

The Western Comrade

When Girls Go On Strike

A Story of the Firing Line in San Francisco Today.

We Call It War!

A Ripping Challenge to the Iron Heel!

A Word From the Editors



Every Socialist in California should glue his eyes to The Western Comrade for the next few months for the especial reason that Stanley B. Wilson is going to have a lot to say about the conditions he found in a three months' trip over the state. While making that trip he spoke at cross roads and in big cities, he talked with hundreds of Socialists and he OBSERVED, which is, after all, the important thing.

Comrade Wilson is writing of California and the Socialist movement in a new way. The second installment of his series is in this number. Next month there will be another installment. When you have finished reading the articles he is writing you will have a complete picture of the movement in the whole state. You will be well informed. Better still, you will have some new ideas. These articles have constructive effort for their chief feature. And they are about the most important addition to our propaganda battery that the movement has had. Important because they prepare us for bigger things, because they show us just where we are and what needs doing.

We feel that every article and story in this number is a gem. It is difficult to single out those of most importance. But we cannot fail to say a word for J. L. Engdahl's article on The Federation Idea. It is a fitting mate to his great article on the Underground War, published last month. When you have read the Federation Idea you will have a better grasp of the onward trend toward solidarity and progress in the great Organized Labor movement. Elsa Unterman's story of the girl strikers in San Francisco and O. L. Anderson's story of the Seattle judicial farce throw new lights on the ever-current class war—and valuable lights they are. The Lilies of the Field, by Georgia Kotsch, is a gem of brilliance and logic. It handles a big subject in a big way, yet with a swing and a sweep of humor that makes it a delight. You'll like that article immensely. And there's the work of Eleanor Wentworth. But few women anywhere equal her in her concept of the feminist movement, but few can present their ideas with such beauty of form and force of expression.

Next month will bring you a table of contents equally brilliant, with—just a whisper here—with almost a certainty that J. Stitt Wilson will have ready in time for it one of the biggest and best things he has yet done.

And you, dear reader, please capture at once that elusive but ever alluring prospective subscriber—QUICK! To your branch you may say that there's no better propaganda material than The Western Comrade—in bundle lots.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of
September, 1913.
(SEAL)

WILLIAMS W. ROE,
Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State
of California.
My commission expires February 18, 1917.



The Cost of Living

BEFORE THE DAWN

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH



IN THE highest hill of the City of Hills, overlooking the ocean, the woman stood. It was the sunset hour, that magic hour when the innumerable enchanters of the twilight approach, mysteriously whispering or more mysteriously silent. It was that hour when the stars appear one by one like great, questioning eyes that would read one's inmost thoughts; when crickets, a thousand strong, in husky tones bombard one with the question, "What do you think?" "What do you think?" "What do you think?" It was that hour when the sea breeze comes tugging at one's hair and clothes like a shadow wraith, breathing tales of beautiful adventures into unwary ears; when the desire to escape from superficial bonds becomes all-masterful and the longing to be one's natural, good and beautiful self will not be gainsaid.

In this sweet, potent hour the woman stood on the highest hill, her arms outstretched, her head up to the breeze. Her white loose garments fluttered in the wind like graceful birds in flight. She gazed earnestly across the gleaming, undulating expanse of ocean, as if seeking there an answer to some intrusive question.

"Tomorrow it must be," she whispered ecstatically. "Surely it must be tomorrow."

As she spoke a light shone on her countenance that was like a reflection of the farewell light with which the setting sun was caressing the green hilltops.

"All you living, springing things, you children of Nature's wisdom, tell me it will be tomorrow," she cried.

WALKING closer to the edge of the hill, she seated herself on a rock and rested her elbows on her knees and cupped her chin in her hands. She surveyed every object and listened to every sound with an intent, almost passionate interest. The stones at her feet seemed more distinctly colored than usual, the pines more green and pungent, the sunset colors more extravagant, the air more alive with noises. She had never before been aware that the earth under her feet, the trees about her and the air above her teemed with such exuberant life.

"Everything seems so different tonight," she thought. "So much more wonderful, so infinitely more alive! And I see it all now because I am going to be a mother.

"What a strange thing life is and . . . I am to give this strange thing to a human being.

"I am to deliver a little beating heart into the arms of the world. I am to unfold to another the pure joy of living. I am to give to the people another mind and body to help lift the burdens of the world.

"Soon, very soon—yes, I hope tomorrow—I am to have given to me that which is dearest to women."

A smile gathered about the corners of her mouth and shone deep in her eyes. Already she felt her arms around a soft, warm body and felt a little head pillowed on her bosom.

"It will be a great gift," she thought, "and great gifts mean great responsibilities. This gift is different from all others; through it I am both the giver and the receiver. I give life to a little being; I give it to itself—and above all, I want my baby to feel that it belongs to itself—not to me or to its father. Then I give it to the world. In return I receive all the joy that may come to my child or that it may give to others."

THE darkness had by this time shrouded even the hilltop. It covered the earth like a protecting mantle, whose solemn shade was offset by the star-wreathed sky. Under the influence of the calmness which it brought, a prayer rose in the mind of the woman—a prayer to herself.

"I have waited long and worked hard that my baby when it came might be secure from the drudgery and disease of poverty; that it might never be surrounded by the dirt that makes misery more miserable; that its body might grow strong and its mind expand before the burden of labor was placed upon it. And now that the waiting is at an end, I must not, simply must not fall short of my responsibilities.

"May I always love this life that is coming, but never sear it with a jealous sense of ownership. May I always protect it, but never cramp it. May I open its young mind, but never force my ideas upon it. May I nurture in it a strong sense of personal freedom and yet implant deep in its nature a knowledge of its responsibility to others.

"May I never cease giving to it and ask as a return only the privilege of giving more."

A call from the foot of the hill startled her. It came again and then she recognized it—it was his call. Down below where the trees were thickest and the flowers sweetest, where lights were gleaming from the windows of homes like fireflies through the underbrush, he was waiting for her beside their little bungalow.

Then she remembered the dearest thing of all and marveled that she had overlooked it. This gift which she was cherishing was their gift to each other.

She flitted swiftly down the path to tell him of it.

TWO-FIFTY

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

Little Jimmie was a foundry helper.
He worked hard ten hours a day in the little shop.

Twice each day Little Jimmie helped the big floor boss carry the crucibles of melted steel to the molds.

It was hot work; terribly hot. The little lad would stagger and pant under the load in the heat. The white metal would send its glare fitfully over his face. But Jimmie kept on. He must earn money.

The crucibles were about the size of small nail kegs. They could be used with safety twice. Their cost was two-fifty.

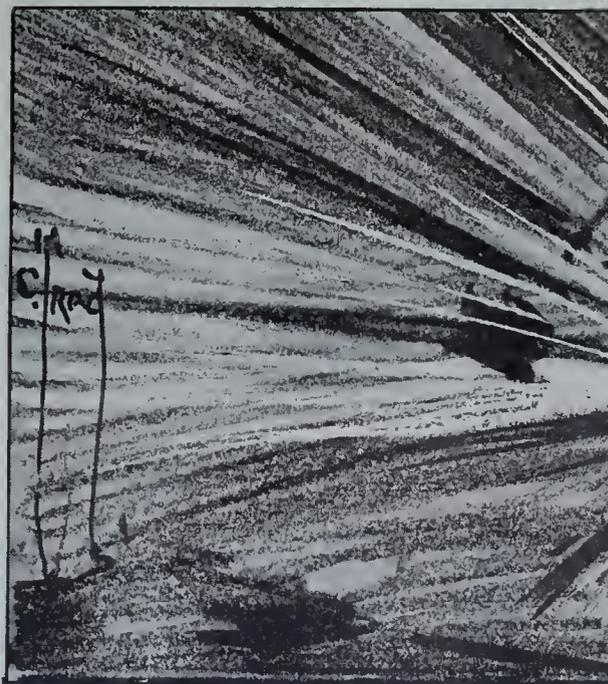
But the little shop was hard pressed by the big shop and the order was to use the crucibles three times, even though the graphite sides were burned thin and the danger was great.

Little Jimmie stood ready to "take hold" when the crucible was hauled from the fiery oil burner for the last time of the day. It was the third trip into the fire for that crucible. It was but a shell—a shell full of white heat.

The tongs clutched the sides of the flimsy thing. Jimmie gripped with his boss. There was a crunch. The shell fell in pieces. The melted steel splashed to the moistened sand below like a cataract of flame. There was a gorgeous, blinding flash, as though a billion living stars had been hurled from ground to sky.

A man and a boy were dead, their bodies and faces pierced by the raining steel, burned and seared by the awful fire.

But the shop had saved two-fifty!



When Girls Go On Strike

By ELSA UNTERMAN



NINE weeks ago the Cloak Makers of the city of San Francisco began a strike which marks something entirely new in the history of labor troubles.

It awakened intense enthusiasm, an indomitable will to win; it made hands eager, heads keen and hearts loyal. But enthusiasm, keenness, loyalty—all these are old. They have guided other strikes. Even the cause of this strike, criminally low low wages—is as old as the history of strikes. There is something besides these characteristics which distinguishes this strike. It has one characteristic that is distinctive. This characteristic reveals the Cloak Makers' Union as one of those awful unions which are causing P. H. McCarty and others of kind a great deal of worry; it reveals the Cloak Makers' Union as a radical union.

But this is relating the end of the story before the beginning has been told. Let's go back for a moment to ancient history.

Until the last week in August the conditions of the cloak making industry in San Francisco were like the conditions of the industry in New York and Chicago before the time of the big garment strikes. The men and women worked in unsanitary, badly ventilated, badly lighted, unclean shops. The girls received wages ranging from \$5 per week to \$9 per week—except the new immigrants, the Russian Jewesses, who were unfamiliar with American values or with the English language. These received the munificent "remuneration" of \$2 per week until they caught on and began to join the union.

As the organization of the girls progressed, the employers began to combat it. They brought in unskilled, non-union girls and paid them \$10 and \$12 for their inefficient work, while paying the skilled union girls \$5 and \$6 for their efficient work.

You ask: Why is it that the eminently respectable business men of the Cloak Manufacturers' Association keep their shops in a condition that is dangerous to the health of the workers and that threatens to spread disease among the community? Why is it that they pay girls wages which they know must swell the ranks of the prostitutes? Why is it that they attempt to destroy the organization of the girls, which is their only industrial means of defense?

They would tell you that they do it for the "glory of California." They would believe in home industry, you know. To develop home industry, they must secure to Eastern manufacturers. To secure these orders, they the orders which the large department stores now send must compete with Eastern prices. Of course, it never occurs to them that they can cut prices by cutting a part of their profits. They only see a way out of it by cutting the wages of the workers. That has been their plan for developing home industry. Incidentally, as they cornered the home trade, they would increase the number of their autos, their conservatories, their footmen, their French chefs, trips to Europe and Counts and Dukes for their daughters. These are the glittering dreams, rather than the "glory of California," which are really at the base of the insolence and inhumanity of the Cloak Manufacturers' Association.

But the Cloak Makers had their dreams, their am-

bitions, too. They are Russian Jews, the truly Terrible Meek, who endure and dream until endurance has hardened their bodies and their dreams have become mountains of determination. When that stage is reached,



MRS. IDA ADLER AND HER SMALL SON

their comes a storm unexpected by all except themselves.

So the Cloak Makers endured and dreamed. While their fellows about them contracted consumption, they dreamed of workshops filled with the glowing warmth of sunlight; perhaps, too, of flower dotted fields outside. While here and there a girl disappeared from work to enter that profession from which none of them return, they dreamed of a time when the worker's wage will

allow a home, a heart's home, a home for children—when dens of debauchery will know him no more. They dreamed, too, mayhap, of a thing which each day grew beside them as they worked, a thing which they felt would bring their other dreams out of the realm of possibility into the realm of fact; mayhap they dreamed, too, of—solidarity.

At any rate, one day the Cloak Manufacturers' Association awakened to the fact that the dreams of the Cloak Makers had become a mountain of determination with which their own greedy dreams must cope. One fine day in the latter part of August, when the wheels of industry were preparing to go at full speed to meet the rush of the Fall trade, when a moment's delay meant an infinite loss of profits, they found themselves confronted with a strike committee presenting demands from the workers for sanitary work places, a closed shop, and, above all, higher wages for the girls.

When thus confronted, the bosses displayed the shrewdness of cowards. They said to the men, "We will grant everything you ask for yourselves if you go back to work immediately. But we will not grant the demands of the women. They are foolish, preposterous, outrageous. If they can't live on the \$6 a week they make at sewing buttons, let them make a little on the side." They had met similar situations before in a similar manner and had succeeded. But this time they failed.

This brings us back to the distinctive characteristic of the Cloak Makers' strike.

Instead of accepting the offer of the bosses as many groups of men have accepted similar offers before, the men of the Cloak Makers' Union, who, unlike the girls, were well organized and comparatively well paid and who might have secured the minor things they wanted without a struggle, went out to a man to fight for the women who daily work beside them. And to a man they have staid out for that cause.

Altruistic?

Not a bit of it! Just plain horse sense.

It is true that this is quite unusual conduct. It is true that until very recently the bitterest antagonism existed between men and women on the industrial field.

It is true that men opposed the entrance of women into the skilled trades and opposed their admission to unions. Undoubtedly they have scabbed on women as they have scabbed on children. In the past they looked down upon women workers as if from giddy heights. But was that horse sense? What did it result in?

Because the women were unorganized and unskilled, did it not begin with low wages for them and end with low wages for men—even unemployment for men? Did it not begin with sweating for women and end with sweating for men? Did it not begin with antagonism against the organizations of women and end with antagonism against the organizations of men? Did it not prove conclusively that the weakness of the weak is a thousand times more advantageous to the enemy than the strength of the strong is formidable to it?

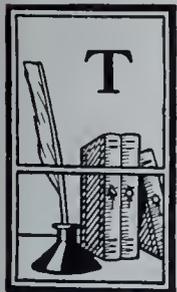
No, the men of the Cloak Makers' Union are not superhumanly altruistic. As their brave little secretary, Mrs. Adler, said, they are just as good and just as bad as the men of other unions—only they are a little wiser. They have merely seen, as it is to be hoped that the men of other unions will soon see, that short-sighted selfishness is the surest weapon with which they can be undone.

Aside from this the men are finding that the women in action display a determination and courage which they will do well to emulate. It is dawning upon them that not only is it advantageous for men to help women when they need it, but that there may come a time when it will be most advantageous for men to have the help of women. As the strike drags on from week to week and they see mothers leaving their little children at home alone and hungry, while they go out on the picket line; as they see little girls, who have competed with nature in the attempt to keep well and happy on \$6 a week, submit to arrest time and time again; as they see the women zealous day and night, selling tickets for benefits, making appeals for funds and making every possible attempt to gain the attention of the public, it occurs to them that they have acted wisely for more than one reason.

Theirs is a wisdom to be envied.

A Matter of Clothes

By EMANUEL JULIUS



HIS story commences with a sort of flirtation. You see, Herbert Montell took a sudden interest in the common people—"for sociological research" was the way he put it.

Herbert Montell was a blue-blood in every conceivable sense. He was of the select few—an ultra-exclusive.

Now, it's a funny thing, as I come to think of it, for every time a patrician decides to study the "poorer classes"

he invariably chooses a young girl for his researches. Herbert, you know, was no exception.

He went strolling along the aisles of Macy's store, saw pretty Miss Tillie Thompson, stopped before her counter, bought a pair of gloves he had no use for, and struck up an acquaintance.

Herbert Montell was greatly surprised when it gradually dawned upon him that a poor person can be interesting. That was a momentous discovery. It cut a wide swath in his well-regulated life.

Tillie sized him up with one sweeping glance. "He don't look like a piker," she thought. "I guess I'll get next."

Now then, we are taught by our newspapers that "society men are very self-possessed personages." They never know embarrassment, we are told. Well, Herbert was awkward, in this instance. In fact, he was like a schoolboy carrying his teacher's umbrella. He managed to say what he considered the right thing at the wrong moment. Once he almost remarked: "You're looking charming," but by a stroke of luck he succeeded in refraining.

The girl, on the other hand, was very sociable. Odd, don't you know?

When Tillie said:

"Would you like to go to the Fifth ward ball to-night?" Herbert accepted immediately. Would he like to go? Well, I should say!

"All right," said Tillie; "I've got tickets with me, so if you want them I'll let you have a couple—they're only fifty cents each."

Herbert Montell bought two tickets, thinking: "How odd; this young girl sells me the very ticket that will admit her to the ball. There's a psychological problem worth analyzing. Interesting, on my honor, I must say, by jove, yes."

"We'll meet at the door of the Switchmen's Union hall on Third avenue—that's where it's coming off. Be on the job at half past eight. I'll be dressed up," said Tillie.

"Oh, yes, by all means, thank you cordially;" and thinking to himself: "By jove, how odd! Meet a lady on the street! And she says she'll be dressed! How odd! How interesting!"

There was nothing to trouble Herbert Montell, except what to wear at this ball of the Fifth warders. After pondering about five minutes he decided to throw the whole matter before his butler.

