

The Western Comrade

February,
1914

Price
Ten Cents

The Fighting
Magazine of the
Great West

WINNING
LABOR
For SOCIALISM

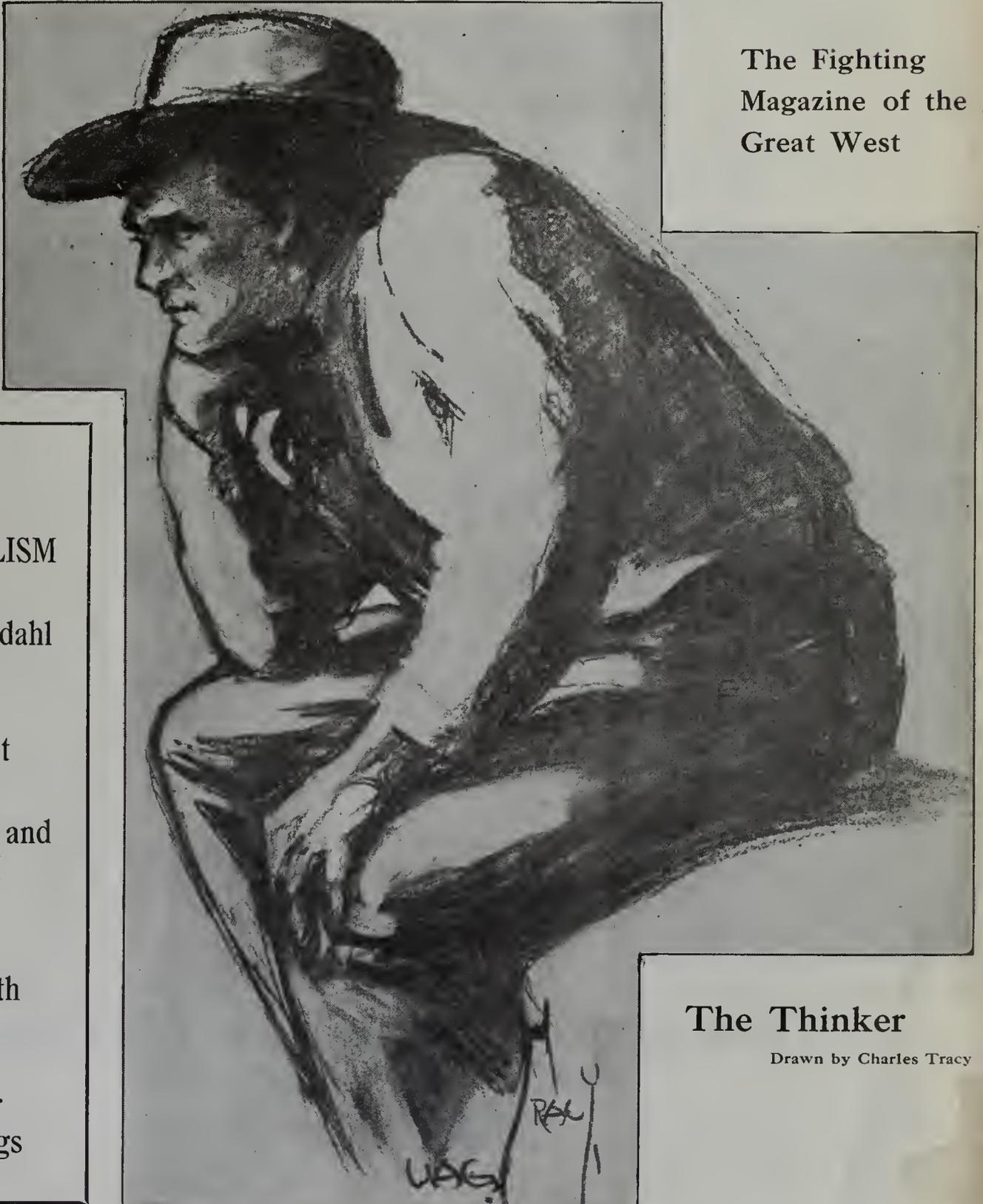
By
J. L. Engdahl

First of a Great
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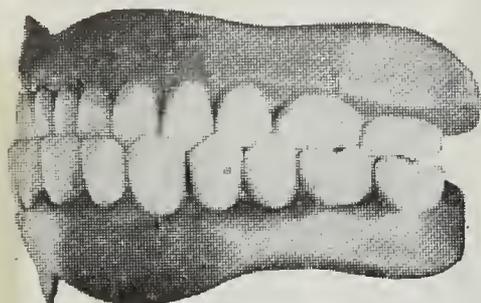
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The Thinker

Drawn by Charles Tracy

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The Western Comrade is going after every Socialist and near Socialist in the West. We want one dollar from each and for that dollar we will send twelve issues of the liveliest, snappiest, happiest, most constructive, best edited Socialist magazine on the map. We want YOU to be the one to get those dollars in YOUR town. You've no idea how easy it is. Ten a day is the easiest thing in the world for a live one to get. And, believe us, ten a day will get you the best eats you've had in many a long moon.

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Get our proposition for this work. It'll hold you safe for the winter and as long after that as you care to keep on the job. We are making a LIBERAL proposition to ONE man or woman in every town because we want this magazine to go into every Socialist and near Socialist home in the West. We want to ginger up things for Socialism. Don't put this off; WRITE TODAY, enclosing reference from your local Socialist Secretary. None but good, steady, reliable folks on this job. It's a good job for good, reliable hustlers who can make good. If you're that kind, get your letter in the mail quick!

The Western Comrade, P. O. Box 135, Los Angeles

THE GOOD PRIESTS OF DUBLIN

WHEN it was sought to send the children of Lawrence away from the strike zone, where food was scarce, it was chiefly the pious persons who resented any such move. They didn't seem to want the children properly fed. Just recently James Larkin made an attempt to send the children of Dublin strikers to Belfast. Of course, Dublin is Catholic and Belfast is Protestant, but what of that, when children need food? That wasn't the view of the pious folks of Dublin, however, for a delegation, headed by priests, appeared to stop the children. Religion is religion, and politics is politics, and strikes are strikes, and starvation is starvation, and that's a thing that some folks never do seem able to comprehend. And when they don't comprehend they sometimes get nipped for monkeying around machinery where they don't belong.—C. M. W.

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- Knowledge in the heads of the workers means LIBERTY!

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The New Owners of the Western Comrade and What Their Plans Are



THE WESTERN COMRADE, now firmly established and almost a whole year old, has changed hands. This number is the first under the new management. Emanuel Julius and Chester M. Wright are the new owners and editors. This is a statement of who the new owners are, and what they plan for The Western Comrade.

Emanuel Julius is one of the most able and best-known Socialist fiction writers in America. Several years ago he was on the editorial staff of the New York Call. More recently he was connected with The Milwaukee Leader and The Chicago World. He was a frequent contributor to The Coming Nation, and his work has appeared in many other magazines. He has been one of the associate editors of this magazine since its inception, as well as a member of the Los Angeles Citizen staff. Comrade Julius will assume the business management of the magazine, as well as exercising joint voice with Comrade Wright in the editorial management.

Chester M. Wright has been in "the writing game" for almost ten years. He hails from Milwaukee, latterly known to thousands as Seidelburg. In Milwaukee he worked as city editor of The Sentinel and in the same capacity for The Journal. He established, and for three and one-half years edited, the first Socialist daily paper in America, The Manitowoc (Wis.) Tribune. That city had then and now has a Socialist mayor. Two years ago he became first editor of The Social-Democrat. Returning to Milwaukee, he assumed city editorship of The Leader, later going to The Chicago World, and returning to The Social-Democrat a year ago. He now is editor of that paper. So much for "who" the new owners are. They are jointly and equally interested in The Western Comrade, and everlastingly interested in Socialism.

As you have seen, the magazine has been changed in size. The new size was chosen for a number of reasons. First, it enables us to bring to you the same amount of reading matter in a larger size of type, a welcome change to those who read much. The editors have felt that a more attractive magazine could be furnished in the new size, as well as one more easily read. It is hoped that you will like the new style.

Just a word as to policy. First of all, this magazine will continue to stand for that constructive Socialism that is putting the great West so manifestly in the vanguard of the American Socialist movement. This magazine stands unequivocally for constructive Socialism, for solidarity in our own ranks and for an eternal hammering at the profit system. It will be the aim, however, to enlarge on two features. The co-operative movement will have the earnest support of this magazine. That must not be taken to mean that this

magazine will outline any special form of co-operation as a model for all to follow. We stand for co-operation because we believe we have reached that point where we must co-operate so as to husband our strength and our resources for our political fight. We believe the Socialist movement is intelligent enough and resourceful enough to make co-operation a success and a blessing. We see no reason for the continued drain on our resources occasioned by a quiescent attitude toward the plucking process.

This magazine will champion and explain the feminist movement, not as something apart from the Socialist movement, but as a part of it—and a big part. Chief among the writers who will contribute articles bearing on this subject will be Eleanor Wentowrth, who already has done magnificent work in that direction. She now is at work on a great series on the subject, to run through a number of issues. Socialist women, AND MEN, will find a world of interesting intelligence in these articles.

In every department of effort the magazine will always maintain a high literary standard, because we believe that Socialist literature should always be high in quality. We have no sympathy with that type of propaganda which fails to grant to the reader a modicum of intelligence. We believe that the magazine in the past has maintained such a standard, and we shall endeavor to continue it.

There will be some fiction, as in the past, and good, virile art, as in the past. Charles Tracy, the noted Socialist artist, now is working on a series of cover designs.

The organized labor movement will be dealt with as one arm of a two-armed labor movement, BOTH ARMS BEING NECESSARY.

Opinions from readers are sought. Tell us what you think of the magazine, and what you think of other things. But never write more than 100 words, and never write on more than one side of the paper. The magazine promises to publish no letters, but it will publish as many as room may be found to accommodate. No letters will be returned, however.

The Western Comrade seeks the support of all Socialists who earnestly desire the co-operative commonwealth. We care nothing for those Socialists who have joined the party merely because it gives them an opportunity to talk. We are not interested in the doings of the corner grocery league. We want the real fighters who are out on the field of conflict. To every such man and woman an earnest invitation to subscribe is extended.

The Western Comrade expects to be of service to the Socialist movement, and it expects the fighting kind of Socialists to help give it breathing space. The introductions are now over. The real fight begins!

EDITORIAL

FEMINISM AND SOCIALISM

FEMINISM, like Eugenics, has been unfortunate in attracting weaklings to its cause. Dyspeptic women and namby-pamby men have succeeded in giving the philosophy a vicious twist. They seem to have this attitude: To be a feminist, a man must love his wife, but a woman can't be a feminist unless she hates her husband. The Socialist movement will not reject a good idea because weaklings have misinterpreted it. Instead, the movement is eclectic in spirit, and seeks to conserve the good in everything, even in Capitalism. The two big economic demands of the feminists (the opening of every trade and occupation to our sisters, thus enabling in a great measure economic independence for women; and equal wages for equal work) must always find the enthusiastic support of the Socialists. The feminists do not desire to injure men, but aim to better woman's position, enabling her to cease being a parasite. Above all, the ballot is not the sole aim of the feminists. To quote W. L. George's article in the December Atlantic Monthly, "an essential difference between 'Feminism' and 'Suffragism' is that the Suffrage is but part of the greater propaganda; while Suffragism desires to remove an inequality, Feminism purports to alter radically the mental attitudes of men and women. * * * Therein lies the mental revolution—while the Suffragists are content to attain immediate ends, the Feminists are aiming at ultimate ends."—E. J.

THE ONLY REMEDY

SOcialism is the only remedy for existing conditions. It is the only agency through which we can ever strike off the hateful shackles of capitalism. It is the guiding star of race progress. It is not only the organized protest of labor against iniquitous capitalism, but it is the organized force that is going to wipe out capitalism and construct the co-operative commonwealth. We must have organization to win, and we must have an organization that knows how to go about it to win. The Socialist organization is the only such organization. Every class-conscious worker belongs WITHIN the Socialist party. When enough of us shall have banded together in this great organization we shall forever abolish capitalism, with all of its horrors and blasphemies. Get INSIDE of the organization.

Pay your dues to support the organization and use your intelligence to help conduct it. That is the only way to be a real good Socialist.—C. M. W.

SHE DIDN'T KNOW

An officer and had the "masher" arrested. **W**AITRESS resented an insult. She called. Then, she appeared against him. When she returned to the restaurant the manager told her her services were no longer required. To be curt, she was "canned." The manager wanted waitresses who "didn't mind" being insulted. A restaurant that provides pretty girls to wait upon the trade makes lots of money, provided, of course, the girls are willing to tolerate the "masher's" approaches. This waitress didn't. So, she's in the army of the workless. It isn't necessary to draw a moral. Even a dodo can see the point.—E. J.

BAD PRISONS VS. ROTTEN PRISONS

TWO well-known men have recently raised their voices against modern prisons. One is Julian Hawthorne, the other is Thomas Mott Osborne. Both are severe in their condemnation of prisons and prison methods. Yet, neither was pursued by Burns thugs, neither was put through the brutal third degree, neither was starved, neither was tortured, neither was held incommunicado, neither was in anything anywhere near half so horrible and damnable as the workingmen now in jail at Marysville, Cal., have been in and are in. If the jails of Osborne and Hawthorne were terrible, what of the jails of California, where these workingmen have been confined? And if modern prison methods are too rotten for Osborne and Hawthorne, what of the barbarous, middle age prison methods that these Western workingmen have had to submit to? California, what about it?—C. M. W.

ANATOLE FRANCE AND SOCIALISM

DISTINGUISHED as a novelist, Anatole France has been telling British audiences why he became a convert to the cause of Socialism. Before the London Fabian Society the noted Frenchman recently said:

"I am a Socialist because Socialism is justice. I am a Socialist because Socialism is truth, and will

emerge from the wage system as inevitably as the wage system followed on serfdom. We are going onward toward collectivism. From the slavery of the wage system to collectivism—such is the necessary progression of economic reform.

“I am a Socialist for a still more delicate and special reason, namely—out of the pleasure that we all have in our weaknesses and our indulgences. I am a Socialist because, as a Socialist, one enjoys the abuse of the foolish, the cowardly, and the ignorant.

“Finally, I am a Socialist because, in our days, we have to be for or against Socialism. Those who claim to be neither for nor against do not count. It is no longer possible now to remain neutral. We have two enemies—capital and war; two enemies united in close friendship.”

It would be difficult to name a single writer of genius who is not an avowed Socialist, or in sympathy with the ideals of the movement. Socialism has won over the brains of the world, but that is not enough. To actualize the Socialist philosophy, we need the workers, the producers. They are the people who count in a revolutionary movement. Every intellectual objection to Socialism has been annihilated—and yet, Socialism as a state of society is not here. We must reach the masses, who will do what the thinkers cannot do—bring about the revolution.—E. J.



ROOT—PRIZE WINNER

ELIHU ROOT has been given the Nobel prize of \$40,000 for having been the 1912 peace man. As Secretary of State, the prize givers contend, he worked for peace to such an extent that he deserves the little cache. Suffering blazes! If favoring the suppression of the Filipinos didn't hinder Root from getting the Nobel prize, then I'll burn an orphan asylum and have a statue erected memorializing me as a humanitarian.—E. J.



CORN ALSO GOES UP

THE latest government report on the 1913 corn crop shows a total of 2,463,017,000 bushels. This total falls below the production of 1912 by some 661,000,000 bushels. However, it will be noticed by those who pay attention to the corn crop that the 1913 crop, although considerably smaller than that of 1912, is valued at almost as much. The price went higher in 1913. On Nov. 1, 1912, the price was 54.4 cents per bushel, but on the corresponding date in 1913 it was 70.7 cents. The fact is, however, that while corn sold at a higher price in 1913, it was actually not **worth** a bit more. For

a bushel of corn never is **worth** a bit more than the amount of hunger it will satisfy. That is, a bushel of corn at 70.7 cents will not satisfy any more hunger than corn at 54.4 cents, and all corn is good for is to satisfy hunger. Perhaps that is not quite the orthodox manner of figuring corn values, but it may be refreshing to look at it in that light just for once.—C. M. W.



BEYOND THE ATOM

IT does a Socialist no harm to take a peep once in a while into the wonders of the sciences. From the scientists in other lines we may learn much that broadens our own vision. Indeed, it is not strange if, now and then, we find that our vision has been not nearly brilliant enough, and that we must use more color in our picture.

Some may not be interested in knowing that Prof. John Cox, one of the world's most noted physicists, declares that we have but reached the stage where knowledge is in the making. In his new book, “Beyond the Atom,” he pulls aside the shutters that veil the great beyond of science just enough to make us pause for breath in amazement. It seems that to get “beyond the atom,” and to fully understand what is there, is to unlock stores of energy so vast that the imagination fails to conceive their magnitude. An atom, or an electron, which is very much smaller than an atom, may be a most inconsequential thing to Sam Jones, who is a member of Harrangue Local, but brilliant scientists working under the wonderful conditions brought about by Sam Jones's political philosophy may be able to harness the energy that lies “beyond the atom,” so that Sam Jones's foreseen economic conditions will be a thousand times more nearly ideal. The illustrious Poincare saw beyond the atom only a locked storehouse of treasure. The twentieth century John Cox sees a chance of unlocking the storehouse. And Sam Smith has the ideal within which all the energy that anybody can turn loose may be used as a blessing forever for all of mankind. We scientists must stick together.—C. M. W.



FOR THE PEEPUL'S SAKE!

DOWN with the beef trust! Do you hear that? Down with the beef trust! How will we do it? Tut, tut! Why ask silly questions? I'm a Jeffersonian Democrat, and when I say, “Down with the beef trust!” down goes the beef trust. Remember that, fair one. How? Well, if you persist, I'll tell you, though I've a hunch that you're a pesky Socialist. We'll put beef on the free list. Do you

get that? Free list—f-r-e-e! Whoopee! That's me. We'll have Australian beef come in—and there'll be no tariff on it. Also, beef from Argentina gets a similar deal. That's what we're doing for the suffering peepul. Down with the cost of living, and once again, down with the beef trust! What's that? Repeat that statement, please. Do you mean to say that the beef trust owns the beef that comes from Australia and Argentina, and that putting beef on the free list only helps make more profit for the beef trust? There! I **KNEW** you was a Socialist, ding it all!—E. J.



RICH PICKINGS IN CHINA

YUAN SHI KAI is holding down his job as the Huerta of China with a bayonet. Arresting senators, judges, journalists and what not, butchering where it suits his fancy, he has made of the capital an armed camp. While a few natives in Anglicised garb gather now and then, as a sort of legislative assembly, Yuan Shi Kai is the Napoleon on the job, and let none forget it. And how does such a situation suit the great "civilized" nations? Fine! For with a good, strong, husky dictator on the job there is somebody with whom to negotiate loans and concessions. And what is China—or Mexico, either, for that matter—for, if not to provide pickings for those whose business it is to pick?

However, there are just two flies in the Chinese ointment. One is that Sun Yat Sen, and the movement he represents, are not dead. The other is that Yuan may be butchered some day in some fashion peculiar to Chinese traditions, leaving the money pickers in a blue funk.

Just this much is certain about China—as it is about Mexico: If there were no concessionaires, no money lenders or no pickers looking for any sort of rich picking, China and Mexico would much more speedily find their way into the half-light of modern civilization—and perhaps quite a bit beyond that none-too-advanced stage of things.—C. M. W.



ARISTOTLE AND SLAVERY

THE Honorable Aristotle, who was a right nice fellow, said some pretty things when he defended the institution of slavery. Slavery, he pointed out, was a necessity. But, he added, the slave owner would gladly free his slaves were he able to get work done without the aid of human energy. He clearly saw the day when all work would be done by machinery, which would mean the elimination of slavery. Slavery, in the past, served a purpose—it taught men to work. But,

even today no one seems to care very much for work. We all like to do the things we like to do, but we don't call that work—it is play. The editor of an extreme I. W. W. organ will rave against work, but he enjoys editing his paper—which is work! The strong man, in the past, saw that many good things could be obtained if someone with patience and energy would perform certain duties, so he forced a weaker person into involuntary servitude, all of which wasn't a gentlemanly thing to do. However, slavery taught us to work; work has made civilization possible; and now work has created a condition of society that Aristotle dreamed of—we are doing the work of the world with machinery; the slaves have been freed, not by humanitarianism but by the industrial system. I mean, of course, that they have been turned loose, but they are not free in the true sense of the word. Before they can be free, they must be the owners of the machines—which means they must bring Socialism into being. The industrial system is a vast machine that must, of necessity, belong to ALL.—E. J.



PRIZE BONEHEAD EDITORIAL

WITHOUT question, the prize bonehead editorial of the month is one which appeared in that prize bonehead magazine, Leslie's Weekly. We quote only a part, for lack of space:

"Who built our mills? Who built our railroads? Who redeemed the desert? Who uncovered the hidden richness of our mines and our fields? Who dignified American labor and made it the best paid in the world?

"The thrifty man with his savings built the factory. The capitalist with the courage of his convictions and willing to take the risk built the railroad. The farmer, following the immigrant trail, braving the dangers of the desert and turning the waters of the snowy mountain into irrigation ditches, supplanted the sage brush with fields of waving corn and snowy cotton. Then came the demagogue.

"The demagogue has been a trouble maker for all time and everywhere. * * * But, remember that a demagogue never filled a pay envelope—and never will!"

Is it necessary to add anything by way of comment? Need it be said that a dollar never forged a hammer or drove a spike? Need it be said that nothing but labor ever created anything useful to the human race? Need it be said that the editor of Leslie's ought to have died when the Diplodoens, pictured on another page of the same issue, passed into extinction?—C. M. W.

SOOTHING THE WORKERS

AN apologist for the system tells the workers to be content because the capitalists allow the workers to make automobiles for them, thus giving the producers something to do! We are told to be glad because the Astorbilts give an army of workers the "privilege" of making beautiful garments, limousines, and glorious mansions. The parasites justify their parasitism with this bunk: if we didn't let you make machines for us, then you wouldn't have anything to do—and then, you might get into mischief; yes, you might even get intoxicated! It never dawns on the parasites that the workers could occupy their time making automobiles for themselves instead of plutocrats. Yes, they might even build palaces for themselves. The apologists for parasitism never let that idea dawn on them. Who could think of a worker making wool instead of shoddy for his own garments, making a beautiful home for his own class instead of building hovels? The idea of the working class producing decent food for itself is ludicrous. If a flea bite thee on the right cheek, turn unto him the left. For, verily I say unto thee, the flea biteth because it is his nature to bite. Thou shouldst not swat the flea, for then thou wouldst not have occasion to scratch. Be kind to the flea, for if God had not intended thee to be bitten by fleas, He would ne'er have made them. Amen.—E. J.



PROFIT-SHARING BUNCOMBE

THE Wall Street Journal evidently takes great pleasure in stating that 40,000 employes of the Steel Corporation now own either common or preferred stock in that great corporation. This stock, of course, pays dividends. From the point of view of the Wall Street Journal this stock is a good investment for the employes who own it, and the Steel Corporation is a most admirable corporation to allow its employes to get rich in that manner.

But, right along with this statement about stock and dividends and fortunate—as well as provident—employes, we must take into consideration the fact that Steel Corporation employes are among the poorest paid in America; that the men in the blistering steel mills work outrageously long hours, and go into early graves shadows and wrecks of the strong men they once were.

It may be well enough for the 40,000 who own the stock to have the privilege of ownership accorded them. But just so sure as an employe owns stock he accepts the employer's point of view, and he becomes a traitor to his non-stock-owning fellow-worker. He thus becomes a foe to unionism and,

in consequence, a foe to higher wages and shorter hours. And 40,000 men opposed to unionism can, by united and constant effort, influence a far greater number of men, thus checking social progress and menacing the welfare of the mass. Every stock-owning employe is a paid spy of the bosses—and a cheaply bought one at that. Most every soul-grinding corporation plays some such despicable game as that. "Beware the Greeks," when they come selling stock!—C. M. W.



THE INIQUITOUS INCOME TAX

TO be sure, we workers do not get \$3,000 a year, so we are not touched by the tyrannical income tax law, but that doesn't mean that we shouldn't protest. The danger is that we may, in the remote future, get an income of \$3,000 a year, and then, horrors! We would have to pay an income tax! That would be awful. While it is true that only 300,000 out of a population of 100,000,000 are touched by the income tax law, we must remember that in this land of sunshine and flowers we bricklayers and piano-movers may, unexpectedly, find our incomes boosted to \$3,000 a year, and then we would have to give the United States Government the price of a box of 10-cent cigars. We workers must defend the capitalist in his graft, for we must always remember that we may, at any moment, become plutocrats. Boost for our oppressors at present, so that we, in the sweet by and by, will be able to do our oppressing unmolested by meddling tax gatherers.—E. J.



GETTING THE NEW VIEW

THE person who writes about literature and art in Current Opinion thinks that "the novel is ceasing to be a love story and is becoming dominantly 'a message'." Still another reviewer says that "love is going out of fashion" in novels.

Maybe it is so. Anyhow, the sort of love stories that most writers have written ought to go out of fashion. Up-to-date fiction ought to reflect up-to-date ideas. That is, if it be fiction about present times.

And modern thinking folks are getting over the notion that when a man loves a woman he picks her up and lugs her off to his furnished flat, there to keep her "in peace and happiness ever after."

Modern fiction, it may be, is taking into account the changing ideas regarding woman as a piece of property. Anyhow, it ought to. And we Socialists hope it is. The kind that isn't we refuse to read. And in these days, whatever doesn't pass muster with the Socialists is not standard.—C. M. W.

Winning Labor For Socialism

By J. L. ENGD AHL



SOCIALISTS in the aggregate expect much, take what they get and keep right on fighting. They may at times find victory elusive, but never impossible. They believe that hard work makes anything they set their minds upon probable.

"How much progress did the American Federation of Labor make this time?" is the annual question asked by many Socialists with the adjournment of each succeeding A. F. of L. convention.

It is the supplement of Socialist success as measured by many and devious means, after each general election that takes place in these United States. The total of votes cast at the ballot box, however, offers an irrefutable argument. Every roll call taken in the American Federation of Labor offers room for numerous contentions.

So, while even the worst enemies of working-class solidarity in the political struggle admit that Socialism is making progress at the ballot box, there are still those in the American Federation of Labor who seem to find consolation in the contention that Socialism is making no headway in the economic movement of labor.

The biggest fact about the recent A. F. of L. convention at Seattle, Wash., was that Socialism was not attacked as an intruder in that organization. Even President Samuel Gompers forgot to deliver his annual oration against Socialism and the Socialists. In the words of George L. Berry, president of the Printing Pressmen, "I find these Socialists are human, just like ourselves."

Every debate that breathed the breath of life was started by Socialists. Every measure that aimed at progress was championed by Socialists. Every hope for working class emancipation was kindled into being by Socialists. Socialism has found its place in the economic movement of American labor, even as it is becoming more and more the political expression of the man and woman who toils.

There were some few Socialists who earnestly hoped for the election of Eugene V. Debs as president of the United States in 1912. The hope was sincere, but not well founded.

There are some Socialists who each year closely watch the convention city of the American Federation of Labor, hoping to see that organization suddenly "captured" by the Socialists.

Socialism is hardly any more prepared to claim the American Federation of Labor as its own than it is

to take over the conduct of the government of the United States with the opening of the year 1914.

Only when the great majority of the 3,000,000 organized workers in the United States become class conscious and intelligent in the conduct of their struggle will it be safe and timely to say that the A. F. of L. stands for Socialism. Any urging of the parent body beyond the grasp of the great rank and file can result only disastrously.

The greatest argument to show that the American worker, as an individual, has still a long road to travel on the highway of Socialism is seen in the fact that out of 3,000,000 economically organized workers, the Socialist party claims less than 100,000 dues-paying members, and a voting strength of less than 1,000,000, and considerable of this drawn from the non-organized and some from the non-wage workers.

During the past year alone one international union, the United Mine Workers of America, has added as many new members to its organization as are embraced in the entire strength of the Socialist party.

Yet, I was unable to discover one motion adopted at the Seattle A. F. of L. convention that did not open the road and aid, directly or indirectly, in winning those other millions of organized workers for Socialism. The titanic task is there ready to be undertaken.

The Seattle convention went on record in two statements of policy that must become memorable as the years go by. One of these had to do with politics and the other with religion.

Politically, the American Federation of Labor has nothing that it can present to the Socialist party on a silver platter. The Socialist party must do its own work. Numerous international unions are doing heroic work in the spreading of the propaganda of Socialism, but this cannot be expected to lighten the burden of the Socialist party. It seems to me, therefore, that there is much to ponder over in the statement that:

"We are confident that, when our present political activities have suitably matured, a new political party will be the logical result, a party in which will be amalgamated the reform and humanitarian forces, which will represent and stand for the protection and supremacy of human rights, giving legislative expression to the sound, economic and political position that the producers of wealth are entitled to their full share of the value thereof, and as opposed to a party in which may be found the forces representing and holding supreme the so-called rights of property, and whose legislative goal would be the guarantee of continuation of the system which puts the dollar above humanity.

"We are hopeful that in such a development there will be continued and greater activity to organize the unorganized

into their respective or new unions, and that in their federated relationship general political activity will be given constant and ever-increasing attention, so that with the more complete organization of labor in the economic field there will be safer and greater opportunities for the creation and formation of a political labor party, or a party pledged to the conservation of human rights, whatever the party's name might be."

President Gompers' statement that the entire matter could have been ruled out of order was somewhat significant. But the day when the A. F. of L. can ignore the political outlook is past. The success of the Socialist party in establishing itself as the political expression of labor depends solely upon itself.

The statement of policy on the question of religion leaves little to be desired. It indicates that the fact that there is a majority of Catholics on the A. F. of L. executive council must not be taken too seriously. The Socialists, too, may make much of the Militia of Christ, just as they brought the National Civic Federation into the limelight; but, in the last analysis, it must be admitted that both of these organizations feed almost solely on Socialist antagonism.

The policy club of the A. F. of L., with which it will be possible to beat back Catholic intrusion whenever it presents itself, is as follows:

"Your committee is firmly convinced that nothing would be more injurious to the welfare of our movement than the injection of questions relative to religion. The American trades union movement, from its inception, has excluded all questions of a sectarian nature from its conventions, and this rigidly applied policy has made it possible to build up a union movement, which otherwise would be impossible to either secure or maintain."

The slogan of the International Socialist party is that, "Religion is a private matter." The same must hold true for the trade union movement. But when the forces of religion seek to dictate to either the political or economic wing of the working class movement, then it is time to fight back.

At this time, when Socialism is gaining greater and greater recognition from the trade union movement, the veteran Socialists in the American Federation of Labor cannot help but wonder how much greater would have been this progress had the Socialists not always been the champions of seceding and dual movements. However much these movements were justified by conditions, it was felt that much better results could have been obtained by remaining on the inside, where it is possible to fight to much better advantage. The Socialist delegates at Seattle recognized the difficulty, and sometimes the hopelessness of fighting for an organization that had severed its connections with the A. F. of L., which must be recognized as the bona fide trade union movement of this country even by its worst enemies.

This fact was brought out in the struggle that was made in behalf of the Reid faction of the Electrical Workers. And this is but a repetition of the case of the seceding faction of the Shoe Workers. Some of

the Socialist delegates urged the Stogie Workers to ally themselves with the Cigarmakers, and get into the A. F. of L. under any conditions. But the spirit of the rebel is a hard spirit to tame, and it must be admitted that some of the reactionary forces in the A. F. of L. have held their own on that account.

This weakening of the true forces of progress in the A. F. of L. goes as far back as the organization of the American Railway Union, followed by the coming and going of the Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance and the Industrial Workers of the World.

In this way the element working for the development of a conscious and intelligent movement of the toiling masses has been split in twain. It is felt that this is being gradually overcome, and that the next few years will do much to heal the ruptures of the past.

One of the indications of the growing power of Socialism was shown in the fact that President Gompers appointed well-known Socialists to prominent places on important committees, where previously he had huddled them all together on unimportant committees.

With the Socialist party growing strong in many of the nation's municipalities, the question of municipal ownership becomes of dominant importance. The Seattle convention showed that labor is equally interested. Take the case of the street car men. They, like the Socialists, welcome the municipal ownership of street car lines, but the right of the men to organize and protect their economic interests must be safeguarded. Capitalism in politics, as well as in industry, is not backward in fighting the workers. The street car men are going to find out where they stand, and at Seattle secured the aid of the A. F. of L. in conducting an investigation of this important problem. The same is true of the teamsters' union in handling the United States mails, and of the civil service employes in the Postal Department and other branches of federal employment.

That the time is ripe for agitation for a six-hour day was shown in the reception given the resolution on this subject introduced by the painters' union. The convention declared itself "in sympathy with the principle," but felt that, "organized labor should strive for a more general application of the eight-hour workday in all trades and occupations before devoting our energies to the introduction of the six-hour workday." This agitation is meeting with considerable response among many of the building trades, and in the miners' union considerable agitation has been carried on for fewer hours of labor.

Forced with the opening of the Panama Canal and the coming of additional hordes of foreign toilers to the United States, especially its western coast, the Seattle convention adopted a comprehensive policy on the immigration question. The convention voted

almost unanimously in favor of the literacy test, and urged that measures be taken to educate European toilers to the fact that the United States is not the land of gold and riches, wealth and sunshine painted by the steamship companies.

The American Federation of Labor stepped into the arena as a peace factor by urging the adoption of the proposed "Naval Holiday" for one year between the United States, England and Germany. The situation in Mexico was also considered.

We have today three rather well-defined groups of Socialists. One group belittles economic action altogether, pinning its hopes to the early arrival of the co-operative commonwealth through political action.

Another group antagonizes the American Federation of Labor at every opportunity, and, incidentally political action, through the advocacy of an industrial panacea all its own. The third group stands for both political and economic action, political through the Socialist party and its activities, and economic through the American Federation of Labor and its activities.

It is my opinion that the third group makes Socialist progress in this country possible in spite of the other two groups. The work of the American Federation of Labor at its Seattle convention indicates that Socialists have nothing to lose by assisting and working with the two million members of that growing organization.

Feminism and the Trend Towards Democracy

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

The feminist movement, like every other modern radical movement, has its basis in a certain economic reorganization going on in society. This reorganization is taking place in the direction of democracy. Consequently, this movement finds expression, socially and politically in ideas and legislation which build for democracy step by step. To briefly outline the advance of these forces for democracy and to show their influence on certain sections of society is the purpose of this series of articles.—The Editors.

I. The Economic Causes for Feminism

"Is the Feminist Movement revolutionary?" asks the world, somewhat perplexed at the widely differing ways in which the movement expresses itself in various places and under varying conditions.

Yes, the Feminist Movement is revolutionary. It grew directly out of a radical economic reconstruction of society; its aim is to further that reconstruction. Therefore, it is revolutionary.

Specialization and the resulting increased productivity of labor are the basis of the Feminist Movement, even as they are the basis of the Socialist Movement and the Labor Movement. This specialization of labor has broken down the barriers of isolation surrounding domestic work and is with increasing rapidity drawing its various branches into the current of social production, thereby opening entirely new fields of endeavor for women, while closing to them many of the old. The change from individual production to collective production, making every human hand necessary to every other hand, has shattered the chain that restricted them to domestic labor and thrown wide open the gates to a new world.

Each time the world adopts a new method of work it creates for itself new needs. These new needs give birth to new thoughts, a new morality, new ideals, new institutions. The tremendous industrial and intellectual

changes which have taken place in the last century because of the change in the world's method of feeding and clothing itself are manifested by all the science, the literature and the art of the period. If then, such sweeping changes have resulted merely from a change in method of work, how much greater change must take place when womankind changes not only its **method** but also its **kind** of work!

I will leave for succeeding articles the discussion of the profound and deep-rooted intellectual revolution which is inevitable and is already becoming apparent because women are assuming different labors. I will deal here with the new economic problems with which women are confronted in their strange new world and the relation of these problems to the world-wide movement toward democracy.

In their old world the wants of women and the wants of their children were provided by a domestic lord, whom they served in return for his support—an entirely undemocratic condition of affairs. The one great fruitful fact of their new world, created by this industrial reorganization, is that it affords opportunities for many women to be self-supporting and even forces a great many to dependence on their own purses, thereby laying the foundation for the realization of the feminist's ideal—an existence independent of the purse strings of a man; the opportunity for self-realization.

Being self-dependent brings women into direct con-

tact with labor conditions, with business conditions and with political methods which they only guessed at and felt vaguely while they were hobbled in the narrow field of domestic affairs. They discover in a very short time that economic independence must be a mere shibboleth as long as factories, stores and offices remain dens of exploitation; as long as they escape dependence on one man only to become dependent on a job. Morally they may be better off—provided they escape the clutches of prostitution—but economically, unless they are of the fortunate few who are enabled to enter the professions, they are worse off than before. Though they may be able to overcome the discriminations against their sex in the way of remuneration and opportunity, the difficulty of fulfilling the functions of motherhood and still maintaining an independent existence cannot be overcome under present conditions.

As a result, marriage becomes more and more difficult for them, partly because the wages of many men do not suffice for the support of a family and partly because they have a strong distaste for returning to absolutely unpaid household duties. The women who have struggled hard and value highly any measure of freedom they may have been able to wrest from conditions so averse to free women, realize that every sort of independence—intellectual, moral, political or any other—hangs in the last analysis by the thread of economic independence. To them a marriage that necessitates accepting the support of a man is an inexcusable retrogression to a condition from which they have escaped with difficulty. On the other hand, industry is so conducted that women cannot go on with their work and care for their children. It demands the greater share of their time and gives in return insufficient wages for the support of a family. Thus they have the alternative of returning to a condition which they consider degrading or foregoing the greatest joy, the highest aim, the dearest labor of women—motherhood.

Since the passion for motherhood, efficient motherhood, strong motherhood, happy motherhood is the most powerful force in women's lives; since for that passion they will move mountains, suffer endlessly, sacrifice all, it is hardly to be expected that they will uncomplainingly endure a system which robs many of them of their right to children and tortures those who are permitted to exercise this right by smiting their little ones with the curse of hard labor and ignorance and disease.

