almost panting for breath, he yelled:

"You are robbers, both of you!"

Without warning, he sprang at Purvis and struck him on the side of the head, felling him.

Purvis, in a second, was on his feet again; and whipping out a revolver, he aimed it towards the other.

Mr. Sewell stood, transfixed. Later, with a gasp, he sank into a chair. The revolver was unloaded, Purvis well knew, but he continued to aim it at the aged man, announcing, as a warning:

"If you move out of that chair I'll kill you on the spot. I mean business, so you had better think twice before you attempt anything."

The revolver levelled at Mr. Sewell, the woman standing near the table, Purvis leaning anxiously forward, and the third seated in a chair, presented a picture that was striking.

For a full minute, a heavy silence hung, like a blanket, over them; no one stirred; not a word was uttered. Purvis was thinking rapidly; something, he concluded, must be done. This, he admitted, was the moment for action; to waver would mean the loss of everything.

But, what could he do? The revolver was unloaded—and then, he did not relish the idea of committing a crime that might result in—he shuddered; he was in a quandry. For another minute, silence continued.

The quiet was broken by a noise that came from another room.

"Someone has entered this house," Purvis whispered hoarsely. "There must be a burglar here."

Mr. Sewell, his head between his hands, did not seem to hear what was transpiring.

Purvis ran into the other room, which was pitch dark, and quietly tip-toed his way to the bottom of the stairway. There he discerned the form of the intruder. With a rush, he sprang upon the burglar, who hastily drew his revolver. Purvis immediately disarmed him. With a lurch, the burglar drew back, freeing himself. A second later, he was making his escape, leaving Purvis with a loaded revolver in his hand.

Mr. Sewell and the woman, having heard the commotion, came hurrying down the stairs.

"What is it? What is it?" a man's voice inquired.

"A burglar," said Purvis, peering through the dark. When he perceived the figure of the aged man, he fired. Without even a groan, Mr. Sewell fell to the landing.

Purvis thought quickly and instantly came to a conclusion.

"Up to your room! Quick!" he commanded. "Undress and get into your night clothes. I'll do the same in my room. Quick!"

In a second, they were off.

\* \* \*

While Purvis was peeling off his clothes, he heard the noise of another struggle. This time, the noise came from the street.

Still undressing, he ran to the window and looked down. There he saw the burglar in the arms of a policeman, struggling for his freedom. By the time the burglar was overpowered, Purvis was in his night clothes. He then hurried down, soon followed by the woman.

Opening the door, he let the policeman drag the almost unconscious form of the burglar into the hall.

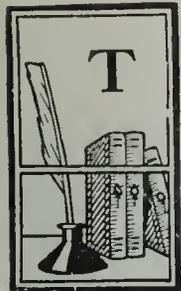
"He fired a shot," said the policeman. "We'd better search around."

"My God! Here is his victim," said Purvis. "Mr. Sewell has been killed!"

"And I've caught the murderer red-handed," said the policeman.

# A Unique Melange of Red and Black

By ROB WAGNER



HERE are two kinds of Socialists who must not read this. For if they do they will be perfectly furious.

The first is the Whole or Nothing comrade who believes that the co-operative commonwealth is going to arrive at 3 o'clock some Thursday afternoon a little hence. The other is our colonizing brother who wants to drag our dream in by the ears and execute a miniature commonwealth in the midst

of capitalism. They are both so orthodox and uncompromising that a scheme such as I am about to relate will be considered a shameless deal with the devil.

This frame-up is the same old combination of the co-operative element and perfectly disgusting exploitation. The only difference being that the co-operative benefits are going to the radical owners and the rich are the ones upon which the robbery will be practiced.

Some sixty or seventy villagers—mostly the professionals who live by their wits—decided that they were tired of discommoding the pigeons in the stingy flats and apartments that the capitalists built for them at outrageous rents. They said to themselves and to one another: "We are perfect goats to be living the way we are when by co-operative buying we can environ ourselves in a palace." That's all there is to clubs. Furthermore, if they built their palace co-operatively they could have it to suit their own personal eccentricities and needs.

But the best part of the scheme is this: Sit up close now and listen to the shame of Socialists playing the game. They intend to build much larger than their own needs and rent the rest! Forty per cent of the apartments will be owned and 60 per cent rented. This will give the owners their own apartments rent free. Crazy? Not at all. It has been worked nine times in New York City. The last co-operative apartment was started by Francis Wilson, Richard Watson Gilder and Jules Guerin.

But before I get you all worked up I suppose I ought to tell you something about the physical plan.

Do you know those hills to the right of Pasadena Avenue, opposite Mt. Washington, that have been all cut up with country roads? Well, on the topmost point of that—the hill that has been blocked off—this is to be Parnassus. There are ten acres to that hill and 200 acres on those surrounding it that have been parked.

The hill is 800 feet above the sea and being the highest point within the old city limits looks down upon Los Angeles like a feudal sentinel. The view from the top by daylight is one gorgeous panorama of 360 degrees from the mountain to the sea, and by night the picture is almost sensational—for Los Angeles lies right at its feet and the lights of the city resemble a great fete, while the other places like Pasadena, Garvanza and Alhambra resemble clusters of sparkling jewels. I'm very much tempted to rave about this but refrain lest you think I am talking like a real estater.

The building, of which the picture is a tentative suggestion (the four dinky little towers are coming off,

for instance) will be class A, reinforced concrete, contain 200 apartments and costing nearly \$600,000.

I'll let Will Fisher (in the California Outlook) tell you the details of this plan. It will save me writing a column—besides rendering it in chaster English.

"These apartments will cost from \$2000 to \$8000, according to location and size. The owner puts up his money, gets his apartment, which will be arranged exactly to suit him, and company stock issued to the amount of his payment. No more than 40 per cent of the apartments will be sold. The remaining 60 per cent the company will let at prevailing high-class rentals. That's where the owners begin banking dividends!

Besides owning his apartment and clipping coupons the owner of a Parnassus apartment gets off further as follows: The apartments are laid out on room units. A two (unit) room apartment, let us say, going for \$2000, will have a large living room with beds and all similar jiggers of the press-the-button-disappearing type, a neat and ideally arranged kitchen, a bath room, a large closet and dressing room and a sleeping porch. He will pay no rent, but he will pay \$10 per room, or \$20 for the two, for "service," and this service includes his insurance, taxes, hot, cold and distilled water, light, electric fuel, telephones, vacuum cleaning, refrigeration and washing of all flat linen.

Then he will get the use, in common with his neighbors of a large dining room, ball and assembly room—the latter provided with stage for lectures and theatricals; also moving picture mechanism—playrooms for children, billiards, private smoking and dining rooms. Then, the "villagers" are to pool their libraries—and Intellectuals have libraries worth while—into one of the finest private collections in the West. Under the great dome will be a magnificent art gallery. In the basement of the building bowling alleys and a gymnasium will be installed, and on the grounds tennis courts and a beautiful Roman bath will be found. It goes without saying that garages will be provided. Street car facilities are to be arranged, passengers landing therefrom and passing through a tunnel to the elevators.

Just as an apartment house enterprise Parnassus shows well on paper; but the co-operative plan idea is the new thing that will be copied.

But bigger than the building or the plan is the "center" phase—the homing of a large number of highly cultured, interesting, worth-while professional men and women and their families in such a manner as to establish in the city of Los Angeles a definite intellectual and artistic holy-of-holies. Remember, all who enter here must pass muster before the "villagers," and those who have no qualifying distinction of accomplishment will not be admitted. Parnassus is to be the abode of the aristocracy of talent. Only those who have toiled to a purpose may gain these heights!

Forty per cent of the apartments must be sold or the building will not be started. Before the company was incorporated nearly one-third of them were spoken for and the only thing that can stop the sale of the rest will be the attitude of the absurd banks that at present



THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF PARNASSUS

will not release any of the money that we have all put in.

It is a mighty interesting bunch that have already gone into the plan. They include every shaped head in the village. Of course, the radicals dominate. In fact, only one real reactionary has so far come in and his reaction ought to add spice and vivacity to the social life. Some idea of the social omelet can be gathered from the incorporators. H. V. Blenkium (Red), Richmond Plant (Single Taxer), Roland Paul (Musician), M. E. Johnson (very Red), Rob Wagner (Red), Emma L. Reed (Haines mother—Bull Moose), H. G. Watkins (Red), Dr. T. Perceval Gerson (Anarch.), Dr.

J. E. Wilson (Red), A. S. Hinneman (Architect), Mary Colver (Red). Harriman, Ryckman & Tuttle, attorneys.

Of the many who have reserved apartments there are a lot of Bull Mice, but of course the Reds predominate.

When the place is finished—which we hope will be next fall—we want you all to come up and look it over—and say it to our faces—all but the two Reds I forbid to read this tale. I'm sure that this will peeve them. And we want only joyous people up there. We intend to grab off a little of the co-operative stuff without waiting and if to do so we have to play the rules of the game as they are handed us, let's at least play them in our own interest instead of the other fellow's.

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# THE AUTOMOBILE FIRE TRUCK

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

It comes! See it plunge! Look at the beauty! How it rolls down the pave like a great, supreme, electrified god! It's the automobile fire truck!

