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TEN CENTS

The Western Comrade

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ROB WAGNER
By Himself

A Message From the Editors

The Western Comrade that you now have in your hands is the fourth issue and it is with a feeling of pride that the editors have watched it go from the press.

No effort has been spared to make The Western Comrade a magazine superior to all Socialist magazines. This has been done, not with a spirit of grasping competition, but with a spirit of loyalty to Socialist principles and a desire to give to the party and its members the very best possible propoganda and educational medium.

The subscription list of The Western Comrade has grown from month to month and the indications are that it will grow faster in the future than it has in the past.

And that is the point. Just what are you doing to help this splendid magazine in its efforts to help build the party? Have you secured just one new subscription? It may be that you have, and it may be that you haven't. If you haven't, the big thing to do is to take this copy and go straight to the best prospect you know of and get his or her subscription.

You never have had a magazine in your hands for which it was easier to get subscriptions. So let us see how many subscriptions can be rolled in before the next issue comes from the press. The best magazine in the world would be no good at all if it had no subscribers to read it!

The next number of The Western Comrade will be just like all of the other numbers—the very best that can be made. The editors are after some great features right now. The Western Comrade always will be a magazine to be proud of—a magazine of the west for the whole country.

Now for those new subscriptions! The price—just a dollar a year!

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A Word to the West from the New National Executive Secretary

By WALTER LANFERSIEK



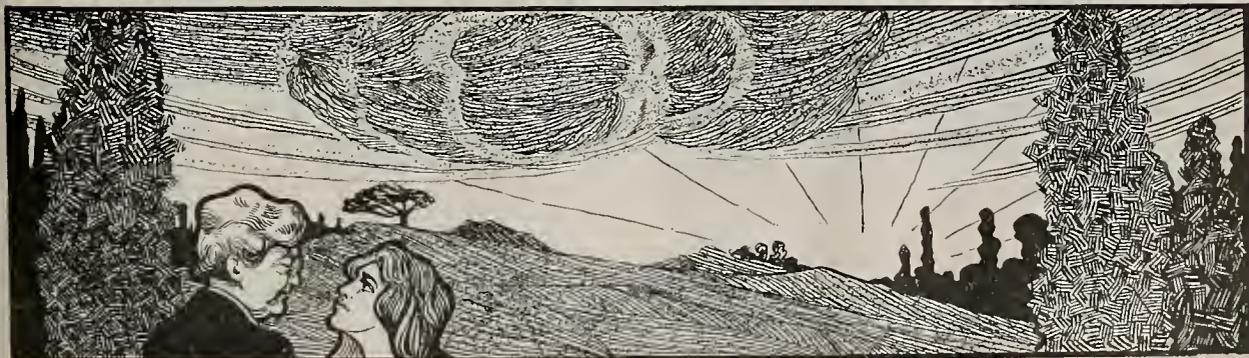
THE Socialist Party is entering upon a period of unexampled growth. Certain untoward circumstances at the present moment may becloud that fact. There is a deficit on hand, not at all dangerous, but the Socialist Party has the honest psychology of the working class, in that it dislikes to face the world in debt. But although important, this is of passing importance. An avalanche cannot move backward, nor can we.

The old National Committee felt the rising spirit of the times. They felt that the old bottles could no longer hold the new wine, and graciously handed over the reins to a new National Executive Committee. All honor to them for their past great work. They kept us from the rocks of destruction and will be remembered with love and gratitude by all who know their real work.

The new National Executive Committee is composed of J. Stitt Wilson from the far West, George H. Goebel from the far East, Victor L. Berger, Adolph Germer and James H. Maurer from the middle section of the country. The three last named stand high in their respective unions. The other two need no introduction to Californians. They will work harmoniously and will make good.

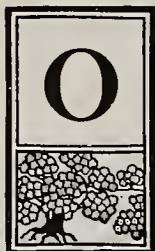
For the present all big plans must be held in abeyance. We must look after the commissary before entering into the campaign. As soon as the new regime has found itself there will be some large plans inaugurated. We must look at things in a large way. One hundred thousand men and women with one idea as a fulcrum can move the world. We are moving it, comrades! The evidences are many and significant. Our literature is penetrating every home. Our spirit is reaching and influencing minds and hearts wherever justice and peace are loved.

Uphold the hands of your new Executive Committee. Work harmoniously for the great goal, and we shall then have such cause for rejoicing that we will grasp and hold the world for the workers and the cruel class war shall cease.



YOUNG LIFE'S REALIZATION

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH



ONE November the strong Fall Wind passed through the Woods and on his wide-spread wings carried away a little seed, depositing it at length among the debris of an alley in the Great City. There it lay all during the winter. While the wind whistled between the rows of houses and roared through the alley, causing the tin cans to rattle, it crouched down far beneath the snow and longed dreamily for the Summer.

"Come soon, dear Summer," it sang. I am growing, growing; something within me is pushing outward. I hunger for your sweet sunshine and soft rains. Come soon, dear Summer—I want to BE."

When the snow began to melt the seed pushed roots downward and leaves upward, thinking "Surely the Summer will come now. I must begin my work."

The days advanced and Summer came. But to the alley it brought no sweet sunshine or soft rains. It brought only rumbling, crushing wagons, ruthless childish feet, and a dry heat that made the soil impenetrable.

The little seed struggled bravely, calling to the beloved Summer, but it received no response. So it crumpled up hopelessly and withered away.

The Spirit of Love breathed over a home and reared on a mother's breast a tender young life. He pulsated with that heritage of the well-born, the desire to grow. During his early youth his mother protected him against the misery of his environment, so he grew healthy and rosy and beheld large visions of the future.

"I'll be strong, Mother," he said, "and wise and brave. I'll go out into the big world and bring beautiful things back to you. I'll give my strength wherever it is needed; fight for the right, though it means danger, and stand by my fellows, though it means death."

She answered him with a strangely intoned "Yes?"

But long before he reached maturity, Poverty beckoned him and led him into the factory. There hard labor robbed him of his strength; weariness stupefied his idealism; uncertainty destroyed his courage; and incessant competition killed his sense of fairness to his fellows.

Before many years the clutch of the octopus had made of him dry chaff.

And from the world he brought to his mother the knowledge that her love's labor was lost.

Human Hands

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

* * *

Wonderful, beautiful human hands! Hands as delicate as the finest fabric, with tint of skin that blends into shadow over fleeting curves. Hands that breathe of the divinity of humanity. Slender, soft-hued fingers, tapering to tiny rose buds. Fingers that flex and fly like scampering sunbeams in the labors of love! Marvelous human hands!

Human hands, torn and knotted and broken! Great hands with muscles that are hard and bones that are big and strong! Hands that strive and strain at great burdens! Hands that grasp shovels and levers that control powerful machines. Hands that plunge down into danger! Hands that grapple with death! Hands with hard palms and thick, tough fingers! Hands! Human hands that do hard work!

Hands that are indolent. Hands that reach and grasp. Hands that tear away from other hands. Hands strong in the strength of trickery and treachery! Human hands that never create. Fingers that are never bent except to grasp!

Human hands. All alike in the dawn of babyhood!



Rob Wagner, the Artistic Red

By EMANUEL JULIUS



YOU have your little lists of world problems—so have I—so has the valedictorian in the Pomona high school. Some of our inclusions will differ widely, but there are other things in the world about us so rankly grown that man's instinctive sense of fairness takes the pen and writes the lists alike.

Man now produces thirty, sixty and a hundred fold more wealth than did the toiling grandsire; yet there are among us those who want what our grandfathers had. A woman driven in a luxurious car and adorned in a gown that cost a thousand months of painful toil plays at charity where ten thousand unwashed childish faces gaze upward from a garbage-laden gutter. We, who twice daily are packed in cars as no ranchman would pack his cattle, appoint committees to find a remedy for rural isolation. With education universal and enforced, with the science of preventive medicine progressing with marvelous rapidity, insanity, suicide and crime steadily increase, while in some of New York's human abattoirs only one child of ten born reaches the age of five.

These conditions cry out for change; and no shutting of our eyes to the facts, no comparison with worse conditions in the past, and no shifting of responsibility upon Divine Providence, can still the cry. We voice our cry in ten thousand different ways. We write of our heart-sores in forms that are countless. We aspire to utopias that mirror the dreams of our souls. And this vast chaos sums itself into the desire for a beautiful world. We want a better world, and that means a more beautiful world. Child toil, poverty, disease, crime—all these are ugly, and that is why we don't want them.

In Los Angeles, Rob Wagner is preaching the Gospel of Beauty. He despises Capitalism because it is crude and ugly. He loves the philosophy of Mutualism because it is beautiful. He is a Socialist, an Artistic Red. He believes that ecstasy over beauty is something that is actually inherent; the thrill that comes from viewing a majestic mountain moves man to the depths of his soul. His emotions throb and pulsate, craving for expression; if he is an artist, he will write a poem that breathes beautiful words and thoughts, chisel a bit of statuary that takes on the haunting loveliness of harmonious form, paint a picture that glories in the color and shade

of nature, or compose a song that contrasts sound with silence, tempers volume with tone.

Rob Wagner believes that nothing in the world is better than beauty. The goal of all things is beauty, which means perfection. He believes, with Keats, that what is beautiful cannot be bad. Only the ugly is immoral. True beauty to the soul is as ozone to the flower. Were we to surround ourselves with beautiful things our lives and thoughts, in time, would become beautiful, for beauty absorbs the ugly just as light drives off the blackness of night. This is Rob Wagner's philosophy. And it is red; it is revolutionary; it is dangerous; it demands vast changes in our economic system—or rather, lack of system.

"All artists are individualists, but many of them see no hope of achieving their individuality except through the Socialist movement," says Rob Wagner. "Jack London was right when he said that capitalism is absolutely crushing art. The artist occupies a curious position in the social cosmos; neither a capitalist nor a proletarian, he forms with the other intellectuals a group that lies between. However, no matter how much he would like to express himself or socially serve his fellow men under the competitive system, he must of necessity become a servant of those who can pay him his wage. Thus, we find most of the artists and intellectuals in the service of the capitalists.

"Jack London has to write directly at the heads of his editors, and they are either capitalists or represent capitalists. The artists have to paint what the buying public want—and the only ones who now can buy their wares are the capitalists. We edit their newspapers, build their homes, write their plays and books, paint their pictures and in every other way glorify their lives. It is natural that the intellectuals should be rebels. What self-respecting man wants to be subjected to this kind of tyranny?"

Rob Wagner and his comrade artists would infinitely prefer to beautify the lives of all mankind than to bury their works in the private homes of moneyed mediocrity. It was for this reason that Mr. Wagner sought expression in the public service by entering the public schools as a teacher. He feels that there is a real exhilaration in helping to esthetically mould the lives of the coming generation. The receptive minds of eighteen hundred boys and girls at the Manual Arts High School is a larger and more splendid canvas than he ever painted upon before.



PAINTING STEWART WHITE'S PORTRAIT

For Mr. Wagner to strive to show them how they can beautify their homes, their persons, their manners and tastes is to lead them to beauties they know not of and to make them sensitive to artistic horrors that confront us on all sides—this will help develop a race of young people who will know and demand beauty as a personal and social necessity to their lives.

As the schools are the most highly socialized institutions we have, they are the most successful. No greater demonstration of the social triumph could be shown than in the Manual Arts High School—where Mr. Wagner teaches. Here is a faculty of eighty teachers—fine, intelligent, high-purposed men and women who dearly love their work and who all work tirelessly for the interest and joy they take in it.

"It is a pleasure to associate socially and intellectually with such fine spirits," says Mr. Wagner. "As for the students, they are fairly bursting with the joy of life. It would be hard to tell when school is out for the students linger around, some still working in the shops and many rehearsing for all sorts of musical and athletic stunts.

"One reason why they love the place is because the physical equipment of the school is so beautiful, which goes to show the importance of beauty in making work joyous. The shops, so full of fresh air and sunshine, looking out upon the field, are an inspiration to work and stand as a symbol of what our industrial life ought to be. When the industries are public institutions, like the schools, then perhaps there will be some dignity to labor, for one can work with dignity only in beautiful surroundings."

Of course, the public schools have not attained the perfection of Socialism—whose fruitage is individualism. Mr. Wagner avers there is still too much authority to develop splendid individuals. The authority is not the state nor the church, but public opinion. The state, as represented in the superintendent and board of education, has been amazingly liberal and broad-minded and has helped to encourage individuality in the teachers and students, says Mr. Wagner.

"The one blighting influence is what I call public opinion," Mr. Wagner says. "The reason is that public opinion on educational, intellectual and artistic affairs has almost invariably been wrong. Educators have been the world's greatest martyrs. They blaze the way while the mediocre shout themselves hoarse in their smug virtue. Most of the loudest and most blatant criticism comes from professional purists or over-zealous kill-joys of puritan standards. These are the people who see shame in dancing and degradation in the drama, and who object to the introduction of anything really joyous or happy in the schools. They are mostly vinegar-hearted old holdovers from the days of witchcraft or else are sentimentalists who can only attract a crowd by ringing a bell and crying shame.

"To free the schools of the tyranny of this smug public opinion, this attitude of mind which says: 'think as we think or you are toads,' I feel is one of the great missions of the Socialist movement. If Socialism means anything at all, it means liberty of expression."

Rob Wagner has had an interesting career. His forty years have been spent in living an active, thorough life. Upon leaving college, he went on The Detroit Free Press, illustrating those old-time humorists—M. Quad, Robert Barr and Luke Sharp. Two years later, he yearned for larger fields, going to New York, where he joined the staff of The Criterion—a brilliant, rebellious literary weekly. He fell right in with that group of the younger intellectuals who have done so much for art, music and drama. He worked with such men as Charles Henry Meltzer, Vance Thompson, Percival Pollard, Charles Klein, Oliver Herford, Carlo de Fornaro, Gellett Burgess, Charles Niedlinger, John Corbin, Joseph I. C. Clark and Rupert Hughes. This group fathered The Criterion Theater—the forerunner of The New Theater—putting on Ibsen, Sudermann and other radicals. These free spirits were howled at for being "long hairs," but they have lived to see the plays produced even by road companies over the entire country.

Rob Wagner developed a new kind of decorative cartoon while associated with the Criterion group. His covers became a notable thing in New York, leading Dr. Shaw, of The Review of Reviews, to say that Wagner was the only cartoonist who had a big punch that never grew vulgar. He did many theatrical posters for Augustin Daly and comies for Life.

He then went to London as head illustrator for the Encyclopedia Britannica Company, worked two years and

made over 2000 illustrations. While in London, he met many brilliant men and became part of the artistic life of that city. After Mr. Wagner was married at the age of thirty-two, he went to an art school for the first time. He studied painting in the Academie Julien at Paris under Jean Paul Laurens. Somehow, he didn't care for schools, so he went into the studio of the late Robert MacCameron, where he made remarkable progress. Returning to America, he executed eleven commissions the first year.

Mrs. Wagner died in the Spring of 1906, leaving two sons, Thornton and Leicester. These boys are now with their grandmother at Santa Barbara, where Mr. Wagner has a beautiful home. He came to Los Angeles three years ago, and doesn't purpose leaving, except to visit. He has cast his lot and life in Southern California and intends to grow up and become a part of it. A few years ago, he wrote the story of "The Come On City" in Colliers, stirring up the humor of Los Angeles and the picturesque and ponderous wrath of the dear, old Times.

His most notable portrait is that of Stewart Edward White, the writer, who was a class-mate of Mr. Wagner. He has been on many adventures with him in the high Sierras and appears in several of his books.

Rob Wagner—the red—has always been a creator of beautiful things. The artist in his soul craves for the Great Climax—a Beautiful World. That is why he is a Socialist. He is preaching a doctrine that will remake the world.



A PAIR OF RED WAGNERS

Fighting For Labor in State Legislatures

By CARL D. THOMPSON

Carl D. Thompson is in charge of the information bureau maintained by the National Socialist party in Chicago. He has been a member of the Wisconsin state legislature and was city clerk of Milwaukee during the two years of Socialist administration. He is probably the best qualified man in the Socialist movement to tell of the work of Socialists in American state legislatures. This is the first time that such an account has been written. The story as told here by Mr. Thompson is an extremely valuable addition to current Socialist literature.



BACK in 1899 the present Socialist Party elected its first representatives to the state legislature in Massachusetts. From that day to this the Socialist Party has been fighting a steady battle for the cause of labor in the various state legislatures. The story of the legislative enactments won for labor by the Socialist party has been a steady crescendo.

Gathering strength slowly but steadily in every state the party finally breaks through here and there and elects a representative to the state legislature. Generally it is a single representative at first, but it may be two or three.

In Massachusetts Carey and McCartney were elected in 1899, and the party had representatives until 1904. It was then without representatives until 1909, when Comrade Morrill was elected. He still holds office. In New York the first representative, Herbert H. Merrill, was elected in 1911. In Pennsylvania the Socialists won a seat in November, 1910, electing James H. Maurer. One representative had been elected in Florida some years before, while Comrade Nels S. Hillman in Minnesota was elected in 1910 and is now finishing his second term.

