

AUGUST, 1913

TEN CENTS

The Western Comrade



FRED C. WHEELER
Drawn by Rob Wagner

A Message From the Editors



BEGINNING next month The Western Comrade will offer its readers a new department dealing with the news and aims and progress of the Intercollegiate movement. The Intercollegiate is one of the arms of the Socialist movement and is accomplishing much for Socialism and it is growing in power and influence day by day.

Earl Hitchcock, treasurer of Los Angeles Alumni branch, and one of the best known and best qualified comrades in the movement, will conduct this new department. The Western Comrade counts itself fortunate in being able to make this notable addition to its usefulness.

* * *

The editors believe that this number of the magazine is the best yet. They believe that it merits the efforts of the comrades in its behalf. They feel confident that they are amply justified in urging the comrades to double their efforts in the way of building up the circulation of the magazine.

Circulation is the groundwork of propaganda progress through the printed page. The finest magazine in the world is valueless unless it is read. The Western Comrade wants MORE readers. There can be no complaint made on the progress made thus far, but though we make no complaint, we are not satisfied—and never will be. The Western Comrade wants MORE readers. Those of you who have become the family of the magazine are the ones who must enlarge the family. Let each one secure at least ONE new subscriber before the next number comes from the press.

The task isn't a hard one. And surely each should be glad to do that much for the cause. All of the effort that goes into this magazine is effort expended for the cause. There is no profit made—not a cent. The cause is the thing. So let us work together for the up-building of the Socialist movement—we by making the best possible magazine; you by getting for the magazine a hearing out over the world.

The Western Comrade

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“NOTHING TO ARBITRATE”



“What! Girls in my employ want more than four dollars a week? I won’t give them another d_____d cent!”

—(“Making a Socialist Film,” Page 158)

Just Plain Human Nature

By R. A. MAYNARD



OW human nature is slandered! Men are called mean, low, vile and unclean. They are often termed criminal and outcast. Many of them are incarcerated in prisons and reformatories. A large proportion are products of a home and social environment that placed a premium upon human weakness and passion. An environment that fostered all that was vicious and condemned every appearance of virtue.

Crime, in large part, is a disease, the product of vicious environment. For the most part its treatment should be in hospitals, not in prisons.

Then there are other men and women who are pointed out as living exemplars of right conduct and virtuous living. And this, too, although some of them live purely negative lives. They abstain from vicious deeds; are regular in matters of habit; pay their debts and have strict sense of business integrity and honor. Under no circumstances would they, in matters of conduct, resort to anything considered low or vile, mean or unworthy. They are always law-abiding.

Many of these were born in sheltered homes and home and social environment from childhood the direct opposite of that described for the other group. They nor none of their ancestors have ever been in the criminal or outcast class.

One group is claimed to represent high water mark and the other low water mark in the tide of human development.

Last week a man was hung in the prison yard at Folsom. He was a triple murderer and while in prison made murderous assault upon a fellow convict. He expiated his crimes upon the gallows.

As he stood upon his scaffold he made a plea for an anti-capital punishment law, powerful and pathetic enough to move a heart of stone. A few days before his death he wrote an appeal for the protection of childhood, as gentle and tender in its appreciation of child nature as is that of the most ideal mother.

Recently, in Los Angeles, a lineman for one of the electric companies, with not more than one chance in a million in his favor, took the chance of receiving 2200 volts of electricity in his body, to save a fellow-workman who had become entangled in the mesh of live wires. A similar case is also reported from the city of Milwaukee.

A few days ago in an automobile accident a Mexican common laborer rushed in front of a swiftly moving train to save a stranger child from death and the rescuer barely escaped with his life.

At a brass foundry the other day, a workingman suddenly went insane and threw himself into one of the red-hot furnaces. A fellow workman with almost certain death staring him in the face took the risk necessary to save the insane man.

Who has not been thrilled by the stories of heroism in connection with the recent street car accident just outside of Los Angeles. Just plain, ordinary folk, even crushed and bleeding children, in their forgetfulness of self and thoughtfulness of others, have caused our eyes to moisten and our hearts to glow, as we have realized the heights of physical and moral heroism of which our common human nature is capable when the demand is made upon it.

And these are but a few of the heroes of the commonplace. Just a mention of two or three, similar to others constantly coming to the attention of all.

They serve to point the moral of the grandeur, the nobility, the divinity of plain, ordinary human nature. They furnish concrete proof of the fact that no form of incentive is as powerful in its influence over men and women as the one that has been termed human.

After all, what is this thing we call character? Is it acquired or inherent in human nature? Is it superior to or controlled by outward circumstance? Is civilization more than a veneer or polish laid over the raw material? Is the dollar incentive necessary to keep men and women in the line of progress? Would the race deteriorate were that incentive to be removed? Is not our humanity still largely potential? And will it not spring into objective reality upon the arrival of economic and social conditions that shall make the human incentive operative in every department of human living?

THREE FUTURISTS

BY
Eleanor Wentworth

"How do you build for the Future?" said Wisdom to the Indifferent Woman.

"The Future?" she laughed. "I know nothing of the Future. I live today, with song and dance to make me glad, with gorgeous raiment to make me beautiful, with coin to smooth away responsibility. I live now."

"And those who will come after you?"

"I know nothing of them."

"What is your contribution to the Future?" said Wisdom to the Slave Woman.

She remained silent for a moment, her eyes cast down. When she looked up, the shadow of sadness clouded her features.

"I drudge from day to day. I bring many children into the world, not born of my heart's desire. They are cursed with the sins and ailments of their father. They are welcomed only by the exploiters, who seize them in their young days and grind into profits the meager joy of living that may have been theirs at birth. Lethargy is their chief inheritance and their one gift to the Future."

"What will be the content of that Future?"

"My work will but make the Future like the Present."

"How do you lay the foundations for the Future?" Wisdom asked the Conscious Woman.

The smile with which she turned to him was happy and confident.

"I begin my plans for the Tomorrow by working to alter the Today. I bear strong, clean children because I chose a strong, clean father. I give life to no more than I can efficiently care for. I bring no babes into the world to be resistless fuel, adding speed to the wheels of the competitive system.

"I rear a childhood every fibre of whose being recoils against needless strife. From the beginning I instill a desire for the larger Liberty—Liberty not for one or two, but for all. I rear a childhood whose every thought and act is directed toward the attainment of that liberty.

"My work cannot be undone—not even by death."



Garrison, Judged by



THE "Blue and the Gray" have been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg on the field of the slaughter in 1863. The situation is unique, it is beautiful; it is also ghastly in its ironical arraignment of the conditions it commemorates.

When after half a century, men who fought like tigers leaving battle fields strewn with maimed and mangled, dying in slow torture, or dead in their youth and promise, can meet in friendly goodfellowship, recognizing that each side believed itself in the right, seeing the causes of the struggle in calm, dispassionate perspective "with malice toward none and charity for all"—when such a reunion is possible, the grime of the earlier horror becomes apparent.

The field of Gettysburg in 1913 should make the field of Gettysburg in 1863 the irrational, criminal nightmare that it is in truth. It should make any future Gettysburg forever impossible.

Let me not be misunderstood. The past is what it is. It were most unprofitable folly to "blame" or condemn in connection with what is irretrievably past. But the future is before us not behind. What it shall bring will depend in some measure, in large measure, perhaps, on how we read the lesson of that great struggle which is generally thought to have begun with Garrison and the "Liberator" and closed with the Fifteenth Amendment to the American constitution.

Let those who are thrilled with the great CAUSE of this generation, face reverently and humbly but none the less squarely the facts of Gettysburg and all that is typified by that tragedy.

Half a million men fell on the battle fields of the civil war. At Gettysburg alone there were 40,000 slain on one side and 42,000 on the other. What does that mean?

"Why," we ask, "does it matter whether death came soon or late?" Or perhaps, thinking of the sordid grind of modern life and the grovelling standards it too often fosters, we think a period of strenuous strife might not be altogether without its compensations.

Look therefore at these slaughter figures from another angle. Who were the units in those lightly counted thousands?

They were the red-blooded flower of the best generation on American soil. Physically, mentally, morally the "boys in blue" and the "boys in gray," before capitalism had borne its worst fruits, were the finest in the land. Thousands were turned away from the enlisting tents because they were not perfect specimens of physical strength. Incipient disease, faulty eyesight, defective hearing—all these things sent young manhood back to civilian ranks, to become the fathers of another generation. The strong, the perfect, the ardent went out to brutal battles from which they came back too often maimed, or victims of habits born of the conditions of war, or never returned at all.

When we wonder at the inertia, the mental blindness, the cowardice with which the evils of the past generation have been allowed to grow and penetrate every avenue of the civil life, should we not remember that the past two generations have been robbed of the men

and the children of the men who were best fitted by moral fervor, and clear-eyed courage to face those evils.

At Harvard College, a great Memorial hall commemorates the students who "offered their fresh lives" to the cause of truth as they saw it in the sixties. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" is a still nobler monument. But though we may rejoice in the inspiration of their courage and sacrifice, although—

"In every nobler mood

We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good."

we must, nevertheless, see the utterly immeasurable loss which this country sustained when out of every college went the noble boyhood, the precious promise of the future, to battlefields of awful waste as well as of immortal glory.

Such are the stern, cold facts which we must face when we judge the wisdom of those who labored in the emancipation struggle of the Nineteenth century.

The complaisant placing of laurels on the brows of leading abolitionists and Republicans for the last half century will seem a strange anomaly when the sense of social law has cleared the eyes of students from the dust of the great upheaval.

It is not that the spirit and purpose shown were not admirable, but the loss and horror of the civil war proves the methods to have been wrong methods. They did the best they knew, no doubt. Forces which they did not understand carried them on a current they were powerless to direct, but the time has come when, if we are to be true to the responsibilities of today, we must be more clear sighted as to the ways and means used yesterday.

Today, there is some knowledge of scientific law as applied to social movement. It is our business to see that this law is better understood and more skillfully applied. Blind zeal will no more avert disaster or bring orderly freedom than the steam engine running without switch or engineer will move a train to its destination.

The Nineteenth century brought a sense of law in every department of life. For the first time it is now possible to progress in conscious co-operation with the great sweeping currents which carry the world forward. We may, if we will, evolve with "eyes in the forehead."

It is not easy to secure mass movement along rational lines, and one of the handicaps at the present time is the general assumption that if one group is working in the fashion of Garrison, it must be right; if another party or faction is akin to Lincoln in its methods, it must have a guarantee deed of the future.

This is a wide-spread idea which must be met.

Analogy is not argument. Historic analogy is particularly misleading, but as a matter of fact, no suggestions are so powerful in political and social propaganda as those based on history taught to pliant minds as glorious achievement. For the past two generations, the idealism and sentiments centering about the civil war have been plowed into the brain cells by well-nigh all the hero-worship of the period. Every family has one or more altars erected to fathers, or uncles who had part in the great struggle, while Memorial Day and other commemoration services have worn deep the

Gettysburg

By Mila Tupper Maynard

mental furrows. Moreover, the literature of America studied by every school child from the "Readers" of the grade through the formal study of the high schools has made the anti-slavery and war poems of the New England poets as familiar as was the Bible to the Puritan. Add to this the fact that the dominant political party during this time had its rise in this struggle and that its nominees have been largely men who came into prominence during the war, and it will be apparent how tremendous is the influence exerted by the example of a Garrison or a Lincoln.

We can only guess how much the Socialist cause owes to the recognition of a kinship between the earlier despised abolitionist and the despised few who enlisted to emancipate the wage slave. That the debt is very great no one can doubt.

Sentiments like those embodied in Lowell's poem on Garrison have strengthened the courage of many to side with truth "ere the cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just."

This poem quotes the well-known contemptuous reference of the Boston official, one H. G. Otis, to Garrison and his little anti-slavery paper, "The Liberator," as follows:

"Sometime afterward it was reported to me by the city officers that they had ferreted out the paper and its editor; that his office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a few very insignificant persons of all colors."

Passages from the poem will be recalled:

"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished and mean;
Yet there the freedom of the race began.

Help came but slowly; surely no man yet
Put lever to the heavy world with less;
What need of help? He knew how type was set,
He had a dauntless spirit and a press.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here,
See one straight forward conscience put in pawn
To win a world; see the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

All the Garrison story is appealing. The well dressed mob by which he was hounded through the streets of Boston and only saved by imprisonment stands in the back-ground for the picture of honors and renown accorded fifty years later. The slogan of the Liberator, "Immediate and unconditional emancipation" rings out masterfully when the Emancipation Proclamation is celebrated.

The practical thing to know, however, is how this agitation affected actual results. How was "Conscience and impregnable will" hitched to the trolley of actual procedure?

It is almost laughable to see the assurance with which the abolitionists appropriated the results of the civil war when they had opposed each and every step

by which these results were attained.

Garrison, and under him, the main part of the anti-slavery society, did not believe in the ballot. He said the constitution was "a covenant with death and league with hell." For years he would not vote because the constitution supported slavery. For much of the time he was an avowed advocate of "the no-government plan" and believed in the "overthrow of the nations."

Not only did he not approve of violence, but he was a pronounced advocate of non-resistance. That the issue should have come through war should have distressed him if his theories had taken deep hold of the man.

On the contrary, he felt no responsibility and, because he bore no gun himself, felt that his skirts were clear.

In temperament, non-resistance was about as natural to him as it would be to a Roosevelt. The conflicts of his temperament and theory bring amusing inconsistencies in his expressions at times. John Brown's predicament tried his theories sadly. He wanted to applaud the deed, but, as one who advocated no force of any kind, he found it hard to be consistent. This is one of his speeches during the Harper's Ferry excitement: "Rather than see men wearing their chains in a cowardly servile spirit, I would, as an advocate of peace, much rather see them (the black slaves) breaking the heads of their tyrants with their chains. Give me, as a non-resistant, Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Concord rather than the cowardice and servility of a slave plantation."

When anti-slavery political movements began to nominate men for the presidency, Garrison and his group scoffed at this political action as "folly, presumption and almost unequalled infatuation," or denounced it as "the worst of pro-slavery."

The only definite program which I have been able to find in Garrison's teachings is that the North secede from the South." No union with slave-holder" was the slogan for many years. When the Fugitive Slave law was upheld by the Supreme Court, all the Garrison abolitionists demanded that Massachusetts at once secede from the union.

Splendid moral courage then does not ensure practical wisdom. The men who bring down upon them the opprobrium of their time are not thereby proven to be statesmen or wise guides.

"To be sure," some mild reformer will assent: "It took a Lincoln to solve the problem raised by a Garrison."

The implied argument of this assertion has been the means of keeping more honest men and women out of the Socialist ranks and with the reforming factions of the old parties than any other conscious factor. The strongest psychological force back of the Progressive party has been this idea. The likeness assumed to exist between the origin of the Republican party and that new party was its chief stock in trade.

It would take us too far afield to go into that contention in detail at this time, but this much may be said at once: A new party which did not prevent a plunge into civil war—a party under which a Gettysburg came close upon the heels of the Emancipation Proclamation has no prophecy in its history which can

give hope to the rational citizen today. A party under which the slave was freed only as a measure of war, a party whose platforms promised not to free the slaves is not akin to any from which aught can be hoped at the present time.

No juggling or stumbling will be able to bring freedom to the wage slave. The history of today and tomorrow should be deliberate history. The old blind blundering will never again be necessary. Let us hope it is no longer possible.