It was James' opinion that Herbert Montell was far above so decidedly vulgar a thing as the Fifth ward ball—he should keep away, for it was the rendezvous of the low, the habitat of the bad and the criminal.

But, as Herbert Montell persisted, James ventured a little advice—in a word, he said it would be best to dress in his worst and look his most vicious. Now, a butler is the last person in the world to go to for information concerning the common people. He can tell you of the significance of an oyster fork or the difference between a finger bowl and a bath tub, but you may as well expect a politician to understand political economy as to look to a butler for data concerning the poor.

Herbert said, in so many words, that James' advice was splendid.

The time was flying; the hour for the ball was fast approaching—he must get ready. So Herbert Montell ruffled his hair, tied a blue handkerchief around his neck to take the place of a collar, squirmed into a tight, almost shredded pair of tan trousers, borrowed James' over-large shoes, and a coat that James used every time he supervised the cartage of the ashes.

Once upon a time the coat had been black, but now it was green. A half dozen other additions to his outfit tended to transform Herbert Montell from a blue-blood into a black-leg. He was a changed man in every sense. Herbert appeared like the conventional stage bowery—about the only thing he lacked was the proverbial discolored eye.

James surveyed his master from the top of his checkered cap to the soles of his heavy shoes, and slowly said:

"You look quite presentable for the people you are to mingle with, sir. A rough class it is, sir, and it would be quite well to be careful and go armed."

Herbert was pleased to hear he was "presentable." At eight o'clock he covered his masquerade with a cravenette and hurried from his residence. Customarily he went to "occasions" in an automobile—but this time he decided to ride in the taxi-cab of the common people—the trolley car.

When Herbert Montell alighted he found himself in a section of the city that was new—and somewhat disconcerting—to him.

A few minutes later he was in the lobby, where he found a crowd clamoring for admittance. In his cravenette, Montell passed, unnoticed.

Through the door, Herbert obtained a quick glimpse of the tumultuous room. He saw the mass of gyrating men and women, swaying and rotating to the tune of ragtime music. And then his eyes gazed upon Tillie Thompson, "the daughter of the low," the real "sister of the common classes."

My dictionary defines a diamond as "native carbon crystallized in the isometric system." Describing Tillie makes me feel like my dictionary—shorthanded, unable to meet the gloriousness of my subject, literally at a loss for a suitable flow of words. I can do no more than tell you that Tillie was beautiful. Adding, of course, that she wore a gown of black charmeuse. And to set off the black she had artistically bordered the bottom of the skirt and up the side with a white fringe. The bodice was entirely of exquisite Irish lace over a combination of white and black chiffon. She was a dream.

Herbert slowly stammered:

"How charming you look."

"Thanks to you, old top. Get your coat into the check room—"

"Many thanks—" and he went off.

Tillie, ever alert and able to judge a whole by the minutest detail, immediately surmised that something was wrong.

When he returned and she saw the blue handkerchief around his neck, the tan trousers, the immense shoes, the head of ruffled hair, she placed her hands on her hips and pressed downwards, squeezing about three inches of anatomy out of her corsage. Then, she relaxed, becoming normal again.

"Well, who'd a thought you was a piker," she exclaimed, making no effort to conceal her disgust; "if you ain't of the kind what goes to affairs, what do you want to butt in an' spoil a night for one that does? You cheap piker, creep under the sink with the rest of the pipes, and mingle with them as is of your own class."

And, with a whirl, she walked away.



FREEDOM

By Dr. George W. Carey

The rain that falls in the heart of man,
Flows out through the eyes in tears;
And God's decrees in the Soul of man,
Are wrought in the Cycle of years.

The mortal thought in the heart of man,
Is the flotsam on life's sea;
And the Divine urge in the Soul of man
Is the Word that sets him free.



RENDER UNTO CAESAR

Rail not at the idle rich, ye slaves,
Bend your broad backs to the load.
Whine not because 'tis heavy,
Kick not against the goad.

Fed on the sweat of your bodies and brains
A great republic must thrive.
Rejoice that your food though scanty
Is sufficient to keep you alive.

Strive not to change conditions,
You lose every time you fight.
Take the crumbs from the rich man's table,
"Whatever is, is right."

"Unto him that hath" shall be given,
Rose strewn shall be his path.
"From him that hath not" shall be taken
The little that he hath.

This may seem rank injustice;
But the good book says it's true.
Then why complain that the millions
Make bricks without straw for the few.

Your women and little children
Must be fed to the hungry maw
Of mine and mill and factory;
For that is commercial law.

Millions of lives must be wretched,
And millions of homes be sad;
That untold wealth may be stored in vaults
For the joy of the money mad.

—George B. Richards, in Pearson's.

The Socialist Movement in California

By STANLEY B. WILSON

In this, the second of a series of articles, Stanley B. Wilson, continues his resume of the movement throughout the state of California. This chapter is filled with a dramatic interest seldom equalled—and it is also filled with suggestion for those who have the interests of the great cause deeply at heart. Comrade Wilson finds the “company town” a frequent menace to the welfare of the workers. In this chapter is an illustration of one of those places where exploitation is 100 per cent pure. His observations on the single tax propaganda are of interest. Another installment of this series will appear in next number of this magazine.



To reach the points desired in the northern portion of the state, sentineled by Mt. Shasta, it was necessary to cut at an angle across Del Norte County and into Oregon. This was a portion of the trip that appealed especially to the senses. Except for the first half-dozen miles through the redwoods, where the sunlight enters but dimly, the road was one of the best mountain highways I have ever seen; steep and narrow, with plenty of sharp turns and thrilling precipices, but remarkably smooth.

We stopped for lunch at Monumental, consisting solely of the hotel. The stage stops there daily for the noon meal. When we took our seats at the table, an elderly lady waited on us and urged us to eat, with the remark: “The more you eat, boys, the better I like it.” When she learned of our being from Los Angeles, she was not so friendly, though her manner was still courteous. She told us that she was formerly a resident of Los Angeles, but that she had been swindled out of a fortune there and was compelled to go out in the big world and struggle for existence. Again was I glad of my part in the only movement that can render impossible the legalized robberies of business.

Strolling along the main street of Grant’s Pass, I was agreeably surprised to see the Western Comrade displayed for sale on a news stand.

When we had reached the summit of Siskiyou and began the descent on the south side, we were afforded our first view of Mt. Shasta:

“Serene and satisfied,
Supreme, as lone as God,
Looming like God’s archangel.”

Our first stop was at Hornbrook. I did not have a lecture date here. Nor did I have one at any of the towns in the vicinity of Shasta. For some reason the Socialist Party has not been very aggressive in that section. A few miles from Hornbrook, on the Klamath River, the government maintains a fish hatchery.

Game of all kinds is plentiful, and as the population in that part of the state is very small, the problem of food is not as intense as in more populous and commercialized communities.

From Montague, the next town we stopped at, we took a side trip into Little Shasta Valley. Driving up to the post office, which is in a store, surrounded by a large orchard, one of the party asked permission of the old man in charge of the store to pick some of the apples lying under the trees. “Help yourself,” was the

hearty reply. “The hogs have more than they can eat.” When we had filled our pockets and hats with the fine fruit, the old man said: “Now if you boys like plums, just go out here back of the store and help yourselves.”

He explained to us that he had no market for the fruit. When asked why he did not ship it to the San Francisco commission men, “Not on your life,” was his reply. “I tried that, and not only did I have my trouble and expense for nothing, but they sent me a bill for a balance to them.” He said that the most he ever received for a shipment of any kind was six bits for six dozen ducks. When I asked him why the ranchers of the valley did not undertake the co-operative marketing of their fruit, he said: “Well, really, we haven’t enough to co-operate. That’s what’s wrong with this valley. It’s one of the richest spots in the world. Once—back in the mining days—this place was filled with people. But when the mining played out, instead of settling down to farming, the people flocked back to the cities. I tell you it makes me sick to see this rich valley with about a half-dozen families, when it ought to be filled with people. I am about the smallest property owner here, and I own a thousand acres.”

I thought of the fish hatchery at Hornbrook and wondered why the government is so strong on fish and so weak on folks. It’s well to keep the streams filled with fish, but the good people at Washington are a long time getting at the problem of filling the fertile valleys and plains with families surrounded by conditions that will enable them to live and prosper.

All through the Shasta section, I found Socialism dead, or rather absent, for it does not seem to have ever been there to die. The problem with those who have any problem is land. Single tax is the only live problem.

At Yreka, the center of the ’49 days, I found single tax advocates aplenty, among them most of the county officials and school teachers. I had several talks with District Attorney Hooper of Siskiyou county, who is an ardent single taxer. He was eager to learn what Socialism had to offer as a solution of the land problem. He was with our party at several places in that section. When leaving us, he said that if I would return to Siskiyou county he would personally arrange a series of meetings for me.

It was apparent to me that unless the Socialist Party interests itself intensely and intelligently in the land problem, the Single Tax movement will take its place in many sections of California.

From Yreka we ran up into Scott Valley. This valley has not suffered from lack of population as has Little Shasta. It is one of the richest farming districts in the state. The soil is very productive, but transporta-

tion is difficult on account of remoteness from a railroad. There are some active Socialists around Etna Mills and in the mines at Clannahans. There are also a few at Ft. Jones.

I was to have lectured at Weed, but the comrades could not get a hall. Weed is Weed. That is, it is the property of a man named Weed, who owns about everything ownable. The Weed Lumber Company has immense mills and mile after mile of timber lands. I secured a copy of the minutes of the proceedings of the Board of Supervisors of Siskiyou county, at which Mr. Weed made application for a reduction of assessment on his cut-over lands—that is lands from which the timber had been cut. He was assessed one dollar per acre, and asked a reduction to fifty cents per acre, which was granted.

I met a few of the comrades at Sisson. They have to work tamely, on account of the influence of the lumber kings. The mills are at McCloud, another company town, the property of the McCloud River Lumber Company. Say, but this is a despotism with a vengeance. There is not a privately-owned home or building of any kind in the place. The company owns everything. The workers with families must pay rent to the company and purchase all their supplies at the company stores. I had to pay ten cents for a picture post card of the town. You can judge how much the workers have to spend in riotous living after paying rent and grocery bills.

This company owns all of the timber lands in Siskiyou county east of Sisson. The charming McCloud River runs through its holdings. We took a side trip to McCloud and up to Fowler Falls on the river. On this river are located the magnificent castles of Phoebe Hearst; Charles Wheeler, the San Francisco attorney, and Tom Williams, the racehorse man. Indeed, there is much to make one forget he is visiting a portion of

the United States instead of some section of titledom in the Old World.

The company takes as great precautions to prevent the operations of Socialists in its realm as it does to prevent fire. Yet it did not take me long to find out that there are several Socialist firebrands in the mills and woods, who are slowly but surely adding to the great mental and moral conflagration that will one day consume the last vestige of special privilege and selfish exploitation.

Before the railroad shop strike Dunsmuir had a strong Socialist local. With the strike and the removal to other parts of many of the shop workers, the local went to pieces. But there remained a few who had red blood in their veins as well as red cards in their pockets. They continued to meet in private houses and to keep alive the agitation for that commonwealth wherein strikes will not be a necessity. They arranged a lecture for Sunday evening. We had a fine audience, in which were several rabid anti-Socialists who were never before seen in a Socialist meeting.

In nearly every community I visited, I was asked by the comrades for advice as to how to keep interest alive in the locals. My chief suggestion was to organize a study club.

It's an old saying that "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do." The exploiter certainly gets a new lease when the Socialists of a community have nothing to occupy their minds except to quibble over some cheap question of tactics. One sincere Socialist, living and teaching the great principles of Socialism in a community is worth a hundred quibbling tacticians.

There is no more fascinating and effective means of Socialist operation than the study of its origin, history and principles and program. Interest can never wane in a local that has a good study class, no matter how small or how large the membership.

(To be continued.)

WE CALL IT WAR

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT



CIVIL war is in our midst. It is real war. Nor is peace in sight. Though some may cry, "Peace, peace," there is no peace. For there can be no peace until there is no war. And there IS war.

Those who toil are in revolt against those who own but do not toil. This great struggle cannot be described in the phrase, "Labor war." It is too big for any phrase. It would take volumes to describe the great struggle, and those volumes have not been written. They cannot be written until the struggle is ended.

Smug defenders of those who Have try from time to time to convince us that there is no need for struggle, no need for war, no need for anything but harmony. Some go so far as to tell us that there is no struggle, except in the minds of a few "agitators"—terrible word.

But, if there is no war why the soldiers? Answer that for us.

If there is no war why the military prisons—the bullpens of Trinidad and Calumet? Answer that for us. If there is no war why the soldier-jammed streets of Seattle, why the troop-patrolled streets of Paterson? Answer for us those questions.

But we do not prove that there is war simply by

the fact that the soldiers are on duty. No certain sort of weapons is necessary to a conflict. The weapons always are selected to fit the conflict. And it even may be that the absence of any weapons, the absence of any activity, the absence of any tools in use, denotes conflict as truly as the roll of drums, the crack of rifles, the boom of cannon and the tread of many feet stepping in time. The strike!

There is no need to gloss the serious nature of the great struggle that is on between the Have-nots and the Haves. It is serious; it is bitter. And there can be no peace until absolute victory comes to the dispossessed. Dispossession is the cause of the conflict; it forces the hosts of toil into battle and they cannot retire from the field until they have gained for themselves the right to have what they create—the right to live without being robbed.

They prattle to us of "living wages" and of arbitration and of many other things calculated to lull us into submission. But we can have none of these. We cannot stop half way, for if we do we shall be driven back to the barren plains straight away. We must go on until complete victory is ours.

So we say to the world that the world may call this conflict what it wishes—we call it war.

They chide us for our insistence in the fight; they

admonish us to be fair. They advise us to "meet the enemy half way."

Idle words; bait phrases to protect the masters and to trap us into ceasing fire. The only fair thing to do to the man who is picking your pocket is to make him take his hand out. He must stop entirely. You do not want him to merely take a little less than he intended to take. You want him to stop altogether. You want him to take nothing. That is the attitude of militant labor. It is not that the capitalist shall take a little less; it is that he shall take NOTHING—absolutely nothing at all!

And so today we have great conflicts between labor and capital. We have the battle of the copper miners, the battle of the coal miners in the East and the West, the battle of the cloak makers in San Francisco, the battle of the timber workers in the South, the battle of the cotton mill workers in the East, with hundreds of lesser battles scattered in every center of industry from coast to coast.

And, called by its right name, this is civil war—one portion of the people struggling against another, for a principle—for the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of that happiness that comes from the possession of those things that go to make life full and rich and worth while in every sense.

The fight is desperate—war is always that way, just as that hackneyed phrase of General Sherman's pictures it. Men starve, men are killed; women starve—and are sometimes killed. Little children are starved, and frequently die. And no war is anything more than that.

But it must be. It must be because the conditions that create it are upon us—have been for some time. Those conditions grow worse automatically—cumulative force. That is, unless there rises up in front of them a power strong enough to check them. And the only thing that can check robbery is the might of the man—or class—that is being robbed.

The working class is being robbed. Production is socialized. The collective tools of production and distribution are owned by the capitalist class. This is not a fight between individuals; it is a fight between classes. The working class cannot allow the robbery to continue.

Strikes come, inevitably. Strikes have for their object the protection of the worker from excessive robbery. The pure and simple unionist is willing to permit some robbery—but not COMPLETE robbery. He doesn't understand the principle behind the robbery—yet. The man who does understand that principle sees that the "just-a-little-robbery" toiler doesn't understand how far he has to travel. He has plunged into the battle—but he doesn't see the finish of it. He will, however. Having been plunged into the battle he cannot extricate himself until the final victory is won, however much he may want to.

For, while he may win a small victory and halt the robber at one end of his line he will find the robber busier than ever at the other end—and so the fight goes on, incessantly, until the final overthrow of the robber. The pure and simple unionist may get the foreign hand out of one pocket for a moment, but he will find it diligently at work in the other pocket. Incessant battle. No complete cessation of hostilities.

So it is war to the finish. Why veneer the thing? It may be ugly, but it is necessary. It may be bitter—but submission is more bitter. The term "war" may be unethical, but what has bound us to abide by the ethics of the robber? To us robber ethics are unbearable. To the worm the bird is evil. We can see no nobility in any ethics that condone robbery and murder!

To us the plea of the capitalist for fairness is ludicrous. It is like requesting the executioner to pad the straps of the electric chair with velvet. And we do not mean to be fair to capitalism. We mean to kill it; annihilate it absolutely. That is the only fairness we know anything about. We must get the iron heel off our neck completely. We must get the sneaking hand out of our pocket for good.

We are in deadly earnest. We carry no white flag. There is going to be no surrender; no truce. There is going to be nothing but one unceasing war until Labor has regained its right to life and all that life at its best can mean. This is not a declaration of war. That came long ago from sources over which we have no control. This is merely a reaffirmation of our uncompromising, unflinching attitude toward the war that is upon us.