Naturally these single representatives could do but little, yet they held up the banner of labor in the legislative halls. By and by a group of Socialists—four or five—later, six, and later still, a dozen were elected in Wisconsin. By this time other states were “breaking through” and we had this winter (1913) a group of two or more in four states—six in Wisconsin, four in Illinois, two in Nevada and three in Kansas. Thus gradually and steadily the power of the Socialist movement is growing, as the numbers elected to the legislatures increase. But it grows in another respect; the program is being developed and made more comprehensive. It also gains in power as the members of the party assemble the facts and information that constitute the arguments in favor of their measures.

Nothing is so mighty as the unanswerable logic of the facts behind our program—the moral appeal of the realities we present. This is being understood and admitted everywhere. And every year these facts pile up. Every year a thousand influences are bringing them to light. Every year the Socialists learn better how to use them.

But most of all the growing numbers of the great mass of Socialist voters back of their representatives in the legislatures multiplies their influence. A few thousand votes in a state attract attention, but give no alarm. Thirty thousand votes are likely to strike fire, elect one or two to the state legislature and start something. Even that “premonitory rumbling” may-be

disregarded by the smug politicians UNLESS IT GROWS. But if the 30,000 grow to 50,000, and the 50,000 to 75,000 and every year keeps creeping up; and worst of all, if while growing thus in one state it also grows in all the others—then truly the alarm is out. Desperate measures must be resorted to in hopes of stemming the tide.

It is such growth that by and by causes the capitalist and reform politicians to loosen up and throw out a morsel to labor here and there in the shape of concession, some law that improves labor conditions, shortens hours a bit, improves the wages a trifle maybe, or perhaps improves the method of the payment of wages. The gains are slight at first. They are admittedly conceded not to emancipate the workers, but with the hope of perpetuating their slavery. That is the capitalist politician's purpose, of course.

But every gain is an advantage. Every penny of wages wrung from the capitalist masters, every moment of leisure gained, every device to safeguard the workers' life and limb and health is so much of added resource to the worker with which he may fight for more and still further gains. Every penny more means so much better food, and better food means better health, better blood, more strength and vitality to the worker. By so much he is a better fighter. Every moment cut off from the day's labor is so much time gained to study, to read and reflect—time to think, time to whet the worker's wit with which to match the power of the capitalist class who have all their time to plot and scheme and devise new ways of getting the better of labor. By so much again the worker is a better fighter.

And thus the more the worker gains, the more he is able to gain in addition. And this is the way the legislative program of the Socialists has worked in every county where they have elected representatives to the law making body.

It is slow at first, of course. On that account some grow impatient. But the movement gains not only in volume, but also in momentum. It gathers force. It also gathers speed. Every day adds to both. Every vote adds to both. Time, patience, persistence, are all that are needed.

To take account of what has been gained so far by this movement—and we are only in its very beginnings here in the United States—is to encourage and inspire every worker for the cause of Socialism, and ought to settle at once in the mind of every laboring man and especially every trade unionist where he belongs.

A Glance at the Record

We haven't as yet been able to gather all the data on the work of the early representatives of the Socialist party in Massachusetts, Florida and Pennsylvania. It

is known that some of the measures they advanced were successful and started movements for improved conditions that are going yet. Later on we shall have more complete information.

But the trend and the extent of this work and its influence is shown sufficiently in Wisconsin. There, as is well known, the Socialists have had their group of representatives in the state legislature for nearly ten years. In 1907 the Wisconsin Socialists had six members in the state legislature. They introduced seventy-two different bills during that session. FIFTEEN WERE FINALLY CARRIED.

Among them were the following:

1. A bill which provided for the erection of guards and railings over dangerous machinery in factories.
2. A bill providing that all metal polishing machines shall be equipped with blowers and sufficient draft to remove the metallic dust.
3. A bill requiring railway companies to equip all trains with sufficient men to handle the work without overburdening the train men. This was known as the Full Crew Bill.
4. An eight-hour telegraphers' law.
5. A greatly improved child labor law.
6. Certain measures securing a greater degree of justice to labor through court processes.

General Gains

The above measures indicate the possibilities of political action with reference to the cause of labor specifically. The whole problem, however, involves a much wider range of activity. The Socialist legislative program sweeps the field, and the Socialist legislators have not been without their laurels in these matters. For example, the following measures were successful in the Wisconsin legislature in 1911, bearing upon general problems:

1. Municipal legislation. Fourteen different bills introduced by the Socialists bearing upon this problem were passed during the session of 1911. These provided, among other things, for a greater degree of home rule for the city, secured the right of excess condemnation, enabled the city to embark in the public ownership of certain public utilities, and gave them the right to secure land and property with which to begin the building of workingmen's homes.

2. State ownership. Socialists secured the passage of a joint resolution for a constitutional amendment, providing for the ownership by the state of the lands, mineral rights, water powers and other natural resources. They also secured the passage of a joint resolution, calling for a national constitutional convention.

3. Political measures. Socialists secured the passage of a law providing for a municipal initiative and referendum; another providing for a half holiday on election days; another providing that women may use the voting machine.

4. Public utilities. The Socialists secured the passage of a law repealing the "exclusive" clause in the franchise of the Milwaukee Gas Light Company; another legalizing the bonds issued by the City of Milwaukee for an electric lighting plant and declaring invalid certain injunctions brought against the city to restrain it from erecting the plant; another authorizing cities operating heating plants to install and operate pipes and mains in the same way as for water works.

Many of these measures, as can be readily seen, affect the communities immediately in the direction of better conditions for the people. The working class will profit most by them.

But the principal point with reference to this general legislation is that it is clearing the ground for the complete reconstruction of the social order. While admitting that these measures do not in themselves immediately bring a revolution, it can be readily seen that each one of them contributes something toward a better organization of society.

Actual Gains So Far

In the succeeding sessions of the state legislature in Wisconsin, the Socialists made steady gains. In the session of 1911 they had twelve representatives. In that session they introduced in all 260 measures. Of these, 67 were actually enacted into law.

Sixty-seven measures, state laws, all of them more or less directly affecting for the better the conditions of the workers—actually enacted, written into the laws of the state, to stay there—a permanent lasting achievement in the interests of labor.

All of which was done without breaking heads, without blowing up buildings, without putting any soap in the beer, or sending carloads of our children away from home.

There were 199 bills and 61 joint resolutions. Fifty-two bills were passed in the senate and 63 in the assembly, and 18 joint resolutions. Of these 133 bills, 52 were finally passed and signed by the governor, and 16 joint resolutions enacted, one being later withdrawn, this making the total of 67 enactments secured by the Socialists in this single session of the state legislature.

But it is not so much by a count of actual measures enacted as by consideration of the nature of these measures, the kind of laws enacted, that the value of their political action may be judged. With this in mind, the Wisconsin comrades classified the measures they secured, and we quote from their manual, page 57:

"The 1911 session of the Wisconsin legislature gave more attention to labor legislation than any of its predecessors.

"The persistent demands of the State Federation of Labor through many years, and the active campaigns of the Social-Democratic party, together with the fact that the latter had carried the city of Milwaukee in the spring of 1910, compelled both the Republican and Democratic parties to write into their state platforms in 1910 many progressive measures.

"The Republican party even declared for such labor legislation as shall place Wisconsin on a level with the most progressive states or nations.

"The presence of twelve Social-Democratic assemblymen and two state senators from the same party constituted actual voting power enough in the legislature to compel attention to the demands of this working-class group. As a result there were twenty-two laws enacted which benefit the working-class directly."

Socialists in Nine Legislatures in 1913

In the fall elections of 1912, the Socialist Party of America reached the highest point of its success in this line so far. Twenty-two representatives of the Socialist party were elected to the state legislatures. One of the Socialist senators, Fred W. Stanton, was ousted by the Kansas senate in a most high-handed fashion, in spite of the fact that the courts had previously found and declared him duly elected.

Another representative, H. K. Davis, had been elected in Nevada, but almost immediately upon election he repudiated the authority of the party and voted against its mandates, and was expelled. H. W. Harris, who had been elected to the assembly in Illinois, afterwards lost his seat on a recount, after having served most of the term. Eliminating these three, the Socialist party

had nineteen representatives in nine different state legislatures this year, 1913.

Some of the legislatures are still in session, and it is too early to secure definite data on the work of those that have recently closed. It is impossible, therefore, to give a complete record of the bills that have been enacted. Two or three of the legislatures have closed their sessions, others are still at work and others have so recently closed that it will be some time before we can get the final results.

So far we have been able to only partially tabulate the bills introduced, with occasional reference to those of whose final disposition we have learned. It will be some time before the record will be complete.

One or two characteristic features of the work in the state legislatures this winter are new and worthy of note. For example, we have for the first time elected a group of legislators in the states where the problems of mining are uppermost. As for example, southern Kansas, Nevada and Illinois. This has resulted in a number of measures being introduced into the legislative program of the party, dealing with the problems of labor in the mining sections.

We have also for the first time elected representatives in the states in the semi-arid region, where the problems of irrigation come in for consideration. This again introduces a new feature in the legislative program of the party.

Another special feature worthy of note is the greater care and comprehensiveness with which measures providing for the public ownership and operation of public utilities have been drawn. This is notably the case in the measure prepared by the legislative committee of the Socialist party in California and introduced through their representative, Comrade Kingsley.

Following is the list of measures, arranged by subject, and it includes practically all of the measures introduced by the various state legislators, and constitutes a pretty comprehensive review of the entire Socialist legislative program, as shown by the work of the Socialist legislators in the present sessions of the state legislatures:

Labor

Hours—Eight-hour bill on public works, Minnesota (defeated); one day rest in seven, Illinois, Wisconsin (new); eight-hour day, universal, California (defeated, new); Saturday half-holiday, Illinois.

Wages—Cash payment, California, Washington, Illinois (new); to compensate miners for time lost when mine closed in enforcement of state laws, Illinois, Kansas (defeated, new); assignment of salaries to married men, Nevada, Illinois; semi-monthly payment, Nevada, Illinois (new); weekly payment, Wisconsin (new); wages for public utility employees, Wisconsin (new).

Women—Hours, comfort, etc., California, Nevada.

Child—Abolishing, regulating, etc., California.

Mining—Providing for sale and delivery of black powder, Kansas (passed, new); health and safety of miners, Kansas (passed, new); abolishing compulsory purchase of supplies from company stores, Kansas (defeated, new); providing bath houses for miners, Kansas (passed, new); providing for ventilation in mines, Nevada (new); providing sprinkling devices and drill sprays, with dry ores, Nevada (new); amending state mine inspection bill, Nevada (new); mine examiners, Illinois (new); relating to sale of commodities by employers to employes, Kansas (defeated).

Giving right of action and damages to union employe, Kansas (defeated, new).

Unemployed, furnish employment in development of natural resources, California.

Bureau of labor statistics and factory inspection, California.

Insurance—Employers' liability, California; proof of injury, Nevada.

Submission of labor disputes to board of investigators, Wisconsin.

Canceling of contract by bonded employee, California (new).

Providing for assessment of logs in districts where cut, Minnesota (defeated, new).

Safety in construction of buildings, Minnesota (passed in amended form).

To prevent misrepresentation and false advertisements, Minnesota (passed), Montana (defeated), Illinois.

Employment agencies—To make charging or receiving of a fee a felony, Minnesota (defeated); relating to bonding of employment bureaus, Minnesota.

Providing for peaceful picketing, in labor troubles, Nevada, Illinois.

Prohibiting blacklisting, Nevada, Illinois (two, new).

Private detectives, Nevada, Illinois.

Freedom in choice of physicians, Nevada (new).

Housing, railroads, lumber camps, etc., Washington, Wisconsin.

Advertisements in time of strike to contain notice of strike, Wisconsin.

Influence in discharge of employees, Wisconsin.

Convict labor—Marking of articles, Wisconsin; wages to dependents, Wisconsin, Kansas (defeated).

Direct employment in cities, Wisconsin (two).

Occupational diseases, forbidding use of white lead, Wisconsin.

Licensing of engineers, Wisconsin.

Guaranteeing right to organize, Illinois (new).

Union label on state printing, Illinois.

Right to boycott, Illinois.

Union conditions on public work, Illinois.

Municipal

Home rule in regard to municipal ownership, California, Illinois.

Debt limit, California.

Amendment of city charters by popular vote, Kansas (defeated).

Municipal coal yards, Kansas (defeated).

Tax levy for libraries in cities of second class, Kansas (passed).

Granting use of public buildings for meeting purposes, Kansas (defeated, new).

Tax levy for water works in cities of second class, Kansas (defeated).

Municipal ice plants, Kansas (two bills, defeated), Wisconsin (passed).

Charter convention, Chicago, Illinois.

Municipal banks, Illinois (new).

Municipal ownership, telephones, Wisconsin.

Park subways, Illinois (new).

Street railways, franchises and regulation, Wisconsin.

Public utilities, regulating use of meters, Nevada.

Deep waterway, Chicago, Illinois (new).

Legalizing park elections, Illinois (new).

State

State ownership—Railroads and industries, Wisconsin (new); storage houses, Wisconsin; land, tenure, etc., Wisconsin; land by purchase when sold for taxes, Wisconsin; natural resources, internal improvement, Kansas (defeated).

Debt limit, Wisconsin.

State life insurance, Illinois.

State printing plant, Illinois.
 Traffic, street and highway crossings, Kansas (passed).
 Constitutional convention, Kansas (defeated).
 Redistricting of state and election of legislators, California.
 Legislature, election of senators.
 Industrial board to investigate cost of electric rail-ways systems, California (new).
 Discussion and action on measures affecting inter-ests of people in public meetings (new).
 Abolishing state senate, Nevada (new).
 Assembly districts, California.
 Abolishing governor's veto power, Nevada (new).
 Senatorial districts, California.
 Regulating cold storage warehouses, Montana (de-feated).
 Preservation of timber land, memorial to congress, Montana (defeated).

Courts

Legal aid in criminal cases, Nevada, Kansas (de-feated).
 Legal aid to poor, Nevada.
 Suits for wages in county where labor was performed, Washington.
 Prohibiting injunctions in labor troubles, California, Wisconsin (passed), Nevada.
 Qualification of jurors, California.
 Grand jury, California.
 Relief to persons erroneously convicted, California (new).
 Relating to civil proceedings in district courts, Kansas (defeated).
 Election of federal judges by people, Wisconsin.
 Prohibiting injunctions against public officers, Wis-consin.
 Verdict of jury binding, Wisconsin.
 Civil action without prepayment of fees, Wisconsin.
 Preventing imprisonment for contempt, Illinois (new).
 Licensing court reporters, Illinois.
 Preventing courts tying up union funds, Illinois (new).
 Attorneys' fees in suits for wages, Illinois.
 Increase wage exemptions, Illinois.
 Advancing cases of personal injury, Illinois.

Government

Protection of game, Minnesota (passed), Wisconsin.
 Elections of U. S. Congressmen, California (new).
 Congressional districts, California (new).
 Government ownership coal mines, Kansas (de-feated), Wisconsin.
 Government ownership railroads, Kansas (defeated), Wisconsin.

Elections

Election day a half holiday, Wisconsin, Nevada.
 Providing employed electors opportunity to vote, Nevada.
 Certificates of registration, Washington.
 Qualification and absent voting, California, Kansas.
 Election boards, California.
 Primary elections, California (new).
 Forbidding non-partisan elections, California (new).
 Election day a legal holiday, Kansas (defeated).

Education

Providing for night schools, Kansas (passed, new).
 Bonds for school districts for payment of outstanding warrants, Kansas (defeated).
 Compulsory attendance, courses of study, etc.,

Nevada.

Free text books, Wisconsin, Illinois.
 School board salaries, Wisconsin.
 Trade schools, Wisconsin.

Railroads

Prohibiting passes, Illinois (new).
 Railroads to maintain public office, Illinois (new).
 Authorizing Cook County to build a railroad, Minne-sota (passed, new).
 Amendment for investigation of freight rates, Mon-tana (new).
 Railroad Commission, repeal, Nevada.
 Promoting safety of travelers and employes by regu-lating size of cabooses, Kansas (defeated, new).

Taxation

Exemption, California, Wisconsin.
 Assessment, California.
 Poll tax, repeal of, California, Nevada, Kansas (de-feated, new).
 Sale of property for taxes, Nevada.
 Providing for payment and receipt of taxes on undi-vided interests in property entered for taxation, Min-nesota.

Direct Legislation

Recall of judges, Wisconsin.
 Recall of municipal officers, Wisconsin.
 Initiative and referendum elections, Nevada.
 Amendment to constitutional amendment granting initiative and referendum, California.

Domestic Relations

Distribution of property of parents of illegitimate children, Kansas (defeated, new).
 Concerning common law marriages, Kansas (de-feated, new).
 Divorce shall not affect legitimacy of children, Illi-nois (new).
 Fraternal beneficiary societies, Wisconsin, Illinois (new).
 Civil service, Illinois (new).
 To change party name from Public Ownership to Socialist Party, Minnesota (passed, new).
 Loans to farmers from 30 per cent postal savings deposits, Wisconsin (new).
 Public health, defining communicable disease, Mon-tana (passed, new).
 Abolishing capital punishment, Nevada (new).
 Reducing cost of living by eliminating waste in dis-tribution, Washington (new).
 Public service commission, repeal, Nevada (new).
 Agriculture, prevention of pests, Nevada (new).