No jangling bell mars the harmony of the thing. A big throated whistle clears the way for this king of the road. On it comes, its great engines throbbing like the pound of a thousand giant wings.

This thing is invincible. It has the grace of the new, the majesty of the supreme. Nothing can stop it. It has power, power, power! The strength of the limitless is in its vitals.

Every line is beautiful. In build and tone and function there is harmony. A symphony in utility!

The horse? Bemoan the passing of the horse? Never! Beside this engine of man's creation the horse is weak and futile. The picturesque of the horse is of the old. The picturesque of this wonderful thing that streaks by like a cyclone under throttle is of the new. It is ours! We made it! We know its power, its unlimited strength, its strong beauty, its sublime indifference to heat or cold or danger or decay!

It typifies the age. We need not drag out of the past all of our delights, nor all of our picturesque utilities. Out of the new materials which we have found and learned how to use we go on to create for our own age our new picturesque things, our new utilities, our new beauties, our new powers. And no thing that has perfect utility is lacking in beauty.

Roll on, you superb automobile fire truck! Never was horse to match you! Never can one take your place! You are of us today!

You typify an age, an age of the new, the startling, the daring, the man-serving accomplishments of man!

# IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

"At last!"

The class struggle has been flashed over the dazzling white canvas of the motion picture theater. "From Dusk to Dawn," Frank E. Wolfe's film story of the labor history of Los Angeles, is "on the boards."

In the first place the film is one of the finest ever displayed anywhere, from the standpoint of technique in production. The photography is by Fred Siegert, an expert and the inventor of processes which he alone is able to use.

The picture aims to carry no story thread throughout, though there is the never-ending story of the class struggle in every scene. There is a wonderful collection of stirring and historic scenes that cannot fail to move the thousands and thousands who will see the play.

One of the most striking of these is a great courtroom scene in the Darrow trial. Court is in session. The room is jammed with spectators. Mrs. Darrow is seen in one of the front seats. Darrow is fighting his own battle for liberty. Job Harriman takes the stand. The thing is dramatic with the tragedy of real life. It is real, natural, true to life because it is life. The witnesses are all heard and the prosecutor makes his plea. Then Darrow, massive, impressive, dignified in the loose hanging clothes that are characteristic of him, begins his argument, his plea for justice.

For five minutes he is the central figure on the screen, arguing to the jury, emphasizing his points with his long forefinger, talking to them like a father to his sons. The screen catches the personality of the man. It is as if he stood there in life. It is one of the greatest motion picture scenes ever displayed.

And there are other scenes, strike scenes, mob scenes, scenes from labor's real life in the city that used to be called Otistown. There is the vote by show of hands. From right to left the camera swings over the

sea of hands—hands of toil, thousands of them. Nothing could be more impressive than just those hands. There are twisted and broken hands. Right in the foreground a hand shows hard and bony, with a finger gone! The story of labor is written in those hands.

And the silent picketing. Three abreast, the men march down in front of the struck foundry gates, hands clasped, lips sealed. There's a swing and a power that grips in that scene. Again the marchers show in the Darrow trial scene. A "melt in," done with the genius of a master mind and hand, brings the marchers in a vision right through the court room, massing in a mental picture back of their champion who stands at the bar on trial. The scene was taken two years ago in the great Labor Day parade of that stirring year. It is not a staged picture. It is a reproduction of real life. It is wonderful.

The first scene of the film shows the struggle for existence of a slum family. The oldest daughter becomes the leader of a laundry strike. Flashing on soon after Dan Grayson appears as the hero of the foundry strike. He is elected governor on the Socialist ticket before the play ends and the "curtain" falls on the heart-union of the girl and the man just after the governor has signed a bill that plunges the state into Socialism.

One of the wonders of the film is in the people who appear in the leading roles. Aside from Darrow and Job Harriman there are J. Stitt Wilson, Fred C. Wheeler, Stanley B. Wilson, Cyrus F. Grow, Thomas W. Williams, G. Gordon Whitnall, and a hundred others. Some of the mass scenes were staged at Socialist gatherings.

Thousands of Jimmie Higginses will recognize themselves at one time or another in the action of the play.

All in all, the film is an epoch marking production. It paves the way for greater things to come. And its success is assured by the thousands who have seen it in the cities where it has already been shown.



Clarence Darrow as seen on the screen

# The Intercollegiate Socialist Society

By E. E. HITCHCOCK

## SIGNIFICANCE OF A STUDENT MOVEMENT

Have you ever realized the significance of a student movement?

Take for instance, the Jap student. He comes, as David Gordon Graham once pointed out, to pay in this country for one and to learn enough for two. Then he goes back to remake Japan in sixty years. In California he holds leases. In the "Cruise of the Piffle" we meet him. In brief, he is well nigh ubiquitous, bids fair to become omniscient, and thereby omnipotent.

Consider also the student in Russia. The authorities there have filled up Siberia with free-thinkers and him. Just recently his father-country has been burning Tolstoy's books. O, land of oxen-people, quaking Czars and aspiring students—where nothing seems to live but students!

As for France, who has not with Hugo and the Parisian students built barricades in the city streets and fought over the tops of them; or gone with Dumas and French students of an earlier time to secret, revolutionary gatherings until the very empire rocked? The structure of the present Republic of France, after the edifice of the decadent nobility had been razed, was erected with a cornerstone filled largely with student deeds and the novel wine of Rosseau's thinking.

But the blessedness of singularity belongs perhaps to the German student. A common notion of him is a full personed, heavy thoughted individual who reports to his university once every six months for examination, and in the interim whiles away his time with cheese and beer, music halls, and broadsword duelling. Four millions of Socialists in Germany, however, would indicate that he spends part of his time in reading "Das Kapital."

And by the way, Marx was a student. After leaving off the mere bagatele of getting a doctorate of philosophy from the universities of Bonn and Berlin, and after seeing through his novitiate as editor of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, he settled down to serious work in the university of books of the British Museum and in the concentrated, universal life of London around him. There, as you know, with his sacrificing wife near him, and with Engels for his life-long friend, in poverty of body and richness of intellect, he formed the arguments of the working class man. He there applied economic and evolutionary explanation to capitalism.

Now students are both matriculated and unmatriculated; and the thing of real significance about the present student movement is that, through Marx, the workingman everywhere has become at least an unmatriculated student. Unlike his fellow, the black slave of time past, within the limits prescribed by his pittance a week and his hours of labor, he has some privileges. He is reading and thinking, questioning and arguing. He is sending his boy and his girl to college to learn in that upper class workshop how capitalism shapes his shackles.

In answer partly to the demand of these sons and daughters, newly arrived at its portals, but more perhaps to satisfy the intellectual dilettante and the fashionable

seeker after culture, the college, in many instances, has vouchsafed a place for Socialism in the curriculum. It has been crowded in, amid the must of Latin and the decay of Old Romance, along with shop-work, eugenics, aeronautics and other matters vital to our modern life.

But more or less truthfully, in general it may be said, that Socialism as taught in formal manner by a college faculty is handled without throb of life and far from contact with the thing itself—like chemistry without chemicals and botany without botanizing. Or worse still, it is surrounded by "a killing frost" and "that doth end it."

Since the reality has oftentimes been thus lacking, the sons and daughters beforementioned, and these sons and daughters, friends and sympathizers have elected to make the world their laboratory and go out after the reality. One of them through "The intercollegiate Socialist" published by themselves, exclaims to his co-students.

"Hark! Have you caught the warning in the wind that sweeps the world?

Or have your ears been deaf to it, and have your eyes been turned

So fixedly upon the past, that round about you whirled Unnoticed and unheeded the revolt of the earth's Spurned?

You shall not long stay blind to it; they cannot long shut out

With ivied wall and book and gown, the living world beyond."

With a spirit such as this in the colleges, the sons and daughters, friends and sympathizers of the Socialist movement have organized the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. To borrow a simile from the mood of one who hates each Socialist thought, the thing has spread like "devil grass"; and wherever it has sent forth a Socialist runner or tongue, it has formed a new center of radicals. So that today in Berkeley or in Harvard the under-graduate interested at all in the matter can hear the professorial critic "answered directly by the Socialist orator."

A student movement such as this has profound significance. It indicates that a large share of student energy is being directed to the conquest of one of the most noteworthy subjects of the time-being; that this interest is becoming well nigh universal; and soon in thorough earnest may be knowing and powerful enough to sweep the present capitalistic economic system into the dustpan.

"What," you exclaim, "these students are not meeting to incorporate their society, with a patent on guillotines?"

"No, worse than that," I hear a plutocratic friend retort. "They are trying to steal our power, and what we are pleased to call our prerogatives, with their votes; and we don't know how to stop them. If they only would plot or do something desperate. But they are only reading and arguing, thinking and voting."

# EDITORIAL

## HERE'S KNOWLEDGE

**G**VERY reader of this magazine—and everyone else, for that matter—who read “What’s Wrong With the Newspaper Game,” published last month, should now proceed to buy Pearson’s Magazine for October and read therein an article by Arno Dosch, entitled “The Romance of ‘Legitimate’ Advertising.”