Looking at the past as dispassionately as possible and in the light of the knowledge we have of the forces then at work can we see any way in which the civil war, and the almost equal horrors of reconstruction might have been avoided?

One thing we know, slavery was doomed quite independently of either a Garrison or a Lincoln. Whether the class slavery had fostered could have been disintegrated and its domination undermined without a physical contest is not so sure.

The keeping of slaves was becoming more and more unprofitable, so that only those who had huge plantations could afford to own them. The mass of southern whites were suffering intolerably from the effect of slave labor and the lack of industrial development. "The poor whites" were a problem which demanded a new order of things. Had they had any real economic power and understood their own interests, the little slave-owning hierarchy would have met as much opposition at home as in the north. Books were beginning to be written appealing to the non-slave-owning south to realize how slavery was making impossible such prosperity as was seen in the north.

One book, "The Impending Crisis," described by A. M. Simons in his "Social Forces in American History," was so convincing in its facts and figures that the slave-owners burned it in piles and prevented its circulation by every means of terrorism they could muster.

The large slave-holders numbered less than ten thousand. If events could have been dictated by some rational authority, it is now apparent that the slaves could have been bought by the government and freed at enormously less cost in money alone and with great profit to the slave owners as well as to the entire south.

If the spirit which prevailed at Gettysburg in 1913 could have been present in faintest degree at Washington in 1860 or in preceding years, the passionate blinded rush to slaughter and ruin would have been prevented.

Whatever increased prejudice and passion in the north tended to increase the unreasoning, obstinate determination of the south to let nothing interfere with its "divine institution."

Upton Sinclair in his novel "Mannassas" makes more real than any history can do the intensity of feeling and unreasoning rage of the plantation aristocracy in the years preceding the war.

The clash of economic interests between an industrial society hundreds of years out of date and the normal economic development of the north, just springing into a great world epoch, was inevitable. The wonder is that the power of the slavocracy endured as long as it did and showed such terrific strength in its death grapple.

Gettysburg in 1863 was the crisis in a struggle for existence between two types of industrial civilization, one of which was doomed by every law of survival.

The roots of the struggle were economic but the black mirk of prejudice, passion and mental madness were branches and fruit which need not have grown in

such wretched luxuriance from that root had the minds of men been trained to a saner, broader spirit.

Trying, then, to get the lesson from this fateful era, how shall we judge the methods then used?

Slavery fostered arrogance and a tyrannical mentality, there is no doubt of that. It is altogether probable that an armed conflict could not have been avoided, but the only chance of this, the only chance of a rational, reorganization for the welfare of all concerned lay in clear thinking and the steadfast facing of facts.

Here was a situation for which no one was responsible individually. The north had given up slavery only because it was useless and expensive under northern conditions. Personal abuse was as reasonless as the yielding of political power would have been foolhardy. The problem, could they have seen it, was to weaken the political hold of the slave-owning class while aiding natural forces to undermine its industrial hold.

What influence had Garrison during the fateful decades preceding the conflict?

A story told by Julia Ward Howe of John Brown may give some insight into the intellectual clarity of the methods, not only of this zealot but of many of the abolitionists. During the border warfare in Kansas, Brown had taken several prisoners, among them a certain judge. Prayer was a large factor in the life of John Brown. On this occasion, he went apart to a thicket and in tones which could be heard in the camp, besought the Lord long and fervently to make plain to him his duty in the matter of sparing the lives of the prisoners. The judge, overhearing this petition, was so amused by it, that, in spite of the gravity of his own position, he laughed aloud.

"Judge," cried John Brown, "If you mock at my prayers, I shall know what to do with you without asking the Almighty."

The southerners may have done much praying over the situation but when they heard the denunciations of the abolitionists, they no longer asked the Lord what to do. The way seemed only too plain.

Garrison, meanwhile, was troubled with no doubts.

He had no need to ask the Lord for guidance, so sure was he that the thunders of Sinai spoke through his voice.

He demanded "immediate and unconditional surrender" but was utterly guiltless of any suggestion of how or by what instrumentality.

His conscience was clear if his denunciations rang out without any modification. The first announcement in the Liberator outlined the spirit which prevailed in all his work.

"I will be," he said, as harsh as truth, as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell the mother to rescue moderately her babe from the fire; but urge not me to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate, I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch—and I WILL BE HEARD."

How such words thrill the blood.

Surely none of us are strangers to the feeling which made him say again: "The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal and to hasten the resurrection of the dead."

It is not easy to be in earnest and still be charitable. Garrison did not make the attempt. When William Ellery Channing came out strongly against slavery and yet said that there should be sympathy for the Southerners and that the slave-owners who opposed slavery deserved credit, Garrison denounced him as a trimmer and time server.

Instead of approving of Southerners who opposed slavery, he said: "I will not make truce with them for a single hour. I blush for them as countrymen, I know they are not Christian. Their position is mere hypocrisy. They are dishonest and cruel. God and his angels and devils and the universe know they are without excuse."

It was against the law to free slaves in most of the states further to the south except they were transported to another state. Many slaves would have begged to be kept in slavery, fearing the unknown conditions of freedom. Yet to Garrison, there was "no excuse" for anything but instant emancipation.

Harriet Martineau, ardent in her work against slavery, protested at Garrison's severity; many others did also. Margaret Fuller excused him. "He has need to speak loud," she said. "He has so long been calling to deaf people."

"Why Brother Garrison," said the young Unitarian preacher, Samuel J. May, coming up to him after a street speech, "you are all on fire." "I have need to be," he answered, "for I have mountains of ice to melt."

It was this same preacher who answered when Channing protested that the anti-slavery movement was rough and harsh and unwise in its methods: "We are not to blame that abler and wiser men have not espoused the cause. It is unbecoming in abler men who have stood by and would do nothing to complain of us because we manage this matter no better."

Channing took the rebuke and acted as best he could but could not alter greatly the methods of the movement. Emerson spoke with the clarity of the seer he was. No one can look today with less passion upon the position of the Southerners than he did during all the fury of those bitter decades. With startling penetration he saw the likeness between chattel and wage slavery.

"He who does his own work frees a slave," he affirmed. "He who does not his own work is a slave holder." "Two tables in every house. Abolitionists at one and servants at the other." "The planter does not want slaves; no, he wants his luxury and will pay even this price for it."

Such wisdom, however, was little adapted to direct the ardor of the time into practical channels and so the hammer and tongs method of Garrison dominated the great movement that spread far and wide through the land. That its appeal won as many as it did shows the contagion of an idea.

Phillips had a glimmering of the law of class self interest. He said at an early day, speaking of the difficulties of the work: "We have to make men interested, indignant, enthusiastic for others, not for themselves." "I do not believe we shall see the total abolition of slavery unless it comes in some critical juncture in national affairs when the slave, taking advantage of a crisis in the fate of his master, shall dictate his own terms."

He did not realize that the north would use that enthusiasm and indignation to give force to its material interests. Neither the chattel slave nor the wage slave were enough awake in those days to make themselves felt in the struggle. It was only the master classes which held the lever. "You make sentiment, we use it," said Seward, the Republican, to the abolitionists.

Alas, it is too true that much of the "sentiment" that set hundreds of thousands of men at each others' throats across Mason and Dixon's line was made by men that believed in peace.

Alas, the freedom earned by the sword was followed by wage slavery and "white" slavery well nigh or quite

as deplorable as any that preceded, while the war gave an impetus to a form of capitalism more arrogant and merciless than has been found in any other country in this period of plutocracy.

Praise or blame have little rational place in historical judgments. But halos unwisely placed may lead to present blunders. William Lloyd Garrison will always be a name to conjure by in his ardor and persistent devotion, but his wisdom and spirit will be questioned more by the future than they have been in the past.

Merit cannot be measured by martyrdom. The man who gives way passionately to denouncing evils is not likely to see the surest, quickest path to freedom from those evils.

Has not the time come when unswerving loyalty and deep feeling can go hand in hand with clear-sighted, practical judgment in the applied science of social progress?

Has not the sense of evolution and social law brought enough of sanity and insight to make the Garrisons of today retain the unflinching devotion, the unyielding persistence, the consecrated ardor of the earlier struggle, while keeping utterly free from the bitterness, the obstinate fanaticism and the scorn of practical expediency which made the splendid zeal of great hearted men dubious in results?

A study of the spirit and methods of the tens of thousands who are on the firing line in today's struggle for industrial freedom will show that the social science of Karl Marx has brought just this new phenomenon in human history. It shows masses of men moving together, year in and year out toward a clear goal, by wise, practical paths, as free from malice as from compromise.

Such a spectacle the progress of industry and of thought has made possible. The Garrisons of today will succeed without the blind, blundering and methodless ardor which was probably inevitable in the earlier time. No needless, purposeless, fruitless Gettysburgs will divert the sure progress of the approaching years.

THE TWO DYINGS

By Margaret Widdemer

I can remember, once ere I was dead,
The sorrow and the prayer and hitter cry
When they that loved me stood around the bed,
Knowing that I should die.

They need not so have grieved their souls for me,
Grouped statue-like to count my failing breath;
Only one thought strove faintly, bitterly,
With the kind drug of Death:

How once upon a time, unwept, unknown,
Unhelped by pitying sigh or murmured prayer,
My youth died in slow agony alone,
With none to watch or care.

WEIGHING IN

As they passed a street scale one day a wag handed this to his English friend:

"To find out how heavy you are get a weigh!"

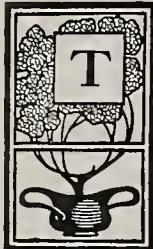
The victim couldn't see the joke, though his friend was hugely amused. However, thinking that it must have been a good joke because of his friend's amusement he thought to try it on an acquaintance. He said:

"Say, old top, if you want to find out how much you weigh, all you have to do is to move over."

FRANK F. STONE: A Sculptor

With a Message

By GORDON NYE



THE subject of this sketch is one of the most thought-compelling of the small but steadily growing band of sculptors, artists, and poets who place moral idealism above all material consideration, and who are willing to make great sacrifices in order that they may be true to their ideals of justice and thus true to the high demand of their spiritual nature.

The sculptor, as a servant of idealism and interpreter of the soul of beauty feeds the imagination with living water; and barring the joy that is born of the love for ideal life, his work yields more pure and exalted pleasure than aught else known to man. Especially is this true when the artist understands and dissects the causes of our social wrongs and uses his skill and imagination to influence the slow-thinking millions.

And this is exactly what Frank F. Stone, Los Angeles, sculptor and Socialist, is doing.

Like Gerald Massey the poet, Stone learned to think seriously and fundamentally after he had fallen under the wheels of Capitalism. Gerald Massey, it will be remembered, when a little sickly boy was forced to labor fourteen hours a day amid the unsanitary environment of the English factories, in a desperate battle to keep the wolf of starvation from the wretched little home. It was seeing and feeling all the bitterness and horror of extreme poverty, when it exists side by side with wealth swollen to abnormal proportions by injustice, privilege and corruption that called forth many of his most powerful and conscience-arresting poems.

It takes the lash of adversity, the goal of hunger to awaken most of us to a realization of the fruits of injustice and inequality and the moral responsibility devolving on every man to think earnestly and fundamentally on all political and economic problems. In this respect Frank F. Stone was no exception to the rule.

Mr. Stone was born in London, England. His father was a man of education and refinement, an idealist and

a dreamer. His fine nature utterly unsuited him for the hard, grinding, shrewd and crafty commercial life of this age of dollar worship. He was a lumber-merchant and though he struggled manfully to succeed without sacrificing his high principles, or lowering his ideals of integrity, he finally failed financially and when Frank was but three years of age poverty took possession of his father's home. Early the child was compelled to toil long hours to help in the battle against starvation.

Stone's youth was rendered bitter by pinching poverty; yet the Angel of Beauty did not wholly desert her own. His imagination was fed as by a perpetual but hidden spring, even amid gloomy and soul-deadening environment. Whenever he could snatch a few moments he strove to picture some of the beautiful images that haunted his brain.

One day a well-known artist saw some of young Stone's chalk-drawings and insisted that the work showed "the sculptor's hand." From that day Stone came under the instruction of Richard Belt, sculptor to Queen Victoria. Here was the longed-for opportunity, and though circumstances compelled the youth to toil early and late, he managed to give the necessary time to his new work.

As the months passed it seemed that fortune had at last claimed the sculptor for her own. Many eminent men came to his studio for sittings. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Mr. Stanley, Mrs. Booth, Lord Tennyson and many others of England's most distinguished men and women sat for the sculptor. Seldom has fortune smiled more genially upon a favored son than she smiled at this time upon the young sculptor.

But his health failed; never robust, he had drawn too heavily on his reserve strength and physicians ordered him to move to a country where the air is

pure, dry and sunny. He sold his household belongings and set out for Canada. Later Mr. Stone removed to Los Angeles, which has been his home for the last thirteen years.

Some of the sculptor's creations that impress us as especially fine are: "The Worker," "The Agony of the Ages," and "The Two Ambitions."



"THE WORKER."



"THE TWO AMBITIONS."

"The Worker" is a powerful and suggestive creation. It is a figure that commands respect and to us represents the ideal worker—strong and masterful and with a mind that can think. In referring to this work Mr. Stone has written the following descriptive lines:

"What makes he? Everything—yet shiftless goes;
Omnipotent well-nigh, yet—crass of brain—
His chiefest work on drones and cheats bestows,
While for himself he welds an endless chain."

His fine and original creation, "The two Ambitions," is the result of many months of mental effort. Commenting on the work an Eastern magazine says: "How well does the sleek self-centered figure represent the egoist who, through wealth, the assumption of divine right, the accident of birth, or the sword of force, seeks power, prestige and advantage over others! And equally felicitous is the type of noble humanitarian who, thoughtless of self and unwilling to rise alone, has fixed his eyes on the heights to which he is raising his weaker brother. Here we have epitomized the heart of the great struggle now raging throughout the world."

By way of argument to the work Mr. Stone has written the following lines:

"Two ends in life two eager souls pursue:
One bent on riches, one on helpful deed;
One's aim dominion, one's the good and true—
Achieving but to serve the common need."

Negotiations are now proceeding for the enlarge-

ment of "The Two Ambitions," to life-size in marble. The piece is to be placed in front of a New Jersey church whose pastor interested his members in the artist's "sermon in stone" by preaching a pulpit sermon thereon.

Another powerful piece of work is "The Agony of the Ages." Mr. Stone's five line poem gives his theme as figured forth in the composition:

"The age-long, blind, dumb Agony of Life
Gave glorious Knowledge birth. Then pain and strife
Took meaning; and to Knowledge, Love was born;
Love that is wise to will and to foresee.
Suffering's assuagement in the time to be."

The three figures in this work represent "Agony," "Knowledge" and "Love" as set forth in the above poem. And of the symbolism employed the sculptor has this to say: "It is not without deliberate design that I have given the 'Agony'—ostensibly a female figure—a very masculine aspect; the thoughtful beholder will understand. Nor is it without meaning that the balance of 'Equity' is dependent from the engine of judicial vengeance, with the very Book of the Law itself throwing it out of poise. This presents the artist's idea of the ever-present though oft disclaimed presumption of guilt against the victim.

"The concentration or introspection depicted in the pose of 'Knowledge,' who, bending over her scroll,

(Continued on next page.)



"THE AGONY OF THE AGES."

The Toiler and His Hire

By Chester M. Wright



We are confronted with large issues in these days. We are told that the country cannot be saved unless we can have physical valuation of railroads. We are told that we must conserve our natural resources. We are told that we must reform the currency and that we must do this and do that if we are to be saved.

It requires no remarkable sagacity to understand that we must do something—for it is easy to see that something is the matter.

Perhaps nothing has so clearly driven home the fact that something is the matter as the figures just gathered under direction of the United States treasury department for use in assessing the new income tax.

Many are aware that statistics relating to the economic condition of the people are none too reliable at times, but the fact that these figures are to serve as the basis for the levying of a tax seems to give to them a reasonable assurance of accuracy.

Two great pyramids are developed by these remarkable figures. One pyramid is large at the base, tapering upward to a peak. The other is inverted and rests upon its peak. One pyramid represents men; the other represents dollars.

The income tax is based upon yearly incomes, so, of necessity, these figures deal with yearly incomes. It would be more fitting, in the majority of the cases enumerated, to speak of earnings, rather than incomes, for we have come by common usage to look upon an income as something that comes without having been earned. And the figures are ample proof that the majority of persons earn the money that comes to them—and more.

And now let us look at the two pyramids.

Persons Engaged	Average Income
37,815,000	\$ 601
126,000	4,500
178,000	7,500
53,000	12,500
24,500	17,500
10,500	22,500
21,000	37,500
8,500	75,000
2,500	175,000
550	375,000
350	750,000
100	1,500,000

Capitalism in a nutshell!

(Continued from preceding page.)

turns her back upon Superstition as symbolized in the sacrificial tripod and the Jupiter—is thrown into marked contrast by the hopeful, farseeing gaze of the 'Love,' who, for her part turns away from the implements of war."

Mr. Stone is exhibiting by invitation some of his smaller works at the Ghent Exposition in Belgium, and among the number is his bronze medallion of Clarence Darrow. This work is one of the sculptor's latest and finest creations.

* * *

It will not be surprising if the time comes when the art-loving citizens of California and the world who have patronized Mr. Stone will find the works they

The great mass of people get a very little. The great mass of wealth goes to a very few. It is not the man who has brains to create things who is rewarded. The reward goes to the man who has brains that enable him to take away from the man who creates.

In round numbers, thirty-eight million people get an average annual wage of \$601. One hundred get an average annual income of a million and one-half dollars!

Scattered along between these two classes are those who are between the upper and the nether millstones, either climbing one way to become exploiters, pure and simple, or going the other way to become complete victims of exploitation.

For there is no explanation except the explanation of exploitation for such a condition. No one will contend—at least not in public—that there are in this country one hundred men who are capable of honestly earning one and one-half millions of dollars in a year, sustaining the effort year after year.

So we find that the great mass of the people are producers, while the very small minority gather in the product. While the people who are really useful to the country, by virtue of the fact that they create the things that the country must have to keep it alive physically, are compelled to exist on a return that is startlingly meager, the little handful of parasitical peacocks strut across the land arrayed in purloined finery and sustained in every move they make by the product of unrewarded toil.

As you stand off where you can get a good square look at the figures, things look rather topsy turvy. Something big is wrong. Those who produce all the things we have get but very little for their labor. Those who produce nothing get a very great deal. The men and women—and children—who turn the wheels that produce the grist are not getting the grist.

Now the idea that we must have currency reform and that we must have physical valuation of railroads and federal control of this and that is all very well. We must have a lot of things. But the great trouble about that is that so very, very many of the people who are clamoring for those things do not know why they are needed, or at best do not recognize the true need.

The real need for all those things that go under the general classification of reforms is to be found in the big fact that the treasury department has tardily uncovered—that fact being one long known to Socialists and some few others who have cared to listen to what

possess valued far beyond the cost to them, for in our land the men of imagination, the true artists, poets and dreamers who stand as pioneers of the great art that is coming will be more and more appreciated. Ere long their creations will be treasured above price as the works of the advance-guard in the awakening of the great art-spirit of America.

Frank F. Stone belongs to the army of emancipation. He is doing a work for our time not unlike that which Massey and Mackay accomplished in the England of the forties. The hope of the world—the hope of the human family lies in such men—men who fully realize the moral obligations they owe to the cause of justice and humanity and who are noble enough to rise above selfish consideration and devote their lives to the advancement of their fellow men.

the Socialists had to say—that ninety per cent of the people do the work of the world while ten per cent of the people own the wealth of the world. Out of 38,240,000 persons covered in the the treasury department figures, 37,815,000 have an average annual income of \$601 per year. One hundred get a million and one-half. Outside of those two classes not many remain. The middle class is small—and growing smaller.

If there were nothing else to be produced those figures should stand as argument enough against the status quo. But men who sought facts have been busy in other channels and when all of the facts are presented the poor old capitalist system has not a leg upon which to stand. For instance, the same government that gave us those figures also tells us that the cost of living has gone up fifty-eight per cent in ten years! And it is the cost of living balanced against our income that determines how we shall live. Ten years ago an annual income of \$601 would not have been regarded as productive of more than a bare existence. So, with the cost of living fifty-eight per cent higher now, what shall we say of that income?

The man in the million and one-half dollar class may well look down from his dizzy heights and exclaim with the Spartans of old, "We should be lost if these men knew their power!"

And for the man in the \$601 class—all there is for him to do is to gather with those of his kind and learn his power.

But, we have not yet had all of the facts in the case. Let us go on a little further and pile up a little more evidence against the sort of system that puts a premium on a certain brand of robbery. There is something startling yet to be told.

We are informed by those who profit by the maintenance of conditions as they are that the poor are poor because they are incapable of being rich and we are told that the poor are poor because there is a constantly decreasing food supply in the face of a constantly increasing population. In those statements many defenders find much solace and they do indeed put many claimers to rout with their shallow reasoning.

Arthur James Todd, Ph.D., University of Illinois, which, by the way, is not the Rockefeller institution, but quite a different one, brings forth the facts that lay this ghost. Prof. Todd tells us that while there are from ten to twenty millions of people constantly at the poverty line in the United States there is a constantly growing supply of food products with which to sustain life.

I shall let Prof. Todd tell the story. He says:

"From 1860-1910 population trebled. But ad valorem taxes increased eight-fold. From 1870-1910 general population increased two and one-half times, and persons engaged in agriculture doubled. But the products of agriculture increased four and one-half fold in valuation. A recent crop report from the United States Department of Agriculture states that for the last ten or fifteen years the population of the civilized world, excluding China, has been increasing at the rate of about 1 per cent per year. But the production of the five great cereals—wheat, corn, oats, rye and barley—shows an average annual increase of about 2.5 per cent. In other words, food is outstripping population at a double rate. It really looks as if the problem of the future might be to find mouths for our enormous stores of food, instead of desperately hunting food for millions of famished mouths. In fact, we are assured that the abandonment of a quarter of the arable land in the United States would not run short the world's food supply.

"But these facts are taken from the agricultural and industrial system as they are now, without considering the possibilities that lie in scientific agriculture, conversation and invention. 'Science stands as a too competent servant behind her wrangling, underbred masters, holding out resources, devices and remedies they are too stupid to see.'

"The conclusion of the matter is that overpopulation is not imminent, and that from the standpoint of natural resources ours is a world of plenty, and poverty is unnecessary. We are or should be enjoying an economy of surplus, not of deficit."

The professor's conclusion is that if 10,000,000 Americans are starving it is purely "because of human ignorance, of bad politics and worse economics."

The proof that there is enough for all is abundant. None needs to starve. ALL COULD have plenty. None needs to be enslaved to another.

BUT—

They do starve and they are enslaved. And the few do pile up great hoards—

AND—

That brings you smash up against that classic phrase invented by Tom Platt and used by many others since he fell from the zenith:

"What are you going to do about it?"

When enough people know WHAT to do about it the doing will be done in short order. The trouble just now is that not nearly enough people have any idea of what to do about it.

The fact that we need to learn thoroughly is that the entire system—all the economic wrong there is—we shall find securely bundled up in a great, ramifying net which is called the law. The law gives certain rights to the owners of property. It prescribes certain things that owners of property may do to increase their property. Abstract right has nothing to do with legal right. Legal rights are the things that men can do and not run counter to the law. And, since much of our law was made when capitalism was budding—and even before that—it does not fit the present situation. It allows many things that should not be allowed. It allows many sorts of plundering that should not be allowed. In short, it allows a few men to take and own the product of many men. It allows slavery, in fact if not in form.

The capitalist system has grown up under the law. What the capitalist does is legally right. Exploitation is legally right. Any lawyer will tell you that it is perfectly legal to hire a man for one dollar to produce an article that costs ten dollars. And when we consider that the form of production has so changed that many men are forced to seek employment from a very few men we understand why the man does work worth ten dollars while he gets in return only one dollar. He HAS to.

The capitalist system stands upon law. It is fond of law. It understands all about law. It coddles it and fosters it and gets it interpreted "reasonably" and oftentimes gets it fixed up properly in legislatures.

When we understand that we see the work cut out for us. Our big task is to change the law so that it will fit the needs of the many and the conditions under which they labor and produce.

We cannot consider for a moment that there might be any other way out of the situation. The one thing that we can consider is that to eradicate an effect we must get at the cause—at the root of the evil.

The entire economic system is rooted in law. Law must be changed. Law is changed through what we call

politics. Thus, we must have political action—revolutionary political action.

Our machinery of production is satisfactory. With ease we can and do produce all that we need. We are constantly improving our methods of production. But when we come to DISTRIBUTION we find the crime of all history. The capitalist proudly declaims that "the laborer is worthy of his hire" and then proceeds to put the greater part of the laborer's "hire" in his own pocket—LEGALLY.

Distribution is all wrong. Not that wages are too low, or the cost of living is too high—not only that. The entire system is wrong. All WAGES are wrong. All PROFIT is wrong. All RENT and INTEREST is wrong. For it is through those agencies that exploitation, or robbery, comes. It is there that DISTRIBUTION goes wrong. For distribution is not simply loading things on wagons or trains and taking them to some other place. Distribution is getting the product to the people who are to use it—but that involves more than wagons and trains. It involves HOW MUCH gets to the people who are going to use it. And rent, interest and profit, more than wagons and trains, determine HOW MUCH is to get to the people who use.

The Socialist contention is that every person is entitled to the product of his toil. That is putting the matter roundly. In fact the laborer will not get QUITE all. For there will be a few who will not labor, but who will live in comfort. They will be those who are incapacitated for toil—not those who do not care to toil.

The Socialist contention is that all things used collectively ought to be collectively owned and democratically administered. That at once eliminates the capitalist—the man who lives from the toil of others. It

bars everyone from life except those who are willing to produce enough to maintain life and it protects from robbery those who want to work and to live well. It means that under Socialism you might produce all you are capable of producing with no fear that some one may take away from you any part of what you produced. And it also means that you could take from no other person any of that person's product.

We do need a lot of the things that the reformers tell us we need. But our REASONS are different. They are intent upon so "fixing" the old machine that it will continue to run. The Socialist is intent upon supplanting the old machine with a new one under which the evils produced by the old can no longer be. For, so long as the old machine runs at all it will produce its evils, to a greater or less degree and of those evils we are heartily tired and ashamed.

Our conclusion is that the laborer is worthy of—not his hire, but his product, and that the exploiter is worth nothing at all and we do not want him among us.

We are intent upon revolution through political action. We are intent upon rescuing the \$601 class and abolishing the million and one-half dollar class. We do not want to divide up the wealth that exists, but we want to prevent the exploiters from forcing us to divide up with them that which we are yet to produce.

The Socialist party is the channel through which we must work and the ballot is the weapon that we must use. The class that needs emancipation is the working class. The Socialist party is a party of the working class and when enough shall come to see their class interests and to understand the way out of their economic difficulties the reward of toil will not be \$601 a year. It will be whatever that toil has brought into being.

Making a Socialist Film

By FRANK E. WOLFE



IF this is the same stuff we worked on yesterday I can't get my dope sheet straight," said a buckaroo with a ghastly open wound on his forehead as he bit a great crescent from a segment of blackberry pie and looked inquiringly at Chief Littlewound and three palefaces whom the aborigine had slain a few minutes previous.

"I've got it doped," said a distinguished individual in full dress suit as he gingerly sipped milk from a tin cup while carefully holding back his bushy beard so the spirit gum and cream should not come into damaging contact.

"Always hep, these wise ginks," said the puncher with a wink that tore open the livid, dripping gash on his forehead. "Come on through, you duke of Kack-yack. Tell the assembled multitude how it comes you are a pick handle pink this morning and near knocked my chimney off with a club and here y'are on an' doublin' in a fine set with a pair of zits, hobnobbin' with the crowned heads of Yurruip."

"If you'll get up-stage in the middle of the mob as befits one in your station of life I'll try and soak a glimmer of light into the fogged film you use for a brain," said the duke loftily, as he accepted the makings from Calamity Jane and made room on the bench for that historical wanton who declined to sit beside the nobleman with medals on his chest, preferring a seat on a broken marble column from the Parthenon.

"Everybody melt out on the conversation stuff till his Grace gives the answer to this puzzle," shouted a scalded iron molder whose naked torso and splendid



BELOW THE BREAD LINE

neck showed raw and dripping as he crossed his legs comfortably in a heavily upholstered club chair and drew great puffs from a bull dog pipe. "Silence in the booby-hatch—"

"I know the answer. I got a swift slant at the



"GOOD NIGHT, DADDY," AT THE MILLIONAIRE'S HOME

scenario when the director gave me the business on the sob stuff Sat'day." This in a high-pitched pipy voice from a 60-pound prodigy who sat astride the ponderous knee of Wild Bill Hickok like an English guardsman sits his horse, and tickled that austere and almost awful person in the ribs.

"Fade out, Fay," said a white-faced girl who had just been burned to a crisp while tied to a practical stake in the willows along the north side of the Platte River.

"It's this way," said the duke. "This western stuff is out of it. You can all see clearly where that comes in. The main show under the big top is the one in which we are portraying the maladjustment of the economic, industrial and political system under which we live. This morning we worked out a scene of heart-rending poverty, now we participate in one of lavish wealth. All through the picture we have made these startling parallels. You boys and girls are doing a far greater thing than you know. You are privileged to work in the first great Socialist play ever put on the screen and I'd advise you to make the most of your opportunity when you get in on a scene. You feel this, as I feel it, as far as you understand and you should make it register to the utmost of your ability."

"I'm going to do that," said the buckaroo who was deeply impressed. I belong to that bunch. I was rounded up and branded Joe Cannon out in Arizona two years ago."

"I'm doing my best," said a youth who had listened to the duke with rapt attention. I don't like to have my can torn off but I'm going to do a fall in that re-take of the strike stuff that will convince the director that I'm sloughed with a practical pick handle."

No, gentle, bewildered reader, this conversation did not take place in the outdoor annex of a state asylum. It was in the property room of the Occidental Motion Picture studio in East Hollywood where hundreds of

performers have been engaged in producing a Socialist special feature film of four reels, and a number of shorter plays with diversified motives.

Probably no motion picture that has been produced in any of the scores of studios in Los Angeles has created such a profound interest among the photo players. In the convention scenes, at the picnics, in the senate scene and others where Socialists have participated, the professional performers have been deeply impressed by the readiness of the comrades to make speeches. During the progress of the state convention scene speeches were made by two of the high-class performers in the cast after hours of travail in memorizing lines, while Stanley B. Wilson, Fred C. Wheeler and William Mountain made impressive extemporaneous speeches without an instant's warning. The fine speech of Christian B. Hoffman was an event of great importance that will long be talked about by the hundreds of performers who then heard their first Socialist speech. In the scenes enacted by J. Stitt Wilson only one brief rehearsal lasting less than two minutes was necessary, and the action registered was excellent. Among those who have "acted" under my direction none has been more natural, therefore more convincing, than Job Harriman, Clarence Darrow, H. A. Hart, T. W. Williams, Emanuel Julius, Cyrus F. Grow, Frank Belcher and literally thousands of Socialists who have been in the great scenes and whose devotion and enthusiasm will show distinctly on the screen with the production of the play, "From Dusk to Dawn," a portrayal of the world-wide class struggle. All of the scenes are completed and the exhibition of motion picture No. 1 only awaits the completion of posters and a few minor details to show the comrades all over the world a motion picture depicting some of the stirring scenes that developed into an acute stage in Southern California during the past two years.

The Awakening of Georgia

By N. A. RICHARDSON



VEN somnambulistic Georgia is awakening under the stress of modern economic conditions. But Georgia is still burdened, especially among the older members of her society, with the idea that those who work are either slaves or poor white trash. That real, live, thinking, up-to-date, American citizens should be engaged in manual toil is to them unthinkable.

One of this stripe of her inhabitants has just closed a term as governor and his parting blast to the assembling legislature will contribute materially to the arousing of the laboring masses of the South and to their alignment in the ranks of the industrial revolutionists. It is well.

The outgoing governor, Jos. M. Brown, is a fine type of the Southern gentleman, but he has about as much of a grasp of the significance of the events of today as has a child. The tremendous economic class struggle that is so rapidly engulfing the whole world as never before has any other, has no more meaning to him than had the Missouri Compromise to his counterpart in 1820.

His bitter diatribe is launched against that now almost obsolete and least efficient expression of that struggle, the craft unions. In all of which he and the South, as usual, are some decades behind in the race toward civilization. He has little thought that what is really coming at a marvelous pace will make that form of organization look like harmless innocence.

For two years this man has been governor over a greater per cent of white slaves in the persons of little children, poor, obedient wretches, too helpless and powerless to defend their rights to the slightest degree, than exists anywhere else in America if not in all Christendom. Though he grows eloquent in his "defense of law and order," we hear not a word in denunciation of this monstrosity.

But when the able-bodied men of his realm refuse to submit to conditions that the old owners could not afford to impose upon their human property, organize, strike and really show their teeth even to a relatively moderate degree, this representative of capitalism at its worst breaks forth in terms so vicious that only periodicals of the stripe of the Los Angeles Times will give him space at any considerable distance from home. It reads much like the old onslaughts of the Southern press against the abolitionists—and, in the end, will prove just about as effective.

The governor holds that the labor unions constitute the most vicious trust in America and that: "Such a development is appalling to every lover of the law. Yet it is an object lesson which tells more vividly than words that the labor union holds itself higher than the law." But he fails entirely to discern that it is the organization of the capitalists who ARE HIGHER THAN THE LAW that made this combination of the workers a necessity. This is a phase of the contest that does not interest him.

He adds that he does not hold all union men as criminals. Many of them are victims of a system that breeds anarchy. Well, if the executive will properly define the word "system," we will agree with him. If

he means—which he does not—the system of capitalism that he is upholding, he has put the matter very pointedly.

And he tells us: "There are upward of two millions of people in Georgia who look with no patience upon the continuance of conditions which leave their basic rights in life at the mercy of the star chamber of the labor unions." The governor's figures are somewhat extravagant, but it is doubtless true that a majority of that state, led by such blindness as he manifests, still prefer the star chamber of the employers, of the men who enslave even the babes of that commonwealth and who, if left to their own foul practices, would, maintain a state-wide system of peonage that would shame the darkest hell of the old chattel slave holders. But you are helping to waken your people, governor, and ere long they will carry more enlightenment with them when they go to the polls.

This political light seems to deplore the fact that during the last decade the workers for the railways of the state have, through the medium of unions, raised the wages an average of \$105 per annum per each employe. Evidently the railroads think the unions are bad things and their opinions may be more or less reflected in the words of the governor.

No, governor, the struggle is on. Your state is experiencing but the preliminary phases of it. When it is ended, the system that you are endeavoring to bolster up will be as foreign to our civilization as is another that you probably fought for in your youth. The world moves and all your bombast cannot prevent it. The methods of its moving may appeal to you as crude, cruel, or even anarchistic. You heard much of the same sort of accusation when you were a boy. But it kept moving.

"NO-SURRENDER OATES"

By Frank Taylor

"It was blowing a blizzard. Oates said: 'I am just going outside, and I may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard, and we have not seen him since."—The Diary of Captain Scott.

It was not in the fury and the foam,
The swift, earth-shaking tumult, and the shout.
Of close-knit squadrons riding hard and home,
That he went out,
For him no trumpets called with jubilant blast,
Only the ice-wind's everlasting moan:
Alone into the solitude he passed,
Yet not alone.
For joyfully the long line of his peers,
Most joyfully those stanch old bands and true,
Which rode at Balaklava in far years,
And Waterloo.
Warburg, and Paardeberg, and Dettingen,
Watched him go out into the deathly wild—
Ay, many valiant souls of mighty men
Saw that, and smiled.

The turkey trot and the bunny hug are enough to get the goat of a wise old owl.

The Truth About the Canal

By ICIE BOWDRY



THIS is not an attempt to write a technical treatise on the Panama Canal nor the philosophy of Socialism, but simply an effort to present conditions as seen at first hand.

Every informed Socialist knows that government ownership does not mean Socialism, although we advocate it as a means to an end.

Where Capital rules, government ownership is exceedingly dangerous, and can be used by the money class as a bulwark behind which they may hide and carry out gigantic schemes of wholesale robbery.

When the people rule in fact instead of theory then government ownership may be a real benefit.

Clippings from several newspapers have made much of the "canal zone as a Socialist haven." The canal zone as an argument for government ownership as advocated by the Socialists is all right, because in this great work every department of life has come under government control and nowhere have wage workers been so well cared for.

But to call the canal zone a "Socialist haven" is absurd, and only capitalistic newspapers print such stuff. Wall Street rules in America, and it is well enough for papers, representing money interests, that are drawing fat dividends from sales made to the purchasing department of the Isthmian Canal Commission, to talk "Socialist haven in Panama," but the clear-headed comrades on the job know we are enjoying militarism, not Socialism. The administration is the antipode of Socialism. There is a one-man control here that outclasses anything of its kind in the world. All credit is due the chief engineer because of his broad and just treatment of the questions that naturally arise in the intricacies of this great work—but the fact remains his word is absolute and final in everything.

He has the power to say whether a person shall or shall not live in the canal zone.

Anyone whom he considers undesirable is deported and a return to the isthmus means a term in prison. Recently a young man returned after being deported and had to stand trial and was sentenced to one year in the canal prison. I do not know his offense, but certainly if he is a dangerous character to be abroad in Panama it is playing rather a nasty trick on America to burden her with another criminal at large.

Another feature overlooked by the capitalist writers and their "Socialist haven" is the fact that the men doing the actual work—the common laborers—receive 10, 16 and 20 cents an hour. (See Official Handbook.) Handbook.)

Knowing the West Indian labor, and considering the difference between these slow-witted blacks and their more highly developed co-workers, there appears to be a very good reason under the circumstances for the small wages. This, however, cannot be said to be applied Socialism.

But there is a brighter side. This is the world's greatest example of government ownership, and the successful administration of every phase of life under government control foreshadows the better way advocated by Socialists.

The methods followed in caring for the people is decidedly Socialistic in tendency. Instead of the usual unsightly shacks of a contractor there are comfortable homes—clean, well ventilated, suitably furnished, with electric lights and baths, all free.

Considerable attention has been paid to roadways and beautifying the surroundings in each village. The streets usually follow the contour of the hills, this being a rough country. The houses are built about twenty feet apart, and all painted a dark slate with white trimmings; this makes a most pleasing background for the luxuriant tropical plants and also relieves the monotony one might expect to find in a village where the houses are all alike.

The method of one great receiving and forwarding station, which supplies single stores in each community and the order and system that prevails, is an ideal long held by the Socialists.

In the American towns proper it is a relief not to see hurrying grocery wagons and milk wagons from several competing houses crossing and recrossing the same territory in endless duplication, adding all this extra cost to the price paid by the consumer.

Under government control the same system is used as in the delivery of mail in American cities. Great wagons drawn by a team of mules make regular rounds delivering the supplies which had been ordered the day before. Prices are about the same as in America, but we are a long way from the base of supplies.

Bread making, laundry, ice and coffee-roasting plants are all located in Cristobal, which is the receiving and forwarding station. All perishable supplies are handled by a train of twenty-one cars that leaves that point every morning at 4 o'clock.

The Health Department of the canal zone is renowned for its splendid work in connection with this great enterprise and is entitled to its share of glory in making the big ditch possible.

Already calls are coming in offering flattering positions to the different ones who have been instrumental in transforming the isthmus from the "pest hole of the world" into a comparatively healthy place.

Yes, the Panama Canal is an argument for the Socialist teaching of government ownership, but under a capitalistic government it is by no means a Socialist haven. The Panama Canal is Labor's achievement.

TO A POET

Margaret Root Garvin

When none besides was near to speak,
Thy singing spoke to me;
When Sorrow was my only guest,
Thy grief was company.

No lyric word or wistful sigh
Hath stirred thy lips for long;
Yet I do thank thee with my tears,
Requite thee with my song.

—The Lyric Year.

Some of the Senators at Washington are hinting that if Woodrow Wilson doesn't stop smashing precedents, they'll take a hand at smashing presidents.

FOUR BITS

Across the Hall—



DRIZZLING rain was falling. The world seemed wrapped in a shroud of gloom. December's chill wind howled and moaned as the clock-bell sounded the early hour of four. The city—a tired, giant monster, worn after toil and pain—was asleep. All seemed dead.

A man was groaning in a dark, damp room. Across the hall, in a cold, uninviting chamber, lay a moaning woman.

He seemed to be an old man—sixty or more; and he coughed raspily; and when he coughed, the bed-clothes received crimson stains. He was dying. The end was near. Soon, a yawning grave would swallow his withered corpse.

Long had he suffered, long had he felt the life in him ebb away as the cold hand of death slowly closed about him. He could fight no longer. He must surrender to the will of the destroyer.

He gasped "I'm going—off!"

And the woman by his side shook her tired head and mumbled:

"Thank God."

All night, she had remained near him, waiting for the end.

The woman had known him when he had been in the prime of life—strong, healthy. She had seen him fall victim to the disease of the poor, she had seen him grow paler and paler, thinner and thinner, weaker and weaker; she had seen him decay slowly—and now, she was waiting for the last chapter—praying that it would come soon.

And, she was glad; she thanked God for His mercy. She wanted him to die—she felt it would be for the best—for himself, for his wife, for the world.

"I'm going—"

"Good-hy," she said, her eyes undimmed. "I wish it was me that was goin'—God knows, I wish it was me."

"T-the priest—h-e—"

"He was here at midnight—he can't come again—" and under her breath she said, "Good God, strike him quick."

She wanted him to go—she felt it was good that he should die. Her lot would be easier—no medicine—no more of the thousand worries. She didn't regret all her sacrifices for him, but she wanted them to end. She had suffered long enough. He had suffered too long.

And when she heard the death rattle, she mumbled:

"Thank God, he's at the end."

He died. She calmly took a sheet and covered his head. And on the sheet she placed a cross. She then kneeled before the bed and prayed. Her prayer was one of thanks.

She was glad he died!

A scream!

She rose to her feet and listened.

Another scream!

It came from across the hall. She knew what that scream meant. With a glance at the covered form, she turned and walked from the room. A few seconds later, she stood at the side of another bed, on which lay a moaning woman, soon to become a mother. From the room of the dead to the bed of the life-giver was but a walk across the hall.

She knew what was required of her. Her tiredness fell from her, and soon she became feverish as she hurriedly served the woman.

And as she labored at the side of the bed, she thought. Her heart felt pity for this poor, suffering woman—a widow of but a few months, alone, helpless, poverty-stricken. She raised her hands and cried:

"O God! Why did you send her a baby?"

* * *

The Seeing Hands—



HE WAS a creator of the beautiful. With a chisel and a hammer, he composed wonderful poems and symphonies in stone. His hands burned with the divine fire of genius; they gave expression to a soul that looked on beauty as the God of the universe.

His hands took rough stone and breathed life into it. All his life, he had been sending forth creations that inspired a world hungry for art. But, something in him craved for the masterpiece—the artist in him wished for the Great Climax.

By EMANUEL JULIUS

He hoped for what, so far, had been unexpressed—the Great Climax.

He knew not its form; his imagination could not picture detail. It was something beautiful—that was all he knew.

"I shall take my chisel," he said, "and let it go its course. I shall give my heart and my soul to my hands and let them make what they will. When my work is ended, I shall see what the Great Climax is."

He set things in readiness. He decided to forget everything but the Great Climax and give years, if need be, to its birth.

When he delivered his first blow, the studio became dark; light became night; he could not see.

His eyes were no more. He was blind!

The world mourned. His friends wept.

"Art has lost much," they sighed.

The artist was the only one who smiled.

"What need have I for eyes?" he asked. "My eyes cannot see what my soul is struggling to express through my hands. I shall create the Great Climax—the beautiful masterpiece—"

His friends feared his affliction had affected his mind.

"My eyes have already seen all that is beautiful—the glorious sunrise, the immense mountains, the laughing children. They have seen all—they need serve me no more. My soul feels and my hands shall express. My hands see."

He returned to his studio.

The months passed. Years drifted into eternity. The artist became gray and old. But the fire in his soul was at white heat; and his hands worked tirelessly.

At last, he felt the soul in him become calm. His hands seemed to see no more.

"The Great Climax is here," he announced. "My masterpiece of beauty is born."

And then, he asked:

"What have I made?"

And his friend answered:

"You have made the most beautiful thing in creation—a woman!"

* * *

His Answer—

HE SENT her a message, and she answered:

"Can the Sun love the Stormcloud? Can the Thrush love the Eagle? Can the Flower love the Desert? Can the Poor love the Tyrant? Ah, I live in the gloomy Cave—you sing on the mountain Peak—we can never love!"

And he answered:

"Love conquers all. The Sun is the mother of the Stormcloud. And the Stormcloud lets the Flower make a Paradise of the Desert. Love softens the claws of the Eagle and the heart of the Tyrant and gives the Paradise to the Poor. Love pours light into the gloomy Cave and makes all things good."

She walked from the gloomy Cave and climbed to the mountain Peak. Two voices now sing to the glory of the Dawn.

* * *

The Conqueror Speaks!—

I AM King of Time, Master of Death, Father of Life! With a scythe in my hands, I walk in a world as limitless as space, for I am King of Time. I watched the soldiers of Rome go forth to conquer all that lives. I saw the soldiers of Rome fall by the roadside. They are no more. I saw the Greeks build a temple under the soft, blue sky. I saw the glorious columns reach up for immortality—and I gave it to them. For I give eternal life only to the beautiful. The conquerors have withered into nothingness. The masters of men have gone to dust. The great have fallen before me. For I, King of Time, give immortality only to things of beauty. Oh, Children of Time, if you would live forever, build a temple or sing a song!

Woman, a Social Creator

By Marion Louise Israel



AN AWAKENED womanhood, an organized womanhood, a militant womanhood! A womanhood tingling with life, ardent with purpose, uplifted by a new vision of its own destiny; drawn by a new ideal, and solidified by a new perception of its own power. That is the womanhood of this century.

The suffragists have voiced it most clearly—this new dream of woman, this new function which she is claiming as her own. "Behold, they are saying, in substance, "this world of ours, with all the wrong in it, and all the wretchedness in it, yet with all its possibilities for happiness and for beauty—and we have never yet put our hands to its building never yet given our minds to the planning of it, never yet set our hearts on the perfecting of it! Childhood is robbed of playtime, youth of education, womanhood of honor. Have we a part in the making of the world had we a part now in the governing of it, we would not suffer such thing to be. We do not find the world as it is to our liking. We see it undergoing constant change, forever growing out of one condition into another, in accordance with the changing ideas of men, and now we too would have a part in this fashioning of the world."

That is it. Woman has seen herself at last as a social creator. This is the new vision which is inspiring her to world-activity, this is the incentive which is impelling her to capture for herself a place in the government of the world.

She purposes to make of this world a place of beauty; of clean and orderly cities; a place where childhood will be safe from exploitation; where motherhood will be secure within the home; a world forever free from war.

All these things and many more she expects to bring about through her participation in government; and in this she will meet with some measure of success. Her efforts will secure more and more of such amelioratory measures as minimum wage and maximum day laws, mothers' pensions and juster laws concerning property; but I venture to prophesy that she will be dissatisfied with the results of all these. Life will not be so much fairer nor so much easier for such measures as she thinks.

Always she will meet almost unconquerable opposition; she will have to curtail her demands in order to secure any part of them; if she asks for an eight-hour law she may get a nine-hour one; if she secures a minimum wage bill it will provide a bare subsistence; if she obtains a child labor law it will require eternal

vigilance to see that it is enforced. Such efforts as these, with their inevitable results, will not long prove satisfying to her, with her growing consciousness of power and her faith in the far-reaching effects of these new activities. She will sooner or later realize that the results she truly desire were nothing short of revolutionary, but she has not considered a revolutionary program for their attainment.



MARION LOUISE ISRAEL, Correspondent, State Woman's Committee

Already the labor movement regards itself as the creator of a new world—a splendid state that is to be. It sees the industrial democracy of the future—the desire of its own heart, the conception of its own brain, the creation of its own effort. The labor movement of today bears within itself the future State, as a mother carries her child beneath her heart. And as a mother dreams and ponders of the future of her child, so the labor movement is dreaming of what that future

state will be. It is coming to look upon this civilization of ours as so much plastic material, which it will shape to suit its will. Already it is seizing upon the present, out of it to create a fairer future. The dreams of Labor are larger and more daring than the dreams of woman!

Here is no conflict of ideals, no differentiation of purpose. Human activities are of two kinds, predatory and industrial. The savage man who lived by hunting and fishing was a predatory creature. So was the savage warrior. But the primitive woman was engaged purely in industrial activities—caring for the sick and aged of her tribe, carrying on a rude agriculture, making baskets and earthen utensils, cooking the game which the hunters brought home—feeding and nursing and ministering to her people. The performance of such duties brought no glory to the toiler, as to the hunter or warrior; rather whatever compensation she derived from her labor must lie in seeing her people comfortable and well cared for. The most significant difference between the life of the primitive man and the primitive woman, the effects of which have persisted to this day, is this: he came in contract with his fellows as creatures to be outstripped in the race, to be overpowered in combat, or to be slain in battle; she came in contact with people as creatures to be fed, to be warmed, to be clothed, to be nursed, and to be served.

Through all the long years from that day to this,

woman's activities have been mainly industrial—serving people and supplying their needs. If then she is more humane than man, this is why; if she is more concerned with the supplying of a people's needs than with the profits to be made therefrom, this is why; if she is more inclined to collective rather than individual action, this is why.

A long process of elimination, however, has been going on through the centuries—the elimination of the predatory instincts in humanity. Originally the working class was composed of the women, with a few aged men; to these there was added at first slave labor, confining great numbers of men to industrial activities; feudalism and capitalism have swelled this army, until today only a limited number of men are able to indulge in predatory occupations. The effect of this confinement to industrial activities is the same upon one human being as another; women can no longer claim as distinctively theirs the passion for human service, nor the conception of industry for the sake of satisfaction rather than profit.

Here then is the field of woman as a social creator—to color the visions of Labor with her own idealism, to enter into all its planning and all its working—to be a part of it. In this way will she truly and effectually shape and mould the future state; in this way will she do more than amend a law here and there, secure this amelioration, institute that change; in this way only will her work be fundamental and enduring.

Two Bills of Fare

By Agnes Downing



ONE of the worst features of the present high cost of living is that it is forcing down the standard of living of the people. Worse still it is defending lower standards. So we see apologists for the system advising all sorts of crippling economies—economies that not only cripple the spirit, but will if followed cut down the physical and the moral fibre of the race.

One of the most pernicious of these is a recently written report by Mrs. Winnifred Harper Cooley, National President of the Associated Clubs of Domestic Science, and published widely. This lady boldly begins by offering her experiences as a model for working girls—and for working men, too, and then tells how she lived on nine cents a day for a whole week.

She gives her list of provisions for the week:

1-3 (12-lb. basket (9) potatoes.....	\$.05
1 mess spinach05
1 loaf whole wheat bread10
Cocoa (1-5-lb. can)10
Baked Beans10
1-2 package natural rice06
1-5 lb. oleomargarine05
3 bananas05
1-3 lb. sugar02
1 egg03
1 apple02

Total for food for 1 week.....\$.63

Notice there is no meat and no substitute for meat; there is neither cheese, butter, nor milk, and hardly anything of fresh vegetables or fruits. It is in brief a diet that any fair-minded person with a knowledge of food values would unhesitatingly condemn.

Out of this she recommends two meals a day with such a menu as the following: Tuesday: Breakfast—nothing; lunch—whole wheat bread, cocoa; dinner—one-half mess spinach, 2 potatoes, banana.

True, there is such a vice as over-eating and to one who is addicted to such a habit the foregoing diet for a short period of time, or for that matter an entire fast, might be a positive benefit. But to offer this as a plan for working people to follow for a regular routine is little short of a criminal suggestion. Any reputable doctor or food specialist and the experience of the race itself regardless of special knowledge on the subject, say that there is loss of strength, and physical debility follows with insufficient food, especially if the person be working. Mrs. Cooley even says: "Incidentally, I lost ten pounds of superfluous flesh in one week." How about the spare built workers, most of whom do not have ten pounds of superfluous flesh? They would lose their vital strength and energy.

The report of the Chicago Vice Commission says on page 200: "Laxity of moral fibre follows mental degeneracy and criminal acts."

But it appears that the lackeys of big business care little for the results if only they can get their checks for writing some plausible reason for "contentment of the masses"; and what better than a program for living on nine cents a day.

The scheme is impossible, of course. If adopted it would be destructive not alone of its followers but of our whole scheme of industrial society. What would become of production if people consumed only nine cents worth a day?

And have we not the classic example of China with its people of few wants? They also have few powers.

Proof that they who offer this are accepting no such

(Continued on page 177.)

Labor Conditions, Past and Present

By Fred C. Wheeler, Socialist Councilman, Los Angeles



It has been my good fortune to be with the labor movement of the great South almost since its inception. I have watched it make remarkable progress. The changes that have been brought about are indeed interesting to note.

In April, 1887, in St. Augustine, Florida, we were toiling ten hours a day for \$2.50 per day. An agitator came along and suggested that we organize a union, which was done. The president and secretary of the new union were discharged from their employment, but within a few weeks we secured the nine hours and an increase of twenty-five cents a day. In twenty-six years' experience I have never known it to fail that where a reduction of hours took place, the men received a corresponding increase in wages. The history of the eight-hour fight shows that, as a rule, eight-hour towns pay 50 per cent more than ten-hour places.

In the South they said: "It is no use to try to organize here; we can not do anything on account of the niggers." "Very well, then we will organize them." This has been done to a considerable extent and with good results. Coming to San Diego in 1887, the union men were receiving \$4.00 for nine hours, while the non-union men were working ten hours for \$3.50. In San Francisco in 1891 we fought for the eight-hour day and were successful. The usual increase in wages followed. In 1893, Pasadena and Los Angeles Carpenters were victorious in their eight-hour fight. I was president of the Pasadena union at the time and walked the streets with the rest for several months.

In 1894 the eight-hour convention was held in San Francisco. I was elected president of that body which in its activities was instrumental in much good for the movement. In 1903-04 I acted as organizer for the American Federation of Labor and the State Federation. During that time I organized over sixty unions and added over 21,000 members to the State organization. During this time the big strike in the beet fields at Oxnard occurred. About nine hundred Japs and six hundred Mexicans were being made slaves of by the Western Agricultural Company. The men organized two unions, which were governed by a joint board of directors. The fight lasted about two months and ended in a complete victory for the men. It was one of the most complete organizations ever seen. Not a Jap in the State came to the valley after being notified of the trouble. Several carloads of Mexicans were sent in, but we captured them as soon as they arrived.

While organizing in the lumber camps of the north, I found that the pathway of an organizer was not one that was strewn with roses. In some out-of-the-way place, the company mill was situated. They generally owned the railroad entering the place. They owned everything in sight, including the constable and his brindle bull dog. An organizer was not a popular personage with the lumber kings. At Truckee I worked so quietly that the employers did not discover me until several hundred men had joined the union. They were threatened with discharge, but through a friend, certain evidence was obtained that would convict the mill owners of practices that would land them behind prison walls. They were politely told that if a single man was

discharged for joining the union, that this evidence would be used. The men were not discharged. In many places various roles were assumed in order to work without serious hindrance. In one place I was threatened with arrest for trespassing. Having seen several violations of the law, I retired as gracefully as possible, but told the hostile employer that on my return we would come with the sheriff with warrants for their arrest. My arrest did not follow.

The career of an organizer is not an easy one. After a fight was won, it was often necessary to fight in order to keep what we had won. In Los Angeles, the big fights put up by the brewery workmen, the iron workers and the machinists, aroused the opposition. Injunctions were issued against 1300 men. The anti-picket law caused four hundred men to be jailed. Free speech was a dead letter. The unions, as such, were almost helpless. Political action was discussed. The unions sent delegates to a Union Labor Political Club. A platform was adopted. Then ensued one of the most remarkable occurrences in American labor history. Over 100 unions endorsed the Socialist Party ticket and donated large sums of money to help elect the ticket. Then came the Times explosion. Instead of weakening the movement, it was strengthened. About two weeks after this, a parade of nearly 20,000 men and women marched the streets in dead silence. J. Stitt Wilson, Socialist candidate for governor, addressed them in a park.

Later on, Job Harriman was nominated for Mayor. Forty meetings a day were frequently held. Victory seemed assured. Then came the McNamara confession. Harriman received over 51,000 votes. While we were defeated, yet we gained a great victory. Organized Labor had taken political action. The result was that both the Socialists and the unions about doubled in membership and set in motion a movement that has commanded the attention of the whole country. My twenty-six years as an active member of Organized Labor has taught me the immense value of collective bargaining. We have secured more genuine results in the past thirty years than in the five hundred preceding years. Yet something was lacking. We can organize, strike and fight, but when we leave in the hands of the other side the most powerful of all weapons, viz., the law-making power, we can never hope to rise above a certain level. Union in trade matters and political unity with a working class party which aims to give the worker the full social value of his toil, is to my mind the only sane method of procedure. The Socialist Party is distinctly the party of the working class. It is the only political party that gives them assistance when the workers are giving battle to the common enemy. Industrially organized, the great captains of industry do not greatly fear us, but when we organize on the industrial field, and act together on the political field, we become a power that nothing can stop. We will command the respect of the other side just in proportion as we show political strength. A poll of 250,000 in a state election would mean as much as twenty-five years of union labor. It will cost but little, why not try it?

"A fool in revolt is infinitely wiser than a learned philosopher apologizing for his chains."—Kossuth.

EDITORIAL

IT IS really refreshing these days to have the months roll around and the current magazines put in an appearance. The changed outlook on social and industrial questions as well as the fact that leading magazines are giving it place is encouraging and significant. Brief excerpts of matter of the character indicated from the July magazines follow.

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS discussing "the Philosophy of Happiness" in The Forum says: "There is a sort of uneasiness creeping over society, the uneasiness which comes upon a man in shabby clothes, the uneasiness which comes over a woman in badly cut ones. The solidarity of the workers and the solidarity of women is suggestive. The happiness of the many is now becoming the imperative demand. The day is not only coming, but is actually here, when to live in luxury while one human creature lacks either bread or joy can only be crucifixion to the spiritual man or woman. To be a millionaire will soon be more pitiable than to be a leper, because it implies extortion, the sweat of brothers for mean ends, and the glutting of one at the expense of many. The seeker for happiness soon finds out the impossibility of real joy on the lines of monopolies in any shape or form."

JETT LAUCK declares in closing an interesting contribution to The North American Review on "The American Wage Earner:"

"The present situation is also developing social and political dangers which demand immediate action. The hopelessness of the wage-earner under existing conditions leads him to receive radical teachings with increasing eagerness, and to follow blindly the revolutionary programs of over-zealous political, social and economic propagandists. The remarkable spread of Socialism in all its forms, the extraordinary growth of such un-American organizations as the Industrial Workers of the World, together with the recent strikes in Lawrence, Massachusetts, Paterson, New Jersey, and other industrial communities, are but an earnest of what may be expected in the

future unless some attempt is made to improve existing industrial conditions. Not only the economic welfare of the American wage earner but the maintenance of our political and social institutions are threatened."

AN EDITORIAL also in The Forum says: "The first report of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, the organization of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is chairman, contains, among others, the following interesting statements:

"Manhattan alone supports 15,000 prostitutes.

"There are 1606 vice resorts of all grades in the borough.

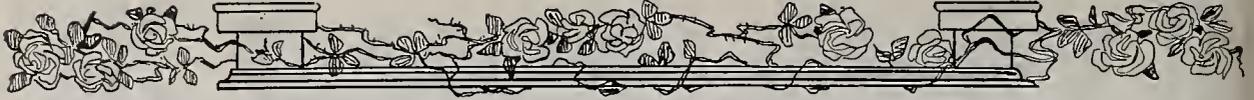
"There are more than 300 'massage parlors' in which not the slightest effort is made to cloak the immoral nature of the real 'business' conducted.

"Thirty of the most tawdry resorts operated as a combine earn in the aggregate at least \$2,000,000 annually.

"Twenty-seven such vice resorts were located in tenements, where, all told, some 500 children under sixteen years of age were playing about the halls.

"The comforting doctrine of 'outward decency' is once more completely vindicated; and the children of the tenements, brought up in such wholesome surroundings, will illustrate in later life the advantages of an admirable environment."

IN THE Atlantic Monthly Ellen Key in her "Education for Motherhood," declares: "A society which sharply restricts inheritances, but protects the right of all children to the full development of their powers; which demands labor of all its members, but allows its women to choose between motherhood and outside work; a society in which attempts to live without work will be dealt with in the same manner as forgery—such a society is coming. But without such radical social transformations, a renaissance of family life is not even conceivable. And it is likely to become actual when the changing order of economics and religion combine forces."



THAT INSIDIOUS LOBBY

QVERY person at all conversant with public affairs during the past quarter of a century has known that the big interests whether in the National Congress or in state legislatures have maintained a lobby for the purpose of influencing legislation.

Labor, too, has had its lobby for the same purpose, moved thereto by self-defense. It has all been a part of that class struggle arising in industry through the division of the product.

The fact has been generally recognized and accepted by the people and they have known that most of the legislation enacted was secured through some kind of undue influence brought to bear upon Senators, Congressmen or legislators.

In recent years, however, it has been the policy of Big Business to be represented in official position by its own magnates instead of by its creatures chosen generally from the parasite class.

A few months ago when President Wilson charged that brakes were being applied to the wheels of legislation by a pernicious Congressional lobby, the sainted Senators and Congressmen raised their hands in holy horror, assumed the role of martyrs and demanded an investigation of the Presidential charge.

The country's citizenship experienced a feeling composed of one part of hilarity to another part of contempt at such manifestation of axiomatic hypocrisy on the part of their statesmen.

The investigation was ordered and is still in progress. The beet sugar lobby, the Lamar imbroglio, and now Colonel Mulhall and the Post, Kirby Jr. and Colonel Pope Manufacturers' Association have been the movies thrown upon the Congressional screen. The developments thus far have surprised no one as all have been in the direction of furnishing concrete proof of general facts before known.

In the face of these proven facts a recent statement of President Wilson's would seem to be well grounded in fact. In the last installment of his "New Freedom" the President declared:

"Don't deceive yourself for a moment as to the power of the great interests which now dominate our development. They are so great it is almost an open question whether the Government of the United States can dominate them or not."

The President is wrong. It is not an open question—save to defenders of the present economic system. Socialists alone have the program by which these "great interests" can be dominated.



A NEW SONG WANTED

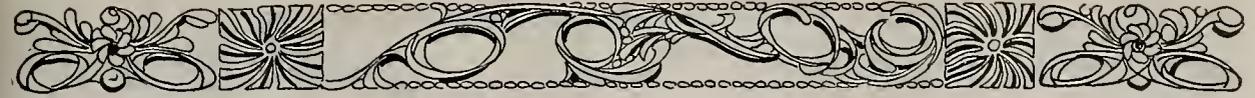
A LONG time ago the poet Hood sang "The Song of the Shirt." It was admirably adapted to the time when written and has become a classic in English literature. Its words are familiar to all school children of the present, as well as to the men and women now living whose school days long since came to an end. The familiar lines run:

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt:'
"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw
A crust of bread—and rags,
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.'"

While this "Song of the Shirt" is still an appropriate one for the sweat shops of the larger cities, yet in the main the evolution in industry has rendered it inappropriate for modern shirt-making.

Said one of the newspapers recently: "A social reformer lately visited a shirt factory, and the foreman started a piece of cloth on the rounds





and made it come out a finished shirt in just six and one-half minutes. One machine made 16,800 buttonholes in a day, or twenty-eight in a minute. In ten hours in this shop a man can cut 250 dozen or 3000 shirts. Just seven girls worked on the shirt. All the modern contrivances now conspire against hand labor."

While a new poet is needed to sing "The Song of the Modern Shirt," it is not a machine poet. There still remains a song in modern shirtmaking for the poet who has eye to see and ear to hear.



NO MORE VENUSES

THE nature of a rule said to have been adopted by Chicago's board of education will occasion surprise as announced by the press of that city. In startling headlines these newspapers say "Chicago schoolma'ams need no longer be Venuses to teach in the public schools." The occasion of this hilariousness is the adoption by the school board of a modification of the rule which provided that applicants for teachers' certificates must be perfect in their physical proportions in order to obtain them. It is a goodly distance from Los Angeles to Chicago, yet many residents of California have seen some of Chicago's schoolma'ams. Upon several occasions the National Educational Association has held its convention in Los Angeles. There were schoolma'ams from Chicago present. It cannot now be recalled that their superlative beauty or Venuslike proportions excited any marked comment. Indeed, it will be news in educational circles that Chicago has ever imagined her schoolma'ams Venuses. For it has been popularly supposed that the schoolma'ams of Chicago were just like the genus everywhere—just plain, ordinary, big-hearted, lovable girls of uncertain age, broad in their culture and in their sympathy, genuinely true as women, teachers and friends.

A grateful people will be glad to know that not in the schools of Chicago or anywhere else are there to be Venus schoolma'ams or any others different from the dear old kind which all know and all love.

THE MAN IN HIS WORK

THE greatest aim of parents should be to find a calling for their children that they can put into their work all that they are in mind and heart. It is not always easy to accomplish, but this goal should ever be in view. It is the best fortune that can be possessed by a man or woman to have trained ability and opportunity in a work to which can be given the utmost enthusiasm and believing energy.

The aim of intelligent society should be so to adjust its activities and the preparation of its youth that native talent may find the best expression. Labor, when adapted to tastes and prepared for by intelligent understanding, is a pleasure rather than a burden. It is only work of this sort, into which the man may throw his whole soul, that counts for permanence and perfect results.

For many years this ideal appealed to those attracted to a few arts and some professions, but did not seem to have any relation to manual occupations. The movement among educators and other advanced workers, for an increased interest in manual arts, during recent years, has been leading large numbers to see that in almost any department of productive work there may be the same life-absorbing interest and high purpose that dignifies the noblest possible callings.

The time will come when it will be deemed the glory of human society to open the way for every child into the form of service to mankind for which it is best fitted, and thus secure full expression of true nature in freedom and joy.

Even now no one should be content to be a drudge, if it is in any degree possible to lift the task assumed or assigned to him into nobility by enthusiasm, high purpose and the artist's joy in work for the work's sake.

Kipling some time ago, before he put his energy into trying to idealize imperial blood and glory, gave beautiful utterance to this attitude: "Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,

Balking the end half won for an instant dole of praise.

Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,

Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men."





THE CHURCH IS ASLEEP

IAST week there were thousands of delegates from all over the nation in Los Angeles in attendance at the national convention of the Society for Christian Endeavor.

A week or more was devoted to the program marked out, yet not in the entire program was there more than passing reference to social and industrial conditions. The newspapers reported a discussion of the white slave traffic in which it was contended that this enormous evil steadily growing was due for the most part to moral weakness on the part of men and women.

And this in face of the fact that every public or private investigation from John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s private commission to those carried on by the legislatures of Illinois and Missouri have reported that an insufficient wage is for the most part the prolific cause of this horrible social scourge.

In another coast city—Seattle—during the same week, Rev. A. J. McKelway, secretary for the Southern states of the National Child Labor Association, in preaching the annual sermon to the conference charged the church with being slothful and the ministers with indolence in not investigating industrial conditions. Society has the right to expect that the church shall be the ethical scout in all matters pertaining to social welfare and human progress, was the assertion of this minister.

Instead of considering these questions the Christian Endeavorers were content to listen to the diatribes and slang of Billy Sunday. How long, oh Lord, how long!



WHAT A BLUSH IS

OURS is an age of analysis. The hand of man is laid ruthlessly upon the finer feelings and emotions of the human heart, regardless of sentiment, and these are subjected as far as may be to rigid scientific analysis.

It were bad enough to analyze the bloom of a peach or the delicate coloring of a pear, but when it comes to the pink of a baby's cheeks, the deli-

cate mingling of pink and red in a maiden's blush, the indescribable but gloriously beautiful color with which the love of her offspring tints the face of a mother, it seems little short of sacrilege to lay bare with the surgeon's knife and scalpel, or trace in scientific terms the minutiae of the modus operandi by which these are produced.

Yet here is the scientific definition of a blush:

"The capillaries or small blood vessels that connect the arteries and veins in the body, form, particularly over the cheeks, a network so fine that it is necessary to employ a microscope to distinguish them. Ordinarily the blood passes through these vessels in normal volumes, leaving only the natural complexion. But when some sudden emotion takes possession of the heart, its action increases and an electric thrill instantly leaps to the cheeks. This thrill is nothing more than the rush of blood through the invisible capillaries; the color is nothing more than the blood just beneath the delicate surface of the skin."

It is things like these which make one long for a return to the days when the smile of a sleeping babe was regarded as its answering smile to the smiles of the angels which guarded its sleeping; when the blush on a maiden's cheek was thought to be a reflection from the face of the goddess of innocence, the guardian angel of maidenhood; when the soft, holy radiance in a mother's face was said to be an expression of that divinity which was ever the accompaniment of motherhood.



GOLDEN RULE IN PRACTICE

READERS of Lowell's poem will recall how when Sir Launfal set out on his pilgrimage he scornfully flung his alms to the beggar at the gate and how upon his return he came feeling that alms are of no avail to the giver save when prompted by a deep sense of fellowship and equality with him to whom they are given.

If the giver would be quite willing to exchange places with the recipient should circumstances require, and if he would then be satisfied with both the aid and the spirit in which it were offered, he may rest assured that in giving





his alms or rendering his service he is observing the spirit as well as the letter of the Golden Rule. To accept the Golden Rule as an ideal for regulating human conduct should mean that whatsoever ye would do for others ye should be willing that others should do for you.

There are far too many Sir Launfals, ready to help at long range with conscious or unconscious disdain. These need the experience of the mythical hero to discover that assistance is worthless and all charity a mockery which does not spring from good will and brotherliness. If the position taken by many relative to the unworthiness of those to whom they give their charities be correct, what satisfaction can they take in the good they are able to do? How can the pride which contends that no one can accept charity and preserve self-respect dream of accomplishing good in its charities?

The spirit which fosters such a pride is the same spirit which places a few favored ones of earth on a pedestal while regarding a large part of humanity as inferior, as made of a somewhat different and an inferior quality of clay from the favored ones of earth, so that to them may be doled out bounty which these superior beings would spurn. The Pharisees are not all dead, but it is time they were. It is time that snobbishness saw itself as it really is and tried to find the simple pattern of democracy and equality. The Golden Rule, if true at all, is as true read backward as forward. Whatsoever of good you would do for men be willing that they should do for you.

* * *

INTERFERING WITH BUSINESS

CALIFORNIA now has measures soon to become laws providing for an eight-hour day for women; conserving the water power of the state to the people; giving workingmen compensation and accident insurance; against renting property for purposes of prostitution and a blue sky law for corporations.

Under the auspices of Big Business the referendum is being invoked against these laws enacted by the last legislature with the probability that none of them can go into effect until after they have been passed upon by popular vote.

“Unwarranted interference with private bus-

iness’ is the claim made by the interests against these laws. It is not urged that these measures are not in the interests of the people. The issue then is between private and public business, between the people and the interests.

Legislation may rest on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, so long as there is no interference with private business. This is the issue today in city, state and nation.

* * *

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

MAN is a strange animal. Most men will declare that women are nervous; that they constantly worry over trifles; they are so easily disturbed; are not philosophical. “If only Mary would not be so easily disturbed by her daily affairs life would be so much easier for her, for the children and myself,” has a familiar sound, has it not? Of course you have heard it before; who has not? “Mary is just a bundle of nerves. I have never yet known that I had a nerve in my body.” These and kindred expressions one hears often from the masculine half of humanity.

But watch this strong, virile man who is not conscious of the possession of nerves when Mary or one of the children is suddenly afflicted with some trifling ailment. Watch his down-sitting and his uprising until the doctor has been summoned and the case has been diagnosed. Mary is cheerful, calm and philosophical. She, if it is one of the children who is sick, goes quietly about her duties, applying simple remedies and calming the irritable child, her calm, even tones soothing the excited nerves of her husband. The philosophy of the household is in the care and keeping of the wife and mother now.

What a big bluffer a man is, anyhow? He is neither as brave, as wise nor as practical as he says he is—and he knows it. He knows that in all the serious troubles and trials of life his wife is the rock under his feet, his place of refuge, his shield and counsel. Yes, he knows it. But how few men even admit it to other than themselves!



PLAYS, PLAYERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

By MILLA TUPPER MAYNARD

A STRANGE CONGLOMERATE

The drama is a fad so absorbing nowadays that almost anything will receive attention that is turned out in drama form. A new play which is receiving much attention is so fantastic and unprecedented that one wonders at first if the authors are not making game of a gullible and drama-mad public.

"The Yellow Jacket" is a creation which resembles nothing heretofore seen in heaven above or earth beneath. It was written by two men, George C. Hazelfon and J. Benrimo and published by Bobbs Merrill & Co.

It has been played successfully in New York and recently in Los Angeles it was "bulletined" by the local Drama League.

All the high-brow critics say it is quite the proper thing so I have dutifully tried to find the beauties and the interest it is said to possess and I have found them without a doubt but I confess that on my own responsibility I should hardly have dared to say it was worth while.

It is a conglomerate based on Chinese ideas, and methods. This would be quite understandable and desirable, but instead of taking the Chinese methods seriously, they are turned into comedy. The Chinese have better imaginations than we and instead of having realistic scenery with horses brought on the stage and other thrilling marvels, they let a stick serve as a horse and wheels for a carriage. In this play, however, the property man who manipulates the meager properties is chief comedian and turns the proceedings into farce. It is certainly funny to have the man who has fallen dead have to wait to hurry the property man before he can lie down on the appropriate wooden pillow for the restful moment before he climbs the ladder to heaven, but it does not seem quite true to the Chinese method.

Everywhere the child methods are mingled with deliberate comedy and lines of exquisite sentiment are voiced under farcical conditions. That it is enjoyable is undeniable and probably the authors knew that they could not give us Chinese atmosphere without giving us at the same time the kind of humor we could appreciate. A unique feature of the play is a "chorus"—a lone man who comes before the curtain to explain matters and sits in majestic dignity through all scenes, ready to explain whatever is not intelligible. He expresses a paternal interest in the actors and does not allow them to appear in answer to applause lest it make them too complaisant. This is not Chinese. It is just itself and altogether charming. Certainly when such a medley as this can find delighted appreciation, no one need fear to be original.

ANOTHER PEACE PLAY

"In the Vanguard," by Katrina Trask, is a new play issued by The Macmillan Company. It is a direct, forceful arraignment of war as plain, unvarnished murder. An atmosphere is pictured such as was found early in the Spanish war in the most patriotic communities. A romantic heroine will not encourage the young man who loves her when he is merely a successful young lawyer. It is only when he gives up his fine prospects and en-

lists for the war that she admits her love for him and enters ardently into the martial preparations of the community.

The expected promotions and heroism are rapidly coming to the hero when he begins to see war as it



"TSO."

A Dainty Character in "The Yellow Jacket."

really is, demoralizing between battles and brutal slaughter during the actual fighting. He comes upon a dying man from the enemy's ranks after an engagement. This man has with his dying eyes begun to see, and to think straight. He shows this friend from the enemy's camp how absurd it is that having torn him to pieces, he should now try to be humane and try to make him comfortable. After it has appeared that both thought they were fighting for a principle, the wounded man says: "There you go. Don't you see we can't both be right—we can't both be working for a true principle—it's tommyrot. You kill me for righteousness and I kill you for righteousness—don't you see it's silly? Don't you see that the only thing which might justify murder, becomes its condemnation? If you and I each honestly thought we were morally

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

Oh, Free Human Heart, wherever you may be! I speak to you.

I am the Spirit of Independent Womanhood, sorely grieved and utterly lonely.

Far and wide I traverse the Earth, searching for fellowship; down broad boulevards of great cities and through murky, narrow alleys; in the happy sunlight of midday and in the foreboding silence of midnight; over snowy heights and boundless plains; along sandy, wind-swept beaches and by firesides blessed with laughing children. And always I am lonely—utterly lonely.

Though I knock alike at the doors of the miserable and the merry; the farmer and the factory hand; the merchant and the mendicant; though I call alike to old women and young women, to plutocracy and poverty, it is seldom that I am heard. Sometimes a woman or a man faintly hears my summons and opens the door, only to gaze about with vague, unseeing eyes. Then rarely, oh so rarely, my knock is heard by tense listeners, the door is eagerly thrown open, I am seen and wise hearts follow my bidding.

But for the most part, I am lonely—utterly lonely.

* * *

Yet I have not always been a Stranger at the Gates. Listen!

Once I was known and loved in this America from the adobe pueblos of New Mexico to the wigwam villages of the Columbia. Aye, even to the banks of the mighty Yukon. Then my abode was with the Indian women; the women who were brave, wise, and FREE, because they fed, clothed and sheltered their people.

In my lone wanderings recollections come to me of that time.

Listen, my Comrade, wherever you are, and I will tell you of those days. I had visionings of them but a short hour ago.

* * *

From the calm height of a California mountain I looked again upon a cluster of wigwams in a clearing below. I saw the women hoeing maize and grinding meal that they might bake cakes for their children;

saw them weaving baskets with swift, ingenious fingers; saw rugs of amazing colors and pottery of artistic design with which their industry had enriched the tribe. Looking again, I saw a group of maidens heading moccasins, humming songs the while. Others were making garments to protect the warriors from wet and cold when on the hunt. In the distance, echoing through the big timber, I heard the sound of axes and the music of voices as the tribal mothers cut poles for new wigwams.

Everywhere were the evidences of women's labor—arduous labor, it is true, but not degrading because it was not slave labor. It was joyous labor because it was willing and creative.

Later there was a council gathering at which sat women as well as men. And I heard that the women spoke firmly, wisely. They guarded the children well. They took precautions that there should be no poverty in the tribe. None were more alert than they in demanding efficiency and honesty from those in the high places. Masters of their own time and labor, except for the ruling of an unconquered Nature, these women guided the tribe with hand and mind, protecting the liberties of each and all.

As I watched, the gloaming fell upon the wilderness and camp fires sprang up here and there like glow worms. Then from the depths of the forest, as though having awaited the signal of the firelight, came the carressing notes of a warrior's love song, drifting through the leafy isles on the wings of the night breezes. I remembered that he sought a free maiden and that he sought her fairly, so I was happy.

* * *

But while I stood there on the hill-top, the vision vanished, and instead of the pure notes of the lover's song I heard the discordant voice of a policeman. I awoke to find myself in an ugly alley, with the evidence of a common, sordid tragedy before me—a girl of the streets, a flashily dressed man, and an officer.

From that moment I have felt more keenly than usual the stings of the man-governed world which has superseded that simple Indian life. It has made me des-

right, then it was a case for arbitration not for murder. The battle in which this man has been killed was one which had given Phillip the expected opportunity for distinguishing himself. The general tells him he fought like a tiger and tries to make him a captain. He refuses the commission and thereafter will only carry the colors, not pull a trigger. The author kindly supplies him with an exceptional superior officer or poor Phillips resolution would have cost him more than they did. As it was, public opinion brought him martyrdom enough. His fellow soldiers scorned him and at home he was regarded as a disgrace to the community. Phillip writes Elsa of his new convictions but has not heard from her when he returns home to meet cold shoulders. Even in his own home, he is made to feel an outcast. Then Elsa appears full of sympathy and understanding. She has been educated during his absence by a Tolstoy

disciple and so is able to see her lover's position. This teacher is a rich man who can supply Phillip with the necessary "job" and all live happy ever after.

The play is not too "preachy." It has much of action and seems to me well adapted to amateur presentation. Most of it happens out of doors and all of it could be given in pastoral fashion. For the benefit of those looking for plays for amateurs let me say: The book costs \$1.25. It is not copyrighted except in the ordinary book fashion. Sudden death is not threatened against such as shall dare to read aloud the creation except behind closed doors, as is true of many recent plays.

Any number of young girls can be used but only two or three have lines of any length. Five or six fairly strong men are required. There is provision for a dance on the village green which can be made elaborate if desired or omitted altogether.

olate, that sharp contrast. It has made me call for you, Lover of True Womanhood, whoever you may be.

Gliding through the streets, alone and unseen, I see humanity without the muffling clothes of hypocrisy. I see that the crude tools and wigwam workshops are displaced by never sleeping factories and marvelously productive machines. But I know that the crude tools belonged to the entire tribe and were used to serve everyone, whereas the machines are in the possession of a few and are used as a hunger-lash to whip over the heads of the many. I see that where women once labored to serve the tribe, men now labor to create profit. Because of these things, I see society divided into bitterly antagonistic classes, waging a war that holds nothing sacred; neither the honor of a man, the strength of a woman, nor the youth of a child; a war which makes of the dispossessed a class of slaves and of the possessors a class of tyrants.

* * *

And the women—who long ago were the peace-keepers, the guardians of the tribal property, the home builders, the laborers!

The chains of dependence hang heavily upon them and they hug their chains. The officials in the high places exploit the common weal and they say, "It is not our affair. Our work is in the home." Profit mongers criminally poison the food of the nation and again they say, "Our jurisdiction extends only over the home." Their clothes are dyed with the blood of childish fingers, but they say, "They are not our children." The work of the world—their work—has become complex. It has departed from the home for the factory, the store, the restaurant, the laundry, the office, the school, the legislature, but they make small effort to follow it.

Once they rendered large service to a large group. Now they render petty service to a petty group.

But I am not discouraged. I appeal to all alike; to those whom a heavy servitude has crushed; to those whom rose chains have intoxicated; to the foolish who turn away; to the dastardly who revile me; to the timid who fear me; to the parasites who hate me. And I say to you, though they now turn away, the time is not far off when they will eagerly respond.

There will come a time when timid womanhood will see the strugglings of the babes in the mart and find timidity irksome; when parasitical womanhood will hear the cries and curses of the downtrodden and find parasitism loathsome; when foolish womanhood will shatter its bonds and bear again with men the burden of responsibility for social welfare.

* * *

When that time arrives the pain of the Present will be forgotten and the freedom of the Past will be outdone by the happy fellowship of the future. Although humanity was free from the tyranny of its own kind during matriachal times, it was the slave of precarious Nature. Though women were independent of men, they were not the comrades of men. Though the tribe owned the tools, they were poor instruments, necessitating much drudgery.

In the dimly outlined Future there will be neither slavery to man nor to Nature. There will be neither class dominance nor sex dominance. Men and women will labor together in the world; not women alone as heretofore, or men alone as now, but both together in a universal comradeship.

When that time arrives, I will come to my own.

But at present I wait and am lonely—utterly lonely.



IN FUNNYLAND



A LEGAL MATTER

A woman walked into the office of the courtroom one busy day and, addressing the judge, said:

"Are you the Reprobate judge?"

"I am the Probate judge, madam."

"That's what I mean," she continued. "You see, I have come to you because I am in trouble. My husband was studying to be a minister at a logical seminary and he died detested and left me three little infidels, and I have come to you to be appointed their executioner."

* * *

WELL QUALIFIED

"You are the proprietor and a pharmacist of the first class?"

"Yes, madam."

"And you know your business well?"

"From the foundation."

"That is well. Give me two cents' worth of gum drops."—Le Rire.

* * *

Griggs—Your wife no longer objects to your staying out nights. How did you manage it?

Briggs—I began smoking in the house the cigars she bought to keep me at home.

* * *

"How's your husband this morning, Mrs. Finnigan?"

"Oh, he's very poorly, yer riverence! And it's a

mighty expensive disease he's got. The docthor says I've to kape him in good spirits."

* * *

Gillet—I managed to say just the right thing to old Pessimist on the anniversary of his birth.

Perry—What was that?

Gillet—Wished him many unhappy returns of the day.

* * *

"What are your views on the great public problems?"

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

* * *

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING

They were speaking of the extremes to which trustification might go.

"Moonlight by meter will be the next thing," declared the pessimistic one.

"It'll be meet meet 'er by moonlight instead," retorted the gay one as a bit of white fluff loomed through the haze.

* * *

"Brown's a lucky dog." "What's he been doing now?" "You know that \$1000 he inherited a year ago?" "Yes." "Well, he still has it."

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

Visitors coming to California from other sections of the country frequently remark upon the number of remarkable women found here. The breadth, culture, resourcefulness and variety in interest of our women have already occasioned national comment and their fame is rapidly becoming international.

The Socialist party has the proud distinction of claiming as its own many in this "advancing margin" of womanhood. These are not "new women" in the ordinary sense of that hackneyed term. They are women who through the many activities of all kinds now open to the women of the state have availed themselves of the opportunity thus offered to secure an all round development in striking contrast with that one-sided development which has been the lot of women in earlier generations and which still obtains in some of the less progressive older sections of the country.

Among the women of whom the Socialist party has the right to be proud is one who, although she is a party member, is not as well-known inside as outside the party. Margaret E. More is a teacher of history in the Sonoma High School and a member at large in the Socialist party.

Some months since the San Francisco Bulletin published an article from her pen entitled "The Heart of the Woman Question." Last week at Berkeley at the annual State Teachers' Convention she gave another paper on "History in the Making of the Citizen."

Some pregnant excerpts from these two addresses together with an excellent portrait of their author are here given.

"Prof. H. Morse Stephens says that every age must write its own history. Every age must employ its own historical interpretation. Whether it must or not, the truth remains that it does. Each age has its own particular perspective. We are interpreting history today through the medium of economics. Not heroes, but vast popular under-currents constitute history for us. It is particularly fitting that we should do this. We are truly living in an industrial age, the great events are moving around the creation of things. To join oceans, to make gardens of the arid deserts, to pierce the earth to incredible depths—there are the great events of our time.

"The one great Democrat of the early period of our national life gave the best test of good government that was ever uttered. Jefferson said: "This is the sum of good government, it shall restrain men from injuring one another, and it shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned."

Not to take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. History records governments that have concerned themselves with that principally. The world is awakening to this fact. No teacher is alive who is not familiar with the exploitation of labor and can watch it going on down through the ages. The child sees in ancient history men enslaving other men by the ownership of their bodies. This form of slavery ends. A new government arises. This government gave men the right to their own bodies, but enslaved them just as surely by means of the possession of the land upon which they must live. The sway of the feudal

baron was broken. Men came to get their living elsewhere than upon the land, by trade and commerce in the cities. Hence the child has two phases of exploitation. What do they mean to him? Nothing unless he knows that the third chapter in this cycle is today being written. Namely, the overthrow of industrial feudalism.

In the midst of great accomplishment the world is nearing a crisis. The air is vibrant with it. The old master-slave economy gave way to feudalism, this feudal land nexus between man and man was replaced by a more varied property relation which we have come to call capitalism. Today capitalism is crumbling to give way to something else. What this change is going to bring remains to be seen, but that it is approaching every teacher of history must realize and prepare the future electorate to meet it.

When woman's employment in the home slipped away what did she do? The only thing she could do—she followed her work into the factory, the packing house, the department store, wherever her toil had gone before her; the home stands idle—a place of respite perhaps, a social unit, but its industry is gone forever. Woman toils the same except for this difference, this tremendous difference, her father or husband is no longer her employer. She has become an economic entity. The wage she receives comes to her hand directly from her employer, between whom and herself the sole nexus is an economic one. The wage is hers, hers to keep, to spend, hers by every law of possession. It was a stupendous occasion when woman found this stranger employer. For the first time in the course of the race, she became a separate economic entity. Out of this arose the cry for the ballot. Economic importance always demands political recognition.

There is another woman not peculiar to our age, but existing in all ages—"the woman stoned." We are only beginning to speak of her. She differs among us in number only, being in far greater proportion than ever before. She has borne all the burden of her sin instead of half of it; she was brought alone to the stoning while her compeer went scot free. And she never disputed you. And you went on your way thinking your God marked the sparrow's fall and took no heed of hers. But her vengeance came and continued sure and awful. She says nothing, but she sends your children to asylums for the blind; she corrupts your son; she creates a demand for her kind to supply which your daughter is abducted in a diabolical traffic; she incapacitates your husband for fatherhood! she sends you through his agency to the operating table. By the argument of deeds she has changed your over nice notions and by the logic of science she has proven her sisterhood. You are finding out illuminating facts in her favor; that she is there mainly because she is poor; that in the alternative of sin or starvation she has chosen to live. And the answer to her problem? Not that despairing cry of "A million years before she can be removed." Let us rather set about making it possible for her to earn a living wage and something above that to satisfy her normal craving for feminine vanities.

BOONS and READINGS

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THE POET-LAUREATE

Once upon a time there lived a good, old king—there! I've done it! After fasting and prayer, I open this "piece for the paper" as did the old-fashioned story writers. Well, this king sat on the British throne; he was James I. Along with a wife and a host of worries, he had a court jester, whose business it was to make the king laugh in a most hilarious manner, for this king would be a jovial, merry old soul. But, this king had an inordinate fondness for rhymes, so, he did something revolutionary—he gave Great Britain a new institution, the Right Honourable Ancient Order of Poet-laureates. Ben Johnson was the first poet-laureate and he received the munificent salary of thirty dollars a month. Many poet-laureates have come and gone, but the thirty-dollar salary is still here. The jestership went to decay with the Stuarts, but the poet-laureateship survives even to this day.

Poet-laureates, like jesters, are expected to make the king feel good. Thus, when the king's birthday comes around, the poet-laureate is expected to write a magnificent poem memorializing this momentous happening. Should the dear, old king happen to sneeze, the poet-laureate must rush to his quill and dash off something pregnant with touching pathos. For this, he gets thirty dollars a month and the privilege of eating with the Chancellor of Something-or-Other on divers dignified occasions.

It may surprise the reader to learn that quite a number of rhymsters have held down the laureateship since the days of James I. And a glance at the names convinces one that kings are not good judges of poetry. We have little fellows writing verses in popular magazines who have done better work than the majority of the poet-laureates. Take some of the laureates: Whitehead, Scogon, Pye, Ensden and Kay—ever hear of them? They were poet-laureates! They are the gentlemen who drew the thirty-dollar salaries. They did not set the world on fire. Expected to writes odes to the odors of a disgusting, decaying state, their verses were, to put it lightly, quite smelly.

On June 2, Alfred Austin died at Kent. Seventy-seven years old, he succumbed to senility. Of course, his verses had always been senile, but that is beside the question. He, like most of the laureates, made no impression on literature. The greatest use ever made of the laureates was to enable self-appointed critics to quarrel over a successor. Thus, ten minutes after Austin went across the border, all England was in a fierce polemic.

Austin, be it known, was a satisfactory laureate. When the Duke of Clarence suffered influenza, Mr. Austin odeified as follows:

"Along the wire the electric message came,
He is not better; he is much the same!"

This, for all time, ought to convince the skeptical that Mr. Austin really earned his princely salary of thirty dollars a month. His poetry was like a water-

color—with plenty of emphasis on the water. His name will nestle close to the other laureates—Whitehead, Scogon, Pye, Ensden and Kay—and stay there. Critics persist in the sneering remark that he was made poet-laureate not because he was a great poet but because he had succeeded in failing to do lots of sinful things. His virtues were in omission rather than in deed. He was a lawyer, critic, politician, novelist and war correspondent. His friends, who loved poetry and knew him to be the worst laureate in history, defended him by saying he was a splendid lawyer. Lawyers looked on him as a fine critic. Critics were fond of his war correspondence. War correspondents admired his novels. His friends showed their love for him by ignoring his poetry, as did the discriminating public. They knew that when he aspired for the sublime peaks he could go no farther than to lash himself to a chimney.

It is a sad commentary on Alfred Austin when one considers that his death has caused persons of critical tastes to ask that laureates be tabooed. It has been charged that poet-laureates, like jesters, are useless and obsolete. That is a disturbing allegation. It has been contended that Premier Asquith (who is in charge of the poet-laureate business) should not retain a poet to take the late Austin's place. That is an anarchistic doctrine. Just because a thing is an anachronism it does not follow that it should not be perpetuated. A king, it is generally agreed, is a mere ornament, but that does not mean he should be forced to abdicate. Such Socialistic ideas should be knocked on the head.

England must have a poet-laureate. That is self-evident. Who shall it be? The list of poets is not meagre and includes Rudyard Kipling, William Watson, John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, Thomas Hardy, William Butler Yeats, Alice Meynell, Stephen Phillips and John Henry Newholt.

Kipling, it is argued, is not in favor with the royal family, for he is said to have offended Victoria in his "Barrack Room Ballads," calling her "the widow of Windsor" and adding

"with an 'airy grey crown to 'er 'ead."

In addition, Kipling is known to have little regard for women. This, in the mind of Premier Asquith, is a serious fault. Asquith shows his regard for women by not permitting suffragists to starve, using tender and loving methods when forcing them to eat.

William Watson, unfortunately, has written some radical poems. This is a difficult handicap. He wrote a poem about Mrs. Asquith, calling her "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue." So it appears as though he won't get the thirty-dollar job.

William Butler Yeats, the Mystic Celt, will not be retained as poet-laureate. The reason is not hard to find: he is Irish. We could as easily have a Japanese policeman in California as have an Irish poet-laureate in England.

Alice Meynell has been mentioned. Alice! That name brings a picture of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst into my mind. Alice! Never! Not so long as there is danger of being converted to the camp of the Militant

Suffragists. Imagine a poet-laureate degenerating so low as to sing:

"Lily smashed the royal gems,
And drowned the keeper in the Thames.
What does this girlish prank denote?
O, just that Lily wants to vote."

Thomas Hardy is looked upon as harmless. He is very, very old and rarely writes poetry. He stands a good chance.

Alfred Noyes is conservative and patriotic. He believes a Britisher can do no wrong. For that reason, he may get the thirty-dollar job. The only obstacle is his youth. There is danger that he may develop into a great poet with social spirit and enthusiasm. Asquith does not believe in taking chances, so Noyes may not get the thirty-dollar job.

John Masefield, an English journalist says, would have to "tone down considerably" before he could even be considered. Imagine Masefield toning down! Imagine him writing an ode to the King's garter!

In John Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy," Saul Kane meets the "old parson, red-eyed as a ferret," and after telling him

"The English Church both is and was
A subsidy of Calaphas,"

delivers himself of the following scorching attack:

"You let him give the man who digs,
A filthy hut unfit for pigs,
Without a well, without a drain,
With mossy thatch that lets in rain,
Without a 'lotment, 'less he rent it,
And never meat, unless he scent it,
But weekly doles of 'eleven shilling
To make a grown man strong and willing,
To do the hardest work on earth
And feed his wife when she gives birth,
And feed his little children's bones.
I tell you, man, the Devil groans.
With all your main and all your might
You back what is against what's right;
You let the Squire do things like these,
You back him in't and give him ease,
You take his hand, and drink his wine,
And he's a hog, but you're a swine."

Yes, "toning down" John Masefield would be as easy a task as "toning down" dear, old "Mother" Jones to enable her to become the Second Lady-in-Waiting to Her Majesty, the queen of the United Kingdom!

I feel that I have wasted altogether too much time in discussing candidates for a thirty-dollar job. This magazine is published by persons of Socialist ideals who believe in the principles of unionism and who are opposed to open-shop salaries. They would much prefer to have me discuss plans towards unionizing poet-laureates so that they will not be forced to slave away at starvation wages writing odes to the King's kitten. Who knows but that they are right! Who knows but that my efforts might be crowned with success! Then, the poet-laureate would go on strike three days prior to the King's birthday, and there would be no ode.

Or if, by some incomprehensible turn of the wheel of fate, the laureate were to become an I. W. W., he might become converted to the perfidious, mendacious and meretricious doctrine of sabotage. Then, he might make King George rhyme with rage. He might, in accordance with the philosophy of Arturo Giovannitti, Andre Tridon, William D. Haywood or Emile Pouget, cut here and there a few feet from his verses. Sabotage,

used by a poet-laureate, might bring a thousand a month instead of a paltry thirty dollars.

The above was written about one week after the death of Sir Alfred Austin. And now, just as this magazine is getting ready to go to press, comes the report that Robert Bridges, a retired London hospital physician, 69 years old, has been named as poet-laureate. I know only two or three of his poems and think they are not worth discussing. The thing that grieves me is that my article is "spoiled."

Two Bills of Fare

(Continued from page 165.)

standards for themselves is found on another page of the same papers that printed Mrs. Cooley's report. There is another bill of fare—this latter one not recommended to working people so it is doubtless kept for those who do not work. One day's menu is as follows:

SUNDAY BREAKFAST

Strawberries	Oatmeal jelly and cream
Tom Thumb baked omelets	
Batter Bread	Coffee

LUNCHEON

Saratoga chips	Cold corn beef, sliced	Buttered toast
Orange layer cake		Iced tea

DINNER

Split pea soup (stock from corn beef)		
Roast chickens	Boiled rice	Green peas
	Raspberry ice cream	
Cake		Coffee

The corresponding one for working folks is:

SUNDAY BREAKFAST

Nothing

LUNCH

1 cup of cocoa
2 slices whole wheat bread

DINNER

1 boiled potato
Five cents' worth baked beans

How do you like it? How do you like to see the idle exploiters flaunt their good living while at the same time they urge on you and on your children a diet that is sure to cause a physical and possibly even a moral breakdown?

The food which we eat forms the energy of our bodies—food together with the oxygen is the power that makes the engine of the body go. Never give up. Demand good, wholesome food and fresh air. If necessary fight for these things for if we do not die for them, we will certainly die without them.

OUR LANGUAGE

Oh, the copper on the beat is no coin,
And his star doesn't shine from aloft;
His billy never says a single word,
He doesn't pinch his job, though its soft;
He pounds his heat all day and never hurts,
His round is often square, so they say;
Think these things are funny? Never mind!
Its our way of talking; just our way!



"THE MARCH TO JAIL." KIRK AND McKEE SECOND AND THIRD FIGURES FROM LEFT.

FROM BEHIND JAIL BARS

An interview with E. E. Kirk and Harry M. McKee follows. These are the Socialist attorneys of San Diego who were convicted and sent to jail for "conspiracy to violate the anti-street-speaking ordinance." Their offense was that they spoke on the street at the beginning of the Free Speech fight, which eternally disgraced the business element of San Diego a year ago. The sentences of Kirk and McKee are six months and three months respectively. At the expiration of these sentences, there is a fine of \$300 each, which must be paid or they stay in jail 150 days longer. The cases were appealed to the Supreme Court. The convictions were upheld.

As it is almost impossible to see and talk to these men, Mr. Kirk has interviewed Mr. McKee and then himself for *The Western Comrade*.

By E. E. Kirk



ARRY McKEE sat on a folding chair, reading, his feet on the third step on an iron stairway, when I asked him, "Say, old man, how shall I say you like jail life?"

Down came both feet. "Just say I don't like it," said McKee emphatically. "I don't imagine any man would like it. Then, the absurdity of putting men in jail! We two, for instance. As though jail would make us less radical, or would

make us love the capitalist regime more. The only saving clause for me is that I'm getting rested, for the first time in my life."

"Why, Mr. McKee," I said. "You don't mean to say this is your first time in jail?"

"Yes, it is," replied Harry M. "That is, in a real jail, for a definite time. I was arrested in 1906, in Council Bluffs, Iowa. The chief of police honored me by taking my arm all the way to the station. I had read the Declaration of Independence on the street. That was only for a couple of hours, though, and the case was laughed out of court. I have been in the Socialist Party for fourteen years, too, so that's a pretty good record."

"And since that Council Bluffs affair, you've kept out of jail, have you?"

"Yes, sir, until February, 1912. That is when you, darn you, were one of the 38 others arrested with me;

then we all laid in the city jail for twenty hours."

"All right. Now tell about your jail life. What do you do, and what is done to you all day?"

"That's easy, for we've had the one routine since June 30. There are two meals, one at eight-thirty in the morning, and the other at four in the afternoon. For the first meal there is mush, alleged coffee, unsweetened, and a piece of uncut bread. The whole is encased in a deep bread pan and shoved along the floor. The second meal is either beans or stew, a tin cup of tea, escorted by bread, all in the never-to-be-forgotten bread pan. The food is all right, but the method of serving and its appearance knocks all its good qualities.

"We read—I'm sure the readers will know that we may have books—and we reply to letters received, conduct what's left of business by mail, and write out thoughts for future use."

"Now, Mr. McKee, you have been in San Diego a number of years, so will you tell briefly what the Free Speech fight was all about, and if it was really Free Speech that was involved, or was it an I. W. W. invasion for their propaganda?"

"I certainly will," said McKee. "That's one thing that should be straightened out. The trouble began with the efforts of the Merchants' Association to make San Diego an open town. Their biggest buildings were being built with non-union labor. Street meetings, which had been held for years, were the best means of reaching the non-union element. The Socialists had

used these meetings every night. The Council passed an emergency ordinance; that afforded no chance for a referendum. It prohibited street speaking within the only district where one could get an audience. The Socialist local voted unanimously to oppose and test the ordinance. The Federated Trades Council also voted unanimously to support the Free Speech League, which was practically organized by the Socialists. The I. W. W. had three delegates on the executive committee of the League, out of a total of more than thirty delegates. When men went to jail to test the ordinance, there were more I. W. W.'s who made the sacrifice than others. The capitalists find it easier to discredit the Industrial Workers than the Socialists, and their papers pictured the fight as an invasion of the I. W. W. But when it came to prosecuting the cases, the facts showed up. The Socialists were prosecuted bitterly and the I. W. W.'s were given freedom on various grounds. No, it was a Free Speech fight, and I think it is a mistake for any radical to assist the capitalists in condemning a portion of the working class."

"Good, I agree with you, even if this isn't my interview," I said. "But you're not looking any too well, old man. Does the jail affect your health?"

"Yes, to some extent it does. The jail is so new that the concrete is not completely dry, and I have a constant cold. My health has been injured by the systematic campaigning for free speech during the fight; the loss of business, months of time and strain of doing all I could has hurt. Then the sight of these foolish bars and bolts is stifling. They bear down on one and smother. Not the immediate personal effect, of course, but the glaring instance they present of the cruelties and barbarities of the system. I dare say that the only radical thought that has been publicly proclaimed to the prisoners was what they heard of the speeches made by you and myself the day we held the street meeting in front of the jail before coming inside."

"What message have you for the comrades, Mr. McKee?"

"Just this. It seems to me that we must, as Socialists, take warning by San Diego, and make sure that our Free Speech is not wrested from us in other places. The Socialists of California are powerful enough right now to prevent any recurrence of the San Diego methods. An initiative measure would do it. A constitutional amendment declaring that no legislative body may restrict free speech, directly or indirectly, could be had. Freedom of speech means our opportunity to carry on our work. There cannot be too much free speech. Let anyone speak their thoughts, just as they write them, and be responsible, civilly or criminally, for any damage to any person by such speaking."

(Note—This is where the writer interviews the interviewer.)

Question: "Well, Comrade Kirk, do you agree with what Mr. McKee says?"

Answer: "Not altogether; life would be too easy if I agreed with Mr. McKee. But with his details of jail life, I have to not only agree, but be present."

Q. "How do you feel about the jail conditions?"

A. "The one thing that impresses me is the similarity to army life; I find that the treatment a soldier receives from the government while serving it faithfully, and the treatment accorded to a convicted prisoner, as punishment, is practically the same."

Q. "You don't mean it?"

A. "Yes, I do. I served during the war with Spain in the Twentieth Kansas (Funston's) Regiment. This body had as good or better treatment than the regulars.

But in the army one gets up at a bugle blast at sunrise, whether there is any reason or not. Here we rise only for breakfast. Bars keep one in here; bayonets in the army. In each place the guards are armed. The food is much the same, yes, just about. There is not so much unpaid work in the average jail as there is in the army. And when the term of the soldier and the prisoner expire, they are each glad to quit, and swear never to do it again."

Q. "Isn't that rather hard on the soldier?"

A. "No, I don't think it is. The soldier will appreciate the comparison; every ex-soldier will recognize it. If it were investigated, the recruiting offices would be even harder worked to obtain men."

Q. "How do you like the jail?"

A. "It could be worse; generally is, I understand. But personally, I'm the healthiest of animals; just the kind that should go to jail. There is no shame attached, so my temperment doesn't suffer. Then, here's Harry M. McKee for company. That's the one bright spot. There are so many things we disagree about that we stay in every evening and argue. We play chess—but Harry wins. That's why he didn't mention it."

Q. "Didn't you count on winning on your appeals?"

A. "No, I can't say that I did. I have been in the Socialist Party for twelve years, and have seen enough to lose faith in the fairness of the courts when business men are to be favored or the working class discouraged. My opinion of the review our cases got in the higher courts is well expressed in a letter before me. It says there was only one statement and one answer possible on appeal. They were: Kirk and McKee have been convicted of conspiring to commit a misdemeanor. Here's a glorious chance to soak them. All those in favor of bumping their respective heads say Aye. Carried unanimously. Sentences affirmed."

Q. "What is your solution for free speech troubles?"

A. "First, the initiative measure proposed by McKee. Also, an increase in the red card membership of the Socialist Party. That's the answer. The organization is the thing. Let's do our fighting as an organization, choosing the ground and making the issue."

Q. "And the future, what about that?"

A. "We must cheerfully stay here until the authorities have their portion of our lives. That cannot be replaced. When we are free again, physically, we may speak in several cities of California, in response to invitations. Then we take up our daily tasks. But we'll always be for the working class from Alpha to Omega. If our stay in jail makes for propaganda, it is worth while. We are satisfied that there will always be men and women to make any sacrifice that will unite the workers for Socialism."

ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD

By Frank Taylor

Lo—to the battle-ground of Life,
Child, you have come, like a conquering shout,
Out of a struggle—into strife;
Out of a darkness—into doubt.

Girt with the fragile armor of Youth,
Child, you must ride into endless wars,
With the sword of protest, the buckler of truth,
And a banner of love to sweep the stars. . . .

Be to the darkened world, a flame;
Be to its unconcern a blow—
For out of its pain and tumult you came,
And into its tumult and pain you go.

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