Pensions

Neglected children, Nevada (new).
 Mothers' pension, Kansas (defeated, new).
 Old age pensions, Kansas (memorial to Congress, passed); to investigate, Wisconsin (passed).
 Co-operative enterprises, Kansas (passed with amendments), Illinois (new).
 Co-operative marketing of farm products, Wisconsin (new).
 Regulating distribution of news, Illinois (new).
 Foreclosre of land contracts, Wisconsin (new).
 Abolishing standing army of California, California (new).
 Prohibiting sale of liquors in parochial schools, Wis-consin (passed) new.
 Curtailing powers of Catholic clergy in church affairs, Wisconsin (new).

The General Strike



WRITER in the current North-American Review says: "All human beings aim at what has been called, self-effectuation. It is the realization of their capacities, aspirations, hopes, wishes, passions. The lower, the less developed the being, the less conscious; the higher, the more conscious is it of this motive to action. The range is from instinct and appetite to clear purpose and ideals."

In the Forum for May another writer has declared: "There is being created for us an ideal of life that shall give full expression to big men, and as complete expression to lesser men as they can unfold. Every single revolt agitating us comes back to this proposition. Every single revolt aims at gaining a right to express that personality now."

Still another Forum contributor has said: "The man who after a hard day's work takes refuge in a novel, or a bit of music, or a wholesome play at the theater, or who, of a Sunday morning goes to church hardly knowing why, witnesses to an imperious demand of his own soul. In every sort of business, men and women are rising from the weariness of daily toil and are trying to fill the vacant spaces of their existence with imaginative visions of a better being for each one.

"Wherever the modern industrial system makes way, there is the same unrest that spoke in Broadway two weeks ago on the banner of the Garment Workers: 'We strike for a better life.' It is getting on the nerves of earnest people everywhere."

Ours is a time when man has attained to phenomenal success in the conquest of nature. He has harnessed nature's forces and made them do his bidding. He has succeeded, to a degree that promises much greater achievement, in making the air and its currents servants of his will. He has well-nigh annihilated time and space by sending his thoughts and words out into the ether to be transmitted by sound or electric waves and received hundreds and thousands of miles distant by his fellows.

But great as is the story of accomplishment the most striking development at present is the growing spirit of revolt—found well-nigh everywhere. Turn where one may in the current magazines, whether the subject discussed be art, literature, religion, drama, politics or industry and protest against the conventional and established is increasingly in evidence from month to month.

Periodicals, heretofore generally regarded as hopelessly conservative, seem at present to vie with each other in giving expression to radical thought.

Many men who loom large in the public eye because of official or other position, from the President of the United States down, are freely expressing radical views.

Scientists and educators are joining the procession and adding the weight of their influence and ideas to swell the growing sentiment of discontent.

Progressivism and radicalism are in the air and conservatism as a directing force in human affairs is fast losing caste and influence.

An editorial in a recent number of Lyman Abbott's Outlook declares: "No thoughtful man or woman can live today and not realize that the old order is changing and giving place to the new with the rapidity of a

dissolving view. All is in flux, nothing at rest or permanent. The Nation faces industrial changes;" while in the Atlantic Brooks Adams, grandson of John Quincy Adams and son of Charles Francis Adams, who is a professor of law at Boston University, writes on "The Collapse of Capitalistic Government," and declares that for the most part the activities of the present are carried on outside of and beyond the pale of the law; while still another writer declares that ours is "a political system done to death by an economic growth."

Perhaps fifty years ago, Frederick Engels, colleague of Karl Marx declared, that "the final causes of social changes and political revolutions are to be sought not in men's brains, not in man's better insight into eternal truth and justice but in changes in the economic system. The growing perception that existing social institutions are unreasonable and unjust, that reason has become unreason, and right wrong, is only proof that changes in the economic system have silently taken place, with which the social order, adapted to earlier economic conditions is no longer in keeping."

Sixteenth century law and twentieth century economic development, to use a phrase attributed to an agitator lately much in the public eye among American radicals, is the unworkable problem of the present.

An extreme statement by an extremist most persons would declare. But, says the professor of law before quoted, who is certainly qualified to speak, "Through applied science infinite forces have been domesticated, and the action of these infinite forces upon finite minds has been to create a tension, together with a social acceleration and concentration, not only unparalleled, but, apparently without limit. Meanwhile our laws and institutions have remained, in substance, constant. I doubt if we have developed a single important administrative principle which would be novel to Napoleon, were he to live again, and I am quite sure we have no legal principle younger than Justinian.

As a result, society has been squeezed, as it were, from its rigid eighteenth century legal shell. and has passed into a fourth dimension of space, where it performs its most important functions beyond the cognizance of the law, which remains in a space of but three dimensions."

Thus, it will be seen that the present social problem is to so enlarge the skin or envelope of the social organism, consisting of its laws and institutions, as to give free opportunity for still greater growth and expansion of those limitless forces of production which applied science has brought into its economic life. In other words to make the legal punishment fit the economic crime.

But while the fact of revolt, its nature and the cause of which it is the effect have been indicated, there still remains the goal sought, the end to be attained.

Socialists declare, and rightfully, that there is a class struggle. A struggle on the part of the exploited, the down-trodden and oppressed working-class primarily for bread. A conflict between an economic system which has reached the period of its decadence and a new system that has already taken shape and form within the old and pushes its way onward toward inevitable birth.

A purely material struggle for a purely material

for a Better Life

By R. A.
MAYNARD

end, say the unthinking, whether inside or outside the Socialist movement.

Of this there can be no doubt from one aspect. Animal need and the urge for bread comes first. Man is a physical being before he is more. Physical necessities must be satisfied first. But who shall say when or where in his nature the animal becomes human: the physical merges into the intellectual and that into the moral or spiritual? When does the struggle for bread become one for bread and—; at what point does the struggle for existence become the will for a more abundant life; the impulse to live, the desire to live greatly; the strike for life a strike for a better life?

In the animal kingdom below man, warmth, sunshine, shelter and food mean unquestionably only material comfort, but at even the lowest stage in human development these suggest much more than materialism. Physical well-being is the first goal because a condition making possible all farther growth and progress.

Every single revolt then is not only a strike for life but a strike for a better life. Each individual is striving for self-realization. Whatever potential life or power may be his, this it is in his nature that pushes for expression.

As the life inherent in the roots of the rose bush pushes its way upward and outward in bush, branch, twig, leaf, bud and flower revealing itself in beauty of form and color and richness of fragrance, so the potential life in every human being seeks for fullest expression, strives to reveal itself in and through all that pertains to the individual and his activities.

Self-realization, self-effectuation, realization of capacities, aspirations, longings, hopes, in short the completest personality possible of attainment and to reach this goal not in some far off Utopia but here and now. Nothing less will satisfy.

And where economic system, political institution, tradition, creed or poverty restrain or hinder, there is revolt.

'Tis a revolution, a world revolution that is upon us, as yet in its formative period. But all who are in this world strike for a better life are revolutionists. Whoever is working to express his special energies, to attain the completest personality possible to him, in order that he may live supremely, is essentially a part of this constructive revolution.

The inescapable fact in the world today is the class struggle. As Vice President Marshall said the other day, "Karl Marx and hunger are abroad in the land."

The news pages of every newspaper, every day, tell the story of the pitiful struggle for bread. And in so far as this world conflict is a struggle for bread alone it is a class conflict—a struggle between the exploiting and the exploited classes. It is a conflict between those who produce and those who own the world's wealth; between those who own plants and machines they do not use and those who must use but cannot own; between labor and capital; the haves and the have-nots.

But could a line be drawn at the point where the struggle for bread merges into one for bread and—, there would the class struggle merge into a race struggle; the strike of the workers for life become a general strike of all humanity for a better life.

The supreme message of modern science is that ours

is a universe in which there is one life and one law. Men differ in race, color, temperament, capacity, development and interests, but at bottom all life is essentially one. Human society is a living organism, working mechanically like any other organism. It has members, a circulation, a nervous system and laws of its being like every other organism.

Each part in this organic whole responds in its own manner and degree to the same influences. No condition can act upon the workers which does not have its effect also in every other social class. There is not one law for one and another for the other, but it is the same law, no matter how widely different the effects may seem to be.

The arrogance of the boss, the servility of the wage-slave, the suicidal folly of the rich man's son, the childish customs of the woman parasite, the desperate need of the ill-paid girl are all fever symptoms in the one great social body.

A harm to one is a harm to all. A good to one is the good of all. That which hinders fullest life for any hinders fullest life for all.

What wonder then that in every economic class ferment is present; taking the form of uneasiness and unrest in the capitalist class; protest in the middle class; and a growing spirit of revolt among the workers.

It is all the product of the one law.

It is, indeed, true that "the old order is changing and giving place to the new with the rapidity of a dissolving view." The world is even now in the throes of revolution.

In point of time, labor's strike for bread must come first, for here is the purely physical need, basis and foundation for all else. But labor is John the Baptist crying in the wilderness and preparing the way for another and a greater.

And that other is here even now. Side by side with the workers strike for bread goes that other strike for bread and—. And here, too, as with the workers, victory can only be won through solidarity—all for each and each for all. For, although not given from Sinai's summit, that is none the less an eternal truth which declares that, "none can be free until all are free, none happy till all are happy."

And in this conflict, too, labor has part. For 'tis a general strike of all humanity, for a better, richer, fuller, more abundant life for all mankind. A strike for an inevitable goal, wherein man at last shall stand "Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,

The king over himself, but just, gentle, wise."

"We cannot traffic in our principles, we can make no compromise, no agreement with the ruling system. We must break with the ruling system and fight it to a finish."—Liekhnècht.

* * *

Problem: If it takes ten to twelve dollars a week for one girl to keep alive and free, how can a man bring up a family on the same sum or less?

* * *

Brazil and Chile lead the United States in government expenditure for aeroplanes. Well, they're generally up in the air down in those countries.

Organizing the "Capacity of Self Control"

By WINFIELD R. GAYLORD

The recent meeting of the National Committee showed a new spirit and purpose developing within the Socialist Party. It is the impulse of the legislative and administrative spirit awaking within the political movement of the workers of the country.

This spirit has shown itself in isolated localities, while in some others it has been sadly lacking. Wisconsin has proven its own development in this respect. Massachusetts has considerable of this new spirit, and it is spreading in other states, such as Minnesota, Montana, Pennsylvania and New York.

I mean the spirit and purpose which grasp the reins of political power with a distinct purpose of making certain uses of that power, as opposed to the purely agitational spirit which aims only at unseating the old drivers of the capitalist regime.

In the inner work of the party this was manifested as never before at the meetings of the National Committee last month at Chicago. It came out in the handling of the Bessemer case—in the forbearance, yet firmness, with which the erring comrade was shown the limits of his insolence. It developed a new patience with details in the hours of patient study given to the details of the Lyceum Course, and the eagerness with which the members of the committee drank in all the information which they could extract from Comrade Katterfeld and the various one reporting from the state organizations.

It showed itself in the restraint with which the printing plant proposition was handled—the capacity of self control in the presence of a great idea, presented by an enthusiast who was master of his subject—for that is what Comrade Baker is.

Every one of these problems was fundamentally a problem of party property. Bessemer had been found wrongfully in possession of party property. Katterfeld had been managing party property. Baker showed how to capitalize the party organization, by adding some capital for a printing plant, and create more party property.

The committee understood Bessemer's act, and its implications, and acted—on the basis of the previous experience of society with those who misappropriate property.

The committee understood Katterfeld's difficulties—and the difficulties of the national office—in working out the new problem of a lecture bureau, and condoned the mistakes. They also took time, for the first time, as Katterfeld said, to look the administrative difficulties squarely in the face. Then they backed up the enthusiast and organizer as they never before have done, with the approval—and the specific instructions—of the national organization.

The committee faced the possibilities of modern machinery as expressed in the possibilities of a modern perfecting press—and saw that the proper operation of such machinery calls for a correspondingly perfect machinery of party organization and propaganda method. They realized after Stitt Wilson had finished that the party was not yet "assembled" or adjusted so as to meet the strain which the mere possession of such a plant would put upon it. And so they very properly refused at this time to "hitch up."

Every government that ever lasted more than three weeks has done so because it has been able to "make good" as the governing power. Now, the principal business of every such government has been to make, interpret, execute and enforce laws—ninety-five per cent of the laws being laws about property. Of course they have, in the main, made these laws in the interests of the people who constituted the governing group in society at that time. The fact that they could "make good" on that job was what qualified them to be the government.

When the laws of property are so made, interpreted, executed and enforced that they interfere too much with the proper use of property by those who hold the ultimate control of the powers of government at the time, the government which thus fails to "make good" goes down.

The only hope that the Socialists have of securing power as a political movement is, that the old parties will fail to so make and enforce the laws of property as to meet the needs of the people of our day. The only hope that the Socialists can have of holding political power after they secure possession of the government is, by "making good" on the job of making and enforcing the laws of property for the general welfare of those who may give the Socialist party its power.

The so-called "perils of democracy" have to do mainly with the democratic ownership, control and management of property which must be used in common.

The non-Socialists do not believe in the possibility of democratic administration of property. Their democracy of ownership as represented by the stockholders of the corporations, is always tempered by the absolutism of the board of directors and the "men higher up" in the management of their property. And out of their unfortunate experiences with this combination they have brought a wholesome fear of "the mob."

Democratized management of property is not an easy problem. But it is being solved gradually, in municipal and other forms of public ownership; and also in the great co-operative movements of the working class. Democratic management is possible and is practical. That is being proven and tested more every day. But the discipline of the industrial army must be as effective under a democratic control as under an autocratic control. Otherwise the social-democracy will not "make good," and will go down.

To see this discipline developing within the ranks of the choicest and most representative characters in the American Socialist movement is a sight calculated to give joy and light-hearted confidence to those who have eyes to see it.

Our task will not only be to find individuals with great executive capacity. Our task is now and will always be, to develop also within the working class a **capacity for organized self control** which will enable them to match the perfection of modern machinery built of steel and bronze with an equally perfect social machine for the operation and control of the metal mechanism.

This done, "bureaucracy" and "state Socialism" have no terrors.

The Revolt of Alicia

By LILLIAN E. BISHOP



FROM the tip-top of his eight years seniority, Laurence Gordon gazed across the table at his sister with frank disapproval. The defiance in her brown eyes remained undaunted. She had just announced her intention of going to work and the determined set of her mouth forbade his laughing at her.

"I tell you, Alicia, it's nothing but spring fever. I had it every May when I was your age," he confessed paternally.

The girl shook her head. "Not this time, Laurie. You don't understand. I want to get out into the world of men and women who are doing things. I must express myself somehow, just as you do. Some women can do it in roast beef or doilies or afternoon teas. I've tried to but I can't." She leaned forward coaxingly and smiled a little. "You are going to give me a job on the paper, like a good boy." Her brother threw up his hands and laughed, but she went on. "If I couldn't write better articles than some of the stuff appearing in your subsidized journal, brother mine, I would go off some place and gently expire." She rose from her seat and stood looking down at him, cheeks flushed and eyes restless. "Remember, my dear, I stood just as good a chance to inherit some of father's ability as you did."

Gordon refused the logic with a stubborn shake of his head.

"The business and commercial world is no place for a woman," he declared emphatically. "It hardens them—"

Alicia interrupted him quickly. "Really? Why, I have read some place that there are about six million women working for a living in the United States alone. If they can stand it I can."

Her brother turned in his chair to get a better look at her. For a moment he was silent, and then he said quietly, "I always thought you so contended, Al."

The girl shrugged her shoulders and strolled over to the window. With her back to him, she answered, "Not lately. This afternoon, I went to Mrs. Saunders'. You know the lady. Well, there were twelve ladies, eight male persons and one man present. It almost stifled me and I'm sick of it. One just grins and grins at idiotic nothings until one's face assumes what Emerson called 'the gentlest asinine expression.' My face actually hurt when I came away and relaxed it."

Gordon grunted and sank back in his chair. "You sound like Edward Carpenter and a suffragette rally," he exclaimed in disgust. "Women are the limit. What on earth do they want these days?"

"YOU sound like Schopenhauer," she returned and then laughed at the expression on his face. "It's no use, Laurie, I'm lost to the haunts of amiable parasites forever." She dropped a kiss on his forehead and started for the door.

"Oh, Al," he called before she had closed it, "who was the lone man at Mrs. Saunders' today?"

She grew serious again. "A lion who refused to roar—Grant Hudson." The door closed too quickly for her to see the slow smile that struggled for supremacy with disapproval on her brother's face.

* * * * *

Not even to herself did Alicia confess how much she had been piqued by the occurrences of the afternoon. In fact, she scarcely knew what had happened. But, when by herself, she reviewed the whole scene something much like anger rose within her.

Six months before, she had read a new novel by a then comparatively unknown author. Since that time, her outlook on life had changed—had become revolutionized. In the storm of discussion which followed the publication of the book, she took no part, but listened quietly to the pros and cons, read all the reviews and laughed to herself at the lack of understanding on the part of the critics. Often she had felt moved to write to Grant Hudson and tell him how the simple, elemental truths of his book had stirred her—how they had grasped something hidden down in the depths of her nature and had filled her with unformed desires; but the courage for this had never come. Fear, too, of being classed with the type of woman who writes gushing notes to successful men, held her back. She contented herself with reading all that the new celebrity had ever written.

