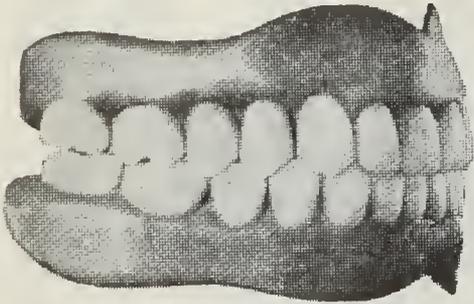


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HORACE TRAUBEL

# EDITORIAL

## STRIPES

NOW that we are presented with the problem of the interlocking directorate, many would-be reformers are suggesting the lockstep as an alleged remedy. Placing the ten-percenters in prison will not do away with the system that produces them. We must get after the rock-bottom cause; the right of one class to own the means whereby another must live; the right of a small crew of capitalists to own the means of wealth production, distribution and exchange. Instead of unlocking the directorate, or lockstepping the directors, let's do away with them altogether. Let the people own the trusts.—E. J.



## CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT NEEDED

FOR many years we have been talking about fighting with both arms of our movement—both hands, we say sometimes. Has the time not come when we must add a member to our anatomy, so that we may fight with three hands? Or shall we say that from now on we will fight with both hands and our head?

Why not henceforth state our position this way: We will fight through our economic organizations to gain higher wages, shorter hours and better working conditions now in those industries not publicly owned and democratically managed; we will fight through our political organization to protect our economic organizations and to make their struggles easier and to finally overthrow the capitalist system; and we will fight through co-operative organization to conserve our strength and our resources, so that the capitalist class may be unable to exploit us in those things that we can control within our own class, and so that we may be better able to carry on our fight for liberty in the other two organizations.

The Western Comrade stands unqualifiedly for co-operation as a necessary part of the working class fight for emancipation. The Western Comrade believes that Socialists have given all too little attention to this very important field of effort.

In the very near future a number of articles dealing with co-operation are to be published in this magazine. Why must the working class forever turn over its substance and its surplus to its enemies? And that is quite a sizable "Why?"—C. M. W.

## THE POWER OF THE STRIKE

STRIKES have become one of the most powerful means of industrial warfare. Their frequent occurrence keeps some part of the world constantly at a fever pitch. They are universally dreaded by the capitalists, universally heralded by the workers. In spite of this the greatest significance of the strike to the workers is as a rule passed over in silence.

The world measures the loss or the gain of a strike in dollars and cents. It says that the employers lost so many dollars worth of trade in a certain strike and the strikers gained so much in wages. It says that the strike in the copper mines of Michigan costs millions of dollars and the Trinidad strike millions more; that in Seattle the workers gained a raise in wages while in Chicago their wages were lowered.

But is this the greatest value of the strike—its power to act as a lever in the raising of wages and the improvement of working conditions? Decidedly not!

Its greatest value lies in its power to dispel the slavishness, the meekness—yes, even the cowardice—of the depressed workers. Its greatest power is not economic, but psychic. It binds the workers together; it creates in them a desire for solidarity and opens their eyes to the strength of organization. It is a medium through which a hundred souls, five hundred souls, or a thousand souls, previously pursuing a hundred or a thousand different thoughts, perhaps even distrusting or antagonizing each other, become animated by a single thought, a single ambition. It is a medium through which trust and love are born—more than that, through which courage is born.

Increasing courage and increasing solidarity, these are the results of the strike most valuable to the workers, for when their courage is high enough and the sweep of their solidarity wide enough, they can accomplish anything.—E. W.



## TAKING LESS LOOT

BUT few developments of the past month have evoked more comment in the press than the decision of the Ford Motor Company to double wages, making the minimum wage \$5 a day. Some interesting figures have been brought forth in connection with this matter.

If Ford has doubled wages then the former minimum was \$2.50 per day. Ford declares that where he formerly had a surplus of \$10,000,000 per year his recent burst of generosity will leave him half of that amount, or \$5,000,000. Therefore, if doubling the wages does no more than reduce by one-half the surplus profit, it is a matter of simple figuring to conclude that if Ford's surplus were wiped out altogether it would mean a wage of \$7.50 for the workers.

And \$7.50 a day is \$2250 for a working year of 300 days, which is just a trifle below Carroll D. Wright's estimate of \$2400 as the value of the average worker's yearly product.

Nor is that all that is to be said. That which remains to be said is that up to now, taking Ford's own figures as the authority, the workers in his factory have been exploited to the tune of two-thirds of their product. Where they produced a value of \$3 Ford got \$2 and they got \$1.

We have a pleasant name for that sort of thing. We call it robbery. Legal? Of course, but robbery just the same. And now when the robber decides that he can get along by picking only half as much out of the other fellow's pockets are we to rush forth with laurel wreaths, hailing him as benefactor and philanthropist? Not on your life! He's still picking one dollar out of the three and we're after that, too!—C. M. W.



### THE NEW UNIONISM

IT'S a funny world—please pardon the bromide. Think of this: London's Trafalgar Square, the soap boxer's paradise, recently served as the meeting place for policemen who appeared determined to demand an increase in wages. They argued that \$6.50 was a disgracefully meager pay for men whose duty is was to club suffragists who dared gather in Trafalgar Square. At least, the police should have gone to another meeting place—not Trafalgar Square. I am not anxious to see the London police get better pay so that they will be better fed and fattened and strengthened, thus being able to end a militant's existence with one swoop instead of half a dozen.—E. J.



### REACHING FOR THE MOON

CLAYTON HAMILTON closes his book, "Materials and Methods of Fiction," with the following striking sentence: It is well to shoot our arrows at the moon; for though they may miss their mark, they will yet fly higher than if we had flung them into a bush. What a splendid thought!

And how well does he express it! It is, in fact, a justification for being extreme in one's views. We who call ourselves Socialists are often told to calm down a bit, be more considerate and learn to ask for less. Be an opportunist. Ask for a little; never too much. A whole loaf, to my way of thinking, is better than half a loaf. The best way to be sure of half a loaf is to demand an entire loaf. If you ask for half a loaf, you may rest assured you will get little more than a crumb. Thus do we Socialists demand the world. We want all of it; and if we get a bit of it as a concession, it will serve, in the main, to whet our appetites for the big swallow. Yes, we shall shoot our arrows at the moon.—E. J.



### REACHING FOR THE SCHOOLS

AS EVERY official utterance of the Socialist party proclaims, this political organization of the working class has no dispute with any religious organization—as to religion. Religion is a thing in which the Socialist party demands that each individual be given the utmost freedom of choice.

Where the Socialist party does find itself concerned with—not religion but religious organizations—is when those organizations enter the political arena in opposition to the interests of the working class. It matters not what the name of a religious organization may be, when it enters the political struggle to oppose the interests of labor it will find itself opposed by the Socialist party.

Of late the Catholic church has insisted upon entering the political field in a number of instances. Of most recent date is the case of the Belgium school bill.

The Belgian government feels a need of more thorough education. It has been proposed that government aid be given all schools, secular and religious. The Socialist and Liberal parties oppose aid to Catholic schools because the Catholic schools teach that it is wrong to vote the Socialist or Liberal tickets and their position is that if the aid must be extended to include religious schools that the teachers in those schools be prohibited from teaching that it is wrong to vote for Socialists and Liberals, a position thoroughly logical.

As if to prove that the charge made by the Socialists and Liberals is correct, the Catholic church strongly opposed the amendment. The issue is not yet settled, but there is scant probability that the Socialists will recede from their position. They know the difference between politics and religion—though some religionists may find more profit in politics than in theology.—C. M. W.

### YOU ANSWER THIS

**N**O ONE is likely to dispute the statement that it is possible to generate from water power on the Pacific Coast enough electric current to perform all the work that it is necessary to perform, including the housework of every house. No one is likely to dispute the statement that if that power were to be owned and developed by the people, who, of course, would not care to make a profit out of themselves, the cost of living would be materially reduced and the pleasure of living materially increased. Why then do we allow capitalists to throttle a great part of it and charge what they please for the rest of it?—C. M. W.



### THE MEN TO BE PITIED

**M**UCH is being written now-a-days about the manner in which men view feminist propaganda and the effect it is producing on them. In *The International* (New York) Hutchins Hargood writes: "There are, today, many men who are greatly to be pitied. Men are more conventional and traditional than women. . . . To these virtuous, conventional males, the feminist movement is causing the great pain of the century. Perhaps no men in history have ever suffered so much because of women as the men of today. . . . To the woman belongs the splendid Renaissance hope of our day, to the man the new, deep disturbance."

He goes on and makes a plea that these are but growing pains and, therefore, call for sympathy rather than reprobation, a plea that is entirely just.

But the men who are opposed to the feminist movement because they do not as yet see its trend and honestly think it harmful are not the ones to be pitied most. There are other men, far more to be pitied, who joyfully hail the feminist movement—some of them like wolves in sheep's clothing are even in its ranks—because they think it will lessen their social responsibility. To them the prospect of women earning a livelihood in the industrial world independent of men creates a visioning of hitherto unknown ease. They imagine they foresee a time when they may be inactive physically, mentally and morally.

These are the men who are most to be pitied, for their hopes are destined to be rudely shattered. True, when the woman earns her living otherwise than by domestic service, the man will not have to support her. But neither will the woman have to continue the petty personal service heretofore contributed to the support of the domestic throne of the male. She will no longer need to cater to his palate and to his vanity or fetch his slippers and darn his

socks. Deprived of his valet, the domestic king will have to vacate his throne and be his own valet. Furthermore, what chance of marriage will there be for the man who abhors children? And what if he is fat, or stupid, or has a nose that pleases not a lady's eye? Money will not serve him then, for she will not need it.

These false Romeos, singing their triumphal song before the maiden's duped—they are the ones to be pitied most.—E. W.



### MERELY REFORMS

**S**OME Socialists object to expending good Socialist energy for the purpose of securing reforms. The single tax is one reform so opposed. The single tax is nothing more than a reform, though it may be contended with a degree of success that it is a broad one, BUT—

We Socialists shall have to operate the machinery of government soon. The more efficient that government is when we gain control the less purely mechanical work we shall have to do in fixing up things before we can begin to get at our real work.

It must be admitted that single tax, or a tax system closely resembling it, is much simpler, much more just and much more efficient than our present bungling system. Unlike trust regulation, single tax is a reform that we Socialists can profit by studying.—C. M. W.



### "DEAR PA"

**T**HE Outlook warns business pessimists to mend their ways, because Postmaster Edward M. Morgan, of New York City, reported that \$178,069 worth of stamps were sold in Manhattan and Bronx in one day. Dear Outlook editor: I read, note and inwardly digest this item and conclude that Mr. Morgan's report does not indicate prosperity, but intimates that most New Yorkers are writing home for money.—E. J.



### "WE HAVE TRAVELED"

**I**N THESE busy days we have little time to spend on books of history. True, we should read them, but, to be frank, we haven't the time. Sydney Hilliard's article in this issue, which can be read in fifteen minutes, gives the reader a better picture of the conditions of the people in past centuries than any book we know of. It is brief; it tells a great deal; it is convincing. Read it. There isn't another magazine in America that prints contributions like Comrade Hilliard's "We Have Traveled."—E. J.

### BERNARD SHAW AGAIN

IT WAS a brilliant jury that attended the murder trial of one of Charles Dickens' characters in London the other week. George Bernard Shaw, who acted as foreman of the jury, asked the prosecutor if it was his intention to introduce evidence. Assured that the prosecutor planned such action, Shaw declared "then all I have to say is that if the learned gentleman thinks the convictions of a British jury are going to be influenced by evidence he little knows its functions."—E. J.

\* \* \*

### AS TO "VAG"

FAR be it from me to meddle with "Vag" Tracy's art. Our genial associate hits us in the right place, particularly when he draws a picture like "The Thinker," which adorned The Western Comrade's honorable cover last month. Alas, "Vag" on our cover is one "Vag," but in his studio—ah, that's another "Vag" altogether. Mark you, this is not an art criticism, for I do not presume to be able to pass upon impressionistic studies in cubistic futurism. I'm as a monkey—I know what I like. Sometimes I like an impressionistic study, even though my best friends, in their most sober moments, look upon me as having mislaid a screw that should be operating in my mental machinery. I agree that lots of it is good—if the viewpoint is right; and now we come to the point: It all depends on the angle of thought when one judge's "Vag's" rigamajigs. I am reminded of the dauber who was being held in cell No. 23 in the state booby hatch. "Ah," says the nut, "what think you of this masterpiece?" The visitor looks, but he sees only a huge, bare canvas. Asked what it represents, the impressionist answers: "Why, that represents the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea." "Beg pardon, but where is the sea?" "It has been driven back." "And where are the Jews?" "They have crossed over." "And the Egyptians?" "Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive, and unpretentious."—E. J.

\* \* \*

### NO NEED TO WHINE

THE Socialist movement is not composed of maudlin sentimentalists or whining sobsters. Its voice is sturdy and firm. Its demands are positive. It does not beg nor does it look for pity from its enemies. The Socialist movement, which seeks to conserve the interests of the toilers, makes uncompromising demands and backs up the demands with solidarity. While the weapon of capital is the might of dollars, the fighting weapon of labor is the spirit

of solidarity. Labor's salvation does not lie in pursuing a campaign of weeping and moaning. The "weeps" can bring labor nothing more than the contempt of the masters. Labor's weapon is the Get-together Spirit, and there never was a more majestic, more dignified and grander weapon. I am sure the following fable hits the idea in the right place:

An ass cried unto Jupiter, saying, "Behold, they load me with burdens till my back is like to break; from dawn to set of sun my toil continueth; and the reward thereof is blows and scantiness!"

"Very sad," quoth Jupiter.

"But canst thou do nothing for me?" inquired the ass.

"My dear Long-ears," Jupiter answered, "have I not already given thee a voice—and HEELS?"—E. J.

\* \* \*

### A TALK WITH YOU

THIS is a direct talk with the readers of The Western Comrade, who desire to see their magazine serve the cause in an efficient, result-producing manner. This magazine sells at a price that makes it impossible for us to enlarge it, except by obtaining a number of advertisers. For that reason, we expect our people to appreciate the men who are using our advertising pages. Patronage is the thing. Go to the advertiser and buy his goods—and don't forget to mention The Western Comrade. We are glad to welcome a number of new advertisers, among whom is the California Savings Bank, to the columns of The Western Comrade. This bank has always been friendly to the labor movement; in fact, it was this bank that enabled the Los Angeles trade union movement to build its magnificent temple. In scores of ways the California Savings Bank has shown a friendly spirit. And now, the officers of this bank tender an invitation to the readers of The Western Comrade to place their money with them.

Here is what the California Savings Bank offers to Western Comrade readers: A hundred-dollar savings certificate, which may be paid for at the rate of two dollars a week. Out-of-town readers may take advantage of this offer.

This is an easy way to save a hundred dollars and to make it worth while for the bank to patronize the columns of YOUR magazine. The bank makes the first payment for you in order to interest Western Comrade readers.

Here is a chance for you to save money for yourself and to keep a long-established, reliable bank's advertisement in The Western Comrade, the magazine that fights YOUR battles. And remember this in connection with ALL of our advertisers.—E. J.

# HORACE TRAUBEL

By David Fulton Karsner



HORACE TRAUBEL recently sent me a note in which he said: "I'd rather have you love me a little than admire me much. I don't care a damn about being flattered. But I care everything about being accepted as a comrade. I'd rather be in hell with anyone who loved me than in heaven with anyone who cared nothing for me."

We cannot measure a man's life by the number of years he has lived. Some men can count their years past seventy, but they can count very little for life. Others count their years only up to about thirty, but they may have lived to attain their their full spiritual manhood. Traubel counts his years to fifty-five. I count his life from the crucifixion to eternity. Mrs. Bain's little book is a beautiful personal tribute to an eternity man. ("Horace Traubel," by Mildred Bain. A brief life and study. With frontispiece portrait. Price, 50 cents, postage 5 cents additional. Published by Albert and Charles Boni, 96 Fifth avenue, New York.) It must be considered in the light of a preface to a greater, more complete book. It is the foreword of a more heroic effort.

To me Traubel is not only a personality. He is a movement. In him are welded all the forces of nature. He is a complete living testimony to the social revolution in which we are now engaged. We find him on all battlegrounds. Wherever there is conflict there, too, is Horace Traubel. Where there is exploitation, there is Traubel for justice. Where there is hate, there is Traubel for love. Where there is war, there is Traubel for peace. Where there is the church, there is Traubel for religion. Where there is a dispute about God, there is Traubel pleading for the Cause. Where there is disappointment, there is Traubel for cheer. Where there is prostitution, there is Traubel for virtue. Where there is capitalism, there is Traubel for Socialism. He is always ahead of the crowd urging it to go with him toward the perfect day. He is not a general, for we never find him in the rear of the army. We find him somewhere in the regiment of valiant soldiers, shouldering his own musket. And so I say he is a movement.

Three years ago Huebsch published the greatest book in American literature. The name of the book is "Optimos." Horace Traubel wrote it. Ten years ago Small, Maynard & Co. published the greatest book in revolutionary literature. The name of the book is "Chants Communal." Horace Traubel wrote it. In both of these books we hear the fetters fall from the

slave; prison walls tumble about our ears; the cringing criminal and the hunted man walk arm in arm, with a smile on their lips, in the blessed light of justice; the palsied hand of the beggar is firm once more, and his pitiful wail for alms becomes a defiant challenge for opportunity. "Optimos" is an immortal book. It is more complete than Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," for Traubel's work is founded on an economic (the Socialist) philosophy as well as a spiritual philosophy.

For twenty-four years Traubel has published a monthly paper called *The Conservator*. His wonderful *Collects* in this publication contain the fabric of which is woven his entire economic and spiritual philosophy. They are the fountain of his dreams. Out of his *Collects* flow all of his theories of life. Each of his book reviews is an article containing the immortal words of life and love.

In each issue of *The Conservator* there is a poem, the force of which silences the material conception of life and imbues the reader with a spiritual reality of love. From its very birth *The Conservator* has stood for freedom—political, industrial and spiritual. And yet, in spite of the merits of this publication and "Chants Communal," Traubel has but few subscribers who are Socialist party members. The other day a comrade remarked to me that *The Conservator* "goes over the heads of the workers."

Traubel's message is for the heart. The most of our progress has been made through the intellect. Brains have played an important part in the alleged development of the human race. Look at our blight! Hearts haven't had a fair chance. It was principally brains that got us into the present economic chaos. Give hearts a chance to get us out. Traubel believes hearts will get us out. Warm, sympathetic hearts. Hearts tender enough to redeem even our exploiters after they are baptized in the holy blood of labor.

Personally, Traubel is a good comrade. He is kind and sympathetic. In private conversation he is aggressive. In public meetings he "prefers the shadows." He sleeps in Camden, has his office in Philadelphia, and lives in the universe. About twice a year he goes to Montreal, where he visits Mr. and Mrs. Bain. While on these Montreal trips Traubel does practically all of the writing of his biography of Walt Whitman. He is the active literary executor of the Good Grey Poet, and was Whitman's closest friend and companion in Camden for many years. The third volume of "With Walt Whitman in Camden" will appear this year. The fourth volume is already written. In the writing of the

Whitman biography Traubel is compared to Boswell, who materially helped to immortalize Doctor Johnson.

Mrs. Bain's book, while it is a worthy introduction to Horace Traubel, is at the same time inclined to be more sympathetic to Traubel's art than to his message. Traubel as a movement is the result of chaos. I am not so much interested in the technique of his poems and Collects as I am in the warm message they convey. And I admit Traubel's original technique. He is a master stylist. But I am impelled to say emphatically

that Traubel's significance does not lie in his technique, but in his message. By any other style his message would be as sweet and as reassuring.

As a figure in American literature Horace Traubel will occupy a prominent place. But I am not prone to make much over that. Literary men come and go with every generation. But Traubel men remain. I place Traubel, not on a literary pedestal to be worshiped as a technician. But I place him in the human heart with Lincoln, Altgeld and Debs.

# President Wilson's Trust Bluffing

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT



AMERICA is hearing much of trust busting these days. And though the Noisiest American is far from the scene of action, there is another man in the White House who seems to have a program mapped out that will be put through by the Congress that he dominates.

Were it not for the likelihood that this program of President Wilson's will be carried into law the trust busting question would be no more worth discussion than it has been for the last eight or ten years.

But there seems to be an inclination to call trust busting by another name—a more accurate one, perhaps. They say that what they are going to do is to unlock the interlocking directorate. An interlocking directorate is a thing peculiar to highly developed capitalism, but not at all necessary to it. Interlocking directorates are separate directorates, composed for the most part of the same men representing the same interests.

President Wilson purposes to make interlocking directorates illegal. Furthermore, he purposes to make guilt of law violation personal. He purposes to have railroad financing supervised by a federal commission. He SAYS he is going to restore competition.

It has long been an open secret that Socialists are impertinent. At this juncture they give fresh evidence of their impertinence by making the plain and pointed statement that the Wilson program will not restore competition, and that it will not smash any trust. Moreover, so far as profits are concerned, it is not likely that any trust will be so much as appreciably dented.

One of the notable points about the Wilson competition restoring plan is that private OWNERSHIP, the bedrock of trust-building, is not to be disturbed. There will be nothing to prevent any individual or any group of individuals from OWNING all he or they can accumulate, so far as can be determined from

what has been made public concerning the Wilson program. So it is fair to state that, no matter whether there is never another interlocking directorate in the world, so long as there is an interlocking, interlacing, death-defying, air-tight OWNERSHIP the directing will be done somehow. If they can't do it with an interlocking device they will find some other kind of a lock, probably a hammer-lock.

There is so far no reason for the Socialists to abandon their oft-stated assertion that the real government today is a government by capitalists. So long as government by capitalists continues there need be no fear as to the success capitalists will achieve in gathering unto themselves the product of the wage-enforced toiling population of the nation.

As if to prove the Socialist contention while the issue was hottest, while the President's recent message on the subject was being discussed on every hand, capitalism's chief spokesmen at once joined in paeans of praise for the "sensible conservatism" of the President regarding his proposed trust legislation. It is important to note this, because we may be sure that if capitalists were not satisfied with what the White House was doing they and their newspapers would have said so. But they were satisfied. What is more, they were highly pleased, and they hastened to commend the President for his fine judgment, his entire lack of visionary radicalism and his wonderful appreciation of the BUSINESS needs of the country. Perhaps no man in America speaks with greater authority for capitalism and its great financial interests than Henry Clews, the New York banker. Here is what Henry Clews said:

"The temperate and conciliatory tone of the message was most commendable." He is joined in his felicitations by George Gould, who heaves a sigh of relief, saying, "I feel encouraged."

No newspaper speaks with greater concern for the vested interests of the nation than does the conservative New York Times, and here is what it said:

"It is a fair, wise and just program." Being interpreted, that means that the President's program suits Big Business.

So it appears that we may go back to our daily toil, safe in the knowledge that no railroad will be reduced to smithereens; that the great packers will not be forced into an old age of poverty and sorrow; that the great bankers of the East will not be evicted from their gilded cages, and that we will not be forced back into the ridiculous competition of two or three decades ago. The sort of history that is made when great trusts are built up is not the sort of history that repeats itself.

In order to make perfectly clear the declaration that there will be no trust demolishing and no return to that competition which the old economists were wont in their childish way to describe as "the life of trade," there is another and more important phase of trustified industry that should be borne in mind. That, after all, is the phase which would operate to make a restoration of competition impossible.

If we think a bit we shall see that the thing that vitally concerns the common people is the **industrial** operation of these great industrial organizations. In their intimate relations with the consuming population trusts are great producing and distributing agencies through which many mechanical processes are combined for two purposes: First, to produce larger profits for the private owners and, second, to make the mechanical work of production and distribution more efficient, and, ergo! more profitable. The inherent urge and drive of capitalism in its very nature forces those combinations—call them combinations of capital or combinations of machinery, as you will—into existence.

I need not stop here, in the limited space available, to prove that no administration at Washington can legislate this nation **BACKWARDS** into the competitive conditions of early capitalism, **AGAINST** all of the forces of evolution that have operated to bring us to our present position! The fact is proven by the *prima facie* evidence that lies as an open book before every thoughtful man and woman. Nature may have recovered from her abhorrence of a vacuum, but the laws of evolution as applied to economics not only abhor, but defy and forbid any such ridiculous program as that.

There will be no trust busting. There will be no return to competition. Interlocking directorates may be abolished. The various Standard Oil companies may be compelled to keep a few more sets of books, the steel trust may have to wriggle a bit to get into the new legal dress, and the beef trust may have to hire a fresh corps of lawyers, while the railroads may have to estrange themselves somewhat from the wild waves that have said so many peculiar things to their stock books, but those great industrial combinations

that have evolved as capitalism has progressed are here to stay! And they ought to stay. There are just two things wrong with combinations now. One of those things is that the combinations are not quite mechanically perfect, and the other—and the chief thing—is that the **OWNERSHIP** is wrong. Admittedly, these great industrial combinations make for efficiency. They conserve human energy; they give humanity a better product; they produce it more quickly; they are superior in a hundred ways to the productive machinery of our fathers. To destroy them, if that were possible, would be a crime. The abuse is not an abuse of combination. It is an abuse of the economic power that is begotten by **OWNERSHIP**.

Though it would be folly to urge upon a Democracy that has just gotten its feet well placed in the trough, after many lean and hungry years, the cure that appeals to Socialists, with that characteristic impertinence which is ours, we put forth our claim, nay, our demand, that the only scientific cure known be applied to the trust question and to every question where those things socially, or collectively, **USED** and **OPERATED** and **REQUIRED** are concerned. That cure is **SOCIAL**, or **COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP** and democratic management. That is the only cure that eliminates the only abuse known in connection with perfected trust organizations—**EXPLOITATION**, in all of its manifold forms.

And as a final bit of impertinence, let it be said that the American people so thoroughly understand that fact, though it may be that the understanding is yet largely sub-conscious, that no program, legislative or otherwise, that has for its object an **ACTUAL** breaking up of the trusts will ever be tolerated **OR ATTEMPTED!**

Will President Wilson smash the trusts? He will not, though he may secure some laws that will serve as an eyewash for the great American electorate in 1916!

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### THE CRIPPLED BOXER

**S**OME weeks ago, a young fighter sprained his wrist while in training a day or two before his bout was advertised to take place. Like a foolish young man, he persisted that he could "lick the other fellow" even though he would only be able to use one hand with any degree of efficiency. He was sent to dreamland in the second round. And he remained there for almost twenty minutes.

Fighting with one hand is a mistake. This applies to the struggles of labor as well as the bouts of pugilists. Labor cannot afford to cripple its political hand, nor can it hope to win emancipation by fighting only with the economic hand.

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# CRAZYISMS

Sputtered and Spattered  
By "VAG" TRACY

It's great to be an artist. You ride around in pink automobiles (in your dreams). Money panics don't worry us. And I don't care if the banks do break. I go right along painting pictures just the same. Of course, I don't get anything for it, but think how much I will get after I die. When Millet—the fellow who painted the Angelus—was figuring out all these wonderful things for you and me to feast our eyes on—the people of Paris showered presents on him and he couldn't supply the demand, they rushed him so—



yes, they did—NOT! He peddled cabbage out of his back yard to pay for paint and canvas. A friend of mine is being talked about by everybody. They say he is a wonderful artist. He has his picture in the papers. All the same I heard him argue for an hour trying to get a chap to pay him for ten bits' worth of portraiture he had done for him. The chap finally tossed him the ninth and tenth bit and stalled him along for the first eight. And so the great artist had breakfast next morning.

What cares he for the Japanese?  
What cares he for the Mex?  
He's rolling around the chautauqua  
wave  
Gathering in kopees!

A dollar a throw the wild waves  
say  
Never no change to keep;  
And the yodlers sing la-oo-le-ay,  
Out on the Bryany Deep!



## ADVICE FROM SUPERIOR BRAINS

Now listen, you working jays—you're all right in your way. Just keep on working, for you never can tell, some day, if you stick around long enough, your boss may come along and see you breaking a leg or something for him and he'll raise your wages—maybe. But, don't worry if he doesn't show up the first year or two—he may have the gout or something.

You see, boys, it's like this. If you would all work overtime to make profits for your boss and you don't die before he gets around to your bench, every working mutt in the world would be promoted to boss and then there wouldn't be anybody to do the work, but I figure that you won't all do it, so—I should quibble!



ELBERT BLUBBERD

# MEXICO'S FIGHT FOR BREAD

By WILLIAM C. OWEN



OW to get bread. How to supply, as easily as possible, life's primal needs and raise ourselves above the fear of want, is the one great practical question that today absorbs the energies of almost every one of us. That seems to me self-evident, and I consider that our paramount duty is to lift the whole revolutionary propaganda from the bog hole of non-essentials to the firm ground of dealing with that elemental fact.

Holding this view I have become most deeply interested in the Mexican Revolution. To me it is monstrous that any child of man should be forced to pay tribute to some parasite for the privilege, as it has now been made, of work. If we have any one right that is absolutely fundamental, it is surely the right to exercise our faculties, applying the labor of our hands and brain to that raw material, the land, on which we have been born without our asking. Whatever else may be in doubt that certainly is beyond all argument; is basic; is the foundation on which all life must rest and is the only one on which the edifice of human progress can be reared. To bottom principles the individual and the collectivity must be true, if they are to make a success of life. To bottom principles we all nowadays are false, in our tolerance of monopoly. For the overthrow of monopoly, therefore, I would join hands gladly with the greatest scoundrel who ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat. That overthrow is the special social duty of this special hour, and in the performance of that duty all are called on to bear a hand.

As an example. In the State of Yucatan, Mexico, the entire population toils at the production of hemp, for the benefit of a small ring of capitalists who make huge fortunes by exporting it to the United States. The producers have had to toil beneath the whip and have been subjected to a thousand brutalities, described with great force in Turner's "Barbarous Mexico." But those brutalities are only details, which doubtless could be matched, more or less closely, among the other sets of toilers, in the United States, into whose hands the product of the Mexican's toil then passes. The real thing is the system, which prevails alike in Mexico, the United States, England and wherever capitalism plants its wolfish paw. The real thing is the indisputable fact that the existence of that system depends on continued monopoly of the means of production and distribution. The real thing is that the system, having sunk its claws into Mexico, is seeking to fasten its collar for all time on the Mexican worker's neck. Against that he is now in rebellion; in violent rebellion. If his rebellion should succeed and our mutual enemy should

receive a knock-out blow it will be the better for all of us.

Some twenty-five years ago I had the pleasure of assisting in the preparation of certain articles on conditions in famine-stricken Russia. I knew then, fifteen years before the event, that a revolution was inevitable, although the Russian peasant is fully as ignorant as and even more submissive than is the Mexican peon. Similarly, when Porfirio Diaz began his reign by giving away to twenty-eight favorites a territory as large as France, what has now followed was merely a question of time. The "Cientificos," who introduced the methods of up-to-date finance, inviting the Rothschilds, Rockefellers, Guggenheims and a swarm of lesser sharks, only hastened up the smash.

It is not my purpose to load this article with detail, for thereby I should distract attention from the essential argument. The important fact is that the Mexican Revolution is here; that it has lasted three years, and that it is today stronger than when it started. The processes that drove the Mexicans to this revolutionary state of mind are comparatively unimportant, but I will suggest one or two by quotations from hostile sources, since such admissions necessarily carry the greatest weight.

First, there is "Observer," whose articles in the Chicago Daily Tribune are attracting general attention and are being reproduced regularly in the Los Angeles Times. Under date of Nov. 29, 1913, he described the land tenure that prevailed until recent years, and the methods by which a large number of the peasants have been evicted, as follows: "The land belonging to the peons were held, as a rule, in common by villages. These villages elected a new president every year. Sometimes the neighboring proprietor would buy some of the village land from the president, and the next year the new president would claim the sale was illegal. If the president would sell, influence with the jefe politico of the district would be used to get a president who would. One way or another the proprietors gradually got the land. Not infrequently force, in the shape of soldiers or rurales, would have to be used to gain possession."

The process thus set out doubtless went on rapidly, and I pause to note that we are presented here with a picture very similar to that exhibited by English history, where we see the great landed proprietors gradually absorbing, by hook or crook, the village commons. Nevertheless the amount so torn from the former owners must have been insignificant as compared with the enormous grants to foreign syndicates; for Diaz, as William Archer remarked in "McClure's" of August,

1911, deliberately invited an alien plutocracy to "rifle the national treasure house." The result can be seen in the memorial presented to President Wilson recently by a clique of wealthy Americans interested in Mexico, who, with infinite naivete, protested against all schemes to clothe the peons with political power, since millions had only their blanket for their home. Conversely, we have had the Los Angeles Times congratulating this city on "the sudden influx of members of the oldest and proudest families of Mexico," and have seen them hawking round enormous land grants, as, for example, in the case of a former governor of Guerrero, who has been trying to dispose here of Mexican real estate valued at \$50,000,000.

Do we understand how many of our fellow-beings are rendered homeless by one such grant? Do we understand what happens when some fourteen million men, women and children, whose lives were formerly secure—since they owned their lands in common, had free access to wood and water, and could thereby supply with ease their simple wants—suddenly find themselves outcasts, with their lives depending on their ability to get and fill jobs for which they have no training? What has come of it is the present revolution; an upheaval that, without exaggeration, threatens most seriously the peace of half the world. Mexico, which is considerably larger than the German and Austrian empires combined, is probably richer than any other country in the world of equal area; and from Mexico there are coming today neither rents nor dividends in return for the thousands of millions invested by the capitalists. No wonder that United States troops line her northern frontier. No wonder that her coasts are being patrolled by the warships of half a dozen nations.

Meanwhile even the least sympathetic critics have been compelled to admit that there can be no peace in Mexico until the land shall have been restored, somehow or other, to those who must live on and by it. Of all the ambitious spirits who have been fishing for preferment in the revolution's muddy waters, it is safe to say that none has dared to come before the people without some scheme for the repartition of the land. Madero was profuse in promises; the Huerta government has been feverishly anxious to adopt some feasible plan; Mexico City papers have stuffed their columns with a hundred and one propositions by aspiring politicians and would-be reformers. The insurmountable obstacle, however, lies in the fact that the holders of the paper titles stand pat, and call alike on the Mexican and on their own home governments to protect them. On the other hand, schemes for dividing up the public lands among the peons are not worth the paper on which they are written, for the remnant left is worthless. On that head I could furnish the best proof, supplied by the testimony of experts whose reputation cannot be questioned seriously.

No rents are coming from Mexico, and such of the

great landed proprietors as formerly lived there have fled the country. That in itself implies that in innumerable cases their lands must have been seized by that peasantry which hungers for them, but was previously kept at arm's length by the law's strong hand. One may be certain that where Zapata rules, viz., throughout Morelos, and through much of Puebla, Guerrero and the State of Mexico, there have been no landlords standing between the people and their possession of the soil. One reads of Carranza being badly handicapped in military operations by the fact that expected forces were busily engaged in dividing up the land. One knows that while Mr. O'Brien, sales agent in Los Angeles for Yaqui Valley lands, has been petitioning Washington for protection, three thousand Yaquis have settled down on the land, confiscated a large crop and served Maytorema with notice that they now acknowledge allegiance to no one, having taken back the properties promised them and being once more free men. For further details I have no space.

To make a too long story short, here we have a distinctly economic struggle, in which the House of Want has been ousting the House of Have. Incidentally in doing so they have overthrown two governments, those of Diaz and Madero, while the third, that of Huerta, is obviously tottering to its final fall. This has been and is the work of peasants; of men generally ignorant of letters but wedded to the soil; of men, therefore, who know and care nothing about politics, but who do care enormously about the one thing they know—the land; of men of pure Indian or mixed Indian blood, and with all the Indian's proverbial tenacity of purpose; of men with all the Indian's hatred of authority and dislike of working for others; of men, finally, with that great element of strength which constitutes the simple man's great force—simplicity of purpose. His goal is clearly in sight and to it he drives straight.

Naturally he, the poorest of the poor and without either weapons or the skill to use them, has found himself faced by the authorities armed with all the latest instruments of death. This position he has had to meet. He has had to get arms as best he could; by brigandage, by alliance with rich men who sought power and place, even by joining the regular army and deserting from it at the earliest opportunity. This has been his necessity, which knows no law. It alters not one whit the basic factor, which is his determination to get back his land; that he may lead once more his former independent life and escape from that wage slavery which is to him a hell and worse than death. As such he has my profoundest sympathy; and if, under the whip of the Money Power, our Government, or any other, shall try to force him back into wage slavery, I trust it may be my own happy lot to offer him something more useful than mere sympathy.

# WE HAVE TRAVELED

By SIDNEY HILLYARD



IN THE midst of the thousand anathemas that are being hurled at the living conditions of the present day it is well worth while to pause to point out that these conditions of life are vastly improved over what they were in any previous period of which we have any knowledge. It is equally well to show just what forces have brought this change over the scene. We cannot help but suppose that if we are entering upon an age of complete social regeneration, such an age would assuredly throw its shadow before it, and the institutions of today and the human life of today, would catch the glimmer of the rising sun.

True enough, the denizens of the slum districts of the cities of England and America are fully as ill-situated as have been the wretchedest of any creatures of which there is record, but we must also realize from what has been done in the German cities that, even in the present age, the slum can be done away with. And with the slum abolished human life is, as it now stands, a more valuable commodity than it has ever been.

It is, of course, through history that the comparison must be made between the past and the present, and it must be admitted that the reading of European history before bedtime is more calculated to induce a perspiring nightmare than a supper of flapjacks and hot buseuits.

Not the school and college primers of history—these are not nightmares. The school history is a calculated travesty on truth written to glorify the actions of a few selfish and cruel men, written by intellectual cheap-jacks as a rule, but always written by men who are drunk on the noise, and who wallow in the mud left by other men's personal success. The school history always fails to reflect the real condition of the people at any time. Research into old records that are particularly not intended for working class perusal is the only thing that can reveal that.

If we would know the real condition of the France, the Germany, the Italy, of almost any time from the Gothic Invasions to the French Revolution, we could get it by a visit to the Balkan Peninsula at the present time. Failing this, it would be well to read the report of the international commission now sitting on the condition of the Balkans, when that report is published. It will be a pretty true picture of the Europe of the Dark Ages.

Some of the pictures of Medieval Europe bear an unpleasant comparison with what we know of the California farmer and laborer.

The condition of the Italian laborer is hard to

depict. He was, in medieval times, the servant of so many ugly masters by all and each of whom he was severally and individually harrassed, robbed, beaten, and outraged, that for long periods he was worse off than the beasts of burden. What with the Austrian, Saxon, Burgundian, French, Spanish and Sicilian Emperors and Kings continually claiming him as theirs, and persistently endeavoring to prove their claim by grabbing him and his land; what with the Pope siezing temporal power, and him, the laborer, along with it; what with the Italian cities fighting all outsiders, and also in the interim, when there was any interim, fighting among themselves and burning each other down; what with the petty dukes and counts—always the most accursed pest of the peasant of them all; and finally add to all the foregoing variety show of tormentors, robbers, wasters, rapers, and murderers, the Saracene host—and one lays down his book to plaintively ask what there was left to fight over.

And, indeed, it was a sorry bone. The wretched peasant crouched dumb at the feet of every lord, priest, and invader. All rulers were alike to him. He served in any army for clothes and bread until they shot his limbs off, nor did he know any such thing as nationality. He was an international hired-beast, a thing to shoot arrows into when on the battlefield, a thing of infinite contempt with a bent back when on his lord's field. He lived like a ground squirrel—trying to hide from everything that passed. If he had a few coppers he hid them and lived in rags as before. The tax collectors never found anything that could possibly be hidden, so they siezed everything that could not. Again and again in the history of every agricultural region the best of the men were driven into the armies, the women were left to live or starve, always the prey of every passing band of soldiers or robbers, and the children were sold into slavery.

The English histories make great glory over the "Black Prince," whom English boys are taught to adore, also over the battles of Crecy and Agincourt. Youth is not told that during and after the "Hundred Years' War" the French and English soldiery lived on the peasantry, extorting from them everything they possessed by floggings and tortures, and so destroying many of the country districts that the peasants themselves abandoned their farms and took to robbery as the only possible means of subsistence. During and after this same war, which lasted through four generations, and at the time when our gentlemen-historians prate of chivalry, knights errant, and the Holy Grail, outcast children whose parents had been murdered in

the wars were eaten right in the streets of Paris by wolves, dogs, and semi-wild pigs.

Our school books fairly resound with the lustres of "Louis Quatorze," "Louis le Grand," "Le Grand Monarch," and other names they find to give this booby enthroned. Under this creature the peasants, just freed from a century of religious wars, had to pay taxes to the government out of which were defrayed the pensions to the innumerable court nobles and prostitutes; then they paid rents to the own liege lord for his expenditure at court; then they paid all the tithes and fees of the clergy. In addition, they had to keep up all roads without pay, their horses were always at the king's service without pay, and the liege lord's crops had to be harvested free of charge if the peasant's crop rotted on the stalk. Again, we lay down the book to ask, "What was there left to steal?"

And, indeed, it was a sorry bone. The laborer was never sure of himself nor to whom he belonged; his wife was never sure to whom she belonged; if he had a pretty daughter she was taken as lady's maid to the liege mistress and concubine to her mistress' sons; his own sons might go into an army or bend to the hoe.

As to Germany, the tale is either just the same or worse. Our histories make great play of the thirty years' war, of King Christian, Charles V., Gustavus Adolphus, and Wallenstein. But where do we read that the "glory" of these "great" so ruined the workers that the starving peasants dug up corpses in the graveyards and ate them; and that soldiers had to be stationed at the burial places of the nobility to prevent the dead aristocracy becoming food for the wretched laborers they had ruined.

Poland and Hungary lived in the light of burning fields and in the sound of wailing mothers, and as in other countries, whether in war or peace, always the laborer was at the mercy of soldier, robber, and priest—and there was no mercy. Nor were his miseries the sacrifice to patriotism, liberty, or progress. Selfish ambition on the part of others accounted for them all. The laborer was crucified through the centuries for the lust and cruelties of this and that chieftain, in whom he could have no possible interest whatever.

Compared with all this, the situation of the California fruit grower, dairyman, market gardener, or even common field laborer is almost a paradise. He does not go by day in mortal fear of his life; by night he does not listen tremblingly for the knock on his door that bids him turn out into his stable that soldier or robber may take his bed. He needs not live in a pigsty in order to make the taxgatherer pass him by, nor does he need to dress his children in filthy rags lest someone should steal their clothes.

What has changed? So far as we know human nature has not. Priest and preacher have been trying to change it since the beginning of time, but we know of no case of success. There has come over the western

world a certain measure of co-operation. There has appeared a modicum of the concept of Socialism on the international political and religious field. Men want to **know**; they refuse to **believe**. Belief is no longer a virtue; it has become a vice. Virtue lies in knowledge. Men draw empires together by power of exchange, commerce, invention and travel, and not by the sword of aggrandizement. Herr, Monsieur, Signore, and Mister, are exchanging commodities, drawing men together and keeping them so by constant inter-co-operation, while H. R. H. this, Lieutenant-Colonel that, and Lord Admiral the other were forever separating men, and destroying any vestiges of co-operation that might inadvertently spring up.

There has been wrought a great change. It is an economic change. The American farmer holds up his head; the medieval farmer hung it down. The peasant of the past was the servant of all. The farmer of today is the equal of any and the laborer of tomorrow will be the master of all.

A change that is not economic is not a change; it is only a variety of the same thing. But where so great a change as this has been made in so short a time its economic foundation is not hard to trace. The Socialist historians are tracing it. A. M. Simons, in his "Social Forces in American History," has done a fine and notable work on the history of this country, and the story of Europe is being treated by many others in the same way. Progress toward a co-operative ideal has been made. About this there can be no manner of doubt. The thing now and for us is not to rest satisfied with anything, but to use our present standing-ground as a toe-hold from which to raise the race up onto the plateau above.

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#### A FEAST OF PIFFLE

**N**OW that the Mona Lisa is discovered, we patient sufferers must endure rehearing an awful amount of senseless piffle about Leonardo da Vinci's picture. Really, Mona Lisa just bores me to distraction. Her face, to me, is plainly stupid. To think of all the years the painter spent in "getting" that smile! And when he got it, lo and behold, what a smirk! And yet, this woman has caused art critics to rid themselves of heaps of piffle. I sincerely believe the following by Kane S. Smith, of the University of London, takes the bacon: The painting is "one of the most actively evil pictures ever painted, the embodiment of all evil the painter could imagine put into the most attractive form he could devise. It is an exquisite piece of painting, but if you look at it long enough to get into its atmosphere I think you will be glad to escape from its influence. It has an atmosphere of undefinable evil."—Please pardon me whilst I take unto myself a yawn.—E. J.

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# Feminism and the Trend Towards Democracy

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

## II. The Achievement of Social Consciousness



THE existence of Democracy necessitates a harmonious society. Democratic thoughts and institutions cannot survive where there is no strong consciousness of social unity. A society divided into classes or sections whose interests clash must always be subject to inequalities and injustices. There is no such thing as Democracy for a part of society. It must exist universally or it cannot exist at all. Athens attempted to build a Democracy for her free men, but she built in on slave labor, and so it died. Rome, too, aspired at one time to have a Democracy for a part of her people, but like Athens, she laid her foundations on insecure sands and they were swept away like tiny pebbles before a devastating sea of tyranny. The bourgeoisie of France cried to the skies for Democracy before the Revolution of 1789, but only for the bourgeoisie, and when the workers demanded a share in it, Democracy was drowned in rivers of blood, so that today not even a semblance exists. Democracy is like the air. Shut off from the open world, it becomes polluted.

To become democratic, therefore, a society must first of all rid itself of antagonisms between its various groups. An important step in this direction is a recognition of the essential unity of society—a thorough understanding of the fact that what injures one individual, can and will injure all others; what crushes one class will in the end crush the rest; what enslaves woman will inevitably enslave man—a knowledge of the fact that we human beings, like the cells of our bodies, are so closely linked together that the infection of one person or one group with any social disease threatens every other person or every other group.

In other words, Democracy necessitates the awakening of a social consciousness. We need to feel, as Wordsworth has expressed it, that we are "free because imbound." We need to combat the narrow, individualistic views, bulwarked by thousands of years of class distinction and privileges and countless cruelties of man to man and man to woman, which dominate us today. The motto, which has for so long typified the average mind, "Me and my wife, our son John and his wife; us four and no more," must be discarded and in its stead we must sing:

"And everything that's mine  
Is yours, and yours, and yours—  
The shimmer and the shine!—  
Let's lock our wealth outdoors!"

This battle between the individualism of the past and the new social impulses just awakening, as a result of our modern collective working and collective living, is perhaps the most intense battle of the day, whether it is waged silently and unseen in the mind of an individual or openly and noisily in the factional fights of organizations.

In the winning of this battle the Feminist Movement has an important part to play.

Every effort which it makes is a telling stroke against the enemy; not a one of its demands that does not make for a greater measure of Democracy, a widening of the social circle.

The first move which women made away from the undemocratic past was the move toward organization. Tyranny thrives ever on the isolation and unorganized condition of its victims. That is why the tyranny which has ridden brazenly on the backs of women through all the centuries of civilization was never once shaken in its seat as was more than once the case with the tyrannies which crushed down the workers. For the isolation of women was an isolation par excellence. Each woman was ensconced behind four walls, from which seclusion she scarcely dared to peer without becoming "unwomanly." The episode related about Frederick the Great to the effect that he beat a woman with his cane for being on the street, and said to her that all good women remained in the house, aptly illustrates the absolute lack of organization among women. Still more forcibly is this illustrated by the clamps and ducking stools of Old England, applied to housewives who were not as meek as they were required to be.

Previous to the middle of the nineteenth century organization was practically impossible for women, and, as is always the case when the oppressed are disintegrated, they distrusted each other a great deal; all womankind was divided against itself. But as soon as organization became possible, this was changed. Oppression lost its sure foothold, women ceased to distrust each other, and learned to love each other with a mighty love such as they had never dreamed of. With that love awakened the first glow of social consciousness, which had lain dormant in them since the time they were taken from the open fields and campfires of the communistic tribe to labor in the lonely abode of the despotic patriarch.

Although, in the beginning efforts to organize women were extremely slow in bringing results, largely because of prejudice, today no other organizations grow with the same rapidity as do organiza-

tions of women. In the last twenty-five years there has been a radical change in the attitude of women toward women's organizations, and a still more radical change in the attitude of these organizations toward society. At first they were meek voices asking fearfully that women be accorded human rights. They asked for colleges for girls; for property rights for married women; the privilege of speaking on a public platform; a few daring ones even mentioned the ballot. But they never asked more than that the chains be stricken off and women be allowed to walk in the world.

Today they are no longer timid. They have ceased to be content with asking that women be allowed to walk in the world. They now demand the right to make the world, to mould it. It is in attempting to remake the world that they revive the social spirit which shone so resplendently in the long ago time of which Morgan and Bachofen and other anthropologists have given us such vivid pictures.

Since their isolation from the industrial and political world of men has in a large measure prevented women from being imbued with class motives, they have no obstacles to the development of their social spirit. Their organizations have no class lines; their aims are not based on class interests, but human interests.

It is this fact that causes the militant women of England to fight for the ballot with a vehemence that seems so startling to frightened onlookers. No abstract idea of their right to vote causes them to disturb the peace and destroy the property of a nation, but an intense longing to combat the terrible degenerating evils of a man-made class system, of which the bondage of women is only one manifestation. It is the picture of the ragged, decrepit citizens of London's East Side, whose lives never gleam to the full, but glimmer faintly like street lamps in a fog, that drives them on; pictures of the little children growing gnarled from labor in their youth, and those who are born deformed because their mothers labored too heavily while they bore them. They hear not only the bitter cry of the children, but the bitter cry of the world, and they go to answer it.

The same motives that direct these English women direct the women of every other nation who are active in their organizations. Once they knew only that they needed the world. Now they know also that the world needs them—not merely their own sex, their own class or their own group—but the whole world.

They have learned that every problem, whether it be a man problem, a woman problem or a child problem is universal in its reach. They know that if prostitution ruins the lives of the women driven to it, it also brutalizes the men who associate with these women, as well as making moral cowards of the so-called "good" women who marry the men; if child

labor physically degrades little children, it morally degrades their parents and their employers; if exploitation weakens the workers, parasitism weakens the capitalists; if poverty breeds disease and makes wrecks of human beings, excessive wealth does likewise; if the slavishness of the oppressed is the enemy of progress, so is the brutal intolerance of the oppressors; if women are enervated physically and stunted mentally by a narrow environment, their children will be enervated and stunted also. They know that social deficiencies travel in a circle, and must be eliminated from every section of society or they will not down. These women know, as they know two and two make four, that society is a unit.

But the class-divided, strife-ridden world at large does not yet know it—scorns the idea, fights it. It divides itself artificially in politics and in industry; it even establishes a moral code by which it seeks to delude itself into believing that it is justified in its folly and declares, in the words of Blake:

Mercy would be no more  
If there were nobody poor,  
And pity no more would be  
If all were as happy as we:  
And mutual fear brings peace;  
Misery's increase  
Are mercy, pity, peace.

In answer to that organized womankind puts forth a greater effort to inculcate into school and state and workshop the idea of social interdependence. Through the medium of magazines and newspapers, from the public platform and through such legislation as they can secure, women attempt to impress upon caste-blinded mankind the fact of its common bonds.

Even as the workers are doing, they are striving to imbue the world with the fire of Democracy, the spirit of Democracy, which must precede any economic readjustment.

Like the workers, they are singing the song of Robert Burns:

It's coming yet for a' that  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brithers be for a' that,

and are urging the mass to take up the refrain.

# BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

## REVIEWING THE REVIEWER

The first impression "Reviewing the Reviewer" gives the reader is that I am going to review myself, but even though I am capable of so impertinent a procedure, I am to do nothing more than speak of Charles Vale's review of Jack London's "John Barley-corn," which appears in the January Forum. I review Charles Vale's critique and praise it with all my powers, because it's the kind of reviews I would write if I only had the time.

Nothing so frank and sincere, and therefore clean and beautiful, has been written for a long time, says Mr. Vale. "For Jack London is not merely the author of many ridiculously successful books," the writer adds. "He is a man, and a poet."

Mr. Vale asks: "Could any other have given such a picture as this of the delirium of a child of seven?" He then quotes:

"All the content of the terrible and horrible in my child's mind spilled out. The most frightful visions were realities to me. I saw murders committed, and I was pursued by murderers. I screamed and raved and fought. My sufferings were prodigious. Emerging from such delirium, I would hear my mother's voice: 'But the child's brain. He will lose his reason.' And sinking back into delirium, I would take the idea with me and be immured in madhouses, and be beaten by keepers, and surrounded by screeching lunatics. \* \* \*

"One thing that had strongly impressed my young mind was the talk of my elders about the dens of iniquity in San Francisco's Chinatown. In my delirium I wandered deep beneath the ground through a thousand of these dens, and behind locked doors of iron I suffered and died a thousand deaths. And when I would come upon my father, seated at table in these subterranean crypts, gambling with Chinese for great stakes of gold, all my outrage gave vent in the vilest

wherein the seven-year-old boy is in the company of a number of drinking Italians. It follows:

"One young Italian, Peter, an impish soul, seeing me sitting solitary, stirred by a whim of the moment, half-filled a tumbler with wine and passed it to me. I declined. His face grew stern, and he insistently proffered the wine. And then terror descended upon me—a terror which I must explain.

"My mother had theories. First, she steadfastly maintained that brunettes and all the tribe of dark-eyed humans were deceitful. Needless to say, my mother was a blonde. Next, she was convinced that the dark-eyed Latin races were profoundly sensitive, profoundly treacherous, and profoundly murderous. Again and again, drinking in the strangeness and the fearsomeness of the world from her lips, I had heard her state that if one offended an Italian, no matter how slightly and unintentionally, he was certain to retaliate by stabbing one in the back. That was her particular phrase—'stab you in the back' \* \* \*

"Here was a treacherous, sensitive, murderous Italian offering me hospitality. \* \* \* He had those terrible black eyes I had heard my mother talk about. \* \* \* Perhaps he had a few drinks. At any rate his eyes were brilliantly black and sparkling with deviltry. They were the mysterious, the unknown, and who was I, a seven-year-old, to analyze them and know their prankishness. In them I visioned sudden death, and I declined the wine half-heartedly. The expression in his eyes changed. They grew stern and imperious as he shoved the tumbler of wine closer.

"What could I do? I have faced real death since in my life, but never have I known the fear of death as I knew it then. \* \* \* I threw back my head and gulped the wine down. \* \* \*

"Looking back now, I can realize that Peter was astounded. He half-filled a second tumbler and shoved it across the table. Frozen with fear, in despair at the fate which had befallen me, I gulped the second glass down like the first. \* \* \*

"This was too much for Peter. He must share the infant prodigy he had discovered. He called Dominiek, a young moustached Italian, to see the sight. This time it was a full tumbler that was given me. One will do anything to live. I gripped myself, mastered the qualms that rose in my throat, and downed the stuff. \* \* \*

"Dominiek had never seen an infant of such heroic caliber. Twice again he refilled the tumbler, each time

to the brim, and watched the contents disappear down my throat. By this time my exploits were attracting attention. Middle-aged Italian laborers, old-country peasants who did not talk English, surrounded me. They were swarthy and wild-looking; they wore belts and red shirts; and they ringed me around like a pirate chorus. \* \* \*

"How much I drank I do not know. My memory of it is of an age-long suffering of fear in the midst of a murderous crew, and of an infinite number of glasses of red wine passing across the bare boards of a wine-drenched table and going down my burning throat. \* \* \*

"I was frozen, I was paralyzed with fear. The only movement I made was to convey that never-ending procession of glasses to my lips. I was a poised and motionless receptacle for all that quantity of wine. It lay inert in my fear-inert stomach. \* \* \* So all that Italian crew looked on and marvelled at the infant phenomenon that down wine with the sang-froid of an automaton. \* \* \*

And so the child passed on to the dreadful aftermath.

"My brain was seared forever by that experience. Now, thirty years afterward, every vision is as distinct, as sharp-cut, every pain as vital and terrible, as on that night.

"I was sick for days afterward. \* \* \* My mother had been dreadfully shocked. She held that I had done very, very wrong, and that I had gone contrary to all her teaching. And how was I, who was never allowed to talk back, who lacked the very words with which to express my psychology—how was I to tell my mother that it was her teaching that was directly responsible? Had it not been her teaching that was directly responsible? Had it not been for her theories about dark eyes and Italian character, I should never have wet my lips with the sour, bitter wine. And not until man-grown did I tell her the true inwardness of that disgraceful affair."

Read "John Barleycorn," says Mr. Vale, "whether you live—voluntarily or regretfully—in a dry state or a wet one. For, though you are reading an autobiography of Jack London, genius, you are also reading a biography of mankind, in the making, and in the marring."

### PRAGMATISM AGAIN

IN "The Larger Aspects of Socialism" William English Walling has revived the question, "What is the philosophy of Socialism?" and inasmuch as he has prodded out of their state of philosophic introspection a few of our worthy Dietzgenians, thereby bringing to the foreground the works of Joseph Dietzgen, which of late have lain unmentioned in the libraries of a few, to the great harm of the Socialist movement, he has done a praiseworthy thing. But when it comes to passing off a composite of Stirner-Nietzsche-Ellen Key-John Dewey philosophy as "The Larger Aspects of Socialism," he has essayed a thankless task.

To quote Marcus Hitch, one of the aroused Dietzgenians:

"It almost seems as if the book were an attempt to claim for Socialism the brilliant writers of the Individualist-Anarchist school, to whom proletarian literature is an abomination. . . .

"We were not aware that the pragmatists had distinguished themselves in the Socialist movement in any way, not even by showing the usefulness of their philosophy to the working class. . . .

"No doubt some of the sayings of the pragmatists could be interpreted favorably to Socialism; no doubt such was not the intention of the pragmatists themselves. Pragmatism is a philosophy of method only, without a goal."—E. W.

### ARE WE A DEMOCRACY.

WRITING in a recent issue of Reedy's Mirror, Orrick Johns repeats the questions: Are we a democracy? Is the constitution a charter of popular liberty or a private contract in favor of the owners? Old questions; and many editorial writers always ask them when subjects become somewhat scarce. Here is what Mr. John Macy says in his book, "The Spirit of American Literature": "America is not a democracy; it is a vast bourgeoisie." Of course, we radical Socialists have been saying this for years; it is often consoling to have a conservative say you are right, though you wouldn't want that to happen too often. While Mr. Johns reaffirms his faith in American democracy he, for a moment, appears concerned over the absence of patriotism; but, he waves it all aside with this: If America were threatened with invasion, radical and privileged fop would stand together to defend it. True, but Mr. Johns should remember that the real enemies are not invaders; they are our best citizens; they are in the household. It is our mission to search out our enemies from within. They are more dangerous than threatening outsiders—granting there are such. Nothing is more stupid than the patriotism that says this is the best country because, as Shaw puts it, you happened to be born in it. The true patriot is one who is frank enough to admit his country has faults; that it has no democracy, and who adds, by God, these conditions must change!

# The Lost Strike

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

## A Great Poet of the Revolution

**E**DGCUMB PINCHON is destined to take his place with the great poets of the revolution. Were he never to write another line, the collection of eight of his songs now in the hands of *The Western Comrade* for exclusive publication, would entitle him to rank with the very truest interpreters in song of the spirit of revolution and the ascendant brotherhood of man. To have brought Pinchon's songs before the public is an achievement of which *The Western Comrade* is more than proud. Years ago Pinchon wrote songs of a different kind—capitalist poems. Then came the awakening ten years ago. He vowed never to write another line. For ten years he repressed the music in his soul. And then, like flood waters these new songs burst from his lips. As he himself puts it, "These songs are the result of ten years of repression." "The Lost Strike" has been selected as the one to be given publication first. The others will follow, a collection of gems of the purest ray, for the Socialists of the great, inspiring West.—The Editors.

**T**HE strike is lost? We laugh at you, you conquerors of a day!

Our unfed bellies shake with laughter at you!  
So seriously you puff and strut and prate of victory!  
Your little policemen with their tiny clubs,  
Your pretty jingling Cossacks, neat and trim, like nursery toys,  
Your spitting Maxims on their polished motor-ears,  
Your puny panderers, hired in a brothel, decked with sheriff's star—licensed to brue their hands in workers' blood.

**Y**OUR comical injunctions, writs and ordinances,  
Your mimic courts, your doll's-house jail,  
Your clockwork press ticking off clockwork lies,  
Your tricky sticks of dynamite, your planted bombs!  
—These are your gods! To whom you turn in time of need; to whom you pray, whom you adore!  
Fit gods are they for YOU!

**T**HE strike is lost? A lie! No strike is lost, nor ever shall be!  
We don our chains again—uncowed, and wait—and laugh.  
You and your little gods have done some ill—broken

some heads, blasted some woman's ears with foul abuse;

But in the hands of that which guides the universe—  
your little ill has wrought a mighty good.  
We struck—a thousand mutinous slaves;  
We lose—a thousand warriors, pledged to the social war—rapt in a social faith—brothers and sisters compact in holy solidarity.

**T**HE strike is lost? We laugh at you, you conquerors of a day!

Our unfed bellies shake with laughter at you!  
So seriously you puff and strut and prate of victory!  
Look forward five—ten years! Your hour has come!  
Call out your gods—and bid them roll the tide of evolution back!  
Call out your gods—and bid them bind the stars!  
Call out your gods—and bid them with their tiny bludgeons batter the heart from Labor's mighty breast!

Your hour has come!  
Great Labor laughs—and with one careless, jovial sweep of his broad hands hurls you and your dear gods—your little gods—into the noisome vat of Nature's excrement.

## WANTED: A SHORT STORY

By EMANUEL JULIUS



'D LIKE to write a story," said Albert F. Scott, glancing up from a letter which had just been delivered.

"A nice story?" his wife asked, smiling at him.

"No; any kind of a story," Albert answered, gravely. "He tells me I may say anything I care to say. That's

tempting, I must confess. It's not every mail that brings me an offer like this."

In mock seriousness, she said:

"While the editorial sun shines on you, it is wise to make hay and keep the pot a-boiling."

"Yes, my dear, I would like to let this dear editor have something, but the trouble with me is that I'm as dry as the Sahara desert. I really can't write a story; I haven't an idea in my mind."

"Oh, come," she laughed; "it's not so serious as that, for this story writing is a simple matter. Let us see if we can't get something that will make a story. A letter like this isn't to be sneezed at."

"Good!" exclaimed Albert, seating himself at the table and placing paper before him; "help me get a story; and if it goes, I'll divide the spoils."

"Very well; now then, what shall it be?"

"What shall it be?" Albert repeated.

"Oh, I see; I'm to do it all," with a bow; "very well, I'm willing to try."

For a full minute she remained in deep thought; then, her face lighting up suddenly, she said, quickly:

"Once upon a time there was a foolish little man, who had a foolish vocation. This foolish, little man wrote foolish, little stories to help support his foolish, little self and his foolish whims."

"I don't know what you are driving at," Albert drawled, "but, I must confess, that's a pretty good lead. I may use it."

"And," she continued, "this foolish, little story writer had a fairly good memory, a quick eye and a well-oiled typewriter, and managed, in quite a passable manner, to express other people's originalities—not a bad word—originalities—you might use it. So, this foolish, little story writer succeeded in selling lots of his foolish stories to editors whose business it was to print foolishness in magazines that were read by thousands of foolish women.

"One foolish woman wrote a letter to this uninteresting story writer, and, to her surprise, she received an answer. It was a short, sweet note, offering thanks for her praise of a story that really didn't deserve it. And, as she was a silly woman, she wrote again."

With an impatient wave, Albert said:

"Oh, I anticipate; you are going to make it very commonplace. She, a foolish woman, writes again; they meet, and, there is a mushy scene; they talk about going through life together—he working for fame and glory, she helping him by doing his typewriting and rolling his cigarettes; they marry, are soon divorced, and live happily ever after."

"Nothing of the sort," she snapped; "how could you think me guilty of such a crime,"

"Then he is married; he meets her, hoping to get a story; she falls in love with him. Then comes the startling climax—ye Gods!—'I am discovered! She knows I have a wife, and am father of a chee-ild!' She screams: 'In spite of all your writings and fame you are a scoundrel and a deceiver, Mr. Fountleroy, and I hate you, I hate you! Go back to your wife and writings and write of the heart you have broken.'"

"Oh, Albert, how you slander me," said his wife. "He wasn't married at all—quite single; but she—she was married—so she couldn't have been deceived; she was the one who began the thing in the first place."

"Well, what happened?" Albert asked, quickly.

"Of course, they met—"

"To be sure, they met—there couldn't be a story if they didn't meet. But what happened? That's what I want to know."

"They met, and the foolish little story writer smoked a cigarette in a perfectly insipid manner. She stared at him—well, she was a foolish woman. It was inevitable that those two fools should fall in love—the wonder would be if they didn't. Well, he told her he loved her, and she let him kiss her; and as they sipped wine in a cafe, they looked into each other's eyes and seemed to say: 'Ah, we belong to each other; let us rid ourselves of this pest of a husband.'

"Things moved rapidly—they always do when two fools get together. They met a few times, and talked a few hours, and soon convinced themselves that God had made them for each other. As for her husband; bah! They would leave—go to Paris—yes, yes, gay Paris—Ah, this foolish, little story writer would write love stories of Parisian studio life; he would surely sell much to the foolish editors—yes, it was all very simple.

"So, the day was set for the following Saturday; this foolish writer of silly stories and this simple-minded woman were to go off—to Paris.

"But news—that is, gossip—travels fast—it got to her husband—gossip always does. The world is full of anonymous letter writers, who believe it their sacred duty to keep husbands informed. He got a letter. But, he wasn't a foolish husband; there are some sensible men in this world. If he had been a

foolish husband, he would have run for his revolver, and then, another newspaper story. But, he wasn't of the shooting kind. I said he was a sensible husband.

"So, he found the foolish young writer of foolish stories in his apartment—the foolish writer even had all his trunks packed; he was ready to go. That was quite a predicament for the husband of the foolish, little woman; but he smiled—he had a sense of humor—like all sensible husbands. So, he shook hands with the foolish literary fellow and wished him a pleasant trip.

"He told the writer of silly stories that he had long been hoping to get rid of his wife. 'I've been wanting an excuse for a divorce action, but I've never had luck enough to have her do something—I always was unlucky.'

"This was strange, and it upset the foolish young writer. But, the husband of the foolish, little woman wasn't finished. He had more to say. 'I only want you to grant me a favor,' the husband said; 'will you be kind enough to allow me the use of your name as correspondent. I wouldn't care to do it unless I got your permission.'

"And to this, he added:

"'I wish you all the luck in the world, my dear sir; but no man can say I ever played him a mean trick, so, to clear my conscience, I have decided to come to you and honestly warn you of your danger. I am not

going to be specific: I simply wish to tell you that I have not tried to deceive you into running off with my wife; I want you to know that I have warned you.'

"And, in addition, this husband remarked that he wished the pair would have a pleasant journey; he hoped they wouldn't get sea sick, and that if it wasn't asking too much, would they kindly send him a few picture postal cards when they got on the other side?

"'I've been saving European postals for years,' he remarked: 'they are so much better than ours.'

"'And,' this husband said, 'you will understand that from this day I look upon you as my best friend; you are going to do me a great service. It shows that some persons are willing to do their fellow-man a favor once in a while.'

"That husband shook hands with that silly writer of foolish stories, and left him. The foolish story writer smoked another cigarette, bit his lips until they bled and then wrote a note to the foolish, little woman, telling her that he regretted he couldn't make the trip."

Her story at an end, she asked:

"Don't you think that ought to make good fiction?"

Albert shook his head and said:

"No, you are too late; that story has already been written."

"By whom?"

"By that foolish writer of foolish stories."

## Names That Don't Apply

THE skilled workers, who call the unskilled "anarchistic" and the unskilled workers, who call the skilled "capitalistic," unite in calling the organizations of women "bourgeois." They judge them as they judge each other—from their own point of view, having in mind their own conditions and problems and not those of the women. The skilled workers, who know that their method of fighting must be different from that of the unskilled, and vice versa, the unskilled, who know they must fight in a way different from the way of the skilled, cannot conceive of the same thing applying to women; that their economic position, social position and political position being different from that of the mass of workers, the psychology with which they have to deal being different, they must, therefore, organize differently and fight differently, being none the less genuinely radical for all that.

But I am inclined to be optimistic and so believe as surely as I believe that the cat will come home again that before the crack of doom, the workers will come to see that women are no more "bourgeois" because in their conventions they do not wear out a couple of sets of Roberts' Rules of Order or violently throw out a few delegates than the skilled workers are "capitalistic" because they keep agreements with employers or the unskilled are "anarchistic" because they don't.

In climbing the Alps one needs an Alpine staff, in traversing the Sahara, a good supply of water, and in wading through the everglades, a preventive for malaria. He who went into the desert or up into the mountains loaded with quinine or into the everglades with heavy water bottles strapped to his back would justly be scoffed at as a foolish one. "Sabe?"  
—E. W.

# THE MERRY GO 'ROUND By C. M. W.



## ZOOLOGICAL ECONOMICS

Capitalist Worm to Proletarian Worm: "Here's a nice comfortable hole I'll rent you for ten leaves a day, payable in advance."

Proletarian Worm: "Say, who dug that hole?"

Capitalist Worm: "You did."

Proletarian Worm: "Who's go-

ing to pick the leaves now to pay the rent on the hole that I dug?"

Capitalist Worm: "You are."

Proletarian Worm: "I don't see how you worked it!"

Capitalist Worm: "Superior brains, old chap, superior brains!"

That's all."

## THE TIK TOK ARMY

An advertisement tells us that there are Ingersoll watches in the pockets of 32,000 Americans.

And yet some say there are no classes.

## GOTHAMISTIC CULTURE

Mayor Mitchell announced that New York City had been "cleaned up," but within twenty-four hours rival gangs of gunmen had clashed in a saloon with two fatalities.—News Item.

If a body meet a body  
Loadin' up wi' rye  
If a body bean a body  
Need it worry you or I?

## RELIGION A LA CARTE

"Unto him that hath shall be given."—Sermon text for Highbrow pulpiteer.

"It shall be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."—Sermon text for Lowbrow pulpiteer.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."—Sermon text for Alabama pulpiteer.

"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—Sermon text for Fifth avenue (New York) pulpiteer.

## THREE CHEERS

All in one day a woman, thirty-five years of age killed herself because she could find no work, California broke into the Social Register, a bunch of gamblers were liberated on \$10 bail bonds each, a poor bum of a vag was given ninety days, a rich auto speeder was apologetically given a fine of \$10, and the president of a Chamber of Commerce predicted that prosperity was back among us. Who DARES criticize capitalism?

## PICKING ON ASTOR

Vincent Astor, our richest young man, has declined the invitation of Upton Sinclair to espouse the cause of Socialism and dig up his coin to aid in pushing the propaganda of revolution. About the only comment needed is the obvious remark that for a lad of his years Vince shows a whole lot more sense than Uppy, who, as John Spargo says, seems to have his Socialism considerably mixed with his fiction. Considerably is putting it mildly, at that.

Says a newspaper headline: "JAIL TRUST LAW VIOLATORS," SAYS WILSON."

And yet we are told that newspapers are printed for the purpose of publishing NEWS!

## 1914 NURSERY JINGLES

Little Bo Peep  
Has lost her sheep,  
And don't know where to find them.  
Poor little Bo,  
She doesn't know  
That Armour's gone and canned  
them!

Little Jack Horner  
Grabbed off a corner  
In oats and wheat and rye.  
He stuck 'round awhile  
And cleaned up a pile  
Off of sheep such as you and I.

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get for herself an egg—  
But when she got there  
The cupboard was bare.

Poetic license here allows the plain statement that the egg was at that moment in the Historical Museum.

## ELASTICITY!

A railroad train hit a rotten rail and went into the ditch. Half a hundred persons were killed.

The trust that sold the rail knew it was rotten.

The railroad that bought the rail knew it was rotten.

On Sunday the trust magnate and the railroad magnate sat side by side in their beautiful church.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," they sang in unison.

## MARY JANE

A Wisconsin legislative commission has discovered, so it is reported, that girls in what is called "domestic service" form a major percentage of those who fall into ways that are evil. Irregular hours of work and the lack of normal opportunities for pleasure are given as the causes. Regular hours for those engaged in housework are recommended. Department store owners will receive this bit of news with great glee, it is likely.

# WHEN REVOLUTIONISTS MEET

An interview that should forever have a place in some special niche in the revolutionists' hall of memories took place just a short time ago in New York. Helen Keller there met Dr. Maria Montessori, the famous Italian educator. Neither could speak the language of the other, but there were friendly souls to translate. Miss Annie E. George, head of the Montessori schools in Washington, translated from Italian into English the words repeated into Miss Keller's hands by Mrs. John Macy, her teacher.

The story of the interview is told by the New York correspondent of the Boston Herald:

Dr. Montessori embraced Mrs. Macy and Miss Keller and there was a confused greeting in Italian and English.

"Say to her," said the Dottoressa, to Miss George, "that I am too much moved to express what I feel."

Miss Keller stood with her hands on Dr. Montessori's shoulders. Then she said distinctly: "Blessed are the feet of her who comes across the sea with a message of liberty to the children of America."

"How clearly she speaks, and her face is lighted with her soul."

"I am glad," said Miss Keller, "that your lecture last night was so successful; they say the hall was crowded."

"Not all the thousands," replied Dr. Montessori, "mean one-tenth as much to me as this meeting."

"I myself am a product of the Montessori method," and her hand sought the lips of Mrs. Macy, who smiled and nodded emphatically.

"Does she know," asked Dr. Montessori, "that I have written a dedication to her for my new book?"

"She knows that you have dedicated the book to her, but she does not know what you have written."

"I have said that I have learned from you as pupil learns from master."

"But," replied Miss Keller quick-

ly, turning to Mrs. Macy, "you should have said that of her."

"Of both, for you are one. She is the creator of a soul, but you had the soul to be created." Then she murmured to Miss George and Miss George translated: "She is using an Italian word which cannot be rendered in English. It is a combination of 'precious' and 'tender.'"

"I have followed your career for years. Professor Ferreri told me much about you. Do you remember him?" Professor Ferreri is an Italian teacher of the deaf who some years ago read a few stanzas of Dante with Miss Keller.

Miss Keller's face lighted. "Oh, yes, I remember him.

"Dottoressa," asked Miss George, "don't you want to tell her something about the children in the house of childhood?"

"Tell her this," answered Dr. Montessori, "that my children understand her; they know the triumph of the soul over difficulties. But the children of the future, the men of the future, will understand her even better than men do now, for they will be liberated and will know how the spirit can prevail over the senses."

"You," said Miss Keller, "are fighting for the freedom of children. We are fighting for the freedom of the parents, for the industrial revolution."

"But it is all one," said the Dottoressa. "The complete revolution is external and internal, too."

"How wide and far-reaching and many-sided," exclaimed Miss Keller, "is the Montessori system!"

"I began," explained Dr. Montessori, "as a sympathizer with political revolutionists of all kinds. Then I came to feel that it is the liberation of this, what we have in our hearts, that is the beginning and end of revolution."

"But, surely," said Miss Keller, "we never can have the Montessori system or any other good system of education so long as the conditions

of the home, of the parents, of the workers, are so intolerable."

"Certainly, certainly, that is true. But we must educate children so that they will know how to free themselves and others from bondage. And the first thing is to bring our children under the care of worthy teachers. You and Mrs. Macy symbolize such education, the education of the future, the development of a soul by the union of an inspiring teacher and the child whose soul has grown freely with such stimuli as it needs and without the stimuli that debase and hinder growth."

"When you think of the appalling conditions," said Miss Keller, "under which people live, it sometimes seems a miracle that the children grow up at all to intelligence and decency."

There was a moment's pause, during which everyone seemed to be thinking of the enormous mountains to be moved. Then Montessori said: "The Queen Margherita is much interested in you."

"I have heard that she is a sweet and noble woman."

"Indeed she is."

"And they tell me the King, too, is a good man. All the same we must get rid of all kings."

Mrs. Macy laughingly explained that Miss Keller was an uncompromising revolutionist and naturally opposed to having such officials as kings. The interview proceeds, with Dr. Montessori speaking:

"Because of you the world has a greater sense than ever of the possibilities of the soul."

Miss Keller pressed the Italian woman's hand, and said simply: "Blindness and deafness have their compensations if there is someone to help. I cannot begin to tell you what my teacher's coming meant to me. She was almost blind herself. She came to teach me amid strange surroundings. Her eyes did not permit her to read. She knew almost nothing of educational theory and psy-

chology, but taught me, as we say, out of her own head."

Dr. Montessori was studying Miss Keller's face. "In spite of all you say, Mrs. Macy, all your explanations of how she was taught, I do not see how her spirit has such vision. She seems like a special revelation of God."

"Every child," said Miss Keller, "can be a special revelation of God, if he is taught properly and is allowed to live under right conditions."

"Helen," said Mrs. Macy, "was a revolutionist before I was. Two or three years before I cared for them, she had all these ideas. You see, I could have molded her in my own likeness, I could have made her a copy of myself. But I left her free to think."

"That is it. Liberty to think."

"Did it ever occur to you, Dr. Montessori," asked Mrs. Macy, "that the same ideas spring up in many parts of the world at about the same time? I did not know of your work nor you of mine. What is it? Is it the spirit of the age manifest here and there in one and another individual?"

"It is all in what we want," said Miss Keller. "We ought to want more, for what we want we get, if we want it hard enough. For example, women want the vote, men want better conditions of labor, and children want more freedom. And remember, what we really want we get."

"You will come to see our schools in Rome some time?"

"Oui je ferai cela avec grand plaisir," replied Miss Keller.

"Oh, she is speaking French."

"Yes, I speak it a little, not very well."

"But you are tired," said Mrs. Macy.

"No, no, only too much moved to say all I would. I have known of you for years. This summer, when I came closer to you through Mr. Macy, I felt it a great privilege, and when you sent me your picture it was one of the happiest moments of my life. And now I meet you. I am

sorry that you had to come to this hotel to see me. When I first came to America I felt that I must rush to you to render homage."

"I hope," said Miss Keller, "that the next time I see you I shall be able to speak with you in Italian—at Rome."

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**WHY MARY LEFT HOME**

By Allan L. Benson

Washing by hand should be made a misdemeanor. The hand-ironing of flat work should be made a misdemeanor. In each case the husband of the offender herself should be punished. He should be punished not as a criminal, but as a dangerous heap of stupidity—dangerous to his wife in particular, dangerous to society in general; because power laundry machinery is not so expensive that people in ordinary circumstances cannot afford to buy it, whereas washing by hand is so hard that no woman should do it. It makes no difference who the woman is, whether she is a housewife or a servant, washing is too hard for her. In the winter, it invites pneumonia. At all times of the year it is drudgery. And if bending over a washboard were not a crime against a woman's body, the fact that it is a crime against her right to be happy would be enough to condemn it.

Hand-washing can never be anything but a drudgery. A drudge can never be happy. Necessary drudgery must be endured, but the drudgery of the washboard is unnecessary. No man worth his salt would spend a seventh of his time at a tub. If washing were suddenly put up to men there would be a greater demand for laundry machinery than there is for automobiles. In fact, a great many gentlemen who are now thinking of buying automobiles would buy their washing machines first. Cost would not matter. Two facts would fill the eye. One fact would be the horrible washboard would go. The gentlemen would look on while electricity or some other form of power did the work. And a year or two later, they would discover that the machinery had actually cost them nothing, because it had paid for itself.

This is not mere flapdoodle. I know what I am talking about. I walked through my laundry one day, three years ago, and exploded. I saw a washerwoman breaking her poor back. In the exasperation at-

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tendant upon the birth of an idea that had long been generating in my mind, I told my wife that women were idiots. I told her that they were doing their housework almost as they had done it for a thousand years. I told her that every house should be a factory. I said that electric motors should wash, wring, and iron clothes, wash and dry dishes, clean floors, run sewing machines, and turn ice-cream freezers. I made as fine a bluff as I knew how, and after it was all over I crept over to New Jersey and asked Edison what he thought about it. He said I was right; that he could never understand why women had been content to drudge along in the same old way, while machinery was tapping on their shoulders begging for an opportunity to do their work. Since that time electricity has done our laundry work, washed and dried our dishes, cleaned the floors, turned the sewing machine, and performed a few other odd jobs.

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**THE TEMPLE OF GOLD**

By Rabindranath Tagore

“Sire,” announced the servant to the King, “the saint Narottam never deigns to step into your temple. He is singing to God’s praise under the trees by the open road. The temple is empty of all worshipers. They flock round him like bees round the flagrant white lotus, leaving the golden jar of honey unheeded.”

The King, vexed at heart, went to the spot where Narottam sat on the grass. He asked him, “Father, why leave my temple of the golden dome, and sit on the dust outside to preach God’s love?”

“Because God is not there in your temple,” said Narottam.

The King frowned and said, “Do you know twenty millions of gold, have been spent on that marvel of art, and the temple was duly consecrated to God with costly rites?”

“Yes, I know,” answered Uarot-tam. “It was the dread year when thousands of your people lost their homes in fire and stood at your door for help in vain. And God said, ‘The poor creature who can give no shelter to his brothers would aspire to build my house!’ Thus he took his place with the shelterless under the trees by the road. And that golden bubble is empty of all but hot vapor of pride.”

The King cried in anger, “Leave my land!”

Calmly said the saint, “Yes, banish me where you have banished my God.”

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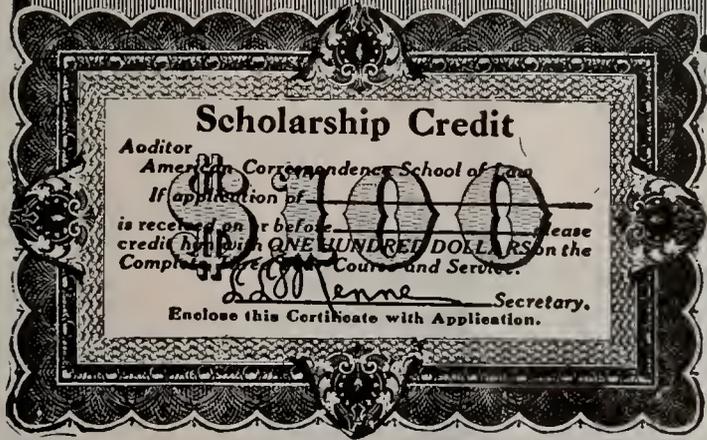
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