Our trade unions stand out along the skirmish lines, sighting the enemy, halting it here and there for a moment, doing the best they can do. But looming big and menacing, with the key to the heart of the situation, the Socialist Party looms up as the great and final power that is to send the capitalist system into defeat and death, building out of the ruins as they fall the new civilization wherein the only potent power will be the power of RIGHT as voiced by a free people. The Socialist Party is the agency through which the toilers are to perform a historic mission for the world to come. It is the great agency of the revolution—the civil war of the workers against the idle possessors of the world's machines and storehouses.

Capitalism, we have no kind word for you, except that you have brought us to the door of our liberties. You have served your purpose and you must go—unwillingly, but none the less completely. We shall see to that. We are fighting you and we are going to win.



DREAM LULLABY

Sydney Hillyard

Sleep, little baby, 'tis bye baby time
Thy mother will sing thee a bye baby rhyme,
Will sing of the day that my baby will see
When baby, my baby, a woman will be
 The day that is dawning,
 The bright golden morning,
Its sky is an awning, my baby, for thee.

No driver shall drive thee in terror or tears,
Nor judge shall condemn thee to long silent years,
No slaver, my baby, in ambuscade lies
To steal all the laughter from innocent eyes
 Oh sweet baby mine
 My arms shall entwine
Thy star that shall shine in the beautiful skies.

Thy mother, rock-a-baby, has wept in the night
For thy father, my baby, that's out in the fight
But a new world is making, my own little girl
Mother sees in her dreams its bright banners unfurl
 For the night lies behind thee
 Its chains shall not bind thee
Its ghouls shall not find thee, my sweet pretty pearl.

In the day that is coming, that's fast on the wing,
Brave men shall rejoice and sweet women shall sing
A lover is coming my baby to woo,
Mother sees him in dreamland, so strong and so true
 Now he lies at his rest
 On his own mother's breast
So smile in thy nest for she's singing of you.

So sleep, little baby, through bye-baby time
With this in thy dreams for a bye-baby rhyme
One day thou shalt teach thine own baby to dream
As thy mother now teaches thee, little sunbeam,
 As she sings soft and low
 For her baby shall grow,
Where her summers shall flow like a beautiful stream.

The Seamstress

By Adriana Spadoni

From that blithe and impertinent organ of the revolution in New York, The Masses, the following sketch is culled. Along with this culling there goes a wishing that this might have been the first magazine to publish this bit of art-thought from the pen of Adriana Spadoni, one of the numerous California writers, to hie themselves to the equally broad but less sunny shores of the Atlantic. And as just an added bit of information about this little sketch let it be known that Current Opinion liked it so well that it welcomed it to its own columns. And now, thus formally introduced, you may read on.—Editors.



THE woman laid down the skirt she was binding and listened. The street door below closed, someone went into the front room, and then shuffling feet came up the stairs.

"Are ye in? It's yur friend."
The shuffling feet went down again.

The woman rose, folded the skirt neatly, and crossing to the curtained corner took a black jacket from a hook behind and a small black hat from the shelf

above. Before she put on the hat she tightened her coil of auburn hair and picked up a few loose threads from her black marino waist. She had soft, helpless hands spattered with light freckles. The black jacket was too tight and gaped in front. Above her face looked larger and paler than before, as if it had been compressed upward. The eyes, with much close sewing, were slightly red about the lids and tiny red veins netted the eyeballs. When she was ready she pulled the window down from the top, drew the blind that no one might look in across the narrow lightwell, locked the door and put the key in her stocking.

As she entered the front room below a man got up quickly from the shabby sofa in the corner. He was a tall man with military shoulders. He looked as if he should have been in uniform.

"I was afraid you might not be in," he said nervously, and the hand he held out trembled, although it was a strong hand, bony and well shaped.

"No, I've been working at home all day."

"Then you need a breath of air." He tried to smile naturally, but his lips twitched and he seemed in a hurry to get out.

"This air is enough to choke anyone," he said impatiently as they stood for a moment in the narrow hall while the woman buttoned a pair of gray cotton gloves. "Does she cook cabbage all the time?"

"Most of the time, I reckon. Unless it's the odor of the original one in the air yet." The man smiled a little less nervously and held the door open in the manner of a man accustomed to such service. At the foot of the front steps he turned to her.

"Have you any preference?"

"Anywhere. It really doesn't make any difference."

HE HESITATED a moment and then, turning sharply to the left, began climbing the steep hill before them. It was cold, with a cheerless gray mist creeping farther and farther in among the gray wooden houses. The man shivered a little, and she tried without his noticing it to button the three gaping buttons.

Block after block they walked without speaking. The man's mood dictated the silence, but there was no embarrassment in it. From time to time she glanced at him, as if looking for a sign, and glanced away again

without having said anything. The man stared ahead, his dark, lean face set, as if the muscles had been worn away by nervous friction. At last the sky grew darker and a dull red glow of the city's lights spread through the low-hanging fog. The man turned.

"I didn't think it would come so soon again," he said in a weak, petulant voice. "It's not more than three weeks, is it?"

"Almost four. Three and five days."

The man shrugged wearily. "What's the good, Kathie, I can't do it."

The woman laid her hand on his arm. "Yes, you can," she said softly, and there was something in her voice like the ring of a finely toned bell. "You're better, lots better than last year."

"Kathie, I'm not worth it." The man looked at her with tired, discouraged eyes. "It's got too strong a hold."

"Let's go and have something to eat." She spoke cheerfully. "I was so busy today I didn't have time to stop for lunch."

They walked on again, silent as before. At last they came to a restaurant whose swinging electric sign cut the darkness of the block.

"I guess this will do?"

He nodded, and they went in.

AS THE officious waiter dropped the red velvet curtain of the small private box behind them, he winked at a fellow worker. The other returned the wink. "Poor fellow, madam has the face of squash." When the first waiter took in the tea and toast and strong black coffee that had been ordered, there was under the professional indifference in his eyes a faint shadow of curiosity.

The woman broke the toast delicately with her plump, freckled hands, and ate in that indescribable way of a person used to the proper thing. In the same indescribable way the man drank the strong black coffee from the thick cup. When it was almost gone he looked up.

"Do you think I'd better go in again, Kathie?"

"How long has it lasted this time?"

"Only a few hours—so far. I felt it coming on after lunch, so I hurried over to you."

"Don't you feel as if you could ward it off?" She spoke slowly, knitting the palely red eyebrows. "You're really—so much—better, I hate—to have—you go in again."

"I know." The long nervous fingers played with the saucer. "I thought it was going to be all right after the last time, and then—this afternoon—"

The woman leaned across the table with an oddly graceful motion.

"Don't you really believe you can do it alone? I hate to have you go."

"I don't know, Kathie, I don't know," he repeated helplessly. "If you could—"

The man buried his head in his arms and groaned. "I'm going to quit, Kathie, I'm going to quit. What's the use? A West-Pointer—first in the class—and now an under-draughtsman when I can keep the job. What would the folks at home say to that?"

A faint moisture glistened in the woman's eyes, reddening the network of tiny veins.

"He was proud of you, wasn't he?"

"Do you remember the first appointment, the quick promotions?"

"Yes, Bob, I remember them."

"How did it get such a hold, Kathie?" he asked plaintively. "I wasn't worse than the others at first."

THE woman's thick shoulders shook. "Perhaps it was in the blood, Bob."

"Perhaps, he answered wearily, "but I never heard of another Farthington that was a drunk—a common drunk."

"You're not. You're not that." A dull color crept into the pale, fat face. "And you're getting better all the time. Last year—"

A little hope glimmered in the man's eyes. "Do you really think so, Kathie? Yes, I guess—I am—a little—thanks to you."

"You've done it yourself, Bob. Nobody could have made you, if—"

"You made me. Somehow if I can get to you in time, that gnawing, biting thing inside goes to sleep. Somehow you bring the other back, the plantation, the slow, hot days of peace, the—"

"You will be able to do it alone soon, Bob." The heavy face was immobile, except for the shadow of a weary smile about the shapeless lips.

"When you say it like that, I believe it—till the next time."

"And soon there won't be a next time." The woman laughed softly, and again the ring of a finely toned bell came into her voice.

The man laid his strong brown hand on her's. "Kathie, if happiness ever comes back into my life, I shall owe it all to you."

The woman looked down into her plate. "Have you heard—lately?"

"She's on her way home," he whispered. "I saw it in the society news yesterday."

The freckled hand quivered. "Edgar, too?"

"It didn't say. But she wouldn't leave him in Paris alone without her."

"He must be—quite—a boy—now."

"He's almost eight."

AGAIN they were silent, until the throbbing in the woman's throat forced her to say something.

"When are they due?"

"About three weeks." The man looked up. Behind the despair in his eyes there was something flickering, trying to live. "She said a year. If I could—for one whole year—she would—trust me again. It's six months—since I was really bad—because the last time—you—"

"Yes," the woman interrupted quickly. "It's six months."

The flickering spark in the man's eyes grew stronger. "My God!" he whispered. "If—I could. Think of it, Kathie! She—would—take—me back. Beatrice would take me back. She would be my wife again. It's four years since she went and took Edgar. Four—years." The woman knew he did not see her. He was staring back down the years. "Four years—and I have tried. How I tried the first year—and the next, too. But it

was no good, no good till I found you again, Kathie." Now he did see her. "Why do some women—understand, Kathie," he asked simply.

"I don't know, Bob. I suppose—it's—to even things up—for those who have no charm, no beauty."

He made no effort to contradict. "It's the lonesomeness, the awful lonesomeness. You don't know what it is."

"No," she said quietly. "I don't get much time to be lonely. I'm pretty busy."

He looked almost envious. "I wish I could find reality in mere work," he answered peevishly. "But drawing-boards and blue-prints seem so foolish without Beatrice." Again he stared beyond her. She reached for her gloves, and began buttoning the tight jacket. "Shall we go?"

AS THEY walked back the man talked and the woman listened. The heaviness was gone. With vivid touches he sketched the men at the office, repeated bits of interesting gossip, anecdotes at which they both laughed. When they reached the house he went lightly up the steps and opened the door for her. A tiny jet of gas flared in the draft. Behind a closed door someone was snoring. The man dropped his voice as he took the woman's hands.

"Thank you—a thousand times. It's going to be all right this time, too."

The woman smiled. "Of course it is. It's going to get easier and easier right along, and soon there'll be no next time."

"Do you know, Kathie, I believe that—I believe you're right. Really I have a lot of will. If Beatrice had only understood—and then after—it was so lonesome—"

The woman withdrew her hands and turned to the stairs. "Yes," she said soothingly, "I know. But it will be different now."

"I believe it will." The voice was young with hope. "I have a will, you know—only it hasn't—seemed worth while."

"I know," she said again as she began slowly mounting the stairs. "Good night. If you get good news—"

"You shall be the first to hear it, Kathie—the very first. Good night—and thank you."

As she bent to get the keys from her stocking, shuffling feet moved from the banisters of the hall above. Her room was cold and damp, for the narrow light-well drew the fog like a funnel. When she had hung the black jacket on its nail and put the hat in its box she sat down, drew the lamp close, and finished putting on the binding of the skirt.



THESE THINGS MUST BE DONE

By J. A. Symonds

These things shall be! a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flow'r of freedom in their souls,
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarm'd shall live as comrades free;
In ev'ry heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mold
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And ev'ry life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

These things—they are no dreams—shall be
For happier men when we are gone;
These golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending ought we gaze upon.

THE FEDERATION IDEA

By J. L. ENGDahl



POWERFUL and influential minds in the American Federation of Labor were having their say. The storm of debate dashed against and was hurled back from the question: "Shall officials of the A. F. of L. also be permitted to belong to the National Civic Federation?" The time and place—the 1911 convention of the A. F. of L. at Atlanta, Ga. Down in front someone had long been seeking to gain the recognition of President Samuel Gompers. At last he got it. Then he began to talk. It was Max Hayes, of Cleveland, O., veteran in the Socialist struggle.

He talked little of the Civic Federation nor did he denounce the ignorance of his fellow-delegates. He talked much and earnestly of the growing and multiplying power of capitalism.

"I am glad that my friend, Hayes, here, has finished his annual propaganda speech," said "Big Jim" Lynch, the next speaker, the international head of the Typographical Union.

It also happens that Hayes is a printer. Annually they sit close to each other in the councils of the American Federation of Labor. Just as often Hayes unswervingly assails the citadels of exploitation and seeks to interpret to those about him the handwriting that industrial evolution inscribes upon the pages of the years.

It has been a hard and discouraging fight. Year after year it seemed as if no progress was being made. Now it seems, however, that the big thing—America's Organized Labor—is on the forward move.

"I was surprised—agreeably surprised—at the progress that had been made," said A. A. Myrup, international president of the Bakers' Union, upon returning last year from the 1912 convention at Rochester, N. Y. Myrup had missed several conventions and was therefore able to note the contrast all the better.

After all the battle is the school of the toiler. Suffering is his teacher and delegates to annual conventions only talk and have written down the stenographic account of the lessons that he has learned.

It was in the bitter war against the Illinois Central and Harriman railroads that the Federation idea of organizing the railroad shopmen received its greatest impetus at a gathering held at Kansas City, Mo., in April, 1912.

The amalgamating of all the shopmen on all the railroads—the object sought—was called the federation of federations, and the hope was a general strike of all the shopmen in order that victory might perch upon the banners of Labor. The move was new, success has not yet come, but the struggle is still going on.

For the purpose of this article no sacred words shall be recognized. Call it federation or industrial unionism, or coin some other name if you like. "Big Jim" Lynch could refer to Hayes' effort to rouse the slumbering brain of Labor as a "propaganda speech," but the fact still remained that the purblind eyes of toil were gradually but surely beginning to see.

I shall attempt to here set down, not a hazy, speculative dream of the far future, but to indicate some of the phenomena noticeable in the organized American

labor movement that spell "GROWING SOLIDARITY" in letters large enough to threaten the peace of mind of the industrial masters who even now feel themselves slowly slipping from the backs of all men, women and children who labor. I shall also dare to prophecy on what this growing solidarity means for the next few years.

Right now the American Federation of Labor is sending a pamphlet broadcast over the nation entitled, "Industrial Unionism." There is a sub-title, "Its Relation to Trade Unionism." The contents of this pamphlet is in substance the report of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor to the Rochester, N. Y., convention, 1912, in which it is declared, "the subject is fairly discussed."

The point isn't so much that industrial unionism resolutions were defeated in the last A. F. of L. convention by a vote of two to one, or that the A. F. of L. executive council has issued a pamphlet not at all favoring it. The point is that this question is before nearly 3,000,000 organized workers of the nation for discussion.

At its meeting the first Sunday of October the Chicago Federation of Labor referred the question of industrial unionism to all affiliated locals, with a total membership of a quarter of a million, with the recommendation that the locals discuss and vote on the subject for the guidance and direction of the central body. When a quarter of a million get to talking industrial solidarity over their dinner buckets at the noon hour with the reflected results in union local meetings, the outcome will soon affect city, state and national federations.

The A. F. of L. executive council argues that the trade unions are not "rigid, unyielding, or do not adjust themselves to meet new conditions and do not advance, develop or expand," as is argued by a certain type of so-called industrial unionists.

The declaration is made that "trade autonomy, according to the ethics of the American Federation of Labor, means self-government. Craft autonomy does not prohibit the amalgamation of kindred or other trades or callings. It encourages it."

It is then pointed out that the A. F. of L. has "developed the system of industrial departments which federate the organized workers of the different crafts, trades and callings and which co-operate for common protection and advancement of the interests of all."

The contention is made that "progress in the Organized Labor movement is the result of a natural development," and that the organization of the American Federation of Labor is such that it is able to meet with "the varying phases and transitions in industry."

While the organized American labor movement has no such organization as the German Metal Workers' Union, considered an industrial union of all workers in metal, it can be said that the American workers are not subdivided into crafts to the same extent as the British workers. In its last report detailing the results of jurisdictional disputes the A. F. of L. executive council reports:

"Years ago we severed the affiliation of the Ameri-

can branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and declared that inasmuch as its members performed the work in several of the machinery trades, the members thereof should belong to the International Association of Machinists. The Allied Metal Mechanics' International Union became part of the International Association of Machinists, and the Machinists' Helpers' Unions have become part thereof.

"The Amalgamated Wood Workers' International Union amalgamated with and became part of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, and the American Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters has had its charter revoked because it refused to amalgamate with the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

"In accordance with the instructions of the Atlanta convention, efforts were made to have the International Association of Steam and Hot Water Fitters and Helpers amalgamate with the United Association of Plumbers, Gasfitters, Steamfitters, and Steamfitters' Helpers. Because of the refusal of the former, we have endeavored to carry the instructions into effect that there should be but one organization recognized in the pipe-fitting industry, and that the United Association of Plumbers, Gasfitters, Steamfitters, and Steamfitters' Helpers. The United Association has within its membership those branches of the trades included in its title.

"The International Molders' Union of North America now encompasses molders of all metals, and some years ago the Coremakers' International Union became amalgamated with it.

"The Longshoremen have pilots and steam shovelmen in addition to their own workers, longshoremen.

"Blacksmiths have chain makers and helpers.

"The Lasters' International Union became amalgamated with the Boot and Shoe Workers' International Union.

"The Iron and Steel Workers are organizing the unskilled with the skilled of the trade.