And then the opportunity of meeting him had come. Alicia did not know how Mrs. Saunders had captured him for the dilettante gathering of the afternoon but he had been present—a tall, spare, keen-eyed figure, watching the people about him with a look half pitying and half amused. After failing to make him discuss himself, Mrs. Saunders had turned him over to the tender mercies of her fluffy-haired daughter who had assured him in her sweetest tones that she thought it grand to be an author and that his late success was "just adorable."

After awhile, on finding herself near him, Alicia had tried to speak of her appreciation, but he had regarded her with the same look he had given Rita Saunders, as if he expected that she too, had come to gush about his "Story of Joseph Dale." He had persistently piloted the conversation into the shallow waters of social affairs, with an irony and quiet sarcasm that had angered and humiliated her. Never until then had she realized how absurd an able-bodied man appears balancing tea-cups and small talk. She had felt an unwarranted desire for the open air and had taken her leave at an early hour.

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As City Editor of the Morning World, Lawrence Gordon determined not to spare his sister in the work that she wished to do. If it were possible to discourage this new ambition for independence, he would do so. Gordon would certainly have resented being called old-fashioned, but there was in him too much of the southern "chivalry" of his father for him to take kindly to the idea of a lady earning her bread. Unconsciously he resented any encroachment upon his benevolent protectorate in relation to the feminine contingent of his family.

And so Alicia found her lot cast among the most unpleasant details of newspaper life—the chronicling of petty happenings and of sordid mediocrity. Nothing so redeeming as a "human interest story" came within the scope of her journalistic experience. No wild, mad deed or great divine adventure was given her to expound—only the petty tragedies, the commonplace joys and average experiences that make up the four to six line articles of the daily press. At times, it would be the suicide of an aged vagrant, unknown and unmourned; often the little social affairs of various fraternal orders; at times the injuring of a girl in a laundry machine; often the literary program of a Browning Study Club. Always was it something which the great world idly glanced at and forgot. She saw the result of her labor crowded in between long columns on the latest war-scare, the opinions of a new president, the

most recent divorce scandal or a bank embezzlement—all things at which the great world stopped and stared.

Once, after a particularly hard day, her brother asked if she cared to go on. She nodded her head and was silent for a moment. Presently, she said, "I've learned that I can't solve the world's problems or even my own problems by going to work, but perhaps this experience will show me something that will."

After six months had passed she was given charge of the "Personal Queries" column during the vacation of its manager. She found herself in daily demand for everything from freckle lotions to love potions and at the end of the two weeks felt thoroughly at war with that portion of society which takes its advice from the family newspaper.

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On a drizzly November evening, ten months after Alicia's entree into pressdom, her brother made an announcement which set her heart pounding.

They were sitting at a hurried supper in a little restaurant near the World office. A new play was to have its initial performance that night and the World's chief dramatic critic had suddenly and thoughtlessly taken ill.

"Thomas is off to the Colonial, new musical comedy. Davis has already started for the Philharmonic and Miss Keith is getting that Club Convention report ready now. Can you beat it? Everything coming the same night," grumbled Gordon. "This play is going to be the sensation of the season and we simply must have some competent man there."

Alicia's cheeks flushed slightly. "Can't you get Kelly on the phone?" she asked. Kelly was book reviewer of the World staff.

"Out of town," replied Gordon.

Alicia leaned eagerly across the table. "Laurie, don't think that I'm crazy, but please let me go. It's Hudson's play and I understand him. Please," as he raised his hand in protest. "Listen, if I don't make good on this, I'll give up the work, right away."

"My dear Al, no one knows you. What would your name at the head of a review mean to anyone? Besides, they would accuse me of partiality."

"They know you too well," she answered.

"It's no use, Al. If you fell down, I would get in wrong with the chief. I'll have to hustle up someone who is known."

"They all had to start, Laurie," she insisted. "Take a chance. Be a sport," she wheedled. As he showed signs of weakening she reached for her coat and gloves.

"It's all settled. I'll have the story in by eleven-thirty. I'm too excited to wait and it's almost eight now. Good-bye." Before he had time to protest Gordon found himself alone with his troubles and his demi-tasse.

* * * * *

On the following morning, Grant Hudson scanned the papers eagerly for the reviews of his first play. Before opening the pages he knew that it would be misinterpreted.

The "Sun" critic in glowing metaphors proclaimed anew the "great American play." He wrote at length of its richness in artistic imagery and symbolism, although anything akin to symbolism had been far from the playwright's mind.

The "Enquirer" man saw nothing but "a prosaic piece of economic propaganda" without literary or artistic value. He wailed at length over the realism of the modern stage and sighed for the good romantic days of yore.

The "Herald" relegated the production to "high-brow" societies and declared solemnly that such could never satisfy a tired businessman.

Hudson swore softly at the tired business man and threw the papers down in disgust.

"More rot, I suppose," he muttered, picking up the World with a hopeless air.

His eyes paused a moment at the heading and then wandered down the column.

* * * * *

So someone had understood. Someone had felt with him the slavery of an expressionless life; the tragedy of monotony; the common, unheroic and unbeautiful stoicism of a scented bud that may not open its petals to the sun. It was more than he had hoped for. Into this play of his, Hudson had placed no great shining joy and no deep stirring catastrophe. He had tried simply to picture the unlovely life of a working-class household, its soul-destroying round of petty cares; its over-hanging cloud of fear for the morrow; its isolation from all the beauty and inspiration of the world.

His eyes sought the head of the column again. Alicia Gordon—Gordon? The name was familiar to him, yet he knew he had not seen it in print before. For a moment he tried to recall the names of various women whom he had met in the past year. Suddenly he remembered and his face grew red with embarrassment.

Five minutes later he was on his way toward the World building and the office of the dramatic critic.

GREAT SOLDIERS IN GREAT CAUSE

It is a great thing to conquer difficulties and overcome obstacles when in pursuit of purely selfish ends. But when inspired by zeal for a great cause for human uplift difficulties and obstacles become but stepping stones on the way.

It is undoubtedly true that self-preservation came first in order of development. But it is likewise true that the growth into altruism dates from the time when life first left a unicellular form and set out toward manifesting itself in ever growing complexity of form. This is the essential meaning of civilization and today there are many men and women who would willingly die if thereby they could serve individuals or the race.

It is men and women of this character that a great cause for human uplift creates. Men and women, who are neither fanatics nor martyrs but are inspired by

such passionate love for humanity as to cause them to place upon its altar time, energy, talent and if need be life itself.

The international Socialist movement contains thousands of comrades who living are wholly committed to its interests and whom neither fear of physical suffering nor death itself can sever from their allegiance.

Great soldiers in a great cause—cause worth all the loyalty and devotion it inspires.

Mr. Dooley gives it as his opinion that "if the improvements keep on there will soon be such facilities for traveling that anyone can go anywhere for nothin' an' come back agin fer half price."

The Movie Revolution

By FRANK E. WOLFE



THOUSANDS of red-cheeked girls, blondes, brunettes, tall and short, natural and "made up," sit in little glass cages with one hand in a pile of nickles and the other on an endless roll of paper tape in thousands of motion picture theaters that cover every city and hamlet of the country, overflowing into every other country on the globe. It is the invasion of the movie. For hock of these girls out in front endless reels of pictures fit and flash over the white canvas while millions of people pour out their nickles and dimes for the privilege of seeing. The movies have outclassed baseball in point of popularity. And into this reeling, flashing, nickle-piling amusement the Socialist propaganda is to be thrust. We are to have "red" movies!

The message of the revolution is to be put before the endless throng that passes in and out of the motion picture theaters in every part of the world, day and night. And out in front the cherry lipped blonde or the haughty brunette will tear off tickets and take nickles and dimes for the privilege of seeing the story of labor.

A startling contrast it will be, this jump from the gun-play escapades of Dead Eye Dick and Piute Pete to the man in overalls whose aim is to overthrow an entire social system. But the dramatic possibilities are there and that is the chief reason for labor's break into filmland.

As this story is being read the finishing scenes are being staged in a great six-reel film, entitled "From Dusk to Dawn," in the Essanay studios at Hollywood, Cal., near Los Angeles. The film will tell the story of labor's struggle in this metropolis of Southern California, a story than which there never has been one more dramatic.

Within a few weeks this film will be flashed on the screens of theaters all over the world. It will be seen in New York and London, Montreal and Johannesburg, Paris and Keokuk. Those people who see but never read will be given their first lesson in Socialism as they sit in the half-dark and watch the big picture reeled off. This film will, in itself, constitute almost an evening's amusement.

Fitting it is that this great film should be produced in Los Angeles. The city is a home for moving picture companies. One of these great concerns employs a thousand people. Another has an entire "city" of motion picture people. Thousands of feet of film are manufactured every day by these companies.

In the film, "From Dusk to Dawn," hundreds of people have appeared. Aside from the professional actors and actresses who have taken part, hundreds of Socialists have appeared. Socialists whose faces are known all over the country, and even in other countries, have appeared in scenes already staged. The illustration produced with this article shows one scene in which Socialists appeared almost exclusively. A great convention scene was staged with Socialists. In numbers of other scenes Socialists have posed for the camera. And the wonderful part of the story is that they have invariably had the greatest success in transforming themselves from workaday folk in common pursuits into movie Thespians of the finest type. Among the Socialists that have posed for this series of pictures are Job Harriman, Stanley B. Wilson, Fred C. Wheeler, Esther Yarnell and H. A. Hart. Clarence Darrow and nearly

all of the jurymen who sat in the famous McNamara case were especially posed for the great play. Y. P. S. L. girls and boys, too have played for this new movie film, their bright red banners enlivening the scene wonderfully. What a thrill of joy will surge through the blood of the comrades over the world when they witness the stirring scenes thus portrayed.

Socialist propagandists who have seen the maze of people flocking to the nickle picture pantomime shows and who have later gone into sparsely peopled halls to deliver the message of Socialism have asked me for the answer to the situation. I think I have found it. My purpose is to do two things. First I want to take the Socialist propaganda into the motion picture show and second I want to take the motion picture show into Socialist meeting halls. In this latter attempt there is



A SCENE IN "FROM DUSK TO DAWN"

a twofold purpose. It is to amuse and to instruct. The movie as an amusement is established. The movie as an instructor is just coming into its own. And it will be successful as an instructor because it amuses while it instructs. It makes learning a pleasure. The "nons" and the "nears" will watch the message eagerly when they would not listen to it for a moment.

While "From Dusk to Dawn" is the real big production just now, a number of smaller films are being made and will soon be ready for the screen—and the millions. More are to follow and before long there will be "red" mingled with the blacks and whites of the world's movies.

"Will this venture be a success?" I have been asked often since I began the writing and production of "From Dusk to Dawn." My answer is that I know it will be a success. That much is assured already. But to convince yourself you need only look about you and witness the growing radicalism that is pushing itself up through the conservatism on every hand. To begin with there are 5,000,000 people in America who are Socialists. That includes children—but children are great movie "fans." Aside from these there are millions more who are tinged with the flaming color, and beyond these there are other millions who will watch with eager joy the film portrayal of any subject of merit.

We are going to take Socialism before the people of the world on the rising tide of movie popularity. We are going to make the projecting lens a weapon for labor. We are going to paint the movie red.

PADRE BLANCO AND T

THE SECOND OF A DELIGHTFUL



AMPO was astir with vaqueros from the border region, for with the beginning of the next week would open the big roundup on the Laguna ranch, twenty miles away to the north and adjoining the Rattlesnake ranch; and it was Saturday evening.

The saloons were doing their usual roundup business. The bars were lined and gambling tables filled. There was no rowdyism. While there was much drinking, the spirit of good fellowship prevailed. It was a sort of reunion, for these cattle wranglers came from different ranches and only got together on occasions of the big roundup at the Lagunas.

Dutch was the latest arrival, and as he stepped into Fallon's joint he was greeted with a hearty welcome. Dutch was a big, clumsy-looking youngster, with the strength of a full-grown steer and a disposition as smooth as the pink skin that covered his round, fat face.

Dutch did not drink, but was always ready for any of the pranks or contests so prevalent among the grown-up children of the range.

As he entered and shook hands all around, he was seized by Chiquita, a massive Mexican. Chiquita had been the undisputed wrestling champion of the border section until Dutch at the previous roundup laid him on his back five times within an hour. The big Mexican was in a playful mood. He had not been looking away from the wine that is red, and was overflowing with exuberance.

"Coom, Dootch, we mak' de wras'sle," he chuckled, as he seized his husky conqueror of the year before with an under hold.

Dutch leaned forward, clasped his hands around Chiquita's waist, lifted him from the floor, and threw him over his head, landing him on his back on a billiard table.

As the two giants grappled, the saloon door opened and a tall, broad-shouldered, well-dressed stranger entered. He watched the brief contest smilingly and when Chiquita had arisen and swung himself to a seat on the billiard table, said in a pleasant voice, "Pardon my intrusion, gentlemen, I am a minister of the Gospel, and dropped in to invite you all to attend service in the school house tomorrow at eleven o'clock." And looking the massive Dutch over with the eye of an admirer of physical development added, as he stepped toward the successful gladiator, with hand extended: "I wish to congratulate you. I love that sport. Used to wrestle some myself. You are wonderfully strong and clever."

While Dutch stood blushing at the polite compliment and holding the stranger's hand, there were queer glances passing among the onlookers.

It was Fallon, the proprietor, who spoke.

"Say, Mr. Preacher, I tell you what we'll do. If you'll wras'le Dutch there, I'll close up the joint before eleven tomorrow and we'll go and hear you sky-shoot."

"You bet we will; win or lose!" enthusiastically responded the rest, while Chiquita sprang from the bil-

liard table, slapped the preacher on the shoulder and added, "Si, Senor Padre; me too!"

The preacher smiled and looking into Dutch's face said simply: "I'm willing, if this gentleman is. It would be a pleasure to even lose to such a splendid antagonist."

Dutch blushed and nodded his willingness. The preacher removed his long coat, collar and tie, and outer shirt, and there were exclamations of surprise and admiration at the development of arms and body he exhibited.

Dutch lost all of his embarrassment, as the order, "Go to it" was given by Fallon. He sprang toward the preacher with the agility of a light-weight and tried for a body hold, but his arms were skillfully thrown off and his opponent stepped nimbly aside amid the applause of the astonished spectators.

The preacher soon saw that Dutch was unwise to the holds of professionals and resolved to use no hold except those with which Dutch was familiar, which were body-grapples, depending upon speed, strength and endurance.

He was kept busy on the defensive, for Dutch was doing his best for a chance to match strength with him, which the preacher wished to prevent until he could grapple in a manner that would give him an equal chance with the herculean German.

Changing suddenly from the defensive, he closed in and they locked in a body hold. So intense was the struggle that it seemed to strain the very atmosphere.

Chiquita stood with legs apart, bent as if in a grapple, and tugged and panted as though himself a contestant.

For fully five minutes the gladiators strained without seeming advantage to either. Then, summoning his full strength, Dutch hurled his antagonist to the floor. But it was a disastrous move for Dutch. By a supple twist of the body, the preacher turned, and when the two bodies crashed to the floor, it was Dutch's broad shoulders that greeted the hard surface.

The second fall was secured by the preacher, in the identical manner in which Dutch had disposed of Chiquita, with the exception that the preacher forced Dutch to the under hold by pushing his arms downward as he rushed in.

"You win, Dominic," said Fallon, as he slapped that individual on the back. "It was sure worth staying all day in a protracted meetin' to watch you two huskies wras'le. We'll be on hand tomorrow at eleven, and you can go the limit with the heaven-herding lingo."

And sure enough, next morning the little school house was crowded, with all the Fallon delegation present, while the preacher edified them with an instructive and entertaining discourse on "Jacob Wrestling With the Angel."

That evening the punchers left camp for the Lagunas, led by Dutch and Chiquita, with the preacher between them, for the gang had adopted him and insisted it was the first time they had ever got within roping distance of a genuine gospel-herder, and they reckoned it wasn't fair to Chub and the bunch up at

THE PREACHER

By STANLEY B. WILSON

STORIES OF PADRE BLANCO

the ranch not to enjoy the luxury of knowing a preacher who was plumb wise to the heavenly outfit and could flop Dutch two straight falls.

* * *

Padre Blanco rode up to the Lagunas, where his two sons were helping on the roundup. He was introduced to the dominie, who, decked in blue jeans, was wrestling cows by the branding fire, at which work he had become almost as expert as he was in wrestling humans.

He had become well acquainted with Dave and Bill and learned from others considerable of the fine character of their venerable father. So when the Padre invited him to ride home with him in the evening and he learned that the branding was about finished, he accepted the invitation.

When the two men reached the head of the trail that led down the side of the mountain into Rattlesnake Valley, the sun was sinking toward the surface of the ocean, which was distinctly visible sixty miles to the west.

Below them the peaks of the lower range threw their slanting shadows downward into the valley, like figured carpets of variegated green; beyond the hills and mesas shimmered in the golden evening glow; while the rays of the sinking sun dancing on the water and overspreading the background of clouds produced an effect indescribably beautiful.

So they sat, while the sun sank slowly between the liquid gold of the ocean and the gilded cloud wall, and threw upward a last flood of colors that deluged the battlements of the sky like the spray of a sea of rainbows.

Then silently they urged their horses into the downward trail.

Arriving at the ranch house, Padre Blanco prepared supper, while his guest stood in the doorway and watched the peaks that rimmed the valley darken with the evening shadows, while the sky above seemed to weave a satiny canopy, gemmed with twinkling golden stars—an amphitheater fashioned by the hand of Nature, filled with the spirit of eternal peace.