It climaxes “What’s Wrong With the Newspaper Game.” As that article dealt mostly with the goings-on in the editorial room, so this reveals what happens in the display advertising department. It develops that “Romance” is a word that aptly describes most daily newspaper advertising. Only there are harsher words that many will use when they read Mr. Dosch’s article.

If you are a woman and have ever bought a marked down dress, or if you are a man and have ever bought a \$3 shirt for \$1.95 this article will interest you. Buy Pearson’s and read it. And while you have the magazine in hand it will clear up some other phases of economic rottenness to read Charles Edward Russell’s “Railroad Bunk.”



## THE LAST HOPE

**L**ONG before the tariff bill was finally passed by the Democratic Congress, to the satisfaction of the Democratic President, the press of the country began to talk about the next big task—the task that will face Congress when the regular session begins in December.

The program for the regular session lists the trust question first and foremost. It will be the big issue. And there are a great many who believe that the Democratic administration must stand or fall on its trust legislation record.

Of course, whatever legislation there is will aim to be merely of a palliative nature—and there is, among Socialists, an overwhelming doubt as to whether it will palliate. The So-

cialist knows that the only remedy is the revolutionary program of Socialism which demands the public ownership and democratic management of the means of production and distribution.

But that is not the point just now. The point is that a surprisingly large number of newspapers and periodicals appear to realize that the profit system must meet its doom if the Democrats cannot find a way to save it. They seem to realize that we have arrived at the parting of the ways. They seem to realize that conditions as they are cannot continue and that the only hope of the system lies in the miracles that the Democrats are expected to work.

The thinking people of the country are edging nearer to the Socialist philosophy. They are looking over our way and they are wondering whether Wilson will save them from coming clear over. But Wilson will work no miracles. He doesn’t tote the knockout punch for Uncle Trusty! At least he doesn’t possess the cure for the ills that Uncle Trusty has brought. That is the Socialists’ open secret!



## THE FOOD PROBLEM

**A** NUMBER of English scientists, members of a section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, listened the other day to a lecture by H. N. Dickson, their president. Prof. Dickson told his audience that the future geographer will have as his field the vital questions of supplying and distributing food and clothes to the world.

The professor feared that, unless there is soon to be a hastening to systematize and intensify the world’s productive resources, we shall find ourselves on the verge of starvation. The matter of a wheat shortage is the first cause of worry, according to this learned man.

It may be unfair to challenge the professor at so great a distance, but it really must be done.

The man is right about the shortage of things we need, but we cannot bring ourselves to feel alarmed about the capacity of the earth

to produce in plenty for some considerable number of years to come. The thing that is pressing is the need of readjusting our methods of distribution.

Millions of people already feel the pinch of lack of food and clothes. But that is not because not enough is produced. It is because an insane economic system denies them the right to what IS produced. It may be that some future age will find the people of the earth unable to wrest from the ground enough to sustain the life of all, but if that time ever comes it will be ages from now.

But the time is upon us when people cannot get enough to sustain life because somebody else will not let them have it—or the chance to earn it. And, if science views the remote chance of people starving because the earth will not produce enough as a startling menace, why is not science concerned over a condition that compels people to starve because they cannot get what the earth does produce?

The first problem to solve is the problem of starvation today. Most people will be perfectly willing to cease worrying about what may happen a million years hence—and besides, they will then be in a position to really conserve the fruit of the earth so that the future menace may be really studied and prepared for.

Today millions of people are unable to do anything to increase the production of things good to eat and wear. Private ownership of the means of production and distribution stands as a bar to their desire to work. So they join the army of the unemployed, an army that has come into being in the last fifty years. Its growth has been in proportion to the growth of the trust system of production.

Over the face of the earth millions of acres of land lie untouched. Other millions lie wasting in the semi-idleness of improper cultivation. The profit system absolutely prevents sane tillage of the land, just as it prevents sane city-building. We live in a mad-house jumble and jargon. We arise each day to take a grab-chance for a bite to eat and enough to pay the rent. For a few hours at night we retire from the edge of the battle line, and then we go back for another plunge in the maelstrom. Meanwhile the system hands into the keeping of a very few the ownership of the major portion of the product of the many.

Everything is out of order. Nothing is sane. Production is for profit. The problem of protecting the food supply is not a problem of being able to get the earth to produce enough a million years hence. It is to properly distribute what the earth produces now. It is a problem of wresting the earth away from the restricting hands of great wealth and turning it free to the people who are starving today, in this hour and minute.

The Socialist party, and not the learned men of long-named scientific societies, presents to the world the solution of this problem. And the Socialist party has a way of summing up the remedy in a short, snappy, direct, hard-hitting sentence that is familiar to millions. That sentence is: "The public ownership and democratic management of the means of production and distribution." And back of that little sentence is a great philosophy and a literature that ranks second to none in all the history of the world. Prof. Dickson might find it of interest.



### GUARD THE CHILD



HE human organism is a hard fighting aggregation of energy. Else how could it survive the rigors of modern city life?

Thousands of babies are born in every large American city every year. Of course, a large per cent of them die, but also a large per cent of them live. That they do live is wonderful.

Reared in squalor, fed on dirt, exposed to a thousand dangers, contaminated with poisons on every hand, yet they struggle through to some sort of maturity.

Through childhood they grow up in spite of filthy milk and adulterated foods. They take into their little systems all of the poisons that a shrewd and profit-hungry commercialism can find to put into their food and their dainties.

Ice cream is brought to them by the street peddler—ice cream that is innocent of cream and guilty of almost everything else. They eat chocolate that is little more than flavored dirt, pickles dipped in acid, "soda pop" that is aerated poison and a score of other infantile delights freighted with coal tar products and various other preservative and artistic fakes.

No one will deny that a larger proportion of our children would grow to maturity, strong-

er mentally, physically and morally, if foods were pure and if there were sufficient of light and pure air.

All of this is outside the great child labor problem which adds its heavy weight to the burden of the child.

All of these child menaces are due to the profit system. Not one of these burdens is placed upon the shoulders of the little one for joy. The manufacturer of rotten foods doesn't pursue his nefarious way because he would rather do that than anything else. He does it for profit. The employer of children doesn't employ children because he loves to have them around his factory. He employs them because he can make a profit by so doing. The man who sells diluted milk, or preserved milk, or poisoned milk doesn't do it because he likes to feel that his product is causing suffering and death among the little ones. He does it because the profit incentive drives him on.

The menace to American childhood is terrible. Could we but comprehend it in its aggregate we would not tolerate it for an instant. We would become so enraged that we would end it in a flash. The trouble is that only a few realize the sum total of this danger. Millions have not even the faintest conception of it, though their own children may be among the sufferers.

But it is the business of those who see to open the eyes of the blind. The future of America will be worked out tomorrow by the babies of today. And if half of the babies of today must come to maturity by running the gamut of poison and hard labor, so much the worse for America tomorrow. Class consciousness, race consciousness, social consciousness—drill these into the unawakened. The child must be rescued from the iniquities of capitalism. We who are passing on can stand the pressure of the system if only the child can be saved. For, after all, all nature sacrifices everything for the new born. Childhood must have a chance!



### THE REAL STORY

**F**ASHIONABLE dressmaker soon is to begin a series of articles for a woman's magazine in which she will tell how she made \$25,000 a year out of the society of women of New York.

No doubt the articles will be of interest, but there is a clothes problem much nearer to us all that is of far greater interest. It is the problem of every working girl and it is, how much is made out of the clothes she wears.

It is not the fashionable dressmaker that is making the money out of her, but it is the woolen trust and the great cotton mills of the east. And the profit here is so vast that this magazine cannot even undertake to venture an estimate.

The pitiful feature of the case is that the profit of the master class comes from both ends of the trade—from the producer and from the consumer. The producer of wool, the workers who fashion the wool into fabric into which a liberal mixture of shoddy is injected; the thousands of cotton mill operatives who tend the batteries of looms—all these are exploited to the last possible penny.

And then the product goes through the sweat shop and to the working girl who finally dons the finished raiment. From cotton plant and sheep to the wearer there is a trail of blood and misery. How dramatic this story is! How crammed with all of the economic problems of the day! How intimately associated in every step with the vital people of the country! Beside it how puny and purposeless is the trifling \$25,000 a year taken by the fashionable customer of a handful of idling rich. From them is taken only a tithe of that which they in turn stole from others. It doesn't matter. But that other class. Well, they are down in real, earnest, fighting life. Theirs is the story!



### THE NEW HARPER'S

**R**EFRESHING indeed is the new Harper's Weekly with Norman Hapgood at the helm. Not a Socialist magazine, 'tis true. But a far more agreeable magazine than the old, moss grown Harper's of conservative, not to say reactionary hue.

Hapgood has brought a new type of magazine into the weekly field. To begin with he has thrown convention out of his art room and filled it with Socialists. Such well-known and forceful artists as John Sloane, Stuart Davis, George Bellows, Art Young and C. E. Reed are among the regular contributors and no other American magazine, with the exception of The

Masses, is giving to the people the vigorous art that is found in the pages of the new Harper's. For the work of these men alone the magazine is worth getting.

The trend of the great magazines toward—well, let us say Socialism and be done with it, though it is hardly that—is enough to bring the world around to its senses. One looks forward to a dozen of the leading publications with a feeling of assurance that the work of some Socialist will be found among the pages.