But there are other problems besides purely personal ones which make women antagonistic to society as it is.

As they are thrown into this commercial world, heretofore occupied only by men, they have immeasurable difficulty in adjusting themselves to it. It is more than passing strange. Far indeed are its ways from the ways of women's minds and hearts! .

To them it is appalling that, in factories and mines and offices and on railroads—everywhere that there is work—human beings should be cheaper than the tools

they work with; cheaper than the products of their labor; cheap as dross. To them human life is more valuable than all the diamonds of the Kimberly mines, and dearer than the glory of ten generations of kings.

To them it is incomprehensible that governments should legislate for the welfare of property as against the welfare of citizens; that people should be made the servants of things instead of things being made the servants of people; that a nation should measure its wealth in dollars rather than in human happiness.

To them it is amazing that Might should mean Right; that any man borne with the same mother's pangs, fed with the same mother's milk, reared with the same mother's care as all his fellows, should be arrogated above them to feed idly on their labor; that the welfare of the group should be set aside for the selfishness of an individual.

All this is not according to the ways of women.

So they set to work with the energy and spirit of pioneers to fashion this amazing, egotistic, squandering world more to their liking, that is, more democratically.

They do not dream many dreams. Women are not much given to dreaming. They do not construct an elaborate theory and quibble over the manner in which it should be realized. They start no controversies, no factions, no revolutions over abstract ideas. Generalities have very little fascination for them.

They get down to concrete work.

They see that the present basis of society is individualistic; they would make it social. Being aware of the efforts at socialization going on everywhere, they put forth every energy to further those efforts. Their aim is to first free themselves that they may free the race. They take advantage of every opportunity, whether it be the creation of a municipal ice plant, the ousting of a bad mayor, the winning of a strike, or a fight for pure milk to further the interests of the people as against the interests of property. They creep into every crevice, climb every wall, penetrate every recess of the social structure, leaving traces of their presence wherever they go, and the trace of their presence is ever a little bit of the mother spirit.

To incorporate the mother spirit, the democratic spirit, in the institutions of society—is that not revolutionary?

NEW HAVEN ROTTENNESS

The New Haven road has passed its quarterly dividend for the first time in forty years. Twenty-four thousand middle-class and capitalist-class stockholders were bitterly grieved, of course. The New Haven is basing a powerful plea for a 5 per cent increase in freight rates, largely on its failure to pay the dividend. However, it is a matter of common knowledge that the condition of the New Haven road, as well as of some others, is not due to cost of operation, but is the penalty for stock watering and all manner of trickery.

CRAZYISMS

Sputtered and Spattered by "Vag" Tracy



THESE two fellows, Julius and Wright, may decide to hurl my masterpieces into the waste basket. In order to jolly them a bit, so that they will be nice to me, I put their pictures in with the rest of the jokes. They really don't look like this, but they may, someday.

IN a meek tone, Patient Labor asks Dr. Capital: "What's the matter with me, Doc? I feel bad." After a fake examination, Dr. Capital answers: "You're in a bad fix. I find that there is a dollar in you. An operation is necessary."

Sometimes the patient lives through an operation, but the doctor always removes the trouble!



WHEN a business man pats me on the back

He's working me for something.

When a sweet girl smiles at me, I am cautious;

She's working me for something.

Yes, whenever anyone caters to me I feel

He is working me for something.

But when a tiny baby holds out its chubby hands to me and smiles and wiggles its feet, I fall, for I know that it just loves me;

It is not working me for something.



SAY, Mike, who's that intelligent lookin' gent?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"No."

"That's a wise guy. Can't you see he's looking at your picture in The Western Comrade?"



We're Going to Congress Again

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT



IF ANYTHING in the world would cause the Honorable Champ Clark—the Honorable Champ being speaker of the House of Representatives—to get uneasy in his official chair and to dream of hobgoblins at night it would appear to those crass and uncouth members of the proletariat who go about packing red cards in their right-hand inside coat pockets that the thing best calculated to do those little things would be the sending of about a dozen Socialist congressmen down to Washington to ruffle the neatly laundered processes of the gathering known as the lower house.

About two months ago The Western Comrade sent to each state secretary of the Socialist party a letter of inquiry to ascertain, if possible, how many congressmen, how many state senators and assemblymen, how many mayors and how many governors might be elected in 1914. Really, the editors didn't expect to hear any state secretaries predict the election of governors, but they did expect to hear that a goodly delegation would be voted into the place Victor Berger filled not long ago.

Thirteen state secretaries replied to that letter. It must be concluded that the others are not enthusiastic about the chances for election successes in their states. For, if there is any person who will lift his voice up in meeting to shout the glad news it is a Socialist state secretary who thinks his state is going to land in the procession with a great and effective string of victories for labor at the polls. It must be assumed, therefore, that the most promising states have been heard from.

In the letters sent out emphasis was laid upon the fact that conservative replies were desired. Evidently, that request has been heeded.

It appears from the reports of the state secretaries that the Socialist party will elect anywhere from twelve to twenty congressmen in the fall of this year. Taking the same replies at face value, the party will elect approximately sixty state assemblymen, with possibly a few state senators accompanying them to state capitols. As to mayors, little is said, but about ten goodly cities are expecting red card executives.

As to governors—well, most Socialists will say that it is rather early to be speaking of Socialist governors. But Oklahoma believes there is a chance for one there, and California, to a certain extent, holds a similar belief.

From Wisconsin State Secretary Miss E. H. Thomas writes that there is a good chance to elect two Socialist congressmen, both, of course, in the Milwaukee districts. It was from one of these that Victor L. Berger

was elected to congress. Comrade Thomas says that the party will probably elect two state senators and ten or twelve assemblymen. Also, there is an excellent chance to elect a mayor in Milwaukee in April of this year.

New Jersey expects to elect several mayors. "Pushing steadily forward," says Secretary W. B. Killingbeck.

"Going to elect our state ticket," declares the state secretary of Oklahoma, who also expects the party to elect four congressmen, with two additional districts close. That there will be a few Socialist mayors elected this spring is the further inspiring message from the Broom Corn state.

State Secretary M. F. Wiltse, of Iowa, expects an increase in vote, but no victories.

Pushing right up to the front, State Secretary William H. Henry, of Indiana, says there is a "good chance" to elect three congressmen, with five close districts, as well as the possibility of electing from thirty to forty members of the state legislature in the coming fall contests. He declares that he bases his estimate on the experience gained during fifteen years of party service, and calls attention to the fact that two mayors were elected in Indiana in the recent elections.

Six state representatives are expected by the state secretary of Utah, as well as an equal number of mayors.

E. A. Green, state secretary for Texas, expects the big Lone Star state to elect one or two members of the state legislature. He predicts a heavy increase in the vote.

T. E. Latimer, Minnesota's state secretary, says that the party will have candidates in all of the ten congressional districts, and that in five Socialists will be a factor, with a fighting chance for victory in three out of the five. A reapportionment of legislative districts will greatly aid the party in sending a large delegation to the state capital, unless the non-partisan law, now being contested in the courts, is upheld. If the law is declared unconstitutional, as Comrade Latimer thinks it easily may be, he says, "we should elect at least fifteen members of the lower house and five members of the senate." The party has driven the enemy to one fold in many parts of the state, and in at least a dozen districts the Democratic party is almost eliminated. If it should be revived Comrade Latimer feels that Socialist victories may be expected in those districts also.

State Secretary T. W. Williams of California writes, "We approach the 1914 campaign with confidence. We

should elect four congressmen and from ten to fifteen assemblymen, with a corresponding number of state senators."

Secretary Cannon of Oregon is looking to 1916, rather than to 1914, but he says that if a proportional representation referendum, now being pushed by the party, can be gotten through in time for the 1914 elections the Socialists "will have several representatives."

In Washington neither faction of the party hopes to elect during 1914, though a strong gain in votes is expected.

Guy Underwood, state secretary for Illinois, must have received the letter from The Western Comrade on a rainy Monday. Or it may have been snowing and he may have slipped down the "L" stairs. His reply was contained in two sentences. One sentence acknowledged the letter of inquiry. The other sentence was: "We can tell far more about such things about eight months from now, if you write to us at that time." It must be remembered, in connection with Illinois, that the party sent a delegation to the state legislature a year ago.

Secretary Robert W. Ringler of Pennsylvania is optimistic as to an increase in the vote, but does not care to make any definite statement of expectations. Recent tampering with the election machinery by frightened capitalist legislators may hamper the Socialists for a short time.

A chance to elect two state assemblymen, with big

gains in the vote probable, is the outlook in West Virginia, while little Rhode Island expects a 25 per cent gain in the Socialist vote, with no election successes.

Comrade Fred E. Irish, state secretary for Maine, is positive and concise, as well as terse. He says: "We shall not elect anybody in Maine for a number of years."

There are a few fairly strong states missing from the compilation, but the situation, so far as possible or probable victories are concerned, is summed here with not enough missing territory to materially alter the result, so far as elected menaces to capitalism are concerned. It cannot be said, of course, that all or most of the victories here predicted will materialize. It is the purpose of these predictions merely to outline the probabilities; to bring to the front those places in which the element of chance is FOR Socialist success at the polls.

It is the belief that the state secretaries have been conservative in their estimates, and that those victories that they have predicted are very likely to materialize. In other words, the Socialist party actually does stand an excellent chance of having a delegation of ten or twelve men in the next national congress, and it does stand an excellent chance of having strong delegations in a number of state legislatures, as well as a fine chance of recapturing that first great American citadel, the city of Milwaukee.

And, because of those things, let us all fight our best!

IMMIGRATION IN AMERICA

By EMANUEL JULIUS



IMMIGRATION is common to all animal life. As inexorably as water seeks its level life seeks those regions where it can most easily and most plentifully supply its hunger needs. It is equally true of the higher forms and the lower. It is equally true of locusts, elephants, savage races and civilized races.

In America race assimilation, race amalgamation is in process of development on a scale that meets with no comparison. This country is a retort for over thirty nationalities, which it is our task, our duty, our **privilege**, to develop into a race such as has lived nowhere on earth before.

But here in America immigration is not merely due to the natural gravitation of peoples to the climes and countries where their economic needs are most easily satisfied. We have here a social phenomenon which perhaps has occurred nowhere else in history, i. e. **stimulated immigration for the advantage of a dominant class.**

We have not only the immigrants who come here of their own accord, because the conditions of their home land were no longer bearable. We have also the immigrant induced to leave the land of his birth by the exaggerated descriptions and false promises of the immigration agents of big industry; we have the contract laborer, smuggled in, despite all legislation prohibiting his entrance.

Under usual circumstances the migration of races leads to wars, to conquests, the natural result of one race infringing on the territory of another. These wars of conquest for bread through the intermingling of races which they have caused, have been one of the strongest factors of evolution. They have resulted in race amalgamation, in the crossing of strains, or, as Lester F. Ward phrases it, have resulted in a **Social chemistry** creating new and higher races.

In America the immigration of races does not lead to physical war, but to industrial war. And we have the added difficulty that, instead of needing to mould two races into a harmonic social organism—the con-

quering race and the conquered—we have more than a score of different nationalities of varying degrees apart. To assimilate these into a smoothly working organism would be a gigantic task under ordinary circumstances. We have a phenomenon that makes it a Herculean task—the exploitation of these racial differences by the ruling class to prevent the organization of the working class; the stimulation of racial antagonisms that keep us away from other vital problems; that keep us from seeing our true interests.

The big powers of industry put forth every effort to keep disorganized, disunited the numerous peoples that come to our shores. They are pitted, one against the other, in the industrial field, are decoyed here by fraud to lower the standard of living of their working brothers.

The Steel Trust employs as many nationalities in its shops as possible—Greeks, Italians, Sicilians, Irish, Russians—so that an organization may be prevented. The same principle is followed out in making up railroad crews. Down in the mines of Missouri and Kansas it is almost impossible to secure united action on the part of the miners because they are composed of antagonistic races. They are Irish, Italians, Greeks and negroes. The Irishman hates the Italian, and refuses to work with him; the Italian hates the Greek, and all combine in hating the negro. Each race is always underbidding the other in the labor market—which is a fine vitriol to stimulate race antagonism.

A year or so ago the coal miners of Freeport, Ill., were out on strike. They were mostly foreigners, but belonged to the A. F. of L. Agents of the employers went among the strikers and persuaded them into believing that the officials of the Federation were selling them out; succeeded in making them think that the Americans in the union were using them as decoys to secure their own interests. The agents aroused such bitter feeling against the Americans and the A. F. of L. officials that there was danger of rioting.

The owners of the big southern turpentine camps send agents to the large cities of the North, especially to New York, to secure recent immigrants to work in the distilleries. The less the newcomers know of the English language or of English customs the more welcome they are as employes. These men are asked to sign a contract interpreted to them by the agent, as they are unable to read it for themselves, and, of course, the interpretation harmonizes very little with the actuality. When once they reach the southern camps they are herded together like cattle, receiving the coarsest rations and the poorest lodging, practically as bad as that of the prisoners on the chain gangs. They are herded with men not of their own country, and their overseers are very often negroes. A fine condition to encourage the assimilation of these races

into a peacefully working nation, or an organized working class.