"We will eat now," summoned the Padre, as he stepped to the preacher's side. A smile overspread his features when he saw the absorption of his guest, indicating that his soul was enchained by the charm of the valley's environment.

Supper over and the dishes cleaned and put away, the two men sat until midnight in conversation.

In Padre Blanco the preacher found a rich mine of experience and knowledge, and the preacher in turn delighted his host with his wide acquaintance with politics, philosophy and science, and his brilliancy of conversation.

When the conversation was finally turned by the preacher into a discussion of religion, the latter was for a moment shocked by the Padre's simple reply to the question: "May I ask as to your religious experience?"

"I have none," answered the patriarch.

The preacher was plainly puzzled. "Are you, then, an unbeliever?" he asked.

"No. When I say I have no religious experience, I fear you misunderstand me. What I mean to convey is that I have never consciously experienced the peculiar phenomena the clergy describe as necessary evidence of personal religious experience. And yet I am conscious of a faculty within me that is responsive to influences without—to the hush of the valley, the silent majesty of the mountains, the beauty of the sunset, the feelings of dumb beasts, the conditions and sensations of my fellow beings. I am also conscious of a Power which I cannot define, but whose existence is nevertheless as real to me as my own."

"Then you don't believe in a personal God?" interrupted the preacher.

"I neither believe in or disbelieve; I simply cannot define. I accept his personality. I am inclined to think, however, that a man's conception of God is mostly the result of environment."

"You believe, then, that one's environment is a dominant factor in one's life?"

"I do."

The preacher was disturbed. "That is a dangerous doctrine," he contended.

The Padre was silent a moment, and replied, kindly: "Please do not misunderstand me. It is not a doctrine with me. I have no doctrines. I only think, as my experience, observation and judgment serve me. I do not seek to convince others."

"I would be pleased if you would tell me why you place such emphasis on environment," urged the preacher.

"Because this valley, the hills, the range land, with all that attaches to them, are as necessary to me as the blood in my veins. Because in other lives I see the effect of environment. The Westerner is more than a geographical term; the cowboy, the rancher, the miner, the clergyman, the lawyer, the gambler, are the incarnation of the elements of their respective realms of existence. Because my study of history and science convinces me that the characteristics and institutions of a people are influenced largely by even the physical formation and location of its country.

"Mountain ranges, desert stretches, large bodies of water, by separating people have been sufficient to develop different characteristics and institutions.

"The difference between Europe and Asia, in civilization, is the result of the difference in environment. The conformation of the former is such as to encourage intercourse between her various nations and the world, while the great mountain ranges of Asia, her vast plains, and her oceans so broad as to discourage the earlier navigators, made intercourse less favorable; hence the lower civilization of Asia.

"Is it not a fact that the civilization of the Greeks was as much the product of their land as of the stock from which they originally sprung?"

"Did not the Hebrews themselves prove the influence of environment in their adoption of the idolatrous practices of the heathen peoples with whom they came in contact?"

"Society as we know it today is but the sum total

of the conditions and circumstances that have environed the race since civilization began."

"You have been reading Marx and have imbibed his philosophy," interrupted the preacher.

"Yes, I have read Marx. I am still reading him. But I did not arrive at my ideas of environment because of him. I can see no other interpretation of history."

"Do you mean to say," and there was a note of challenge in the younger man's voice, "that the only forces that have controlled the evolution of society are the materialistic?"

"Indeed, no," returned the Padre"; while I can see no rational interpretation of history without the predominance of materialism, I do not deny the influence of ideals, of religion, of patriotism, and yet even these are mainly the products of this materialistic environment."

"Where, then, do you place faith in the development of individual character?" inquired the preacher.

"Faith," replied Padre Blanco, reflectively; "Faith is defined by the Christian writer, Paul, as 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' Faith does not refute the influence of environment. It sets up an ideal and proceeds to attain it by intelligent and consistent means. Faith sees distinctly the mountain and the difficulties that must be met to remove it. Then it proceeds to adjust the methods of removal to the difficulties encountered. Faith without such works is dead."

He paused as though expecting a reply, but the preacher remained silent, and the old man continued: "I do not think the church can effectively meet the conditions that are corrupting individuals and society, until

she recognizes this fact—until she applies herself to so changing environment that it will be easier for the people to live clean and honest lives."

"But," queried the other, "if environment is such a powerful element in affecting individual and social destiny, how can it be changed by the creatures of its influence?"

"Progress is the struggle of intellect and energy in adjusting environment to the advancement of individual and social man. Intellect enables man to discern his condition and the influences responsible for that condition, and urges him to devise methods for removing or remodeling it.

"This valley is an example of environment. When we first came here there were no roads. Our isolation was increased because of this, and because of our isolation we became intensely domestic in our habits and tastes. But the isolation of our environment did not prevent us from building roads, which our intellect told us we ought to do, and with the roads came a change in our habits. Neighbors began to visit us and travelers to pass this way and stop with us, and we became social beings in a larger sense. With each change of environment came a change in our habits, in our thinking, and to a degree in our characters. All the while we have been changing the valley, the valley has been correspondingly changing us.

"Society is this valley on a larger scale. But let us retire now. I have found that the safest philosophy is that which is most implicitly obedient to the demands of nature—and sleep is one of her most insistent and agreeable demands."

Disarming the Pessimist

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT



HENRY was very fond of telling how grandfather did things. He seemed to find relaxation and comfort in recounting the hardships that grandfather had to contend with and nearly every one of Henry's acquaintances was thoroughly familiar with the manner in which Grandfather Brown lived.

"Yes," said Henry one day, "grandfather came west in a prairie schooner. No transcontinental railroads in those days. No cushioned seats to ride across the continent on; no buffet cars, no diners with refrigerated meat all the way; no three and four day trips. When you travelled then you didn't go and buy a long ticket; you went out and packed the wagon and hitched up the horses."

So Henry would go on relating incidents of life in the days of grandfather. Henry was fairly prosperous as prosperity is reckoned. He had a fair business, he dressed well and went to the theater when he cared to. He was a man of the middle class.

One night Henry was telling about the illness from which his grandmother died. Grandfather had gone ten miles on horseback to get a doctor. "In such a case in my home," said Henry, "I would merely reach for the telephone and the doctor would come in his automobile. Grandfather never used a telephone and never saw an automobile. It was not until he was well along in years that he rode on a street car."

One night a storm wrecked a good portion of the electric lighting apparatus in Henry's town and Henry went to the store for some tallow candles. "Grandfather never used anything but tallow dips and kerosene lamps," he said.

Great central power plants and lighting plants and heating plants were but little more than wild speculations. Of course there were packing plants in those days, but they were small in comparison to the establishments of today. Yes, there were flour mills and lumber mills, but grandfather was thrifty and when he built his house he cut and hewed most of his own lumber. When he wanted flour he took his own wheat to the mills and had it ground, paying the miller out of the flour thus produced.

In fact, Henry's grandfather was a good deal of an all-round person. In some things he needed the work of others and the things other made, but it wasn't often. Of course he bought ready made shoes and ready woven cloth and ready made clothes in his later years, but in his boyhood even such things never entered the home in their finished state. They were mostly made in the home. Where the skill of others was needed it was paid for mostly in work—work for work, skill for skill. There was mighty little lost between Henry's grandfather and the men from whom he secured the things he could not make himself.

There weren't many tools used then—that is, not a great variety of tools. The blacksmith who was a neighbor, made many of those that were in use. He

likewise made the wagons and grandfather often helped at this work, or made parts himself in order to save expense on the job.

Of course Henry didn't mean to say that he would care to live as grandfather did. He wouldn't care to work as hard; not as many hours a day and he wouldn't care to live without the conveniences that he had been able to surround himself with. He merely talked of grandfather because grandfather's life, away back there in the past, was somewhat picturesque and because now and then he was able to draw a lesson in thrift and frugality from it. And among some people Henry seemed to create a profound impression.

Henry merely goes to show what a very long way we have come in a very short time. Henry didn't need to go to a historical library to find out about the days of hand looms on which all the family clothes had been made in the home. By word of mouth Henry had been told of those simple machines by a man whose clothes had been made from the cloth so produced. Henry didn't have to take his stories of Indian fights from books. He got them fresh from his grandfather who had fought in them in the east and from his father who had fought in them in the west.

Henry was accustomed to the things that all of us look upon as commonplace; he lived where social production was the rule—where all the big tasks of the world were performed socially. But Henry had been told of the days of individual hand production by a man who had lived in those days. Looking upon Henry and his grandfather we see that in the space of two rather full lives we have come along through a maze of wonderful changes with amazing rapidity. In the space of these two lives the wage system has budded, flowered and fruited—to the point of decay.

Some people there are who, seeing the same things that Henry sees, knowing the same things about the past that he knows, believe that while we have progressed satisfactorily in some things, we have failed woefully in other directions. Putting it in another way, they believe that in our perfection of the machine of production we have progressed admirably, but that in our use of that machine we have bungled amateurishly. Some there are who have become so depressed that they are at the point of being willing to break the machine—at least to rip out a few cogs.

Of course Henry himself has gathered wealth with a fair amount of ease. He feels no great pinch anywhere and has taken no particular pains to inquire about the reason for anything. He will remain satisfied so long as his moderate income is not molested.

But of the others there is a great deal to be said. They see the change in mode of production and they understand it. On the other hand they see that the change in mode of production has benefitted only a few persons to any great extent. True, it has changed the methods of living for almost everyone, but it has greatly improved the living of but a small proportion. The entire present purpose is to point out that, while all who see the vast improvement in conditions that it is possible to have must wish and strive to bring about such conditions as rapidly as possible, and while at times we may bemoan the fact that our progress is not more rapid, yet, looking at the question fairly and squarely, our progress is satisfactory and we have come as rapidly as we have been entitled to come. That means, of course, in relation to labor's progress on the political and economic fields.

The Socialist movement as a whole, of course, knows that the change from capitalism to the co-operative commonwealth is coming steadily and at such a pace

as the change in economic conditions may determine aided for the first time in history by the intelligent co-operation of those who use the machinery of production and distribution.

The story of Henry serves merely as an illumination. It is by way of casting light over the road that stretches back into the land of Yesterday from which we have just come. And we find that the road is rather a short one after all. The Old Oaken Bucket is used by some of us even now and my own eyes have seen a wrinkled grandmother tending that treasure of colonial days, the hand loom. It is a short road, after all, that we have come over, and as we think of it we have well nigh exceeded the speed limit in the coming.

But there are those among us upon whom despair has fastened its grip. They declare that the Socialist movement is rankly conservative and they rage at him who will not countenance the destruction of all present institutions in one cataclysmic crash. They want sabotage for breakfast, dinner and supper and "article two, section six" is a constant red rag in their faces. Syndicalism is their miracle worker and a loose bolt in the machinery the height of their ambition. The reason for this is not that they are on the pinnacle of our most extreme enlightenment, ahead of the prodding procession, gifted beyond the rest of us in the philosophies and sciences and filled with the enthusiasm of the ultimate deliverers of the race. No, it is simply that they are discouraged, desperate, befogged.

It avails nothing to ignore the fact of the existence of such people. The ostrich never has been noted as a strategist. The philosophy of despair has fastened upon a great many and we may as well face the fact.

The world has come through many economic changes since man began to walk erect. Man has come up through many changes in his mode of life. The individual chase gave way to the hunt in packs and tribes, and tribes have given way to nations. The hallowed log has been replaced by the turbinated leviathan of the seas and the patriarch of the family has been replaced by the elected president of the republic. We have moved.

But not until now have we moved by our own collective direction. Until now each little cycle of progress whirled itself along the highway of the centuries, gathering speed unto itself blindly until it crashed of its own momentum into the next cycle, that in turn was destined to grow and gather speed and burst itself into its successor.

Economic changes have always been at the root of human advance. Always there has been a master class and a subservient class. Always the master class has determined the economic condition of the toiling mass and taken to itself what toll it could from labor. This toll may have been in skins and cocoanuts or in dividends, but always it has been the fruit of productive toil.

Economic changes have come without any intelligent action on the part of labor. Labor has found its condition changed as modes of production changed, but it has been silent, powerless and ignorant while the deep currents of economic change went on to work their way toward the light, carrying the unwitting slave ever nearer to the point where he might awake and have a hand in the making of his own destiny and the shaping of the next change in his conditions.

So we stand today at the point where labor, collective labor, may take the first conscious, intelligent, studied step in the flow of economic change. This time it is natural force directed by intelligent mind!

Into this wonderful situation, this unparalleled opportunity, black despair would rise like a blighted shad-

ow and heave boulders as blindly as did the first savage who refused to divide the fruits of his hunt.

The philosophy of despair, I believe, has its foundation in two sources. One of these is starvation of body and the other is lack of perspective in viewing economic changes. The teacher applies the wrong measure to time and change and the pupil accepts the wrong measure as the right one—on an empty stomach. An empty stomach is short-sighted.

It was to aid in straightening the perspective that the reminiscences of Henry were brought into this article. While the clouds may look dark and forbidding as we toddle along with our head bowed; while the road may seem hard and tortuous as we wend our weary way at nightfall, we shall find if we straighten up and fill our lungs with pure air in the early morning that the sun still shines in the heavens and that it will be simply a matter of time before asphalt will replace the muddy ruts of the road that so hurt our tired feet last night. The person who can stand up and get his perspective right never loses his grip on optimism. A straight perspective is the best tonic a weak philosophy can have.

We must understand this thing: That every change in mental life, yes, every change in religious life; every change that comes up where our heads are, follows some change in the life of toil down where our hands and feet are. And if we get our heads down too close to our feet we cannot see clearly what is going on there and we shall be all at sea as to what is to follow up above.

The doctrine of economic determinism is pretty generally accepted in these days, but not so many have succeeded in keeping straight their idea of what ought to be the relative speed of actual change in the form of machinery and by whom and how that machinery is to be run. The fact is that the master class has always held to the form, (or law), under which a given economic change began until changing economic conditions compelled that condition to again give way before the eternal pressure of change and move.

I am not one to stand back and say, "Hands off and all will come right of its own accord." Not that. I emphasize that we stand for the first time in human history at the point where we are capable of exercising conscious power in the direction of the next step in the evolution of society. The world has never known such a thing; it is marvelous beyond compare. The big thing is, that having this matchless opportunity, we must not sink our heads back in the muck and refuse to see. We must not hiss in the face of the goddess of light.

We must bend every energy to the intelligent direction of the changing social heave. And as we strain and strive to bring things out aright we must keep an eye on history and an ear to the whisperings of eternity.

This is not a world of a day. A lifetime is but a flash. We are but flecks on the foaming sea of eternity. We cannot measure world changes by the clock. We do not say that feudalism expired at ten o'clock eastern time, August 14, 1412. We do not say that the era of capitalism began on March 4th, 1801, nor shall we say that the co-operative commonwealth will be ushered in with fitting ceremonies with the convening of the first Socialist Congress on April first, 1915. Nothing like that ever happened or ever will happen. And this is the reason: Economic changes do not happen over night. They evolve in an age. There is a difference.

And the one who stands up straight and looks with true eye over the road into the past sees this: No age has risen to the time of its decay so rapidly as capital-

ism. The change has been wonderful in its rapidity. There is nothing depressing in that. There is everything heartening in it. For change is eternal. It is always with us. Life is change. Change will not stop, will not even pause. It must go on. And, going on it must bring new things. Capitalism has reached its perfection. Change now cannot bring more capitalism. It must bring something new. The very thought brings song to the heart and exultance to the intellect. For we stand with hand on the lever this time to direct the change.

And how are we to direct the change? What will be the conscious act of ours that shall bring us into the new order? Here again we prove, by the very nature of what we know of how the change will come that it must be an intelligently guided change. All change before has come without the ken of law. Brooks Adams makes the point in a way in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April. He says: "I doubt if we have developed a single important administrative principle which would be novel to Napoleon, were he to live again, and I am quite sure we have no legal principle younger than Justinian."

But in the coming of the next change we must develop an entirely new and revolutionary administrative principle and our mesh of musty legal lore must be torn away and replaced by legal bounds built from an entirely opposing angle. We are facing real revolution.

We have come through the age of capitalism perfecting our economic machine by various steps and stages. Labor as a collective body had no intelligent, self-directed part in the building up of the economic machine with which we now work. We stand now with that economic machine well nigh perfect. With the perfection of the economic machine has come the awakening of labor. Labor has become aware of the machine and it has found out what it wants to do with the machine. The newness of that fact has not yet borne in upon all labor, but taken, as a collectivity it is fairly familiar with the condition. The next step can be none other than ownership of the machine at hand. That is the purpose of our desire. We have found that the machine has its chief value in its ownership; that the privilege of working with the machine is bereft of its pleasure when ownership lies elsewhere. So we want to own the machine. But those who own it now have hedged themselves behind a bank of law into which no new principle has been instilled since the time of Justinian and we find our battlefield laid for us in the realm of law-making. There is marked the difference between this and all previous change.