Among the latest of the promising announcements is found in Everybody's, which is to begin a debate on Socialism, conducted by Morris Hilquitt and the Rev. John A. Ryan. A touch of the revolution creeps into Collier's now and then and the Metropolitan we have come to look upon as a stand-by, of course. It is not too much to say that some of the finest and deepest of contemporary Socialist history is being written in the pages of capitalistically owned publications.



### X-RAIMENT

**T**HE bombastic nature of some men is nowhere shown to a greater degree of perfection than in their attempts to dictate the manner of dress that women shall or shall not wear.

Of late we have heard much about the styles of dress for women—and we have seen a considerable, as well. Some of the dresses worn by women, it is true, are of exceedingly flimsy material and now and then the graceful shadowgraph of the underneaths may be glimpsed.

But it is difficult to understand just how or when it became the duty of masculinity to censor the apparel of femininity, even though here and there a bit of X-raiment is flaunted to the gentle breeze.

Perhaps man raises his voice in protest just to show what a really well-rounded hypocrite he can be on occasion.

It is safe to say that the problem of woman's dress is not going to be solved by men. Men have enough to do with it now, the popular conception of the village dressmaker to the contrary notwithstanding.

If there is asininity in woman's dress it is not because the good sense of woman put it there, but rather because the profit system put

it there. Profit and the profit-incentive works in more than one way in regard to dress. Dress has become a mark of station, a sort of broad-cloth Bradstreet, so to speak. Wealthy persons try to denote their social position by dress. So we must have styles—and many of them.

Styles are the boon of the clothes purveyors—and they encourage many styles. The profit in the game looks good to them. And clothes that outrage the senses of some persons cannot help but result.

There are not many evils today that do not have their root right down in the muck of the profit system. And in the face of that it is foolish and puerile for a man here and there, even though he be a chief of police, to think that he can dictate what women shall wear. Of course it is possible to conceive a costume that would be a social outrage, and justly meriting suppression, but in most cases it is chiefly the bombast and the dictator that is in man that leads to these foolish attacks on woman's attire. Man had better take a look now and then at some of his own sartorial insanities, of which he has quite enough, thank you.



### THE HONOR OF MEN

**M**UCH comment has been aroused over the action of Illinois prison authorities in putting men at work in the open "on their honor" and without guards. In beginning this new prison departure the authorities put a company of forty-five convicts at work on the roads absolutely without guards and bound only by their word to return to the institution.

While we look with gratification upon this Illinois experiment we may go further and recall the work of the Milwaukee Socialists in the same direction. Upon their first election to office in Milwaukee more than eight years ago the Socialists turned their attention to the men behind the bars of the county prisons. Upon gaining sufficient power they purchased a beautiful farm on the outskirts of the city and three years ago the first experiment with honor men was made. Eighteen long term prisoners were taken from the house of correction and placed on the farm. There those men remained, tilling the soil and reaping the crops—wonderful crops they were, too—with nothing to hold them to the farm but their honor as men. Not

a man left the farm. Not a man broke his word.

That experiment, born of the dreams of the Socialists, was the beginning of the end of the old-time prison in Milwaukee county. And Socialists everywhere view the man who has committed crime in the same light. He is still a human being—and the old kind of punishment, the kind that has failed so tragically—must go.



### JOE CANNON

**J**OE CANNON wants to come back. He wants to go to congress again. And maybe he will. Nobody knows. But he ought not to.

Uncle Joe belongs to the age of yesterday. His ideas are the ideas of yesterday and of the day before yesterday. He doesn't fit in any longer, even with the bourgeoisie.

Uncle Joe is reactionary, facing into the day that has gone. A strong, fighting sort of a man, his energy is wasted. He is swinging his arms in the air. He doesn't understand today and the problems of today.

And Uncle Joe must pass into the discard. He may be elected again but he will never really come back. There is nothing for him to come back to.



### THE DEATH SPECTER

**I**T is rather fashionable for railroad officials to credit labor with the responsibility for disasters when they occur. But, unfortunately for the railroad officials, the facts have an uncomfortable way of coming to the front.

After the latest (providing there has been none during the time required for this magazine to go to press) New Haven wreck in which twenty-one were killed and fifty injured, the officials said with great solemnity that the trainmen were to blame. But the fact was that on that particular division the antiquated "banjo" signal system still was in operation.

At Bridgeport on the same road on July 12, 1911, twelve were killed and fifty injured. Trainmen were blamed, but investigation showed that the long cross-overs required for safety were not there.

At Stamford on June 12, 1913, six were killed and twenty injured. Officials blamed a

workingman, but the fact was that engine brakes previously condemned had failed to work.

Of 2,288 passenger cars operated by the New Haven only thirty-one are all steel and of the wooden cars more than a thousand are over twenty-five years old and some are fifty years old and were used to transport troops during the Civil war.

The officials may blame workingmen for wrecks if they like, but in the face of the facts labor stands clear. The real specter behind the New Haven wrecks that have killed seventy-one and maimed 442 in eighteen collisions or derailments in two years is capitalism. One really cannot see how the safety of New Haven passengers could be menaced greatly if the profit incentive and the stock juggling lure were withdrawn from New Haven operations. Still there are those who doubt the desirability of public ownership and democratic operation for the service of the people.



### LAWYERS NOT WANTED

**L**AWYERS and Fred C. Wheeler do not mix well. Wheeler, in his capacity of Socialist councilman for the city of Los Angeles, does not like the quibbling, technicality-tied, trap-setting methods of the lawyers.

When a case is to be heard before a council committee at which Wheeler presides the lawyers, for once, are silent. Of course, following precedent, which is their mainstay in life, they appear before him out of habit. But he announces at the beginning of each hearing at which lawyers are present, that there will be no legal battles before his committee. They have to subside.

It is something new, this practice of Wheeler's. It is typical, both of Socialists and of this one Socialist. Here the truth gets a chance to flow unrestrained and unstimulated. Things are natural. And the big philosophy and the big heart of the man go straight to the root of things in a way that makes Old Lady Convention shudder and fear for the safety of the nation.

Is it too much to picture a day when all truth shall have a chance for such freedom of expression?

# The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

## SOLIDARITY

There is a spirit in the world, like which there is no other. It is the oldest spirit in the universe, grown hardy and courageous with the years. It is the youngest spirit in the universe, as full of bloom and shy promise as the newly sprung violet. It is the tenderest spirit in the universe, binding the hearts of the sorely pressed with animate bonds of a common hopefulness. It is the sternest spirit in the universe, enlivening the onward flux of humanity with an indomitable will that heeds no obstacles. It manifests itself in a thousand different places in as many different ways and wherever it appears, it is dauntless—this Spirit of Solidarity.

From time without beginning, it has marked the progress of all things living, all things moving. Millions of years ago, when driven by inexorable forces, nebular worlds began the process of becoming whirling spheres, it was master of ceremonies. It was the guiding star of adventuresome cells, which attempted the achievement of new forms of life. In all ages in times of danger, it was the savior of myriads of creatures.

Today it is more than ever the harbinger of safety. It guides the airy flights of wild ducks, storks and sparrows in their migrations north and south; it draws together herds of elephants; it directs the armies of locusts and potato bugs; it dwells in the little underground ant citadels and in the hives of bees.

In the world of human creatures, it is even more a factor. In a sense one might say that human history is the history of the march of the Spirit of Solidarity. Beginning with the meagre nucleus of a few individuals, it spread to the clan, the tribe, the nation and the class, changing its character according to the group in which it existed. The story of its spread is a romance of the rarest kind, which demonstrates time and time again, sometimes by joyous realizations, sometimes by tragic failures, that Safety, Power and Progress are always accompanied by Solidarity. This knowledge is ours to cherish and in time it will prove to be the key to the gate of the Garden of Happiness.

In the days of mankind's infancy, it was in the woman's heart that this spirit was born. Or rather, she brought it with her from lower forms as the heritage of motherhood. The protective instinct of the mother, which she exercised in the dear duties of feeding the young to whom she had given life, in clothing them and teaching them, was the first manifestation of this spirit which has presided over our every forward step.

The agricultural industry, growing out of these efforts of women, developed a tangible and extensive foundation upon which this spirit could build. It not only opened a field of co-operation for women, but also drew men into the ranks of productive labor, whereas before their activities had been entirely predatory. The advent of men as productive beings heralded the birth of a new spirit of solidarity and the gradual disappearance of the old. The combative nature of the male, which asserted itself even while at constructive work, upset the harmony of that first solidarity, embracing everyone within the tribe and introduced instead the solidarity of classes. Before the social scheme had been "we all work for each other"; it then became a

scheme of "they all work for me." And so it has remained to this day, each man riding rough-shod over all obstacles in the attempt to be the "me" and have as many "theys" under him as possible.

This class solidarity, the solidarity of the oppressors against the oppressed and the solidarity of the oppressed against the oppressors, has gained ground decade by decade and century by century all during the past two thousand years. Having arisen in the obscurity of the hearts of the first prisoners of war, who were made slaves instead of being slaughtered, and traversing through the trying vicissitudes of the lives of Greek and Roman slaves and mediaeval serfs, it is today, in the heart of the modern wage slave a militant spirit, stronger than any mass spirit that has ever existed.