In the West organization is hindered by the importation of Oriental labor. Since this importation is restricted by law, the Orientals are smuggled in. These immigrants constitute the most difficult race problem we have. The more similar races are, the easier it is for them to unite, and *vice versa*, the more dissimilar they are, the greater the antagonism. The Orientals differ more radically from all the other races harbored here than any of them differ from each other—with the exception of the negroes, of course. For this reason, even if we did not have the problem of getting them organized, we would still have a race problem—one that seems almost hopeless.

So we see that East, West, North and South we have this immigration problem.

Now, all this may sound ominous, pessimistic, but it need not if we recognize what we should do regarding it. If we know how to use it, we have in the United States material to build an enlightened race, a physically strong race, a race with all the characteristics to carry it forward. We have only to compare the nations of the world to see that those composed of the most nationalities are the most advanced in civilization. Witness Germany, England, Australia, and America. All these nations are the result of the mingling of many races. The Eastern nations—China, Japan, India, Korea and Turkey—which until recently have been entirely secluded from other races, are far behind in the march of progress. This is an example of a law of Nature as true in society as in biology; namely, that variation, fresh blood, tends to increase the power of Life. This is one fact that makes our national condition very hopeful. There is another which makes it still more hopeful—the fact that **a common interest unites.**

And they have a common interest, these many, many working men, a common economic interest. We must work ceaselessly to make this score or more of nationalities aware of their common interest. We must make every effort to organize them, to encourage them to fight together.

We must get the workers to act together, as they did at Trinidad, West Virginia, Calumet and McKees Rocks. Let them say to their employers, "You shall not make us fight brother against brother. You shall not dupe us and win dollars through our blindness. We will no longer be your cat's paw."

In doing this we shall turn to our great advantage the very thing that now threatens us with trouble. In doing this we further the day when America will be a peaceful nation; we further the industrial organization of the workers; we further Socialism. In doing this we shall have climbed one more of those steps of the ages at the top of which stands a society composing one kind, one class, **one Humanity!**

GETTING OLGA'S EYES

By Frank E. Wolfe



SILENCE!" shrieked a gong in the gloom of the rafters aloft. The rain outside pattered on the brown leaves that carpeted the little park and the sound mingled with the soft guttering of immense blue banks of the mercury tubes that swung low in a semi-circle over the "set!"

Voices were stilled along the row of ghastly masks with purple lips and glistening eyes that moved silently in the deep shadows back of the dead line.

"Lights!" roared a deep voice and two sharp clangs from above where, followed by the subdued crash and hiss of carbons as they met and flamed, blue and fiery, then settled down to actinic points and mingled their infra-red rays with the ultra violet of the pale, soft mercuries.

"Camera!" Three crashes of the brazen bell brought a murmur of approval from the row of corpses on the back line. The director leaned over, spoke in a low tone to the man beside the instrument, touched him on the shoulder, then another sound, soft and purring, steady and rhythmic, joined the hum of the lamps and the patter of the rain. It was the shutter marking sixteen frames to the second.

"It's time he run it. Four days we have stuck on this bit. The big one must be going daft," said a man who stood beside a great marble switchboard with its myriad of pins, throw switches and dials.

"You keep your lamps up and you'll break a record. The director knows what he is doing," snapped the nervous head mechanic who was no less overwrought than the electrician, who chafed under the delay that held half a hundred players and scores of stage workers in idleness.

Everyone connected with the big studio had wondered what had gone wrong with Marsden, the head director, who had spent three days on one scene and not run a foot of film. The one least concerned in the establishment was the young Russian woman, whom the director had chosen to play the lead in a feature production. She had shown flashes of such marked ability that the producer believed she had great latent talent and he had determined to bring it out. Her action in the part had pleased everybody but Marsden.

"Can't get her to register two emotions," was the only comment Marsden made, and that confidentially to his assistant, Charlie Hampden, the quiet and self-effacing man who had performed such miracles in trick work and doubles.

"Got any plans to bring her through?" asked Hampden, in the quiet of the deserted scenario room.

"Think I can make it in a day or two," said the director. "It will make a picture of mediocrity the way it is running. If Trident will only come through with something I can go ahead. I kicked him a cable a week ago. She's got a story. I got her name, and a doubtful line on location, and there it ended. She has the eyes and every other quality. It's that numbness that I can't overcome. I want her to give us her eyes and the fire that is down there. If Trident will fill in a name and place I will make a great picture, and one that will make her famous. This scene either makes or ruins a superb story."

Now that the gong had commanded "Silence, lights and camera," the assistant director moved quietly around where he could watch his chief rather than the scene.

The big, bare-armed director stood in an unusual position. He was mounted on a table drawn near the camera. His black, bushy head was three feet higher than the instrument, and as far to the left. Anyone in the scene could now stare directly at the face of the director without committing the awful breach of looking at the camera.

Quickly the actors ran through their parts. The scene depicted the rendezvous of the stranglers in the "quarter" of Paris. At tables sat a score of Apaches. Repeated rehearsals had made all performers perfect in their parts. Timing was like clockwork. The dance scene was a success, and the director had scarcely spoken a word during the action. It was "picture," and the dancers threw into the action all the wild abandon of the characters they represented. The leads worked down stage, and in the close foreground a great hulk of a man threw a girl spinning far above his head, allowing her to fall in the sawdust on the floor. Then came the fight. Down in the foreground the brawny villain drew a knife and stabbed a white-faced boy, who wore a black velvet jacket and cap. The Apaches slunk away and left the boy on the floor, and his assailant standing over him. That formed the setting when the director's voice rang out in sharp command:

"Come on, Miss Orlov! Quick, now; down stage!" Then the director's voice changed to low tense tones: "See what has happened here, Olga, you are in Odessa, there is Ivan!"

The director was down now, crouched near the floor in a line with the wounded boy.

"Look, Olga, merciful God, it's Ivan! He's been stabbed!"

At the utterance of the names the actress stopped and a look of surprise, then alarm, then horror came into her wondrous dark eyes. Long experience and training failed her under the shock, and the girl stared straight at the director, who had feared this and had crawled almost to the foreground line near the prostrate boy, just out of range of the camera lens. In the silence, broken only by the sputtering lamps and the whir of the shutter, the girl started to look around.

"Look at Ivan, Olga! Mother of Christ, he's dying! Look, look! Your brother, Ivan." It was first a sharp command, then awful pleading and infinite tenderness, ending almost in a sob. The woman turned her eyes to the white face of the boy then she started, shocked. Quickly she knelt, put her hand to his forehead, turned his ghastly face towards her and gazed intently at him. Fright showed in every gesture and every expression.

"Open Ivan's jacket, Olga! See; there it is! You find the knife wound. It's deep and deadly."

The woman shrank back with a scream of horror at the purple stain on the boy's breast as the blood oozed out at every heart beat. The purple stains were now on her hands.

"See Ivan's face, Olga! He is dying! You can't let him go. Hold him to you; speak to Ivan, Olga!"

The girl was now following every suggestion. Her wide eyes registered every poignant expression. Her hands mechanically obeyed every order.

"Don't let him slip away, Olga, he is still your little comrade, he is your vaniusha. Pray; Olga: 'Merciful God; don't take Ivan away from me now. I want to take him back to toitia, to our home in Rostov.'"

Marsden was back on the table now and the girl was staring at him, her eyes brimming with tears, her lips moving in prayer. Back of the line women were sobbing aloud and men were slipping silently away.

The girl was kneeling, sobbing and fondling the boy's inert hands, whispering first then shrieking and shaking. She spoke in the Russian tongue. Her wealth of tawny hair had fallen about her shoulders and in her anguish she had torn her dress open at the throat.

"Look behind you, Olga! There's Borisoff! He stabbed Ivan!"

At the name the girl started in alarm. Her face showed wondrous change in her emotions as slowly she turned and faced the man with the knife.

"Business, Manders; don't lose your head!" said the director in a tense undertone to the actor who had held his pose with slight action during the remarkable scene.

"There's the assassin, Olga! He betrayed Ivan and the other comrades in Rostov. He sent Ivan to a

Siberian prison hell. Now he's stabbed Ivan. Curse him, Olga—no kill him! Can't you kill Borisoff?"

"Work across; down stage a bit, Manders; make her face forward," said the director quietly. When the woman turned her face front she registered such rage and awful hatred that the spectators shuddered. She flung herself at the man with such ferocity that she almost carried him off his feet. Deftly he made shift to drop the knife and to kick it far off stage. He grappled with the woman and it took his utmost strength to hold her in position and to work her face to the front.

"Begin to stir, Rossi," said the director, and the prostrate boy raised his hand feebly toward his head.

"Look at Ivan, Olga! Ivan! Ivan! Ivan! He is not dead!" shouted the director.

The girl turned her eyes toward the youth. Slowly she relaxed her grip on the man's throat.

"Go to Ivan, quick, Olga!—" "Beat it, Manders! Get off the scene quick, turn there, at the door, slink; now, out!"

Again the girl knelt and the boy turned his face toward her, opened his eyes and smiled.

"Miss Orlov, listen to me now. I have a cablegram from your brother Ivan. He is in London and is coming here."

There was a change in the tone and manner of the director. He spoke in a matter of fact, business way. The girl looked up at him, her great limpid eyes filled with wonderment, then joy, as the director selected the shorter of two cablegrams he had taken from his pocket and read: "Marsden, New York—Ivan Turgenev, brother Olga Orlov Turgenev, formerly of Odessa, escaped from Siberian prison month ago. Located him in London. Am sending him to you on Imperator—Trident."

The girl, still kneeling holding the boy's head, was looking steadily up toward the director, her face registering gratitude, her eyes beaming a transport of joy. Then, as if awakening, she raised her hands toward the director and exclaimed: "Oh, you wonderful, wonderful man! I know it is true, I know Ivan is coming. I want to thank you, to kiss you, to embrace you."

"Not me," said the director, drily. "Look at Rossi. He helped in this deal. He is glad Ivan is coming, slip him the kiss."

The girl turned to the smiling, purple lipped boy and gave him a rapturous embrace.

The camera purred steadily on until the director touched the operator on the arm. Marsden was stuffing cut plug into a venomous-looking pipe. He paused to glance at the dial of the footage indicator on the side of the camera and he almost smiled as the operator relaxed and said:

"Two hundred and ten feet!" "We will break the length by two cut-backs," said Marsden.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THE HUMAN TOUCH

Count all the poets, the writers and the artists of all the centuries, from the dawn of civilization to the middle of the nineteenth century, and the total will not equal the immense number of men and women who really can write, and who are writing, for our age; and yet, only a handful are doing work that is real and vital. It is estimated that fifteen thousand books are published in America each year; they are well written, show culture and training and scholarship—but still, they are not lasting. Why is this so? I believe the answer is not difficult to find. Our regiments of writers are not in touch with life, and that is why they lack the clear ring of reality; they are in touch with books, but they are not in touch with people. Their philosophies come from books that lack the human touch. The writer's life, as Walter Bagelot says in his "Literary Studies," is a vacuum. "He has nothing to hear and nothing to see. He is out of the way of employing his own eyes and ears," Mr. Bagehot avers. Our writers must get into the open. They must rub elbows with the engineer, the electrician; they must listen to the sighs of the factory girl and the cries of the children; they must heed the call of man, the song of brotherhood. Art has had enough of culture; it needs a social passion. The book man must make way for the street man.

John Masefield expresses the thought in the following lines:

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,

The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!

Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes; a mouthful of mold.

Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain
and the cold—

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.

* * *

THE NEW INSPIRATION

Man creates, and in creating, he builds character. This desire to create finds expression in all phases of life, except the parasite class that lives by appropriating what others have made. These parasites who take what the mechanic has created also take the songs of the composer and the pictures of the artist. They live by absorbing. But, their days are numbered, for the worker is at last conscious of this monstrosity,

and his philosophy—Socialism—will make producers of parasites.

The steam engine, the forge, the furnace, the ocean liner are all produced and operated by workers who are unconscious artists, for there is as much art in a beautiful machine as may be found in a symphony. These machines inspire the singers, the painters and composers, and the result is that we are about to have a new art—the art of factory, mill and mine. Of old, the clank of armor inspired poets and musicians. Today, the roar of the forge, the clatter of the factory and the hammers of the riveters inspire the artists. The greatest joy that life has to offer is the ecstasy of creation. The greatest joy that the old life had to offer was the delirium of destruction. The gun has been supplanted by the hammer.