We are engaged in changing the law. We bring about a partial change each time we collectively enter into a new line of endeavor—each time a city buys its water works or electric light plant. The complete change will have come when all things collectively used shall be collectively owned and democratically administered. We are moving and WE direct the motion. In the light of history man never moved with such marvelous speed. The pessimist is disarmed. The optimist is justified—if he is a fighting optimist. The doctrine of despair is the doctrine of yesterday and of the man of yesterday. He could not see his future and could have no part in the shaping of it, collectively. But the true optimist does not measure world changes by hours and the evolution of eras by days. He gets the right measure, the right view-point and the right interpretation. And HE sees that the race today is fulfilling its historic mission with sufficient haste and with a swinging stride that well befits the magnificent task at which it works.

EDITORIAL

Judge Gary, main mogul of the Steel Trust at the government hearing for dissolution of that trust, has experienced difficulty in making what he claims as the trust's policy of fostering competition, while it has become the most powerful trust in the world, quite clear to the average mind.

President Wilson, it is said, has perpetrated the following: "The trouble seems to be," he said, "that some men are taking joy rides in their corporations." As a remedy he suggests that the government better stop fining the automobile and begin punishing the joy rider." How would it do for the President to act upon some of his happy inspirations and talk about them afterward.

The June crop report of the Department of Agriculture says: Government experts estimate this year's harvest will be 744,000,000 bushels, of which 492,000,000 bushels will be winter wheat—a record for this crop—and 252,000,000 bushels will be spring wheat. But, alas, it is no longer acreage or yield that interests the hoi polloi but the small matter of the price to be demanded by the flour and bread trust.

Apropos of the anti-Japanese land ownership agitation Dr. Carter, general secretary of the International Peace Forum, declares: "The code of the Samurai, which is the code of all the Japanese today, is expressed in these words: 'First righteousness, next life, then silver and gold.' He then asks: Is that your code? Do you put righteousness first and silver and gold last?" Only in theory, doctor; only in theory.

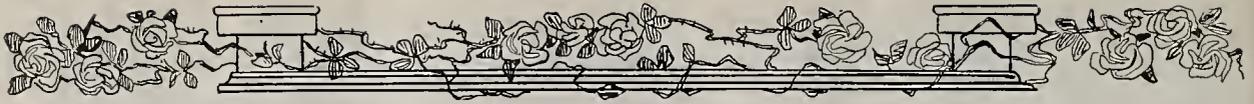
Some one rises to remark that it is surprising that so little effort has been directed to the elimination of a waste in motive power that, according to the figures of H. M. Wilson, chief engineer of the Pittsburg experiment station of the United States Bureau of Mines, costs this country \$600,000,000 a year. And then, too, there is that other waste in employed and unemployed human energy. What engineer can compute this loss?

Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania has presented the names of 175 Big Business men, who have protested to him against the Democratic tariff—and he declares: "The day of the old lobbyist, who infested the corridors of legislative chambers is past. The committees will listen only to the principals now." "Give us the 'higher ups,' " is the cry inside and outside of Congress. While the courts, investigating committees and general public have not been eminently successful in this, yet according to Senator Penrose the United States Senate is getting what it demands.

Now that the government has decided to discontinue the Taylor system for efficiency Secretary of Commerce Redfield has devised a new system. He says: "Many of us are not using to their full the productive powers we control. The men and women in our factories are endowed with reason, interests, judgment, imagination, attention and memory. Has a deliberate effort been made to try what the responsive force of these powers are to patient and inspiring leadership?" In other words, continue exploitation to the utmost limit but try and make the workers feel so good while it is being done that they will themselves render the greatest possible assistance in the process.

Some of the Los Angeles kept press and Big Business generally are greatly exercised over the fact that one of the organs of Capitalism has charged that the new mayor of that city was elected by the underworld. Such publicity will injure, they declare. But there is no word of complaint from these sources concerning the fact that the juvenile court of that city has shown by its records that during the past year under the rule and reign of Big Business over 200 young girls, some of them as young as 14 and most of them under 20 have been ruined. Could a worse blow be struck at a city's life? Yet these galled jades never wince at publicity of this character based on fact.





AMENDING THE ORGANIC LAW

THE proposition to amend the constitution so that amendments will be more easily obtained is one of the most practical measures yet proposed by the progressives in Congress. The plan introduced by Walter M. Chandler, Congressman from New York, provides for three methods of initiating amendments; by Constitutional conventions held every thirty years; by a majority vote of both houses of Congress, by one-fourth of the states. So proposed, these amendments are to be submitted to a popular vote at the first Congressional election, and for adoption, must receive a majority of the full vote cast and also a majority of the vote in a majority of the states. Merely to have a matter of this kind proposed is an education. The way "the free American people" have tied themselves up to prevent themselves from doing what they wish to do is amazing.



COMMENCEMENT DAY MEANING

IT IS beautiful to watch the young men and women as they pass from one year to another in high school and college.

Experienced teachers will testify that there are, however, very few who give evidence of real maturity until well through the college course.

The "freshness" of the average Sophomore in college is proverbial.

Yet the vast majority of children do not even enter high school, much less college.

The multitude must remain undeveloped or get their mental breadth and strength from hard effort or harder knocks.

"It is like the blossoming of beautiful, wonderful flowers," said a teacher after listening to the work of a graduating class from an advanced school." I am exultant that I have had part in growing them."

Will it not be glorious when we can know when each successive June comes, that all the youth of the land will in turn commence life with

the fullest culture and finest training they are capable of taking?

Will it not be even more joyous to know that each will have found the line most to his taste and capacity and can be sure of a place in the industrial army that serves the common need?

Utopian? Not at all.

It is much more practical than the tragic, lawless, disorganized, methodless method we struggle with today.

The economic waste of present day society is bad enough; the human, spiritual waste is far worse.



LOS ANGELES ELECTION

THE Los Angeles election, with its headless ticket at the finals, was good illustration of certain principles little understood. The party was greatly pleased to elect a Councilman, Fred C. Wheeler; it was even more jubilant, probably, over the fact that more than 5000 votes were cast having no vote for Mayor. In many ways it has been shown that the metropolis of Southern California has from 30,000 to 50,000 who vote the Socialist ticket. Why then should it be a source of gratification that 5000 will not vote for non-Socialists?

That is a long story, but surface reasons are apparent.

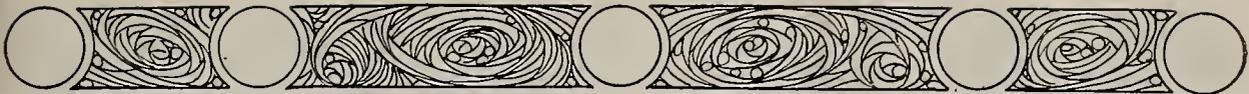
The pressure was great. "Are you not going to help keep a clean city?" said one side. "Are you not going to throw out the old gang and blunders?" said the other side.

"What, not vote for the man pledged to public ownership?" said one side. "Do you not want to see the newspaper crowd downed?" said the other side.

Suppose the party had yielded to the pressure and taken sides? Now there would have been a yawning chasm in the party and discord forever after with no good attained.

Time will prove to those who voted for the successful Mayor that they but played the game of big and little capital. Had the other side won,





the "Socialists" who voted for that side would have found they had but pulled corporation chest-nuts out of the fire.

The unbroken solidarity of the party standing for the workers and knowing what it wants and how to get it is the only effective final force. "Crucial issues" and "vital crises" will always be created to divide the ranks. "Save the city from the vicious" and "turn the rascals out" will ever be pet slogans of "Things-as-They-Are." Until Labor realizes that it has no interest in settling capitalistic squabbles and shows that no cries for help can reach its ears from that camp, it will never win that wholesome respect that forces change.

It is a cause for rejoicing whenever 5000 voters in a city see this clearly.



THE OPEN SEASON

THE man is to be pitied who can read of the catches made by the fishermen these days and not feel a tug at his heartstrings. Cooped up in office, store or workshop during the past months, one day out in the open under the June skies would nerve the arm with fresh vigor, put new light in the eye, and a renewed courage in the heart. It is routine and drudgery that kills. No more can the mind endure the constant, steady strain of business than can the muscles of the body withstand a steady, continuous pull. And the relation between mind and body, although not yet strictly and accurately defined, is beyond question a very intimate one. Action and reaction, whatever may be true in other respects, are continuous between the two. Nothing can happen to one of these two co-ordinate parts of human nature that does not appreciably influence the other. Constant plowing in the same grooves of the brain, like constant dropping of water, wears. A change of interest and of scene, a departure from established routine, a break in the chain of habit, plows new grooves through the fallow or untilled soil of the brain and ereates both the mental and the physical man.

Life is short at its best; we will be a long time

dead; the world will wag on just the same whether the dollars we leave behind when we leave this sphere of existence be many or few. Only we are the losers if we refuse to consider the means necessary to prolong our lives and enrich our experience. The secret of securing these is to studiously endeavor to add day by day, week by week and year by year to our interests.

Today, tomorrow, next day, then, although for the first time in life, secure some tackle and go, no matter to what stream, but go to some stream and spend a day or two tramping the banks, whipping the waters, and, if catching a few trout—so much the better. Do this and you will live longer and die happier.



CAUSES, NOT EFFECTS

IF HUMANITY is to advance individuals must help to that end.

Many things in community life depend upon the active interest and effort of all the people.

Civic responsibility is a very real thing, although so widely distributed.

Development toward industrial justice, political integrity, educational ideals or social virtue must depend upon the earnestness and intelligence of public spirited endeavor.

Perhaps it is worth while to try and analyze the aims and methods by which this effort may be made most effective.

In every cause there are two distinct but relative objects to be sought: one, an ultimate goal, representing the highest ideals; the other, measures looking toward that goal, but adapted to what is feasible and appropriate as an immediate next step.

These two objects are not antagonistic to each other, but are too often sought by separate groups; the one unwilling to accept any partial measures, having eyes turned exclusively to the final goal; the other seeking some available good with no regard to ultimate full rounded results.

In choosing objects of effort it is important





to make sure that one is working on causes and not mere symptoms or effects.

Attempts to secure political reform are largely mistaken because aimed at inevitable branches of some tree whose roots remain untouched.

If the energy spent in anathematizing the evils and spasmodic attempts to right surface wrongs were systematically expended upon a few fundamental changes in the system great results would be attained.

There is a very general tendency to dip out water perpetually in various leaky civic boats without attempting to stop the leaks.

Perhaps most important of all is the spirit in which reforms are undertaken. The negative, destructive, fault-finding attitude is ruinous to success.

Merely carping at existing evils never made the world better.

The person who does not love good more than he hates evil is not a factor which evil has to fear.

The spirit which nothing can embitter, the spirit invincible against antagonism or scorn, is the spirit which can achieve.

The path into the future can only be clearly seen with a vision lighted by whatever rays of brightness there may be in the present.

Only light can dispel darkness.



MARRIAGE MAKES WEALTH

A FORMER assistant secretary of the treasury, writing on this subject, closes with these words:

"Marry. It is the best business investment that has ever come within my experience."

It was said of Josh Billings that he once gave a young man similar advice: "Marry; marry, by all means. Marry for love. But remember it is as easy to love a girl with \$50,000 in her own right as a girl without a cent."

In other words, always have an eye to the main chance. Form a matrimonial as you would a business alliance. Certainly there are other considerations entering in, but these will accommo-

date themselves to the primary one of securing a business partner in your wife. Of course there is a little matter of sentiment which from time immemorial has been associated with marriage, but that will adjust itself. The fundamental need of every young man is a wife who will either bring him money or help to save the money he earns.

Sounds cold-blooded, does it not? Yet it is but the application of the working philosophy of modern life to marriage. There is no room in the life of the present for sentiment. Life is practical, and all things pertaining thereto must be placed on a practical basis and be judged by practical standards. Let very young men and very young women, very old men and very old women, dreamy poets and weak-minded sentimentalists still imagine that the old-fashioned thing called love should be the sole basis for marriage, but practical, up-to-date men and women have outgrown mere sentiment.

Unhappy marriages, divorce and race suicide increasing? True, beyond question! And, alas! so is the tendency to look upon the marriage relation as a business investment.



DEEDS, NOT SYMPATHY

IN this city there is a heart beat in sympathy for every pang you feel. You may not meet your friend and sympathizer, but he exists. The failure to meet is one of the tragedies of life. But the sympathy is ready when you do meet. Why, not a mongrel cur can pant his last breath in agony on the street but some big-hearted man or sweet-souled woman feels a pang to see it."

"How much more when a brave but defeated human being cries for help?"

There is a note of an all too common lullaby for the conscience in this well-expressed bit of sentiment.

Is the tragedy of friendlessness any the less because there are persons ready to be friendly if some quite conventional chance brings them in contact with the forlorn one?

Are the sufferings of the cat any the less because the men and women passing indulge in an amiable thrill of pity for its sufferings?

Must the brave but defeated human being





cry on the street corner before there is anyone to lend a hand?

If the cry goes up through the notoriety of the public prints must he still wait for practical aid because the thousands who have read the story are content to feel the pang and let that end it?

There is no virtue in an emotion which does not incarnate itself in a deed.

The human heart is sound and true deep down. Kindness and good will are the native prompting of normal humankind, but the difficulties of being kind and giving practical help are so great that the emotions giving birth so often to stillborn deeds weaken the moral fiber.

The tendency is to grow content with pity alone, whether it bears fruitage in help or not. True, the deed is often impossible. These terrible dark chasms made by the crowd and by custom and by ignorance are not always easy to cross. Even when gulfs are bridged and the hand-clasp of friendship is given the baleful conditions cannot always be overcome. Only—and this is the crux of the matter—let the impulse to help be the result of sympathy, and if intelligent effort does not avail let the heartache which follows be a spur to more fundamental service.

Something is wrong when the dwellers in cities must steel their hearts to the knowledge of misery and friendlessness which they cannot aid. defeated human beings." To enjoy a pang of Let the attention be turned to finding what is wrong and why there are so many "brave but pity is not enough. Cease to feel, or let that feeling prompt to action.



A. FRIEND OF WEEDS

IN an interview Joaquin Miller, the poet, was asked why he let the weeds grow beside the roses and why he let the grass grow so long? He replied:

"Because I love it. I should feel like a prisoner hemmed in by a well-kept lawn. I like my grass wild and sun-browned. I have set my house in a wilderness and planted the rose at my door, but not one of the baby-blue eyes have I uprooted to give place to it. Who shall dare to say that the rose is more beautiful than the waxen eup of manzanita? Roses, wild flowers and weeds, I want them all where I live."

It is James Whitcomb Riley who says in one of his poems:

"To reck' o' nize ' at nothin's made in vain,
That the Good Bein' made the brute's first chice,
And us folks a'terwards."

Is it not a cause for wonder that seeking for one universal in his love for every form of life, he must needs be found among the poets of earth? The cosmic consciousness, as it has been termed, to whom there is no lower or higher, no clean or unclean in all the myriad forms of life, is invariably to be found among those whom the practical world looks upon as impracticable sentimentalists. It was the poet Pope who wrote:

"He who needlessly sets foot upon a worm
is such a wretch," etc.

And said Lucy Larcom, the factory girl poet:
"The grass beneath our feet is His own grass;
The wayside weed is sacred unto Him."

Said another poet a long time ago:
"Poets are all who love—who feel great truths,
And tell them."

It would seem, then, that the fundamental requisite is that a poet should be first of all a lover, and that it is for this reason that poets do not discriminate in nature or among men. To them all life is beautiful and they see deeply enough into the heart of things to detect beauty where the unloving eye does not behold it. For are they not "God's Prophets of the Beautiful?" As Emerson said: "One more royal trait belongs to the poet. I mean his cheerfulness, without which no man can be a poet—for beauty is his aim. He loves virtue, not for its obligation, but for its grace; he delights in the world, in man, in woman, for the lovely light that sparkles from them. Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds over the universe."



The lesson most clearly written in the evolution of the race is that of hope and promise for the future. However dark the clouds at any period, men may know if they will that the sun of progress, whose warming rays make for the reign of truth and justice, is simply obscured from vision and that behind the passing cloud it still shines on in full midday splendor. And that—

"Some day Love shall claim his own,
Some day Right ascend his throne,
Some day hidden Truth be known,
Some day—some sweet day."



PLAYS, PLAYERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

By MILLA TUPPER MAYNARD

LADY GREGORY AND THE IRISH MOVEMENT



WHAT will the people do when they cease to work at hard labor for long hours 365 days a year? This question troubles our friends, the enemy, greatly. It is little wonder that they think it a problem. They would not themselves know what to do without the drive of business and they can see how stupidly the majority of the very rich use their over-abundant time. Occasionally, however, one finds persons who have had neither too much nor too little for a generation or two, and who have learned really to live in activities that mean something.

The Irish Drama movement is a good example of what persons of true refinement, some money and considerable cleverness can do to make their own lives worth living, while lifting the life interests of many thousands at the same time.

A group of men and women who had enough of freedom from the eternal grind to think of human values, two decades ago waked up to the fact that Ireland and the Irish of the past were fast passing away. Its language, its folk lore, its peculiar humor, its unique poetic and fanciful viewpoint were all being swept away by the prosaic English education and commercialism.

Among the influences deliberately set in motion to bring appreciation of things Irish, the Irish plays and players have been the most important and far reaching. From very meager beginnings, not ten years ago, the dramas of the movement have become a notable literature and the players have developed an art which is the delight of two continents.

They found they could not use imported English actors, as it was hard to enter into the spirit of the plays or catch the desired atmosphere. Accordingly, they took Irish working girls and young men, and trained them with a success that has been a marvel and given something new and very beautiful to art.

