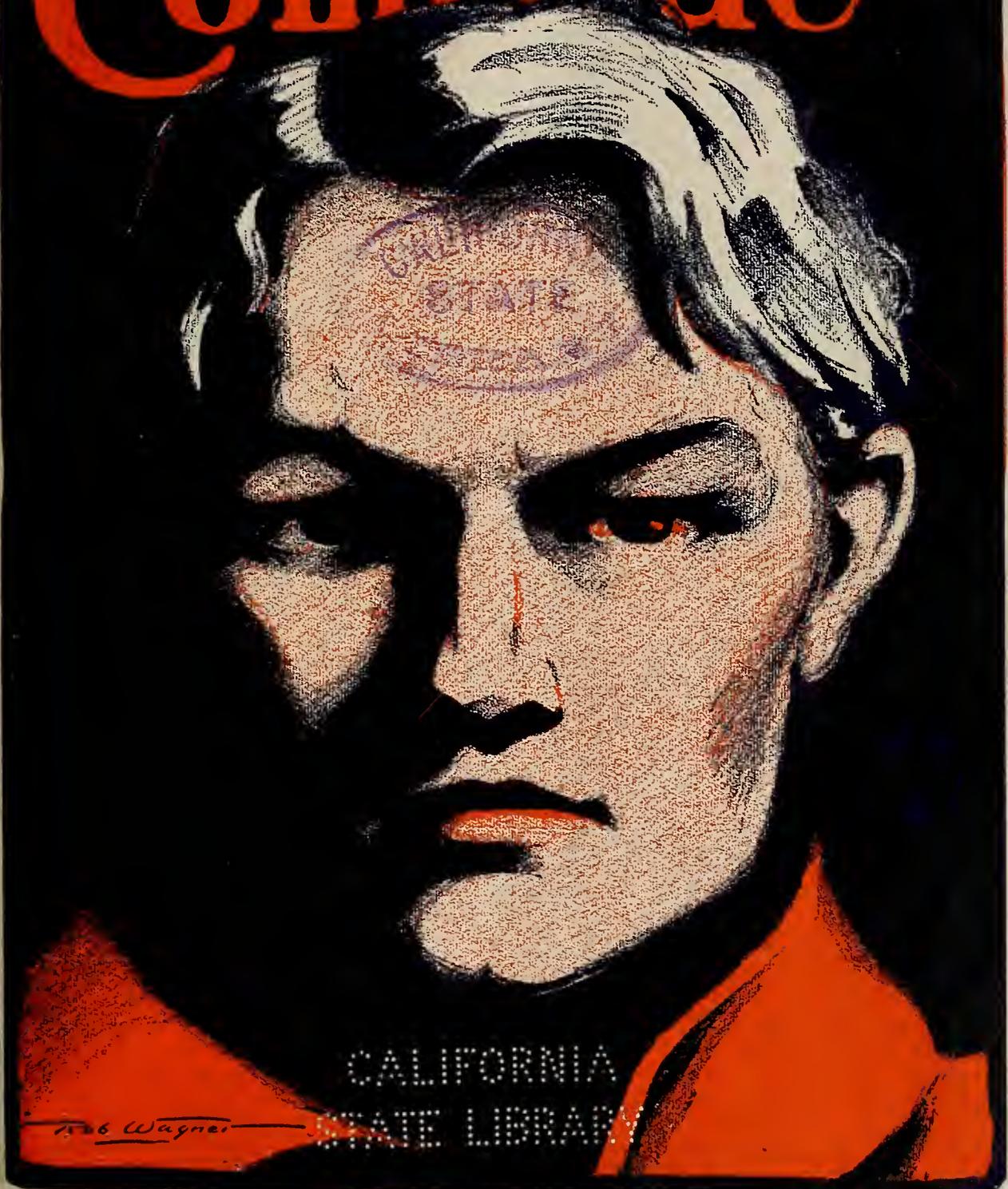


APRIL, 1913

TEN CENTS

The Western Comrade



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IN THIS NUMBER

BATTLING AT THE BREAD LINE
By Chester M. Wright



THE SUNSHINE OF SOCIALISM
By R. A. Maynard

A Page About The Western Comrade for May

BY THE EDITORS



WHEN you read these lines, which are intended as a personal message to you from the editors, you will have formed something of an opinion about The Western Comrade, its ideals and its ability to attain to them.

And while you are in that cogitating mood, let us discuss together some of the things that are to be brought to you in the May number. They may help to lend more of balance to your judgment.

First of all there will be a story by Job Harriman. Many a magazine in these radical days would eagerly reach for the pages that come from his pen and The Western Comrade is particularly fortunate in securing for its second number a contribution on "The High Cost of Living and the Cost of High Living," written by this student and fighter of the Pacific Coast.

What would you say if someone should come to you and say to you, "Come over the nation with me while we chat with its heroes?"

Wouldn't you welcome the opportunity to meet and know the best men of the last twenty-five years all over the land—the brave hearts of Socialism?

You are going to have that pleasure!

R. A. Maynard will be your guide. In years of going to and fro in the service of the Socialist party he has met and known intimately its grandest spirits. Of these he has promised to tell in the May number of The Western Comrade. In his article on "Heroes of the Social Revolution" he will tell you of great hearts and brave souls, of noble men and women through whose lives the world has been made better. Some of these comrades have passed beyond this life; some still live and battle. This article will not be alone—or even mainly—of those much in the public eye. It will tell of people new to most of you, people who have done wonder work for humanity but of whom the world has heard little. This article will be something new in Socialist literature and you will want to preserve it.

Then there will be "The Conquest of Prudery," by Emanuel Julius, one of whose stories appears in this number. The forthcoming story by Comrade Julius is one of his few efforts in the field of special articles. Socialist readers all over the nation know him as a fiction writer, but here he has given us something new. He has taken a subject commonly called delicate and he has handled it so skillfully, so thoughtfully, so clearly, that it cannot be other than a help to those who have pondered over the wonderful questions involved in the mysteries that have been developed behind the awesome veil of convention. Prudery is given a severe treatment in this article. We believe you will agree that its selection for the May number was a fortunate one.

Aside from these are a dozen other features. There will be another wonderful title cover in colors by Robert Wagner. To have secured the work of this gifted artist for The Western Comrade has been voted by all a master stroke and the editors are justly proud of the accomplishment.

TWO GEMS FOR TWO DIMES

Because of a fortunate saving that we were enabled to make in the course of publication, we are able to offer two of the best books available for propaganda use at 10 cents each. They are:

"The Gospel of Socialism," by Stanley B. Wilson.

"The Religion of a Socialist," by R. A. Maynard.

The books should be in every library. There is an inspiration in every line. There is an upward outlook in each that brings to the reader a finer, nobler conception of the great world-wide Socialist movement. They warm the heart, they strengthen the intellect, they bring warm sunshine to the soul. You must have these books. Clip the attached coupon, put it in an envelope with two dimes and mail to The Citizen Publishing Co., Box 135, Los Angeles. CLIP THE COUPON NOW AND HAND YOUR LETTER TO THE FIRST POSTMAN YOU SEE!

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Western Comrades



Not in gold in her mountains,
Nor in blue of her skies,
Not in gleam of her fountains,
Nor in bright, sparkling eyes
Of her fairest 'mong women,
Is the lure that men prize.

But strength of women, worth of men,
And broad expanse of view;
In frank warm love of comrades, when
The Cause comes just and true;
Here stands the Western Comrade—
His hand he proffers you.

The Birth Song!

It is not because it is customary that these lines are written, but to tell you something of *The Western Comrade*, its plans and aspirations. It is not because publications are expected to explain themselves that *The Western Comrade* takes you off on a journey into the future in these paragraphs.

These lines are written because *The Western Comrade* is so brimful of the exuberance of youth and the sheer joy of consecration to an ideal that it just must take you one and all into its confidence.

These lines are written because the heart must speak. And if your heart is attuned alike to the spirit of the great struggle, you, too, will enjoy communion with the people who have produced this magazine.

The Western Comrade comes into the world of clash and conflict with no under-estimate of the size of the breakers ahead, with no foolhardy hazard at what the cost of its daring may be. But it also comes with a whole-souled conception of the work to be done. It comes knowing that all men have hearts and minds that must be reached; and in reaching them and gripping them that day for which the great world Socialist movement is striving will be hastened on its way. And what nobler purpose could there be than to speed the coming of that day?

The Western Comrade comes into the world to breathe upon it the spirit of the boundless West and to bring to the West itself a better, more wholesome interpretation of its own all-inclusive spirit—that noble spirit which has heralded our West to all the world as something wide and free and daring.

The spirit of the West is the spirit of health and youthful effervescence. It has baffled the agencies of decay and pessimism as no other has done. It smiles red-lipped from its verdant low lands and it laughs full-throated and clear from its majestic peaks. Its leaping rivers flash out clear like the bubbling eyes of wonderful maidens and its glowing sun rays betray warmth and comradeship and beautiful sentiment.

The real spirit of the West is the spirit of humanity untrammelled. The real spirit of the real West is the spirit of the world to be, the spirit of emancipated men and women, the spirit of perfect healthy childhood, the spirit of humanity unmasked and unburdened!

That is the spirit of *The Western Comrade*! Exultantly it goes forth to the world! Smiling, clear eyed, deep chested and strong, with the chains of commercialism thrown aside, it goes out to spread where it may the spirit that fills and clamors for expression! And in the pulsing, indescribable joy of wonderful life it calls to you everywhere: Come up out of bondage; come up the great slope, up where the sun shines, up where the air is pure, where the shadow of despair is never cast.

Come then, let us all together touching elbows, hand in hand, go up where man shall be free forever!

Fighting Clean!

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT



THE best rebel is the cleanest rebel.

Somehow the world has come to demand that those who protest against the arrangement of things shall be of superior fiber.

Somehow the world is not willing to grant that those who are in revolt against the status quo may abandon themselves to the vices common to those who support things as they are.

And should we not be glad that this is so?

For it has had its effect upon the revolution and on the people of the revolution. It has made them better revolutionists.

But the men and women of the revolution pride themselves on cleanliness, not because the world demands it, for they are in revolt against many things that the world has set up.

They strive for cleanliness because cleanliness makes for efficiency. And we need to be efficient. Every ounce of energy makes the revolution that much more sure, that much more wantable, that much more inspiring.

This cleanliness is not a cleanliness from the soil that accumulates on the hands of the person who toils to create the world's bread. It is not a shrinking from contact with the grime of work.

It is that essential cleanliness that comes from the thinking of noble thoughts, the leading of right lives, the proper use of body and mind.

That person who so uses his body as to keep it at the highest state of purity and energy is exceeding wise. He furnishes a pure source of energy for his brain. Clear thinking is essential to the social revolution, for the social revolution is a revolution in which intelligence must win the victory.

The fundamental revolutionist realizes these things. The fundamental revolutionist believes that fresh air is as necessary to the fighters in the social revolution of today as bullets were to the fighters in the revolution of 1776.

The fundamental revolutionist believes that sunshine is as necessary to the revolutionist of today as strong tents were to the fighter in the dark days of the French revolution.

The fundamental revolutionist of today has a passion for cleanliness in all things. He loves cleanliness of the body. He loves the ruddy glow of clean skin. He is inspired by the beautiful play of clean muscles. He reverences the clean body. He is enraptured over homes that are clean and he knows the fighting value of the clean mind.

Clean people are clean fighters. The social revolution of today is the cleanest, noblest fight that was ever fought. It has a right to be fought by clean fighters.

Therefore, should not we men and women of the revolution, be clean; be clean of mind and body and clean of home? The great prayer of the revolution is for a day when all people may be clean, when every babe shall have as its birthright a clean body; when every home shall be free from the dirt that is forced into it by an unjust social system; when every person in the world shall have an abundance of cleanliness in habitation, in body, mind and spirit and when men and women shall be clean in their dealings with each other.

And, with these things before us let us set this up as a truth: The best rebel is the cleanest rebel.

Upon that principle the Western Comrade will always stand.

The Sunshine



IN commenting upon the last Socialist National Convention at Indianapolis the press of that city called attention to what it termed the "terrible seriousness" of the delegates.

Little humor, few jokes, rare flashes of enlivening wit, only an occasional rift in the cloud to let the sunshine in—this was the verdict. The criticism was not new, hence the Hoosier scribes are

precluded from asserting the claim of original discoverers—

A Socialist may be defined as an accoucheur assisting at the birth of a new social order. As such he is engaged in serious business. His duties are many and complex.

Careful study of principles and tactics; continuous sleeping under marching orders; enforced marches followed by frequent engagements on the skirmish line and an occasional hand to hand conflict—while all these develop an intelligent appreciation of the nature and gravity of the class conflict under capitalism they do not contribute in any great extent to the hilarity of nations.

To serve in this great Army of the Commonwealth ever ready to accept what may come of personal discomfort or sacrifice, is not child's play nor especially mirth-provoking. The forces engaged in world-wide conflict are tremendous and the principles involved far-reaching in effect upon human welfare.

None save Socialists fully appreciate the significance of this titanic struggle only to end with death of the old and birth of a new social order.

The Socialist understands that the miseries and industrial wrongs of the present are birth-pangs in the travail of a civilization long since past the normal period of gestation.

But, while conscious of being a factor in vital processes and of dealing with living forces, which must inevitably win to the ultimate goal, he yet becomes impatient of delay.

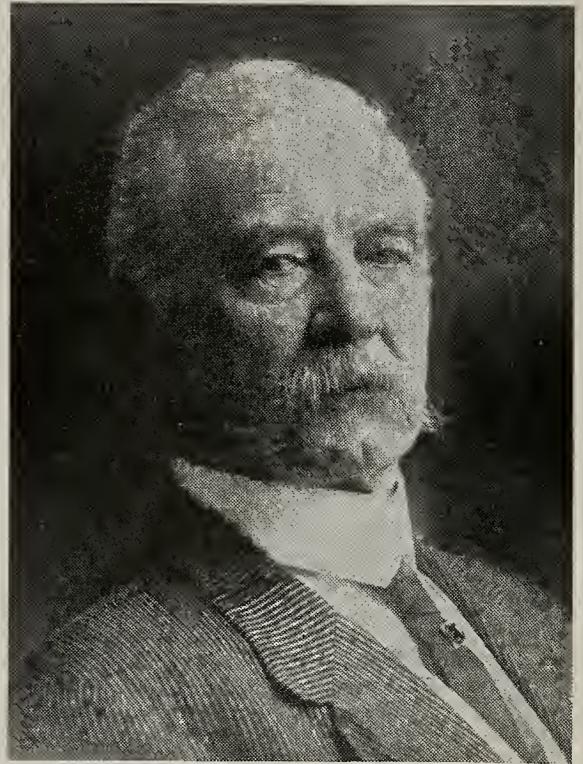
The mills of nature grind exceeding sure but they likewise grind exceeding slow unless their machinery be speeded through human aid.

How to awaken the minds of the workers, that the evolutionary processes be so accelerated as to make possible the transition from old to new order without violence, is today the supreme task of the Socialist.

It is not easy of accomplishment nor is the burden of responsibility light.

What wonder, then, that with such realization of the magnitude of problems confronting them, Socialists, whether in work of propaganda or convention, meet these problems in such earnest, serious spirit as to challenge the attention of the mere casual onlooker.

But let the spectator not be misled by appearances and jump to the conclusion that the Socialist is a pessimist, a mere dispenser of gloom. What is here seen is but his fighting face, his militant spirit in action.



R. A. MAYNARD

All Socialists are revolutionists. The battles of a revolution may be fought with bullets or with ballots. The Socialist uses the latter. But whether with ballots or bullets, equal courage, skill and daring are necessary. And these are ever found commensurate with the hope and confidence which a great cause inspires.

The world has never known greater cause than this last great conflict for freedom. A freedom that shall make real all the achievements of the past and bring a fully emancipated humanity.

But all this is of the shadow not the sunshine of Socialism.

In nature, as the shadow intensifies the sunshine of which it is the product, so the sunshine of Socialism is but made brighter by reason of contrasting shadow.

One of the lesser poets, writing of the ocean, describes the winds as raging and billows contending in angry roar at the surface, while far down in the depth of waters a peaceful stillness reigns undisturbed by tempest or storm.

Thus despite the storm and stress of class conflict and the cloud or shadow which it casts into human lives, there is still a calm at the center of the storm and a silver lining to the cloud.

But none save the Socialist can find the calm or glimpse the sparkle of the lining.

In one of Browning's poems are these lines:
"God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures

of Socialism

By R. A. Maynard

Author of

"The Religion of a Socialist," Etc.

Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her."

The discerning will note that the most strenuous Socialist has not only the sterner soul-side, with which he greets the sadly distorted world, but another warm with hope and faith and love undaunted, with which he pays devoted homage to his mistress—**The Cause.**

As science has told the story, away back in the past human eyes were set well around on the sides of the head. The progress of the eyes to their present position and their subsequent focussing required centuries of time.

The industrial and social changes of the past have come through the clash and struggle of blind forces—our world of the present is for the most part the result of a well-nigh unconscious evolution.

But at last the eyes of evolution are in its forehead. The eyes of natural and human selection focus together. The Socialist is consciously co-operating with nature and her laws in the social revolution now on.

His is not a blind faith in invisible forces. It is neither "the substance of things hoped for" nor "the evidence of things unseen." It is a faith that has ripened into knowledge.

He knows that the entire Social structure rests upon an economic base. He also knows that economic change for the most part determines and shapes all social changes. Finally, he knows that economic change is inevitable.

On this bedrock of solid fact does he stand, conscious of the impregnability of his position and the inevitable triumph of his cause.

Here is the Socialist Mount of Vision. In the entire range of Socialist-Himalayas this is the topmost peak.

He who climbs the trail to this point is rewarded by breadth of vision and enlarged horizon, and is permitted to look out upon a world transformed and radiant with light, beauty and truth.

Light, beauty and truth are none the less in the valleys and on the plains than at the mountain summit. The same sun bathes all—in its effulgent rays.

But the mountain top gives perspective, sense of proportion and relationship.

Here alone is the shining of the sun never obscured by clouds that hover close and all too thick over the habitations where dwell the children of men.

Fullest appreciation of sunshine is only possible to one who has climbed to the heights.

Nowhere among the Rockies can I now recall such far-reaching mountain slope as that from the summit of the range above the Tomboy mine, down, down, down and still farther down into the pretty little town of Telluride—name historic in the annals of the labor movement.

On an October afternoon astride a handsome, intelligent, mountain pony I climbed the trail ten thousand feet up while the shadows were thrown off down the mountain side by the Autumn sun.

During the night there came a snow flurry and in

the early morning just as the sun was peeping over the range, and the snow still lay like a mantle covering all with its fleecy whiteness, my steed and I began our descent.

Electric fountains shimmering and scintillating under the rays from skillfully manipulated electric lights are beautiful and possess a power of weird fascination, but the ride down the mountain side on the bright October morning, while myriads of melting snowflakes reflect the sunshine from twig and leaf and branch, in all the colors and combination of color possible to nature, presented a scene of more bewildering beauty than any electric magician could devise.

Away off in the distance could be seen the rainbows covering the silvery mists of Bridal Veil Falls, while far down in the depths of the valley, the spires and roofs of the little city cast their reflected light into the picture.

Instinctively there came to mind these lines of Moore:

"Blest power of sunshine; genial day,
What halm, what life is in thy ray."

This village and valley, thus glorified, was at that moment the center for one of the most bitter phases of the class struggle conditions have yet developed. Apparently the gulfs and chasms, the deadly depths which divided mine-owning class from miner class were hopeless, and desperately dark.

But just as the valley was made radiant and beautiful by the sun of the new day, so the light of Socialist philosophy interpreted that human feud, turning it from horror to hope, from meaningless tragedy to purposeful drama.

Standing at Lookout Point below the falls, on the brink of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, just before sunrise on a Summer morning, a scene of indescribable beauty presents itself. The mighty canyon yawns a thousand and more feet in depth and thousands of feet in expanse, with walls so brightly tinted in rainbow colors, as to make the fact that it is nature's handiwork well-nigh unbelievable. In the foreground towering needles of rock pinnacles stretch aloft and in the back ground are the great falls of the Yellowstone whose waters in their descent fall more than three times the distance of Niagara's. From the seething mass of waters great banks of spray continuously rise, filling the air with fleecy clouds and dewy mist; when lo! It brightens in the East! the first gray streaks from his majesty the sun stream above the horizon, and the whole scene is thrown into bold relief of light and shadow.

On comes the sun, climbing higher and still higher, until at last a flood of golden glory streams into the canyon depths and the wondrous picture stands revealed.

Millions of rainbows arch over all; the infinite

variety of color on rocky wall and spire and pinnacle glows with light and warmth; the shadows deepen in the depths; each gleaming drop of water, as the mighty volume breaks at the surface, becomes a diamond, ruby, emerald or sapphire, and the glory and triumph of the sunshine is complete.

From the foot of the falls on the river bank at the bottom of the canyon but little of this picture would be visible. The altitude of Lookout Point is necessary to give perspective, proportion and full appreciation.

But, while the wider vision and enlarged horizon are necessary to reach such understanding of the fundamental truths of Socialism as to merge hope and faith in positive knowledge of sure fruition, yet, after all 'tis not so much in this knowledge as in its necessary implications that the full glow and warmth of the sunshine of Socialism is found.

Within the shining rails of economic activity all future progress must move. In the workshop is the arterial life of society's heart, brain and spirit. Seeing this the Socialist finds in it his inspiration.

How to free this industrial life, how to make it abound in health and fullness—this is his problem, a problem, too, for which he has the remedy—blood sucking exploitation must go. No longer on all the earth must one man live in the sweat of another's face.

Although to comparatively few, in Labor's mighty army, it is given to enter into the larger knowledge and underlying assurances of Socialist thought, yet the glowing warmth and invigorating property of the sunshine which radiates therefrom is for all, even the humblest toiler in the ranks.

While Markham's lines:

"What to him

Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades,

What the long reaches of the peaks of song,

The rift of dawn, the reddening of the Rose."

are all too true of the rank and file of the workers, yet the aspirations of each comrade are common to all; and all receive their inspiration from the same source.

And this, after all, is the living, vital reality making Socialism inexpressibly dear to the hearts of Socialists.

A mighty host touching elbows round the world, in mill, in mine, in shop, in factory, on farm, wherever the work of the world is done, moved by a common purpose, sharing a common hope, loyal to a faith equally sacred to each, receiving inspiration from the same source, constituent parts of one world-wide struggle, sustained by an unfaltering trust in the justice of their cause, and each pledged, by his own life and all life holds dear, never to give up the struggle until industrial emancipation has been won and for the first time a race of free men and women inhabits the earth.

This is the solidarity of Labor and the meaning of class-consciousness!

Comrade! What a depth of meaning the word contains for all who have entered into the full spirit of Socialist comradeship; for all who have found the more abundant life to which it is the door.

Comrades in a world cause having for its inspiration the life of humanity; for its mission to make that life free and to beautify it.

Here is found the heart, the life-center of the sunshine of Socialism. Here we are enabled to glimpse

the beauty and the glory that shall be when the sun of Socialism shall have reached its meridian height. Here we reach the border land of that future just ahead. Here at last is place for vision, for dream interpretation, for anticipation. For, in the language of a great souled Comrade: "The Socialist heart which hungers for the music of the future must at times listen for notes floating down from the heights mankind is yet to climb, and take in those harmonies as if they were sounding now, thus creating a present day joy out of the joy of the coming generations."

The Socialist alone is the true optimist. It is he who draws in full, free breaths of gladness. There is ever sunshine in his soul.

Labor's problem today is only a question of bread, and bread is no question at all to the man of the twentieth century. Away then with exploitation, the unpardonable sin! Let us clear the highway for the Messiah. Let us break down the obstacles, remove the fears, and destroy the prejudices that block the pathway. Let us do this and gain for all the world an abundant entrance to a glad free life.

But first the chains of bread-bondage must be broken. Then—after that! Are you big enough to see what comes after that? After that there will come to mankind a limitless life of strength, dignity and beauty. On Comrades—let us on!

"And what if trade sow cities
Like shells along the shore,
And thatch with towns the prairie broad
With railways ironed o'er;—
They are but sailing foamhells
Along Thought's causing stream
And take their shape and Sun-color
From him that sends the dream."

A SONG OF SPRING

By B. Barnett

"Lie down on the earth—then thou may'st hear the seeds quickening."
Come creep with me
Among the ragged mass of toiling life,
Through every crevice let us work our way,
Dig and descend; and let the keenest strife
Gnaw at our brain and body night and day.

Dig deep and full
With me into the great deep heart of man,
Into that surging sea of agony,
And let us clutch at what or whom we can,
Afraid of that grim death for you and me.

Bring thou with thee
The memory of pleasing sounds and sights,
The sense of beauty and of pleasant things,
The finer feelings, and the changing lights,
The sense that sorrow into justice stings.

See, feel and know
Where motley murmurs swell to voices grand,
Where seeds of progress find the richest soil,
Where rising forces, deep and wide, expand,
Down where the ragged human masses toil.

A Piece of Paper

By
Emanuel Julius

*"O what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive"*
--Scott



WE are ruled by pieces of paper—everything is based on paper. We conquer nations, enslave millions—all through pieces of paper. Paper is the new tyrant—it is all-powerful. The people have a new God, a new religion—they worship pieces of paper.

Pieces of paper make the gentleman and the aristocrat. Pieces of paper hold the pauper where he is. Pieces of paper direct armies, father wars, foster peace. Paper is civilization.

And, while on this subject, let us consider the case of Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown was poor; she had nothing, save relatives. In that respect she was well supplied. She once remarked, "If I had a dollar for every relation I wouldn't have to worry any more."

Mrs. Brown was a weight on her kinfolk, who were forced to help keep her. But Mrs. Brown had to work for what she ate—this aged woman was forced to wash clothes, scrub floors, sew and knit.

Many were the humiliations heaped upon this poor, frail bit of humanity. Of course, Charlie hardly ever said anything that might be construed as offensive or insulting, nor did Susan, his wife, ever remark, in so many words, that she was a "sponger." No; the evil was in what they didn't say. They ignored her almost entirely—except when there were specific instructions to accompany a basket of wash. They hardly cared to know whether she were ill or well. They and dozens of others took Mrs. Brown as a matter-of-fact condition.

Once, near Christmas, moved by a spirit of love, Susan remarked, "Oh, aunty, wouldn't it be great if someone was to die and leave you a wad of money?"

And to this, Cholly interjected:

"Gee, that'd be good luck, aunty; I sure do hope someone leaves you a fat roll."

Mrs. Brown shook her head. She knew the folly of expecting a "wad" from Cholly, Susan, or the others. So she sighed:

"There ain't no danger o' that happening."

"You never can tell," Cholly philosophized. "Funnier things than that 'ave happened in this funny old world of ours. You're always liable to get a letter sayin' 'this is to inform you that you have fallen heir to ten millyun greenbacks.' Yes siree, I tell you, this is a funny little world."

"I'd sell my chance for the price of a turkey," said Mrs. Brown.

Charlie didn't offer to purchase. Nor did Susan. It was talk, that's all.

Mrs. Brown slowly repeated:

"With Christmas coming I'd be more'n glad to sell

a letter with a million in it for what a turkey'd cost."

As Mrs. Brown turned to leave, Susan declared:

"Don't forget to come tomorrow. We got to have the house all cleaned up for Christmas."

"I'll come," said Mrs. Brown.

* * *

On her way home, coming upon a piece of paper, Mrs. Brown leaned over and picked it up. There was nothing on that bit of paper, except a few printed words which read: "H. R. Crowell, Counsellor-at-law." It was a letter head.

The paper being clean, Mrs. Brown folded it carefully and slipped it into her bag and when she reached her tiny home, she unfolded that piece of paper and laid it on the table before her. And as she dipped a slice of bread into a cupful of pale, weak tea, she gazed abstractedly at that piece of paper, which was worthless because it had no black marks on it. Such pieces of paper cannot possess power. Mrs. Brown was well aware of that. She thought of what her nephew had said—and smiled. A letter might come, and it might not. However, waiting for a letter would never bring her a Christmas turkey, Mrs. Brown concluded.

"And yet," said Mrs. Brown, slowly; "a piece of paper like this with a little writing on it could mean the end of my troubles."

She fell to thinking of what she would do were she to become possessed of a fortune—new linens, a rug, warmer clothes, a better stove—and no more washing. The idea pleased her immensely. So, in her best handwriting (just for the fun of it) Mrs. Brown penned the following on the bit of paper:

"Mrs. Alice Brown,
518 First street, City.

Dear Madam: This letter lets you know that you have inherited \$150,000 through the death of a friend.

Signed:
H. R. CROWELL,
Counsellor-at-law."

Mrs. Brown read this note again and again. It seemed to satisfy her pinched heart; it seemed to enable her, for the moment, to forget her hardships. She gazed at it, a look of happiness on her face and soon she imagined she had received such a letter.

As Mrs. Brown kissed that piece of paper, she could see herself sitting down to a Christmas dinner of turkey, cranberry sauce—and lots of other good things. And then came disillusionment when she realized that it was a vision—the piece of paper wasn't worth a row of pins. But, Mrs. Brown didn't throw it away; she carefully folded it again and returned it to her bag, and soon this worn, weary woman forgot her idle dream.

* * *

On the morrow, Mrs. Brown appeared at Susan's home ready to do the house cleaning; she worked until

every bone and muscle in her body was sore and stiff. Scrubbing floors was a little too trying for a woman of Mrs. Brown's age.

On arriving at her home again, Mrs. Brown slowly reached into her bag, for she wanted what solace that letter could afford, but, to her surprise and disappointment, it was gone. Somehow, it had been lost while working in Susan's home.

* * *

The news spread, and before nightfall almost all her relations, and there were many of them, learned of aunty's good fortune. She was an heiress!

They literally mobbed her, so anxious were they to congratulate this bewildered woman. Susan was the first to appear. She carried something wrapped in a newspaper.

"Oh, aunty, aunty!" she cried; "I'm awfully glad to see this." She handled the letter in a nervous manner.

"'Tain't nothing to get excited over," said Mrs. Brown.

"Ain't it? Yes it is, aunty! You're awfully lucky. Oh, let me kiss you, dear aunty!"

She embraced the old woman and kissed her.

"See, aunty, Cholly was right when he said this was a funny old world—oh, thank God for this, aunty. He did it——"

"'Taint nothing," Mrs. Brown repeated.

"And aunty——" here Susan's voice sweetened. She smiled lovingly as she continued: "don't think we're the kind as'll forget you, aunty, with Christmas so near. Oh, we was thinking of you, aunty, indeed we was."

Susan quickly tore away the newspaper and exhibited a fat turkey——

"Ain't this a dandy, aunty?" she asked. "You'll have turkey for Christmas—lucky aunty——"

Mrs. Brown looked at that piece of paper—that bit of worthless paper—and smiled.



Transition Stage

By Helen Unterman

Deep is the stir of the emotion after reading the wonderful book "Woman and Labor," by Olive Schreiner. But we would fail to see the greater value of the book, we would not comprehend its main message, were we to be satisfied with the mere stirring of the emotion alone. The aroused soul must utilize its inner vibrations by leading them into channels of practical activity. For in the practical application of our ideas lies the greatest evolutionary force, the greatest value for all mankind.

"Woman and Labor" pictures in the clearest and most fascinating manner the various transition stages of woman's labor. And to understand these various stages is to understand all the manifold suffering and pain connected with them. But what is more! It is to realize the necessity of it all for the sake of progress.

Evolution! Unfoldment! That is the meaning of it all! If we could but comprehend this, how wonderfully it would aid us in the transition stage of today, the greatest of all, the changing from the individualistic to the social sphere. The growth, the unfolding and uplifting that comes from such change, a change that transforms all our feeling, thinking and action, would be welcomed by us with open arms. Joy would take the place of pain. And it is joy that we need because it inspires to action. If we had but eyes to see and ears to hear we would no longer try to hold on to the Old thereby stifling the energies that would build up the New. Rightly would we interpret the little pain messenger and smilingly we would say to him: "Oh! I know you, you are the evolutionary impulse, and I needed your aid to rouse me to action. Glad you came!"

"But there is pain," some will cry out. Indeed there is, much of it, very much. But the pain does

not lie in the change itself but in the social disharmony, the social inequality, in our ignorance of social and psychic laws. The material and mental forces that hinder us from accomplishing the change—these are the real causes of our pain. For observe the transition stages of nature. There the main elements needed for the perfection of the change are rest and activity—and not pain. Take for instance a wintry day, a snow-covered ground. Nature at such times is seemingly dead. But remove only a little of the snowy ground and lo! whom will you find? Spring, beautiful, glorious Spring! It was just lulled to sleep by the friendly snow to gather fresh beauty, renewed energy for the time of his service. Social disharmony is unknown there, hence the absence of pain.

And so it should be with human transition stages. What we need to break the pain of today is to overcome social disharmony through collective feeling, collective thinking, and collective wisely guided action. The energy of every individual must be utilized to build a new force against the old. The new force—rightly directed—will gradually conquer the old. Then Discord will dissolve itself into Harmony, Bondage into Freedom, Confusion into Understanding and Hate into Love. And then the unfoldment of mankind will be carried on as spontaneously as that of nature. Can you imagine the power and the love of a race that will climb the evolutionary ladder with joy and vitality, instead of pain and weariness?

Let the wonderful powers of nature rest and inspire us. Let us relate the never dying activities, the endless creations of new forms to our own individual and social life and struggles, and trust that we shall find our place in them.

For, are we not part of Nature?

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

Lewis J. Duncan, Socialist mayor of Butte, Montana, is the political house-cleaner of that city. At the beginning of his administration he grabbed a figurative mop and has been keeping it in action ever since. And, like the proverbial Silver-Dust Twins, he has made the dirt fly so high that you couldn't see it with a telescope. All of which is a rather round-about-way of saying that he aimed for efficiency in municipal government, striving to bring order out of chaos and replaced rank graft with competence, system and honesty. Which goes to prove that he acted just as a Socialist official should act, that he did what was expected of him and that he lived up to the principles of labor's international Socialist party.

Duncan has commenced a task that will be taken up in every other American city. The Socialists are coming forward with startling rapidity, determined to give the world a house-cleaning, wipe away the dirt of disease, the scars of poverty and then construct a commonwealth based on industrial democracy, which means, in reality, that the world shall belong to the workers.

And, it is just such administrations as are being given the people of Butte, Montana; Schenectady, New York; Berkeley, Calif., and such an administration as was given the people of Milwaukee, that will make the road to success quicker and more certain. For, it is in such demonstrations that the people see Socialists at work doing the things they believe in; and, as a natural result, they can do nothing but praise and support—except if they be plutocrats, dishonest politicians or subsidized newspaper editors.

After one year's service, Mayor Duncan sent his report to the members of the city council, outlining the work done, and indicating scores of improvements in municipal affairs. It would be impossible to even outline the achievements, so numerous are they. One thing stands out prominently: The almost unbelievable decrease in the number of infectious diseases and diseases peculiar to children. This year, says the report, there have been 126 infectious diseases. During the year before (1910-11) there were 1,084. These figures tell a convincing story.

And, why should this happen after only one year of Socialist rule? The explanation is easy to find, and adds to the credit and social value of Socialist rule. Mayor Duncan gives the reason in the following:

"The faithfulness and efficiency with which our sanitary regulations have been enforced and the inspection

of milk, meat and other foods has been prosecuted, have, unquestionably, been the proximate causes of these improvements touching the public health."

Duncan has many other things to his credit, but, it is utterly impossible to even give mention to half of them. His short tenure of office has been a brilliant success. It shows what happens when Socialists roll up their sleeves and get to work. It shows what representatives of the working class can do when given half a chance.

The plutocratic editors, in attacking Socialism, never fail to parade this well-known bogey:

"Beware of the Socialists! They will increase expenditures and bankrupt the city!"

That sounds familiar, doesn't it?

Well, the actual truth is the following:

The Socialist administration in Butte, for one year, cost only \$398,784.64. The anti-Socialist administration of two years ago, cost \$460,292.64.

How is that for "bankrupting the city?" Saving \$60,508.00 is a peculiar kind of bankruptcy!

Some years ago, Duncan was preacher in a Unitarian church at Butte. He had a congregation of staid, dignified, respectable folk who wore clean collars when they went to church. They were the kind of people that threw soundless money into the collection box—no jingling dimes were used.

Duncan was getting along nicely, giving the respectable people the respectable stuff they wanted. One day, Emma Goldman, queen of the Anarchists, dropped into town. She was billed to deliver a lecture on Anarchism. But, as usually happens with the fiery Emma, there wasn't a hall obtainable. The police had everything bottled up.

These under-handed tactics to suppress free speech set Duncan's blood boiling. And—good heavens!—he immediately exploded a bomb that was worse than anyone ever dreamed would come from a Unitarian minister. He actually threw his church open and invited her to deliver her message.

Duncan said that he wasn't an Anarchist, but that he did believe in free speech. As a result, he got the Angora of the staid, respectable deacons. In addition, the miners commenced flocking to his church. He, to the astonishment of all, delivered his message to the workers, telling them of the means that would result in their salvation right here on earth. In other words, he talked Socialism. And then, the deacons, minus their Angoras, proceeded to administer the "can" to the Unitarian minister—he was fired. But, the people of Butte didn't discharge him—they elected him to the office of mayor.



A Political Housecleaner

The Monster of the Gorge

By Dr. George W. Carey



E talk glibly about common things; but now and then, in our experiences, it happens that some strange and uncanny thing is presented on the canvas of consciousness. These grotesque actors on the stage of our mental experience sometimes pass away like the "haseless fabric of a vision"—others remain and refuse to dissolve or be exercised. Maybe the actor in the story I am writing will

fade from the canvas of memory after I have written the simple facts as I remember them.

I was living in a cabin on the Santa Cruz mountains about twelve miles from the city of Santa Cruz. One morning about 8 o'clock, a man called at my cabin and asked for an interview. He said his name was Claude Raymond and hastily added, "my name is of little consequence, but what I shall relate is of so much consequence that it affects the very foundation of science and all established things," and he then looked searchingly into my eyes and said, almost vehemently: "It is too much for one to hear; no man can hold such a secret and live twenty-four hours."

I begged him to proceed with his story—the strangest, most weird story ever uttered in speech.

Raymond proceeded as follows:

"I arrived at an Arizona mining camp in May, 1895. After a few weeks of prospecting and investigation, I bought half interest in a claim for \$400, which was about all the money I had. My partner's name was Carl Peterson, a Swede.

"Our claim consisted of an irregular ledge of decomposed quartz. The ledge was only from three to five feet wide. Small pockets were found occasionally that contained gold-bearing quartz. The work was slow and tedious. Taking an average, we found was slow profits netted each of us \$80 a month.

"One day, the Swede came to camp greatly excited and said that he had seen a picture of the 'thing' and that he would not stay at the camp another day. Of course, I had no idea what he meant by the 'thing'.

"My partner explained, telling me that the Indians had a tradition that many years ago the ocean covered all the land in Arizona except the mountains, which were islands, and that the ruler of the islands was a sea monster, about one hundred feet in length, with head and neck of a human, body like a lion, tapering back to a fish tail. It was claimed by the Indians that the monster had perfectly formed hands and that it worshipped at certain places where crude crosses had been erected by means unknown.

"Crude carvings of this 'thing' were known to exist on rocks in that region, but it was considered unfortunate to find one. However, I persuaded my partner to take me to see the 'picture', as he called it. It was a little above our path, where we had passed along many times. The carving was on the smooth surface of a large slab of slate-stone rock. Whoever wrought the image was a master hand. The carving represented

a monster indeed—the man's head, neck, arms, and hands were traced in lines of awful beauty. I only glanced at the pictured 'thing' when my partner pulled me away and we hurriedly returned to our camp. Peterson seemed half crazed and urged me to go away with him. He said that we must sell out and leave Arizona.

"I agreed, and we packed up. We went to the little town and hunted up a Russian named Nick Jartson, and after much bickering and dickering succeeded in selling out for the pitiful sum of six hundred dollars.

"The following day I was relating the story of the carving to a dozen miners, when a gipsy approached the group and beckoned to me. I stepped aside and she said, 'I have a message for you.' I thought she simply wanted twenty-five cents for telling my fortune, and told her to go ahead.

"The gipsy's revelation startled me beyond measure. She said there was a cave in the Santa Cruz mountains that contained untold wealth. She said that Spanish pirates had deposited a million dollars in gold and precious stones in this cave nearly a century ago. She gave me a map of the country and said that I must go and secure the great wealth.

"The gipsy then warned me to beware of the 'thing' that made regular pilgrimages to the cave and worshipped there. She said that all who looked upon the monster's awful form were stricken with a fatal malady and soon died. She also said that the carving on the rock that I had described was a picture of the monster and that it lived in the Pacific Ocean.

"I arrived in Santa Cruz, and made inquiries about the mountains, but found no one who knew of a cave in the section indicated on the gipsy's crude map.

"Yesterday I found the cave. It was situated in the side of the deep gorge just west of this cabin. When I entered the cave I saw signs that indicated that some large, heavy object had smoothed away the vegetation and made a path from the mouth of the cave down the gorge toward the ocean. The cave was lighted by the reflection of a pile of dazzling gems at the foot of an altar surmounted by a cross cut from solid gold quartz. By the altar I found a pool of clear cold water, and on its brink the most beautiful cup I have ever seen; it was carved out of a garnet. Diamonds, rubies, pearls and gold coins were piled in heaps all about the pool and cross. So at last I was in the cave described by the gipsy, and the wealth of the Rothschilds was unveiled if—ah, the 'thing'—if I could only secure the gold and gems without an encounter with the sea monster.

"I had a sack that I intended to fill with the precious find, and proceeded to fill it with diamonds, pearls, rubies and some of the old Spanish coins.

"Suddenly I was filled with an awful fear that the 'thing' was near, and I ran to the cave opening and gazed down the path and saw emerging from the bushes a being that baffled description. It was moving slowly and majestically up the incline towards the cave. Its

head was raised ten or twelve feet from the ground and its hands were crossed upon its breast.

"The length of the awful shape seemed interminable as it was dragged forth from the bushes in the gorge.

"All this I took in at a glance and then fled to the most remote interior of the cave. Gold and diamonds had lost their lure and I thought that my last moment on earth had arrived. Crowding against the back wall of the cave, about sixty feet from the cross and pool, I looked out to the mouth of the cave and saw the Devout Monster bow its human head and enter the sanctuary and reverently approach the altar and baptismal font, for baptismal font it surely was.

"I shall never know if this wondrous being knew of my presence at all; or if it did that, it simply considered my presence as I would think of an ant or fly.

"Strange to say, as I looked at the features of the 'Ruler of the Islands'—as the Indian tradition had it—the dread feeling of fear passed away to be supplanted by a soothing sense of resignation, reverence and awe. As I gazed at this creature, more wonderful than any mythological god of the ancients, it bowed its massive head as if in prayer. I felt for a moment that my reason was leaving me, but I was aroused to sanity by the god raising its head and chanting a strain of song weird and wild enough to have delighted the soul of De Quincy.

"Then the Devout Monster took the cup in its mighty hand, dipped it full of water from the pool and poured it on its head; after this baptism it stretched itself out on the ground and lay perfectly still.

"The desire to escape seized me, and I cautiously passed out of the cave, almost brushing against the enormous form of the 'thing.' Once out of the cave, I ran down the trail for a hundred yards and then climbed up the side of the rocky gorge, pulling myself along by the bushes, ferns and shrubs. I soon gained the top of the ridge and the road, and found an Italian's cabin situated in a vineyard within less than two miles of the cave. I told the Italian that I was a surveyor and was tired out. I asked to stay over night, a favor which he granted cheerfully.

"The sky was overcast with dark clouds and the Italian said a big storm was coming. You know about the terrific rain and wind of last night.

"This morning at daybreak I hurried back to the cave, telling my friend that I must go back to Santa Cruz. Can you imagine my feelings when I arrived near the scene of yesterday's adventure and found that a mighty landslide had swept the side of the gorge where the cave was located and piled ten million tons of debris into the gorge?"

His story ended, the stranger rose to go. Before leaving me, he said: "Let me see; what was it the gipsy said? Ah, yes, now I remember. 'No one can look upon that awful thing and live!'"

Then, with a sigh, my strange visitor hurried away.

Without a minute's delay I started for the gorge to see if the slide had occurred as described, and was startled to find that he had told the truth!

On my return, I stumbled over a human form. Looking down, I was astounded to see the body of a man. It was the strange man who told me that strange story of the monster of the gorge.

Joaquin Miller's Last Poem

Almost as he passed within the portals of the world beyond this life, Joaquin Miller, "Poet of the Sierras," wrote his last poem. It was on the Friday before he died, after he knew that death was near, that he gave to his wife the pieces of paper on which he had written the beautiful sentiment. "This is my last message to the world," he told her. The Western Comrade counts itself fortunate to be able to give to its readers this last treasure from Joaquin Miller's pen. These are the lines:

"Could I but teach man to believe,
Could I but make small men to grow,
To break frail spider webs that weave
About their thews and bind them low.
Could I but sing one song and lay
Grim Doubt; I then could go my way
In tranquil silence, glad, serene,
And satisfied, from off the scene.
But, ah this disbelief, this Doubt,
This doubt of God, this doubt of good.
The damned spot will not out.

"Wouldst learn to know one little flower,
Its perfume, perfect form and hue?
Yea, wouldst thou have one perfect hour
Of all the years that come to you?
Then grow as God hath planted, grow
A lordly oak or daisy low,
As he hath set his garden; be
Just what thou art, or grass or tree,
Thy treasures up in heaven laid
Await thy sure ascending soul,
Life after life—be not afraid!"

SONG OF THE NEW FAITH

By E. Nesbit

Whether leading the van of the fighters
In the bitterest stress of the strife,
Or patiently hearing the hurden
Of a changelessly commonplace life;
One Hope we have ever before us,
One aim to attain and fulfill,
One watchword we cherish to mark us,
One Kindred and Brotherhood still.

What matter if failure on failure
Crowd closely upon us and press?
When an hundred have bravely been beaten,
The hundred-and-first wins success!
Our watchword is "Freedom"—new soldiers
Flock each day when her flag is unfurled!
Our cry is the cry of the ages!
Our Hope is the Hope of the World!

GIVE THANKS

Give thanks with all thy flaming heart—
Crave but to have in it a part,
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage
To be alive in such an age.

The Conversion of Tom—

By Arthur R. Andre

Characters: Tom, an Industrial Unionist, who doesn't believe in political action. Dick, a Socialist, who does.

Time: The present.

Scene: Dick's study, which is also his dining-room, dormitory, kitchen, etc. Dick is seated at his typewriter, working on a Socialist article, which he has entitled "The Big Union." Tom stands behind him, hands in pockets, reading as the other writes.

Dick, hammering away:

"Many men in many lands comprise the membership of the biggest labor union in the world. Unskilled laborers are members of the big union, and they take equal rank with all the rest. Craft workers are members of the big union, and they take equal rank with all the rest. Small farmers, self-employed city workers, and professional men are members of the big union, and they take equal rank with all the rest. . . ."

Tom, reading with growing uneasiness, then glancing again at the title: "Hold on, old man! Aren't you stealing some of our thunder—Industrialist thunder, I mean?"

Dick, without look around: "Certainly not." Then he finishes the paragraph:

"And there are men of wealth who are members of the big union, and they take equal rank with all the rest. . . . How's that, Tom?" he asks his friend.

Tom, in deep disgust: "What right has a man of wealth to be a member of a labor organization, as you call it?"

Dick: "Oh, there are none too many of them in it to suit me. But tell me, Tom," he asks slyly, in turn: "What right has a workingman to organize one union to 'scab' on another?" He chuckles to himself as his companion tries to think of a sufficiently crushing retort, then types away again:

"Of course, there are wealthy men who join the big union for their own private ends, but they drop out. Anarchists have even been known to join, to advocate the 'propaganda of deed,' but they drop out. Occasionally, Industrialists who don't believe in political action become members of the organization, but they drop out. . . ."

Tom, with conviction: "You bet they do!"

Dick, finishing the paragraph and underscoring the words:

"Or they are kicked out."

He goes on typing:

"Every member of the big union carries a red card in his pocket. It is his patent of class consciousness. And he sticks a dues-stamp on it every month."

Tom, protesting again: "Now, there's no sense to that, Dick. You know that a wealthy man can't be class-conscious. He can't even have the interests of the workingman at heart."

Dick: "Oh, piffle!" And then, mimicking the other: "You know, Tom, that a workingman can't think

more of his employer's interests than he does of his own. He can't even vote a capitalist ticket, can he? Well, he can, and he does—millions of him."

Tom, shifting his ground: "Anyway, your professional man can't represent labor faithfully in the legislature. It's against his class interest." This gives Dick an idea for his next paragraph, so he rattles away:

"Sometimes a Briand or a Millerand proves false; but the traitors are repudiated and the ranks close up again. In nearly all cases, however, the 'intellectual' is true to the men who elect him. At any rate the capitalists believe that he will be, for they always 'fuse' to beat him at the polls. They do more: they pass labor legislation—such as it is—to head off the Socialist vote."

Tom, grudgingly, rolling a cigarette: "'Such as it is, is good.'"

Dick, typing rapidly:

"But despite all its enemies can do, the big union grows. In Germany, the slums are wiped out in the big cities—to head off the Socialist vote. In England, the workers receive an old-age pension—to head off the Socialist vote. In California, the women get the eight-hour day—to head off the Socialist vote. . . ."

Tom, impatiently, and forgetting to light his cigarette: "But I tell you that you can't get anything by voting. There are four millions of unemployed workers in this country. I'm one of them,"—proudly. "What good is voting going to do them?—or me?"

Dick, apparently engrossed in his typing:

"And the capitalists may yet be driven to provide state work for the unemployed—to head off the Socialist vote."

Tom, appalled at the prospect and quite losing his head: "No, sir, I'll—I'll emigrate first." Then shifting his ground again: "'The Big Union,' indeed! That's OUR idea, Dick. That's what we call OUR organization—the Industrial Workers of the World. We've got it all figured out—" He stops to light his cigarette.

Dick, dryly: "Yes—on paper. Now you want to make it a reality. Explain it to the workers—to the rank and file, I mean—and no doubt in time they'll adopt it. That's how we brought over a lot of pure-and-simple trades unionists to political action, and sooner or later we shall convert the rest."

Tom, choking on a mouthful of tobacco smoke: "Convert nothing! We are going to smash their old unions and expose the rotten grafters that are running them. Then we are going to reorganize the workers into the I. W. W., and when the time is ripe, we are going to call a general strike, and——"

Dick, interrupting: "Not so fast, Tom. We can't marshall all the workers to the ballot-box—"

Tom: "You bet your life you can't."

Dick: "But you can get them to abandon the organizations which are at present their only defense against capitalism. You can get them to desert the

leaders they themselves elect. You can reorganize them into a union which antagonizes them every day. And then, when you hold up your little finger, they will all lay down their tools and——"

Tom, eagerly: "That's the idea. Overturn the capitalist system at a stroke. Sabotage. Revolution. One big union of all the workers to fight the one big union of all the shirkers." His eye gleams; his chest expands; his nostrils emit columns of smoke as he sniffs the battle from afar.

Dick, looking around: "Go on. Flap your ears. Don't mind me."

Tom, nettled but thinking it over. "Well, I'm always open to conviction."

Dick, turning to his machine: "Conviction! I'd make it six months—in a straight jacket." Then he clatters away again:

"Meantime, the big political union of the workers, ten millions strong, marches on to certain victory. In America, the People's Party enters the lists against it, but is quickly left behind. The Union Labor Party, a pseudo-labor organization, has a meteoric career, and end. The Progressives launch a party to save the workers without getting off their backs; but the latter may be safely left to deal with them——"

Tom, growing interested: "That's what."

Dick, continuing to type: "And the Industrial Workers of the World, the organization of unskilled labor in this country, must sooner or later wheel into line for the political fight."

Tom, impressed by the idea: "There's something in that, too, come to think of it. But Vincent St. John says——"

Dick, absently handing an application-blank over his shoulder: "Here, you chump! Take this." Then he goes on:

"War-clouds gather in Europe, but the big union lays down the law, and the clouds disperse. Two industrialists are headed for the gallows; but the 'labor politicians' take up their fight, and the two are freed. Every year the organization grows bigger, more class-conscious, more certain of its destiny, the abolition of the wage system."

Tom, weakening: "It sounds all right, Dick. But"—anxiously—"don't you think you place too much confidence in your leaders? Bill Haywood says——"

Dick, derisively interrupting: "Oh, of course we do. But you don't, do you?" Then, imitating the other again: "Vincent St. John says . . . Bill Haywood says . . . Honestly, Tom, do you know where you ought to be?"

Tom, grinning: "In a padded cell, I suppose. But what would you advise me to do?"

Dick, typing the answer, which is also the concluding sentence of his article:

"Join the big union of the working class, the International Socialist Party of the World." He swings sharply around and watches his friend, as the latter thoughtfully reads what he has written.

Tom, suddenly making up his mind. "You are right, Dick. I mean about the padded cell." He takes out a pencil and starts to scribble his name on the application blank which he still holds in his hand. Then he pauses.

Dick: "Well?"

Tom, grinning again as he finishes writing his name: "I guess, old man, you'll have to advance me the fifty cents."



The Socialist Party | —A Practical Modern Machine

Composed of men and women who are dreaming the world's greatest dream, the Socialist party is the most practical party in the history of organized politics.

The Socialist party never disbands. It is as ready to fight after election as before. Its status remains the same.

The Socialist party accepts no person to membership who does not give allegiance to its principles. It wants none but the sincere. It seeks not merely numbers, but numbers of people who believe in its principles.

The Socialist party wants to grow no faster than its principles are accepted. And often it makes deep investigation of a prospective member before he is allowed to so much as apply for a place on the rolls of the revolution.

Socialists pay dues. They do this to enable the work of conversion to their principles to be continued tematically. In this they are extremely practical. In an age of organization they adopt the principle in its best form. They do not straggle up to the enemy in ragged, undisciplined disorganization. They march forth, compactly, disciplined, well ordered.

Socialists rule from the bottom. They elect officers

for their organization. They watch their officers. They command through the referendum. They make known their desires through the initiative. They express their dissatisfaction through the recall. They practice democracy.

The person who "doesn't like the people in control" has no argument in the Socialist party. His voice is as weighty as the voice of any other.

The Socialist party is always responsible for its acts because it is always tangible; always THERE.

Every person whose views are expressed in the demands of the Socialist party should join the party. It is the only RIGHT thing to do.

THE MORNING COMES

We are tiptoe for the morning, and we catch the radiant beams.
 We behold the heavens clearing with the glory of our dreams.
 We are pressing to the splendor, we are reaching toward the light.
 We shall see the earth in beauty in the ending of the night.

The Ransom

By Heroichiro K. Myderco



BEGAN writing a novel of a medieval baron who was to marry a daughter of a "water-eating" farmer, against all the customs and traditions of the suzerainous Japanese history, an out-of-date, rose-washed, opulent romance with lots of duels and abrupt meetings, when my friend, Tanaka, slipped into my library as sneakily as a Tokyo newspaperman, and tossed the brave baron in the air

with a motion of his cigarette-stained finger.

"What's the news, news-man?"

Tanaka was full of humor this morning, which made me suspect either he was dead broke or nursing a desperate prank down in his infernal psychology.

"Have a heaven-climbing scheme! . . . First let me quote my soul-elevating proverb; 'Drink and then fight!' . . . Good stuff, did you get this over Shin-bashi's?"

Generally, I do not inspire myself with absinthe like Paul Verlaine before or after I write, but, this morning, by chance, I happened to have two glasses and an imported flask on the shelf.

"Oh, I know now Tanaka! You just discovered the residence of the beautiful girl whom you met at a concert and followed to see her vanish in the air. Am I prophetically right?"

"The girl? . . ." A coy smile curled up behind his mustache, which, however, fritted away as he smacked his lips greedily. ". . . O, I wish I knew where she lives! . . . I really am in love with her. The day before yesterday, too, I saw her in Hongo, on a rikisha. She is worth my life, old friend. Not that romance though today.

"Listen, you, recluse and money-spender, you no doubt heard about the terrible downfall of the Saionji privy council last night. All of them, up from the premier down to the twenty-yen-a-month parasite, resigned for the royal cause of the disagreement between them and the minister of Army, Uehara, who insisted . . ."

"Enough! . . . I admire your genius; but, if it was the reciting of your own article which the last night's extra printed, I wish you kindly do that at the dusty street corner of Kanda, instead of disturbing a man of letters. Politics and the insurance agents are always in the habit of seeing me shut the door before their faces."

"O, you are so wise! This stale romance of Kama-kura will not bring you a holed copper. I have a sieveful of money coming. Yes, coming from this case. If this goes well, we will divide it into two. A million, each! . . . Are you on? The treasure is hidden in the bottom of this sinister downfall of the Saionji cabinet . . . the government of the people.

"Well, novelist, do you really know where the denouement of this sudden political tragedy is hidden? . . . I'll show you later.

"First, the stubborn Uehara, the army minister, as I said; O, he is an iron-headed, steel-boned simpleton,

nothing but a mere scare-crow, . . . as I said, this man reported the expansion of the national armament, especially, the army, according to his program; which was utterly against the interest of the Saionji cabinet. But, this bull stuck to his horn, and raved about the sacred hedge of the new Mikado; and, at last, said, self-disgustingly and precariously, that since his opinion, which was based on his insight of the international politics, could not be used by the present government, his existence as the minister of army was only a nominal play. Then, peevishly, he resigned. . . . This is the famous trick of Prince Katsura, Oyama, and many other jealous red devils who work within the black curtain of the stage. Uehara was simply wedged in by these monster exministers, coffin-manufacturing tyrants, whose interests were not in common with those of Japan and Japanese, namely, of the cabinet of Prince Saionji.

"The noble Prince Saionji knew that if we had four more regiments in Japan, the suffering of the poor would be as bad as if they had another Russo-Japanese war.

"So, he fought with all the braveness of his heart. But, no use, Saito and his men were against one of the greatest financiers of the country; . . . the Japanese Rockefeller, Yano, the capitalist of capitalists, the talking mint, the golden demon, who backed the bald-headed politicians, such as Katsura, Oyama, Yamagata, Yenouye."

Tanaka's searching eyes flashed through the glass of the amber liquor, and as he lit his cigarette his round oracle face twitched into a cynical smile.

"You know how I came to discover this? . . . I know no one else has scented this except the mysterious dragon reporter, with a pair of Mephisto-eyes, Kant's hrain, and the feet of Svengali, whose celestial name is Reporter No. 3 of 'The Morning Sun,' Mr. S. Tanaka, pseudonym charitably omitted.

"No matter, you shall share my whisper. . . . Last night, as I felt a little tired with the translations of the English cablegrams, I took a long walk through the streets of Aoyama, toward my home. Do you know how many automobiles we have in Tokyo, dreamer? Well, at present there are four hundred and thirty-six. Among these, I can always single out a green Detoroito car manufactured in Detoroito, 'Merica, a fast children killer, too, owned by no other person than Honorable Yano.

"It came self-propelling the twilight street, as I rambled along, with its primitive honk and beastly buzz, and nearly cut my sleeve off my kimono with its speed. Before it vanished in the mansion, however, I saw a piece of paper flying out of it. It did not drop like a yen bill which the rider threw to help a pessimistic news-creator, whose hungry eyes might have struck him with pity. No, it just flew down from the car as the wind caught it from his open pocket hook. Thanks to the wind! . . . Lo, a telegram! . . . Addressed to Honorable Yano, from the ex-premier T. Katsura. Here it is."

The object he carefully unfolded was an official

telegram. It was printed in the Japanese alphabet:

"Honorable Yano: Your financial success is near. Saionji fell. We are swimming in the high tide again. We will see you in the celebration. "TARO KATSURA."

"Great heavens! . . ." I cried, dropping my gold rimmed spectacles, pounding my fist upon the romantic description of the local color, which was spreading from the first page to the twenty-second in a gorgeous array on the table.

"See the point?"

"But, who was in the car?"

"Yano, of course! . . . My eyes never mislead me except when I judge the Chinese peddler's silk. . . . O, I can imagine how he got nervous about this piece of paper, after he discovered its loss. He seems to have some sort of celebration, according to this telegram. Being a reporter, I ought be the first one who knows about it. . . . Well, anyhow, here is our ransom. Glory to us two black-mailers!"

"But, my dear friend, I am skeptical. . . ."

"The situation needs our immediate action. This means a great deal for that silk-beggar, rice-vender, coal-peddler, Manchu-gamin; for the exposition would bring him, face to face, against the whole population of Japan."

I took fully ten minutes to consult the matter to the sages and demi-gods, then, made up my mind to spend the rest of the day agreeably with my friend.

"Let us start now, then."

"Let us first study our strategy. Now, as I heard, this man is a great connoisseur of art. He bought lately a real piece of Sesshu from a hungry artist. . . . Say, I have it! What do you think of this? . . . You take off this scroll of Gaho from your library, wrap it in a purple silk, and go as an artist friend of men; then, after we pass into his parlor, you unwrap it and say: 'Would you be kind enough to buy this for me?' . . . then, of course, he tries to price it; when I, coming out of your side and speak: 'Honorable Yano, I have seen you buy many treasures of art; . . . now, if you are generous enough to buy a Gaho, will you please look at what I have for sale?' . . . And, out comes my telegram. Without taking much breath from his mouth I will start a regular auction. . . . Two millions, no less, no more! . . . How is that?"

With a nod of admiration, I took off my sooty landscape of Gaho, and engaged two rikishas. In a few minutes, we were shooting our speculative way as fast as four tawny human shins could carry us.

The spring was dreaming supine on her back along the flying juxtaposition of pink, blue, indigo, saffron, emerald and the broad spring sun. The gnarled pines screening a bashful peach over a bamboo fence, an "old dame" cherry drooping over a green idol of the Buddha, the ghostly willow combing her hair over the mirror of a pond, the slow perambulation of a group of flower-hunting people, . . . everything in the streets promised a good background for my new novel. But, somehow, the distant jingle of one million silver coins changed the entire mechanism of my cranium, and I only felt that we were flying to the great gate of Mammon.

Presently, we drew in a graveled-landing, through a large Yedo-gate, where, hundreds of automobiles and rikishas were parading in the vast garden.

"Surely, something up, old man!"

Tanaka anxiously knitted his brows.

"Tano-mow! Tano-mow!"

A steward, dressed in a black haori and blue silk skirt came out, and watched our faces with the dignity of a hull-dog, a samurai, and an English butler combined.

"We, two, desire an immediate interview with the master of the house, Mr. Yano . . . on a very important private business."

"Honorable cards, please!"

He reappeared some minutes later and, with a graceful bow, we were ushered in.

"Yha, . . . welcome, sirs; though it's my humble habit not to see any newspapermen, I will accept your greetings to day, as you were kind enough to call for my daughter's wedding ceremony. She just got through her formal reception, but, hearing that you were good friends of her, I suppose she will be delighted to see you. Come right in, this way, please."

Yano was a fine looking old fellow, with very little of sympathy for two black-mailers. He neither waited for a word of greeting from us, nor wasted his hundred-yen-worth moment in watching me unwrap the picture. His brusque hands opened the sliding panels, and nodded toward us in his aristocratic "hurry-up" manner. Spell-bound, we crossed three rooms. At the fourth, we sat face to face with the beautiful daughter of Mr. Yano. Knowing Tanaka from his early vagabondage of the brilliant poverty, my estimation of him as a good actor never deceived me. But, I found today that I was gravely mistaken. There was nothing crispy about his manner when he stammered insolent greetings to the bride. Mr. Yano showed us the door with a patronizing jerk of his head. To me, however, the situation weighed as heavily as our losing two million silvers; and I was going to pull the host's sleeve had not Tanaka cautioned me with his cigarette-stained finger.

"Let's go, I feel headache!"

That was all. When we came out of the landing he brushed aside the entreating rikisha-men.

I was disgusted.

I did not notice the motion of his cigarette-stained finger, tearing the pale piece of paper worth two mighty millions until it dropped on the ground like petals of cherry.

"What, in the name of two millions, did you tear our ransom for?"

"Saito, forgive me . . . forgive me! . . . the world is no place for gods! . . . I couldn't threaten the father of the girl I loved. . . . Ah, no use, no use, she is married now! . . . I don't wish a million since she is not going to be mine! . . . You stupid, don't you understand, that is the girl I met in a concert and followed, and followed! . . ."

I took a street-car back home, and immediately resumed my romance of a medieval baron who was to marry a daughter of a "water-eating" farmer, with the scintillating background of Kamakura, also, with a lot of duels and abrupt meetings.

Battling at the

BY CHESTER



WHEN the average wage of the working people of a nation is found to be \$250 per year below the cost of the bare necessities of life it is time that country did something forcible. It is time some fundamental causes were discovered and some fundamental remedies applied.

We no longer need proof of the statement that the lowest stratum of a nation's life is a powerful checkmate to

the aspirations of its highest stratum and we need not debate the assertion that a nation will make no permanent advance far ahead of its average intelligence. And, while there have been and will be, cases of individuals shining triumphantly out from the miseries of grinding poverty, the greatness of nations is not built upon the individual, but upon the mass.

Living in a nation which at least makes a pretense at democracy, even though in fact it may not have achieved much of it, we must concern ourselves with the condition of the mass. In such a discussion averages must tell the story.

So, again, the fact that a nation's average wage falls below the actual cost of sustenance is cause for consternation!

The fact that the consternation so far has been mainly confined to the members of the Socialist party and some few others who have seen a faint glimmer of light militates not a whit against the fact that the entire nation ought to have been plunged long ago into a thorough-going, unremitting search for the Way Out.

To be sure, there are a few who have been agitated more or less over individual cases of poverty and there are those who have expressed the deepest consternation that there should be so many poor, but in a good part they have been or are faddists or spot-light seekers who will consternate on the slightest provocation at so much per spasm, payable either in newspaper space or in cold coin of the realm.

Then again, there is dear old Brother Sparks, known to the entire village as the leader in the town temperance movement, who always arises and points to poor Dave Weaker whose wife and five babies are starving because Dave holds too many communions per day with that old, familiar foeman, Demon Rum.

Our only quarrel with the argument of the dear old Brother is this:

Forty-six percent of American wage earners get less than \$10 a week, or \$520 a year if sickness or accident doesn't "lay them up" for a single day out of the 365. And the Brother himself will hardly contend that forty-six per cent. of the people of this greatest nation on earth are so badly booze-bitten as to be incapable of producing wealth in excess of \$10 per week!

And those figures were made public in United States

This is the tragic situation in America today; the minimum living cost is \$750; the total in wages; sixty per cent goes to people who "eat the fat," but which really is the sixty per cent of the factory gates and in interest, rent and profit line in dead earnest!

Census bulletin No. 93, page 11, after an official investigation covering 3,297,819 wage workers. Of this number 2,619,053 were men, 588,599 were women and 90,167 were children.

The actual average wage, all wage earners considered, so far as can be determined, is \$10.06 per week—a bare trifle over \$500 per year.

The actual average cost of living at what is taken as standard level by most investigators is \$750. In this computation the family contains father, mother and three children.

There are other figures fixed as the minimum living cost, but nearly all of them place the figure above \$750. An average of all of them would be about \$950. But for present purposes \$750, practically the lowest estimate made, will do as well as any of the higher figures, because in accepting the lower figure we are sure we have no margin left—that we are at bedrock. And we know that we have an absolute chasm of \$250 between the average wage and the minimum living cost.

Nor does the problem end there. Figures which well may be accepted as reliable tell us that in 1911 prices of all commodities were 44.1 per cent higher than in 1897. The tendency of prices is upward, now, as during that period, and with greater velocity, it appears. All reliable authorities agree that the rise of wages has not kept pace with the rise in the cost of commodities as paid by the ultimate consumer in the last twenty-five years.

Still another angle there is which, to many of those people who ride daily in their limousines to help "uplift the poor" but adds fresh complications to the already baffling problem. But this fresh angle really holds the key to the solution of the problem and explains the very existence of any problem at all. It is this:

The average American wage worker gets, in return for his toil, only about forty per cent. of what he produces!

There, in that brief sentence, is the meat in the coconut, the summed-up damnation of the entire economic system under which we live.

The Bread Line

M. WRIGHT

Today: The average wage per year is \$510; the worker gets but forty per cent of his product back and holds paper titles to what is called "capitalized" labor's product held back from it at the profit. American labor is bucking the bread

Superficial reformers may speculate as much as they please, the tariff tinkers may alleviate or aggravate, the goody-goodies may moralize and philosophize unto the end of time, but until some movement, or some agency is developed to the point where it can give to the creator of wealth that sixty per cent which now is taken from him before he leaves the factory gates there will be no solution to the problem. For it is the theft of that sixty per cent made possible by the profit system, that constitutes the problem. There may be different ways of expressing the idea. There may be different words that mean the same thing, but clothe the thought as you will, in the end it means a hold, hands-up-or-die robbery of American labor of more than half of what it creates.

Let us brief the entire situation:

The average wage is about \$510 per year.

The rock-bottom living cost per family is \$750.

The average worker gets back in wages about forty per cent of what his toil has produced.

If so many persons of undoubted reliability had not contributed their efforts in the compilations of data from which those figures are drawn, including our own Uncle Samuel himself, they might be disputed. But they stand!

And they stand rooted and buried, trunk and branch, in the profit system, the system of private ownership that enables one man to be master of another and to dictate to him when he shall come and when he shall go and what proportion of his creation he shall have after he has come and gone! There you have it! If you can alter the things that come from such an economic system without crushing and destroying the system, then stand forth and perform your miracle! None other has gone before you to rob you of your laurels.

After you have waved your wand and gone on your way in chagrin and contrition at its entire lack of magic we more prosaic ones come back to the attack. American industry is conducted on the principle that it is right for any man or set of men to get control of as much industry as they can, to jam wages down to the lowest possible ebb, to buy raw material as

cheaply as possible, which again has its effect on wages, and to sell the finished product at a figure as high as the traffic will bear. It is just in that process that the sixty per cent is taken from the worker! Right there is the robbery! It is not in the dark! It is right out in open sunlight! There is no need to conceal it because it is all done according to law. The American electorate stands for it all—votes for it. Private ownership of things collectively used by the collectivity for the collectivity is legal—absolutely legal! Profit-taking is legal! It is legal to induce a man to work for wages upon which he cannot live, even though you make 100 per cent from his labor. There is no limit to the game. Only the crudest of modern highwaymen use violence. The legal way is easier—and safe!

If your mind will be cleared by a concrete example, here it is:

The New York Herald found that, with modern machinery such as is turned out by the shoe machinery trust, it costs to make in the Massachusetts factories from 60 to 70 cents for a pair of shoes that sell at retail for from \$6 to \$7. The owner of a shoe factory doesn't have to jimmy your bedroom window or stick you up on a dark night. He only needs to sell you a pair of shoes—shoes that you have to buy! Simple, safe, sure, legal, respectable!

The profit system presents no way out of the difficulties which have grown up with it and because of it. Nor can it, for the entire situation has come as a growth—an evolution and we cannot turn about and grow down again by the process through which we came. The profit system continues to create the evil. We find the profit system throwing into the great whirl, aside from the great army of under-paid workers another army of workers who are not paid at all because they are allowed to do no work. The United States census for 1890 showed that 15.1 per cent of all workers over 10 years of age were unemployed a part of the time. Then came the 1900 census with a greater arraignment and the last census says that the number found to be unemployed a part of each year is 6,468,964 and that the number idle from four to six months each year is 2,069,546, or thirty-nine per cent of all workers over ten years of age, employed in all industries, including agriculture.

Piled upon the human misery caused by theft at the machine are the great traveling companions of these evils, theft of land and absentee ownership of land, unjust taxation, purchase of the public prints for the purpose of shaping public opinion, distortion of history so that past deeds shall shed as little light as possible on present evils and future events and a vast mass of related and similar phases of life.

All are descended from the profit system and all

rally around and mass their strength to uphold that which bore them!

The profit system is an adept at so shaping its offspring, at so warping the minds of those who live under it that its own life may be prolonged.

So that difference of \$250 or more between the average wage and the minimum cost of living does not raise the uproar that would be expected by the casual investigator from Mars.

But that difference is vital. Every day that it continues the race grows weaker. Lack of proper food, proper education, proper pleasure, proper light, proper ventilation, freedom from worry and strain—all of these stunt and devitalize and brutalize the race.

What must be done? Fight!

Fight off the superstition that things must always stay as they are. Fight for a just economic system. Fight to end economic robbery and political jobbery. Lay down this simple demand:

Those things which are socially (or collectively) used, must be socially owned and democratically administered for the benefit of all. Those things which are personally or privately used must be privately owned.

When enough persons of voting age and voting inclinations understand the principle involved in that simple declaration there will be an end to that yawning \$250 chasm between Have and Have-not, between you and the bread line. There will be an end to that robbery of 60 per cent of Labor's product. There will be an end to all exploitation through rent, interest and profit, through private ownership of the means of production and distribution.

Each year sees this principle more widely accepted, each year sees the masters of the bread harder pressed

for control, even though they seem more arrogant as the day of their doom approaches.

There is but the one way out. It is up and ahead, through the coming of a new order. The present order is not constructed to make justice possible. It must pass, after having prepared the way for the new. We cannot nor do we want to go back. Every law, natural and human, drives toward the future and the new and away from the old and worn-out and out-grown.

And the terribly painful shell of capitalism so galls and chokes and suffocates that it is with that exquisite joy that comes from the prospect of passing pain that humanity is turning itself toward the new order.

The social order within the old shell is reaching the transition period. It is reaching the limit of its growth under the old system. It cramps and turns and heaves and expands against the cracking shell. The birth day comes!

The race must get away from that margin between Need and Cannot-get, between starvation and complete satisfaction of every need, between economic curse and economic justice.

Humanity must win out over Dollars. Humanity must become of first importance. The \$750-lowest-possible-living-cost must be left behind. The machine must be accessible to all who would work, the collectivity must rise superior to the individual despot by taking away his legal status.

Capitalism must go. Socialism must come! That is the solution! Only as humanity works in that direction can it work away from that terrifying, deadening \$510 average wage and its horde of trailing evils. Humanity must fight its way ahead. The past is useless except as its experience guides the future.



What Happened March Fourth

By Carl Sandburg



ON March 4, Victor Berger said good-by to his seat in the national House of Representatives.

As he watched the minute hand of the clock move slowly toward the fatal hour that would mark the end of his career in Congress, he had two sorrowful thoughts. One was sorrow that he can no longer sit in the storm center of national legislation. And the other

thought was sorrow that his seat will be occupied by a small understrapper who will merely wiggle and rattle around in the seat and not really fill it or occupy it at all.

The successor to Victor Berger's seat in Congress is a Milwaukee lawyer by the name of W. H. Stafford. He is pointed to here because he forms such a horrific contrast to Victor Berger and the election of Stafford to succeed Berger is at the cost of placing in the national Congress one more Mr. Nobody, one more Do-Nothing, one more obedient mutt whose political mission is to act as errand boy, bundle carrier, and ready

listener to the commands of big fellows whose money and brains put him where he is.

This may not seem pertinent to a discussion of Berger's temporary farewell to the halls of congress. Yet it is pertinent. The retirement of Berger has been here and there hailed as a setback for Socialism. It is a setback for Socialism only in the sense that it is a setback for the whole nation.

In spite of the fact that Berger's vote in his district increased last November, that district again returned Stafford to congress. Stafford had served several terms before. His record is known. For years he was fought not only by the Socialists, but by the LaFollette men. In the bitterness of the campaign last fall, Berger recalled the Washington description of Stafford—that Stafford was known as "Joe Cannon's poodle dog." Stafford, with a record of following at the heels of Joe Cannon and obeying the nod and gesture of Joe Cannon, is what the nation gets in exchange for Victor Berger.

If the United States of America can stand for it, the Socialist party of the United States can.

Berger's Hardest Punches—

Brought about a Congressional investigation of the great Lawrence strike which resulted in a settlement. Caused the resignation of Judge Cornelius N. Hanford of Seattle shortly before he was eligible to retire on a pension.

Recently he introduced a resolution that undoubtedly had a big effect in causing the fifty-four Eastern railroads to accept arbitration under the Erdman Act for their differences with the Brotherhood of Firemen.

Introduced a bill providing old age pensions.

Introduced a constitutional amendment granting the franchise to women.

Introduced a bill providing for federal ownership and operation of railroads, telegraphs, telephones and express companies.

His bill providing for the employment of all unemployed persons who desired work was considered one of the most radical and far-reaching measures ever introduced in Congress.

Championed the cause of government employes by speaking for an eight-hour day.

One more reference to Stafford and we are through with him. A little about how Stafford nosed in ahead of Berger in the election. Stafford, or rather the money and brains back of Stafford, made the Democratic and Republican machines of Milwaukee county see that they would have to get together and work together or they would be smashed by the Socialist machine. It was done. The cry was started, "We are non-partisans; in the presence of the common menace of Socialism we must unite and wipe out the disgrace of having the fair name of Milwaukee smutched through representation in congress by a red flag follower of Socialism—vote the Democratic ticket." And so they led the blind and the lame and the halt of the working class forth in the name of non-partisanship to vote the Democratic ticket in order to elect a Republican to take the place of a Socialist.

Of the many amazing plays witnessed on the check-board of American politics, this is one at least that should be awarded a bun.

Now for a little story, a narrative with human courage around the edges of it and human hope at the inside of it:

One Sunday morning in the Spring of 1902, several thousand people in the city of Milwaukee found on their front porches a curious leaflet. On the front page was printed the question: "What Shall We Do To Be Saved?" The day being the holy day of the week many persons opened the leaflet and began reading in the expectation of finding how their souls might be rescued from the wrath of an avenging God. On reading they found that the only matter discussed was how workmen and their wives and children might have more of the good things of life to live on before they died and went to meet their God. How the workman might raise himself out of not-enough-to-live-on into something better was the mutton of discussion. The words were short and pointed, sometimes flashing like the fangs of a mastiff. The workman is poor because he is robbed and one reason he is robbed is because he is not politically organized. One way to fight those who rob him is for the workmen to stand together massed solidly in a working class political party—so said this leaflet—and such a party, called the Social-Democratic party was in the field with platform, candidates, and organization.

The leaflet was written by a big German. He and his comrades at that time were struggling to keep their print-shop out of the clutches of the bankruptcy court.

The leaflet was distributed from house to house by comrades—fellow-workers. Not one of them had any more hope of ever sliding into a city hall office than a Siberian convict has of becoming czar of Russia. A tow-headed youth at the north end of the town peddled leaflets from house to house little dreaming that one day his comrades would thrust him into the mayor's chair. And the big German went on writing and talking about his principles. Eight years went by and he sat in the national House of Representatives,—as a member with a vote. He knew that he would be expected to talk, to tell the country what he stood for. And to make sure that he would say the right thing, that he had not slipped away from the first principles he spoke eight years before when he asked in the little leaflet, "What Shall We Do To Be Saved?" he wrote back home for a copy of that leaflet. Most of the paragraphs of it went almost word for word into the body of Berger's speech "on the wool schedule."

"Haf you read my vool speech?" is a question that was frequently asked by Berger as he met his comrades overland in the various cities. He is proud of the "vool speech" because he believes it voices international socialism and as such the federal government printing plant in Washington has printed more than a million copies and the post office department has delivered them to more than a million American voters. It seems such a beautiful and superior method of propaganda that Berger feels he is justified in asking American citizens, "Haf you read my vool speech?"

Two million copies of Berger's speeches were run off by government printers and distributed to voters the past two years. The propaganda value of these to the labor movement has been large. This has probably been the most effective result of having a Socialist sit in congress two years.

The Socialist party has been in luck to have in congress a man with two unusual qualifications for the place (1) a wide knowledge of existing economic conditions and (2) ability to express his knowledge in straight English, "language that a bricklayer can understand," to use Berger's own phrase.

The press associations have given considerable attention to Berger's acts in congress and newspapers in large cities have given him an unexpected amount of space. The writer once asked Berger why this was so. His answer was, "They are good to me now because I am only one. I am a curiosity. But wait until we get ten or twenty men in congress, wait till we get dangerous to them—then look out."

EDITORIAL

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH

THE Golden State is a land of health as well as sunshine. The trite saying, "You can't live on climate" is an axiom. But the fact remains that you can live longer in the California climate than in any other.

Government mortality statistics bear witness to the following facts concerning American cities with a population in 1900 of 100,000 or more.

San Francisco's average age at death 43.4 years, Los Angeles 43.1, Denver 38.1, New Haven 38.3, Washington 39.3, Chicago 34, Indianapolis 40.9, Louisville 39.6, New Orleans 38.1, Baltimore 35.5, Boston 37.4, Fall River (a famous factory town) 25.7, Worcester 40.9, Detroit 31.4, Minneapolis 38.4, St. Paul 33.9, Kansas City 37.2, St. Joseph 42, St. Louis 38.2, Omaha 38.5, Jersey City 31.3, Newark 33.7, Paterson 36.6, Buffalo 34.1, New York 32.7, Rochester 41.9, Syracuse 39.5, Cincinnati 41.4, Cleveland 34.2, Columbus 42.4, Toledo 41.1, Philadelphia 37, Pittsburg 32.3, Scranton 29.7, Providence 36.7, Memphis 35.2, Milwaukee 30.5. Los Angeles has long been advertised as a health resort. It has attracted many old people, who died soon after they reached their earthly haven. Their age at death helped to increase the Los Angeles average.

How appropriate then that "The Western Comrade," a magazine of sunshine and health, should have its abiding place in the land, par excellence of health and sunshine.

THE OBLIGATION OF POWER

SAID a recent writer: "That there are in every walk in life so many men and women who recognize and fulfill the obligation of power—do it instantly toward utter strangers because all concerned are human—is the strongest possible proof that our civilization is not a failure."

All of which is undoubtedly true. In matters of mere courtesy, in neighborliness, in individual

association, there is little lack in this direction. But is not the principle stated a universal one applicable to all the relationships of life? Is it not applicable as well to great social movements?

Does not the obligation of power rest as truly upon the social as the individual man? The same persons who as individuals fulfill this obligation, in their collective capacity as members of society give little evidence of its recognition.

Startling examples are to be found on every hand. In the treatment accorded the criminal, the outcast, the weak or unfortunate, the under man or woman in every walk in life, the obligation of power receives little if any attention.

Does not our full duty as human beings rest in recognizing and fulfilling in every walk in life, in full measure, whatever obligation of power may be ours?

EXIT CONGRESSMAN BERGER

IF the sense of humor had been omitted in the make-up of Victor L. Berger, the Socialist movement of America would have lost much.

Any Socialist in Congress would have been useful, but to have there for two years a man who knows the party philosophy and history, root and branch; one who knows the minds of the millions and how they must be reached; and above all one who can bait every hook with irresistible humor which penetrates but rarely stings, is good fortune indeed.

Socialists have everything with them, facts, principles, the push of events, and the self-interest of the vast majority. The marvel is that the party's growth is not even far more rapid than it is.

The reason lies too often in the tactlessness of Socialists themselves.

Victor Berger understands the way brains work. He does not try to win converts by sledgehammer cuffs on the ear. Persuasion, he knows, is more effective than antagonism.





It is well that the Ex-Congressman is to lecture now as well as write. May he teach a practical psychology to his fellow workers. Not sneers or bitter wit are needed. A good-natured laugh with, not at, those still clutching at out-worn ideas helps amazingly.

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THE RULE OF REASON

A DECADE ago the courts of the land were considered a branch of government above criticism. Mr. Bryan's memorable first campaign was regarded by many citizens as little short of treason to the Republic because his platform criticised the Supreme Court.

We have traveled a long way along the political highway in the years that lie between us and 1896.

It is a far cry from campaign criticism to the judicial recall now adopted in many states. It is still farther to the withdrawal from the courts of the power to declare laws unconstitutional, the thing for which within certain limits Colonel Roosevelt now stands sponsor.

And now comes the Interstate Commerce Committee of the United States Senate in a report to that body in which it openly, brazenly and with malice aforethought makes deliberate attack upon the highest court of the land.

Following is the language used referring to the "rule of reason" as laid down by the United States Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Company decisions:

"The committee has full confidence in the integrity, intelligence and patriotism of the Supreme Court of the United States, but it is unwilling to repose in that court or any other court the vast and undefined powers which it must exercise in the administration of the statutes under the rule which it has promulgated. It substitutes the court in the place of Congress, for whenever the rule is invoked the court does not administer the law but makes the law. If it continue in force the Federal courts will so far as restraint of trade is concerned, make a common law for the United States, just as the English courts have made a common law for England.

"It is inconceivable that in a country that is

governed by a written constitution and statute law, that the courts can be permitted to test each restraint of trade by the economic standard which the individual members of the court may happen to approve.

"If we do not speedily prescribe, insofar as we can, a legislative rule by which to measure the form of contract or combination in restraint of trade we can anticipate, we cease to be a government of law and become a government of men; and, moreover, of a very few men, and they appointed by the President."

All of which is mighty good sense, even though emanating from the American House of Lords.

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BACK YARD PHILOSOPHY

JANE ADDAMS, she of Hull House Social Settlement and Progressive party fame, is fond of quoting a question asked by one of the sweatshop children in Chicago:

"Who can be good without any back yard?"

To this question social settlement work has perhaps given a more practical answer than has yet come from other sources.

About the issue raised by this inquiry has raged the battle royal of science during the last quarter century. Broadly stated, it is the relative power of heredity and environment. And while not yet fully settled from the standpoint of science, practically the great seething world of life has answered the child's question affirmatively.

To "be good" is not impossible to the backyardless, but the probabilities greatly favor the possessor of the backyard.

A potato vine in a rich, loamy soil, on a sunny, well-watered slope, differs materially from the pale, sickly, greenish-yellow vine which has its roots in equally good soil at the bottom of a cellar, and struggles to reach the flickering sunlight breaking through the accumulated dust of the cellar window.

The essential life and soil from which it springs is the same in each case. The result in one is life plus good environment and in the other life minus the environment—in the first instance a back yard and in the latter none.

Full of promise for the future is the fact that





humanity is coming to understand and to act on the knowledge that while in rare cases good citizens may come from homes without back yards, yet from the great mass of humanity, the more back yards and the better kept they are, the better will be both individual and social life.

Not until the bread and butter conditions of life are so arranged that back yards are possible to all has humanity the right to expect to reach full fruition in life and character.

HORSES, HOGS, AND BABIES

CARE and culture of hogs, horses and other animals have long received attention. Seed selection and scientific methods have been employed with great success with fruits, flowers, grain and vegetables.

The Burbanking processes have been productive of results well nigh marvelous. It is said that one experimenter in the State of Iowa, through seed selection alone, was able to increase the average yield of corn for the entire State five bushels per acre.

Little attention, however, has as yet been given to the application of scientific methods and principles in the improvement of the human race.

But there has now come to hand, and from Iowa too, a report of definite results obtained, with babies, through the effort of two women.

These women conceived the idea that Iowa was devoting more attention to the perfection of cows, corn and pigs than to babies. Having reached this conclusion they began a systematic campaign on scientific lines in the direction of giving at least as much attention to babies as to live stock.

They began with the annual baby show held in connection with the State Fair, that temple of perfection in live stock, where farmers discuss the various points in farm animals—but never in babies.

Baby show awards were invariably made on the ground of personal beauty alone; so new standards were adopted. In 1911 dotting mothers

found their youngsters were being judged along different lines—along the standard of height, weight, circumference of chest, abdomen and head, symmetry, quality of skin and fat, quality of muscles—hand-grasp, rising and sitting poise—bones of skull and frame, dimensions of head, shape and measurement of eyes, shape, size and position of ears, the same of lips, forehead, nose and jaw; number, shape, size and condition of teeth, as well as the psychological tests for disposition, energy, attention, facial and ocular expression.

Well—they drew a long breath and sent for their husbands.

These came mostly from the cattle ring and after looking for a while, expressed a variety of sentiment; said many things and said them emphatically. But when it was over, when evening came and the families were driving slowly to their homes, one vital thought had impressed itself upon their minds: Iowa babies had not shown the same standard of physical perfection that had been found in Iowa cattle, corn and pigs, and each mother made a mental resolve that next year her baby would come nearer taking the blue ribbon.

During the following year the babies were put through a course of scientific training. Diet was watched and regulated along scientific principles, which the mother had carefully studied; babies were exercised at regular times, and movements were used to bring up the deficient points; the teeth were given minute attention and they were encouraged into a better disposition so that the psychological tests would show a keener attention, more facial and ocular expression, more energy, and a better disposition generally.

The fair of 1912 showed that wonders had been accomplished. Iowa is now just as interested in raising the standard of its babies as it has been heretofore in producing fine stock and crops. The idea is, moreover, spreading to other states. North Dakota, Minnesota and Oregon have announced that this new form of judging will be used in baby shows at their state fairs.



Burbanking the human race undoubtedly has its limits, but before these are reached much may be accomplished.

PRUDERY RUN MAD

THE Pasadena public schools have a course in domestic science in their curriculum.

In the seventh and eighth grades a real live baby is sued as a model in teaching the care of children. All went well as long as this model was a girl baby.

There came a time, however, when change to a baby of the sterner sex became necessary and a twelve-month-old boy was substituted.

It was here trouble began for the teachers in the shape of protests from Madam Grundy.

Oh horrors! A real live boy baby for a model! The very idea of teachers showing such utter disregard for the decencies and proprieties of life! It must not be permitted.

This from devotees at the shrine of fashion who yield implicit obedience to all requirements, from the heighth of decollete to the extreme suggestiveness of the most ultra attire of the period!

That the good sense of the community sustained the school principal, in the contention that there is no sex question in infancy, is matter for congratulation on the part of all plain common sense folk.

NATURE'S BANQUET TABLE

TAS it the Indian who gave to nature the name All-Mother? It was given somewhere back in the dim and misty past while human nature was still imaginative.

It must have been given, too, when conditions were such as to permit men to think of other things than bread and butter. It was undoubtedly used before grim necessity had compelled full surrender to the wholly material occupation of providing for physical need. But, whenever given, no better name could have been selected. All on earth are bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh.

From out her life all come at birth, through life her bounty is spread for all and upon her generous bosom all rest weary heads when the brief span of earthly existence is over.

If any find life not worth while the fault is not Nature's. Thoroughly impartial she makes generous provision for all. If any starve in body or soul the blame is not hers.

And while man has been able to create a monopoly in her resources for supplying his physical need, not yet has he been able to create a trust or even a corner in her food supply for human souls.

In mountain fastnesses and shaded nooks, by brookside or seaside, in song of bird or care-free life of animals, Mother Nature spreads her bounty of life, light and beauty.

If any partake not 'tis because the door is closed to the source of supply.

To this great westland of ours where Nature has been so lavish with her gifts, every year come thousands of tourists. Yet how few of these find the green pastures and virgin meadows where teems her most abundant life.

Most travelers follow routes laid down in guide books and visit resorts well known. Not many leave the beaten paths for the solitude of mountain fastnesses, where such close access to the heart of the All-Mother is permitted that its pulsing may be felt and one's own soul be attuned to its eternal rhythm.

In the dark of silent gorges, amid the awful silence of a mountain canyon, alone, afar from the haunts of men on some broad expanse of ocean shore, let him who would wrest Nature's secrets from her, woo her there. Let him pitch his tent and hearken to myriad voices speaking in myriad tongues.

Such communion is for all if all will it. Suicide of the body is bad enough, but suicide of the soul is an unpardonable wrong.

On and on, day by day, and year by year, throughout life man can wander if he will in close companionship with Nature. Communing

with all her forms, entering into her life, he can become ever more and more conscious of the bond that unites his life with hers in an inseparable unity.

A FATEFUL DECISION

PRACTICALLY all the laws to alleviate conditions which might be passed by Congress could be thrown out by the Supreme Court as infringing on the authority of the States.

Child labor laws, eight-hour measures, whiskey transportation, factory regulations would all come under regulation of interstate commerce.

A Supreme Court so disposed could block all measures of this kind on the ground that they interfered with the police power of the states.

The white slave law involving this principle has recently been declared constitutional.

This indicates that the present court does not mean to block reforms on the state-rights quibble and has established a precedent likely to be followed in the future.

This is good news, indeed. While there are many evils which cannot be stopped so long as production for private profit remains, child labor need not be tolerated even as conditions are today.

Other evils could be righted, and as Socialism strengthens many reforms will be attempted.

Let them come back and fast. It is a relief to know that the Supreme Court is not idiotic enough to put a stone wall in the path of even these mild measures of relief.

ANOTHER EXECUTIVE VOYAGE

PRESIDENT WILSON enters office with an honest determination to serve the nation and remedy wrongs. The more effective, then, will be the object lesson when he fails to accomplish anything fundamental.

He means well, but good intentions will avail little. His task, he says, "is a work of restoration."

Strange, is it not, that governments should need to "restore" the old, when everywhere else growth into the new is the purpose of wisdom?

The one pregnant statement in the inaugural address is this: "We have reared giant machinery which made it impossible that any but those who stood at the levers of control should have a chance to look out for themselves."

Those "giant machines" can never be "restored" to smaller machines. Only when all the people own these machines and put their servants at the levers can any but the few "have a chance to look out for themselves."

There is no freedom except in going on through the trust evolution to industrial democracy, President Wilson; you can not turn the wheels of progress backward.

It will help in the education of the people, however, to have the executive failures made by a man in whose sincerity of purpose all have faith.

That a President "means well" counts as little as it would in a sea captain who knew nothing of navigation.

For another voyage, however, it may lead the passengers to select one well posted in the use of charts and compass.

Here's to a prompt education in the great art of how not to run the ship of state.

FOR PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

SOcialists are the only true democrats. Not only do they accept the principle but would also apply it to the fullest extent.

They accept as truth beyond cavil the statement that, "the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy."

Socialism itself being the democratization of industry, wherever under capitalism opportunity is given for wider application of the principle, Socialists are ready to take advantage of it. Among its immediate political demands the Socialist national platform declares for proportional representation.

For the first time in this country, in any large city, a campaign is now on in Los Angeles in which this form of representation is the main issue. An effort is being made to amend the city charter and one of the amendments provided by



the People's Charter Committee in which Socialists had large representation provides for this plan.

Naturally members of that party are among its staunchest advocates with excellent prospects for its adoption.

Soon or late, the recognition of the principle that minorities are entitled to representation even under majority rule is bound to come. Truth and wisdom are not established by stifling the vote of opposition nor by suppressing the political power of those whose opinions may differ from those held by the majority.

The result of this election will be awaited with interest.



THE PAUPERIZED PROSPEROUS

DID you know that the rich department store owners and their customers take up a collection each week from the fathers in hundreds of thousands of working class homes?

They do.

They pass the hat to the brothers and sisters, fathers or mothers who pay the family grocery bills and ask them kindly to aid in the support of their help.

The customers follow along and say, "yes, please help us out, so that our fine clothes need not cost so much."

This is regarded as such a pretty plan that a new official in department stores—an investigator—is to be appointed whose business it shall be to see that the girls employed live at home in families which can supply room and board.

Just why a family should pay half the salary while the employers take all the time and energy is hard to say, but that is the great solution offered by the Illinois investigation.

It is admitted that 50,000 girls receive less than \$5.00 a week in Chicago—a trifle more than half what it costs them to live. Many times that number work for less than a living wage.

Can there be greater irony than to say that

the girls who have no homes shall not be employed?

Can there be any more brazen avowal of accepted charity than to say: "Of course, the girls can not live on what we pay, but they live at home?"

Charity workers are very fearful of "pauperizing" their beneficiaries. How about pauperizing the rich?



TEACHING SEX HYGIENE

THE NEW YORK CALL recently appeared with two columns on its Woman's Page, headed "What Every Girl Should Know" and underneath, filling the two columns, the words: "Nothing: By Order of the United States Post Office Department."

This, being interpreted, means that the authorities refused to allow a series of articles on sex hygiene for girls to appear.

A girls' ignorance may mean a life or lives cursed with disease, yet she must not be taught the dangers that beset.

The articles had been written by a trained nurse and contained in plain language vitally important facts. Yet Uncle Sam's paternal arm reached out to stop this good work.

In Denver, arrangements had been made to have a special teacher employed to teach the girls of the High School on this subject. The School Board—certain members of it—objected. The mothers could be taught but not the girls direct, and that is now the arrangement. Classes for mothers are held, and only girls without mothers are taught.

This is much better than nothing, but is not so effective and sure as direct lessons to the girls.

What an obscene generation this is, to be sure, when plain physical facts take on the color of indecencies!

Seventy per cent of the operations upon women are made necessary by diseases of which they are ignorant.

Perhaps there are more reasons than modesty why enlightenment is not popular in some quarters.





PLAYS, PLAYERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

By MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

THE NEW DRAMATIC TRIANGLE



ANOTHER dramatic triangle has been discovered! It is not the traditional two men and a woman or two women and a man, but the three factors which make the theater a help or a hindrance in progress: the play writer, the play-actor and the playgoer.

Whether one is interested chiefly in the progress of art, in moral education or in social propaganda, the forces to be counted upon are always threefold: skillful drama from the author, effective art from the actor and intelligent appreciation on the part of the audience.

Each depends upon the other. Neither can advance far beyond the other two. The finest dramatist in the world could not win a hearing unless there were actors skillful enough to make the value of his work apparent; and without a public capable of knowing good work and willing to patronize it, genius in both playwright and players would not save them from starvation.

Whatever there is obtained in and by the dramatic art must come through the triune education of writers, public and players. Demand creates supply; supply creates demand. It is a mutual stimulus and it were profitless to ask which leads, but certainly the audience is not least in importance.

The Western Comrade will try to do its part in making its readers helpful units in the great public which must increase the popularity of good work and weaken the hold of poor work.

Truth Across Footlights

Everyone who has a truth to propagate nowadays looks longingly at the crowds which frequent the theaters. "Woe is me if I get not my gospel across the footlights." This is the cry of the ardent in every department of effort.

The Socialist is well at the front of those laying siege to this great arsenal of power.

It were more exact to say, the Socialist is already in possession of its best guns, is already using its weapons to do effective service at many points in the world-wide battlefield.

The literary drama is deeply tinged with social suggestion if not with direct propaganda.

Henrik Ibsen, now recognized generally as the Father of the Modern Drama, raises every question which startles and baffles the social student, and although he solves no problems, he forces the reader to face conditions from many perplexing paradoxical angles.

No writer of whom so much has been written is so little understood. His work is a great laboratory, in which the student of the world as it is finds his material ready for examination. The labels may be put on



ALLA NAZIMOVA

to suit the labeller. The sturdy facts are there in unmistakable precision.

Our Own Bernard Shaw

Then there is the inimitable, delicious Shaw. If Ibsen is unlabelled, not so Bernard Shaw. He not only writes Socialist signboards all through his plays, but, lest a dense public fail to see, he introduces every play with a preface of volume length telling the reader all that the play might mean if interpreted from the soap-box. There is no chance to misinterpret Shaw in his economic gospel.

True, some of us would wish that he might have put our own little red covered tract in his volume instead of the ones he places there, but if the proof of the pudding is in the number who can be got to eat it, Shaw's brand of propaganda is the real stuff.

"I used to have a half dozen of Shaw's plays on my shelves for a year before they were sold," said a Coast

bookstore man, "but now I can scarcely keep stocked up, although I order hundreds at a time."

The secret lies in the man's irresistible wit and the utterly unexpected places in which he pops up with a new mask for his Socialist clown.

The old order will never be laughed off the earth, but by making capitalists, big and little, and intellectual parasites of every brand roar with laughter at themselves and their fool civilization, the crises of the transition time are likely to be met with greater safety.

With surprisingly general consent, this noisily labelled rebel is placed at the head of living dramatists.

Quite a feather in our collective cap, is it not?

What Shaw has done in astounding measure and in his own fashion, hundreds of others may do in some measure and each in his own fashion.

To name the other dramatists whose plays have social import would be to name well nigh every author whose fame has crossed local border lines.

It could not well be otherwise. A man or woman in this age, who is not awake to the vast abomination of things as they are and thrilled with expectation for the advancing new order, would have too little life for good work of any kind.

The Drama Yet to Be

There yet awaits, however, the real drama of the age. Drama that shall not be content to picture evils all too familiar, but which shall embody the living forces surging through the arteries of Labor's valiant body. We are waiting for the comrade artist who shall make known to all the world that Unseen and Somewhat by which the clasping hands of brothers leashed the dogs of war, when Europe's mercenary rivals threatened to make the Balkan horrors spread through a continent.

We wait the heart and vision which will make real to all men that Comrade Kingdom in which the millions are coming to stand upon their feet, heads erect, hearts beating steadfastly, each strong in the strength of all, hand clasped firm in hand, full circle, 'round the globe.

This, the mightiest power the old earth has ever known, waits an embodiment in dramatic art which shall help to spread that Comrade Kingdom to the last remotest corner of the nations.

In the meantime, it will be a pleasure to keep tally as the various aspects of vital truths find their way across the footlights.

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MAKING "KINDLING" SUCCEED

How the public may make a play a success is exemplified in the play "Kindling" "tried out" in Los Angeles more than a year ago. It was a good play from every standpoint, but in picturing the fatal effect of the slums on childhood, the relation of the landlords to these slums and a young mother's rebellion against bringing her child into their death-dealing atmosphere it taught a valuable social lesson.

The play ran in Los Angeles several weeks, largely because it was called to the attention of the Socialists and pushed by the working class papers.

In New York, the play was not a strong success but the Drama League noticed it and when it came to

Chicago, issued a bulletin concerning the play to its members. The result was that it had a phenomenal run and is now well established as one of the successes of the year.

Margaret Illington as the rebellious slum mother, was exceedingly strong.

* * *

The Drama League of America is an organization to increase the general intelligence in matters which concern the drama. It has spread with remarkable rapidity all over the country. The aim is to encourage good plays by a prompt notice to members, telling them that a given play is worth while and why. There are flourishing branches in both San Francisco and Los Angeles.

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Bernard Shaw's new play, "Fanny's First Play," has been one of the great successes in New York this winter. It is a play written about a play and has a group of critics trying to decide who wrote the play to which they listen. Many play writers, not omitting Shaw himself, are ridiculed. Shaw's 'egotism' is again in laughing evidence. "He who has a message will not hesitate to beat a drum at the door of his tent."

The self-advertising" of this strenuous propagandist is but the beating of this drum. "If I tell the dull British public often enough what a wonderful person I am, they will believe and listen," he calmly says and results are proving him wise in his method.



MARGARET ILLINGTON

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

ARTISTS VERSUS CRITICS



HERE is a never-ending war between our critics and artists. The critics bark at our artists. They exaggerate petty faults and overlook real worth—sometimes. This angers our artists. A California author, for instance, recently attacked critics, frankly confessing he hated them. He declared that critics failed as authors, and, therefore, are unable to judge. This is ridiculous. Must I lay an egg to judge whether one is bad or good?

* * *

COMFORT

"No matter what the period is, the chair I sit in must be comfortable," said Henry Irving. He held that when uncomfortable, he could not act artistically. Might it not be added that a writer cannot create if his stomach causes him discomfort, and that an artist cannot paint if he feels that exasperating "aching void"? The Greeks were wonderful philosophers and sculptors, their sense of the beautiful was ideal; they were free from the worries of satisfying physical needs. A comfortable people soon becomes an artistic people.

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When you see a lie in the Atlantic Monthly you feel consoled, for you know, at least, that it is expressed in classic English.

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What is art? Can we not say that it is genius' subtle wand welding a noise into a harmony?

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ATTITUDES

We used to rave over the authors of the past. Ah! the classics! Homer! Virgil! Socrates! A little later we commenced throwing flowers at our living authors. Ah! Dickens! Hugo! Thackeray! Today, ah, today, we don't do so foolish a thing. The past or the present disturbs us no longer. We only consider the future. Will Tweedle-Dee strike a new note if he continue writing for forty-eight years? Will Deedle-Twum's ninety-fourth novel be "The Great American Novel"? Will the next century read Swashbucket's poetry? Will that 16-year-old genius who wrote his first twelve-hundred word story last week create a new school of literature? Tomorrow is the day with us—selah!

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ADVICE TO THE YOUNG

"Take a bucket of water, stir it about with a stick for half an hour; then see what size hole you have made. Such is the effect of advice on a young man's mind," said an American humorist. And is it not good

that our young friends are not anxious for advice? Does not experience teach as much as a lecture? Young men do not take things for granted. They want the reason for this and that. As Bernard Shaw says, one should listen to advice and then go ahead and do as he pleases.

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RULES AND ART

Shakespeare speaks of art being tongue-tied by authority. It is undeniable that those whom we treasure as geniuses were the men courageous enough to break rules. Beethoven, Wagner, Whitman, Monet, Cezanne and others have enriched our store of the beautiful because they knew enough to know more than those who preceded them. They learned that art is expression. Which is more desirable—free expression or limited expression? In other words, should an artist permit himself to be enslaved by a code of rules?

But, would it not be well for young writers to learn rules before they smash them?

* * *

It is apparent to the most casual observer that our young poets are striking out for themselves. At this moment I am impressed by the fact that they are aiming body blows at that arch tyrant, Mr. Highfalutin Wurdes. It appears as though he is soon to die the death of the useless. No more Necropolis! No more Ashtoreth! No more Blossomy-excrement! What did you ask? Oh, to be sure, I have John Masefield in mind.

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THE NEW POETRY

When a new thing comes into the world, some persons welcome it, and others regret its appearance; most, however, are quite indifferent. The new poetry—the song of city streets, city people, city life—is here. John Davidson, John Hall Wheelock, and a half dozen others, including a few Americans, are writing poetry that is new—and, as to be expected, they are accepted by a few and rejected by others. They are singing, not of the moss-grown rocks of the hillside hut of the heartaches, the hopes, the aspirations of the people—every-day people.

The Forum, as to be expected, welcomes the new poets and their new songs. A writer in The Independent would have them turn back to the fields and the forests. But, the editor of The Forum, in an editorial note, announces in the February issue that "it is hoped that the poets of America will send in their best work, abandoning more and more the conventional and traditional, and giving to the Time-Spirit what it has not yet received—adequate expression. * * * Spring odes and out-moded moralizings are not desired. It is better to fail with an idea that was at least worth while

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH



OW, of course, the first question that will come to mind in seeing this title "The Woman's View" will be what sort of departmental division is to be made here for the women of the world; whether it is to be a housewife's department, a mother's department, or a department telling women with impecunious or "stingy" husbands how to make pin money; whether it will advocate political

freedom for women and taboo the subject of economic freedom or vice versa.

The reader will want to know if in this department there are to be aired the seemingly inconsistent views of the funny old world, which allows women to be strong and economically free in parts of Siberia, allows them to be politically free in Australia and Finland, gives them partial political freedom in some other countries, but nowhere allows them in all respects to live freely, fully, and humanly.

It will be the purpose of this department to present through sketches and articles the efforts women are making to achieve a full share in human activities and to show the economic causes underlying these efforts.

And while national problems and events will receive special attention, the international phases will also be kept in the foreground, for, it is International, this movement of women toward the larger affairs of the world, as international as the working class movement.

Like a great new song, it rises from the hearts of the nations. In the Orient, where the economic and social

than to succeed unimportantly by following worn—and worn-out—grooves."

Incidentally, The Forum's editor announces "The Factory," a long poem by Harry Kemp.

The new poets are, after all, not so very new. Whitman was a new poet. He was thrilled by the music of life. To him every human being was a song; every crowd was a symphony. He did not hold himself aloof, "above" humans. He abhorred seclusion, and loved to mingle with the people of cities. "One can name poets who would have been greater but for the trammels of their seclusion," said Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Is it not unfair to say that the new poets are not lovers of nature? Is a man a less part of nature than a skylark, a tree, a river, or a mountain? To "get next to nature," is it necessary for the poet to ignore one of nature's noblest products—man?

Is there not as much poetry in the laugh of a child, the sob of a maiden, the aspiration of youth, the ideals of man, or the love of woman as may be found in the murmur of the west wind, the ripple of the brooks, the roar of the ocean or the thunder of the elements?

life is far behind the rest of the world, it is only a faint whisper. In Germany, Holland and France it has grown to a murmur. In England its notes are crescendo. And in America its theme is already stirring the hearts and minds of the people; they are beginning to respond to its message.

It is for us to understand and act on that message.

* * *

PEOPLE OR PROPERTY

It is very seldom that the English militants are connected with any idea except suffrage. It is a rare occurrence when any mention is made of a deeper purpose, of an ultimate aim. But it is there and the manner in which they proceed to win the ballot—their means, their weapon—is the key to that aim.

Their organizations have officially declared that in no instance will they attack human life in their efforts to secure the ballot, but they will attack the idol Property and attempt to destroy its prestige. In the municipal work that the women have done (the women of England have a municipal vote, which, however, leaves them quite helpless when it comes to parliamentary action) they have seen human beings of both sexes and all ages hound to the rack of toil for the sake of Property; they have seen them throttled by dirt and disease and vice because of the worship of Property; they have seen the bloom and promise of little children ground into dollars for the sake of this same idol. Everywhere they have seen animate life counted as nothing in comparison with inanimate wealth.

So with admirable courage they wage their battle that this may be changed.

In the United States this same idol receives more human sacrifices than it does in England. In Illinois we hear of agitation for pure milk—babies lives are considered as naught beside the profits of the Milk Trust. In Oklahoma we hear of a scandal among school book commissioners. Some of the oldest publishers tried through fraud to secure the adoption of antiquated text books—the education of the childhood of Oklahoma is not to be considered when it endangers the standing of mildewed book firms. In Wisconsin very recently factories have twice been destroyed by fire because the buildings were old and badly equipped. As usual, the workers furnished fuel for the holocaust—human lives are but a jot compared with fire insurance.

In a thousand instances this monster destroys helpless victims. It is the Old Man of the Sea riding on our shoulders, driving us to desperation. It is time to concertedly resist its usurpation.

It is not necessary, it would even be inexpedient for the women of the United States to employ the methods of the English suffragettes. In some states they already have the weapon for which the English women are now

only striving, and in those states where they are not yet in possession of the ballot, they are sure to get it soon without violent measures.

So, they are already practically equipped to cope with the problem of **People versus Property**. It only remains to decide how and when.

To begin with, in those states where they have the ballot, they should become thoroughly acquainted with the political situation and refuse to support those political parties which are financed by and fight for Property. They should support that party which is fighting against property and is financed by the People—that party which is trying to reverse the valuation upon which our society is now based and make Property serve People instead of People serving Property.

There are also the unions carrying on an organized campaign for the workers. All women who are able to do so should belong to some union. Those who are not eligible to become members of organized labor should join the Women's Trade Union League as allies—even housewives can do this.

Property has intrenched itself so solidly through organization. But when the people organize wholeheartedly their strength will be so great that even the Herculean power of Property will be weak in comparison.

Let **Organization** be the watchword.

* * *

THE DECADENCE OF SELF-SACRIFICE

We are learning in these days that ethical ideas are not adamant, but that they change with time and circumstance; we are learning a fact that a decade ago we would have scorned to recognize—that virtues are made of necessity. Examination of the ground on which any ethical idea stands will prove that this is so. Whether it be honesty, faithfulness, physical courage, moral courage, patience, it still holds good that the quality has an ethical value because the circumstances of a given time make it advantageous for an individual or a group to develop such qualities.

Today honesty is considered a virtue because it is a necessary asset to our industrial civilization. If one man could not hold another at his word, there would be nothing but chaos in our commercial life. Factories, banks, clearing houses, even state institutions would waver like the mist above the sea, if it were not for the fact that the great majority of humans are thoroughly imbued with a sense termed **honesty**.

However, with the desert tribes of Tripoli and Algiers this is not so. They achieve an existence in the sand wastes by the spoliation of neighboring tribes and passing caravans and regard as their most virtuous man, the cleverest strategist and the most successful thief. On the altars of the tribal gods mothers ask that their newly born babes may become sly marauders.

To cite another example, submission under oppression is virtuous in a slave whose only alternative is squeamishness, but when manifested by an independent being it is weakness. A serf of the Middle Ages was moral when he bended without question to his lord's will. But for that same lord to acquiesce with equal meekness to the encroaching demands of another lord would be deemed sheer cowardice.

Self-sacrifice is one of those virtues which is most surely the product of necessity, but whose real character has been one of the last to be recognized. It is an idea with which three-fourths of humanity has benumbed itself because there was no other course to take. As a bulwark of religion it has served as a drug that made tolerable an almost intolerable condition. And in that capacity it had a great value and served its purpose well.

It may have been well that at one time thousands of slaves bent their backs at ruthless toil in alien Rome and gave up their homes to enable one country and one people to rise to heights in statecraft and architecture. It may have been well that out of the blood of workworn and slaughtered Helots grew the leisure, talent and power of the Greeks, who molded the radiant beauty of a Diana and a Venus of Milo, reared the formidable walls of the Acropolis, and constructed systems of logic, which after the lapse of a thousand years still hold an interest for the world. The psychical suppression and perversion, the bodily spoliation of womankind from the tent days of ancient Judea to the time of our modern industrial maelstrom may have been well. All these immeasurable sacrifices may have served a purpose. We acted thus because we were in our childhood and knew no better. But on this mountain of human lives we have built the possibility of escaping forever from the necessity of self-sacrifice—we have built for ourselves the possibility of a true Democracy, which means **MUTUAL AID**,

A society in which one person, one class, or one sex must sacrifice itself to the interests of some other is wasteful, oligarchical, undemocratic. As a system it can only be classed with the unsystematic method of nature in bringing to life many more creatures than given conditions can support in order that the species may be in no danger of perishing. It is for us with our much-vaunted intelligence to improve upon this method, to supplant sacrifice with fulfillment.

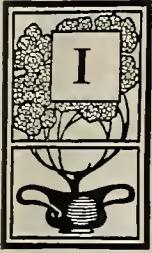
There is no harm in recognizing that an idea, which we have regarded sacred for many years is no longer serviceable, that its relation to ethics is altered. Time is a crucible through which all things must pass. And the crucible is a rare transformer. Moral traits that glisten and sparkle like opals at one time, come out dark, lusterless at another.

In our actions we already begin to belie our thoughts on the subject. In unions, and clubs and in the Socialist party in particular, we are endeavoring to imprint on the mind of mankind the need of helping each other, of mutual concessions, of mutual aid. We teach that it is the good of all that must be considered and not the good of a few. But we are very timid. We are afraid of being selfish. The old lessons of the ages, "serve your master," "serve your husband," "serve your priest," still make us waver. We have learned to give, but not to take. We are afraid to believe that it is an equal amount of give and take that makes a complete and happy being.

But we are learning. We are now at the parting of the ways. We must decide once for all, whether we want to go forward to a better thing, or whether we want to remain satisfied with our drug until decay begins.

King Rent!

By
Sydney
Hillyard



IT IS often supposed that the opening up of wild and desolate lands, the populating of rugged mountainous regions, and of places where the sparse settlements have to struggle hourly with nature for subsistence is a good thing and a beneficial one for the nation. In tale and song we continually laud and magnify the name of the homesteader with his sod house and his capacity for enduring

about everything that can be endured. It is very generally considered that this process of driving the pioneer to the "margin of cultivation," to the poor lands and the wild lands, to arid wastes and to winters of howling blizzards is all a part of "civilization." Even the dear old squatter, twenty-five miles from the railroad, fighting mosquitoes in the spring, toiling under a hundred and ten degrees of heat all summer, living on black-strap and beans, stuffing his red handkerchief into his shirt to keep the flying ants from nesting in him, and laying up all through five months of freezing winter with absolutely nothing to do—even he carries his straw halo dutifully as one of those forerunners of progress that we read about.

Anyone who suggests that these frozen prairies should be left alone, at least in winter, and the deserts at least in summer, that these rough gravelly mountain slopes and worthless sand wastes shall be left alone altogether and that people should live in a human country would never get a trace of a hearing. And yet the time is coming when civilized, intelligent people will live where they choose and when they choose, when reasonable men will live in reasonable climates, and not where, like cattle, they happen to be driven.

Almost the entire population of the Dakotas, Minnesota, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and similar places is a dead loss to the world from November to April, and to this loss must be added the loss of the use of all their hundreds of thousands of horses and millions of dollars worth of machinery. A blizzard howling and raging down from Athabasca ties up ten thousand men and fifty thousand horses. It should tie up nothing but rattlesnakes and foxes. The entire population of the California brush hills, the western timber limits, the rough countries in Virginia and Tennessee and other states, is, under the present system, a dead loss to the world all the time. These people never produce anything worth mentioning above a miserable subsistence, while the ridiculous expense of endless road-building, mail-carrying, schools, churches, tax-collecting, and teaming, puts the whole business on the debit side of the national ledger.

The root of the popular superstition that the country is the gainer by the opening up of worthless lands to valuable people lies in the absurd Malthusian theory that there is a glut of population and a paucity of land. As a matter of fact the good land of California could support the population of the United States—leaving all the other states open for homesteading again. If the

good lands would support America, why farm the bad lands? Kropotkin showed that England could easily live, and comfortably, in the counties of Devon and Kent. Why then farm the rough, poverty-stricken woods of Yorkshire? There is a slight immigration into Belgium, the most densely populated country in the world; why then should men emigrate away from some American states that have no population at all worth mentioning? The one-time emigration from Germany has stopped and a return flow has set in back to Germany's most well-populated regions. Ireland had once a population of eight million and an abundance of land. Now Ireland has a population of four million and a shortage of land. Has Ireland shrunk in area? Or do we dare to take a peep at the Irish system of rent? Emigration has denuded some of the most fertile regions of Asia of men so that there is no one there now at all; as for instance the valleys of the Tigris. The descendants of these immigrants are now living in rough hills and wastes, while the fertile loam of the valley is occupied by hyenas. Never once has emigration been caused by lack of land or by density of population, but only by rent, and by the accompanying laws which force weak races into servitude and strong ones into the wilderness.

There are areas of the earth's surface whereon it is almost eternal spring. Why should we not live there? Southern California could support a hundred million people. There are a hundred million people on earth who would be glad to go there. What is it that keeps them away? Why is it that scores of families have emigrated from California to Canada, Arizona, Texas, and even to South America? These hundred million who would gladly come to California at least in the winter are now earning a miserable dole in a hundred wretched climates. Southern California could make their lives rich and joyous, but they are met at the gates of California with the ancient chains and welcome them with offers of lifelong servitude. What do we ask of those of our brothers who would come to dwell in a land of warm breezes, of orange groves, of surf-bathing at Christmas, and rose gardens, and roses for the picking? What do we inscribe on our welcome arch? In faith we offer what Egypt and Babylon offered, we offer the terms of Macedonia and Rome, we offer that which is now crushing out the heart of Ireland and India. Rent, one-third of the crop; purchase price, a thousand dollars an acre; monstrous transportation charge; irrigation robberies; low and insecure price for produce, extortionate living cost; mortgage, interest, rent; taxes, and robbery; this is the tale that is told of California, and this it is that bars the way between strong men and fertile lands.

This wasteful dissipation of mankind over wide inhospitable lands when fertile plains are not one-hundredth occupied is the work of a murderous rent. Malthus attributes it to the hand of God, who, says Malthus, having created too many souls and desiring

to kill some of them on this account, proceeds to furnish the too many souls with too little land to the end that the landless souls must perforce die for want of something to eat. The works of Malthus stop short of explaining why this God of his should be so long on souls and so short on land. One could almost wish that the God of Malthus had had fewer men and more acres. Malthus was fine brew for the knights of the nineteenth century, who wanted an apology for their poorhouses. He began to be smaller beer by the time Marx and Henry George were through with him, and now today where Malthus would say God or Nature is the cause of this or that hideous atrocity, of the depeopling of this fair land and the crowding of the other into tenements, we say "True enough, Brother Malthus, but instead of calling it God call it Rent!"

It is not because of God but because of Rent that any farmer is plowing rocks instead of loam. But for him—Rent—every farmer in America should be within reach of town—and such towns as he would be in reach of we do not dream of yet! But for Rent, which whips him away into the solitudes, every farmer should have the telephone, the electric light, the boulevard, the college, the library, the opera, and the great city store. These should be in his hand, for the city should be his just as the country should belong also to the city clerk. It is Rent which puts a million men into a city slum and scatters another million among the tall timbers.

Nature and natural method would place the two million in a city which was a farm, or in other words, on a farm which was a city, while the work which needed to be done on the vast wheat fields would be done by those from these centers of humanity and life who went there, to the outlying fields, not to live, to vegetate, to slave, and to die, but to do their work and return. Nature made man gregarious. Malthus would make him so solitary that he becomes a boor, or so crowded that he becomes a beast. Natural law would offer man everything that is contained in life; the ultimate of Malthus denies him everything but death. The hands of God overflow with milk and honey to be taken by whomsoever will, and the whomsoever that takes both the honey and the milk is Rent. Whether it be the tribute of the railroad, the factory, the mine, or the city block, it is all Rent, and it is for whomsoever will. The laborer will not, therefore the owner does. The land flows, the waters burst their banks, but the thirsty laborer refuses to drink. Laws are on our statute books today in this America which command the burning of blasphemous books. Then by all means let us obey them and burn Malthus in the streets of Berkeley. The university defends our arch-enemy, Rent, and blames God for poverty. If the workingman would but take the land he would change the professors of the great Malthusian Nonsense into professors of life and happiness, for he himself would come into his heritage.



IN FUNNYLAND



SO?

Oh, Jim, I saw a drunken cucumber the other day.
Eh?
Yes, a drunken cucumber.
How was that?
Pickled!

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING

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

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

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

NOT AS OF OLD

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three—
But the First Violin
Stepped merrily in

And declared that the union had decided upon four musicians for the royal entertainment. Hard days for royalty, these!

If the crook dug would the graft probe?

If Morgan refused you credit would the steel trust?

The coffinette will be the next innovation in these days of rising prices and decreasing size of purchases.

OUR LANGUAGE

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

WEIGHING IN

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

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

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

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

MODERN EDUCATION

Mother, what's domestic science?

Teachin' your dad to clean his shoes before he comes in the house.

MATTER OF SONGS

A suburban parson was calling on a new resident of his parish.

"And what is your religion, might I ask?"

"Oh, we are Baptists," replied the object of his solicitation.

"Why, how lovely," enthusiastically exclaimed the pastor. "We have a Baptist lady in our choir so you'll be perfectly at home with us."

ALL WELL AT HOME

A young woman recently had a letter from her small brother at home. Here is what the youngster wrote:

"We are all well, except mamma fell and broke a kidney. Tommy is just getting over pneumonia, Sammy has whooping cough and papa has a broken leg."

WHAT SINGLE TAX IS

Sallie—What's this Single Tax idea anyway?

Tillie—Oh, it's that law they're trying to get passed taxing bachelors.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

I hear they have added a gnu to the zoo.

Yes, an old one.

PERFECTLY NATURAL

In these days when so many things are automatic it is not strange that we should also have the auto craze.

IT'S NOT A JOB; IT'S A CINCH!

Strange that they should be called pork packers when their sole occupation seems to be packing vaults!

RANK CONSERVATIVE

"No, I never did believe in this woman suffrage business," he remarked as his wife concluded ten hours over the wash tub.

NOT UP TO HIM

"I should worry," Rockefeller mused as the people cheerfully came through with an extra million for oil.

GREAT DAYS, THESE

Yes, sir, we are progressing these days. You can't win the blacksmith vote any more by talking about Valley Forge.

The Good Old Days



AVE you ever lived in a log or an adobe house? If not, perhaps you have heard parents or grandparents tell of the time when they lived in one. The good old days of frank, cordial, whole-souled hospitality, when genuine neighborly regard still existed; the days when the old-fashioned fireplace, with its great, roaring, crackling fire flashed out a cheerful welcome, while the guest still stood upon the threshold; good old days they were, of simple, homely joys and pleasures; suited to men and women of simple tastes.

Travel where you may, converse with whom you will and all will say who lived through them, that they were the brightest, happiest days in life.

Life under such conditions necessary to happiness? Oh, no—but insistence upon the real and the genuine in life is necessary to happiness, whether the life be spent in a cabin or a mansion.

It was because the emphasis was placed here in the pioneer days that to those who lived in them they still remain the happiest known. It is all a matter of emphasis. Wherever lived, all life must be happy when the emphasis is placed on reality.

Some day our humanity will again learn true values. For the great mass of humanity present social and industrial conditions force the emphasis so largely upon the bread and butter problem that all proper sense of proportion is lost.

Just out yonder, only a little way ahead in the future, that stage in the evolution of society called Socialism will be reached. When it comes, it will be a day of adjustment. Reality, sincere and genuine, will succeed artificiality, hollow and insincere in all human relations. Then can humanity be truly human, and freed from the struggle for bread, place the emphasis where it rightfully belongs on living realities that make for spiritual enlargement in the life both of the individual and society.

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