* * *

GOSSIP

What is more powerful than a man's wish to tell a friend, or the world, what he thinks, feels, observes? What is more overwhelming than a person's desire to express himself? It seems to me as though man's greatest joy in life is found in talking—and the world's first artist was not a painter, a sculptor, a poet or a musician; he was a talker. So, we are all artists. Talk has taken different forms; and now, some talk with a violin, others talk with a chisel, a brush, a printing press. It is all talk, however; it is all expression; it is the common expression that is the basis of art; and when you bare it to its heart you come upon that living, breathing, talking thing—Democracy.

So, healthy gossip is the basis of all art; art commences in conversation; talk is the mother of poetry and literature; the artist is the gossip of the universe. He tells us things, and he tries to say them beautifully; his stories, his poems—all gossip. Gossip cannot live without listeners. Place the artist on a manless island and his art becomes a mockery, it becomes nothing. He must have the people, someone to talk to. And he must talk the language that is understood. He may conceive beautiful sounds, make them tell beautiful stories, but they cannot be art until the spectator understands and feels with the artist. That, to my mind, is why the artist would rather serve the people than the exclusive, aristocratic rich. The Greeks placed their statues and things of beauty where the people might see and glory in them. The artists of today want a similar audience; the audience can never be too large; they want the world to see and hear their beauties.

THE \$40,000 SOCIALIST



It is characteristic of the capitalist press that it should announce the winner of the 1912 Nobel peace prize and neglect to announce the winner of the 1913 Nobel peace prize, although both winners were decided upon at the same time. It is natural that one should not be mentioned—when that one happens to be a Socialist.

Probably every American school boy who has passed the fifth or sixth grade knows that Elihu Root, of whom mention is made editorially by another writer in this magazine, was the winner of a Nobel peace prize. Probably most of them believe he was the winner of the prize for 1913. It is highly probable that not many of them know that Elihu Root was given the 1912 award, and a still smaller number are aware of the fact that the 1913 Nobel peace prize of \$40,000 was awarded about December 10 to Henri la Fontaine, a Socialist member of the Belgian senate.

The Western Comrade does not care to say that the great newspapers of the United States and the great press associations of the United States fail to give their readers all of the vital news, or that they distort news for the benefit of the capitalist class. The Western Comrade prefers to allow the facts to speak for themselves. The facts are that today all America knows that Elihu Root is the winner of the Nobel peace prize of \$40,000, but it does not know that HE won the prize for 1912, and that the winner for 1913 was a Socialist, a fact fully as important, if not more so.

For the following concise sketch of the \$40,000 Socialist, Henri la Fontaine, The Western Comrade is indebted to The Independent:

“Henri la Fontaine, who received the Nobel peace prize of \$40,000 for 1913, maintains the same mental attitude to a king as to a workingman. He respects not persons, but ideas. He is a Social Democrat. Since 1895 he has sat continuously in the Belgian senate with only two years' intermission. With the exception of Cremer, of England, he is the only representative of the working classes to have received the Nobel prize, although the organized labor parties are the most persistent and practical of peace advocates. La Fontaine's life has been a life of service. With an indomitable persistence he has espoused the cause of internationalism. Were he a millionaire or a secretary of state instead of a representative of the workingmen he could hardly have done more for the progress of internationalism than he has. Born April 22, 1854, at Brussels, La Fontaine, when a very young man, began his career of doing good. In 1878 he became secretary of a model technical school for girls. In

1889 he became Secretary of Social and Political Studies, which prepared the way for the revision of the Belgian electoral law in 1903. In 1891 he joined the Socialist party, and two years later founded *La Justice*. In this organ and *Le Peuple* are to be found numerous articles from his pen. In 1894 he took part in founding Brussels University, and was appointed its Professor of International Law.

“Perhaps his most marvelous undertaking was the establishment of his model ‘House of Documentation,’ founded in 1897, where at an almost inconceivable cost of energy he shows how track can be kept of everything that is now said anywhere in the world or has ever been recorded. He has ever been one of the world's most active pacifists, attending all international congresses of arbitration and peace. November of the Interparliamentary Union is more influential in its inner councils than he. And now that he is president of the Berne Peace Bureau, he is the leader of the organized federated peace movement of the world.

“In 1910 Mr. La Fontaine, in co-operation with his lifelong partner of peace, Paul Otlet, founded the Union of International Associations, and during the same year a world's congress was held in which were represented 132 international organizations. The central committee of the union is now established in Brussels and is installed in a set of commodious quarters provided by the Belgian Government. With Otlet and Fried (the Nobel prizeman of 1911) he undertook the editing, in 1908, of *Annuaire de la Vie internationale*, and in 1912 of the periodical *La Vie internationale*. He is the author of *Code of International Arbitration*, *Documentary History of International Arbitration*, *Chronological History of Arbitration Since 1794 Down to 1900*, *Bibliography of Peace and Arbitration*. In *The Independent* of December 21, 1905, a contributor thus sums up the man:

“‘He is one of these bold intelligences which walk about the world with open eyes. * * * He looks at institutions in order to see where they may be improved; he considers conditions in order to change them. He is not to be changed by them. He is always going forward and upward.’”

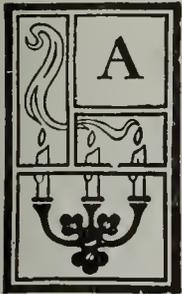
FOOLISH CONTENTMENT

Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking and deeds he is doing—when there is not forever beating at the door of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God. —Phillips Brooks.

THE AWAKENING

By Eleanor Wentworth

(This is the second and concluding chapter of this powerful working-class fiction story, by Eleanor Wentworth. While it is the second chapter of the story, it is, however, complete in itself, a point worth while to those who have not been able to secure the preceding installment.)—The Editors.



ATTRACTED by a slight commotion near the entrance to the court room, Ann looked in that direction and saw her mother there standing beside a faultlessly dressed young man, who was talking earnestly with a lawyer. After a few moments the lawyer walked to the prosecutor and conferred with him in whispers, who in turn conferred with the judge. The judge beckoned to an official and Ann's case was called. As she had pleaded guilty on being registered, a lengthy trial was not necessary. She had but to await judgment.

In a concise speech the judge made it known that, owing to the youth and to the former good character and reliability of the defendant, vouched for by prominent and worthy citizens, she would be placed on probation.

Completely dazed, Ann was taken to an anteroom, where her mother and the well-dressed young man awaited her. Her mother immediately launched upon a lavish and impetuous narration of the goodness of the young man, which he attempted smilingly to disavow.

It was half an hour before Ann gleaned from her mother's excited words and from the occasional interpolations of the young man, that she owed her freedom to the Catholic church. Although Ann had become lax in her devotions, her little mother had never wavered in regard to the smallest detail, and was considered by her priest as one of the most pious members of his flock. Therefore, when she came to him with the story of Ann's imprisonment, it did not require very much pleading to obtain his promise to do the utmost to secure her release. In the fulfillment of this promise, he proceeded to do some wire pulling. After several excursions into the realms inhabited by politicians, he succeeded in interesting this young man, who was a member of an influential club, and was personally acquainted with New York's most prominent judges and lawyers; in fact, was a rising political boss. It was not a difficult matter for such a young man to persuade the judge that Ann should be placed on probation.

So it happened that the prophecy of the young prisoner, that Ann would soon be home with her mother, came to pass—which was good. But all that followed was not good.

Ann soon discovered that being free of the clutches of the law was not being free of the condemnation of her acquaintances. Everywhere she turned she received rebuffs. Instead of having a joyous homecoming, it was as though she had entered a strange and hostile land. Girls giggled when she passed or made disparaging remarks. Boys, who had occasionally escorted her to moving picture shows, were kept studiously away. Grown-ups frowned on her disapprovingly. The priest, to whom she was sent by her mother, lectured her severely. Reproach was ever in her mother's eyes. Her brothers reproved her in very candid words. Even the cats of the neighborhood, who had always loved kindly Ann, were estranged by her absence and avoided her.

The people of her community held that she was in need of repentance and harbored the hoary, pernicious fallacy that there can be no repentance without shame. So all who came in contact with her attempted to inflict her with a sense of shame. They harassed her subtly, continually, mercilessly, until she began to feel ashamed in spite of herself.

"Half the time I think I'm right and the other half I think they're right," she said to herself, wearily. "An' there's never any end to the argument. It just goes round and round and round. I never know what I'm going to think next."

Had it not been that the search for employment busied her during the greater part of the day she would have become hopelessly morbid.

Brooding over her friendless state on an evening after the usual fruitless search for work in New York's downtown district, she was loathe to turn homeward. Instead, she drifted aimlessly about the city, thinking of the time she had lain in prison awaiting trial. She heard again all the tears and curses which had continually echoed through the place; saw the prisoners' faces drawn with suffering; listened to the queer philosophy of the miserable creatures who hated the poverty from which they had revolted, and yet were ashamed of revolting. The memory of it nauseated her.

"If I could only start over," she thought. "If I could go where nobody knows me, and forget all about it! If I could only go where people hate being poor, as I hate it—and aren't ashamed of hating it!"

Presently she found herself before the Twenty-third street ferry. For fifteen minutes she stood on the corner watching the crowds pouring into the ferry

building, forlornly wishing that someone would give her a glance of friendly recognition.

And then a strange thing occurred. As she stood there, discouraged, dusty and tired, longing for the warmth of a little kindness, the weight of dreary realities slipped from her shoulders like a worn-out mantle and dazzling, enchanting possibilities enveloped her.

The clumsy ferries became light-oared fairy crafts, plying across smooth waters to and from the land of golden opportunity. The hurrying crowds became exultant pilgrims. The millions of twinkling lights on the opposite bank became the beckonings of siren spirits. The horns of the ferry boats, the swishing of the river, the faint rumble of distant trains, the murmuring of the crowds became a paen proclaiming the valiant hopes of the sojourners.

Under the spell of the song, Ann forgot her discouragement and her weariness. A great hope throbbed in her that somewhere there across the dark water the least of her heritage would be the confidence of her fellows.

In her purse she had a dollar and a few small coins. She spent a nickel of this hoard for a ferry ticket and embarked on her voyage.

When she reached Jersey City, she invested further in a ticket for Paterson, remembering that she had heard it mentioned as a great mill town. She felt confident of finding employment there.

Arriving at Paterson rather late, she spent the night in the railroad waiting room, and planned to venture forth as soon as the daylight appeared.

In spite of the fact that the contents of her purse were dangerously diminished and her surroundings sordid, she was exceedingly happy. No hard bench or smoky air could lessen her relief in having escaped the mocking finger of shame which had dogged her footsteps. No pecuniary difficulties could detract from her joy in again daring to believe that she had done no wrong. No prospect of hungry days could rob her of the pleasure of regained self-respect.

At daybreak she slipped out into the deserted, untidy streets of the city she had chosen as her Mecca, and wandered amidst the grimy, sullen buildings as silently as the morning shadows. When she had gone a mile or two from the depot, she came upon a huge silk mill, staring ogre-eyed with its hundreds of soiled glass windows at the lowly houses about it. Still treading cautiously, as if awed by the morning quiet, she crept about the monstrous structure, wondering if one of its looms might supply her with work.

Hearing a murmur of voices around the corner of the building, she halted suddenly. In doing so, she fell back a step or two and trod heavily upon a board, causing it to crack loudly. At that sound a voice cried harshly, "Halloo, who's there!" and quick steps approached from the other side. As Ann leaned

against the wall of the house, fearing to think what she had thrust herself into, a man appeared, wearing a deputy's star.

"An' what in thunder are you doing here this early in the mornin'," he demanded. "Fine time of day to begin picketing!"

This sarcasm was lost on Ann.

"I'm looking for work," she said, weakly. "I—I don't know where to go."

Her reply was quite inadvertant. She said the first thing that came to her mind. But it had a strange effect on the man before her. He immediately dropped his gruff manner and gave her a surprised smile.

"Oh, that's it, eh? Well, an' you must be wantin' work pretty bad to be comin' around this early in the mornin' with them devilish law-breaking dagoes out on strike. You shure had the luck av a queen to get past their pickets without havin' your head broke."

By this time they were joined by a group of men, evidently guards of the mill, among whom were several policemen.

"I say," said the man who had first appeared, "here's a little girl wot ain't afraid of bein' called a scab. We'll have to take good care of her and see that she gets a job."

Their talk about strikes and scabs created but vague pictures in Ann's consciousness. Such things had come into her experience only through the medium of a subsidized press, leaving scarcely any impression. The only thing that was absolutely clear to her was the fact that they were pleased with her for some reason, and that they intended to see that she was given work. Therefore, she felt no anxiety in their presence. She waited patiently on the steps with them until an automobile arrived, crowded with men and women, some of the men conspicuously armed. This manner of arrival puzzled her somewhat, but she made no protest as she was led inside with the others.

Within the mill the atmosphere was tense with anxiety. Accustomed to the order and precision of the department store, Ann was amazed at the chaotic manner in which the work was carried on. There was a constant buzz of conversation. In a haphazard way girls were removed from one task to another. Automobiles continued to arrive, and each reinforcement caused a change in the plan of work. Some operators worked at a break-neck speed, while others remained idle. Ann stood before her loom for three-quarters of an hour awaiting instructions. And this confusion continued throughout the entire day.

In the evening the automobiles appeared again with their armed escorts. Ann declined to ride, as she had no definite place to which she might go. The foreman met her refusal with a shrug of the shoulders.

"You're welcome to face those yelping dogs out there," he said, contemptuously. "But don't whine around here if you get bit."

When Ann stepped outside she found herself in the midst of pandemonium. Curses, hoarse shouts, cries of warning rang on all sides. Policemen and plain-clothes men were indiscriminately beating with clubs and the butts of revolvers the heads of men and women wearing red badges, labeled "picket," who were attempting to mount the steps of the mill.

Ann hastily made her way through the struggling mass. She longed to know more about the cause of the disturbance, but in vain she stood on the edge of the crowd and gazed around, her black eyes filled with questionings. No one paid heed to her slight figure. So she walked slowly away, the disturbance becoming fainter and fainter in the distance as she proceeded.

After a time she stopped before a modest one-story cottage. A neat brick walk led to the veranda, up whose posts a scanty-leaved rose vine straggled bravely. Through the open front door came the deep contralto voice of a woman crooning to her babe the world-old story of mother love. Such a sweet and soothing contrast was this voice from the harsh clamor at the doors of the mill that Ann stood motionless at the edge of the walk, charmed by its tenderness.

Presently she noticed that in one of the windows was a placard advertising "Rooms and Board," and as this was exactly what she was looking for, she walked to the door and knocked.

The woman who appeared in answer to her summons embodied all the strength and all the gentleness of ideal motherhood. Out of her great liquid eyes, whose depths were enhanced by her dark skin, she smiled at Ann. In her arms she held a stout, curly haired youngster, upon whose countenance her smile was reflected.

"I'd like to get a room," Ann began, hesitatingly, "but I haven't enough money to pay for a whole week in advance. I thought maybe you'd let me have one on trust. I work at the mill over there, and I can pay you at the end of the week, when I get my wages!"

At the words, "I work at the mill," all the gentleness disappeared from the woman's manner. An angry fire leaped into her eyes and her body became rigid with antagonism.

"You scab!" she cried, her voice as harsh with hatred as the voices of the combatants at the mill. "You dirty scab! You come here when we're on strike and take our bread away from us and from our children, and then you want to come into our homes 'on trust.' Get out of my sight before I hit you, you coward, you cur!"

She menaced Ann with her free arm, but Ann did not move away. Unconscious of any wrong intent, she did not shrink from the woman's anger.

"Please don't be mad at me," she said. "If I've done wrong, I didn't know it. I just came here, and I don't know what this strike's about. If you'll tell me

about it, I'll know what I've done that's wrong and what to do to make it right."

At first the woman regarded Ann with suspicion, but she could not look into those frank, childlike eyes without seeing that she was sincere. So, holding her baby tightly with one arm and using the other to emphasize her words, she proceeded to give Ann a forcible statement about the strike.

"When we get tired of being driven at our work like cattle, so that nights we're good for nothing but family brawls, and when we get sick of seein' the kids in rags, we begin thinkin' about a strike. When our bellies get to gnawing for decent food, and when we get tired of hearing the racket of the wheels even in our sleep, and when get courage to look beyond the ends of our noses and get the hate of poverty in us—when we want to be men instead of beasts—we go on strike!"

"That's what it's come to now, and that's why we're out on strike.

"An' whether we win or whether we lose, we've always got this satisfaction—that we had grit enough to fight!"

"Then, like me, you hate being poor," said Ann.

"Hate it!" said the woman, scornfully. "Hate it! Don't it kill us?"

"An' you stand together against it."

"We're learning that," was the grim response. "Some day we'll be strong enough to make law instead of break law."

"An' I can help in this strike?"

"Of course.

She did. Within twenty-four hours she had received her quota of bruises on the picket line and was once more within the clutches of the law. Again, she lay upon a cot, staring into the blackness of the night, while the sounds of prison life surged over her. But she was a different girl from the timid creature who had spent her first night in the Toombs. Then she had been torn between remorse and fear. Now she was exultant. Then she had been miserably, helplessly alone. Now she had but to listen and she heard the beating pulses of a hundred comrades. Here were no tears, no filthy curses, or cries of pain—only jubilant shouts and courageous songs and taunts at the officials as new arrivals from the picket lines filled the jail to overflowing.

The other jail had been to her a dark vault, suffocating the lone and helpless rebels confined within its walls, while this jail was the birthplace of a mighty courage—the savior of an aspiring humanity.

BE REVOLUTIONARY! If you know all the hell that capitalism has produced you cannot help but be revolutionary, if you have any manhood in you, but be sure that you have materials on hand worthy a true architect of a better world philosophy. To be a revolutionist is more than to be a destroyer.

THE GREAT AIM OF "OUR" SOCIALISM

"The great aim, therefore, of our Socialism is not merely to pass laws; not to destroy the business of the country; not to array labor against capital in civil war, but to create a feeling and a desire on the part of the prosperous to share that prosperity with the poor and the needy."

The above sentence is quoted from an editorial in the January number of Metropolitan magazine, and constitutes about as fine a bit of side-stepping as one often sees. Metropolitan should be quick about having its particular brand of Socialism patented before Kirby and Post and General Otis get hold of it. It is just about the brand of innocuous buncombe that they might easily exploit for the sake of circulation and advertising.

Metropolitan began some months ago to advocate Socialism. It seems now to have degenerated to a point where it advocates something which passes as "Our" Socialism, and does not hurt the advertising business. A little further along in its remarkable editorial Metropolitan says: "The next step will be to realize that the only way to break the vicious circle is to stop putting all the burden of higher wages on the consumer, and to let capital forego some of its reward. That means self-sacrifice on the part of the rich and prosperous."

Metropolitan seems to have in mind some plum pudding sort of Socialism that the rich and powerful are going to graciously hand down to the hard working wops of the world, with the sangfroid of a Chesterfield on a slippery ballroom floor.

Metropolitan deplors all of this class struggle agitation. "The class war is today the banner of the ignorant Socialist, who is not a Socialist at all, just as it is the weapon of the anti-Socialist," announces Metropolitan in this wonderful editorial.

Continuing, it says, "How, then, can the Socialist honestly champion the war of class against class?"

So long as Metropolitan seemed to be fearlessly advocating Socialism this magazine took a keen delight in the performance. Socialists all over the nation were delighted, of course. But the Socialist movement will not recognize as a Socialist publication one that is so weak-kneed as this January editorial shows Metropolitan to be—that is, if the Western Comrade has any idea of what Socialism is.

So the class war is nothing but the banner of the ignorant Socialist! So, indeed! Karl Marx, what an ignoramus you really were! Class war, indeed! Nothing in the world but the ravings of the rough necks! Why, the class war doesn't exist any more than the Rocky Mountains or the Gulf of Mexico—at least, it hadn't ought to, Metropolitan seems to think.

We shall watch with much interest for future wobblings of Metropolitan. Meanwhile, we note with mixed feelings the fact that the very brilliant and worth-while department on Socialism which has been conducted in Metropolitan by Algonon Lee is missing for the first time from the same number of the magazine that bespeaks for itself the advocacy of a more subdued sort of Socialism.

Let us stop right here, lest we find ourselves improvising a refrain that might run something like this:

"Oh, where is our wandering 'Mag' tonight?"

And that would never do at all.

WE WANT REVOLUTION

The American people seem to like the game of bluff. They stand for it so patiently.

It doesn't matter whether the bluffing is done by serious persons, who really believe they are saving the people, or whether it is done by the Big Tim type. It is bluffing just the same, so far as it gets the common people anything.

We are told by these bluff artists that we need lower tariff; that we need commission form of government; that we need the regulation of corporations, regulation of trusts; that we need the income tax, and that we need currency reform. We get all these things, and we are just where we were before. One hundred people in this great nation have an income of \$1,500,000 a year, and 37,815,000 have an average annual income of \$601. And there it sticks, in spite of all manner of tariff tinkering, currency legislation, regulation and taxation—with the chances all in favor of the 100 getting a fatter income than ever.

The simple fact is that as long as the dominant economic power is also the dominant political power, that power will get away with the goods.

Wisconsin and California have as good railroad commissions as ever any state will get. Wisconsin has had its commission for years. And wage slavery is as tightly fastened in the saddle in Wisconsin as ever it was under the rottenest rule of the most avaricious of the timber thieves. California is but the second chapter of the same story.

Capitalism gets its pickings as handily under commission government as under any other kind, and it will hold down the front doorstep as solidly under low tariff and reformed currency as it did of yore.

We have got to quit being led around after pots of gold at the end of rainbows. The only way out for us is to take the system by the seat of the neck, or wherever it is that you take a system when you want to chuck it, and we've simply got to throw the whole thing bodily into the discard.

A handful of Socialists in the Wisconsin legislature have done more for the working class in five years than regulation will ever do. One lone Socialist in the California Legislature did more for the working class last year than regulation will ever do. Reform is not what we want. WE WANT REVOLUTION!

THE IMMIGRANT



—Photo by Courtesy of the California Outlook.

By Frederick J. Haskin

I am the immigrant.

Since the dawn of creation my restless feet have
beaten new paths across the earth.

My uneasy bark has tossed on all seas.

My wanderlust was born of the craving for more
liberty, and a better wage for the sweat of my face.

I looked toward the United States with eyes kindled
by the fire of ambition and heart quickened with a
new-born hope.

I approached its gates with great expectation.

I entered in with fine hope.

I have shouldered my burden as the American man-
of-all-work.

I make half of the great American problem.

And yet, I am the great American problem.

When I pour out my blood on your altar of labor,
and lay down my life as a sacrifice to your god of
toil, men make no more comment than at the fall of
a sparrow.

But my brawn is woven into the warp and woof
of the fabric of your national being.

My children shall be your children, and your land
shall be my land, because my sweat and my blood will
cement the foundation of the America of tomorrow.



In Black and White

KINDA PUZZLIN'

BY heck, seems to me I'm somewhat mixed in my figgers. I reckon I've got the wrong end of things. seems to me. I recollect how the Daily Trumpet told us that the Standard Oil had been dissolved, and that the Tobacco Trust was put out of business. Yes, sir, clear as a cow comin' home. And the Telephone Trust was put on the blink for all time. I ain't sure who done it. Think it wasn't the sheriff who done it. Must've been the Supreme Board or some such official. But, the Standard Oil is still oilin' and the Tobacco Trust is still trustin'. Kinda puzzlin', this whole gosh dinged business is, by heck: kinda puzzlm'.—E. J.



RIDING ON CIGARS

TALKING to an American recently, President Huerta said: "What kind of a government have you in New York? I see your Governor is impeached for perjury and larceny. They tell me your police officers steal and murder citizens on the streets. What do you come down here for, anyhow, to preach to us about clean government?"

And that wasn't all, either. The Mexican added that he once rode from El Paso, Tex., to St. Louis, Mo., and was not forced to pay fare, giving the conductors cigars in lieu of cash. I did the same thing myself once, but I didn't give my cigars to conductors. I gave them to brakemen.—E. J.



DR. ROBINSON'S SUGGESTION

DR. WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, the interesting editor of The Critic and Guide, is much concerned over the number of deaths resulting from bichloride of mercury tablets, taken by accident, and gives a number of suggestions, the most enlightening of which is this: Have the manufacturers place a little bell around the neck of the bottle. So says Dr. Robinson, but I believe I have a better sug-

gestion. Have an electric button attached to the bottle which will work automatically as soon as touched by human hands. This button will set a battery in action, transmitting power over an electric wire connected with police headquarters, where a sergeant will have charge of the tablet department. He will be in touch with every bottle of tablets in the city limits, and will know the exact whereabouts of the bottle by a number, automatically registered by the electric current. He then presses a button and returns a volt of electricity to the bottle, shocking the stupidity out of the person and saving his life. I think this will work to the satisfaction of all, except the undertakers.—E. J.



BATTLESHIP INSANITY

ABOUT a billion and a half of dollars in bond issues are required today by the world's great nations, say Wall street reports. Russia heads the list and Argentina brings up the end of the line. About two-thirds of the amount will go for battleships. And within ten years all of those ships will be obsolete.

Meanwhile the slum districts in Washington, New York, Chicago, St. Louis and all of the rest of the big cities are pursuing their starvation tenor as of yore, millions are without work, and underconsumption is manifest everywhere. The same condition, with variations of form and degree, exists in every great nation. Desperation and death stalk on every hand.

Of course, it is very important that we should have plenty of nice, new battleships and plenty of big guns and big shells aboard them, for one never can tell when it may be necessary to go to war, really.

But, if ever those battleships go into action, who will be shot?

Oh, mostly the same kind of men that built them and man them, and the same kind of men that go starving through the length and breadth of all the lands. Funny thing, civilization, isn't it?—C. M. W.



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IN EXPLANATION

When the present owners took over The Western Comrade they found themselves swamped in such a mass of work that it was impossible to publish the January number anywhere near on time. Therefore, it was decided to eliminate the January number entirely, which has been done. Subscribers who are paid in advance will be credited with an additional month, so that all will receive all the issues to which they are entitled.

A NOTE

By Will L. Pollard

Higher the music ascends,
And Heaven itself bends down

Meeting the tune half-way.
Thus is the poet's soul
Caught in this meeting place,
Filled with the best of the world,

Touched with the essence of God.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT US

“The last number of The Western Comrade surely is a humdinger. I think it would be a good idea to send a copy to each of our Congressmen from California, with Harold Everhart's article, ‘The Situation in Mexico.’—T. T. Gross, county secretary, Janesville, Cal.

“The Western Comrade deserves a dollar from every Socialist and Labor-Unionist on this coast. To show its worthiness it is only necessary to mention the names comprising its corps of writers.”—The World Issue, Santa Cruz, Cal.

“It is our best magazine, and I shouldn't want to miss an issue.”—Alida M. Snow, Los Angeles.

In a letter to Chester M. Wright, Frank E. Wolfe writes as follows from New York: “I just received the information that you and Emanuel Julius have taken over The Western Comrade. I am glad to hear this, and shall be delighted to find some way to assist you.”

David Fulton Karsner, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes to Emanuel Julius as follows: “I am glad to hear that you have the magazine. I have stronger hopes than ever for that virile publication of the revolution. You and Chester Wright are just the men to engineer the proposition. You'll get along! There's not the slightest doubt of it. I want to tell you that I have heard many good things said about The Western Comrade by people in the East. May success and the Social Revolution crown the efforts of its editors. I will do all in my little way to aid the child of your dreams.”

In part, the New York Call says the following: “Julius and Wright plan to enlarge the magazine. They have great plans that they intend to carry to success. The new editors

hope that the magazine will, in time, become the most popular monthly Socialist magazine in America. The new owners are planning a vigorous campaign to increase the circulation of The Western Comrade. For that reason, Emanuel Julius intends to devote most of his time to the publication. Wright, who is editor of the California Social-Democrat, will continue his duties on that strong weekly Socialist organ. The Los Angeles Citizen, of which Emanuel Julius is one of the editors, will continue his services, though, of necessity, in a lesser degree.”

“I can hardly find words to express my appreciation for The Western Comrade. It is the best Socialist magazine in America.”—Phillip H. Aston, 548 Haight, Alameda, Cal.

In a letter to Emanuel Julius, R. Parm Pettipiece, editor of The British Columbia Federationist, says: “I wish to assure you that I am following you very closely in the columns of your paper, which is always looked forward to on our exchange table.”

J. E. Snyder, writing in The Intermountain Worker, Salt Lake City, Utah, says: “I have been visiting quite a bit with the editors of The Western Comrade, that is the new editors—Emanuel Julius and Chester M. Wright. They are both young and full of their subject, and I believe are thoroughly capable of breathing the spirit of the West. The West needs a good, live magazine. One that is up to literary standards and at the same time carries the revolutionary propaganda as the main feature. The other magazines print Socialism, but come out for the other parties. What we want is a magazine that prints Socialism and then is consistent enough to stand for the party that can make it come true. The editors are going to seek out the best writers and debaters, making the editorial page bristle with up-to-date events.”

THE WESTERN COMRADE

A Constructive Socialist Magazine
Published Monthly

Chester M. Wright and Emanuel Julius,
Owners and Editors
203 New High Street, P. O. Box 135
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Associate Editors

Eleanor Wentworth Stanley B. Wilson
Fred C. Wheeler Rob Wagner
Charles Tracy

Vol. 1 February, 1914 No. 10

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A special department by Chester M. Wright, the editor, is one of the snappy features of the Social-Democrat. In this department the big doings of the world pass in review each week. There's a spicy slam-bang to this department that you'll appreciate.

"Great," Is What They All Say!

Comrades who know newspapers, comrades who know the Socialist movement and its needs, all join in praising the Social-Democrat. Among those who testify to the high quality and character of the Social-Democrat are National Executive Secretary Lanfersiek, former Congressman Victor L. Berger, our own J. Stitt Wilson, the indefatigable Job Harriman and many others.

Six Bits Gets It for You!

Mail your subscription for this paper today. It is owned and controlled by the Socialist party of California. A letter addressed to The Social-Democrat, P. O. Box 135, Los Angeles, Cal., will reach it promptly. **MAIL YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TODAY**—and say you saw the ad in The Western Comrade!

TINKERING WITH "PANIC CURES"

If anything further were needed to demonstrate the failure of the capitalism system to provide for the people we have it in the present "industrial depression."

In this present panic we are having a new—to most people—phase of the system brought into prominence. That new phase is the inability of present government to see that the people, for whom government exists, get the means with which to sustain life.

Heretofore there has not been much of willingness on the part of government to even admit that it owed any duty toward those who sought work but could not find it. There is at present, however, at least in California, a rather widespread admission that it is the duty of the government to see that there is no misery due to lack of work.

Los Angeles has made something of an effort to find a way to supply work to those who want work, but cannot find it. Of course, much of this activity is caused by the fact that the Socialist party has been very insistent, and that there has been a Socialist in the city council.

But the one fact that has stood out through it all is that the municipal government is **NOT FITTED TO THAT PURPOSE.** Government, as we have had it, was not devised nor intended to give the working class an opportunity to work. It has been so busily engaged in serving the master class that it has forgotten the working class, except on election day.

But now we find that even when there is something of a desire to protect the workers that the **MACHINERY** for doing that very thing is **NOT AVAILABLE TO THE MUNICIPALITY.**

"Tell us what we can do and we will do it," has been the cry from a number of terribly muddled-up officials. Of course, these officials, for the most part, are not imbued with any revolutionary ideas, or anything of that sort. It has simply

DROP THAT BOMB!

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Published weekly. Murray E. King, editor. One dollar per year in advance. Address communications to room 234 Moose Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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"The Western Comrade is doing a good work, and I wish you success," says Ray Perrin, 121 West Grande, Albuquerque, N. M.

been pounded into them that a crisis exists and that they must do something about it. They don't know what to do. And small wonder!

The only way in which ALL of the people can be given work for any length of time is for those people to be given access to the INDUSTRIES. And the people DO NOT OWN THE INDUSTRIES. The municipal government has nothing to say about the INDUSTRIES! The municipality may undergo a spasm of activity in the way of street building, tree planting, sewer digging, or something of that sort, but until the people own and democratically operate the INDUSTRIES there can be no sustained employment for ALL who want to work.

We can use panics for agitation purposes, and that is about all, unless we take charity into consideration. We may provide work for a short time for a limited number of men and women, but never can we perpetuate justice in the shape of WORK for all who wish work until we bring the SOURCES of production and distribution under the ownership of the whole people. Never can we abolish that exploitation that is the basis of all our misery until we take from the exploiters the machinery with which they exploit. Never can we stop panics until we root out the CAUSE of panics.

We can and we must use every opportunity—and the present offers such an opportunity—to show to all the people the utter folly and crime of the present system, to the end that they shall tear it down and build a better one. But, as for Los Angeles or San Francisco or Portland or Denver giving JUSTICE to thirty thousand idle men and women—IT CAN'T BE DONE UNDER CAPITALISM!

We must do what we can to relieve suffering, of course, and we do that with a glad, yet aching, heart. Meanwhile we go on pounding away at the foundation of the system that, if not broken down, will soon bring us another panic.

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It will please the comrades to hear that Dawson is back on the job at the Old Book Shop, 518 South Hill street, Los Angeles. Dawson is there with the same hearty welcome to "browse." Dawson surely has a wonderful collection of rare books. In fact, it is the largest west of Chicago. I always find it a joy to spend an hour at Dawson's wonderful book shop. I know that I'll not be expected to buy. I'll be able to browse about—something I love to do. Dawson is a book seller of the old school. Drop around and get acquainted with him. He's a good fellow.—E. J.

NOTICE TO READERS

We wish to call the attention of the readers of The Western Comrade to the advertisement on the second page of this issue. In that advertisement, Comrade Henry M. Silverberg asks for the patronage of Western Comrade subscribers. We desire to emphasize the fact that our comrades should go to this comrade's office at 452 South Hill street (Central Park Dentists) and make known their appreciation of his support of the Socialist press. When anyone is kind enough to enable a Socialist publication to fulfill its mission, it is the duty of all to reciprocate. Go to Comrade Silverberg's office and let him do your dental work. He has been in the Socialist party for more than a decade and has always been an active booster for the cause. Tell him you saw his advertisement in The Western Comrade—and tell him to keep it there. Tell your friends to go to the Central Park Dentists, where they will be treated right.

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THOUGHTS WHILE ON THE ROAD

By J. E. Snyder

DON'T hitch your ideas to a lariat pin and go off and leave them. Don't hobble your thoughts by old traditions and advices. **STRIKE OUT FOR THE HEIGHTS.** Give your ideas free range, your thoughts liberty.

The mountains are poems. I stood at the foot of Mount Wilson on a clear morning at Dawn. I desired to find words for a poem when it dawned on me that the Mountain was enough.

"If the sun and moon should doubt, they'd immediately go out."

What bubble are you blowing? Think you it will never burst? Bubbles blown by small boys absorb them so that they forget that bubbles burst, and are much surprised when they do. Have you not seen your bubbles grow in their orb to wonder size, take on all the myriad colors, and then collapse with nothing before you but thin air and opportunity to blow another bubble? "Men are only boys grown tall," and may find that their full blown and cherished hopes and movements are but bubbles after all; but to him who heeds the truth and accepts no other building stones will find that the past has given lasting foundation materials. He will find that all is not a bubble.

The real constitution of a movement or a nation is not written on paper. Its character depends on the members of the body politic. We cannot have democracy without Democrats, Socialism without Socialists. Neither can one learn all of democracy nor Socialism in a day. It took Marx twenty years to write "Capital," and then Engles had to finish it. The reason some Socialist locals fail is because the members jump from the preparatory class to a professorship in economics the first week of their membership.

Beautiful Meat Market

Without question, the most beautiful meat market in Los Angeles is at Third and Main streets, and goes under the name of Christopher's Meat Market, conducted by George A. Binney & Co. This institution occupies the place formerly used by Levy's cafe. It is a joy to the eye and the mecca of epicureans.

This place can well be called a department store, so far as things to eat are concerned. If it is eaten, it is in this beautiful and sumptuous store.

Large, airy, sanitary, this meat market stands as a model of what the future stores will be like. It is the last word in things pertaining to the dinner table. All classes of people are catered to, and all are invariably given the greatest possible satisfaction.

People who deal at meat markets like to have the stuff come from clean sources. This is the great feature of Christopher's Meat Market. The first desire of the management is cleanliness. Then comes the determination to price the goods so that only a reasonable profit will be made. In this manner, the interests of the buying public are conserved.

Christopher's Meat Market should be patronized liberally by readers of The Western Comrade. If they desire the best that money can buy, then purchases should be made at this beautiful place.

This meat market is gaining scores of friends each day because it is becoming generally known that it is the finest place in the West. It can safely be said that the entire Pacific coast can not boast of so beautiful and sanitary a place where food-stuffs may be purchased at moderate prices.

At Christopher's Meat Market the patron finds a corps of clerks on hand who understand every phase of their work and who are always anxious to give the customers the best possible service.—Adv.

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THE "MOCK" NEWSPAPERS

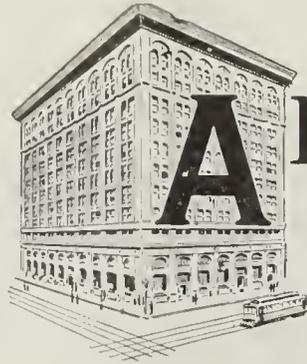
NEWSPAPER readers cannot have failed to mark the consistency with which the newspapers have referred to the Rev. Hans Schmidt as the "mock" priest. It is one of those things that mark the servieny of the great American press.

There has been nothing to convince the public that this reverend gentleman, recently tried in New York City on a charge of murdering a girl, was not a regular priest at the time he is alleged to have committed murder.

For the newspapers to so obligingly refer to him now as a "mock" priest, giving the idea that he was some sort of an impostor, is to demonstrate the "mock" sincerity of our newspapers. Of course, the fact that this priest was charged with murder is no reflection at all upon the church with which he was connected. However, the manner in which the newspapers have referred to him serves as an excellent contrast to the manner in which the newspapers referred to the assailant of Colonel Roosevelt, who, though a Democrat and a Catholic, as well as a Tammany Hall novitiate, was referred to as a Socialist by the great New York newspapers. There was no "mock" in that instance, though there was a fine mockery of truth.—C. M. W.

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