Lady Gregory has been one of the leading spirits in all this work. A new volume of her plays has just been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It contains six richly amusing playlets, full of originality, human nature and excruciating fun, all in a rhythmic prose more musical than any poetry.

Some time, not very far distant, we are going to find the drama and song which belong to the West and of the Comradship.

A TRAGEDY OF GRAFT

"Fine Feathers" is another play by Eugene Walters, the former red card soap boxer. The soap box is more in evidence in this than it was in "The Easiest Way." This dramatist is doing the best work in America in the judgment of many critics not as partial in their judgment as some of us might be. He is strong because he has a definite viewpoint and never fumbles. He may not speak out as clearly as he might like always but "the spine of meaning" is a clear cut understanding of how the profit system puts dry rot into the social life of the time in every part.

In this play, the graft in construction work and the

forces which lead thereto are made clear. There is the grafter with his oily sophistry which deceives the wife and makes her think that the husband's scorn of the offered fortune is obstinate fanaticism. Finally the young engineer has to choose between his wife and his



LADY GREGORY

Author of "New Comedies" and Leading Spirit in the Irish Dramatic Movement

principles and so makes the false report asked of him in relation to the cement in a dam. Luxury and an abundance of "fine feathers" follow for a time, but ruin is close upon the man's heels and finally the breaking of the dam with loss of life brings the full logical tragedy.

A newspaper man brings brightness into the murk by his wit and "red" philosophy. Altogether this is a greater play than "The Easiest Way" and deals with a feature of capitalism even more common and quite as devastating as that which formed the tragedy in the play which won the author's fame.

The Long Beach tragedy of May 24th was caused by the same "economy" in construction and the failure to report or to find the weak conditions on the part of inspectors was born of the same desire to hold a job if not to actual, conscious connivance.

Such plays make people think, but alas, even this dramatist has not yet found a way to make solutions clear. To point out the problem is something. We must be thankful that this can play to crowded houses.

At this time, the Western Coast folk get the dramatic harvest of the year. When the New York season closes, then the luminaries can pass to the western heavens.

"The Case of Becky" is something new under the

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS



ORGANIZATION is the basis of all social strength, the propeller of all progress, the instrument of all socialization. The power of Rome was built up through organization. Early Christianity developed into a world movement only because of the thorough organization of its enthusiastic elements. The entire map of Europe was changed by the organizing ability of Napoleon. Organization created the trusts, the power of the unions,

the power of the press. It is only persistent efforts at organization that finally secure the franchise, the eight hour law, the minimum wage, and child labor legislation. The Socialist Movement will grow powerful just in proportion as its organization is perfected.

Although women are the original organizers, being largely responsible for the existence of the ancient tribes and having first placed industry on a working basis, this tremendous social power, ORGANIZATION, was beyond their reach during the first eighteen centuries of this era. As a result, any influence exerted by them in the molding of institutions or customs was very indirect at the best.

Men have lent themselves to organization only under great economic pressure; and their organizations have never been truly democratic. They have been class organizations, craft organizations, or sectarian organizations, but never representative of the interests of society as a whole. There have been patriarchs and menial families, kings and slaves, lords and serfs, capitalists and wage slaves—one class always being exploited for the benefit of the other. As a result our society has been individualistic primarily and social only secondarily and indirectly.

The nineteenth century is marked by the rise of two

powerful movements, the proletarian movement and the woman's movement. The former is the greatest working people's organization ever known and is far greater in its scope than anything dreamed of by the early Christians in their plans for a universal brotherhood. The latter promises to once more inject into society that social spirit manifest in the patriarchal days, before there was private property in necessities and when class struggles were unknown. This is a spirit which does not take it as natural that some persons should be in the power of other persons, or that inanimate, material things should exploit a living humanity. It recognizes the fact that we all belong together and that only by securing the liberty and happiness of all of us, can we secure the liberty and happiness of any of us. The proletarian movement took on its present form about 1867 and the women's organizations had their beginning in this country in 1868.

Jennie June Croly, originator and second president of the first woman's club, "Sorosis," wrote as follows of the club movement:

"The woman's club was not an echo; it was not the mere handing together for social and economic purpose like the clubs of men. It came at once, without deliberate intention or concerted action, a light-giving and seed-sowing center of purely democratic activity. It had no leaders. It brought together qualities rather than personages; and by a representation of all interests, moral, intellectual, and social, a natural and equal division of work and opportunity, created an ideal basis of organization, where every one has an equal right to whatever comes to the common center; where the center itself becomes a radiating medium for the diffusion of the best of that which is brought to it, and into which, all being freely given, no material considerations enter."

Thinking that this sounded far-fetched she added,

sun. It dramatizes a case of double personality. The medical case from which it was taken, was even more remarkable, as in the actual young woman, there were three different personalities none of whom were quite normal. In the play, "Becky" is a mischievous, lawless little creature utterly unlike "Dorothy" the normal girl whose body Becky takes possession of occasionally.

The play gives wonderful opportunity to Frances Star (the actress who made her reputation in "The Easiest Way") as the transformation scenes from the demure, gentle, well-bred Dorothy to the reckless, impish, hateful, malignant Becky require remarkable acting.

Perhaps some one thinks: "At least here is one play that has no Socialist preachment in it."

Right you are. There is not an economic line in it from first to last. Nevertheless, not to disappoint any one who thinks that hobbies were made to ride, the moral is hereby added.

Hypnotism is the only thing that can account for the persistence of Capitalism. Would any sane person

believe that on the planet Mars one-tenth of one percent of the people could own the planet and the ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent allow it? Certainly not. It would be against human nature.

But on this planet, the 999 not only allow it but seem to like it. Moreover, they actually make the laws which give the earth and a fence around it to the thousandth man.

By what magic is it possible?

Hypnosis. That is the only reason. The 999 are caught young and hypnotized by teachers, newspapers, preachers and all the other spokesmen for the one one-thousandth until the whole 999 will dance any tune the masters ask for and pay the fiddler besides.

There is no other way to account for the astounding facts. Now is there?

If we could only break the spell and make people see true for just one hour, emancipation would be right upon us.

Let us have some more plays showing what tricks the human mind can play upon us.

"This is no ideal or imaginary picture. It is the simplest prose of every woman's club and every club woman's experience during the past thirty years." (1868-1898.)

This was written only a few years after the formation of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. A knowledge of the committees which this Federation supports and a survey of the work done by them, together with the suffrage organizations during the past fifteen years removes all doubt as to the social nature of their activities. They have agitated against child labor and against white slavery. They have worked for children's courts; for clean streets; for proper sewerage; for sanitary waiting rooms in railroad stations; for good roads; for children's playgrounds; for industrial education; for conservation; for the employers' liability law; for factory inspection; for better educational facilities; for extensive libraries; for the reduction of the hours of labor; for the minimum wage. They have been on hand to lend aid in times of strikes, especially those in which women were involved. In times of drought or flood, they have not been the last to give relief. Where tuberculosis threatens the nation, they have entered the battle for the removal of its causes. They have accomplished many things in spite of the obstacles in their way.

They have availed themselves of the power given them by their organizations to express themselves directly, through their own numbers, in regard to social matters, instead of indirectly, as heretofore, through the men of their families.

But there is one thing which hampers them very much in their success. They fail to recognize the fact that our androcentric society is a society of classes; the fact that all men's organizations, through which women must as yet express themselves, are formed, as the saying has it, for "the ins to knock the outs." Failure to recognize this fact makes all social effort superficial and un-fundamental. It leads to the treating of effects instead of causes.

This, however, does not detract from the value of the spirit manifested by the women's organizations, a spirit which the world has been in dire need of during all the past centuries of class struggles and class hatreds. Neither does it lessen the value of the fact that the women's clubs have in their ranks all ages and classes of women—maids and matrons, wives of Cripple Creek miners, wives of New York millionaires, and the wives and daughters of middle class men. It simply means that in order to express itself fully this spirit must have conditions under which it can live. The attainment of such conditions necessitates the abolition of the class struggle; necessitates an economic reorganization, which will place the products of the labor of the world into the hands of the makers; necessitates a valuation of human beings on a basis of service rendered to humanity and not on a basis of things taken from humanity.

When the women's clubs come to this realization and proceed to deal with our social problems with it as a basis, they will indeed be a tremendous constructive force. Then we can truly say with Mrs. Croly:

"We are only at the threshold of a future that thrills us with its possibilities—possibilities of fellowship where separation was; of love where hatred was; of unity where division was; of peace where war was; of light physical and mental where darkness was; of agreement and equality where difference and traditions had built up walls of distinction and lines of caste."

THE NATION HONORS ITS MOTHERS

Recently the fact was heralded abroad that the President, the members of his cabinet, the members of the Senate and the members of the House all wore white flowers in honor of Mothers' Day.

Gentle-hearted, chivalrous gentlemen!

How this stirs the hearts of the mothers who send their tots to the cotton mills before the break of dawn.

How this awakens the confidence of the mothers whose daughters work all the day and half the night.

How this gains you the support of the mothers who are denied political expression at the hallot box.

How this secures you the thanks of the mothers of miners, who have grappled with death in the black depths of the mines, and have been vanquished.

How this brings forth ringing plaudits from the mothers whose loved ones have NOT escaped the red-hot, pitiless clutches of the steel mills.

How this arouses the admiration of the mothers whose children lose their eyesight working amidst flowers—artificial flowers.

How this calls out the praises of the mothers who KNOW how they are honored in the eyes of the law.

How this is appreciated by the mothers who feed ever-hungry machines, condemning their children to weariness before they are born.

How this deceives the mothers WHO VALUE THEIR MOTHERHOOD.

O, gentle-hearted, chivalrous gentlemen!



THESE THINGS SHALL BE

By J. A. Symonds

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

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

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

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

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



Two Scotch friends met one day after a long absence. One of them had a carmine nose. The other looked into his face and said:

"Ah! John, I doot—"

But John said he was not to judge by appearances, as he only drank one glass of beer in a day.

"Oh, weel," said the other, "yer face is maybe like our gas meter—it registers maire than it consumes."

* * *

The foulest blow is the one that hits the worker in the bread-basket.

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

Up in the northwestern corner of North Dakota is the little city of Minot. Minot is a live little city of perhaps five thousand inhabitants and was one of the first cities of the country to elect a Socialist administration.

One of the active Socialists here is a young lady, a teacher in the public schools. She is a bright, vivacious young woman of artistic temperament. However, a small interior city offers little opportunity for instruction in art, and Miss Emma Gordon, for that is her name, has been obliged to secure her art education in that hard but efficient school of which so many of the world's most efficient men and women have been graduates—the school where teacher and pupil are one and the same person.

Her story is a tale of intense application and sheer exercise of will-power in the face of discouragements and difficulties. Her special purpose in her work is to arouse the women of the land to the horrors of the capitalist system, as these affect them and all dear to them both inside and outside the home.

As yet teaching is her main work. Here is where she earns her bread. But the deeper under currents of her life flow along the line of accomplishment in art propaganda. She is every inch a woman and the urge of the feminist and Socialist movement for the sake of a larger and better life for women and children is what she feels most keenly.

Interviewed on the subject of her life work she declared: "Women are to-day thinking beings, not stolid household drudges. They are today entering fields which for centuries have been occupied mainly by men. In many branches women, yea, children, are taking the places formerly held by men. Look at our factories, our mills!

"Can we not in this field show up by cartoons our present industrial system which takes the lives of men, women and children, and grinds them up into so much profit?

"Cannot the cartoon show the CAUSE of the social evil? When we do away with the cause, won't we do away with the social evil? As a Socialist, I, of course, believe we can't do away with the social evil until you first change the system that is the direct cause of it. Why not show it

from a Socialist standpoint? Why not educate women by cartoons how to use their vote properly when they do finally attain their right to vote? When once women understand Socialism capitalism is doomed.

"Women are home-lovers. Capitalistic newspapers have given them the impression that Socialism will destroy the home. That's an old bogey, used by capitalism to frighten men and women away from Socialism. The way to treat 'bogeys' is to walk right up to them and investigate them.

"The pen of the cartoonist is the weapon that should be used in ripping open these shams and a woman cartoonist working for the cause of Socialism could be able to present the woman's point of view in regard to our industrial, social and political questions.

"Of all the women I have ever talked with about Socialism these four objections—free love, against religion, destroying the home, and "dividing up"—seemed to be the only objections women have to Socialism. Can not some cartoonist—a woman—educate them to a knowledge of Socialism by destroying these bogeys? For they are hut bogeys continually brought forward by the enemies of

Socialism and bogeys that I could make short work of if space permitted.

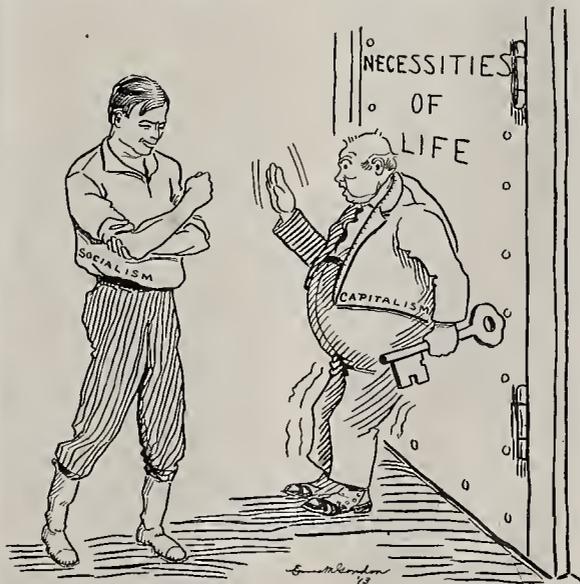
"We need women cartoonists to depict the woman's point of view as well as the world needs the men cartoonists who look at everything from the man's point of view."

Miss Gordon was born in Visnaes, a little town in Norway. When she was still a child her father died and the family removed to Haugesund on the west coast of Norway. There she lived an open air life, learned to love the sea and the mountains and the independent spirit of the natives. She was nine years old when the family left Norway for Minnesota. She lived in Glenville, Minn., until she was eighteen years old, when she accepted a position as teacher in a North Dakota district school.

To Miss Gordon belongs a place in that long line of comrades who through the inspiration brought into their lives by the greatest cause mankind has ever known have been awakened to newness of life.



EMMA M. GORDON



ONE OF HER CARTOONS

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THE CHARM OF THE KITCHEN

"For God's sake, a pot of small ale."

—Shakespeare.

I picked up the May number of George Sylvester Viereck's "The International," recently and was impressed by the title of Andre Tridon's article advertised on the front cover, viz: "The Shame of Hotel Kitchens." The International is decidedly a literary paper, putting somewhat with politics. So, I asked, "Would the insurgent editor publish an article on 'The Shame of Pittsburg,' or 'Low Wages in the Textile Mills?'" And I concluded he might, provided it were wittily penned. But, (and here I became emphatic), he surely would not boast about it on the cover. Then why should he muckrake the kitchens of New York's hotels? And it all dawned on me.

I immediately recalled Willard Huntington Wright's charming article on "Los Angeles, The Chemically Pure," and how that remarkable writer seemed more concerned over the bad cooking in the City of the Angels than the mediocrity of its orchestras. And, in addition, I remembered how our Nietzschean, Henry L. Mencken, in his article on "Good Old Baltimore," in The Smart Set was more worried over the scarcity of terrapin than the possibility of war between Japan and United States. And then, my mind hopped to the Middle West—St. Louis—and I saw myself in an office on the eighth floor of the Syndicate Trust building—the sanctum sanctorum of good-natured, profound, democratic, humorous William Marion Reedy, editor of The Mirror. And he was pouting because his lager beer hadn't been iced sufficiently to suit his epicurean tastes. I thought of a dozen others—literary fellows—artists to the core—and all spent most of their time worrying over bad cooking or enthusing over splendid victualry. A Bearnaise sauce is far more important than a kiss from Kittie Pearl. Of course, Kittie Pearl need not absent herself, but first must come "seductively prepared truffles," or better still, coupes St. Jaques.

Genius is concerned, first of all, with the stomach. Watch an artist carefully and you will see that I am right. The spirit is all very well, in its place—which is—after dinner. Compote first, poetry afterwards. The esophagus attended to, there is plenty of time for matters of the heart. But, heart is welcome—if cooked properly. Lobster, more than music, hath charms to soothe the artist's breast. Artists do not scorn the ecstasy of creation, but it must follow the delirium of digestion. Alas, Karl Marx was right. His materialistic interpretation of life is again demonstrated.

* * *

THE VALUE OF CRITICISM

Artists paint pictures, write poems and compose symphonies, turning them over to critics who act as—what shall I say?—inspectors, to analyze and explain. Critics are necessary and the artists themselves are growing to a full appreciation of their functions, refus-

ing to believe with Benjamin Disraeli that a critic is one who has failed at literature.

The first duty of the critic is not to find fault, but to explain. It is his task to help the people know the meaning of a work of art. To be perfectly frank, critics are needed only because of the ignorance of the people. Were the people omniscient, a critic would be a bore. But, the people need critics to analyze things for them. This is not a slur but a calm appreciation of fact.