"The miners have jurisdiction over all work in and around the mines.

"Granite Cutters have added polishers, rubbers, sawyers, and the tool sharpeners have been part thereof from the beginning.

"Quarry Workers have added derrickmen, boxing and strapping.

"Railroad telegraphers have added station agents, signalmen, train dispatchers, telephoners, pneumatic interlockers and staff men.

"The Journeymen Tailors' International Union, the United Garment Workers of North America and the Ladies' Garment Workers' International Union are endeavoring to bring about an amalgamation of the three organizations, or to bring about a closer co-operative effort.

"So on we might quote nearly all of the national and international unions in their constant effort to a more thorough and comprehensive organization of their own fellow workers in the trade, or in kindred trades."

Interneine war breaking out as the result of jurisdictional disputes has taught the workers many bitter lessons. While this internal warfare has been going on for the most part among the better paid workers, the so-called "labor aristocracy," it has militated against the organization of the unskilled and the underpaid.

The new era now opening in the organization of American labor includes the banding together of the unskilled and marks the forming of industrial departments within the A. F. of L. The Rochester convention saw reports from the building trades, metal trades, min-

ing, railroad employes and the union label trades departments.

Affiliated with the building trades departments are 19 international unions, 173 local councils and two state councils. This department is reported as serving as "a sort of general clearing house where the dissatisfied members might confer in regard to the conflicting trade jurisdiction and reach some mutually agreeable understanding."

"It has been the conviction of this department that joint efforts are necessary to attain greater progress in organizing industries," reports Albert J. Berres, secretary-treasurer of the metal trades department, which has now affiliated with it all eligible with the exception of one international organization, the International Brotherhood of Stationary Firemen.

In his last report Thomas F. Tracy, secretary-treasurer of the Union Label Trades Department, tells of the affiliation of 38 national and international unions with this department, which carries on an educational propaganda in behalf of the union label. The year 1912 saw the issuance of nearly twelve hundred million such labels. The Bakers' Union was in the lead with 555,439,000 labels issued.

Impatient workers at times speak slightly of the work done by these federations of toilers in industrial departments. They speak least slightly, however, of the mining department, which easily brought the United Mine Workers and Western Federation of Miners together at the Atlantic convention in 1912. This department secures the active co-operation of all organized miners on the North American continent. It is now reaching out for the lake seamen and longshoremen engaged in the shipping of mine products, and the steel workers, who toil with iron ore and coal in the nation's gigantic steel industry.

The railroad employes' department does not yet include those "aristocratic" brotherhoods which still remain without the pale of the American Federation of Labor. This department relies for its main strength upon the shopmen who have suffered at the expense of better conditions and higher wages granted the more docile employes of the operating departments.

In this department are to be found the International Association of Machinists; the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Ship Builders and Helpers of America; International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths and Helpers; Brotherhood of Railway Carmen of America; Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers' International Alliance; United Association of Plumbers, Gas Fitters and Steam Fitters' Helpers of the United States and Canada; International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers; Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, and the Switchmen's Union, with the hope that the Order of Railroad Telegraphers and the Maintenance of Way Employes will soon be added to this list.

President M. F. Ryan, of the car men, in his recent report to his organization showed how early battles had been won by the railroad system federation idea of organization in preventing the extension of the piece-work system on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and how a wage reduction was prevented on the Southern Railroad by the Southern System Federation, composed of both the transportation and shop organizations.

"It was almost immediately conceded by all," declares Ryan, in reporting on these successes, "that if joint action and federation was a good thing to prevent the introduction of piece-work and wage reductions, that it certainly would be a good thing for their protection in all other matters of mutual concern."

The big test came when 30,000 men were struggling

in twenty-two states against the combined financial power of all the Wall Street interests called to the rescue of the Illinois Central and the Harriman lines in their efforts to crush this "Socialistic" spirit of organization among the shopmen employed by them.

If it was good for all the crafts on one system to get together, then, it was argued, it was good for the workers on all the systems to get together. The result was the federation of all the system federations which received the name of the Railway Employees Department of the American Federation of Labor at the 1912 Rochester convention. This was admittedly one of the biggest forward steps ever taken by the railroad workers of this continent.

The industrial department idea of organization is new. It seems to be making giant strides. Whether it will be able to successfully combat the growing trusts and combinations of capital opposed to Organized Labor remains to be seen. It has already been so successful, however, that additional departments of a similar nature will no doubt be organized as soon as possible.

Such departments will be the wearing apparel department and the food department, with the likelihood of printing trades and theatrical employees departments.

The making of the nation's clothes is one of the country's greatest industries. Yet the organization of the workers in this industry is somewhat chaotic. While two organizations of shoe workers are carrying on a dual combat the Hatters' Union is having a hard time of it with the courts and big hat manufacturers. In the meantime New England gives evidence of the lack of organization in the textile industries while the cry of the child slaves is continually heard from the cotton factories of the South.

The battles of Lawrence, Mass., and Paterson, N. J., added to the repeated conflicts of the garment workers in New York City, Chicago and other large cities indicate that closer federation is needed between the workers who clothe the nation.

The capitalists are not behindhand. When the button workers of Muscatine, Ia., went on strike the factories were closed and the work transferred to factories in New York. When the silk workers of Paterson, N. J., were starving for the cause of labor, Sears, Roebuck & Co., of Chicago, the world's wonder in mail order houses, shipped silk weaving machines to the Pacific Coast, brought Japs across the Pacific from the Orient and supplied its customers as if no revolt on the part of the workers had ever taken place.

The same is true, only to an even greater extent, of the food producers of the nation. The bakers have what some call an industrial union. So have the brewers. The teamster on the wagon is as much a bakery or brewery worker as he who watches the machines knead the dough or who puts labels on bottles of beer. Yet these industrial unions feel that something more must be accomplished.

"It is not sufficient to have all the men employed in the baking and brewing industries, which are only small parts of the entire foodstuffs industry, banded together into one organization," declares Gustav Mostler, editor of the *Brewery Workers' Journal*. "They alone are comparatively powerless against the combined forces of the food manufacturing employers' associations. In the same proportion that a strike, under the present capitalist system of production, inaugurated by a small group of workingmen in a single shop is useless; so will the inevitable struggles of the future, in strikes inaugurated by single organizations in the food industry, also prove useless and ineffective.

"A strike will only be effective in future struggles when all men employed in the food industry are closely

united and when all these men, in complete solidarity based upon the identity of their common interests, are able to take up the fight against capital at one and the same time."

One of the most spectacular labor battles the nation has seen was that of the butcher workmen against the growing beef trust. Through their experiences with the growing monopoly in bread the bakers see reasons for standing side by side with the employees of the beef combine.

While tightening its claws in a firmer grasp upon the meat supply we see the beef trust dealing extensively in eggs, poultry, potatoes, fruits, grain, grapes, butterine, butter, cheese and other household necessities common to the kitchen. The Swifts have bought up fish canneries in different parts of the country. They also have pineapple plantations in far-off Hawaii. The Armours are big dealers in cereals and grapes.

When the beef trust puts its hand into the grain market, especially in wheat, it immediately gets its thumb on the flour mills, thus working around the bread industry. Thus the gigantic food trust comes into being and in order to combat it the workers in the food industry must develop a solidarity at least of equal if not greater potency.

Thus the bakers may now be said to have an industrial union. Yet they are only part of the workers in the greater food industry. And the production of food is only part of that greater system of production and distribution, which feeds, houses and clothes the people of the world. For the time being capital has gained a leap on Organized Labor in that it shows greater solidarity for the moment than the working class.

The remedy is not in hurriedly mapping out an ideal but elusive plan of organization and shouting to the working class to get aboard for immediate transportation to the co-operative commonwealth. It is rather in continuing to carry on an increased educational propaganda urging the solidarity that is necessary to emancipation. When all workers recognize that theirs is a universal brotherhood then the form of organization best adapted to every situation will come of itself.

"Industrial unionism is just beginning to manifest itself in all the departments of industry throughout the world," writes John M. O'Neill, in a recent number of *Miners' Magazine*, official organ of the Western Federation of Miners. "Conditions being created by the 'captains of industry' will force the working class together into an army that will yet prove invincible to 'predatory wealth.'"

"The time is coming when even the champions and advocates of craft autonomy will be forced to abandon their obsolete theories of organization and stand for a system of organization that will bring labor together industrially and politically to overthrow the Samson of organized greed.

"The employers stand together as a unit to give battle to the working class, and Labor will see the necessity of organizing along class lines to end the hellish system that enslaves humanity."

And this is only an echo of Karl Marx's age-long plea—"Workers of the World Unite!" The labor movement has always progressed like an irresistible glacier and there are no immediate indications that it is suddenly preparing to take on the qualities of an avalanche.

So the militant, class-conscious worker, like Max Hayes thundering in the halls of the American Federation of Labor, must keep up the fight which will ultimately be crowned with the laurels of victory over an outgrown system of civilization that is soon to pass away.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

By GEORGIA KOTSCH



THE lilies of the field.

Everybody is considering them.

What time the papers are not filled with rhapsodical panegyrics on the fall fashion show and the Easter demonstration, the space left from the advertising of fashions is more or less taken up with piffing diatribes against woman's dress.

Periodically members of the Business Men's Ananias Club furnish the press with the statement that woman's dress is ruining the country. As a matter of fact, I can think of few things that would be more disastrous to business and to such prosperity as there is in the country than for all women to decide to dress rationally. Many a scoffer would lose his employment in the resulting stagnation. It would be almost as cataclysmic to business as if all the working people should quit drinking and smoking and save their money.

It would be flying in the face of facts to deny that sex attraction has anything to do with the modes of dress in vogue at various times; just as much so as it would be to assert that it is the only, or even the chief explanation of them, and one cannot ignore an element of masculine perversity which lends gaiety to the subject.

Ever since that old primeval snake in the grass—a male creature, by the way—stood up on his tail and put ideas for the first fashion show into our first fore-mother's ear, down to the Los Angeles high school boys who have just gravely resolved that the attire of the high school girls interferes with their scholarship, man has been outwardly deprecating and inwardly adoring woman's frocks and frivols. He has cursed them and slaved for them, ridiculed and run after them. Incidentally, he has developed our business system.

Two ways of escape open to women who object to criticism of their clothes by men. Dress sensibly or wear shabby things. In either case no man will take enough interest in you to criticise you. Even though he may not know a Paul Poiret from a peplum or the difference between charmeuse and butternut jeans, the average man is, according to his light, a Josiah Allen a-runnin' after fashion.

A studious young girl who must perforce choose between pretty clothes and the furthering of certain intellectual ambitions said wistfully to a wise dame:

"Mae wears the loveliest things to school. She's got a peg-top skirt and it's slit to show her rose petticoat and her coat ties around her knees just too sweet so she can hardly walk, and you ought to see the boys swarm around her—the very smartest ones."

Mae has to wear weights in her hems, her head is so buoyant, so the wise dame said:

"And you just watch Mae walk off with the boy who will be a senator at the least. Now, you will never get a man worth shucks. You're not going at it the right way."

The young girl said, "I wonder why men are like that."

"So that ten years hence they can tell some other woman they are not understood at home, and it will be a miracle if the other woman is not a case of clothes, too," said the wise dame.

You would think just now that the subject of extremes in woman's habiliments was brand new, but that is only because it is perennially new. Formerly the hue and cry was of full, heavy skirts and every paper went into sanitary spasms over the deadly microbes which mothers carried to the nurseries of their hapless offspring after performing the civic task of sweeping the streets. Now, that no microbe is agile enough to find foothold on woman's clothes, the air is roseate with masculine blushes over the immodest styles which are betraying the mortifying fact that woman has nether extremities—quite an irresistible theme. It corroborates in a way a theological dogma, for certainly if the creator of all good had been left to himself he would have equipped woman with a roller skate instead of such immoral appendages. What a boon such a peregrinating pedestal would be, now when skirts are worn upside down, goes without saying.

If you will look in the files of the wartime papers you will find that although the soldiers could meet on the battlefield with valor they were the same querulous chaps we know so well when it came to meeting the ladies and they cried at being crowded out of the concourse by the decorous crinolines which left the method of woman's locomotion entirely to the imagination.

When dresses were cut short at the top the tumult was just as great as when they were long at the bottom, but all these were as nothing to the scare that rocked the nation when the practical costume of bloomers was advocated.

Heavens! Ankles!

Better far a Herodian massacre of the innocents, better be crowded into outer darkness, than that manly virtue should be put to the test of an exposed ankle.

Apropos of man's courage in taking risks, the parade ground of fashion in Los Angeles—the west side of Broadway—is known and spoken of as "the female side of the street," it being lined with shops which cater almost exclusively to the fair sex. Does a shocked unfair sex shun it? I have seen men standing before the revolving figures in the windows, notebook and drawing pad in hand. That is a matter of business, you say. Just so—business. Well, anyhow, I venture the assertion that if an ordinance should be passed restricting men to the east side of the street—Perdu! the oculists would be overwhelmed with a demand for distance glasses.

How can we think otherwise when a minister of the gospel has confessed from the pulpit to having "risked one eye" on a slit in a skirt. Not but what it seems to me that the cloth, of all people, should risk both eyes in a clean, open gaze on any skirt, no matter how seriously slit, since it preaches that the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing that I am less harrowed than ordinary folks at the spectacle of women in swaddling clothes, like over-sized papposes, trying to navigate Broadway, but I have seen fashion shows which distressed me more. Once a year, before we had free text-books, the mothers of young America came out to buy books on the first day of school, pathetic, apologetic figures, too ashamed of their shabbiness to hold their own with the clerks behind the counters. Needless to say the papers did not give space to their costumes.

Now, why all this froth and fizzle published about woman's dress? Why is this pretense on the part of men played up for so much more than it is worth?

For the same reason that we are deluged daily with crimes and sensations, pseudo science and false philosophy. It is to make you look pleasant while you are being held up. The papers print the dress stuff, not because they are shocked, but to mask the issues that are important to the masses of the people.

The caviling is not applicable to all, but is merely the featuring of a class of women. The majority of women have too little to be artistically, self-respectingly or comfortably clothed. It is the lilies of the field who dress in the modes. Of course the dogfennel and ragweeds do their shabby bravest to imitate them.

The lilies are an exemplification of the old saw, "Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do." Their clothes are designed to proclaim to all and sundry that the lilies do not have to degrade themselves with work. They are the visible token of their power to compel others to work for them.

The business of catering to the lilies and their imitators is one of the largest in the world. Great fortunes rest upon it. Its advertising is the life-blood of the newspapers. The lily adopts the styles, but business creates them. I am met by the argument that if business were the arbiter of fashions they would never be scant, since there is a loss on the yards of material. I have not observed business cutting off its own nose. With the scant styles there is a subtle advance on material all along the line, which remains when they expand again. The tariff either goes up or it doesn't and accounts for the price. Underwear is somewhat diminished, but what there is, O, my ducats! You can't wear your old flour sack lingerie with an X-radiant gown nor yet with one which is donned with a shoe horn, and corsets were never so fearfully and wonderfully made—and priced.

The requirements of trade necessitate the running of the gamut from full to scant and back again, with all possible variations.

A protesting man delivered himself at one jab of a plaint against the special privileges of "the female sect" and their present bunchiness amidships by saying, "If I should go down town with my pants on hind side before I'd be arrested." That would depend, however, altogether upon whether trousers worn thus had been featured in the shop windows. Any monstrosity which receives the benediction of business becomes impeccable.

The lily of the field is not ruining the country. She is more ominous than that. Historically she has presaged the decay of civilizations, as so ably set forth

by Olive Schreiner in "Woman and Labor." At a certain stage of civilization she quits work and becomes a sex parasite. This manifestation is hastened in modern life by the great wealth piled up by the use of machinery.

Great numbers of women also, who do not properly belong to the lily class, are involuntarily condemned to sex parasitism. They are not the very poor, for the very poor can always afford children to keep them busy. They are the modern cave-dwellers whom capitalism masses near shop and office work, shut up in tiny flats or apartments. They have nothing to do and no space in which to do anything. They cannot have a baby or a pig or a garden. Thousands of them pine for work to broaden their lives a bit, but if they seek it they only aggravate the cheap labor problem and crowd out others more needy. About the only outlet for their necessarily idle lives is dress and the changing fashions, and they are not to blame.

Tell me, gentle sirs who criticise, where has the young girl who leaves school after the grades and goes to work, had a chance to acquire good taste? What goal does society set before her but the catching of a man to support her? In all the literature I have read upon the minimum wage for women I have never found it to include money to lay by for old age or to help provide for a future family. It is never aught but a temporary makeshift until a man to provide these things can be landed. Dress is the bait.

I was asked by an anxious man what the dress of the future emancipated woman would be like.

"You can see that for yourself," I replied, "any time you go down the street."

"But I don't see," he averred.

"Needless to mention it," says I. "You are looking at the latest thing in skirts. There are always a few women and the streets tastefully and beautifully dressed. These are the forerunners, the few who have education, good taste and the means to dress accordingly."

I profess no seeress' vision of the number of gores and darts in the future woman's dress, but this I know: People crave the beautiful; art eternally strives for expression. When the palsyng, distorting pressure of special privilege is lifted and people have a chance to develop naturally, when work is not a slavish thing of which to be ashamed, but a healthy exercise in which men and women share, with justly proportioned rewards; when we all have the means to gratify good taste, when there is no incentive to flaunt a badge of power over another, then will a dress that is at once artistic and practical evolve for woman as naturally as grows a beautiful and useful plant.

THE CHAINLESS CHAINED

By David Fulton Karsner

I look at you sitting there on the park bench reading a paper that you found. You seem to read only to kill the long hours that drag into longer days. All about you rears the tumultuous cry of commerce.

I see you smile as the hum of the subway fills your ear. I saw you sneer as you watched an old man hobble by you, his back bent under a heavy load. I saw you turn your head when an old woman came by with a huge basket balanced on her feeble shoulder. You lifted your hand to your face and caught a tear that filled your eye when you saw little children, with their luncheon under their arms, hurrying to work at sunrise.

And there you sat, in the same place, on the same park bench, all day long. The policeman passes by and you chat with him. You and he are comrades, it seems.

You are not afraid of his club for you know he would not strike you. He is not afraid of the fierce expression on your face for he knows your spirit is broken, dead. The club is used to bruise the spirit more than the flesh. Yours was bruised, oh, so many times. And no one fears you. Even the policeman pities you.

I love your physical freedom, but I loathe your spiritual slavery. I would rather be chained hand and foot in some musty cell, with my spirit free, than to have my hands and feet free to do what I decide, and my spirit dead.

Your snarl has no sting. Your bite has no poison. Your speech is without resolution. Your protest commands no answer from those who conspired against you.

And yet, my spirit can never be free while yours is enslaved. My emancipation depends upon your resurrection. Any revolution would be incomplete if it failed to revolve you into the circle of life. You are a dead weight to live spirits.

But dear brother, you too will be free with me. We are comrades in life and death.

The Ignominy of a Hobby Rider

By O. L. Anderson



UMPTY DUMPTY sat on a—"

No, no, this is not a nursery tale but the truly true story of a man whose name and build suggest the famous couplet of childhood memory. It is the story of John E. Humphries, judge of the superior court of the state of Washington for King County. An affectionate abbreviation easily makes him Humpty; his enemies added Dumpty, and there you have the man whose name has gone

the length and breadth of the United States in the last few months on account of the sensational record he has made upon the bench.

Judge Humphries, ambitious, confident, determined, mounted that famous old steed, Injunction, astride of which Judge William Howard Taft and many another, notorious and not so, judicial celebrity has ridden to greater glory and reputation; but alas and alack the day when the thought obsessed his mind, for that day marked the beginning of his undoing. Great was the sport for a while as horse and driver cavorted about. There was applause, amazement, amusement and disgust, until finally the performance wound up in a frenzy of excitement, with the snorting steed badly wrecked and the rider a-sprawl in the dust of the arena, limp and subdued.

But lest this remain as unintelligible as the ball game story to the average reader, we here check our hahing spirits to tell the story of the Seattle Free Speech Fight, so called, of 1913.

It grew out of the riots incident to the Seattle Golden Potlatch, an annual carnival and street fair, organized for the purpose of coining golden dollars for sundry Seattle business men and incidentally to commemorate the discovery of gold in the Klondyke. On Friday night, of the Potlatch week, the precise date being July 18, following a hip, hip, hurrah speech by Secretary of the Navy Daniels on the night preceding, a street brawl of the same night in which some soldiers and sailors had a little the worst of it, and the more than usually lying and lurid issue of the Seattle Daily Times, a mob, consisting principally of city hoodlums, but led by soldiers and sailors from the fleet at anchor at the Bremerton Navy Yard and in the harbor, abetted and applauded by military officers of the United States, sacked and set fire to various premises occupied by the different wings of the Socialist party and the I. W. W.'s.

As a result of that riot the mayor of Seattle, basing his authority on a provision of the city charter which centers police and some other authority in his hands in time of extraordinary emergency, took personal control of the police department, and, fearing the effect of possible incendiary utterances of the Times, made its issue on Saturday and Sunday conditional upon the proofs being submitted to him for his approval in the interest of public safety, at the same time also ordering the closing of the saloons for one day.

As was to be expected, the editor of the Times, known for his bluster and domineering, a veritable buccaneer on the journalistic seas, announced his determination to issue his paper in spite of all that the mayor

of the city might say or do. To prevent this violation of the mayor's order, a cordon of police was thrown about the Seattle Times building, thus boxing up the edition of the paper already off the presses and in the hands of the newsboys who filled the Times delivery rooms, ready to sally forth at the first opportunity. Curious thousands stood about, lured by the greatest attraction of the carnival, to see what the outcome would be.

Here is where Judge Humphries leaps into fame or infamy as your bias may judge his conduct. Colonel Blethen, editor in chief and owner of the Times, did not intend to bow to the man whom he had attacked upon every occasion and imaginary pretext, and allow him to dictate the contents of his paper, even though in the interest of public safety. Accordingly application was made to Judge Humphries, who had previously proved himself exceedingly obliging to the Times editor's wishes, even going so far as to order the expunging or mutilation of portions of two grand jury reports which displeased the editor, for an injunction restraining the mayor from interfering with the publication and distribution of the Times.

The judge immediately issued the desired injunction, at the same time delivering a lecture on a mayor who would stoop to such low actions as to suppress so worthy and indispensable a newspeddler as the Seattle Times. As a result the mayor withdrew the police and the times was issued as usual, filled on that and the succeeding Sunday with the vilest stuff printable about Seattle's mayor. Finding that relief, speedier than the dispenser of any patent nostrum would dare to claim for his cure-all, was obtainable at Judge Humphries' dispensary at the King County court house, the saloon keepers, one by one, sought and speedily obtained restraining orders from him, preventing the mayor from closing their places of business.

We now come to the opening skirmish of what has wrongly been termed Seattle's free speech fight. The corner of Fourth Avenue and Pike Street, one of the busiest corners in the city, had been used by street orators of all opinions, economic and religious, to propound their views to the passing crowd, oftentimes, it must be admitted, to the inconvenience of passersby and the hindrance of traffic. It is probable that the riots and false reports of insults to the flag by some of the street orators precipitated action, at any rate business men and property owners around the corner in question sought and obtained an injunction preventing meetings of all kinds at this place. This included the Salvation Army as well as the I. W. W.'s and Socialists, and it was issued by Judge Humphries, to whom that portion of Seattle's population which finds itself in need of injunctions of one kind or another, has naturally come to turn.

Parenthetically it may be stated that he has served about all the different varieties of injunctions made and invented some of his own. He even issued a temporary injunction preventing the city from enforcing its ordinance compelling fruit venders to screen their fruit to protect them from flies.

A little comedy entered the injunction proceedings of that day when an attorney called up the judge over

the telephone at his apartments late that night for further papers. "Come right up to the house," was the judge's reply, evidently linking the aggrieved property owners with the late call. The attorney and his client quickly repaired thither. Ringing the bell to the judge's apartment, a voice called, "Come on up." The attorney and his client did so, and as the door opened, shoved a paper into the hands of the judge, robed for the bed not the bench. The paper proved an affidavit of prejudice and the judge's only answer, accompanied with the bang of the door, was, "Oh, hell."

We have searched the constitution of state and nation in vain for any provision specifying it as the inviolable right of any individual to turn a busy thoroughfare into an auditorium for the expounding of his opinions at pleasure, but such was practically the view taken by the aggrieved parties to the injunction, and it was openly disregarded. Arrests followed the challenge thrown down, and thus began the court scenes which have since paled the attractions offered by the Seattle vaudeville theaters.

Dr. Hermon F. Titus, the first man to fling open defiance at the court, was arrested, and in a dramatic trial, sentenced to six months in jail and a fine of \$200 for contempt of court. This was followed by a mass meeting in a down town park at which the actions of the judge were assailed and defiance hurled at his rulings. Out of this further convictions resulted and resolutions were adopted, denying the right of the judge to proceed as he had done in the street speaking injunction matter and calling upon volunteers to come to Seattle and hold meetings in defiance of the judge's orders. Ninety-nine men and women signed these resolutions of defiance, many of whom were neither Socialists nor I. W. W.'s. The resolutions, with signatures appended, were sent to the judge by special delivery and warrants were speedily issued for their apprehension and arrest. More than half of the signers could not be located, but thirty-eight were found, some of whom gave the required bail of \$200, the majority being incarcerated in the county jail pending a hearing. Meanwhile the resolutions were being circulated and another list came containing more than a hundred additional names.

In the trial of those of the first ninety-nine offenders who had been apprehended, the judge blossomed out into probably the most garulous incumbent of the bench in the United States. Profuse lectures were delivered. Homilies on all subjects imaginable were served to the crowded court room. Everything that popped into the judge's brain was relevant. Everything that occurred to everybody else was irrelevant and promptly suppressed. For rising to object to a question, one of the attorneys was twice disbarred forever from practicing in the courts of the state. Two men in the audience who started to clap their hands were quickly brought forward and sentenced to long terms in jail for contempt of court.

The conduct of the judge throughout this period was such that physicians declared themselves willing to go on the stand and testify that he showed unmistakable evidences of insanity in one of its many forms. Here are some of the sentiments of which he delivered himself:

"I am the only pebble on the beach."

"I feel like the angel Abdiel, unsullied and unafraid."

"If anybody was after me I would get a gun and fill him full of holes. I am 63 years old and I know human nature. People have to be governed by fear."

"The room is full of street corner speakers. Instead of going out and killing those street speakers which business men ought to do in many cases, they come to me to get justice because they are law abiding citizens."

The judge's friends and the defenders of the judiciary and judicial dignity were getting restive under this buffoonery. The press aired his vagaries freely. Regrets were freely expressed because the legislature had failed to provide for the recall of judges. Impeachment proceedings began to be talked. The culmination came when a fire visited the Seattle Times building, Sunday, October 5. While the fires were raging the judge called up the editor of the morning paper and told him that the Socialists and I. W. W.'s who had come under the ban of his displeasure were responsible and could be indicted and sent to the penitentiary for incendiarism. So astounding were his charges that the editor would not believe them possible, giving the judge time to cool down and then insisting that he put them into writing. This he did in a slightly modified form but so extravagant as to lead the editors of three of the city's four daily papers to draft a telegram to the governor, calling upon him to end the judicial farce being enacted in the King County court house every day Judge Humphries was on the bench. As a result the governor hurried to Seattle, a conference was arranged with all the superior court judges present, when the situation was carefully gone over, the governor giving the judge some pointed advice.

Next morning Judge Humphries announced that he had nothing to say. The homilies were at an end. Sentences were remitted. Pending injunction cases were dropped. The disbarred attorneys were reinstated. Judicial dignity was being restored, and things are now as they were of the distant yore.

It need not be said that clearly the right of free speech was never squarely assailed. It was a set-to between a batty judge and hot-headed propagandists. The judge did not violate any law or constitution, but he made them both look ridiculous. His victims did not establish their claim that free speech had been abrogated for they had the right at all times to speak at innumerable places in the city, aside from the particular spot covered by the injunction.

From a tactical standpoint those who fought the judge proved too much. Judge Humphries offered the best argument in a decade for the need of a recall law. The first skirmish established the demand for that law firmly in the public mind. Later developments brought another corrective force into play. The interference of the governor showed a less expensive method to bring a rampant judge to terms than a special recall election. From the standpoint of democracy it would have been better to have stopped short of this last deduction.

• • •
LOVELINESS

By Madison Cawein

How good it is, when overwrought,
To seek the woods and find a thought
That to the soul's receptive sense
Delivers dreams as evidence
Of truths for which man long has sought!
Truths that no vulture years contrive
To rob the soul of, holding it
To all the glory Infinite
Of beauty that shall aye survive.

Still shall it lure us. Year by year,
Addressing now the spirit ear
With thoughts, and now the spirit eye
With visions that like gods go by,
Filling the mind with bliss and fear,
In spite of Science' scoff, that mocks
The Loveliness of old, nor minds
The ancient myths, gone with the winds,
The soul still finds 'midst woods and rocks.



Everybody's Loaded

The World Drama

By Stanley B. Wilson



SHAKESPEARE wrote: "All the world's a stage." The figure is interesting and suggestive.

Upton Sinclair says: "The curtain is going up on a world drama, the like of which history has never shown before; and it is your privilege to be a spectator. It is a privilege I would not exchange for a ticket of admission to all that has gone before since the human race began. And alas for you if you are

one of those unfortunates who sit cold and indifferent because they do not understand the language in which the great drama is played."

The plot of the play is the ascendancy of humanity.

"In all the procession of the centuries gone," says Eugene V. Debs, "not one was for humanity. From the very first, tyranny has flourished, freedom has failed; the few have ruled, the many have served; the parasite has worn the purple of power, while honest industry has lived in poverty and died in despair."

"But the eternal years, the centuries yet to come, are for humanity, and out of the misery of the past will rise the civilization of the future.

"The nineteenth century evolved the liberating and humanizing movement; the twentieth century will doubtless witness its culmination in the crash of despotisms and the rise of world-wide democracy, freedom and brotherhood."

Surely this is a drama worth witnessing!

Of its development Debs says: "Now, we Socialists propose that society in its collective capacity shall produce, not for profit, but in abundance to satisfy human wants; that every man shall have the inalienable right to work, and receive the full equivalent of all he produces; that every man may stand fearlessly erect in the pride and majesty of his own manhood.

"Every man and woman will then be economically free. They can, without let or hindrance, apply their labor, with the best machinery that can be devised, to all the natural resources, do the work of society and produce for all.

Then society will improve its institutions in proportion to the progress of invention, whether in the city or on the farm, all things productive will be carried

forward on a gigantic scale. All industry will be completely organized. Society for the first time will have a scientific foundation. Every man, by being economically free, will have some time for himself. He can then take a full and perfect breath. He can enjoy life with his wife and children, because then he will have a home.

"We are not going to destroy private property. We are going to establish private property—all the property necessary to house man, keep him in comfort and satisfy his wants. Eighty per cent of the people of the United States have no property today. A few have got it all. They have dispossessed the people. We will reduce the workday and give every man a chance. We will go to the parks and we will have music, because we will have time to play music and desire to hear it.

"Is it not sad to think that not one in a thousand knows what music is? Is it not pitiable to see the poor, ignorant, dumb human utterly impervious to the divine influences of music? If humanity could only respond to the higher influences! And it would if it had time.

"Release the animal, throw off his burden; give him a chance and he rises as if by magic to the plane of a man. Man has all of the divine attributes. They are in the latent state. They are not yet developed. It does not pay now to love music.

"I am not a prophet. I can no more penetrate the future than you can. I do study the forces that underlie society and the trend of evolution. I can tell by what we have passed through about what we will have in the future; and I know that capitalism can be abolished and the people put in possession.

"Now, when we have taken possession, and we jointly own the means of production, we will no longer have to fight each other to live; our interests, instead of being competitive, will be co-operative. We will work side by side. Your interest will be mine and mine will be yours. This is the economic condition from which will spring the humane social relation of the future.

"When we are in partnership and have stopped clutching each other's throats, when we have stopped enslaving each other, we will stand together, hands clasped, and be friends. We will be comrades, we will be brothers, and we will begin the march to the grandest civilization the human race has ever known."

WONDERING WILLIE

By A. F. Gannon

There is a man in our town an' he is awful kind,
Pa takes our shekels to his bank for him to bravely mind:
I wonder if we had a sheep would pa let someone sheer
Its woolly fleece an' give pa just a handful every year?

An' there's another man who comes when me or ma is ill
An' gives us nasty things to take, an' then sends pa a bill;
I wonder if he'd like t' see both me an' ma stay well?
I'm goin' t' ast him next time, but—I don't think he'll tell.

An' there's another one who talks on Sundays at the church,
About the sinners burnin' when they're left in the lurch:
I wonder if he is the one who rings the big, big bell—
An' how he knows so much about the hot place he calls hell?

An' there's a man who helped pa win, when he got in a fray
About a five-cent overcharge the grocer made him pay:
I wonder if pa likes him hard ('twas Uncle made the crack)?
He charged a hundred dollars just to get a nickel back!

EDITORIAL

THE "MOVE ON" IDEA

THE bourbon attitude toward the great social evil is well stated by John Purroy Mitchell, fusion candidate for mayor of New York. He declares that a "very good beginning" was made in 1910 when "we succeeded in getting the streets cleaned up," following which he urges that the residential sections be purged next.

The whole attitude is simply to get vice out of sight. Vice is not vicious until it leaves the shadows of the night and begins to stalk about in the day time, seems to be the idea. So, all there is to do is to drive it back into the shadows. Always driving; always pushing it from one place to another; always shuttling it around. Cure? No, not necessary. Just move it along, into some other street, some other alley, some other city.

The victims are not regarded as human. The problem is not looked upon as the result of a cause—except by the Socialists.



POISONED FOOD

WHETHER by design or by accident, our state and national guardians of the food supply are careful not to give to the people any great amount of information as to the extent to which food poisoning is practiced for profit.

That much of it is done everyone knows. But as to how much is done and what the entire effect is, few know.

A single bulletin of the California health department gives us just a tiny glimpse at what is going on. In this one bulletin (for August) we find that almost every sort of food is being poisoned. We are told nothing at all of how much is poisoned. We are given just a list of cases and the kind of food or drink or drug that was adulterated. The layman can understand nothing of what the real facts are. The table is worth almost nothing.

Only it does tell us that a number of drugs in common use are adulterated, that a number of staple foods such as canned salmon, salt

fish, dried apples and flour are adulterated and misbranded. Even frozen egg product is adulterated, so it is charged.

Month after month this goes on. There will be just as many cases next month as there were last month, just as many the following month, BECAUSE there is just as much PROFIT to be made next month and the month after as there was last month. Profit is the root of the evil.

Any person of normal intelligence will tell you that the best way to cure an evil is to destroy the source. So it doesn't do any good to merely try to punish men who poison food so long as the profit incentive is there to drive them and others to do the same thing all over again. Centuries of punishing have proven that punishment doesn't stop crime. If the lure of profit causes men to poison food then the logical thing to do is to wipe out the profit system. And, good folks, that is what we are coming to. There really isn't any other way to put a complete and final stop to this business.

If you haven't seriously considered this question so far you may some day when you acquire ptomaine poisoning from some innocent looking can of salmon or even from some deliciously tempting bit of confectionery—that is, if the dose is not fatal, as it sometimes is.



THE PASSING BASEMENT

MISSOURI has outlawed the basement dwelling by a statute which became effective in September. The state authorities recognize that the basement dwelling is not sanitary. And they are right.

The trouble is that they do not go far enough—they are not RIGHT ENOUGH. They merely recognize the fact that the basement home IS without finding out WHY it is.

The fact is, of course, that the basement home is a product of economic conditions, chief among which is low wages. Obviously then, the real and lasting cure for improper living conditions is PROPER ECONOMIC CONDITIONS.

So it will be seen that the Missourians need to "be shown" a few more things. But Missouri is in no greater need of additional wisdom than any of her sister states. And the Socialists are doing their best to "show" the victims everywhere how to get out from under the terrible burden that exploitation thrusts upon them.



BRITISH "LABOR TROUBLES"

NOW familiar that phrase, "Labor troubles," is in the columns of the capitalist press. Whenever Labor wants anything or tries to get anything it is always "Labor trouble."

And let it be promised here and now that the end of the "trouble" is not yet. There will be more a-plenty.

The employers themselves know what is coming and they are ready. Their very readiness is in itself a "trouble" maker of no mean proportions. The militancy of the British labor movement has brought the employers of the island up standing and their one thought now seems to be to get ready. The United Kingdom Employers' Defense Association is the name of the employers' answer. This gigantic organization of employers has, The Independent tells us, "entered the field with a guaranteed 'war fund' of \$250,000,000."

For its declared object this powerful organization has the purpose to "consolidate the resources of the employers of labor to maintain their rights and their freedom to bargain (get this) individually with free workers or collectively with trade unions." And that means just what you think it means. No quibbling about it at all. It's plain.

But to intersperse a thought in passing, could there be any finer humor, any more subtle irony than is found in that phrase, "freedom to bargain individually with free workers?" Imagine it. Freedom of all of the united capitalist interests to bargain with any little individual wage slave who may be found out alone after dark! These English employers have been learning lessons from George M. Cohan.

But they have other lessons to learn. They have to learn that war chests do not win the sort of battles they are facing. They have to learn that, powerful as money is, it cannot con-

quer spirit, it cannot conquer workingclass solidarity, it cannot conquer the mass when the mass knows what it wants and how to get it. The only chance it stands is in deceiving the mass—and that is a slim chance that is getting slimmer every day. It resembles somewhat an underfed toothpick.

All of this has nothing to do with the mooted question of "tactics." It is simply an effort to set forth what seems to be a condition. The employers of England are setting themselves for a jolt and they would not be doing that unless they had fairly accurate knowledge that a jolt was coming. The workers of America will await developments with interest, knowing something of the ways of organized capital after the somewhat unsavory doings of our own National Association of Manufacturers.



WAGES AND ROBBERY

ACTS have at last driven a vein of light into the sanctum of that hard-to-classify Curtis publication, the Saturday Evening Post. Listen to what the glooms have told it:

"Increased cost of living during the last dozen years has been a worldwide phenomenon—as noticeable in Tokio as in New York; and it seems to be a worldwide fact that wages, though advancing almost everywhere, have not kept pace with the rise in commodity prices. This is certainly true of England, for the Board of Trade has lately published a very comprehensive report on the subject, which shows, in a word, that rents and food prices since 1905 have risen about 'twice as fast as wages.'"

And what does that mean? That the buying power of the workers has been reduced one-half—wages cut fifty per cent. That's what it means!

And what does that mean? That means dark, desperate misery. It means that half their former food supply has been taken away from a great mass of working people, leaving them to struggle against something wraith-like that sneaks upon their backs and circles them like the unseen tentacles of some ghost-octopus, strangling, blinding, smothering, killing.

And all of that means labor is facing a mighty big struggle to get back that stolen fifty per cent—and more, for now we want this ex-

tra fifty per cent and the other fifty per cent—
ALL. Yes, Labor is facing a mighty big fight
—and already the guns are booming heavy.

* * *

THE BEEF FAMINE

DOLLAR beef, cry the meat barons as they
gather around their \$125,000 banquet
board in Chicago. Yes, dollar beef!
Startling enough.

So the kept press of the country, including
the Wall Street Journal, begin to hunt for a
remedy, carefully steering away from anything
that might even remotely resemble a real
remedy.

It may be that we are facing an actual and
acute shortage of beef and it may be that if
we do not hasten to provide a remedy we shall
have practically no beef at all, except for the
very rich. As it is now but little of anything
at all is left for anyone but the very rich.

However, a shortage of beef is no excuse
for unconscionable robbery on what little there
may be. To face a beef famine without the
beef trust would be bad enough, but to face a
beef famine with the beef trust satiating its
appetite for spoils between producer and con-
sumer, that is indeed tragedy!

It is entirely safe to say that, left to provide
for themselves under a social system in which
there was no exploitation and no market juggle-
ry, the people would see to it that there was
no beef famine and no famine of any kind.

The truth is that we do not know whether
we are to have famine or not until some trust
tells us of it—and then we do not know whether
the famine is actual or artificial. When we
can get our producing and distributing ma-
chinery out of the hands of the exploiters and
into the hands of the people we shall not starve
because of failure to produce.

* * *

ART AND THE POLICEMAN

REALLY, we should change places with
the goats of the field—for we are
“goats” indeed. And that may be why
we “fall” for the policeman so readily.

Also consider the policeman and his ways for
a moment. Also consider ourselves and the
artist. The artist may have painted a wonder-
ful picture. He may have put a great truth
on canvas in wonderful colors. He may have

brought forth a masterpiece of art and thought.
And he hangs his picture where the public may
see the product of his mind and soul.

Sauntering along with his club whirling in
its accustomed elliptical orbit, the policeman,
wonderful being, sees the work of art. He
stops to gaze. You see him lean forward, deep
in critical thought. You see he is especially
fitted to criticize art because before he became
a policeman he was a digger of ditches—a state-
ment which is calculated to cast no discredit
upon the art of digging ditches, a task to which
the artisan brings more of honesty than the
average policeman brings to his round of gay-
ety and head cracking. And now, recovering
from the digression, let us look again at the
policeman who is a qualified art critic because
he once dug trenches. A wave of anger crosses
his noble countenance. He marches up to the
man in charge—or mayhap right up to the ar-
tist himself.

The picture must come down. It is im-
moral. It is shocking. It will never do. “Can
it out,” howls the outraged guardian of the
public morality.

And then he blithely saunters along, finally
coming to the little row of shacks on the bor-
derland of his beat where he proceeds to collect
divers and sundry quantities of legal tender
from sleepy girls and raucous madams in the
interest of public morality and the general up-
lift—to say nothing of the continued prosper-
ity of the Inspector and the Lieutenant at Cen-
tral Station.

How lucky is America to have such noble
guardians of the public weal to protect us from
the horrid artists!

* * *

PROGRESS IN EDUCATION

FOLLOWING the lead of a few of the most
progressive cities Los Angeles has estab-
lished an open air school. So far the
school is of no great magnitude and it is only
for the very young pupils, but it is a beginning.
And along with the open air the children are
taught by the Montessori method, which all who
are familiar with the system will welcome.

A great many have long wondered why
children should not do a large part, at least,
of their studying in the open air. And with
the splendid German open air schools as an in-

dication of the worth of the idea they have gone on preaching the doctrine of open air.

It has taken a long time, but we seem to be coming to it at last. The west ought naturally to lead in this departure, and particularly had California ought to lead. The California climate is so adapted to comfortable open air work that it may easily forge ahead, although cold weather is by no means enough to drive into seclusion those who really understand what fresh, pure air means to the body and brain.

It may be well to add in passing that most of our homes are quite as much in need of an open air lecture as are our schools. For The nimble bacillus, the pussy-foot germ

And all of the hosts of their clan
Just curl up and die in the bright beating sun
And beat it to heaven as fast as they can.



GOLF AND EYES

THE Journal of the American Medical Association is much exercised over the appalling loss of eyes on the nation's golf courses. It advises players not to look around when the cry of "fore" is heard. It is all very well to manifest an attitude of sympathy toward any human being who may be injured, but let not all the sympathy and advice be directed toward the poor and helpless golfing population. Far more menacing to the eye is the occupation of the banker who must needs work in the blinding glitter of gold all day. For these heavily burdened workers we bespeak a bit of milk of human kindness and sympathy.



CANAL GUESS WORK

EVERY organ of exploitation is filled these days with prophesies of the wonderful prosperity that the canal is to bring. Each city fancies that it is to be most blessed of all.

Against these are those who fear a great inrush of immigration. They see hordes of low-wage workers flocking to the Pacific shores to take the place of the workers who are already here. There is some ground for their fears, but nobody actually knows to any degree of certainty how much.

The fact is that no one knows just what the canal will mean. Anyone may predict what it

may mean; none knows anything definite. And those who know least of all are the ones whose sole information is gleaned from the daily press.

No one—except the capitalists—knows just what the capitalists plan to do with the canal. The capitalists are the ones who will use the canal and their one purpose will be to increase exploitation.

Of course we are certain that there will be some immigration and some commerce of other sorts, but that is all we know. And we do not know what large plans the capitalists may have in relation to the coast industries in connection with the prospective immigration.

The one thing that we may be sure of is that capitalists will seek to bend every circumstance to bear on wages to the end that wages may be reduced and living conditions made worse. So, though we have no certain knowledge of just what will happen, we must keep both eyes on the canal and what goes through it. We must, as far as we can, prevent the spreading of lies about this coast among the workers of Europe and we must formulate some constructive plan of conduct toward those hopeful ones who are lured to this western empire.



OH, ANTHONY, BEGONE!

IF IT were not that New Yorkers stand for so very much, the fact that Anthony Comstock persists in pursuing his pestiferous hobby there would be more remarkable.

Not long ago Anthony Comstock gained fresh laurels for himself by arresting Mitchell Kennerly, a New York publisher of magazines and books. His magazine is The Forum, and the book that offended Comstock was "Hagar Revelly," written by Daniel Carson Goodman. The point of the book was that the girl "of right instincts," with a knowledge of the world, but with no money, "can go straight." Without discussing the questionable conclusion of the author, we submit that a discussion of the question is imperative.

And the sooner this Comstock person is compelled to stop his prudish yawping the less the common sense of the public will be outraged. Indeed, one could not be blamed for drawing the conclusion that Comstock is an

insidious press agent in the pay of publishers and artists who feel the need of publicity—though it would not be true.



THANKS AND HYPOCRITES

IN JUST a few days various executives will be issuing Thanksgiving proclamations. These proclamations will, for the most part, be of the usual effulgent variety, setting forth the numerous things for which we should give thanks.

Various charity organizations will be begging a mite here and a mite there to enable them to provide dinners for numerous "indigent" persons. And the "indigent" persons will take that meal and be duly thankful. Of course those who provide the dinners will be thankful that there are "indigent" persons to whom to give dinners.

What a rotten hypocrisy all this is.



"THE SUBMERGED TENTH"

IHAVE my own ideas about the submerged tenth," says Andrew Carnegie, "but I am not quite ready to give them to the world. At present I want to help the swimming tenth."

In this statement Mr. Carnegie has touched the essential point of difference between rational social service on the one hand and that form of charity on the other which seeks the betterment of society through palliative methods.

The statement that "Society is a chain which is no stronger than its weakest link" has become trite through oft repeated assertion, but it is none the less true. Humanity is a unity composed of individuals indissolubly linked together for better or worse for life and for death. He who would save the social aggregate must begin where the social need is greatest. There can be no salvation for that maple tree on the lawn decaying at its root, through spraying the leaves which struggle for healthy growth in the sunlight, but are permeated with the poisonous sap that wells up from the ferment below. The healthy life of the tree can be restored and its normal growth promoted through one and only one process. The husbandman must dig about the tree, fertilize it at the roots, and overcome the condi-

tions which have induced decay. This being done and the sources of its life purified, its restoration to health and to strength is assured.

Thus it is in human society. No amount of aid rendered "the swimming tenth" will suffice to produce health in the social organism so long as there remains "a submerged tenth" of that organism. Permanent relief is only possible to society as a whole when the conditions responsible for the submerged tenth are met and overcome. He who would prove himself a social savior worthy the name; he who would contribute to the permanent relief of his kind and the ultimate salvation of humanity, must direct his attention to that part of society where the need is greatest. Human society must be saved at the bottom if saved at all. Salvation from the top were an impossibility.



SLAVERY IN PRISON

ALMOST quoting verbatim the words used in an article describing prison life, based on the experiences of E. E. Kirk and Harry McKee in the last issue of The Western Comrade, Thomas Mott Osborne had the following to say after a voluntary term in Auburn (N. Y.) prison recently:

"First, the prison system is absolutely a form of slavery and all the truths that Lincoln enunciated apply equally to prison slavery. It takes from the convict his own initiative and freedom of action and he becomes an irresponsible automaton, who returns to the outside world to find he is unable to resume his own individuality and guide his own destiny.

"One instance of the unintelligence of the system is the attempt to prevent the convicts from normal exercise of the sense of sight and speech."

Mr. Osborne, chairman of the state prison board, went to prison to find out what prison was like. His last day there was passed in the dungeon. Of that part of his experience he said, "I have been given a glimpse into the innermost circle of the inferno."

This castigation of the modern prison system is valuable, coming from so well known a person. It helps to pile up the evidence against the criminal punishment of "criminals." Mr. Osborne sums up rather forcefully the entire indictment in the three words, "unintelligent, ineffective, cruel."

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

OLIVE SCHREINER: SOCIAL ARTIST

"All I aspire to be, and was not, comforts me."

It is in this simple manner that Olive Schreiner closes her introduction to "Woman and Labor," and yet, this simple line, used in the connection in which she uses it, is nothing less than sublime.

In this introduction she writes of a former book of which "Woman and Labor" is a very minor portion. She tells how that book, the product of eleven years of the most arduous labor, was destroyed during the Boer War by soldiers, who broke into her little cabin from which she had been cut off and which she was compelled to leave vacant during the war. Together with other of her belongings, the soldiers set the book aflame and when she returned nothing remained but a little heap of ashes.

This book containing so much labor—not the automatic, soulless labor of one who is driven, but the inspired, creative labor of one who toils for love—was more valuable to the world by far than all the diamonds in the Kimberly Mines, for which England brought on the war.

And of its irreparable destruction by the murderous talons of national greed, Olive Schreiner says simply:

"All I aspire to be, and was not, comforts me."

Aside from all else, this one instance earns for her the name of artist, for it reveals her as past master of the art of fortitude. But in addition, the merits of her works earn her that name many times over.

The sculptor sees visions and would mold them out of clay; she sees visions and would mold them out of knowledge and human flesh and blood. The musician hears wonderful symphonies and gives them to the world; she, too, hears a symphony, a symphony of human desires and she has given that to the world. The painter catches the exquisite lights and shades of nature, interprets her sombre moods as well as her glorious ones, but he is no more adept in his art than Olive Schreiner in hers, when she catches the lights of happiness and the shades of tragedy in human existence and blends them into a picture of a moving whole. Like the painter, the musician and the sculptor, who are pained by lack of harmony in things they may see or hear, so she is pained by lack of harmony in society, which means suffering for all those involved. Like these other artists, she stands out distinctly in seeing what many entirely fail to see, or seeing do not understand.

The thing which has come home to her with such force is the meaning of the Woman's Movement. While to some persons it appears a chaos and sounds like a medley of noises, to her it is a harmony. She has heard the voices of the women of the world ringing with one accord. To her, through the discord of strife and misunderstanding attendant on all periods of social readjustment, there has been wafted a song like that of a huge orchestra in which the thunder of the brass, the sighing of the 'cellos, the singing of the violins and the rippling laughter of the flutes are mingled in a melody that lifts the heart out of its own narrow environs and makes it one with thousands upon thousands of other hearts.

Unlike many individuals who have made a mark in the world, the personal life of Olive Schreiner is almost unknown, but this has only served to emphasize her



work the more. While she has lingered in some remote corner of the globe, her message has soared far and wide, gaining volume and sweetness on its way.

Furthermore, she is thoroughly imbued with that spirit, which is invariably the gift of the artist—the spirit of universality. Whether she was in smoky, noisy, suffering London, in smiling, green-clad Italy or in the wilds of South Africa, she regarded the world of people in the same way—as beings of the same flesh and blood, with the same problems, the same pains and joys, which are altered in form, but not in substance by circumstances; human beings belonging irrevocably and forever together.

She differs from the devotee of the fine arts in only one way and that is rather a difference of degree than of kind. Instead of applying herself to the pursuit of the beautiful, she has applied herself to the pursuit of the good. This marks her as a new kind of artist—the artist who was not thought of in the past, who is only beginning to be recognized at the present time, but who has the whole future to look forward to—the social artist.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

"TIGER"—

Even at this late day, Americans are not over the silly notion that the drama is a vehicle merely to amuse and entertain female parasites and "tired business men." This, more than anything else, has been the cause of American backwardness in things dramatic. Authors are given every possible discouragement by managers until it is now an utter act of folly for one to write a play with a purpose, one that demands intelligence and thought. I wish to confess that I am not a theatergoer. I don't believe I visit a playhouse more than two or three times a year; and I condemn myself on these few occasions for my thoughtless waste of time and money. And yet, I am a lover of the drama. And, because I love the drama, I despise the stage. I prefer to rely on printed plays for the drama of life, leaving the stage for the dilettante, the "tired business man" and the shallow-pated middle class. I get my George Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Granville Barker, Jose Echegaray, St. John Hankin, Arthur Schnitzler, John Masefield or Henrik Ibsen from books.

I find more pleasure in the quiet of my room reading plays than I could ever hope to find at one of the local theaters. That's why I don't go to the theater. I believe that there are countless thousands of persons in America who do just as I do; they are sick of the trash peddled at theaters; they want meat, not superficiality; they want thought, not namby-pambyism; they want the issues of life to be faced honestly and intelligently: and that is why they do not go to the theater. They look to book publishers for their drama; and they are getting what they wish for. The book publishers are far ahead of the theatrical managers. Publishers like Mitchell Kennerley are doing more for the drama than a dozen Belascos. This publisher, in his splendid magazine, *The Forum*, printed "Tiger," a one-act sketch by Witter Bynner, some months ago, creating so much comment that he brought it out in book form. It may be had by sending 60 cents to Mitchell Kennerley, 2 East Twenty-ninth street, New York City.

As a work of art, this play is flawless. I cannot recall a single play that is so perfect as this drama by Mr. Bynner. It is, obviously, a play with a purpose; it drives home a terrible lesson; it teaches a fearful moral. The stage is overrun with sensational white slave plays of "The Traffic" type, plays that literally disgust one with the stage, but here is a tremendous play on the same phase of life. I don't remember anything which gripped me as did this play in blank verse by Mr. Bynner.

The episode in Mr. Bynner's drama takes place in a New York resort which caters to wealthy men. The keeper of the house is known as Tiger, "on account of her lithe, hard brilliance." She, Annabel, a girl of twenty-four, and "The Baron," a man of thirty, somewhat over-dressed and over-mannered, are discovered at the rise of the curtain in a room "more showy than expensive."

The Baron speaks of the girl he has marked for a

victim and whom he is soon to bring to the place, saying:

"Remember now. She's young, and I'm her first
Offense. And I've been careful with her, Tiger,
Not touched her fingers only once or twice
And used good English and been sympathetic."

He leaves to bring the girl. Tiger and Annabel begin a conversation. A few minutes later, a knock is heard at the door. Annabel quickly hides bottles and glasses under the table, while Tiger puts away the cigarettes and ash-tray. The Baron enters, "leading by the hand Margaret, a simple, romantic girl of sixteen." The Baron introduces her to Tiger, whom he calls Miss Dillingham, his aunt, while the other is introduced as his cousin.

Margaret tells of how her aunt objected to "Gene"—the Baron—because he "worked in a store." "And then she didn't like his voice on the telephone—I do, don't I, Eugene!" she says.

Tiger: "And aren't you tired out? Let Annabel show you your room. You ought to rest before your marriage, dear."

Margaret is given a cup of tea "to make her sleep well."

Two days pass; it is Sunday night. In an adjoining bedroom, poor Margaret has been kept a prisoner, Tiger having taken possession of the girl's clothes.

Willie—a prosperous man of later middle age—enters. He is a regular patron, a "sport" who must have "the dainty morsels." He frankly says he must have "something new"—he is tired of Annabel and the others. He hears a moan and, on inquiry, is told that in the other room is what he seeks—"something new."

Tiger informs Willie that the girl is as "young as they come, and new to it—in fact, rebellious, dear, and fasting for her pains."

"I'll break her in!" Willie cries.

Tiger opens the door and lets him pass into the other room. There follows a "scream of mingled terror and joy from the girl, and a moan from the man."

Margaret is heard: "Father! Father, I knew you'd come! Father!"

Willie reappears and facing the women, livid: "Give me her clothes! Damn you, give me her clothes!"

Could one conceive of a more thrilling climax? Indeed, this powerful play is the most impressive bit of literature I have come across in years. Willie, father of Margaret, must "have something new;" this time, he is given his own daughter! One learns the meaning of that crude fatalism of man: he seeks the daughters of other men to satisfy his lust and only understands when he is given his own daughter; then he feels the significance of the time-long question: "Gentlemen, whose daughter?"

Mr. Bynner has done art and humanity a service in writing this amazing brilliant drama. His, of an entire raft of so-called "white slave" plays, is the only one that is worthy the attention of intelligent persons. Of this play, Edwin Markham rightly says: "It carries its lesson with more of art than any of the Brieux

dramas and is as effective—a perfect bit of work.”

Plays like Mr. Bynner's are rarely, if ever, produced on the stage. The real dramas of life are not found in the theaters; they are between book covers.

* * *

THE UNHAPPY ENDING—

Many persons seem to think that a short story or a novel, to be artistic, must have an unhappy ending. Others say their reading matter may have lots of pathos and tragedy between pages 100 and 250, but the last chapter must include a hugging match. Can we say that both are wrong? Is it wrong to contend that a natural ending, an inevitable ending is the thing to be desired, rather than a determination to have the tale end happily or unhappily? A friend of mine, who earns his living by writing "pieces for the papers," once told me that persons who clamor for unhappy endings because they are "artistic" must believe that a fleeing canine with a tomato can attached to his tail must be artistic—because he has an unhappy ending.

* * *

A PLATITUDE—

There are some persons who earn their livelihood by writing essays and articles and books in which they strive to show the futility of writing books, because, they say, there is nothing new under the sun. Usually, we are told that the yearly book output, in this country alone, is something like 15,000. These anti-bookists write their books and articles because they have something to tell us. They have an opinion on a certain subject. And it is this very same desire that actuates countless writers to pen books—they want to tell us something. So, the argument of the anti-bookists is, in fact, an argument for books, more books, and still more books. We'll always want to talk, we'll always try to say old things in a new way and new things in an old way. And, when we can't find anything to write about, we'll write an essay pointing out the futility of writing books.

All of which reminds me of Schopenhauer. He spent his entire life asking "What's the use?" He worked like a slave writing ponderous profundity to prove that life isn't worth living. But, his earnestness, his patience, his hard work all tended to prove that "What's the use" is nonsense and that life, after all, is worth living.

* * *

THE COMPLETE RILEY—

Herbert R. Hyman, writing in the October issue of *The Bookman*, says that "the first complete collection of the works of James Whitcomb Riley in both prose and poetry, containing more than 200 poems which have never before appeared in any book, will be published this (October) month. It is often wondered why American radicals have taken such a liking to Riley's poetry, considering that there is very little radicalism in his verses, to say nothing of a revolutionary spirit. The answer, to my mind, is not difficult to find. While not a poet of social passion, James Whitcomb Riley is a democrat (with a small "d") who is of the people, who has a kindly humor and who cares more for the common daisies of humanity than the smart-folk hot-house roses. Poet of homely things and small town folk, Riley could not be other than a democrat. Of course, radicals hold that democracy is not enough. Riley is to be commended for loving the people and singing of them in his kindly manner, but radicals seem to want a great

deal more than that. They want the revolutionary spirit of Socialism fused with this love for the people; in other words, they want the poet to thunder against social wrongs and inspire the people to loftier planes of existence. The poet is expected, in a subtle round-about manner, to tell the people to vote the Socialist ticket and elect Job Harriman mayor of Los Angeles.

* * *

THE WHY OF IT—

There are many persons who go walking because they "want the exercise," while others walk for the sheer joy of it, glorying in the esthetic sensation walking offers. I once knew a dignified boy who used to go to the swimming hole because he wanted "to be clean"; but all the other boys I've known never thought of the sanitary phase of swimming; they only considered the fun, the happiness that comes to one floundering about in the water. So is it with reading. Some persons read because they wish to get a mass of facts and details; their motive is merely to learn things. The fact-seeker considers a book nothing more than a sort of postum product—brain food, "Take it home with you; Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve"—but the true book lover can take the same book and use it as an aeroplane to carry him to the mountain peak. Fact-seekers usually memorize long passages from Hugo, Schiller, Goldsmith or the "Private Memoirs" of John L. Sullivan. The fact-seeker digests books—precisely the word I have been waiting for!—digests, re-digests; a book to a fact-seeker is a huge, steaming dish of corned beef and cabbage. Book lovers read for the sheer joy of reading. Turning the pages of a book, they feel wonderful sensations of suspense and surprise; they feel love, hate, fear; they laugh, they shed a tear; they feel all the passions of man. With them, reading is an adventure. It gives the opportunity Emerson speaks about: mounting to the skies by the stairway of surprise.

* * *

Advanced thinkers in Europe are now concluding that language must be revolutionized, considering that old words are still being used to express new ideas. Take, for instance, the word soul. To the orthodox theologian it means something that leaps from one's body and flies to some sort of a heavenly paradise. The same word is used by artists to express that vague something which emotion effects. God means a thousand different things to a thousand different persons. I have met many radical idealists who use the word God to signify the bright goal that beckons them to a loftier plane of existence. Confusion results when old words are used to express new shades of thought. Languages, like institutions, need revolutionists.

* * *

JUST TO FILL SPACE—

The printer tells me there is room for another paragraph in this "Books and Reading" department. "If you don't turn out enough to fill this hole I'll have to stick a poem in," he says. So, I take my typewriter in hand with much gusto lest some poet steal space that properly belongs to me. Of course, I don't intend to say anything; I'm only rattling this typewriter to kill time and fill space. And if you don't like it, you don't have to.

Amusements for the Young

By AGNES H. DOWNING



FROM east and west comes the cry that we are losing in the moral quality of our youth. Young boys are seen cynical and hardened at twenty and they fill the penitentiaries at twenty-five. Young girls, in large numbers are before the Juvenile Courts with experiences and attitudes that bid bad for their futures, while the streets are filled with bold, wayward ones of both sexes.

Then come the white slavery cases, the police court cases, the hospitals, maternity and other kinds, that makes the thoughtful wonder, what for the future.

Verily in the conservation of youth we are losing. Careful statisticians the world over tell us that juvenile crime is on the increase. Lewis E. Palmer writing for the Survey says: "The surprising fact is that about half of America's offenders range between the ages of ten and thirty." **Crime and Criminals**, justly prized for its authenticity says: "While it has been shown on the authority of congressional investigation and noted experts that throughout the civilized world crime is on the increase, this increase is most marked in the case of juvenile offenders." And to be more concrete Mr. Frederick C. Howe, the great city expert tells us that more than 10,000 children under the age of sixteen years are arrested annually in New York. Other American cities have showings as bad in proportion to their populations. If this continues can the beautiful age-long symbol of the innocence of children be the type for all purity?

Even the hardest of us cannot blame the children but are willing to ask why it is and what can be done.

Most keenly does this affect women, who just coming into a position of social responsibility, find that their peculiar and special charge, their children, that nature put entirely into their keeping, are finding the dull rub of the world unbearable.

What can they do?

At present the church and school are at work with noble purpose but the obdurate facts show their lack of success. A staunch friend of both institutions, the devoted Jane Addams, says (in *The Spirits of Youth in the City Streets*, page 159), "We are at times obliged to admit, however, that both the school and the church have failed to perform this office, and are indicted by the young people themselves." They do not reach the children even if they were efficacious. The church reaches but a small fraction, and the schools, their fraction has been counted, the grammar school reaches about one-third of the children, the high schools about one-tenth, the colleges about one one-hundredth and the private schools and academies a negligible number. Some other way must be found."

As it is the children with the least adult care that fail most—the children of the very poor where parents do not have the time, and among the well-to-do where fashion or amusement claims too much from the elders, obviously a change that would equalize conditions would do much. An economic status that would give to the poor the comforts of life and opportunity for the care of their children, and take from exploiters the means that they waste in idle show, to the detriment of their children, would save the youth. But this re-

quires social changes that cannot be effected in a day and the problem of the children is, above all others a problem that cannot wait. Moreover, if we reach out today to have our youth we can have the help of their fiery enthusiasm in making the world better for all.

What can we do today? The question is not so complex as might seem from a brief view, for all these children who find their way to shocking vices and petty crimes have a common starting place. Strange as it may seem the poor little one from the slums that started by stealing an apple and the petted child of the fashionable dame, had the same point of departure. They were both seeking for pleasure.

Let us right here convince ourselves that pleasure is good and necessary. It is. That is one reason why the churches and the schools do not save even their own. They cannot save the ones who have the fullest advantages of both. This is not to their discredit for they have not been organized nor are they supported to do this work. One church that put in an athletic apparatus and a tennis court for week days closes these features on Sundays. Those who support the church will not have it used for Sunday amusements, and the boys and girls for whom it was equipped go to the amusement parks and to the beaches, while the church is preserving its traditions by keeping up this puritanical severity. The minister in this case sees the mistake but the members do not.

What joy do we offer our youth? Can you name a single amusement in your city that is offered them? All is for sale for profit for the promoters. And how are they conducted? You do not know. It would take an extensive investigation to tell.

The Chicago vice commission tells in its report how amusement parks, lake front resorts, lake steamers, pleasure boats, shows, some pool rooms, many theaters and even some ice cream parlors are connected with and leading to the worst forms of vice. A recent book by Kneeland and published by the Bureau of Social Hygiene states similarly of New York. As far as investigations have been made similar facts exist in other cities. And we continue to send out our stream of youth, fresh and beautiful as the morning, but with every nerve and fibre in their bodies calling out for the normal pleasures which are their due, and we leave them at the mercy of the profit mongers.

To give to all the freedom of joy and thus to save a maximum we should have the amusements within the reach of all. We must have large municipal amusements and the motherhood of the cities must bestir itself that we get these and get them properly conducted. We are failing, we have failed, in trying to make youth good by repression on the one hand and commercialized amusements on the other. We must give to youth safe and wholesome surroundings and with it full opportunity for expression. We must make joy so easy and pleasure of the wholesome kind so natural that vicious amusements will be abandoned.

"Twill be as easy then for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living."

We may have to change some of our standards a little. Frederick C. Howe, above quoted, says that we

cut a pattern of the best man and tried to make all men measure to it. If we have done this with men how much worse have we done with women. For women we have cut a pattern from an impossible ideal and we have stoned right and left in a vain effort to make it universal. It were better far to dispense with patterns. Let each develop as best he can. Let us have the realities of life; we have had enough of the make-believes.

Nobler ideals and freedom of joy will do wonders. Of course some will be afraid it cannot be done. Al-

CAPITAL

There is no such thing as capital. Anyone who starts out to define capital is a fool, and that is why all professors of economics at our various universities are so busy doing it all the time. Each new light in the field of political economy expends at least a couple of chapters in his monumental work in a fresh and manful attempt to define capital. By the time he is through he has succeeded in adding to the already heroic list of dope the poor students have to memorize one more batch of facts that aren't so.

The aim of all this century-long defining of capital is to give to the polite world the assurance that there is an inherent and essential difference between capital and labor. The stock exchange hires the classroom, as it has so often hired the pulpit, to ease its conscience and to show the ethical and moral basis of robbery. Once admit that there is such a thing as capital apart from labor and upon that foundation a good wide-awake professor in need of promotion can build a wonderful tower of light that can cover the misdeeds of a generation with a noble effulgence.

Let us take, in the consideration of this so-called capital, the familiar instance of a railroad. A railroad is commonly called a species of capital. Now what is there about a railroad which is not labor? What is there in any stage of a railroad's existence which is not labor? In order to produce a railroad we have to chop down trees, dig up iron ore, blast iron into steel, lower grades, and bridge chasms. All this is labor as any man will quickly find out who goes to doing any of it. But while this is going on the laborer who is running donkey-engines and driving spikes must be fed. And right here is where the protagonist of capital gets off a little hot air. Capital is needed, he says, to feed this horny-handed one and therefore the railroad cannot exist without capital that feeds horny-hands while he is laying the rails! But no matter how hard the hands or howsoever tough the digestion, the laborer cannot masticate gold; he cannot be shod in Common Stock nor can he drink preferred. What the man eats is bread, and bread is produced by some other laborers somewhere who exchange bread for railroads—and wind up with neither. From beginning to end, from original survey to Pullman diner, there is not one thing in a whole railroad that is not actual labor at that particular moment. The so-called "stored-up" labor which professors of economics try to call capital, the steam-shovels, cranes, pile-drivers, and the like, are all at that time a part of the railroad and of all of them the same can be shown, that there is nothing in them at any point or at any moment either in their construction or maintenance which is not purely labor—there is

ways the voice of prudence, short-sighted prudence, would choke out all great social effort if it could. The cost? The poor of New York alone collectively spend \$70,000,000 annually on amusements. Proportionally like sums are spent in other places. This money could be made to flow into municipal channels to the ennobling of cities by erecting athletic halls, courts, amusement parks, ball parks, billiards, baths, art, rides, and the manifold forms of expression which an awakened joy would create. It would save our youth; it would be worth the while.

By SYDNEY HILLYARD

not one item in any of them nor in the whole finished railroad product upon which a man can place his finger and say, "Now, this is capital."

This is the reason why every professor of economics and labored writer of political economy defines "capital" in a different way—it is because the thing which they define has no existence. These men sweat blood trying to separate the inseparable, they call together the four winds to blow apart a natural and indivisible unity. The product of labor is the product of labor, and labor is labor, and a natural resource is a natural resource, or in other words, land is land, and there you are, while what, oh what, is capital?



TRANSITION

By Anne R. Chist

Oh, brutal phase of human nature when
Man gloats in battle o'er his vanquished foe
And revels in the pain of fellowmen.
What thing hast Thou created here below?
For tho' we may not know the fateful day
Of Judgment when hath flown the mortal breath
Still dare we in Thy spotless name to slay
Till drunken in debauchery of death.

As such, Oh Lord, hast Thou not molded us
Nor sinful as the tempted Saints who fell
From Paradise to depths of Erebus
Nor as the Singer sweet of Israel
Who angered. But as Thine own given Son,
Thine offering to Heaven for release
From ways unhallowed of the warring one
That we, as brothers all, might know Thy Peace.

At last, in ev'ry land Thy workers are
Anew proclaiming that which He didst teach,
To thronging thousands who will never war—
To men whose new-born thoughts toward Justice reach.
And down the sands of Time the armies go
Of them who, ruling, have not ruled for Good
The mission of God's Socialists to show
With Him who bled, the way to Brotherhood.



A NEW DEFINITION

Secretary Bryan, at a dinner in Washington, said of one of those patriots who are always talking thirstily about a Japanese war:

"Patriotism is love of one's country. Yes, perhaps. But often, too often, it is hatred of other countries.

"As for imperialism—"

The secretary waved his palm leaf fan gaily.

"As for imperialism," he said—"well, that might be defined as international kleptomania."

Public Education and Social Progress

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

This is the second and last of a series of article by Prof. Leo W. Wax. The educational value of these articles cannot be questioned and they should be preserved for their historic value to the readers. The thorough training and education of Prof. Wax fit him to speak with authority on the subject of education.



IN THOSE European countries where traditional class divisions still prevail the children of the various classes do not mingle much. One seldom finds there peasant children rubbing elbows with those of blue blood nobility in the same schoolhouse. In this country, however, the school is a more democratic institution, and apart from the few belonging to the very exclusive set educated in private schools and boarding-houses, children of various social and economic standings occupy the same school bench and participate of the same mental food.

This equality is limited in duration, however, owing to the need of the sons and daughters of the poor to graduate early into the school of real life and assume their respective positions in the struggle for existence. The recent report of the School Board of Massachusetts shows that 74,000 children between the ages of 14 and 17 are out of school in that state alone (which is, by the way, the cradle of universal compulsory education), 40,000 of them being regularly employed in the textile and other industries. But even this limited amount of equality is causing anxiety in the minds of some of our patriotic educators and statesman when they come to speculate over America's future.

"How can a nation endure," exclaims Dean Russel of Teachers' College, Columbia University, when it keeps arousing in the masses strivings and ambitions which are naturally impossible of fulfillment?" "If the chief function of government is to maintain social order and preserve the stability of the state, what right have we to educate the masses in the same way as we educate their leaders?" "Is human nature so constituted," he asks with right, "that a man will stand calmly by watching his rival climb up high on the social ladder, especially when he does so not through altogether honest means, while he himself must remain below and cannot rise at all? Is it any wonder that we have so much trouble with our working people?"

"We are optimistic, indeed," he goes on to say, "if we see no cause for alarm in our present condition, and we are worse than fools if we imagine that our social ills can be cured by superficial external remedies. Proper legislation can furnish some temporary relief, to be sure, but it is only the right kind of education alone that can permanently save us from perdition." (Educational Review, June, 1906.)

Just how to separate the children on the school bench while still in their knee-breeches into the masses and those "destined to be their leaders" is a problem that would appear to present some difficulty. But since Dean Russel does not enlighten us on this point it must be left to speculation with the negative assumption only that he does not consider the respective sizes of

their parents' pocket-books as the determining factor in this class division.

At any rate he calls attention to the existence of two distinct classes of children in our schools and in the name of social stability and safely he demands that each be given the kind of education that will fit its members for their respective future roles in society without arousing ambitions that cannot be realized. He advocates industrial education for the "masses" as the only permanent cure of our social ills.

This proposal may sound somewhat rasping in the ears of the self-complacent individual peacefully dreaming to the familiar tune so often repeated that this is a country of equal opportunities where the wash-woman's child has the same chance as any-one else to work himself up and become a Rockefeller, a Carnegie or even president of the United States, if he only has the ambition. But this tune is rapidly getting out of style anyway and is sung now only occasionally in a Fourth of July oration or in a political campaign speech when the people's votes are wanted in support of the old regime, and this, too, before increasing skeptical audiences.

It will be found interesting at this point to refer back for a moment and compare this educational cure for the threatening social unrest conceived in the liberal mind of a college president of the 20th century in democratic America with that proposed for the same purpose by the above-mentioned minister of Russian education, Shishkoff, in compliance with an "ukaz" of the tyrannical Nicholas I. of beaurocratic Russia in the beginning of the 19th century. Besides revealing the striking similarity of both plans on the point of dividing public education along class lines, this comparison also shows clearly that those concerned in the stability and perpetuation of an existing regime have always and everywhere endeavored to use public education for that purpose. To bring up contented, pious, and obedient or law-abiding citizens has always been and is today the final goal and purpose of every educational system controlled by the ruling classes. The program of studies, the choice of text and reading matter, the emphasis put on some subjects and the neglect or omission of others, in a word all the work of the school is carefully planned and adopted with this final aim in view.

Every study that would reveal the faults of the existing order, every book that might arouse discontent with things as they are, every teacher that is known to entertain and profess radical ideas on the subject of government and prevailing institutions—all these are as much as possible withheld.

On the other hand, religious societies, churches, missions and the like carry on a brisk activity in our colleges and universities with the direct aid and active co-operation of the authorities.

There has been indeed a good deal of preaching,

lecturing and writing going on of late to the effect that there is no actual antagonism between science and religion; that they are on the contrary two sisters, so to speak, of the same flesh and blood. The fact that these two sisters have always been at the point of the knife, that religion has for thousands of years persecuted and suppressed her younger sister science, denouncing, anathematizing, torturing her representatives, and burning them at stake; the fact that the two are by their very essence incompatible and antagonistic, the one being based on blind faith and unquestioning adherence to authority, while the very existence of the other depends upon critical investigation and bold inquiry, recognizing no authority but that of intellect and logical reasoning—all this is being variously explained by our learned preachers, lecturers and journalists. But whatever the actual merit of these explanations, the efforts to bring about a diplomatic compromise between these two antagonists of yore are already producing results. On many occasions one finds nowadays so-called science and religion clasping hands, and it is often pretty difficult to distinguish between the university professor and the ecclesiastic. Very frequently indeed he is actually one and the same person.

The church owns and controls a very great number of universities, colleges and common schools in this country as in all European countries. In some sections of this country the attendance at the parochial schools comprises as many as 75 and 80 per cent of the school population.

The relationships between the denominational and secular school have been far from friendly in former years. The authorities of the denominational schools have on every occasion denounced the secular schools as ungodly, irreligious and hence immoral. Declaring that the pupils of the secular schools are let loose into the world devoid of religion and morality, they repeatedly warned the pious and God-fearing parents against sending their children there.

The last few years, however, have witnessed a marked change of attitude between these two former antagonists. It appears that the modern tendency towards combination and concentration characterizing our industrial world has permeated into the scholastic world as well. These two kinds of educational institutions have evidently come to realize that rather than competing and dividing their forces it would be better policy to combine and feed their herds on common pasturage and with united watchfulness guard their charges against feeding on unwholesome food or drinking from impure sources.

In Canada, Mexico and in some of our own Western States this happy union between the denominational and secular schools has already been affected, in many instances, and it is to be expected that other places will follow suit.

In speculating upon the probable effects of these attempts at reconciliation between religion and science on either of the two, one is naturally reminded of the policy always pursued by the church. Whenever she found it impossible to defeat her antagonist in direct conflict, she sought to defeat his ends and gain her advantage through a diplomatic peace.

The conduct of the secular schools, moreover, in point of religion, piety and godliness has been such as to satisfy the church in all particulars, and leave her no apprehension as to her hold upon the graduates in their future lives. College education does not exclude but often goes hand in hand with religious bigotry.

Every college and university as a rule maintains a church or chapel where daily services are conducted

either by one of the faculty or by a special priest maintained by the institution for the purpose, and where attendance is usually compulsory. Every university is provided with special halls and accommodations for religious meetings, Bible and mission classes and other religious organizations of various descriptions. Commencement exercises and other important college and university functions invariably open with prayer. The university of Michigan, for example, qualifies on the average six priests and missionaries out of every graduating class. Thus the school furnishes adherents and worshipers for the church and the church in turn spreads her protecting wings upon the school.

These two institutions supply the spiritual and moral foundation upon which the existing order rests. "As a police measure alone the school is worth all the money it costs the government to maintain it," observed a shrewd American statesman, whose name I cannot now recall.

The school deals with the human individual in his tender and plastic age, at the time when his character is being molded and the first determining stamp put upon his ego, when his nervous connections can be regulated and permanently fastened into habits of thought and habits of action, which the circumstances of future life are but too often powerless to alter. The average individual passes through life with the ideas, ideals, beliefs and habits imbibed in his youth. He may wander over seas and oceans, he may change skies and climates, he may settle amidst entirely new surroundings, social and political life around him may become revolutionized, his habits of thought and action will remain substantially the same. He will rather submit to inconveniences and disadvantages, he will rather suffer losses and sacrifices, he is often ready to give away his very life for the ideals, ideas and habits acquired in youth.

As a matter of fact the conservative man cannot see why he should have to change his mode of life and conduct to suit the times. He demands on the contrary that life itself should remain stationary. He laments over the "good old times" when he felt so well, when his thoughts and actions were in full accord with his surroundings. Naturally then he will strive to counteract and obstruct any change in these surroundings which would tend to make him uncomfortable.

But even the more progressive individual, of mature age, who has been brought to the realization that something is the matter, that he ought to introduce some changes in his mode of thought and action, often finds himself unable to affect these changes; he is powerless against his own self. For habit is not second nature, it is tenfold nature.

Those of the immigrants to this country who are making serious efforts to Americanize, to cast off their home habits and customs, and adopt new ones in their stead, find the task almost impossible of accomplishment. As a matter of fact they never succeed, however hard they may try, to Americanize thoroughly. On the other hand the second generation of these immigrants coming under the influence of the public schools finds no difficulty whatever in that regard.

There are cases, it is true, where a person breaks away completely from the ideals and beliefs of his youth and adopts creeds, doctrines, and modes of life in utter contrast to his upbringing. This is especially likely to happen when his education was carried on in violation of some fundamental laws of psychology. At any rate these cases are the exception and not the rule.

Besides, such transformations are usually the result of a spiritual and mental crisis, and like all crises it is

abnormal, it causes a great waste of spiritual and mental energy, and is fraught with grave dangers to the individual concerned. A person who has had all his youthful ideas, ideals and beliefs uprooted at a single stroke without sufficient time and opportunity to acquire and implant others in their stead is likely to become a moral cripple. He is likely to remain without any character, without any moral stamina. Amenable to all possible external influences, without any inward balance, he may be tossed about from extreme to extreme on the billows of life, easy to yield to any temptation, likely to turn traitor to any cause.

Hence such crises are undesirable, and a proper education should seek to avoid the possibility of such crises by sufficiently preparing the child not for the beliefs of the past, not even so much for the notions of the present, but for the ideals, dreams and possibilities of the future.

It has been firmly established by modern psychological study and research that not only is human action subject to the law of habit formation, but human thought is likewise controlled by the operations of the same law.

Roughly and hastily speaking this process is as follows: Something in the external world produces an impression upon any one of the sense organs. This impression is at once taken up by a special messenger, known in psychology as an afferent nerve, and is rapidly carried to the main station, the brain center. As soon as this message is received and interpreted, another messenger, called an efferent nerve, is hastily dispatched with a reply to some muscle or some other brain center calling for a certain action or thought. This completes the circuit and constitutes the expression corresponding to the given impression.

Should the same impression occur again it will tend to trod in some familiar path attended by the same messengers and the response will be the same, provided that the results of the first response were satisfactory. In order to make a certain expression habitual then, all that is necessary to do is to supply the impression and watch for the ensuing expression. Sometimes suggestion or direct imitation is required to call forth the desired expression. Make the results pleasurable and you are certain to get the same expression in the future whenever the same or even a similar impression occurs.

On the other hand if the expression obtained is undesirable, make the results distinctly disagreeable, and repeat the same operation until you get the expression looked for, and then continue repeating until the habit is established.

The school, having the human individual under its

care at the time when most of his habits are being formed, supplying the child with most of its impressions through the process of teaching as well as through its general atmosphere, plays therefore a gigantic role in shaping the destinies of individuals and of nations, and in the enhancement or retardation of social progress in accordance with the ideals dominating its procedure and the final goal towards which its educational activity is directed.

One other significant feature characterizing public education all through its history ought to be mentioned here in conclusion. I refer to the zealous watchfulness with which public education has been guarded against external influences and unorthodox doctrines in religion, morality, or politics. Any attempt to introduce new ideas into the minds of the youth, not in accord with the old established notions, at once fell under suspicion as dangerous, and the innovator was often persecuted and his teachings suppressed.

Socrates, one of Greece's greatest philosophers and noblest thinkers, was accused of corrupting the youth and condemned to death for no other offense than that he taught the people new ideas of philosophy, truth, and justice that were not in agreement with those sanctioned by the state.

Two thousand, two hundred and nine years have passed since that time. The mighty stream of human history rolled on and on, bringing about radical changes and transformations in every aspect of life. But the watchfulness of the ruling classes over the education of the masses has not relaxed. On the contrary, it has become more systematized, more centralized, more thorough.

Only four years ago history repeated itself in the most striking fashion. The Christian rulers of Spain murdered Francisco Ferrer, one of that country's noblest men, a most devoted teacher and idealist, for no other offense than that he attempted to introduce into the minds of the youth ideas and ideals that did not meet with the approval of the church and the state.

Here we are reminded through association of ideas that church and state have always resorted to suppression by dungeon, fire, sword and all imaginable tortures in their effort to prevent innovations, check the stream of social progress, and thus perpetuate their authority and maintain their domination. But all the injury done to progress by these means of direct suppression becomes insignificant when compared with the indirect but far-reaching effects of a falsified education constantly poisoning the minds with adulterated mental food, constantly training the young into a static, complacent, uncritical, unprogressive and servile manhood.

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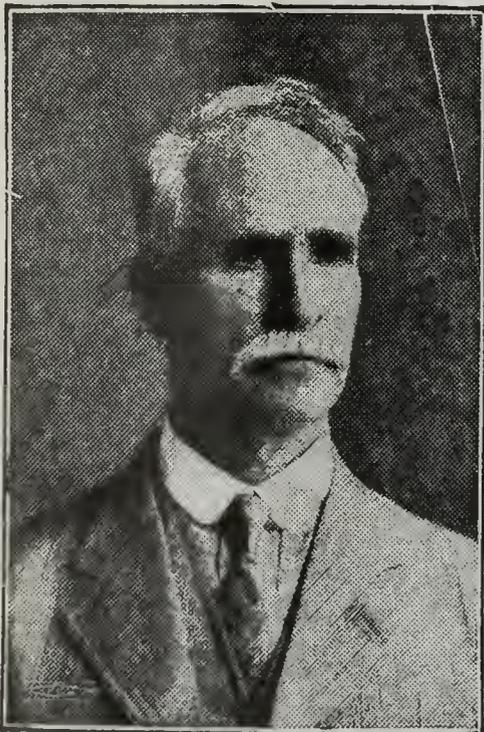
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