But this class solidarity reached women very seldom. They were slaves alike among the mighty and the downtrodden, the conquerors and the conquered. They were often shut off from communication even with their own kind and were always secluded from the rest of the world, so that an expression of the mother spirit in the institutions of society was impossible.

All those bygone centuries were sad ones for women. We still have records of their struggles against the suppression of their dearest heritage; also how they suffered when it was written on the pages of history that Might should rule. But time and necessity reconciled them in a measure, so that they allowed their social feeling to smoulder beneath the surface or tried pitifully to keep it alive by service in the limited sphere of their families. The great wonder is that the poor smothered spirit, born to fly like the eagle and forced to crawl like the snail, has not died in the hearts of the majority of women. But in spite of the dirt of subjection piled upon it, in spite of the poisonous air of competition which it has breathed for so long, it yet lives, and where there has been one Cleopatra, one Fulvia, and one Margaret of Anjou, there have been thousands of mothers, sisters and wives keeping the sacred flame smouldering by their hard, earnest service.

And at last in this twentieth century the changes in our social and economic life are removing the obstacles to the free expression of the mother spirit, which longs for Human Solidarity. So, today, when men are trying with might and main to bend their combative natures to constructive tasks and organizations in order that they may reap the reward of the material riches which the labor of the ages has accumulated; today when classes forced to unity on the one hand and to combat on the other, make the whole world tremble with the roar of battle, it is the great privilege of womankind to nurture this beautiful, gentle little creature, who for the most part is overlooked in the heat of the class struggle—Human Solidarity. By one of those strange, yet sweet recompenses of history, we, who for many a dark day have been divided against each other, who were sometimes the cause and again the victims of bitter antipathies, shall today sow deeper and reap sooner than any others, the harvest of our efforts in behalf of Solidarity. In this, the hour of the world's great need, it is our fortune to be among the foremost rescuers.

To what may one compare the joy that is ours at once more fully expressing our individualities?

The Israelites, entering the Promised Land after long marches through desolate or hostile countries, strewn with the bones of their noblest and fairest, knew no joy greater than ours, as we breathe again the free, clear air of fellowship.

The green young things of Spring, pushing arduously through the turf after the dreary confinement of winter feel no keener delight than we as we test our powers so long dormant.

No joy of realization that the world has ever known is greater than ours as we feel the fire of Solidarity again leaping to full flame within us, as we begin to work for the world which we have seen struggling painfully and confusedly for so long, while we were powerless to assist.

It is so great, this joy, that we cannot contain it within ourselves. We must shout it aloud to the world and beg that the world believe also and feel also.

It happens, therefore, that while we are eager to render assistance to the class or cause that may need us most—the class or cause that is in the right, because it makes for progress—we do not bear the banner of any special group. The banner we wave in the winds has written on it, in the golden letters of Hope—"ONE HUMANITY."

#### PREVENTION OR CURE

The following is an extract from an article printed in a recent issue of a Hearst paper:

"It is a fact, deplorable but true, that a very large proportion of the blindness in the United States begins in infancy. It is often due to some taint in the parent, but that does not affect the result, which is easily preventable.

"It is proven that blindness among infants can be easily prevented by proper treatment immediately after birth. If a few drops of a solution of nitrate of silver be put into each eye of the infant just after it is born,

blindness of this type will be prevented. The treatment with nitrate of silver will not do any harm to the eyes of any infant, so it is only an act of wise precaution to treat every infant, without exception, with these few drops that will act as an absolute preventive of this awful misfortune.

"In Germany and other parts of Europe it is the law that every physician must use the solution of silver nitrate upon the eyes of every child that he brings into the world—and this under penalty of a heavy fine.

"There is nothing more pitiful than the blind child, and if we can make it impossible by so simple a precaution as this, why is it not done?"

At first glance this plea seems very laudable. But can it bear up under close scrutiny? Does it propose a fundamental remedy or only the treating of effects? Most emphatically, it proposes only the latter.

Science that is directed toward the curing of effects instead of eradicating causes is certainly science misapplied or is no science at all. So this lament for the protection of our young generation is about as sensible as the charity cure for poverty or the fresh-air cure for tuberculosis, after long hours of confinement and overwork have wrought ruin to the system. It is as sensible as any quack cures or quack reforms that treat effects instead of causes.

There is a much better way to preserve the eyesight of our babes than an eye bath with a solution of nitrate of silver—a much better way, which would preserve not only their eyesight but the vigor of their whole bodies; also mental and moral health. That way is to work with might and main to remove the causes of venereal diseases and all other preventable diseases which are malicious to the welfare of the human race. That way is to put an end to exploitation, which is the direct cause of practically every widespread disease from which society suffers today. The better way, the only sensible way is to end the profit system and substitute Socialism therefor.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."



By M. LOUISE GRANT

A very few of the plays which are born on the Pacific Coast and travel eastward when the first flush of youth is over may, in their maturity, even reach England. The reverse direction of travel is, however, the usual one. A large part of the past New York season's successes were London importations. Plays which made good there during the winter and spring of 1911-12 have held our eastern boards during the year 1912-13, and some of these not already seen in the West will appear there during the coming season.

It is worth waiting two years for a play by George Bernard Shaw—if it cannot be seen any sooner, and "Fannie's First Play" is his crowning dramatic achievement to date. After the number of its performances in London had reached the half-thousand mark it still ran on with public enthusiasm unabated, until it seemed as though the theater goers of the world's metropolis would refuse to relinquish it until its author should give them another one. Despite this devotion, it is said

in England that Shaw is more appreciated in the States than at home; and still the English continue to poke fun at American taste!

The play is a compound of Shavian complexities—the author at his best and his subtlest. Shafts of wit, satire, and truth flash past one another with the snapping rapidity of wireless sparks. It is a play within a play, yet the audience is assured by an authority on dramatic ingredients as uncorrupted by modernity as Aristotle himself, that neither one part alone nor both parts together really constitute a play. The piece divides itself into three parts: an introduction (mediaevally termed a prologue), which quite effaces the nineteenth century from history in respect to the appreciation of art, beauty, refinement, and all things else that count in the life esthetic; a three-act center-piece—the actual play of Fannie—which exposes and ridicules, as Shaw delights to do, the dull, smug complacency and hypocrisy of English middle-class respectability; and

an epilogue, which stabs the critics of today with knife-edged shafts. Never was a denunciation of the "dull brood" more mercilessly keen, and never so audaciously accomplished as here, through a critical discussion of the author himself. Shaw's exact status in the public eye at the present moment is faultlessly portrayed. To review or criticize the play, therefore, would be merely a work of supererogation. It can only be commended with admiration as one of the great events of recent theatrical years.

"Milestones" is another record-breaking English success. During its run at the Royalty Theater in London the houses were regularly sold out for a fortnight in advance, and it seems to have made an equally good impression here in the East. The mere mention of its two authors, Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, is sufficient to give it a crowded welcome as it comes across the continent. The former's works of fiction, his miniature philosophies, and others of his plays—in particular, "What the Public Wants"—are so well known that he seems to have become one of us. His collaborator is an American who can always be counted upon to produce something unusual and distinctly worth while. Witness "Kismet" and "The Farm." Thus with one of its authors brimful of clever ideas and fluent ease in expressing them, and the other one possessing a knowledge of stagecraft and a dramatic instinct of the highest order, "Milestones" is unique and immensely entertaining, besides being redolent of suggestions for philosophical reflection. Each act is a milestone which marks the years 1860, 1885, and 1912, respectively, and the characteristics of each period are carried out in the external trappings, and more forcefully still in the mental attitude of the members of the family whose history forms the theme of the play.

The critical period in every generation is its mating time, and in each act the authors seize that moment and play with it for the amusement and instruction of the complacent twentieth-century observer, who, if he listens closely, must mingle with his satisfaction at the almost incredible progress of mechanical invention, the unflattering acknowledgement that human nature remains in a state of stagnation. The characteristics of each generation are reproduced in the next, however altered the environment. The radical in youth becomes the conservative in maturity; the traits of the parents despised by the children become in time their own inheritance and justification, and always it is the woman who sacrifices. Three characters outlive the lapse of the fifty-two years: two of them pass from lovers to parents and to grand-parents; the third remains single. The young man who in 1860 breaks away from family and business partner to stake everything on iron ships, in 1885 condemns the idea of steel ones, and in 1912 scoffs at the notion of air ships. Thwarted in love for a time himself, he nevertheless forbids any freedom of choice to his daughter, who in turn, after a loveless marriage, demands of her child the same sacrifice.

The young woman of 1869 has no will of her own. She marries at the command of her parents and becomes her husband's slave. Her daughter, in 1885, has developed will but lacks the courage to express it; while the daughter's child, in 1912, takes it for granted that she is mistress of herself, and laughs at any attempt to thwart her will. The young woman in Act I who is so shockingly advanced for her time that she refuses to marry the man she loves because he will not argue with her, finds in Act II no occupation as yet for the unmarried woman, and in Act III is too old to take advantage of the opened door. In 1860, in a setting of green rep furniture decorated with crocheted tidies,

the female characters, in hoop-skirts, discuss with wonder and admiration their new bathroom with its marvelous hot and cold running water, and speak with horror of the possibility that women will soon be riding on the tops of buses. In 1885, old maids are still held in disgrace as not having married merely from lack of opportunity, young girls are not allowed to read Ouida, or anything more sensational than William Black, while woman suffrage is laughed to scorn as a momentary fad. These and many other characteristics of the three generations are brilliantly woven into the fabric of the play, and the finished product is worthy of the year in which it was written.

Whatever the diplomatic relations between England and Germany may be at any given moment in the present complex international situation, they find no reflection in the artistic connections between the two countries. The English welcome German invasion—when it is confined to the theatrical field. Consequently both German musical comedy and legitimate drama are made at home on English soil. In time we inherit them. Such is the case with "The Five Frankfurters," which Basil Hood adapted from the German by Carl Rossler; a title behind which the house of Rothschild in 1822, is thinly disguised. It is an easy matter to understand the popularity of this play in Germany, for there every school-child is taught the story of the shrewdness and sagacity and unanimity of purpose which enabled the Rothschild banking house to become as great a factor in the making of Germany as any of its dukes and princes. That it should be as successful in its translation to English or American environment is due to the clever treatment of the story and the preservation of the atmosphere of its period.

The incidents upon which the story turns are of sufficient authenticity to have elicited the approval of the present head of the German branch. The scene is laid in the famous old house of the founder of the family, which still stands in Jew's Lane, in Frankfurt, and is kept up by his descendants—as a museum-monument—in a spirit of superstitious sentiment or sentimental superstition which is emphasized in the play. In this "lucky house" their good fortune started, and hence every act that affects them as a whole has to be there decided. For this reason the four heads of the family, carrying on business in the great capitals of the world—Vienna, Naples, Paris, and London—are summoned to a conference with the fifth in Frankfurt, where the eldest brother informs them that the Austrian government, in return for the remission of certain large loans, has conferred upon them a patent of nobility with the title of Baron. Somewhat overcome by the distinction, the ambitions of the eldest mount higher, and he plans to marry his beautiful daughter to a reigning German duke whose exchequer needs replenishing. How the daughter herself defeats his purpose forms the love element in the story. The various personalities in the play are clearly depicted; filial respect and racial pride are accentuated, while the strong common sense of the sons is shown to be an inheritance from their mother. The attitude of sovereigns in 1822 toward their Jewish subjects and also toward the advance of democratic principles is well brought out; and the house furnishings, and the customs of the periods—flowing trousers and gaudy long-tailed coats of red and yellow—make a quaint and interesting accompaniment to the dialogue.

# BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

## AS TO BREVITY—

Americans appear to be suffering from two manias. First, they are bath mad. Second, they are possessed with an insane desire to be brief. Neither of these ailments is serious, so the precious institutions and holy traditions of our fair land are in no danger—at least, from these particular manias. Of course, when I say the Americans are bath mad, I do not expect the people to reform by allowing America's choicest specimens of real estate to gather under their finger nails. Not at all. I am merely trying to say that a good thing may be carried altogether too far. However, it is with brevity I am more concerned and which I sincerely believe has been the means of making many of our writers quite ridiculous. The epigrammatic life is all well and good when it is sandwiched between healthy, thorough chapters, but it works great harm when it takes exclusive possession of these United States of Literature that Hugh Thompson speaks about. I like a writer to stick to the point, but he can be so brief that he often succeeds in eliminating the point.

Isaac F. Marcossou, writing of Walter Hines Page, in *The Bookman* for September, tells a number of interesting things about the new American ambassador to Great Britain, who was until recently editor of *The World's Work*. Mr. Marcossou tells us that Mr. Page is a great lover of brevity. One day, Mr. Page was discussing an article with a contributor.

"I think I can cover it in twenty thousand words," said the writer.

"That's too long," said Mr. Page.

"But it's impossible to tell it in less," protested the man.

The editor sat silent for a moment. Then with the utmost gravity he remarked:

"It IS possible, my friend. Have you ever stopped to realize that the story of the creation of the world—the biggest news item that ever happened—was told in a single paragraph?"

So goes Mr. Marcossou's anecdote. Of course, it's an old one and has been credited to Horace Greeley, Charles A. Dana, Arthur Brisbane and every other editor who has succeeded in getting "pieces in the papers" about his personality. It's an old one, and I didn't like it when I first heard it back in the days when I was just getting ready to have the measles.

In the first 800 words of Genesis we are told all about the creation of heaven and earth, of the light, of the firmament, of the earth separated from the waters, and made fruitful, of the sun, moon and stars, of fish and fowl, of beasts and cattle, of man in the image of God, of the appointment of food. This, I maintain, is carrying brevity too far. The story was underplayed. I am of the opinion that the city editor should have appreciated the fact that this was the biggest news item that ever happened; so, instead of sending one of his cubs to report a story which was of far greater interest than the sinking of the Titanic he should have rushed his copy boy to a nearby saloon to drag the star reporter

to his senses, for here was a story really worth while, a story of great human interest that was worth more than a stingy paragraph.

Now, if I had been city editor of *The Bethlehem Herald*, I would have sworn a blue streak if a cub reporter had dared bring in such a poor story. In fact, I would have canned him on the spot for permitting *The Nebuchadnezzar Times* to scoop *The Bethlehem Herald*, a paper of far greater circulation, sworn to before a notary, and which prints more want ads than *The Jerusalem Clarion*, *The Assyrian Weekly Trumpet*, *The Babylonian Daily News* and *The Phillipian Searchlight* combined. I would have gone out on the story myself and I wouldn't have stopped even to catch my breath until the story had been covered in a proper manner, thus saving the reputation of an established newspaper that prints more national advertising than any three newspapers combined.

I would have got a number of interviews, for they help make a story "stand up." A careful reading of Mr. Page's favorite news story fails to reveal a single signed statement. I would have got a couple of good pictures, for there's nothing like a striking lay-out to help one's story "get across." I would have seen to it that my story had plenty of descriptive passages. Take, for instance, the moment the earth separated from the waters: there would have been a splendid opportunity for some fine writing, with plenty of punch, snap and go. I would have worked like blazes for exclusive tips on what was scheduled to happen, for I'd never permit *The Bethlehem Herald* to be scooped. I would have gathered facts, figures and opinions. In other words, I would have got a good story and then, with my latest and complete story placed alongside that 800-word paragraph written by an inexperienced cub, the world, especially America, would realize for all time that brevity is not a virtue.



## THE NEED OF "RUFF STUFF"—

I believe that a little of John Masefield's "ruff stuff" is needed by our over-cultured temperamentalists who are enslaved by form in art; we need a raft of Whitmans, Masefields and Traubels to show us how we are chained, for we have forgotten that art is expression, not mere form. Masefield doesn't give a rap about his rhymes nor his meters, he is little concerned over the absence of a few feet here and there—he has something to say, and he says it. And, despite his formlessness, he almost instinctively gives expression to the most poetic sentiments in a most beautiful manner. Masefield is like a diamond mine—we are in a storehouse of gems, but we must dig patiently to sort the clay from the jewels.



## REAL "RUFF STUFF"—

The above paragraph is taken from a letter I wrote to Eleanor Wentworth, the young woman who writes "The Woman's View" for *The Western Comrade*. I was telling her how glad I was to hear that I had converted

her to John Masefield's poetry. In a letter to me, she delivers herself of the following:

"Oh, don't think that I shall close this letter without giving you a good slam. I want to say this in regard to your comment about highly strung temperamentalists. You just bet that is one of the things that ails you, but what you need to get away from mere 'form' in art, what you need to get the spirit of it as Masefield has it and others whom you mentioned, is not to READ about it in the works of a Whitman or a Traubel or a Masefield, but to FEEL it. And to feel it, you must LIVE it. But you yourself admitted that you don't care to do that. In writing about S——, you said that you prefer to get your experiences 'a la Pullman,' which is the same as getting them second hand.

"But you are such a cute little person that I must not disturb you too much, or you will come back with a broadside that will annihilate me completely. I am getting accustomed to being annihilated by this time, however. The crushing remarks made by you in that Leonard Merrick debate are still a weight on me.

"Just the same, I'd love to see you have to do some real work, build a log cabin, or cut down a tree or beat it with a cop at your heels—or walk up and down with a baby that thinks it is a great joke to squall at midnight."

This talk about "living" the life that you intend writing about adds to the gayety of my life. Artists are told to "live" the smelly life. In order to write about an imbecile, must one be a half idiot? In order to write of the playful meanderings of a murderer, must one "live" the life of a murderer? No, my friend, "living" the life that you intend to use is all wrong. Artistically, it has always been fatal. Many innocent fellows have tried that novel idea and learned a fearful lesson. They found that you can get so close to a picture that you can't see it. You can get so close to a mountain that it looks like a molehill. If you want to write a poem immortalizing the spirit of a lofty, majestic mountain, you go off—away off, to get perspective.

So with life. In order to get its high spots and its low spots, its passions, sorrows and pains, its sorrows and its humors, you must move back a little. One smell of the smelliness of the proletariat is more than enough. Ten whiffs may accustom the artist to the smell, and then it will be beyond him. Do you get my point? A peep at a thing is an adventure; a life of a thing is a task. The artist must live his OWN life, not the character's life. If the artist gets too close to the life of a miner, he may become a miner. That would be fatal to his art. In order to utilize the miner in art, the artist must not be a miner, he must be an artist. When George Moore writes of the Great Passion, he doesn't work himself into a passion; he doesn't try to "live" the passion; rather does he hold himself in restraint, striving like a true artist to interpret the meaning of the passion he is viewing, discover its beauty, its drama, its form.

It should be noticed that in my paragraph on Masefield I speak of over-cultured temperamentalists, not of true temperament. Temperament is an intelligent selfishness that desires environment—natural and social—to be so changed that character and personality will grow and blossom. That is why temperamental people are so unpopular. They usually are revolutionary and rebellious. They want things as they are to be different. I never met a temperamental person who was content and satisfied. Is not that to his credit? What is more valuable than an intelligent discontent? The trouble with the world is that the people are not temperamental. They are conservative, utterly reactionary, at times.

Being conservative, they are satisfied with things as they are. If a thing is, it must be right. With a little temperament, the people would not tolerate one thousandth the evils they patiently bear today. They would make things hum. The Americans, above all others, have not even a pinch of emotion or temperament; and that's why we are fifty years behind the continental countries, so far as social reform, art, science, and letters are concerned. Oh, for a dash of temperament! Oh, for a flavor of divine discontent, emotionalism!



#### IS IT AND WILL IT?—

Many critics, in judging a contemporary, always ask two questions:

1. Is it Art?
2. Will the future appreciate this novel, play or picture?

Both questions, on many occasions, have caused me to frown in a most unladylike manner. I am reminded of Rudyard Kipling's "The First Art Critic":

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's  
green and gold,  
Our father Adam sat under the tree and scratched with  
a stick in the mold,  
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was  
joy to his mighty heart,  
Till the devil whispered behind the leaves: "It's  
pretty, but is it art?"

And since that day, the question "Is It Art?" has been asked of every soul that ever strived for beauty. Is it art? We do not ask the machinist: "Is that a machine?" Nor do we ask the paper maker: "Is that paper?" But, whenever we view an artist's picture we always begin by asking: "Is it a picture?" How aggravating! The artist's lot is not a tempting one. Indeed, the only things we are willing to grant him are some empty beer bottles and a string of garlic.

Ah, there is no denying the truth that George Bernard Shaw is being appreciated by a discriminating public; also, there is no doubt that he is doing wonderfully well in instructing and entertaining us, giving a welcome, much-needed insight into the shams, foibles and hypocrisies of present-day society—all this we grant—but what about A. D. 2047? There is a mania for attending to posterity's own affairs. There is a nervous desire on the part of many of us to even decide what sort of clothes the women of posterity shall wear, the books they shall not read and the manner in which pan cakes shall be made. I prefer to let posterity take care of itself. If I like Shaw right now I'm going to enjoy him, posterity or no posterity. If Shaw is good now, if he satisfies a present-day mood, what matters whether posterity will laugh or frown? So, when a highbrow says, "Yes, granted that it is this and that, but is it art?" I say "Huh!" and when he asks, "Will the future enjoy this picture?" I say "I should worry!"



#### BRIEUX' "THE SCHOOL FOR MOTHERS-IN-LAW"—

Brieux' one-act semi-humorous sketch is given the place of honor in *The Smart Set* for September. In spite of the name of the author and ability of the translator, the sketch gave me very little pleasure. The moral is obvious: parents should leave their married children alone if they wish to preserve peace and harmony. Could anyone take a more commonplace theme? There is nothing about the playlet which shows why

good ink and paper should be wasted on it. The wonder is that so gifted a writer and critic as Willard Huntington Wright should spend his time translating so dull and prosaic an effusion.



#### IRVINE'S "MY LADY OF THE CHIMNEY CORNER"—

Alexander Irvine tells a beautiful story in his "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," a novel of the Irish peasantry, a life that Irvine was born into, a life that he knows. His style is direct and fine; his story moves

rapidly and the pictures he presents are indeed impressive. I enjoyed this sweet, human book, and must admit that I felt a lump gather in my throat more times than I can remember, but his humor would bring a smile at the moment when needed to down the lump. I love a smile a thousand times more than a laugh. Real humor draws a smile and stops right there; comedy stuff draws a haw-haw. The real pathos of life causes a lump in the throat; sentimentalism demands weeps. Irvine's pathos is real and it rests with a lump; his humor is real and causes a smile.

# Public Education and Social Progress

By LEO W. WAX, B. S., M. A.

This is the first of two articles written especially for The Western Comrade by Prof. Wax. The second and concluding article will appear in an early number. These articles are of especial interest and should be of great value to students of the Socialist movement, as well as to active propagandists.



THE growth and development of social and political institutions from primitive times up to the present day has been a very slow and painful process, attended all along by a most remarkable backwardness and conservatism. Its head constantly turned backwards, society proceeded but reluctantly on the steep road to progress, manifesting at every step a powerful aversion to any change in existing conditions, cherishing throughout a strong, reverential adherence to the past and positive distrust and fear for the future. Old and thoroughly rotten social and political institutions have clung for centuries to the afflicted social organism maintaining with the most stubborn tenacity all kinds of stupid, wasteful, cruel and unnatural relations between man and his fellows. Every attempt to overthrow any of these institutions or only to introduce a more or less radical reform in them always met with powerful opposition and obstinate resistance coming from within society's own midst. No important social or political revolution has ever been brought about without long and continued suffering, without persistent, intense, violent and bloody struggle.

The old established forms never yielded, never gave way until the sea of human sorrow and suffering having become overfilled, grew stormy and turbulent, threatening to sweep away all barriers and obstacles and to wreck the entire existing order, and even then the triumph of progress has not always been secure and permanent. The tide would frequently dash backward in reaction, resuming its former course and suppressing or destroying the progressive currents that had forced it out of its old bed.

Evidently there are some powerful forces constantly at work in society tending to draw us backward, to hinder our advance and prevent our progress, and thus perpetuate existing conditions. Forces that blind our eyes to prevailing evils, stop our ears to the cries and curses of the sufferers, harden our hearts, dull our conscience, confuse our intellects, and weaken our wills.

One of the most powerful and most effective of these forces has been public education.

Now, this last statement will doubtless be regarded as a paradox. "Do you mean to say," the skeptical reader will ask, "that public education has been a drawback to social progress? Education which we have all regarded as our future redeemer, which has been expected to bring the millennium and convert this earth of ours into a paradise—do you mean to assert that it has served to hinder our advance and to perpetuate our misery, instead?"

Yes, this is what I make bold to affirm and what I expect to be able to demonstrate in the succeeding paragraphs.

In the mean time let it be borne in mind that the term public education is here employed in its widest and most comprehensive sense. It includes in its present application all the influences that have produced or are producing a more or less profound and lasting impression upon the public mind. It comprehends all the factors, be they good or bad from our point of view, that go to mold what we term public opinion. It takes in all the agencies that have contributed towards the formation of those habits of thought and habits of action which characterize individual as well as social life.

It must also be suggested at this point that whether a certain force will be productive of good or evil, useful or harmful results is determined, in most cases, not by the nature of the force itself but rather by the manner and purpose of its application. The same force that is capable of producing a great deal of good when rightly applied, will cause a corresponding or even greater amount of harm when misapplied.

The same fire, for example, that warms, cheers, and comforts us when crackling brightly on our hearths; the same fire that bakes our bread, operates our machinery, and carries us with the swiftness of wind over mountain and dale, sea and ocean; the same fire, in a word, which constitutes the soul of our commercial and industrial life, will just as readily create havoc and disaster, destroy lives and property, devastate homes and firesides, lay bare towns and cities, when it is misused.

The same dynamite which will blast rocks and disclose for man's use the treasures locked up within the bowels of the earth, will just as effectively bring death and destruction when used for this latter purpose. And what is true of natural forces is equally true of social forces.

Now, let us have a brief historical review of the role which public education played in the development of social life and institutions. From very early times, ever since man first learned to enslave and dominate his weaker brother and society began to divide itself into rulers and ruled, captors and captives, masters and slaves, owners and propertyless—ever since that time and up to the present, the control and direction of education has been in the hands of the ruling classes. And it is this control over the education of the masses that served to establish their superiority and maintain their rule.

The political state alone would have been utterly insufficient by itself to accomplish this purpose. For the state had to rely upon mere physical force to keep the enslaved in submission. But physical force alone, however great and however well organized, cannot maintain equilibrium for any considerable length of time in a condition of oppression and inequality. To dominate over the bodies and use the toil of the "lower" classes it was absolutely necessary to dominate and control their minds and intellects at the same time.

Indeed, the former would have been altogether impossible without the latter. For the enslaved and oppressed have in most cases been numerous enough and strong enough to free their bodies had not their minds been enslaved and their souls made servile and degraded.

It was necessary to have the established order regarded as being of divine origin and the masters and rulers as endowed with divine rights and clothed with divine authority. It was necessary to stamp unquestioning obedience and meek submission to those in power as supreme virtues to be duly rewarded in this and more especially in the next world. On the other hand, to resist and revolt against constituted authority or even to question, criticise, or doubt its rights, had to be branded as the gravest of crimes, severely punishable, not only by secular but also by divine law.

These ideals and beliefs had to be constantly cultivated, religiously practiced and faithfully transmitted from parent to offspring. Having been thus inculcated and fostered in the minds of the masses for centuries they have finally become their second nature.

In the oriental countries where the caste system prevailed and the position of the individual in society, either in a higher caste with all the accompanying privileges and immunities or in a lower caste with all the exactions and disabilities was forever fixed and determined by his birth. The education of the masses was the exclusive function of the highest caste, the Brahmans, or holy teachers, as the name signifies.

The instruction which these privileged educators dispensed to the lower castes consisted chiefly of ceremonial. It prescribed numerous observances to be strictly and blindly followed in every activity of daily life. There were rules for eating, drinking, dressing, going and coming. There were ceremonies for child-birth, marriage, sickness and death.

These rules and observances have been imposed upon the credulous people as handed down from above and possessing deep and hidden significance the knowledge and interpretation of which had come down by divine revelation and transmitted to the Brahmans as the exclusive heritage of their favored caste.

Instruction was also given upon the genealogy of the various castes, setting forth the exalted origin of the Brahmans, having sprung from the very head of Brahma himself, and the low and despicable birth of the workers or sudras constituting the lowest caste, who had come from the feet of Brahma. Particular emphasis was laid upon the sacredness and rigidity of caste lines, and it was strongly impressed upon the minds of the pupils as the most hideous crime for the various castes to intermingle or for a person born into one caste to attempt to pass over into another.

Thus circumscribing and directing all the life activities of the lower castes, fixing for all times their various stations in society, and intimidating their minds with fantastic horror-tales of an unknown and mysterious after-life, the priests made them so helpless and dependent, and gradually gained such absolute control over them, that they could be driven like a herd of cattle wherever their spiritual leaders directed.

So great indeed was the power and authority of these oriental priests that even the despotic monarchs of these countries, unless they themselves were members of the caste, had to bow their heads before their high-priests without whose sanction and blessing no undertaking of any importance was ever attempted.

Whatever there was of real knowledge these privileged scientists and educators kept hidden behind seven locks as their own exclusive possession and source of power. Surrounding it with mysterious symbols and secret formulas and putting it in a script and language unknown outside of their own ranks, they made it utterly inaccessible to the lower castes.

Such a system of education consistently carried on for many generations produced in the course of time an extremely servile type of mind, amenable and submissive to authority, and incapable of self-respect and self-assertion. It is this servile type of mind that explains many a dark page in ancient as well as medieval and also modern history. For this type of mind has not only been transmitted by inheritance and tradition to later historical periods, but it has been actively cultivated by succeeding educational procedure, and has survived in large measure to our own times.

It is this servile type of mind that made possible the extremely despotic monarchies of the East where one man disposed at his own will and whim of the lives and possessions of millions of people, and where crouching and cringing subjects prostrated themselves in adoration and worship at the feet of merciless tyrants. It is this servile type of mind that accounts for the long duration and wonderful stability of the unnatural and cruel caste system.

It was this type of mind that made it possible for an Egyptian Pharaoh to mass together 100,000 of his subjects and make them toil away for thirty long years at the erection of a single building for no other purpose than to shelter his precious body after the soul had departed from it.

This building, one of the pyramids of Gizeh, rises from a base covering fifty acres to a height 450 feet, with single stones in it weighing as much as fifty tons. Having defied the all-destroying hand of time, this building has survived through the ages and is still standing there today, an object of admiration for the traveler, a solidified mass of human toil and sweat, a grim monument of human exploitation and human servitude.

To be sure, these results were not accomplished wholly without the constant display and frequent use of physical force as embodied in the political state. But physical force alone, as already intimated, is abso-

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lutely incapable of maintaining any social order for any considerable length of time. In order to endure it must have its foundation in a corresponding social philosophy, social morality, and social ethics. It must have a thorough justification for its existence in the minds, the hearts, the conscience, and the will of a majority of the people, and it is this philosophical and moral foundation, this ethical justification of the prevailing order that always had to be supplied and is being supplied today by an appropriate public education.

It was this necessity of providing the required spiritual ammunition, so to say, for the maintenance and defense of the state that led in our own Christian world to an early alliance between church and state, and that encouraged in every way the activities of the church as an educational institution.

Carrying on an untiring educational activity in the schools among the growing generations and in the homes and churches among the grown-ups, the church soon gained complete mastery over the minds and hearts of millions of adherents. With education as her weapon the church marched triumphantly from land to land, a second Alexander, conquering the greater part of the world. Her power and influence became so great indeed that the state itself, her patron and ally, soon had to acknowledge her sovereignty and submit to her spiritual authority. Rome was the real seat of authority and center of power in medieval Europe, and the Pope was the supreme arbiter of the destinies of nations in matters social and political as well as ecclesiastical.

It is this educational activity of the church that leads many a pious but uncritical historian to lavish eulogies upon her for having spread knowledge and enlightenment among men.

A remarkable demonstration of the great possibilities of education had been furnished by the Jesuits. This order, which was established in 1540, spread with wonderful rapidity to all parts of the Christian world, and its influence in shaping the destinies of Europe was enormous. But it may be stated with certainty that one of the chief causes of this remarkable success of the Jesuits was their splendid educational activity. Every Jesuit spent many years in training to become an efficient teacher and educator, and no effort was spared to make the Jesuit schools the best in the world. Instruction in these schools was free to all—to realize the full significance of this fact one has to bear in mind that the free school in this country and in England is barely fifty years old—and the influence which the Jesuit schools exerted upon the future lives of their pupils was remarkable. They were ready and willing at all times to sacrifice their property, their nearest friends and relatives, their very lives for the ideas and ideals imbibed at school.

In the year 1710 this order counted 612 secondary schools, 157 seminaries for teachers, 24 universities and 200 missions.

The recognition of the great value of education for the safety and stability of the state led many a ruler and statesman to take a lively personal interest in the education of the people. A very interesting illustration of this is furnished by the educational activity of Czar Nicholas I of Russia following the revolt of the "Decembrists" in 1825. That was the very first open attack made by the Russian revolutionary movement upon the House of the Romanoffs, and that monarch was the first to get a shake-up on his throne the very day of his ascension. The organizers and participants in this revolt were chiefly young Russian noblemen who had become fascinated by the new revolutionary doctrines then agitating western Europe, and brought in

through various channels across the border into Russia.

They conceived the audacious plan of overthrowing the monarchy and establishing a republic in Russia. Enlisting in their cause several army regiments they formed a conspiracy, and chose the day of coronation for a sudden and decisive attack, expecting thus to take the government by surprise.

On the fourteenth day of December, while the ceremonies for the coronation of Nicholas I were in progress, they led their regiments out of the general line of procession and entered into an open fight with the government forces. But their numbers being too small, the expected additions to their strength not having realized, they only gained the distinction of forming the very first lines in the now so numerous army fallen in the great battle for Russia's freedom.

Soon after the suppression of this revolt Czar Nicholas turned his attention to the schools. The fact that the participants in the revolt were young men, mainly university graduates, evidently led him to the conclusion that the educational system in his country was defective; that the political and sociological studies there pursued aroused in the students too zealous an interest in matters social and political, and caused them to become too meddlesome in the affairs of state; that the studies of modern foreign languages only facilitated their traveling abroad and reading the pernicious revolutionary literature of Western Europe.

He therefore promptly issued an "ukaz" appointing a special committee to "reform the schools." The duty of the committee as set for in the "ukaz" was "to introduce uniformity into the school system, and to adopt a course of studies tending to keep the pupils away from utopian political interests and harmful literature."

Following these instructions of his majesty, Shishkoff, the minister of education in Russia at that time, formulated a scheme of three distinct types of schools corresponding to the three classes in Russian society, the peasants, the middle-class, and the nobility, and introduced Latin and Greek into the curricula of the gymnasiums and universities, calculated to occupy three-fourths of the time. Reporting upon this reform to the czar, Shishkoff claims that it will have the effect of keeping the classes distinct and separate, and thus insure social stability, and the intense study of the ancient languages in the gymnasiums and universities will divert the interests of the young noblemen into safe channels and will give the graduates the feeling that they were neither ripe nor capable to meddle with the affairs of the state.

In another manifesto issued July 3, 1826, announcing the penalties of the "Decembrists," Nicholas also urges upon the parents the necessity of giving their children a sound moral and religious education at home which should "guard them against dangerous ideals and visionary doctrines" (see Mitinhoff "sketches of Russian culture.")

Emperor William II of Germany is likewise greatly concerned in the education of his youthful Teutons. There is hardly a teachers' convention held in the "fatherland" that is not the recipient of some communication, open or secret, from his majesty the Kaiser, urging upon the teachers the necessity of arousing in their pupils strong patriotic feelings, of fostering a fervent love for the army and the flag, the glories of soldier life and so forth. Especial emphasis is laid in these circulars upon the great need of safeguarding the youth in every way against the pernicious doctrines disseminated by the Social-Democrats seeking to undermine the long cherished belief that the House of the Hohenzollern is ruling "by the grace of God."

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