And, I venture to say, the time will never come when critics will not be needed. The older our civilization becomes, the more complex our life grows. Our activities become so specialized, and the "Human Altogether" becomes so tremendous that one person could never even hope to fully understand all the activities, the arts, the thoughts, the systems of busy-bee men and women. Paradoxical as it may seem, the more intelligent we become, the less we know, as individuals. This is democracy. And into this vast democracy come critics who mount rostrums and tell the people of things they would be likely to pass up. They enable us to appreciate something foreign to the routine of our lives. But, as soon as a critic ceases to be a teacher, that moment he ceases to be a critic.

Professor W. R. Kethaby warns critics against frightening timid people off with high-pitched definitions and far fetched metaphors mixed with a flood of (as Morris says) "sham technical twaddle." "It is a pity to make a mystery of what should most easily be understood," says Professor Kethaby. "There is nothing occult about the thought that all things may be made well or made ill. A work of art is a well-made thing, that is all.

"We have been in the habit of writing so lyrically of art and of temperament of the artist that the average man who lives in the street, sometimes a very mean street, is likely to think of it as remote and luxurious, not 'for the likes of him.' There is the danger in the habitual excess of language that the plain man is likely to be frightened by it. It may be feared that much current exposition of the place and purpose of art only widens the gap between it and common lives."

Criticism, in America, is rare. Our self-styled critics do not analyze and explain a work of art; they merely act as "feature writers" and reporters. They confuse criticism with stories about Anna Held taking a milk bath, or Lillian Russell wearing a gown costing ten thousand dollars. They tell us that Archibald Van Roundelay paid three million dollars for Albert D'Vincent's "After Breakfast," but steer clear of an intelligent discussion of the painting itself. Take our literary journals, for instance. Instead of discussing the philosophy of literature, the editors fill their columns with anecdotes of authors, stories on how much money Robert W. Chambers gets for his latest "best seller," articles about the "love affairs of famous men," and editorials on the fact that George Bernard Shaw is not an eater of meat. This is not criticism. This is amateurish namby-pambyism.

Socialism, Moral Substitute for War

By WILLIS CHURCH LaMOTT

Willis Church LaMott won first prize of \$50 in an intercollegiate oratorical contest with the following oration. All universities and colleges in Southern California were represented in the contest. Second and third prizes also were taken either by Socialists or by orations on Socialism. The committee awarding the prizes was composed entirely of non-Socialists.



HE organized movement for world peace is well under way. Advocates of peace point with pride to the fact that about half the inhabitants of the civilized world favor their propaganda. This host of sympathizers finds that, on the one hand, the cause of world disarmament strikes home to their reason. They believe that economic evolution points to triumph of peace; they believe that peace is a just cause, an ethically right-

eous cause, an eminently reasonable cause. On the other hand, the peace movement appeals to their sentiments. They have a pathological horror of war, a horror induced perhaps by morbid, nauseating descriptions of past battlefields; they hope, they sometimes pray for the Federation of the World; they dream the dream of the seer, who paints in roseate hues the blessings of the time when the war-drum shall no longer throb; they fully believe that the only hope for peace lies in a certain charitable instinct, a sentimental feeling, which they possess, and which they are pleased to term "the brotherhood of man."

Even though half the world favors the cause of peace, this allegiance is a confession of passive reasoning and shallow sentiment. The average man is in favor of peace—in times of peace. At the first boom of the cannon, however, his convictions as to peace explode in thin air; at the first blast of a bugle he is straining at the leash like a hound before the chase; at the first echo of the battle cry "My country, right or wrong!" he is up and away, to follow the flag to the ends of the earth,—or to plant it supreme upon Wall Street's interests in Mexico.

It is not surprising that our passive desire for peace thus is impotent before the imperious cry of war. We are the children of War. Our ancestors, waging bestial combats on the mist-soaked plains between the Weser and the Elbe, have transmitted to us a heritage of War. The blessings we enjoy have grown up in the shadow of the wars of antiquity; our National ideals have developed in a long series of moral conflicts, the chief arbiter of which has been the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles. Our heroes are men of sterling worth, with warriors' hearts and warriors' wills, who lived, who fought, who died for liberty and truth. Ground into our beings, coursing through our veins in every drop of red blood, bred in our marrow and bone, the age-old love of war is, in very truth, life of our life. We let our pulse-beats rule us—not our reasons. To aspire, to dare, to sacrifice, to suffer, to die—perhaps—for the cause that commands us,—this is the spirit of our humanity.

This is the spirit which the advocate of peace must overthrow in hand to hand conflict; in the past he has attempted to do this by waving in its face an olive branch. With a passive, reasoning desire for peace, with a shallow, dove-like sentiment, we have been trying

vainly to overthrow one of the most inherent, most vital, and most aggressive forces of human nature. As the late William James has said: "A millenium of peace would not breed this ingrained and vital fighting disposition out of our natures. Unless we can discover a counterforce which will act as a moral substitute for war, world peace will never be attained."

Our hope for peace will never be realized until we find this moral substitute for war, until we find a force that will fight the aggressive war spirit on its own terms. Our dreams of peace will never come true until we discover a dynamic force for peace, a force that will appeal to the indigenous heroism of our natures, that will utilize the fighting spirit in our blood; a force that will so command the lives of men, that they will find no appeal in the call of war, no appeal in the call to slaughter their fellow-men.

There is among all mankind today a vital movement, the strongest manifestation of which is to be found among the organized workers of the world. According to Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, "The only visible beginning we can discover for a moral substitute for war, is to be found in the Labor Movement, as it is developing in every land on the face of the earth."

We need not be reminded that the first people to conceive the need of a newer ideal of peace was the old International Association of Workingmen. Since the year 1870, Labor has consistently maintained that whenever war was declared between two countries, the laboring men of the countries should "go out" on a general strike. In 1906, the impending war between Norway and Sweden was stopped by action of the Trades Unions; the disgraceful "Morocco affair" between France and Germany in 1907 did not materialize into a war, simply because the working-men blocked the Kaiser's move. Were England, or Germany, or France, or our own country, to declare war today, the union men of all nations would arise. Closed shops, idle mills, rusting machinery,—the entire paralysis of our industries would register the protest of the workers of the world against this blight of the ages.

Now, this magnificent display of solidarity is the result of a newer ideal of service which inspires the laborer; an ideal which holds that all wealth is the product of labor, which demands nothing less than that the men who create the world's wealth should own the means of producing that wealth.

It is the result of a new feeling of brotherhood that has sprung up in the breast of the common man, an electric thread which connects him by living ties to every other working-class comrade the world over.

It was during the Russo-Japanese war that the Workingmen held one of their International conventions in the old city of Amsterdam. Apart from the confusion, the shouting, the tumult of the world outside, the little gathering was quiet—hushed in expectancy; the delegate from Japan was about to arrive. The door opened; the

little brown man entered the hall. A giant Russian, with a battle-scarred face, advanced to meet him. These two, men, whose countrymen were butchering one another on the corpse-strewn fields of Manchuria, stood face to face. Their eyes flashed with the fire of brotherhood; their lips met in the kiss of fellowship; one word, and only one word, passed their lips—the word “Comrade.” Outside, Christian priests were singing masses for the repose of the Russian dead; outside, Christian prayers were ascending to the throne of the Prince of Peace asking for power to be the greatest slaughterer. But the time is coming, when all this will cease—hushed by the one word “Comrade.”

This is not the result of shallow, book-learned reasoning. It is the spontaneous expression of the convictions of men who have thrown themselves with all their power into the one great cause, the cause of humanity. The men who toil have striven ceaselessly, have sacrificed themselves in sympathetic strikes, have endured lockouts and persecutions, the militia's fire and the prison's cell, all for the sake of brotherhood. As a result, he who labors has ceased to be a brute, and has become a man, glorying in his manhood; we seldom hear today the dolorous “Song of the Shirt,” with its monotonous “stitch, stitch, stitch”; the sweat-shop slave has become a woman, glorying in her womanhood. During the long and bitter struggle for a living wage and a decent chance to live, the spirits of the workingmen have been quickened with the old warlike spirit of our Viking fathers. Their capacity, their courage, their endurance, their willingness to sacrifice, to die for that which they know to be true—all the innate heroism, all the elemental fighting qualities of their nature have been called into play.

“The country needs you, my man. To War!” The worker looks up, his back aching, his muscles taut, his pulses beating, his temples throbbing in the intensity of his fight, his heart still singing the song of brotherhood. “To go to war, and KILL?” No, Comrade, I fight that men might LIVE!” And, so, Sweden has tried to teach his unwilling lips her battle-cry, only to hear him shout to his brothers across the trenches the words, “Comrade, comrades, I understand!” Russia has lashed him into battle with her whips, only to see him clasp the mangled hand of a conscripted brother on the other side; at the point of the bayonet, he has been driven into the midst of the artillery's bloody hail, only to mingle his life-blood, in a last embrace, with the life-blood of a fellow-workingman.

The spirit that inspires the laborer thus to take an aggressive stand against war is the dynamic force for peace. The ardent zeal of the worker has enkindled in the hearts of other men the fire of a newer ideal of peace—over all the earth, pulses are beginning to throb

with a new comradeship, a new Socialism. This is not a sentimental feeling; it is an elemental force—the striving of our innate humanity for expression. To feel the impelling power of this force, a man must realize the bond of brotherhood between himself and the lowliest stranger within our gates, or the most wretched serf on the Russian steppes; he must realize that in their veins, as well as in his, flow the living streams of fellowship—that we are all children of the one Great Father, brothers of the same White Christ; he must realize that the one purpose of his life is to secure for the laborer his rightful inheritance of economic freedom, to secure for him a newer liberty, a release from the stinking dungeons of blighting capitalism.

This spirit is abroad in our land; the new Socialism, the moral substitute for war is slowly and steadily sweeping on its triumphant journey over the earth. Wherever men are striking the galling shackles from the benumbed wrists of the wage-slaves; wherever men of courage convict a creed-bound generation with the vital, living gospel of “The Least of These”; wherever men of ability fight the one-sided battles of their fellows in the Courts of Justice; wherever hearts are thrilling with the fire of the new comradeship; wherever men have heard the clarion call of labor, “Workers of the World unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain”—there do we find the spirit of this moral substitute for war!

This is the one force that is virile enough, aggressive enough, commanding enough, to combat and overthrow the power of the war-lust in our blood. Appealing to the daring, to the courage, to the endurance, of men it utilizes the fighting spirit of our natures and thus strikes directly at the vulnerable heel of war. It fights new battles for humanity, battles which make the greatest conflict of the old regime sing into insignificance. When this force shall command the passive hosts of peace, then shall the phalanxes of war tremble; when this virile, dynamic spirit shall impel the actions of ALL men as it now drives the laborer into an aggressive war against war, then, AND ONLY THEN, shall our dreams of peace come true, our prayers for peace be answered, our hope for peace become a living reality.

Labor has heard the song of the new Socialism. The world has found a hope. The working-man, in his new strength, sends a ringing challenge to all the sons of men:

“I, in my struggle for existence, have blazed the way toward this newer ideal of peace. Slowly and gropingly, as men who have seen a great light, the peoples of the earth are climbing toward the heights that I have reached. ‘Slumber no longer in the tents of your fathers; the World advances; ADVANCE WITH IT!’”

HIRED MAN REX

By SYDNEY HILLYARD

When good King Aoka wrote his legal system on tablets of stone he gave out what he thought to be a pretty good scheme of government, and anyway it was his own. Under Rameses the Egyptian agriculturists lived by a system of government by “wise men.” The Greeks were controlled by aristocracies responsible to no one but themselves and the gods. Jolly old Nero has his humorous side if he is anathematized by the church and his government was pure Nero from oxhide whip to warm bath in which patrician opened the vein. Abu Bekir, Omar, and Othman conducted a military

invented by Mohammed to which you offered either your purse or your head. Ghenghis and Timur had them all skinned when it came to simplicity. It was government by poleax whether you enjoyed it or not. The punishment for not enjoying life under Tamerlane was to lose it—perhaps not such a bad idea after all and certainly not complicated.

Under the popes in what we now call the “Dark Ages,” meaning that in those days they did not have plug hats, cocktails and fans, the church ran things as best it could without these appendages of civilization,

LABOR BY THE POUND By Eunice Evelyn Bright



HELLO, is this Sharp's Muscle agency? This is the purchasing department of the Steel Trust. I want to purchase 2,000 pound units per hour of labor to be delivered tomorrow morning."

"Hello, is this Shiner's Brain agency? This is the purchasing department of the Steel Trust. I want to purchase some brain energy for use on a contract we have. I want this energy for the next two months. I want four thousand

thought units per hour from high speed, double tension, braius. See that delivery is made in the morning."

"Hello, is this Grab's General Energy agency? This is the purchasing department of the Steel Trust. We have a big contract for work to be done on the ground at Kewaskum. I want to ship the human energy from here, together with the other materials. I will send you specifications by messenger for the varieties of energy needed, but the total will be 5,000 thought units per hour and 10,000 pound units per hour of muscle power. That is, at the customary rates per unit. Let me know if you can fill the order immediately upon receipt of specifications."

Upon delivery of this energy to the Steel Trust's receiving department it is immediately subjected to the Trust's own testing apparatus to make certain that it is up to specifications.

Impossible? Not a bit of it. Listen:

"What modern industry needs is a chemist of human qualities, who can take a man, look him over, separate him into his constituent parts, and decide whether he meets certain requirements. A few years ago this

would have seemed a purely fantastical conception. Today it is becoming a practical possibility. A great western manufacturing plant employs just such an expert in human nature to sift, out of thirty to fifty thousand applicants per year the six thousand workmen that it regularly employs."

That is the editorial introduction to an article in the June McClure's magazine, written by Burton J. Hendrick. The article is written to exploit a new phase of "scientific management" or speeding up and "squeezing out." The title of the article is "Fitting the Man to His Job," which means molding him into the job the employer has for him.

So the master class is to treat labor as it does coal. It buys coal according to thermal units, following scientific tests. The vital difference between coal and labor has not yet been recognized by the master class. Coal cannot fight back; labor can. Coal was meant to be enslaved for man. Labor was meant to be free. Coal has no brains to be aroused and to plan for liberty. Labor has.

It is not that we so much object to doing a job of work in the shortest space of time with the least expenditure of energy; not so much that we object to having people do the work that they are best fitted to do—no, not that. But we mightily and constantly object to training ourselves down to ringside condition to produce to the last notch of "scientifically managed" efficiency while the product is individually appropriated by the master of the bread.

Labor will not forever remain in the same class with good steam coal!

until Charlemagne butted in a thousand years before Austerlitz and put one across on Rome. Then came the joyous time when each little hot old baron, Sir Tom, Sir Dick, and Sir Harry, represented himself, to be succeeded in turn by the aristocracies of the ancient regime. The king-killers went out from Paris and presently Napoleon, on his own account, kicked over the pot that Charlemagne set a boiling. Bonaparte was followed by the triumphant if vulgar shopkeepers and cotton spinners who played their innings off their own bat and ran bases on their own middle-class legs. This brings us, of course, to Wall Street and its Rockefeller, and that's as far as we've got.

All these good and kind gentlemen enjoyed governing, had stood in line for the job and when they got it they swung the government dungfork with their own hands. What do we have now?

We have government by hired man. No one in the United States Senate represents himself. Standard Oil has a hired man, Vanderbilts have a hired man, Steel has a man, Tobacco has one, Wool several, the banks half a dozen, Lumber is represented, and the Railroad subsidize them all. Congress is mostly lawyers, and a lawyer is a hired man. All lawyers will go to hell of course, but it will be to a hired man's hell and they won't know they're in it.

Meantime while we have to be governed by hired men only, could we not manage to throw a fresh fit of Armageddon spirituality and have our national funkies uniformed? Why not Congress uniformed?

Now it would seem that here is a noble opening for

the zealots of the great Bull Moose penitent bench. Bull Moose, being a righteous party, recently in sin now forgiven, would it not be the part of morality to insist either that the Senatorial and House funkies shall wear properly monogrammed livery or that the principals shall come there to represent themselves?

This business of government by hired men is too irresponsible, it is too lax, it is too happy-go-lucky to be safe in the Benevolent Feudalism in which we shall presently be living. Before the Trust Feudalism is entirely consummated the moralists of the American bourgeoisie should determinedly see to it that the heads of the corporations themselves appear in the Senate, if only once a week, and to assume such, all bona fide trust magnates should be given a compulsory seat in the Senate. Talk about your election of senators. It's a fake. It means the election of the real senator's livery. Then let the hired man wear it, or have the magnate there where we can see him and take our orders from the boss himself.

Government by Wall Street will be a much happier thing than many folks suppose. It's going to be O. K. and it would have come long since but for these clatter-brained repentants who seem to think that praying is atonement for being a fool. In choosing between government by penitent-bench and government by Wall Street America will choose the Street, but she should demand of these holystoned insurgents before they get up off their knees that they shall put Wall Street in the Senate in person and have done with government by hired man.

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NEW LOCATION FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS



These spacious, well appointed, new quarters of the California Savings Bank occupy the entire ground floor and basement of this centrally located, well known building; and are equipped with every modern convenience for the benefit of our patrons.

You will like the quiet, good taste and the courteous, "homey" atmosphere of these new surroundings.

Among the many added features are a Steamship Department, and one of the largest, strongest Safe Deposit and Storage Vaults in the city.

You are invited to make use of the splendid banking facilities this fast growing institution has to offer you.

Savings and Commercial Accounts.

Resources Over \$3,500,000.00

California Savings Bank

FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS