DECEMBER, 1913 TEN CENTS

Jan 1914 no record

The Western Comrade

TWO SMASHING BIG FEATURES:

The Murderers at Wheatland

What Are We Going To Do About It?

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

Walter Lanfersiek, N. A. Richardson, Stanley B. Wilson, Chester M. Wright, Emanuel Julius, Brame Hillyard, Dr. J. E. Pottenger, Eleanor Wentworth, William Morris Feigenbaum, Harold Everhart, Charles Tracy.

A Word to Our Reader Comrades

IT IS just at Thanksgiving time that this number of The Western Comrade goes to press. And the editors feel that there is much to be thankful for. The Socialists of California find themselves in splendid fighting trim—and with plenty to fight for—which is an excellent thing.

Let us say that we are thankful because our wonderful movement is day by day forcing the powers of greed and darkness farther away from the throne of power. We are making the world better with every day of fighting. On with the fight and may our fighting spirit never grow less.

Just a word now about the magazine. We feel that we are bringing you a magazine this month for which you will be thankful. It IS a good magazine—one of the best that ever the American Socialist movement had the joy of reading.

First there's the ringing challenge on the page next following—it's a challenge in answer to a question. Stanley B. Wilson continues his illuminating review of the movement over the state and adds to it a splendid contribution on "The Simple Story of Karl Marx, the Man." You'll feel a new and more comradely interest in Marx when you've read that sketch of him.

We feel sure that you'll get a new glimpse of the System after studying Artist Tracy's picture, "A Christmas Contrast." There's also a Tracyesque humor to his illustration for the semi-serio-comic "It's Just Got to Come," written by Chester M. Wright.

The drama department is back again, with M. Louise Grant as the author and with it comes the Calcium Glow department. Eleanor Wentworth is writing a fiction story, based, however, on cold facts, which will replace for this month and next month her regular department. Another bit of fine fiction with a punch is Emanuel Julius' story of "The Rise of Frank Dunne."

And now read the magazine—from cover to cover. It's a ripping good number. But don't stop there. Hustle out and capture a subscriber or two—for really, we need subscribers, thousands of them. This magazine is TOO GOOD TO STAND STILL. It is going forward, but PUT ON MORE STEAM. Put The Western Comrade into every nook and corner TO BUILD FOR SOCIALISM!

The Western Comrade

Vol. 1. 43 No. 9

December, 1913

Published Monthly by

UNION LABOR NEWS COMPANY, INC.

203 New High St, P. O. Box 135 Los Angeles

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year

EDITORS

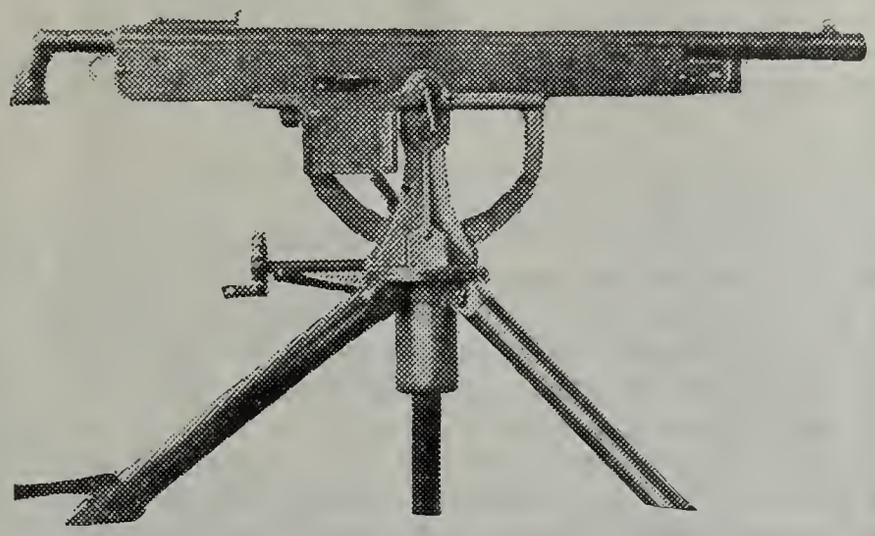
Stanley B. Wilson Chester M. Wright

Associate Editors

Eleanor Wentworth Emanuel Julius

Fred C. Wheeler Rob Wagner

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?



THE VERY NEWEST KIND OF STRIKE BREAKER

The picture above shows the latest pattern of rapid-firing gun, in use by the mine owners of Colorado to shoot down the striking mine workers. And now for the story of John Ure:

John Ure, of Scotch birth, 63 years of age, a miner for fifty-three years, was employed at Forbes mine, Forbes, Colo., at the beginning of the present strike, at which time he joined the strikers and moved into a tent furnished by the miners' union. While standing in front of his tent on the afternoon of October 17, 1913, a mine guard approached the tent colony, carrying a flag of truce with him. Upon arriving at the tent colony he was met by a group of men and he asked them if they were strikers. They informed him that they were. He then stepped back and dropped the flag, at which signal the rapid machine gun, mounted on a steel-bodied automobile, on the public highway some three hundred yards from the tents, commenced firing at the strikers. Shooting started about 3 o'clock p. m. and continued until 5 o'clock p. m. Ure took refuge under the cot in his tent, and it is a miracle that he was not killed, as the tent has 147 bullet holes in it, and the furniture, every dish and cooking utensil bears evidence of the shots fired by this gatling gun.

Rifles to right of them,
Rifles to left of them,
Rifles in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd.

CALUMET, Trinidad, Wheatland, Indianapolis—wherever labor strikes for a little more of its product, there go the troops, horse, foot and dragoons, to the defense of the masters of the bread.

So it comes that today the United States has standing armies in the field on a war footing, contending with an enemy for supremacy on United States soil. And we of the working class are that enemy.

The men who write fables for the newspapers invariably tell us that the troops are sent into the strike districts to preserve order. They tell us that the troops are sent in to protect life and property. And that may be so, in a measure, but it is so only to that extent to which capitalist life and property are concerned. The protection of labor, its rights, its life, its property, is not contemplated in the order to march.

West Virginia is sufficient answer to the writers of the newspaper fables. West Virginia with its courts martial, its military prisons, its high-handed disregard of every right and privilege of a free people. It is answer enough.

Today the soldiers are on duty all along the great copper range in Michigan. And so openly

and indefensibly are they in the actual service of the mine owners that the owners of the great copper mines are proposing to pay the wages of the soldiers because they fear a popular demonstration against payment of those wages by the state for a service which the state so obviously does not require.

Today the soldiers are on duty in Colorado, filing through the mountains to see that the property of the coal owners is protected. "Protected" is a handy word for mine owners to have in their vocabulary. It is a common belief among mine owners that if they can get soldiers enough and get them when they want them that they can defeat labor and crush it back to the desired level.

And what about all this uniformed strike-breaking business?

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

We shall make no denial of the fact that union men have used violence and will use violence. But we shall make the assertion that they have used violence only when driven to it and that they will pursue the same course in the future. Any animal will fight when driven to bay—and it will fight with the weapons best calculated to win its release. In Colorado 147 bullets were shot through the tent of one miner by deputy sheriffs. Say, if you wish, that the miner who inhabits that tent in freezing weather is going to turn the other cheek so that it, too, may be shot away. But if he can get a gun he is not likely to fulfill your peaceful prediction. Thus is labor driven to desperation by the barons who own the property and the tools of production. Thus are excuses made upon which to base the insistent call for soldiers. It seldom fails.

In West Virginia a whole miners' camp was riddled with bullets from an armored train at night. Put yourself in such a camp in such a time—it was winter there, too—and ask yourself what your feelings and impulses and resolutions would be. If you were the average workingman, with the love of liberty and justice that courses in the veins of the average workingman, you would do just what you think you would do—and you would not be a traitor to your class.

Armed warfare is coming to be a recognized feature of every great strike. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

This much we are sure of: Even if labor really cared for that sort of war, even if it instigated it—which it does not—it could never hope to cope successfully with the forces which are opposed to it in every such case. Organized society is arrayed solidly against the outlaw—for such is the man who shoots in self-defense on the strike field against the forces of "law and order." Nor does the regularly observed and established labor policy of peace and rigid discipline bring the results desired. For in every great strike the bosses make it their settled policy to "incite to riot" in such a way that the blame can be laid at the door of the strikers. Professional thugs, strong-arm men, blacklegs and gunmen are adept at that sort of work. They act on the theory that a man attacked will retaliate in self-defense. Their task is not overly hard, nor does it require any great amount of finesse. It is purely the work of the hired bully and ruffian who is almost always the product of the city slums, which in turn are the direct creation of the capitalist system.

Armed intervention follows quickly. The troops with their rifles and machine guns are ordered to the scene of "action" and immediately their entire influence, the weight of their moral and physical strength is always thrown AGAINST labor, against the strikers, no matter how just their demands, no matter how indefensible the tactics of the masters of the mines and of the bread.

And something must be done about this thing. But WHAT?

Armed intervention as a settled strike policy is relatively a new feature of the class war, though the first instance was recorded as early as the great steel strike in Pittsburg when Alexander Berkman shot and wounded Steel King Frick. Later came the call for troops by Cleveland, over the protest of Governor Altgelt, the Illinois governor who was driven to his grave by capitalism. That was during the great A. R. U. strike. Later came the Coeur d'Alene strike, in which northern Colorado was turned into a battlefield with labor furnishing the victims for capitalistic greed.

It may be said that the use of troops as a factor in strike breaking has developed with the capitalist system and with the use of the strike as a weapon of labor. And as the capitalist system has become perfected the use of troops has become more frequent, until now it is no strange thing to have the military in service against labor at half a dozen points in the country at the same time. Of course the use of might to crush labor is no new thing. The thing that is new is the form of the thing. And greater than that is that other new thing—the AWAKENING of labor to a realization of the MEANING of the conflict and an understanding of its causes.

Today no great strike is without its complement of soldier strike-breakers, and neither now nor in the past is there a single instance where the military has been called upon to protect labor in its fight for better living conditions or higher wages and shorter hours.

Two cases on the Pacific coast illustrate precisely the attitude of the capitalist official toward the struggles of labor. At San Diego workingmen were being beaten and driven from their city. They called upon the governor for protection in their sufferings. He gave them nothing beyond a mere bluff. At Wheatland the masters called for troops to crush labor and the troops were sent to the assistance of the hop barons as fast as trains could carry them. It is ever so where capitalists rule.

What is the way out? Must we go on fighting our industrial battles against bayonets and rapid firing guns that drill through us and leave us cold and dead?

The answer is that we must face the powers that be on a field where we are supreme, rather than on a field where we are inferior. That does not mean that we must abandon our battles on the economic field, but rather that we shall BACK THEM UP with a battle on the political field where our overwhelming numerical superiority is such as to leave no doubt of the outcome, once we determine to plunge into action with the same solid front that we have displayed on the strike field.

We must relinquish none of our economic militancy, but we must augment it with a political militancy that will bring to us a final and lasting victory.

The guns of the paid thugs, such as mine "guards," are brought into use because of the open acquiescence or the passive acquiescence of the properly constituted civil authorities who gain their power directly from the electorate. The guns of the organized military bodies are brought into use because of the direction of the properly constituted civil authorities. The men that labor elects are responsible for the use of guns on the economic field. Any of these officials can, when they so will, absolutely stop the use of guns as weapons with which to break strikes and kill workingmen.

But until labor elects officials who are conscious of their working-class ties nothing like that will happen. The question, "What are we going to do about it?" can be finally answered only by voting about it. That is the simplest, easiest, most effective and only final remedy for a situation that grows more acute with every industrial conflict—a situation that must soon find a remedy or the nation will be plunged into a wide-spread conflict at arms, on the one side of which will be the militant worker fighting for his life and on the other side of which will be the slum and brothel product fighting at the command of a baron who pays what he considers the service worth.

Among all the thousands of Socialist officials in all parts of the civilized world, not one has ever issued a call for soldiery to crush labor in any battle that it has ever waged for better conditions, higher wages, or the gaining of any of those cherished liberties for which militant labor forever is striving. There is not one such case on record!

Nobody ever has heard of soldiers or police being ordered into service as strike breakers by Socialist officials. That is the answer—the only answer that really answers—the only solution of the problem that really solves. And this question, like all others, never will be settled until it is settled right.

Solidarity in the union ranks; solidarity at the ballot box; away with the deadly guns of the paid thugs and the organized military strike breakers!

THE FALL ELECTIONS

By WALTER LANFERSIEK

National Executive Secretary of the Socialist Party

ON THE fourth of November another skirmish was fought in the war for working-class emancipation. We won. The elections were of no great significance, as there were no national issues, so-called.

In spite of every handicap, the Socialist vote is very encouraging. Non-partisan elections, commission form of government, anything and everything is being tried to force the Socialists to break party lines, and yet we forge steadily onward.

Have you ever seen men rolling sheet steel? The bar enters the mill one inch thick and four inches wide. It is run back and forth through the rollers, each time bringing it nearer the desired result. And so it is with the elections. Each time the Socialist Party forces society to come nearer to the result desired. No matter about all the hindrances, our vote increases and our gains grow greater year by year.

* * *

Ohio is first in the number of elected officials. Complete figures are not available, but no less than five cities in that state elected Socialist mayors, with a score of aldermen, councilmen, and other officials.

In New York state, we lost the mayor of Schenectady, because the old parties fused against us, but we elected no less than eleven candidates of lesser importance in Schnectady county, including the sheriff. New York city elects a Socialist to the board of aldermen for the first time. In spite of the hottest anti-Tammany fight in the history of New York, 32,000 men could not be diverted from the real issue and proved it by voting for Charles Edward Russell for mayor.

Pennsylvania reports victories in McKeesport, Altoona, Glen Campbell, Ashland, Wilmerding and Pitcairn.

Indiana comes forward with victories in four cities.

* * *

FIVE years ago such news as the above would have been considered astonishing. We would have demanded the exact figures of each election. But now we think it is hardly more than our due, and it causes no great excitement.

WE EXPECT to do big things, and we entertain this expectation because WE ARE BEGINNING TO FEEL OUR POWER. For the Socialist Party is becoming a real power in the United States. The spectacle of one hundred thousand men and women, working toward the same goal, and paying for the privilege of working together, is a new phenomenon in America. And this is the membership of the party today.

There were those who saw the disintegration of the party a year ago; yet today it is a solid, massive organization, showing a power greater than in any period of its history.

* * *

The organization is now swinging in line for the big campaign of next fall. Congress this summer has shown itself to be impossible. It is only too plain that the interests still rule, and therefore the opportunity of the Socialists will be at hand. By next fall the failure of the Wilson administration to do anything constructive for the common people will be so evident that there will be a tremendous wave toward the Socialist party.

We in the east expect California to show the stuff she is made of. You can do it. We look confidently forward to the result.

* * *

THE Party is now making fine progress and California is doing a noble share of the work. An increase of not less than 17,000 members is recorded for the past five months. We are rapidly recovering from the lethargy that always follows a national election. After each of the years 1904 and 1908 there was a relaxation of activity, and this condition may as well be expected after each presidential election in the future. There is no doubt that we will have the greatest membership in our history to meet the opportunities of next fall. Within a few months the national party debt will have been paid off, and then we can look for big things to happen.

It is a good time to live. Let us get all the fun out of life, all the glory there is in living, by becoming increasingly active in the great cause that is sweeping the nations with its promise of emancipation.

THE LAW OF THE HIVE

"Behold the little busy bee,"
Said he of bags of money,
"That by his industry and thrift
Lays up a store of honey.

"Go learn its ways, you working men,
Don't grumble at your lot,
And ask that we who have the wealth
Divide up what we've got."

"Sounds very fine," the worker said,
"To have you thus compare;
But in the hive each of the bees
Must do his lawful share.

"If in the hives of human life
The drones all got their due,
Just think a moment, if you please,
What would become of you."

—Drawn by Charles Tracy.

A CHRISTMAS CONTRAST

The Murderers at Wheatland

By N. A. RICHARDSON

Special Wheatland Investigator for the Socialist Party of California

IN GOING by the Southern Pacific from Sacramento to Marysville, some ten miles before reaching the latter, one passes through a small town in the midst of hop fields—the town of Wheatland.

This village was "placed upon the map" last August, as have been other communities in this nation, by troubles growing out of laboring conditions that affected a sufficient number of toilers to make effective opposition to tyranny possible and conspicuous.

There was a protest there on the part of some two thousand laborers against conditions in which no self-respecting human being though a savage would work and such as no state laying any just claim to civilization would tolerate.

Yet as a consequence of these conditions and the inordinate greed of one man who proposed to maintain them, backed by his subservient tools in office, four men are dead and a dozen are in prison under the charge of murder.

These conditions have been stated with sufficient emphasis in the report of the state executive committee of the Socialist Party of California. They need not be here reiterated. So likewise in that report has been discussed the personal conduct of the employer, the employed and the officials in this lamentable affair. It is not upon this phase of the matter that I want now to dwell. I prefer here to discuss briefly the spirit that actuated each party to the controversy—the capitalistic and the labor element.

A man who for years has personally known the chief actors on the capitalist side of the Wheatland tragedy and who is thoroughly conversant with the conditions that there prevailed, said to me in Sacramento: "Durst (one of the owners of the great hop ranch where the trouble occurred and the superintendent in charge at the time) is a good fellow as the world goes; but conditions there would not appeal to him as they would to you or me. The matter, for instance, of no distinction of toilets for men and women, or their inadequacy, or the loathsome, unspeakably disgusting state of such as were furnished, he would not consider a matter for serious thought. They were sufficient and good enough for that laboring herd; and it would little matter if they had none. They do not need such things. His only vital concern lay in the hundred thousands of dollars that, through what he would call economy, could be made from the yield of those acres.

"The Sheriff is a good man, a fine man; but what cares he for a mob like that?

"The dead District Attorney was as fine a man as ever was in the county, but he was in nowise dependent upon such a herd as grazed in those hop fields. From his point of view it was the welfare of Durst and the other growers of hops that was at stake; and any 'foolishness' on the part of the earth's off-scourings, such as those hop pickers, could not be tolerated."

And thus we have it; not alone evidence of economic classes, but the actual spirit of caste—the crystallized form of capitalism.

The Sheriff went to that Sunday afternoon meeting, that he himself admits was perfectly orderly and legal, absolutely inflated with the idea of his authority; went, not to deal with human beings, but with a herd of cattle. And, like cattle, when he cracked his whip and "as Sheriff of Yuba county, I command you to disperse," he expected them to scatter. What else should a laboring herd do?

If that man had done his plain duty, stepped upon the platform where the meeting was being held and told them that he, as one sworn to enforce the law, was ready to investigate conditions there, to help punish any law violation on the part of rich or poor, to look into their claims and so far as lay in his power see that they got justice; that while this was in progress, or even while it might be necessary to wait a few hours until he called in the State officials whose duty it is to attend to such matters, he desired that they return to work assured that their interests would be immediately cared for—if this had been his message, the hand of no man would have been raised against another and more than two thousand hearts would have beaten in gratitude. But what would Ralph Durst have said to such a proceeding? Sacramento is but an hour and a half away and an officer there would, in short order, have made it very uncomfortable for him. Here the rich man stood against the multitude—the rich man whose law-violation was beyond all question—and the multitude of labor who had broken no law dwindled into insignificance. Durst had called for somebody's arrest; hence, 'twas the Sheriff's not to reason why, 'twas his to do the bidding.

The entire spirit manifested by the capitalistic element was one of contempt for what to them was a laboring rabble, a mass of workers or tramps who should be thankful for a chance to qualify for the purchase of a loaf of bread.

And this is a spirit not confined to the vicinity of Wheatland by any means. Its manifestations are almost as common as the modern workshop. It is a spirit practically unknown in the day of the small concern; a spirit inconsistent with conditions when master and man worked side by side and more nearly shared a common lot. Its outcroppings are a natural consequence of developed capitalism—the total divorcement of employer and employed—the making of the multi-millionaire at the expense of a million paupers. It is this that is burning into the heart of labor the lesson of the class struggle that modern industrial methods make imperative.

But there was another manifestation of spirit there—spirit developed in the school of modern experiences and modern economic teachings. It is a product of our public schools, of the more general spread of knowledge, of at least a superficial sense of democracy

and human rights, of ideas that are sifting down to the masses through the organizations of labor, both economic and political.

There were some there who knew enough not only to sense wrongs, but to fathom something of their own rights. There were some who, to put it in homely English, "had been up against the capitalistic game" and were not to be bluffed by mere bluster and pretense of, or usurpation of authority. They knew they were acting wholly within the law and they knew when others were violating it. And they had the courage to assert themselves in the interest of their fellows.

Such attributes in a slave are always at a discount with the master; for they are the qualities of the worm that turneth.

These had no desire to kill. There was no thought of conspiracy as the prosecution charges, unless we are to denominate as conspiracies all the industrial and political organizations of the laboring class—as from the standpoint of the masters they doubtless are. But conspiracy was in this instance a non-necessity. There were those among them who refused to be trampled and spat upon, especially for conduct that was legal and with which officialdom had no right to interfere. The day for the exercise of tyranny is rapidly passing and those who attempt it must take the consequences. This is the spirit that is being cultivated in the modern worker; and it were well for capitalism to make a note of it.

In capitalism's effort to break this spirit, it is endeavoring to render the strike illegal—to outlaw the striker. That, at bottom, is one of the chief points involved in the prosecution of the Wheatland laborers. In other words, in these cases the question of the right to strike versus abject enslavement.

There is not a phase of this Wheatland trouble that does not demand our entry into the fight, and in a manner that will make our presence felt. Whether or not these laborers have as yet grasped the great principles of Socialism is not to be considered. They are of the working class; their fight was right and just—an incident in the great class struggle of the age. That is sufficient. We must to their rescue; and we must hurry.

The Rise of Frank Dunne

A Newspaper Story—By Emanuel Julius

IF THE city editor were to tell Frank Dunne to write a story about the moon being made of green cheese, he wouldn't ask any silly questions—he'd do it. He would get facts, statistics, interviews and pictures to prove that the moon is made of green cheese. And here's the funny thing of it all: he would believe his own story. He believed every fake he wrote; he believed every lie he told. Yes, Frank Dunne was an ideal newspaperman. Temperamentally, he fit in with the order of things.

A newspaper's policy was Frank Dunne's religion. The editorials were as gospel. He swore by the viewpoint—everything that the paper stood for was right, was just, was as it should be. If he had been told to cover the crucifixion he would have written a story of "a long-haired agitator paying the penalty of his criminal views;" he would have told how "a certain Jesus Christ had incited the people to riot," had said things "against the government," had "criticised established institutions and customs;" he would have given the impression that Jesus deserved His fate.

When Dunne covered a strike, the office was always satisfied. There wasn't a man on The Morning Times who could write a meaner story than this Frank Dunne. He could sneer at a mass of starving strikers, accuse them of "squandering their salaries on drink," charge them with all manner of crime and violence—yes, he was a favorite in The Times' office. Even the big chief—one couldn't conceive of a more unpleasant person—always smiled at Frank Dunne and bade him the time of day.

A rare specimen, his 135 pounds throbbed with energy, his sharp eyes were ever on the watch for stuff the office wanted, his ears heard everything; and if they didn't, his imagination would come to the rescue.

This Frank Dunne was the star policy man; whenever anything particularly dirty was wanted, the office could always rely on Dunne, who would write the stuff—and, above all, swear by it. He was extraordinarily able at stories that meant systematic campaigns of publicity, for he could write on the same subject for weeks and weeks at a stretch, and never be at a loss for something to say. A word would often give him enough material for two columns of matter. If there were some sort of a franchise the office was anxious to get for some local kings of finance, Dunne would be set to work on the publicity. He had genius for making the wrong appear right.

Considering that he was a newspaperman, Dunne was fairly well paid; he said he was getting $40 a week; of course, he lied, for I knew it for a fact that he was getting $35. Of course, he was always broke because he was always mingling with men of wealth and means and didn't fancy being considered one not of their class. He would just as soon pay for a ten-dollar dinner as not; he wouldn't hesitate to invite some wealthy friends to a champagne supper that would keep him in debt for weeks to come. Dunne loved the brothers of Have; he worshipped them, and nothing pleased him better than to be with them. He was always at some sort of an affair; and he always gave the impression that he belonged there.

Just before Dunne became the star policy man, he fell in love with a girl who worked in a local department store. She was a pretty—no, she was a beautiful girl, just passing nineteen. He took her to the theater a number of times, always treating her as best he knew how; and she, sweeet Laura Knight, appreciated him immensely. She was a poor girl and, I repeat, she worked in a big store—and that means she worked at starvation wages. I believe she got $6 a week; I'm sure it wasn't more.

Dunne told her many pretty things; he told her he loved her; yes, he even said she was "the best girl in the world." But, he didn't say anything about marriage, though, let it be said in fairness, he thought of it. He really thought it would be a splendid thing to have

her as his wife. Yes, she would be the ideal companion for life, he concluded. But, somehow, he felt that Laura Knight was a girl he could always get, so there need be no hurry about marriage. He was convinced that if he didn't marry her she would be a spinster for the rest of her days—there are lots of men who believe that. So, he concluded it would be best for him to wait—maybe a year, possibly two or three, but not longer. So, he didn't say anything about marriage. Laura Knight loved him, but she was a retiring sort of girl who didn't know how to use her wonderful charms. Not knowing how to influence him, she let him have his way about things, and as he didn't say anything about marriage, she simply played a waiting game.

Six months later, Dunne married; but he didn't marry Laura Knight. He married an insipid female, a parasite to the core, but everybody thought Dunne was a lucky fellow; not every reporter has luck enough to marry a rich man's daughter. It happened this way: While at an affair, he was introduced to a young lady who was the daughter of the unpleasant owner of The Morning Times. This owner—Bennington Fraser—liked Dunne, as I've already mentioned, and when he learned that his daughter and Dunne were friendly, he smiled. When he learned, some weeks later, that his daughter would like to become the wife of Dunne, he didn't object.

"Of course," said Mr. Bennington Fraser, "that young fellow hasn't any money, but I tell you he has a future. He knows what's what. He hasn't any money, but he has the push and go that will bring him money. That young fellow is all right."

And he blessed them. And they married. And Dunne forgot about Laura Knight. And Laura Knight cried a little, and sobbed a little more, and philosophically decided to make the most of it all.

Dunne became one of the most important men on The Morning Times; he became dictator of policy; he outlined campaigns; he ruled politics; he said what shall be—and usually he had his way. The big chief trusted Dunne's judgment.

The paper was a gold mine. Dunne was on the inside. So, Dunne became wealthy. He got mixed up in a number of questionable deals, but he wasn't afraid, for he held a mighty club over all his enemies—the club of publicity. He could drive any man out of the county, he once boasted.

He got interested in a number of propositions; he invested money in street railway stock; he bought shares in a great manufacturing concern; he even bought a quarter interest in a great department store.

Dunne found that The Morning Times was of great help in his business ventures, enabling him to get almost anything he wanted. Of course, when it came to the law-making bodies, he was a terror. All feared him.

But, some people WILL persist in being reformers, Dunne or no Dunne. And it came to pass that a number of reformers got together and formed an organization, with the purpose of going into politics. An opposition paper decided to take up the cudgels for this reform element, and as a result, circulation grew for the opposition paper.

This was a distressing state of affairs, though it didn't harm the finances of The Morning Times; this paper could always depend on the big advertisers—what more could one hope for? When campaign time came again, Dunne saw that the reformers were getting too strong. They were actually threatening to capture political power; yes, it appeared as though they would capture the powers of government. Dunne's paper fought tirelessly, Dunne himself writing many editorials.

The reform governor was elected, and then, Dunne realized that many amazing things were about to happen. The reformers, in their platform, distinctly said that if elected they would fight for the passage of a minimum wage bill. Dunne, interested in a department store, didn't fancy the idea of a minimum wage bill passing the legislature, so he fought, but, somehow, his paper didn't carry the kind of stuff he wanted.

"I tell you, Dunne," said Mr. Fraser, "we haven't got the man who has the right angle on this minimum wage business."

Dunne agreed with him.

"And what's more," Fraser added; "it looks to me as though more than half the men on our staff are for that bill and are hoping to see it pass."

Dunne had suspected this for weeks.

"We aren't getting the right kind of stuff," Fraser repeated.

"I don't know of a better man to put on this story," said Dunne, with a growl.

"Oh, that's easy enough, Dunne," said Fraser, with a wink; "we've got the right man—"

"Who?"

"You."

This was a neat compliment, Dunne thought, and it pleased him immensely. Dunne put fire and vigor into the fight. The men behind the paper chuckled, for they saw that they were getting what they needed—"the right angle."

Dunne fought like a tiger—he threatened, he bullied, he lied, he screamed, he moaned—he used dozens of cartoons, he did everything in his power to work up sentiment against the bill. He roared at the reformers, accusing them of all sorts of crimes; he made life uncomfortable for them. The headlines, day after day, week after week, counted. Dunne brought up a number of side issues to cloud the real issue. He sort of muddied the water, said Fraser.

"You're doing fine," said Fraser; "keep it up."

And Dunne obeyed. "The trouble," said Dunne, "is that we are on the defensive. Even though we are pouring the hot shot into them, they are still on the offensive." With a thump on the table, he added: "I want THEM to be on the defensive! Not me!"

Mr. Fraser liked the idea, but he didn't know just what to do. Dunne solved this problem. Attack them—simple enough. He made a number of sensational charges against the floor leaders and the Governor. He made serious charges, the kind that make people talk, and, it wasn't many days before the Governor and his fighting lieutenants were on the defensive; they literally had to fight to save their reputations—and the result was—well, that doesn't matter; the point is that the bill was forgotten; the point of attack was shifted; the issues were muddled and the girls were left where they always were, with starvation wages. This, it was generally agreed, was a master stroke on Dunne's part.

He had his way about things. He had argued that girls would "never go wrong on account of low wages if they weren't bad by nature." He had argued that "low wages do not drive girls into the street." His department store was saved many thousands dollars. Oh, by the way, Laura Knight was one of the employes in Dunne's store. That is to say, she was there until some weeks ago. Dunne met her one night and was astonished to learn that she had become a prostitute. Strange things happen, Dunne thought. "She never was any good or she wouldn't have become THAT." And Dunne might have married her! What a narrow escape!

Putting the "NOW" Into Socialism

An Interview With a Woman Wizard

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

IF A CERTAIN little woman whose physical being is housed a great part of the time in the offices at Socialist state headquarters, and whose spirit roams out over the whole wide world, ever is permitted to make half of her dreams come true, it will not be at all strange if folks come to call her a Burbank of Socialism. That's the sort of woman Marion Israel is.

Woman's state correspondent, is her official title, though why it is remains to be made plain. Correspondent is inadequate and meaningless. It does not describe an official who is aflame and fairly bursting with energy and great, big plans. But this has not to do with official titles and dry figures. It has to do with the personality and the plans and the dreams of the woman who wears the title. I think perhaps it ought to be called a story of regeneration, or of construction.

Last year the women Socialists of the state adopted the slogan, "A 50 per cent woman membership." At that time the woman membership constituted 13 per cent of the California Socialist Party. Since then it has gained until now it constitutes 22 per cent. Taking into account the number of men who leave their locals during the summer for unavoidable reasons, and who return again later, however, the probable actual increase has been somewhat less than the figures indicate. Comrade Israel thinks a fair estimate of the present woman membership is 19 per cent, a gain of 6 per cent.

But this slogan doesn't mean a great deal to the woman's correspondent. She isn't obsessed with the idea that there must be a woman in the party for every man. That doesn't mean that she isn't striving to increase the woman membership. Not at all. But it means that the spirit in which she is going about her work can't be expressed by figures. Her conception of the task is not expressed by arithmetical characters. "To say that we want a 50 per cent woman membership sounds dry and inadequate," she says. "What we want is an awakened womanhood. We want the whole of the home in the movement. I don't see how we can grow as we ought when the burden falls on half of the home. A 50 per cent woman membership indicates united homes and united sympathies."

The meaning of that seems to be that the entire family must have the same consciousness, the same ideals. the same zeal; that the home must be a unit for Socialism. That is where Comrade Israel translates cold figures into terms of living energy; that is where she transmutes them into a bond of throbbing human sympathy.

Back of this is a keen undertsanding of the wonderful part which woman may play in the social revolution, a thorough knowledge of the economic part woman has played in the past, and a fine conception of the manner in which social forces in the past have worked to fit woman for the great task that just now is before her.

Let us now get some of the ideas of this woman. They may come as something of a shock to some Socialists, but put them to the acid test before you undertake to contradict her.

"Suffrage has not changed the situation, so far as we are concerned, very much," she says. "You see the suffrage movement was mainly a movement of middle class women and women of the capitalist class. Of course there were reasons for that, and they were chiefly economic—that is, economic conditions gave to the middle class women the opportunity to make the fight."

The discussion of suffrage and its results, which Miss Israel thinks are not quite clear yet, brought out the question of solidarity and the assertion that "there is more of solidarity today in the woman's movement than there is among the women of the working class. This is so," she adds, "because the Socialist movement has not attempted to reach the women of the working class. They are new to organization; they haven't been in any fight; they don't close in on issues. The spirit isn't there, yet."

But it must never be imagined that there is anything negative about the philosophy or planning of this little woman. There is too much of snap in the eyes, too much of vitality in the movements, too much of spontaneity in the thought, too much of verve and go to the entire make-up of this person for any negation to long hold sway.

"But, you can trust woman to do the right thing, once she is awakened," she said, with a smile over her face. "You see, it has always been the spirit of woman to give; never to take. The spirit of labor is to take; not to give. That is why the social service idea is going to develop so strongly in women. I do not say this as a disparagement of labor. That is just the way things have developed; that is all. Woman has always been kept in service. She has not the spirit of gain. She has the spirit of give; the spirit of service. Of course we've been stunted and dwarfed, but all that experience is not to be lost, for now the race, or society, is to reap the benefit from the development of that conception of service for the sake of service."

I couldn't help but halt the rapid flow of ideas at that point; it was so big that I wanted a moment for digestive operation. "Yes, you might call it a great equation," she answered to my question. "All through the long ages of the past women has been held to a certain restricted sphere by the dominant male, and now the very traits that she acquired because of her age-long economic position of inferiority are to burst forth in glorious bloom to do trojan work in the conquest for race freedom!" Shakespeare should have had something like that to sing of!

But I became insistent in the quest for "How" and "Why" and "When." And Comrade Israel is just as keen about that part of the program as she is about the great dream that over-lays and mothers it.

Her answer is that we must put more "now" into the Socialist movement. There are many good and true Socialists who will scent danger here. They will

predict a straying from the straight and narrow path of the revolutionary doctrine and a compromise with reform. But they will be wrong, absolutely.

"What to do? Yes, that's the question. Now, woman has always had the details of life to attend to. She has had to make good in details. She has had to run the home, to feed the race. The best exposition of the 'now' spirit that I know of is found in the co-operative movements of Europe. I am speaking of a practical way of doing something **now**. Women would take to the co-operative idea. Women do the buying for the family. It is the woman who has to check over the growing grocery bill at the end of the week. It is the woman who has to make income meet outgo. If the Socialist party would take up the co-operative work it would appeal to women.

"We are going into a long and hard fight and we need a commissary department. No general thinks of taking his army into battle without a commissary. He plans his food supply. Suppose that in time of strike we could turn to the commander of the industrial army and say, 'Here, we will feed these men while they fight!' The economic pressure is bearing down so hard, its weight is increasing with such startling force that something must be done **now** to lift a part of the weight while we fight on toward the ultimate goal. If we can't find a way to ease the burden our peaceful revolution may be lost in a revolution of violence."

Here the quiet little person whose name is written on official records as "state woman's correspondent," flamed like a woman Moses pointing the way from bondage. "I feel like shouting to the women—all of the women—'You're the women of the revolution. Whether you are in sympathy with it or not, whether you know it or not, you're the women of the revolution!'

"There was Helen McKee of San Diego, who saw her husband go to jail and returned to her home to face the problem of feeding her family until he should be released. She was a woman of the revolution. You other women of the revolution—you have the same problem to face. You will probably not see your husbands locked in jail—you are far more likely to see them locked out of the factory—locked out of a job. You women of the revolution, you've got to keep the people clothed and fed. You've got a struggle to go through in the next fifteen years. You've got to brace yourselves for that struggle."

"And if you can take the capitalists' consumers away from them you will have touched them in a vital spot. The women will support this idea and they will bring their wealth of devotion to it."

"And what do you find that indicates a prospect of immediate action in the direction you speak of?"

"The state executive committee of the Socialist party has appointed a committee on co-operation, and there's one woman member on that committee. For the first time the party has officially moved in the direction of this great line of progress—this line that opens to woman the opportunity she longs for to show what she can do. It's the first step toward putting more 'now' into our party movement."

None of this planning for the big idea has operated to lessen the struggle for an increased woman membership. The point that must be made clear is that the struggle for a 50 per cent woman membership is not being made for the sake of numbers, but for the sake of unity. Just a few figures to show how that unity is coming. Two branches in the state have a 50 per cent woman membership. They are North Fruitvale and Rock Ridge. Last June Berkeley local had 19 women; now it has 45. East Alameda has come up from 13 to 23, and Elmhurst from 9 to 14. North Oakland has come up from none to 7, though Branch Oakland itself has lost in woman membership. In San Francisco the twenty-fourth district branch has doubled its woman membership, the twenty-ninth district has made a 50 per cent gain, as has the thirty-first. The thirtieth has doubled. Other San Francisco branches have about held their own. But the general gain is clear.

'We are urging the women to hold meetings everywhere," says Miss Israel. "Whether we balance our membership depends upon the women in the party. In San Francisco a series of meetings is being held. At these meetings the discussion is not confined to Socialism. They discuss child labor, department stores and such matters as that. It all leads to Socialism."

Here I got a surprising illustration of what Miss Israel meant when she included **all** women in her call to "you women of the revolution." It indicates that women are quicker to see where social justice lies than men have been; that women are more sensitive to the call for social service and that they strike more unerringly at the root of social evils.

"Let me illustrate," said the woman's correspondent. "When the last legislature was in session Los Angeles club women sent a lobby to Sacramento fight for humanitarian legislation. Among the things they wanted was a law to keep children out of street trades at night. They wanted a number of other things calculated to benefit women and children who work. And they did not get all that they wanted. They saw, just from the experience of that one session, that their real enemy was the profit system, and one of those middle class women told me, as a result of what she had seen in one legislative session, that there was no remedy except the destruction of the profit system as contemplated in the Socialist program."

Comrade Israel is trying to make the Socialist movement of the state see her vision. She is trying to make all Socialists see what the woman's movement can mean to the Socialist party—what a great devotional, sacrificing army is here to be recruitied and brought into the struggle for race emancipation. "The really essential work is to reach the whole membership," she says. Miss Israel pins her faith in women, not because she is a woman, but because she knows women, their history, their psychology, their aims and sympathies. She believes that the qualities in woman that are called essentially womanly are in fact essentially social; she believes that woman, while possibly less class conscious than man, is vastly more race conscious. And because of that she has a great amount of faith in the middle class woman who now is doing her thinking and her social work in woman's clubs and federations. But, she declares, women soon find that the profit system stands before them to halt their good efforts, thus turning them naturally to the Socialist organization. "That's why I have faith in the mass of women working for social ends and why I believe they will be a valuable addition to the Socialist movement. The only fitting sphere for the modern enfranchised woman is in the Socialist and labor movement."

But Miss Israel believes that to set this great feminine force in motion there must be established a 'now' incentive to which her energies and sympathies will naturally center. And when you see the manner in which she can summon the 'now' expression to her face, you begin to have an idea that it will be a good plan to stick around and see what happens. For there are going to be things happening. A 50 per cent woman membership? No, not exactly. A membership of equality and unity. The entire home on the firing line—and things doing **now**!

On the Passing of Tammany

By William Morris Feigenbaum

TAMMANY is dead! So rang the cry from city to city last November. The forces of light were jubilant. At last, chortled they, our fair city can be ruled honestly. At last we will have that greatest of all goods, honesty, efficiency and economy. And thereby hangs a tale.

The political campaign that has just closed in New York was the most remarkable ever waged in the metropolis. As a result, Tammany Hall, the most interesting political organization in America excepting only the Socialist Party, will have to undergo radical overhauling. As a result Big Business is running the city direct, rather than through agents as formerly; and as a final result, Socialism and the Socialist Party are placed in an impregnable position, with victory in sight.

Tammany was an organization of looters. There is no doubt of that. But Tammany has always believed in the doctrine of live and let live. The henchmen of the organization were always sure of protection. Hence, year after year, there was a solid, rock-bottom Tammany vote that could not be dislodged with a charge of dynamite. They knew that Tammany was with them, and so they gave loyally all they had—their votes. They never asked questions as to principles. They never inquired as to the platforms. They knew their friends, and as the hierarchy stood loyally by them, they loyally stood by the hierarchy, regardless of looting and grafting and general dishonesty.

It must be said that Tammany did yeoman service for Wall street. There is the subway, for example. That was built by the city at a cost of $54,789,023.04, and promptly turned over to the Belmont group. Meanwhile, the city is crying aloud for money, the public works are choked, and there was made a clear profit of $31,746,217.64 from October 27, 1904, to August 31, 1913, on that city property, while the city got in rent only enough to pay interest on bonds and a bit to put into a sinking fund, but not one cent for public use.

This pretty bit of financiering was pulled off principally by Tammany, and the nomination of Judge Edward E. McCall for mayor was deeply gratifying to the Interboro Rapid Transit company (Belmont) as there is now going on construction of subways six times the magnitude of the present lines. McCall is perfectly satisfied with the present method of public guarantee of private profits. So, also, by the way, is Mayor-elect John Purray Mitchel! But that by the way.

Last spring the voice of Holy Reform was heard stridently in the land, saying, as ever: "Tammany delendo est," which being translated into United States, is rendered thus: "Raus mit Tammany!" Usually it was the Republicans, the "goo-goos" and the anti-Tammany Democrats. This year there was a new element—the Bull Moose. This interesting party had polled 193,000 votes in New York City the previous fall. With such a vote, a real party such as, e. g., the Socialist Party, could write every law by the very real power of being on the outside, militant, defiant and uncompromising.

But to those gentry, Social Reform was a matter of public office, and led by Teddy and Frank Munsey, they begged Fusion for a job. They could not bear the thought of being hungry and jobless. That thought struck terror to their valiant hearts. So they traded their votes for a few nominations for minor offices and one-third of the city ticket.

There was one man who is the most informed and best qualified to tell of Tammany in its most vulnerable spot, vice and crime and the unspeakable corruption of the police. That man is District Attorney Charles S. Whitman. He was not nominated by the fusionists for mayor—for political reasons. He was renominated by fusion for district attorney, and endorsed by Tammany and the Prohibition Party! So throughout the entire campaign this eloquent voice was stilled, bought off, bribed!

John Purray Mitchell, a youth of 34, a member of an old Tammany family, was nominated because he was spurning Tammany after living on Tammany jobs for thirteen years. He early pledged himself to lower taxes to a "business" administration, and private operation of city-built subways, upon which Wall Street and Vincent Astor emitted three cheers.

But dissensions in the fusion camp led many to believe that McCall was a sure winner. But he was an egregious ass. He talked too much. He promised lower taxes, no civic centers, no seaside parks, and so on. Upon which, real estate men arose on their hind legs and cheered vociferously. Mitchell promised the same. But neither uttered a word as to schools, public health, housing, or any working-class problem!

The one thing that turned the tide was the firing of Sulzer. Murphy bit off more than he could chew. One John A. Hennessy broke loose and told all about Tammany graft and a certain $25,000 check that Murphy either did, or did not swipe. The air became blue. Sulzer shrieked that Tammany insulted his wife and, on a public platform, kissing that excellent lady, vociferated that he never hit women below the belt.

Meanwhile, a splendid ticket, headed by good old Charlie Russell, was fighting the good fight of Socialism. Millions of leaflets were distributed, thousands of speeches were made, wonderful meetings were held—and not one line of this percolated into the capitalist press.

Tammany! Tammany! Tammany! shrieked speakers, preachers, editors, until their faces and the air were blue. It was made a moral issue, this adventurous gang.

Then the votes were counted. There were various results. Enumerated they are: First, Mitchell, 350,000 votes; second, McCall, 224,000 votes; Tammany cleaned out; third, 32,109 men cut through all the fraud and pretense and red fire and voted for the working class.

That means that Tammany will have to reorganize "honestly," just as "Honest John" Kelley followed Bill Tweed. Big Business in New York requires organization. Only the "ruff stuff" must be "cut out." There will be a soul-searching time. But an honester and wiser Tammany will emerge, Phoenix-like, and stay on the job some more, until—

Until those 32,109 Socialist voters (a gain of 200 per cent since the last mayoralty election) so leaven the lump that we will be the ruling class.

The election in New York was enlightening. It showed New York to be—what it is, a lot of well-meaning, good-natured, honest-hearted chumps. And it developed wonderful Socialist strength, a magnificent vote, that will grow, that will never strike its colors, until the red flag is unfurled on City Hall!

The Socialist Movement in California

By STANLEY B. WILSON

ARTICLE III.

N ANCIENT legend tells of a maiden sent to Alexander from some conquered province. She was very beautiful, but the most remarkable thing about her was her breath, which was like the perfume of the richest flowers. It was soon discovered, however, that she had lived all her life amid poison, breathing it, and that her body was full of it. Flowers given to her withered on her breast. Insects on which she breathed perished. A beautiful bird was brought into her room and fell dead.

The upas tree which grows in Java has an acrid, milky juice which contains a virulent poison. According to a story told by a Dutch surgeon a hundred years ago, the exhalations of this tree are fatal to both animal and vegetable life. Birds flying over the tree fall dead. No flower or plant will grow near the tree.

My sojourn in that section of California just at the point where the Sacramento valley begins, in the region of Kennet and Redding, recalled with striking vividness these stories.

Here are the great copper smelters, whose poisonous fumes have spread a scorched and withered mantle over the face of the earth. The trees on the hillsides and all forms of vegetation have succumbed to the poisonous breath of these blighting agencies of capitalism Even the moss on the rocks is unable to withstand the withering curse incessantly uttered from the throats of these monsters of the system.

Redding, surrounded by nature with some of her choicest gifts in soil and rock, with the Sacramento river semi-circling around it, is yet the deadest city in California.

I asked a business man of Redding what made the city so dead. He summed it up in these words: "The smelters. They have killed agriculture and horticulture with their fumes, and they have filled the places of American workers with the cheapest of foreign labor."

A banker complained that the only business he did was to handle the money of foreigners being sent to the old country. "How can a community prosper," he asked. "when its lifeblood is being sapped in such a manner?"

At Kennet I talked with a young electrician. He works for the smelting company there. He complained of the greed of the company, remarking that when copper was low the company urged that it was unable to pay living wages..

"Now," he said, "copper is twice as high, and so is the cost of living, but the company has not increased wages any. I tell you, I have had my eyes opened. I have found that we can't buck a great corporation like this. The only thing to do is to put such properties as mines into the hands of the people, so that the people can get the benefit, instead of a few greedy capitalists."

The Socialist locals at both Kennet and Redding are in an intensely struggling condition. It seems to me, however, that if the Socialist Party could devise some way of reaching the foreign employes of the smelting companies it would not be a too-difficult task to get them under the red banner of the world-wide brotherhood. Many of these workers are ripe for the revolution. They become inoculated with the spirit of revolt against the universal enemy in their home countries. Besides they are always eager to listen to speakers who can address them in their own language on any subject.

From Redding we went to Cottonwood, following the trail of the days of the '49 gold rush. Cottonwood is an old town, into which has come a new spirit. It is in the midst of a fine farming section. While the Socialist local is small, there are a few of the ranchers and several of the ranchless who are of the faith. There is an excellent opportunity for a Socialist organizer to build up a strong local. Single tax is making considerable headway here.

I lectured in the County Court House at Red Bluff. The comrades had requested permission to hold the meeting outside on the lawn, on account of the heat, but the county grand dads refused, though consenting to allow one of the court rooms to be used. While standing behind the railing which incloses the machinery of justice when it is in operation, addressing the audience seated in the seats allotted to the curious when said machinery is in motion, I could not get out of my mind the thought that some sweet day all such places will be used for disseminating great life messages, instead of hearing the plaints of the victims of a lawless and lawyer-infested system.

Red Bluff is in the center of a fast-developing section. There are many smaller towns where Socialist locals ought to be organized.

At Orland I found several real live-wire comrades. We had a fine meeting in a picture theater. I don't know a place with a better nucleus for a healthy Socialist organization. But, like too many places in California, it does not get nearly enough assistance from the outside.

Gridley was an agreeable surprise. A Socialist does not need to hide his light under a bushel here. The membership of the local is not large, but each member is a devout believer in the great world movement. They are all busy folks, however, and with the aid of an organizer could build up a splendid local. Found several of the members of the Mormon colony nearby identified with the movement.

Colusa, in the new rice belt, had written me for a Sunday evening date. The comrades were unable to secure a hall, so they went to the county officials and secured permission to hold the meeting on the Court House grounds. Had several warm personal friends here, among them the district attorney and a large ranch owner, who, though not Socialists, did everything they could to make the meeting a success.

It was arranged that I should speak from the steps of the county jail. When I asked the district attorney if the plan was to push me inside and lock me up, he

said: "No. But perhaps you can see the appropriateness of a Socialist speaking at the door of an empty jail." There was not a single prisoner in the jail. For two hours I spoke the message of the new world wherein the inhabitants will not be impelled by the incentives of beasts but of humanity and brotherhood.

Encountered at Chico a delightful aggregation of comrades. They had secured the high school auditorium for my lecture. In many localities the comrades have been holding their meetings in school buildings. One of the most interested of my hearers was one of the high school teachers. He remained after the lecture and discussed Socialism with me.

I can see a great future for our movement in Chico. The comrades are alert and willing to help in every way they can. This would be another splendid center for the activities of an organizer. A fine study class could easily be arranged.

Oroville, one of the oldest of California cities, is still holding its dream of gold. Several dredgers are still at work, washing the yellow particles out of the earth and from among the bowlders. Immense areas of the section have gone through the process. Most of this ground was worked by the fortune hunters in the old days, who sought principally for rich pockets.

I was greatly surprised to see large orange and lemon groves adjacent to Oroville. Some of the finest citrus fruit in the state is grown here. The crops are all gathered before our Southern California crops are ready for picking.

Socialism has not made much progress in the way of organization at Oroville. One of the drawbacks to our movement is the fact that the place is generally in the throes of a wet and dry struggle. It is dry now, and strenuous efforts are being made to make it wet. In all places where this struggle is on, our movement is making but little progress. This struggle seems to absorb all interests and activities of the people.

The territory covered in this article is an empire in itself. It is one of the richest stretches of country in the whole world. Yet the hand of progress is just beginning to touch it into development. The influence of the gold-mad pioneers is gradually being supplanted by the saner methods of agriculture and horticulture.

Here—in all this vast territory throbbing with the first impulses of a saner civilization—is, to my mind, an arena for the great world-drama depicted by Upton Sinclair, such as exists nowhere else. And yet, just think of it! There is not a single Socialist organizer engaged actively in all this expansive empire!

The Case Against Man

By BRAME HILLYARD

This article is published because of the information it contains concerning the motives and methods of a group of women who are making things quite interesting for Merry England. This magazine does not believe that feminism is anti-manism, but it does believe that it is important that the working class should be fully informed as to what is being done and on what is being believed by fighting organizations everywhere. For that reason this article is published. It disseminates knowledge that is exceedingly interesting and it is couched in terms that are, at any rate, not antagonistic to the subject matter under consideration.—The Editors.

HAVING JUST received from England a recent copy of "The Suffragette," the official organ of the militant women, with a stirring week's record of mansions, railway depots and haystacks burned down, letters in mail boxes destroyed, statesmen importunately "interviewed" at garden parties and at social functions, "great speeches" of "great men" ruthlessly interrupted, women flung out of meeting places and violently mauled by passionate crowds, and with its articles breathing the bitterness of sex—conflict unmistakably inspired with the anti-man spirit of the militants—it occurs to me that it will be useful to state, for the readers of The Western Comrade, "The Case Against Men," as conceived by Christabel Pankhurst and the fighting women.

Firstly, Miss Pankhurst is teaching English girls to avoid men as they would avoid lepers. She warns them that 75 per cent of civilized men are in a condition of loathsome venereal disease which makes them prolific centers of infection and wholly impossible as associates for girls. And with regard to those girls who, from sheer ignorance of the facts, enter into the marriage relation without first having their prospective husbands submitted to a medical examination, she adduces reliable estimates to show that 90 per cent of them are infected by their husband's diseases, and that it is to this fact that must be attributed the early loss of health and beauty, the lassitude and suffering, the category of female diseases, which almost invariably overtake them. The probability of the soundness of this view is based on the quite recent discovery that gonorrhea is not merely a local affection, but is as permanent and constitutional as syphilis, that it is communicated by contagion long after its obvious evidences have disappeared, and that women are exceedingly susceptible to it, its ravages in their case being more serious than in the case of men.

This, in a few words, is the "militant" estimate of the "creatures" with whom girls have been encouraged to "fall in love," to exalt into heroes, to whose domination, political, economic and intellectual, they have been taught to submit. And it is believed that to spread widely a knowledge of these facts amongst mothers and their daughters will do more than anything else to induce them to fling off that ancient domination and to stand on their own feet.

This brings us to the fundamental issue of the fight; for the women believe themselves to be struggling against the archaic passion of a man to dominate a

woman. A passion so clearly evidenced in the pages of history. Even those men who have themselves been mastered by other men, those who have to obey orders in field and factory, desire each of them to possess a mastered women. I had an opportunity the other day of witnessing a revelation of this instinct in its primitive form, in the case of a Mexican recently from Mexico, whose impulses were not disguised by the modern pretenses of civilization. This Mexican had been obeying all day. He had been carrying great stones, and putting them where he was told. He had been very respectful. When his day's service was done he went at night to his tent on the hillside and found his frijolas were not cooked properly, through shortness of fuel. At once he picked up a club to beat his wife, and ran after her as in terror she escaped to the mountain slope. When told that he was not allowed to beat his wife in the United States of America, he said (I will translate his bitter protest): "Surely a man can flog his own wife!" In those words that man voiced one of the oldest instincts of all men; an instinct far older than civilization and deeper, an instinct for domination, whether cruel or benevolent matters not, which they have universally satisfied, not because it was right, but because they were physically stronger than women.

But when I speak of this instinct for domination being older than civilization, I must refer also to its modernity, because even in its crude and complete form it has been indulged in until recent years. In 1869, when J. S. Mill wrote his "Subjection of Women," he was able to show that the position of women was indistinguished before the law, except in one single respect, from the position of a slave. Thus the wife took the name of the husband, as did the slave the name of his master. Not merely the wife's property but her earnings belonged to the husband, as the slave's to his master. Neither wife nor slave had any right over their children, and again obedience was (as it still is) one of the conditions of the marriage contract, and it was also a servile condition. Finally, a man could flog his wife then, just as slaves have always been flogged. Since Mill wrote his masterpiece, some of these crudities have been refined, but it is of the first importance that our minds should be clear about the nature of the origin of the present semi-dependence of women upon men. Large numbers of people, amongst whom Socialists are included, regard this semi-dependent condition as having some foundation in reason or nature, not to speak of divine ordinance. But, as Mill shows as vehemently as a man of his gentle argumentative habit of mind is capable, this view is wholly unhistorical. It is in slavery, found not upon reason but upon brute force, that we must find the origins of woman's status, the present phase of the latter being a quite modern modification of its original servile character.

How about that?

Christabel Pankhurst is even venturing a comparison of the political potentialities of this aggressive male with those of the female species, to the advantage of the female. Man being utterly foul and corrupt in his physical and mental life, he brings that corruption into politics. Women are by nature pure for the reason that their sex is associated wholly with the pure function of motherhood, whereas a man's sex is associated usually and mainly with his pleasures. A woman's every instinct is thus bound up with the constructive interests of the race, and politics are seen to be in dire need of her purifying and upbuilding influence. Right here, how does the man stand? All through nature the passion for fighting, bloodshed and destruction characterises the male species, and out of this passion has developed such male characteristics as the horns of a stag. Male destructiveness, arising largely out of the impulse of aggrandizement of personality, is placed clearly in contrast with the constructive impulse of the female, in which race interests take unconscious, instinctive precedence of personal interests, and there are two great historical figures, one of a man the other of a woman, which may well stand as types embodying the contrast referred to.

When Napoleon at 25 years of age was in the midst of the early victories of his Italian campaign and all Europe was wondering about this "wonderful youth," he was walking in a garden in Milan one evening with two of his friends. "Do you think," he murmured half to himself, "do you think I triumph in Italy to make the greatness of the lawyers of the Directory?" Silence reigned in that Italian garden, but the next years of his life reverberated with his reply to his own question. No, he triumphed for his own aggrandizement, he deliberately prostituted to that purpose the mighty impulse and idealism of the French Revolution, and in pursuing his characteristic male obsession, he drenched Europe in blood, and well nigh destroyed the French race. But for this destruction Napoleon obviously cannot bear the sole responsibility, seeing that he only made use for his purpose of that passion for destruction in the men of France in obedience to which, almost cheerfully, they nearly put themselves as a race to death. Who is there who will deny that European civilization, fully prepared with all the necessary implements, lies at this very moment at the mercy of the next Napoleon, commanding this archaic male impulse of destruction? Who knows when he will arise?

If then we may take Napoleon as a type of the male in his aspect of destroyer (not his only aspect, be it noted, what figure shall we place beside him to typify Woman the Conserver? The figure which presents to the imagination the full measure of the contrast is that of Florence Nightingale, and, of a surety, if in the blood-drunken days of Napoleon's wars, the enslaved and inarticulate mothers of France could have spoken, a Florence Nightingale would have been their spokesman.

According to reliable advices, there have been recent narrow escapes from a European war. The news columns of our papers are tense with this recurrent danger, and we can almost hear the beating of the wings of the war-demon. Socialists understand that there is an economic factor at work in this breathless issue, but nevertheless the considerations above described should hardly be ignored, and have an urgent bearing on the woman's suffrage question. It is at least interesting to note that in the very shadow of a war worse than all the wars in which men have ever destroyed one another in their ruthless history, the English Liberals are relying on the "genius" of Sir Edward Grey, and are bludgeoning, murdering, by all mean suppressing, the only real peacemakers that live in the world!

♣ ♣ ♣

The ballot is mightier than emery dust.

♣ ♣ ♣

"Philosophers have only interpreted the world differently. The great thing, however, is to change it."—Engels.

♣ ♣ ♣

Christopher Columbus dreamed of the new world. He was dubbed a visionary. But he proved his critics dubs by making his dream a practical reality. Socialists are dreamers who are building a practical reality.

Socialism and the Single Tax

By DR. J. E. POTTENGER

SINCE the philosophies of Marx and Henry George apparently differ fundamentally, I shall undertake to point out some features which are held in common and some which seem at variance. Both are seeking freedom for the individual, yet their methods seem absolutely contradictory. Marx attains it through collective action; George through competition. I do not share with some comrades who assert that George's program is solely for the purpose of conserving the middle class. It may be well to take up each main feature of Marxian philosophy and economics and compare the teaching of George.

ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY.

George's writings abound in illustrations of this principle showing that economic interest determines the conservatism of those who profit from privilege. In fact the foundation principle of political economy, says he, is that "man attempts to satisfy his desires with minimal exertion." Surely no Marxian will contradict that, but will recognize at once that it is the basis of Marx' historical method, developed thirty years before George wrote his first book.

CLASS STRUGGLE.

George nowhere recognizes the class struggle as a fact upon which may be built a political and economic class movement. However, he depicts the misery and suffering of the submerged and notes its revolts. He continually speaks of classes in the Marxian sense. And yet today it is with much misgiving that the strict followers of George use the words "Class Struggle." One of their leading publications calls it the Labor War when the battle is on—a far less hopeful term. But it would not do to exploit this class interest to the end of making the workers masters of the political and industrial state. The sympathies of the Georgians however, are usually on the side of the laboring masses.

LABOR THEORY OF VALUE

George asserts with Marx that exchange value depends upon labor, but in the negative sense. Marx: "The value of an article is the amount of labor socially necessary or the labor-time socially necessary for its production." George: "Value of anything depends upon the amount of toil which the possession of that thing will save the possessor." In other words the purchaser will not pay more for an article than would cost him to produce it. George's law was undoubtedly valid during the age of hand manufacture when division of labor was unknown and abilities in production were fairly equal. But with the advent of modern machinery and the varied technical processes, which necessarily require division of labor, each worker has become dependent upon his particular knowledge and skill and cannot change his vocation readily. The more detailed his knowledge, the greater his handicap relatively. To offer him the alternative of paying the price asked for an article or making the article himself is ridiculous. This idea of value is linked up with the theory of Natural Rights, the validity of which is a moot question. George assumes that his law of value can work equitably only under a condition where land values are socialized. But even so, it seems to me that nature (from whom George loves to draw upon for all his principles) has set a barrier to the laborer in choosing his alternative. Moreover, after the laborer has attained 35 or 40 years of age, he can scarcely learn a new technical process at all. This would apply in a state of freedom as it now applies under slavery.

THEORY OF SURPLUS VALUE.

George does not discuss this at all, though he shows that much of the value created by labor and which apparently passes to the capitalist as profit really goes to the landlord for rent, or is applied on the original purchase price of land held at a speculative price. The Socialist asks: "Where does the capitalist get his means to pay the landlord or speculator if not from labor?"

We must admit that Marx did not clearly distinguish land from the products of labor. Upon this distinction is based the whole program of George. Land and other natural resources are Nature-given. Wealth results from the application of labor upon the former. The use of the former is a privilege because they are social in their nature. Hence, taxation should fall upon those who have the use of social values. As a result rent would be taken by the state and the landlord class with land speculation would be abolished. Now, as far as land is concerned, this would accomplish almost what Socialists desire except that George would leave title with the individual using the land. Communist Manifesto p. 45, says, "Abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes." Is it not strange that the Socialist movement should have failed to evolve a plan to accomplish that which Marx places as the first feature of his program?

While we must admit that land and natural resources differ from the products of labor in their origin, we do not accept the Georgian position that only the former should be socialized, leaving all other values to the exploitation of the individual. Knowledge in general, inventions, institutions, etc., are values social in nature and these values should be exploited by and for the collectivity. George is not concerned with the enormous wastes of competition, and while his plan does not speak against cooperation, it does not necessarily include it.

His idea of the Socialist idea is very crude and he fails to get the spirit of the movement; is much concerned about the awful bureaucratic administrative state; and apparently has made no attempt to admit of Democracy in the Socialist State.

No! Socialists can not accept the Georgian philosophy but we should study its practical program of taxation, in view of the fact that it may enable us to socialize land. More urgently, since we have evolved no program of our own.

♣ ♣ ♣

A CAPITALISTIC GENIUS

"I wouldn't associate with him. I understand he's served a term in prison."

"That's true but it was for an offense involving a million dollars or more; nothing really disgraceful, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

IT'S JUST GOT

NEVER in all of my boyhood days did I pass more anxious hours than in the days following my exposure to measles.

"Will I get 'em?" was my continuous question, hurled at every member of the household a thousand times a day. It crept insidiously into my dreams at night and accompanied me to meals. It took the keen edge off my play and tinged every passing thought. And in due course of time the measles came.

Socialism is just as sure as measles—only more so. And it will be much more satisfactory when it arrives. But in its coming it will be a lot like the measles, coming in spots, taking its own good time to develop and then flowering out over the whole system in beautiful depths of color.

There are millions of people today who never heard of measles nor Socialism. But they are not "civilized." When civilization, which means capitalism, overtakes them, they will get both—measles first and then Socialism. Not that there is any actual relation between the two, or any similarity—but just that both come, in good time.

Millions of people today wonder if Socialism will come. They have heard of Socialism, but they don't know much about it. Some of them have heard that it is something very bad—worse than measles. Others have heard that it is something very good—too good to be true. So they just wonder along, expecting that maybe some day it will come, like rain, or a cyclone, or the July bath.

Some of these good people get interested enough to ask how we know that Socialism is coming—and that's where things get interesting. Let's take a side path for a moment and see what we can find that bears on the question.

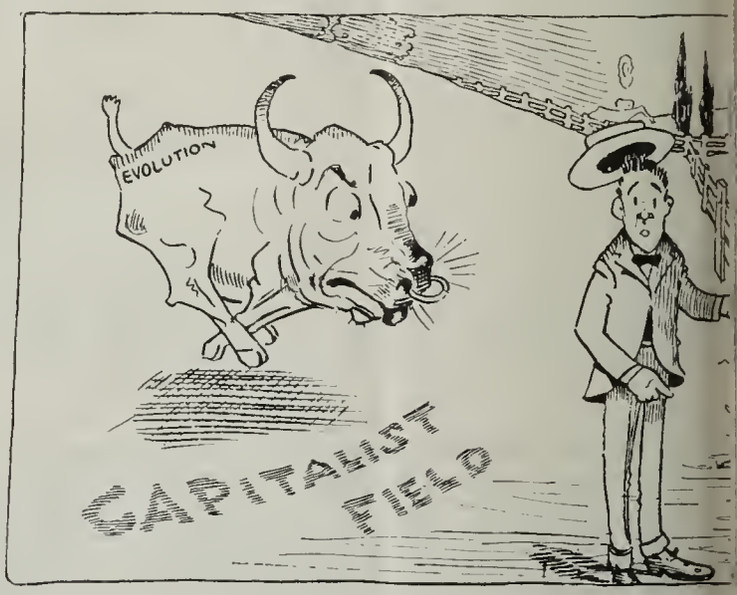
We'll likely have to forget about measles for the time being, since measles come to folks who are well, measles being a disease. Measles make a well system sick.

Our collective system is a sick system already. It has a bad disease. It is mighty sick. You can hear its groans from millions of starving throats; you can see its tears drip from the eyes of millions of bent and broken women as they toil toward untimely graves. You can feel the ache of its hardening bones if you will but get down into the army of endless work. For remember that while it requires nearly $1,000 a year to provide a decent living for a family, the average income is below $500. Remember that thousands of little children are at work in mills and mines and factories before they have reached their growth. Remember that the number of idle men and the number of criminals is increasing every week. Remember most of all, that one per cent of the people own ninety per cent of all the wealth. These things have made the social system sick. A lot of folks have come forth calling themselves doctors and promising a cure for this disease. But they have been quacks and have given the patient cheap pills of sugar and water. They didn't take time to study the disease, so they couldn't treat it. The sickness is growing worse, the pulse beats are more feeble, the breath is weaker.

Something must be done!

And that is why Socialism is coming. There isn't anything else to come.

Socialism is coming as the cure for the sickness that is upon us. Socialism is the cure of the expert for our social decay. It just has to come.



But Socialism isn't coming just because some people have studied out what ought to happen and labeled it Socialism. Socialism is coming because it is the only thing that can come. Some people have studied the situation and concluded—and likewise proved—that a certain thing will happen, and they have called that thing Socialism. They have shown us how we can help to hasten it along and how we can guide things so as to make the coming easier and safer, but that is all they have done. Some folks have been scared because they think Socialism is merely a scheme that some dreamers have cooked up and are trying to force down the throat of the world. But that isn't the case at all. Socialism is something that is coming and that has been forecasted for us so that we may know what is coming. They have proven the forecast scientifically.

The men in the weather bureau know that certain atmospheric conditions produce rain. So they predict rain. Their forecast gives folks time to prepare for rain so that the rain may be of more value to them. It gives people a chance to co-operate with natural forces when the rain comes.

But the prediction of Socialism is far more certain than the prediction of rain. Experts in social disease know absolutely that Socialism will come. They know absolutely that it is the only cure for the disease that society has. If it should not come the poor patient would die.

That is why Socialists look with such inexpressible joy to the future and the coming of Socialism. They know it means LIFE!

) COME

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

The reason that Socialists, who are the experts in the treatment of the diseased social system, are so sure that Socialism is coming is that they know that certain causes will produce certain effects. If you were to see someone reach out and cut the rope that held a great iron weight suspended you know that the weight would fall. You know that if man standing beside a fence that divided two fields were to be subjected to a charge by an enraged bull the man would get into the

other field—somehow. You know that good live yeast will cause dough to rise. You know that the inquisitive little tubercle bacillus will cause tuberculosis and that aged eggs will cause disgust at the breakfast table.

You can put the case of the coming of Socialism very plainly before you by taking the case of the man and the bull. All you need do is to attach some labels to the picture. Label the man society and label the bull evolution. Then write capitalism across the field in which the man is while you inscribe the world Socialism over the field into which he is about to be transferred. Natural forces will do the rest.

However, the coming of Socialism will not be so violent in its effect on Society. It will be gentle and pleasant and the landing will be effected gracefully, as if on a fluffy pillow, rather than haphazard on the hard ground. But the transition will be just as sure. You see it is simply the result of natural causes; it can't be stopped, or swerved. And we need it, too. The field we are in has been tilled to the point where it isn't fertile any more. It doesn't support the masses of us. The few have taken everything that was good and have stored it up for themselves and the few fertile spots that are left have been fenced in so that we can't get at them. We just have to get over into that other field if we are to live.

You see I got over the measles all right—had to or I couldn't have lived. And just so society must get over capitalism For, goodness knows, the poor thing can't go on forever being sick of capitalism.

And here's hoping that no one gets mixed up about measles and the fields and the fence and the bull. Those were just terms, like the blocks the little shavers use. And, by the way, that fence; that's nothing but a see-saw pile of dead laws that are kept there by the quack doctors. Our part in getting society well is just to take down that rotten old fence and to put a moving sidewalk in its place.

UNHERALDED HEROES

By DAVID FULTON KARSNER

If it is true that "not all is gold that glitters," then it also is true that not all heroes are heralded as such. It is well that fitting recognition be made to those who, unflinchingly, face shot and shrapnel on a field of military battle.

But what of those industrial soldiers who daily face explosions, mine cave-ins, fires and "occupational diseases" on a field of commercial battle?

Every day they jeopardize life and limb. Year by year uncounted thousands of such men and women, industrial heroes, go down to unnamed graves.

Have we reached that period of social lethargy when these precious lives must be sacrificed in vain? Working men and women are daily defending their country's cause. They shed their blood for it, and die for it.

Their uniforms, overalls and gingham aprons, are no less inspiring than those of navy blue, trimmed with brass buttons and gold lace.

Fabulous fortunes are spent yearly by our government to build giant battleships and to improve our military defense on land and sea. Great care is taken for the safety of our military soldiers in times of civil conflict.

This is as it should be.

But the same government that exercises such infinite care for its military arm should not be unmindful of the care and protection it owes its industrial arm. Too many lives are wasted in mills, mines and factories.

It is one of the most hideous scandals of the age to witness young girls leaping from lofty heights to certain death to escape fire in an unprotected sweatshop. The same is true of our mines and railroads that claim the lives of too many fathers, husbands and sweethearts.

A government that does not adequately protect those who dedicate their lives to its industrial service is sailing on rocky seas. Let us hallow the ground that contains our industrial dead—the unheralded heroes for whom no funeral dirge was played.

THE AWAKENING

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

AS THE clock in the prison tower began to strike nine, a restless stirring like the fluttering of birds in the branches of trees, began in the women's ward of the Tombs. The common citizens of New York, awaiting trial for various violations of the law, were putting behind them another day reminiscent of hard, stone benches and salt-peter dosed food and were preparing for a night on the pestilent cots provided by a magnanimous city administration.

Before the clock had chimed the last stroke, the click of the electric switch sounded up and down the three tiers of cells.

In the darkness that followed, the stirring continued for a quarter of an hour or so. In one cell a newspaper was crumpled up. In another someone yawned and turned over in the cot. On the third tier where the unmanageable, incorrigible negresses were confined, questionable conversations floated back and forth in whispers.

At the end of the quarter of an hour a silence ensued. It crept gradually, insidiously over the prison like a phantom fear descending on the wings of the darkness. It crept closer and closer to the heart of the prison and clutched it with an ever tighter grasp. The prisoners lay gasping in its clutches and yet dared scarcely move to throw it off. As they lay rigid waiting for something to break the spell, it seemed that eons passed.

Still the silence continued.

Then with startling suddenness a heavy body fell with a dull thud upon the stone floor of a cell. The thud was followed by a scream. A harsh voice quavered, "It is so cold, so cold. Oh God, it is so cold!" There was another scream and the same voice reiterated, "It is so cold, so cold, cold!" The opium fiend, denied her drug, was facing a night of hideous torture. Those who heard her agonized cries felt their flesh grow clammy.

The phantom of silence was vanquished, but a more terrible one had supplanted it.

A negress on the third tier cursed volubly. "Shut up, you dog!" she called angrily to the suffering woman, who did not hear her, but merely continued her wierd shrieks and moans. The negress ejected more curses.

As the curses subsided, sobs were faintly heard, growing louder as the disturbance of the opium fiend ceased for a time. They echoed hollowly down the empty corridors like lost hopes seeking reinstatement. There were prison sobs—beyond the understanding of those who have not wept them.

The footsteps of two persons were heard in the lower corridor. They climbed to the second tier. A light was turned on; a key scraped in a grating; a door creaked open and was slammed shut; the light was turned off again—and then the footsteps of one person receeded.

The light which the matron turned on for a moment flashed upon the slight form of a girl out of whose white, childlike face there stared eyes as wide and black and wondering as the daisy's.

All night long the sobs, the curses and the screams continued, one after another or all together. Once they were interrupted by wanton laughter. The girl with the white face and black eyes of the daisy lay motionless on her cot listening to them.

At dawn, when the sunlight crept timidly through the high windows, throwing the shadows of the bars like skeleton fingers across the floors of the cells, in silent reminder of the imprisonment which vagrant dreams may have cast into oblivion for a few hours, she stirred slightly.

Outwardly the night had made no change in her. Her eyes were still as wondering and wide and black as the daisy's; she appeared as tenderly young as before. But inwardly she was a different person. The tales which had come floating to her in the noises of the night had seared white-hot across her child mind.

The tempest with its roar, its lightning and violent rain washes away the dust and debris and moistens the earth that the flowers may bloom more sweetly, tho it bows them down for the moment. So the tempest which the girl had weathered during the night bowed her down for the moment, but at the same time cleared her mind of some of the debris deposited in it by a sordid environment and a dogmatic religion, thereby making an opportunity for sweeter, broader thoughts to grow. That night caused her to doubt—and to doubt seriously—the efficacy of the justice of the punishment meted out in prisons for so-called malefactors. She began to wonder if they were the real malefactors.

When the matron came to unlock the cells, her keys clinking against the crucifix fastened about her neck, the girl remembered with surprising indifference that she had failed to tell the beads of her rosary the night before. For reasons she did not analyse, it seemed farcical to her in such a place.

During the day, which the prisoners spent together in a common enclosure, she became acquainted with a number of her fellow inmates, divulging to them the fact that she was named Ann and also that she had no father. A stout Irish woman, seeing that she refused to eat either breakfast or dinner, offered her some dainties, which had been provided by a solicitous family.

As Ann pretended to nibble at the food, they drifted into friendly confidences.

The Irish woman remarked with cheerful unconcern, "I'm in for battin' me husband. An' what're you in for, child?"

Ann drew her mouth into a hard line and hesitated before speaking. But the woman's kindliness overcame her reserve.

"We never had nothin' nice nor decent," she muttered. "Mother never had nothin' purty an' the kids never had no fun. Mother alus a bendin' her back over a tub an' the kids out on the street a sellin' papers; an' me a workin' from eight in the mornin' till six at night for four per. That's why I done it. Gosh, I guess 'twas wicked, but I couldn't help it. It's wicked, too, to let folks live so."

The stout woman placed an arm around her and said, "There, there now," sagely accepting it as logical that Ann should explain why she had violated the law before explaining how she had violated it.

"I worked in the Fourteenth Street Store in the

order department," continued the girl. "When a girl's alus got nice things around her, she can't help but want 'em; even with the priest a tellin' you every time you go to confession that they're the temptation of the devil. When a girl sees happy and strong folks a buyin' them purty things, she can't help a wishin' her folks was happy and strong too, not if she loves 'em,—an' I love my folks," she added fiercely.

"After a while I gets to thinkin' about it so much that I start to look for a chance to get some of them purty things. An' when you start lookin' for a chance real hard, you nearly alus find it. I found mine. It just come to me one day like a flash. I said to myself that it would be just as easy when I took down a customer's order to put her address on the duplicate that goes to the store and put my address on the original that goes with the goods. In that way the stuff that was ordered went to my house instead of to the customer's. I told ma that kind ladies bought the things for us, so she wouldn't worry where they come from. But the store detective caught me at it. That's what I'm in for!" Her little frame shook with agitation as she closed her narrative.

The stout woman calmed her with another "There, there now," and asked, "How comes it, you're not in the Children's Court? You're such a tiny mite. I'd hate to have my girlie shut up here right clost to the crool an' hard things o' the woruld as she'd never dreamt on before. Them polis is beasts to throw a little flowerin' childer like you in wit' all the riff-raff o' the city."

"Oh, you see," explained Ann, "at the station where they took me first, the judge asked me how old I was an' I said seventeen. So he said I was too old for the Children's Court—they don't take 'em down there over sixteen—an' said I'd have to be brought down here."

She continued in a way which showed that during her first night in prison there had been sown seeds of understanding that had already taken root—continued in a way that would have caused her priest to raise his hands in horror and her mother to stare in amazement.

"An' I don't know that there's any cause to worry about me bein' here with them others as you think so much worse than you or me. I don't know as they're any more riff-raff than I am. Maybe them that you think are worse than us just had more things a hurtin' 'em than we did."

The Irish woman shook her head dubiously. "You'll think different when you're older," she said pessimistically.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The first day passed and others equally monotonous followed. Ann began to wonder nervously when her trial would come up. She inquired about it and learned that one girl had been waiting three weeks for a trial and another a month and still another six weeks, while one woman, falsely accused of larceny, had languished in the Tombs six months waiting either for conviction or discharge. On becoming acquainted with these facts, Ann philosophically ceased to think of her own case, except during the terrible nights, when she was locked alone in her cell. She busied herself instead in contemplating the people about her. As she did so, she found her ideas of right and wrong, of justice and injustice, of truth and untruth coming more and more into conflict with the ideas which had been expounded for her by the priest since her babyhood.

She would sit quietly in a corner and attempt to put herself in the place of various women about her. There was curly-haired, black-eyed, vivacious Rosa, with her ever-present smile. It was said of her that she was a harlot. Ann had never seen a harlot until her first day in prison, although at home she had heard vague, discreditable whisperings about them, to the effect that they were daughters of evil. In looking at Rosa, Ann thought that she did not look half so much like a daughter of evil as did the sour old matron, who had shaken her roughly by one arm when she was brought in and had said to her, "God'll curse ye' for bringing sorrow on your mother in her old age!"

There was another woman in whom Ann found herself strangely interested. She was indicted for manslaughter. A very quiet, gentle, diminutive person was this woman. With a sense of having traveled a very, very long way, Ann recalled how she would have felt a week ago had she read in glaring headlines about a woman who had committed a murder. Undoubtedly she would have thought, "What awful people there are in the world." And now she found herself sympathetic, wondering what monstrous provocation such a gentle woman must have had for such a terrible deed. Until Ann herself had been caught in the wheel, she had never given a thought to the possibility of a vindication for the deeds stamped by the law as crimes.

As she pursued her thoughts in this manner, new vistas continued to open for her straight ahead. She was passing through that state of mind through which all wanderers pass who strike out in search of a new land. She was becoming aware of the ugly disharmony of the land in which she lived.

When she had been awaiting her trial for about a week, her mother paid her a visit. The little wren-like woman crept in slowly, awed by the stone walls and black, steel bars on all sides. She paused a few feet away from the bars which separated her from Ann and looked at her in a way that was heart-rending.

"You HERE, Ann," she breathed. "You here! How could you do it!"

And then Ann wept her first tears. She had so hoped her mother would understand. She wanted her to know the new strength which had crept into her daughter's veins when she cast off stagnant meekness. But she did not understand. She merely saw her daughter as one who had fallen from grace; as one of whom the neighbors would speak with opprobium; as one who had defied that which to God and man should be sacred. It was not enough for Ann to know that her mother would forgive her. She wanted to feel that there was nothing to forgive.

As her mother stood before her, old doubts swept over her with a rush, clouding her new vistas. She began to consider whether she was deserving of condemnation after all. Perhaps it was evil, as the priest said, to strive for things which one does not possess. Conversation about the commonplace things of home and about old neighbors impressed old ideas more forcibly, until she was in a hopeless maze.

When her mother had gone, she continued to weep bitterly. For days she stumbled in a mental labyrinth, attempting to regain the point at which she had stood before her mother's visit. While she was still struggling with conflicting ideas, the news came that on the succeeding afternoon her trial would take place.

Immediately she had a different question to concentrate on. What awaited her in the court room?

On the following morning she sat bowed in a corner, counting off the dragging minutes and hours which intervened between her and knowledge of what was in store for her. As she sat thus, a girl beside her nodded toward the little woman indicted for man-

slaughter, who was being led through the iron gate by the matron.

"She's goin' to Court now," said the girl. "Gee, it's hard lines all right, an' her with a little kid."

"Tell me about it," said Ann.

"She kept boarders," continued her informant, "an' did washin' to support a drunken husband and her little girl twelve years old. One day she discovered that while she was out doin' washin', the old man turned his daughter over to one of th' boarders to use and took th' money to buy drinks with. When she found it out, she killed 'im."

The girl sighed. "It's from one to twenty years for manslaughter," she said, "an' I'm afraid the Court'll be hard on her. Alus got it in for women that kill their husbands. Seems to be sorter les majesty to 'em."

"What became of the boarder?" questioned Ann.

"He beat it."

"An' if they send her up," gasped Ann, "th' kid'll be all alone?"

"Yep!"

Ann forgot about her own trial, which was gradually nearing as the slow hours ticked by. She thought only of a gentle, sweet-faced woman, standing before a jury of men, attempting to explain to them the fire that had leaped into her body when it was necessary to strike for her young. She thought of a hen she had once seen fly into a fury and pick out the eyes of a hawk, which had killed one of her chicks. She wondered what would have been the fate of the hen had she been tried by a jury of hawks.

The more she thought of the little woman, the more completely were the old ideas pushed into the background, which had come trooping in with her mother. And for the first time in her life, her eyes lost the softness of the daisy's and became hard.

The matron came with her hat and coat and told her it was time to go. When she reached the crowded court room, she looked about for her mother, but could not see her. So she turned her mind again to the little woman, probably before a judge at that moment in some other part of the prison.

"An' the kid'll be alone," she said. "The kid'll be alone."

As she murmured this, her eyes grew soft again. Tears were dangerously near her lashes. In a moment they dropped upon her cheeks.

A young man, handcuffed, sitting beside her in the row of prisoners, nudged her with his elbow.

"Aw kid! Don't start no weeps now, please," he begged. "You'll be home wit' mudder soon. Honest."

Always afterward in thinking of her, he wondered how such simple words could have made a girl's eyes so luminous.

(To be continued.)

HANDS VERSUS MACHINES

NO ONE will deny that man can support himself by hand labor, and do it in somewhat better style than is enjoyed by most of the slum population of our great cities.

Then what will you say to this?

A recent bulletin issued by the United States government estimates that four and one-half million factory workers in this country produce the equivalent of the hand labor of forty-five million men!

That means that 90 per cent of the work is done by machinery.

That means that production is SOCIALIZED!

With that established, where is the difficulty of inaugurating Socialism?

Factory production means socialized production. But it is socialized production under capitalist ownership.

In the ownership lies the wrong. It is the ownership that must now be socialized. That is the object of the revolutionary Socialist Party.

The tools of production—the factories—have become social tools, used and needed by the social body. No one man needs to or can operate a factory by himself. It requires many men. And the product is distributed among many more men. That is socialized production.

Ninety per cent of our production is socialized, the government tells us. Capitalism is just about flowered to perfection.

Ninety per cent of socialized production means that in 90 per cent of the things we must have to sustain life there is exploitation. For exploitation and the factory system under capitalism are inseparable. Exploitation is robbery. It is that process through which men get something for nothing, by virtue of ownership of socialized tools of production.

The only relief possible must come through socialized ownership. That is, ownership and democratic management of social tools by society. In that lies revolution and the coming of Socialism.

Social ownership, under Socialism, will not mean that four and one-half million men will do the work while the balance go idle and starving. It will mean a product sufficient for all and a chance for all to produce enough to satisfy all the needs of a complete life of health, happiness and ethical fullness.

EDITORIAL

WHAT ABOUT 1914?

THE 1913 election struggles are over and the Socialists have more than ample cause for rejoicing. But, while the day for balloting has passed, the Socialist campaign goes on forever and we are now fighting toward 1914.

What about 1914? What will we do then? Every Socialist is interested in that proposition.

Next month The Western Comrade will tell you something about what the Socialist Party expects to accomplish in the 1914 elections. The Western Comrade has written to every state secretary in the union, asking for a conservative statement of the outlook for the 1914 elections. Nearly one-half of the officials written to have answered. Those answers are a tonic. Moreover, they are a threat—to capitalism.

By the time the next number of this magazine goes to press the replies of almost all of the secretaries will be in hand and The Western Comrade will be able to bring to you a resume of the outlook from the conservative viewpoint of trained officials who have been schooled through the years to expect political defeat at election time, rather than victory. And at this early date it is not too much to say that the results looked for in 1914 will surprise you. And what is more they will put you on fighting edge for your own campaign.

Be sure and get the next number of The Western Comrade, for it will be the most vitally interesting magazine you have read in many a long day.

What about 1914 We shall see, next month!

♣ ♣ ♣

ABOUT THE DESTRUCTIONISTS

NO MATTER what the case may be, this magazine believes it to be the utmost of folly for the Socialist organization to offer a forum to speakers whose avowed purpose is to exploit the ideas of the I. W. W.

Socialist Party branches have done more or less of that sort of thing in one place or another, and never has it resulted in benefit to the party, so far as is known at this writing.

It is all very well to say that the I. W. W. stands for industrial unionism and that most Socialists believe we should have that sort of economic organization, but as a matter of actual fact the I. W. W. stands for something entirely apart from that and for something with which the Socialist organization has no sympathy or tolerance—not that the Socialist organization is intolerant, but that it is sensible and understands economics and history.

To open the doors to the I. W. W. is to open the doors to disruption, dissension, destruction. The Socialists must learn that lesson. CONstruction and DEstruction cannot travel on the same train of cars. We are perfectly competent to provide speakers for our own forums, we are perfectly capable of arousing all the public interest that is needed, we are perfectly competent to go ahead and accomplish the revolution without any hell-raising windjammers interfering with the machinery.

Let it be made clear that the Socialist Party is run by those INSIDE and that the door is open to all who care to come in and help. BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE DOOR!

♣ ♣ ♣

A HARD LESSON, IS THIS

ONE of the fundamental lessons the American workingman has to learn is the lesson of organization. And to many it appears one of the hardest lessons he has to learn. It seems difficult for thousands of persons who regularly vote the straight Socialist ticket to understand why they ought to be within the organized party, paying dues and helping conduct the affairs of the party.

In California less than one-tenth of the Socialist voters are Socialist Party members. That is a condition that ought not to obtain. The average over the nation is about one party member to ten Socialist voters. The ten seem to thoroughly understand the class struggle in

all of its aspects except that of class organization for political purposes.

Just now the national office of the party is conducting a great organization campaign to bring the party membership up to 150,000. That means the securing of 50,000 new members. If Executive Secretary Lanfersiek can manage a membership campaign that will add 50,000 members he will have accomplished one of the seven wonders of politics. Not that it ought to be an especially difficult task, but that it will be a task that no one before him has accomplished. However, the Socialists have a way of doing things when they set about it—and indications now are that they are setting about this business with great seriousness of purpose.

The Western Comrade adds its word for this great campaign, the details of which have been set forth with ample attention to detail in the daily and weekly press. The Socialist voter must be brought to a realization of his isolated position outside the party. He must be made to see the necessity of getting INSIDE the party where his voice and vote and intellect may be of the fullest service in the struggle to finally emancipate the working class.

What a movement we should have in California with all of the hundred thousand Socialist voters INSIDE the party!

♣ ♣ ♣

THE REUTER PREDICAMENT

THE observing newspaper reader on this side of the great puddle will not be surprised to learn of the discomfiture of the Reuter news agency, English ally of our own Associated Press. The Reuter agency conducts an advertising business as well as a news business. Recently it sought to combine the two, so as to increase profits—a most natural thing to do.

Circular letters were sent to advertisers stating that the agency was in a position now and then to insert lines valuable to advertisers in its news dispatches. It offered to perform such service at so much per perform.

The deal was a little too raw even for capitalist editors, and so when they discovered what was afoot they promptly rebelled and made known their displeasure by refusing to use the Reuter service.

However, the sort of advertising the Reuter agency sought to do is not one whit worse for the working class—and probably not nearly as bad—as the sort of proselyting that is done daily for big business in the way of coloring news stories with a capitalistic shade. The simple fact is that all capitalist news services are bad from the working class standpoint and our only remedy is to establish our own sources of information—and that soon.

♣ ♣ ♣

A ROBBER DIES

ONE headline tells us that the price of beef is going to go higher and another tells us that Edward Morris, president of the Nelson-Morris Packing company, has died, leaving a fortune estimated at $50,000,000.

Mr. Morris having been only one of a group of "brainy men" associated in what we term the beef trust, it is fair to multiply the Morris fortune by several times and call that the exploitation in the beef industry.

Of course, no one will deny that there is a relation, and a very intimate one, between these great fortunes and the cost of beef—and other meats.

This magazine said last month that the American nation would find a way to provide its food supply if the exploitation could be removed, but it declared that we did object to both a beef shortage and extortion in connection with what supply we have.

The death of this rich packer should serve as an eye-opener to such as still slumber in the land of false contentment. It is not considered good tea-party form to speak in any but flowery terms of the dead, but we are constrained, nevertheless, to call Mr. Morris a plain robber and to assert once more that our everlasting aim is to make impossible all robbery of that sort. Revolution? Of course!

♣ ♣ ♣

CENSORSHIP PLUS

NOT long ago the board of motion picture censors came within one vote of putting the ban on Frank E. Wolfe's film-play, "From Dusk to Dawn," because of its criticism of the established order of things in Los Angeles

Some time before that—under the Waldo regime—it is reported that a play called "Any

Night'' was subject to police mutilation in New York. Here is what the Waldo censorship removed:

Policeman: ''Say, kid. I'm sorry about the lungs.''

Mary: ''Oh, forget it.''

Policeman: ''And, Mary, after this there ain't going to be nothin' doin' in the piece-of-change line.''

Mary: ''That's all right, Mike—you're entitled to it, and as long as I keep goin' you'll get yours—(**half to herself**)—and the sergeant'll get his, and the lieutenant and the captain and all the rest of them'll get theirs—and when there ain't nothin' more to give up—(**smiles wanly**)—maybe I'll get mine.''

And also this:

Policeman: ''Can it, kid, can it. I seen her when she flagged ya—but if you want to fall fer it, go as far as ya like; I've given ya the inside info', so don't holler if the harpoon hurts. And say, Birdie, yer a new edition to me, so let me wise ya up; if yer goin' to scatter yer line of chirp along this alley fer the season, don't fergit Little Boy Blue. Got me, Baby?''

The point is that censorship is bound to be in the hands of the ruling class and the ruling class can, if it wishes, strike from any play or film, OR BOOK, any portion that too dramatically, OR TRUTHFULLY, sets forth accusations against the established order of things.

There is a constant trend toward abridgement of speech and of the liberties of the press which we, as workers fighting for the overthrow of an iniquitous system, ought to fear and guard against.

So long as you have a censor you must have a censorship that is colored by the personal views of the censor, and those views will be the views of the interests he represents.

You have your illustration in the Waldo incident quoted above. You have noticed, of course, that the portion of the play that was stricken out was that portion which criticised the police. What more natural for a policeman censor than to save himself from public excoriation through the medium of the playwright's lines?

There you have the point. We must beware of that kind of censorship. For the capitalist system moves in divers ways its dirty work to shield.

VINCE PICKS A BRIDE

THE newspapers are telling the people how perfectly lovely it is that Vincent Astor has succeeded in winning such a fine young woman as a bride. The ravings are something to marvel over. But meanwhile let us not forget that while Vincent Astor is rated as worth $65,000,000 and is going to be married to a perfectly nice young woman, he also is one of the largest owners of New York TENEMENT property. He is one of the very rich who get richer while the poor get poorer. Of course that's not his fault. It's all in the way the system works. But just the same, such cases as this help some folks to get the right sort of an understanding of what's wrong and why.

♣ ♣ ♣

POPULAR GOVERNMENT

IT WAS to be expected that the powers that he would undertake to gain their ends through the initiative and referendum, just as they formerly sought to gain them through legislatures and judges and other officials—and as they do yet, for that matter.

To prove that those expectations were well founded the hirelings of Big Business are to be found in every corner of the state now-a-days getting signatures to a petition to forbid any but property owners voting on bond issues.

It remains, however, to be seen whether they can get the voters to be sheep when it comes time to pass on that nefarious measure at the polls.

♣ ♣ ♣

SHAW AND EUGENICS

BERNARD SHAW always is supremely delightful—and more. He is keen, original, humorous, resourceful, and he has a knack of making his ideas ''get across.'' Not long ago he delivered a lecture before the National Liberal club in London, a lecture which has since been published by The Metropolitan magazine, together with some of the comments made upon it at the same time by Liberals whom Shaw characterized as anything but liberal.

Shaw was stating ''The Case for Equality,'' and, of course, had his say about eugenics. Shaw maintained that it is all well enough to

strive for better horses and cows and chickens, "because when you want to breed a horse you know the sort of horse you want. If you want a race horse all you care about is that the horse should be a very fast horse. If you want a draught horse, you know that all you want is a powerful horse. You do not bother very much about its temper; you do not care whether it is a good horse in the pulpit sense of the word. * * * It is quite simple because you know the sort of horse you want. But do you know the sort of man you want? You do not. You have not the slightest idea. You do not even know how to begin."

And isn't there more than a little in that? And, as Shaw continues, suppose someone is to fix a standard toward which to work; WHO will establish that standard, and will it suit the rest of us?

Shaw argues for economic liberty, in order that men and women may select their mates in response to the dictates of natural laws; for conditions that will make for a wider field from which to select a mate, for the elimination of the starvation incentive and all other incentives peculiar to capitalism. That does not mean any other sort of marriage than we have now, so far as form is concerned; what Shaw intends it to mean is a marriage that shall be a true marriage of real mates instead of a bread and butter bargain driven by people whose finest emotions are choked or dwarfed and whose opportunity for selecting the life companion is immeasurably broader than it can ever be under present conditions.

And, after all and once more, isn't there something in that. Would you care to view the human race that was bred up to a standard established by a committee of bankers, or lawyers, OR FEDERAL JUDGES? That may not be what the science of eugenics contemplates, but anyhow it's a hot tip right off the bat of George Bernard Shaw and Shaw has slipped a hot poker into more than one stagnant brain!

♣ ♣ ♣

ALSO, OWN THE GOVERNMENT

WHATEVER may be the popular cry of the moment, the Socialists never lose sight of the main goal, the ultimate objective. While we go on urging public ownership of utilities and monopolies, we are always on the main track, headed toward the complete overthrow of the capitalist system. We want to own the government—and we are going to. Those who stand in the way of progress can have whatever comfort they can get out of that statement. We intend to push capitalism overboard. And furthermore, forgetting all the restraining sections of the penal code, which, however, will go overboard at the same time, we shall tie a stone around its neck.

♣ ♣ ♣

INVENTORS AND SOCIALISM

FREQUENTLY we hear the question: "How will Socialism reward its inventors?"

We shall not undertake here to say just how they shall be rewarded. Nobody can say just what reward any man will have for his labor under Socialism, except to say that there will be absolutely no exploitation, and that each man will be rewarded with the fruits of his labor, with no profit, no interest, no rent—no gouging.

Certain it is, however, that Socialism will do better than capitalism has done by its inventors, its scientists, its great creators. As a sample of the rewards under capitalism, read the following from Collier's Weekly:

"In what we proudly call an 'Age of Science' the world still treats scientists like dogs. An appalling array of recent news notes is at hand to furnish the counts of this indictment.

" 'Poor I have lived, poor I die!' were the last words of Charles Tellier, who, half starved and in agony, died the other day in a shabby room in Paris. His experiments of half a lifetime made refrigeration systems possible. One of the many corporations that he had helped to enrich offered him in his last hours a gift of $20,000. Tellier scornfully rejected it. He accepted a ribbon from the Legion of Honor but spurned alms.

"J. H. Fabre, the French poet-entomologist, called 'The Insect's Homer,' at last has attained deserved honors—but he had to live until ninety to get them.

" 'A little longer,' he quaintly observes, 'and the violins would have come too late.'

"Yet France is no more ungrateful than other lands. The Wright brothers found quicker recognition there than in America.

"That Germany may live in a glass house, too, might be guessed from reading the story

of Dr. Diesel. His work may prove epoch making, but he died a bankrupt and possibly a suicide.

"England rewards Marconi, the scientist lifesaver whose invention has rescued hundreds at sea, by connecting his name with a financial scandal; and France has given equally shabby treatment to Madame Curie."

To say that Socialism will do better than that is not all that might be said, by any means.

♣ ♣ ♣

SMOTHERED IN DEBT

THAT capitalism is doing to nations in the way of piling up indebtedness is shown graphically in a recent report issued by the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce.

The report says that the aggregate debt is upward of forty-two billions of dollars, an increase of 20 per cent in the last decade and double what it was forty years ago.

The debt of France is the heaviest of any single government. Then comes Russia, the United Kingdom, Italy, Spain, British India, Japan, Germany and the United States in the order named. The debt of this country grew a little more than one hundred million dollars in the last ten years.

♣ ♣ ♣

TELEGRAPH FACTS

BUT few people realize the vast amount of gambling that is done in America every day. But an investigation by a number of congressmen reveals the startling fact that more than half the telegraph business of the country is done for the gambling fraternity. Poolroom and race-track gambling and stock-market gambling furnish the bulk of the telegraph business. Were it not for the newspaper telegraph service the gambling business would be almost the entire support of the telegraph companies.

This can indicate but one thing: The telegraph companies do not aim to serve the people. Their chief business is to serve the bourgeois and the big business—crooked though it may be—of the country.

The business that the common people do over the telegraph constitutes but 10 per cent of the total. The telegraph is not for them.

While the government operates 67,000 post offices, all convenient of access, the telegraph companies operate only 25,000 telegraph offices, many in exceedingly out-of-the-way places. Just because of that fact alone government ownership would bring the telegraph almost three times as near the people as it now is. In England you may go to any post office, drop a stamped telegram into the box and it will be collected and telegraphed to its destination. The cost is a cent a word, with twelve cents as the minimum charge. As a result so-called social messages constitute from 50 to 60 per cent of the total business.

And yet, many of the "common people" gasp in holy horror at such a revolutionary idea as government ownership of telegraph systems!

♣ ♣ ♣

THE MONEY POWER

THAT an unscrupulous "rule or ruin" power is really wielded by the plutocracy is well shown in an editorial in a recent Harper's Weekly. While the spirit of this manifestation is not new at all to Socialists, it may be new in detail, so we quote in part:

" The power of the concentrated money interests is as great as it is hidden and smooth. A hint is given and all the forces act together. Take an example in the recent attack of Mr. Aldrich on Mr. Bryan and the currency bill. Mr. Bryan has long been a red rag to the large property interests, and Mr. Aldrich is an expert in giving the signals. When his speech was made, word was sent out at once by many of the large financial institutions to small banks everywhere to cut down credit to the utmost. They were to give it to merchants when they deemed it absolutely necessary, but they were at the same time to create a stringency in their neighborhood. A person would come into a country bank with abundant security and the bank officials would say: 'Yes, your security is ample. Yes, we have plenty of money, but we are not making loans. We are afraid the currency bill is going to plunge the country into ruin, and very likely this bank itself may be destroyed.' No wonder, with this policy pursued all over the country, Congressmen and Senators were deluged with letters."

♣ ♣ ♣

Every new day is a day of new opportunities for Socialists.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

SABOTAGE—

It simply had to come; the surprise, to my mind, is that it didn't come sooner, for sabotage impresses me as being a splendid theme for dramatists who are ever on the search for material that offers the elements of surprise, suspense, adventure, to say nothing of theory, sociology and philosophy. Sabotage is almost new to Americans, who got the word from the French Syndicalists, who, in turn, got it from the English; that is to say, the idea of sabotage, not the word itself, came from John Bull.

So new is the word sabotage that at the 1912 convention of the Socialist party, at Indianapolis, it was pronounced differently by the various delegates who spoke upon the subject, according to John Spargo in his book entitled "Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism and Socialism."

Before sabotage was formally denounced as anarchistic and individualistic, unworthy of being used as a weapon by Socialists, the delegates participated in a debate on this "Anarchism by a new name," as Delegate Victor L. Berger expressed it. "We know now why the Socialist party of the United States in 1812 made the advocacy of sabotage, crime or violence a bar to membership in the party," Mr. Spargo says in his chapter on "Sabotage as a Revolutionary Weapon." "It was an act of self-preservation. It had been supposed that the exclusion of the Anarchists by the International Socialist Congress in 1896, in London, had once and for all settled the point at issue between the advocates of political action and the advocates of direct action. But the Syndicalist movement in various countries has brought the old Anarchistic teachings and methods of warfare into the party by a side door, as it were."

Sabotists believe they can bring an end to the private ownership of the machinery of production and distribution by a campaign of destruction, deliberately disabling machinery, cutting wires, placing cement in switches, and so on. Spargo tells us that sometimes sabotage takes most amusing forms. "In Philadelphia when some tailors went on strike they are said to have left behind them specially made 'yardsticks' a couple of inches short with all the spaces likewise altered. The cutter who cut garments according to his instructions, using false measures was, of course, ruining materials, and one can imagine the most ludicrous results." Mr. Spargo says.

At the Grand Guignol, Paris, "Sabotage," a one-act tragedy, was presented recently. It was a brilliant success, causing a great sensation among the theater-goers and critics. The play, by Ch. Hellem, W. Valcros and Pol d' Estoc, translated by Andre Tridon, appears in the November issue of the Smart Set. We are told by the editor that it has caused more discussion than "any other one-act play of its generation." The editor also says that it "ranks high among the most sensational dramatic works in modern literature."

The action of the episode occurs in the home of Pierre Chagneau, an electrician. At the rise of the curtain, Pierre and his wife, Angele, are discovered near the bed of their child, Little Jeannot, who has been stricken with diptheria. The child is asleep, resting after an injection by Dr. Margy, and, from all appearances, will pass safely through the impending crisis.

Now that the child is asleep, Pierre feels that the two-days' strain has been too much for him, so he tells his wife that he must go for a walk. The conversation that ensues reveals the fact that he intends to go to the union meeting, where, he remarks, the restive workers are going to take drastic action, should their demands for improved working conditions be rejected.

He goes off, leaving his wife to watch at the bedside. She soon learns, to her consternation, that Little Jeannot is suffering a serious relapse. The child's throat gurgles in a rasping manner, and its breathing is labored. Dr. Margy, brought to the bedside, sees that an immediate operation is necessary.

Under the light from an electric lamp on the table in the center of the room, Dr. Margy begins his operation on the child's throat. At the critical moment, the electric light goes out. Left in total darkness, Dr. Margy is unable to finish the operation. When at last a candle is lighted, it serves only to bring into view a blood-soaked child—dead!

"While the mother weeps, shaken by convulsive sobs and mumbling inarticulate words," the rumble of voices is heard. The strains of the International are heard. Pierre returns to the room. "We've got it this time," he says. "This beats all the strikes to pieces. That's sabotage, that is! No more lights. I have put the dynamos on the blink. Hear the strikers marching?"

Dr. Margy: You miserable fool, look!

Pierre: Miserable fool! What's the matter?

Angele: You! It was you, murderer—you have killed my boy; Murderer! (She jumps at his throat).

In this impressive sketch, no effort is made to theorize or moralize; we are not told that sabotage is good or bad, nor are we told that political action is necessary, nor that direct action should be the weapon of the revolution. The sketch merely places a picture before us, and leaves us to draw our own conclusions—for which we are most grateful.

Pierre, by his actions, proves himself to be a rebel, an individual fighting property, not the institution of private ownership; he is unlike the Socialists who would change social conditions through class action, not individual action. Socialists who desire to bring certain changes in the ownership of industries are attaining their goal by the intelligent use of political and economic weapons. In desiring the substitution of social ownership for individual ownership of railroads, mines, factories, etc., they are, in fact, social revolutionists. Theirs is not a rebellious attempt to destroy property, to smash machines, to clog the wheels of industry; theirs is an attempt to smash the private ownership of socially useful property. For that reason, the social revolutionists are far more desirable than mere rebels like Pierre. A rebel may dynamite a building, but that act does not shatter the principle of private ownership. He may scuttle a ship, but that

does not weaken the institution of private property. He has merely destroyed a thing which can be replaced quite easily. But once the institution of private ownership is shattered, it is gone forever.

No intelligent Socialist could possibly believe that political action should be labor's sole weapon. Socialists realize that labor is robbed in the factory and that the governments are used to legalize and perpetuate that robbery. So, in addition to fighting politically to gain possession of the powers of government, the workers must also combine in a union to fight the employers who exploit the workers at the point of production. By ceaseless fighting at both places—both the legislature and the factory—labor will emerge victorious, the possessor of the industrial world, which labor created. The ballot, the strike, the boycott—these weapons labor will wield.

When a child is angry, it kicks a table, it strikes at something. Pierre "put the dynamos on the blink." Also, his individualistic propaganda of the deed, in this dramatic episode, is shown to be anti-social, for a dynamo is more than a piece of mechanism, it is a part of the social order, and when he put the dynamo "on the blink" he likewise caused the death of his boy. We all agree that property is good; we all agree that private ownership of social property is bad; well, in order to destroy the bad why should we wipe out the good?

Sabotage—as the word is commonly understood—means the wilful destruction of property. Of course, the theory of sabotage, as expounded by the French Syndicalists, takes on many forms. Spargo tells us that sabotage is a principle of action rather than a method. . . . "It may involve violence, or it may be peaceful. It may involve destruction of property or it may not. It may be based on illegal acts or it may not. It may consist of telling lies or of telling the simple truth. . . . It is essentially a furtive and stealthy policy, practiced by individual workers, having for its aim the obstruction of industry and business to such an extent that the employers will suffer a loss of profits so great as to be compelled to grant the workers' demands."

Spargo adds that no Syndicalist would include in his definition of sabotage murder, or acts which result in the destruction of human life. "Practically every Syndicalist writer insists that such acts do not constitute sabotage," says Spargo. However, in this play we see how Pierre, using sabotage, causes the death of his son. Though a sabotist may not desire to take human life, still, when he does so simple a thing as putting a dynamo "on the blink" he may take human life. Human life has been connected with the machinery of industry so that putting a dynamo "on the blink" can easily cause the taking of human life.

Break the laws and you batter your head against the stone wall of the state. Use the laws that are good and agitate for laws that are necessary and the state, with all its powerful institutions, becomes your protector. Labor needs the state to advance its cause while capital uses the state to keep back the workers; and the grim tragedy of it all is that the workers lend their ballots to the parties that use the state for the capitalists.

Rebels of the type of Pierre are unwilling to admit the value of capturing the weapons of the employers. They are not averse to going out and fighting the state. If a thing is worth fighting, it is worth capturing. There is no sense in fighting what may be captured through peaceful and legal methods. Socialists and unionists believe in law and order; they say that if certain laws are unjust, they may be changed, since political powers are in the hands of the people. Obey the law so long as it is a law; strive to change it if it is unfair.

Chester M. Wright, in a splendid article—"The Gun Is Not Our Weapon"—expresses an attitude that appeals to me. He says that he opposes destructive tactics as a matter of expediency, as a means towards attaining the goal of emancipation. He does not believe sabotage is wrong from the moral or ethical view—for the ethics and morality of our day are nothing more than the wishes of the capitalist class. The property owners tell us what is right and what is wrong, and we, like sheep, take these opinions and give them the name of morality. Because sabotage will not "get the results" rather than because it does not tally with the accepted property morality of the rich, I do not believe in it.

We can gain nothing by pursuing the tactics of a Pierre. Nothing constructive will result from "putting the dynamo on the blink." The labor movement and the Socialist Party are surely traveling a road that will lead to the capture of the machines for the workers on the industrial field and on the political field bring about the capture of the guns that now unfortunately force the producers to keep their hands off the means of wealth production.

STILL BURNING WITCHES

DOWN in Middleburg, Mass., a gathering of women the other day solemnly resolved to remain away from "suggestive plays" and to fight the introduction of sex hygiene teachings in schools. In San Francisco just a short time ago a society of women burned "Damaged Goods," "The Three Daughters of Mons. Dupont," and "Maternity." There is not much difference between the actions of such persons and the actions of the good people who burned witches at the stake in Massachusetts just a few generations ago. Indeed, some of the human race have not come so very far since the witch-burning days.

PLAYS, PLAYERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

By M. LOUISE GRANT

THE MANCHESTER PLAYERS AND HINDLE WAKES

Our country has an institution known as the stock company; England has the repertory theater company. The two terms should be synonymous, as the New Theater experiment sought, but failed, to prove. The English term, as applied in the Isles, connotes the highest dramatic art; the American, except in rare instances, notably on the Pacific Coast, quite the absence of art.

The first successful English repertory company was established a few years ago at Manchester, home of cotton mills and that remarkable literary newspaper, the Manchester "Guardian." The founder and manager of the company, Miss Horniman, is a woman of rare intellect and phenomenal artistic and executive ability. Her success is due to her extraordinarily large stock of that sense which the world ironically dubs "common." Before entering upon an enterprise of her own she spent many years studying the methods and characteristics of the best repertory theaters on the Continent.

Miss Horniman is able above all to distinguish the possible from the impossible. There are many people who know theoretically why the New Theater undertaking in New York failed, but Miss Horniman knows practically why it did, for she has seen two heavily financed attempts to establish repertory companies in London fall through, while hers, on an investment equal to a moiety only of the capital lost there, has had an unexampled success.

In the selection of plays she refuses to cater either to the elect few or to the already overpampered multitude who imagine they need something light and relaxing; but she seeks to give to the general theater-going public plays which arouse and sustain intelligent interest. It is only necessary to watch one of her audiences from the front to appreciate how well she succeeds. Her appeal is to thinking people who look to the theater for enjoyment rather than mere amusement.

It has never been a part of Miss Horniman's program to train new recruits for the stage. Her company is composed of the best talent to be found in England. Many of the members have had years of experience in the provinces, hardest and best training school an actor can find. But while the Manchester Players from the beginning have been a thoroughly professional company, there is no stereotyped acting to be seen in their productions. Naturalness is the keynote of all their characterizations. It is the principle of the company that nothing shall be done merely for effect, but that every act and every intonation shall result from the circumstances which forced it. There is no overdoing, no unnecessary noises or movements, stage business gives way to character delineation, and the revelation of the soul is the matter of supreme importance. Careful and exact attention is given to stage setting, but the audience is likely to be oblivious alike to costuming and to properties—the personalities will hold the attention and all the appurtenances be but the natural accompaniment to the situation.

The Manchester Players might easily be considered an all-star company, were it not that Miss Horniman's vocabulary does not admit of any such expression as applied to the legitimate theater. All the members of the company are not equally good nor equally versatile, though versatility is held to be one of the cardinal virtues, but each character in a cast is assigned to that person who can most perfectly delineate it. The portrayal of a cab driver, who appears in only one scene, may be as finished a bit of art as is that of the principal who holds the center of the stage throughout four acts. In the next play cab driver and erstwhile principal may have changed places in importance. It is for the spectator to decide who are the leading members of the company, for they are never so labeled.

Colly Cibber's eulogy of Thomas Betterton's company, which comprised the most famous actors of his time—the late seventeenth century—would apply equally well to this modern company. He says, "These Actors were all original Masters in their different Stile, not meer auricular Imitators of one another, which commonly is the highest Merit of the middle rank, but Self-Judges of Nature from whose various Lights they only took their true Instruction."

A few Londoners "discovered" the Manchester Players four years ago when they paid their first brief visit to the metropolis; a second season followed, and since then the company has been so enthusiastically received and the house so uniformly crowded that a four weeks' season has been extended to eight. The Coronet Theater, which is their London home, is out Kensington way, far from the popular West End, and full houses there are much more indicative of genuine and intelligent interest than they would be in the center of the theater district.

One day in the spring of 1912, Miss Horniman's company, en route homeward after a month in Canada, dropped into Boston for a special matinee performance of John Masefield's "Nan," but that was a brief call rather than a first visit to the United States. They came again this year, and several of our eastern cities had the opportunity of seeing the individual excellence and the marvelous ensemble of the company, and of revelling in the plays which they present.

Their repertory consists of the best examples of both the old and the new schools. Shakespeare, Sheridan, or Goldsmith appear in a week's bill with Shaw, Galsworthy, Bennett, Stanley Houghton, Allan Monkhouse, or St. John Hankin. Their one-act plays are only paralleled by those of the Irish Players. Many of the finest of the new English works have first been produced by them. Two of these, both by Stanley Houghton, are now playing here, having been introduced by Miss Horniman's company last year.

Grace George is appearing in the less important one of the two, "The Younger Generation," an altogether delightful comedy, rich in human philosophy and gentle satire, which illuminates the fact that youth is not so much a matter of years as it is a point of view—an attitude of mind.

The other one, "Hindle Wakes," easily takes a place in the foremost rank of great twentieth century dramas. It has both tremendous social import and rare artistic value. It is also a faithful picture of Lancashire vil-

lage life and should always be given in the north country dialect, in which the Manchester Players are masters.

"Hindle Wakes" is what is called an "advanced" play, which means that its logic has long been recognized by the hundredth part of the population who think, but that it startles the ninety and nine who live by custom and are governed by habit. In America we pride ourselves on our modernity, but it finds a readier expression in mechanical appliances than in attitude of mind. London loved the play at first sight and could not see it enough; New York looked at it askance and sent it out on the road!

It deals with the reduction of the double standard of morality to a single one.

Fannie Hawthorne, daughter of a Hindle mill hand, goes to Blackpool to spend the week-end during the "wakes." While there she falls in with Alan Jeffcote, son of the wealthy mill owner of Hindle, and spends the time with him. By a miserable chain of circumstances her parents learn of the escapade, and after much ado, arrange for their marriage—the only solution to the disgraceful affair according to the parents of both.

But Fannie possesses an independent spirit and a philosophy of life, and she refuses to consider the arrangement. When Alan, who had been persuaded to break his previous engagement, asks if she never really loved him, she says: "Love you?" Good heavens, of course not! Why on earth should I love you? You were just someone to have a bit of fun with. You were an amusement—a lark." The shocked Alan exclaims: "Fannie! Is that all you cared for me?" And Fannie retorts: "How much more did you care for me?" "But," protests the ancient spirit of sex-privilege, "it's not the same. I'm a man." The logical woman justifies herself. "You're a man, and I was your little fancy. Well, I'm a woman and you were my little fancy. You wouldn't prevent a woman enjoying herself as well as a man, if she takes it into her head?" Alan does not yet grasp it. "But, do you mean to say that you didn't care any more for me than a fellow cares for any girl he happens to pick up?" "Yes, are you shocked?"

Of course, he is shocked; so are the others, also some in the audience. Mrs. Hawthorn, black with rage, turns her out of the house. But Fannie doesn't mind; she has seen the light of a new day and proposes to live by it. She recognizes that economic independence is the indispensable accompaniment of sex freedom. "I'm not without a trade at my finger tips, thou knows. I'm a Lancashire lass, and so long as there's weaving sheds in Lancashire I can earn enough brass to keep me going. I wouldn't live at home again after this, not anyhow! I'm going to be on my own in the future. (To her tender-hearted father): You've no call to be afraid. I'm not going to disgrace you. But so long as I've to live my own life I don't see why I shouldn't choose what it's to be."

The Simple Story of Karl Marx, the Man

By Stanley B. Wilson

KARL HEINRICH MARX was born Tuesday, May 5, 1818, in Treves, or Trier, as it is now called, a town in the western part of Germany, in the province of the Rhine.

His father was Heinrich Marx, a Jewish lawyer, a man of great talent and learning, and highly respected in Trier. His grandfather was a rabbi, one of a long line of rabbis, unbroken from the sixteenth century until his son, Heinrich, father of Karl, adopted law instead of religion for a career.

The mother of Karl Marx, before her marriage Henriette Pressburg was born in Holland. On her side, the men of the family served as rabbis, generation after generation, for centuries.

It has been suggested that Karl Marx owed to his rabbinical ancestry something of that wonderful exegetical power which he displayed in his work.

In 1824, when Karl was 6 years old, the elder Marx embraced Christianity, and with his wife and children, was baptized.

The family of Heinrich Marx was in comfortable circumstances.

Early in his boyhood Karl Marx displayed marked intellectuality. He was a strong, imperious lad, of fiery temper and impetuous manner and spirit. Fortunately his father was enabled to appreciate the gifts of the boy, and to undertsand his strange temperament and the perils to which it exposed him, and to guide him with wisdom through some of the most perilous experiences of boyhood and youth. He was a strong, active boy, full of mischief and fond of indulging in some boisterous, boyish fun. He was a brave, manly fellow, with a passion for achievement. Handsome, beloved by all who knew him, and successful in all that he undertook at school, he was a general favorite with his teachers and fellow pupils. His mother watched him with grateful admiration, fondly and proudly calling him her "Fortune Child."

Karl Marx was an affectionate and devoted son. Between him and his father existed a bond of comradeship that is delightful to contemplate.

In the midst of one of the greatest mental struggles of his boyhood in one letter he wrote: "In the hope that you, forever beloved and dear father, would understand the manifold moods of mine where the heart would often like to live and enjoy, but is conquered by my restless spirit, I wish you were here with me, so that I could hold you tight to my breast, and express to you all that goes on within it."

At another time he wrote: "It is almost 4 o'clock in the morning; the candle is almost burned out and my eyes pain me. An awful unrest took hold of me, and I shall not be able to conquer the feeling until I can feel your love right close to me."

In his father's letters to Karl occur such passages as this:

"You must remember that you are dear to my heart, and are the greatest hope of my life."

Shortly before his father's death Karl's mother

wrote telling of the father's condition. She asks her son to write "very tenderly" to his father, as he "reads the letters over and over again." The father added a brief postscript, scrawled by a hand so weak that the words were barely legible: "Dear Karl, accept my best wishes; I cannot as yet write much."

It was the ambition of the elder Marx that his favorite son should follow in his footsteps and take to law. While this was no doubt distasteful to Karl, as it was contrary to his disposition and aspirations, he took up his legal studies. Philosophy and history were the two studies which most appealed to him, but he studied law to please his father, "as a necessary evil," he said. He graduated in 1841, at Jena, with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

At the age of 18 he became engaged to Jenny von Westphalen. She was a childhood's playmate and four years his senior.

Her father, Baron von Westphalen, was rich and influential. He was one of Heinrich Marx's most intimate friends and very fond of his friend's children, and especially of the favorite son, Karl. Jenny was a bright and beautiful girl and much loved by Karl's parents. Her full name was Johanna Bertha Julie Jenny von Westphalen.

In the summer of 1843 Karl and Jenny were married. They were devoted lovers all through their married life, and each was proud of the other. They used to march through their home hand in hand singing a German love song.

They had six children, five of them girls. The only boy, Edgar, died at the age of 9. The child, whose body was too weak to sustain the mind, was the pride and hope of his parents.

The family was reduced to severe poverty on account of exile and the father's devotion to principle.

There were days when Marx had to go without food in order that the children might have enough to sustain life.

On one occasion while Mrs. Marx was seated trying to nurse her baby at an empty breast, rendered so by hunger, she was roused by a demand for rent due. When the money was not forthcoming two constables stepped in and attached everything in the rooms, even to the baby's cradle and the children's toys.

Indeed, it is said that three of the children died within four years, victims of poverty.

To those who contend that Socialism would destroy home and the marriage altar, let it be known that one of his friends said of Marx: "Karl Marx has three saints whom he worships. They are his father, his mother and his wife."

A charming insight into the home of the great economist is furnished in these extracts from a letter written by Mrs. Marx to a friend, March 11, 1861:

"Although I most fear that you will take me for a rather conceited and weak mother, I will give you a description of these dear, praiseworthy girls. They are both exceptionally good-hearted, of generous dispositions, of truly amiable modesty and girlish purity. Jenny will be 17 years of age on the 1st of May. She is a most charming girl, making quite a handsome appearance, with her dark, shining, soft eyes and her brunette creole complexion with its acquired healthy English tints. The pleasant, good-natured expression of her round, childlike face makes one forget that she has a stub nose, which perhaps is not beautiful in itself, and it is a real pleasure when she speaks to observe the friendly mouth with its fine teeth.

"Laura, who was 15 years old last September, is perhaps prettier and of more regular features than her older sister, whose direct opposite she is. Although she is just as tall as Jenny, as slender and delicately formed, there is something lighter, brighter and more lucid about her. The upper part of her face may well be called beautiful, with its waves of curly hair of chestnut brown, her sweet, dear eyes of changeable greenish lights that burn like triumphal fires, and her finely formed and noble forehead. The lower part of her face is less regular, being less developed. Both girls possess rosy, blooming complexions, and I often marvel at their lack of vanity, for I remember very well that the same could not have been said of their mother at a certain tender age!

"The girls are a constant pleasure to us, owing to their affectionate and unselfish dispositions. Their little sister, however, is the idol of the whole house.

"This child was born at the time our poor, dear Edgar departed from life, and all our love for the little brother, all the tenderness for him, were now showered on the little sister, whom the older girls cherish with motherly solicitude. But you could scarcely find a lovelier child, so pretty, naive and full of droll humor is she. Her charming manner of speaking and relating stories is truly remarkable. This she learned from the Grimm Brothers, who are her companions by day and night.

"We all have read the fairly tales until we are almost blind, but woe to us if we were to forget one squabble of Rumpelstilzkin or Schneewittchen! By means of fairy stories she has been able to learn the German language, which she speaks correctly, besides the English language, which, of course, lies in the air. This little one is Karl's favorite pet, laughing and chatting away many of his troubles."

Marx was a passionate lover of children. Nothing could move him to sympathy like the suffering of a child. He would break away from his learned companions to play with the children on the street. There is no doubt his love for the little ones was one of the strongest influences that impelled him to his devotion to the needy and oppressed.

John Spargo says, in "Karl Marx; His Life and Work": "During the worst days of his poverty, while he lived in Dean street, he was known as 'Daddy Marx' to most of the children in the neighborhood. In those days one might have seen in the streets a handsome man, of striking appearance, rather above the middle height, with small hands and feet and an expressive face, framed, as it were, by coal black hair and beard, with children all around him, some holding his hands, others clinging to his coat-tails, shouting merrily, 'Daddy Marx! Daddy Marx!' This love for children Marx retained to the end of his life, and during the last long illness the presence of one of his little grandchildren seemed to be his only source of comfort and consolation."

One of his daughters, writing of his love for children, says:

"Karl Marx was the kindest, the best of fathers. There was nothing of disciplinarian in him, nothing authoritative in his manner. He had the rich and generous nature, the warm and sunny disposition, that the young appreciate. He was vehement, but I have never known him to be morose or sullen, and steeped in work and worry as he might be, he was always full of pleasantry with us children, always ready to amuse and be amused by us. He was our comrade and playfellow."

Karl Marx was not an opponent of religion. While undeniably an atheist, he was wholly tolerant of the religious beliefs and opinions of others.

True, some of his apparent attacks upon Christian-

ity are very bitter, and have been much quoted against Socialism, but for the most part they are attacks upon religious hypocrisy rather than upon Christianity.

He was as bitter against the blatant dogmatic atheism of his time as he was against the hypocritical assumptions of those who spoke in the name of religion.

"Personally an atheist," says Spargo, "he took the position which is today the recognized position of all Socialist parties of the world, namely, that religious belief or non-belief is a private matter with which they are not concerned."

Marx was an ardent admirer of Abraham Lincoln. And America has yet to be awakened to her obligations to him because of his interest in Mr. Lincoln and his cause.

During the troublous days leading up to the Civil War, Marx was a regular contributor to the New York Tribune.

Mr. Lincoln was one of the very interested readers of the Marx writings and considered him as one of the masters of economics. There is no doubt that many of the splendid quotations we get from Mr. Lincoln's speeches were inspired by Marx. For instance: "Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration."

Had it not been for Marx, England would, no doubt, have recognized the Southern Confederacy, for the cotton manufacturers were being forced to the wall because of the impossibility of getting the raw cotton.

Gladstone declared in 1862: "The Southern leaders have made an army; they are making a navy; and they have made what is more than either—they have made a nation." Gladstone spoke for the English manufacturers.

Gladstone's speech greatly disturbed Lincoln and his supporters. It was everywhere interpreted as an intimation that Great Britain intended to give official recognition to the Southern Confederacy.

Karl Marx came forward and entered the battle against recognition in the South. He appealed to the British trade unions. Great labor protest meetings were held all over England until the government and the manufacturers were told in no uncertain terms, "Hands off."

Marx, an exile from Germany, France and Belgium, was well adapted to be the champion for human freedom on this side of the water.

It was fitting that Lincoln should recognize in Marx a master and that Marx should greatly admire Lincoln, which was true of both these men of destiny.

Indeed, the sympathies of Marx went out to all the oppressed of the earth. He took an active interest in the affairs of Ireland, as he did in those of Poland. He denounced the English rule in Ireland as "a government of cruel force and shameless corruption."

Karl Marx was more than a socal philosopher. He was a social constructionist. He not only analyzed social history, conditions and tendencies, but he laid down practical political policies. With Engels he insisted, in 1847, on a revolutionary working class political party with a definite aim and policy. At the congress, held in London, in November that year, he and Engels were requested by resolution to prepare "a complete theoretical and working program for the Communist League." The result was the Communist Manifesto, which has been called the birth-cry of the modern scientific Socialist movement, published in the early part of January, 1848.

The very soul of this manifesto is contained in this summary by Engels:

"In every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which it is built up, and from which alone can be explained the political and intellectual history of that epoch, and consequently the whole history of mankind (since primitive tribal society holding land in common ownership) has been a history of class struggles, contests between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes."

This fundamental proposition of the manifesto is credited by Engels to Marx.

Marx offered no suddenly-appearing Utopia. He laid down a scientific process of "revolutionary evolution." In 1850 he tells the majority of the German Communist movement in London that it will take fifty years "not only to change existing conditions, but to change yourselves and make yourselves worthy of political power."

The battle-cry of scientific Socialism is a call to political action—a call to the workers to transcend the petty divisions that keep them apart, and stand solidly together in a world-wide economic and political phalanx: "The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. Working men of all countries, unite!"

Marx and his colleagues were not the first to recognize the materialistic idea of history—that social organizations and the political and intellectual aspects of an epoch depend upon the economic conditions of that epoch, which in turn depend upon the methods of production and exchange. But Marx was the first to work the idea into a comprehensive scientific formula. It was in the development of this theory into a practical propaganda that marks him as one of the greatest scientists of all time.

That Marx had a well-founded optimism respecting the outcome of the class struggle to which he so deeply and ably applied himself is attested by the following from his book, "Capital":

"The transformation of scattered private property, arising from individual labor, into capitalist's private property is, naturally, a process incomparably more protracted, violent and difficult than the transformation of capitalistic private property, already practically resting on socialized production, into socialized property. In the former case we had the expropriation of the mass of the people by a few usurpers; in the latter we have the expropriation of a few usurpers by the mass of the people."

The last years of the life of Marx were filled with suffering and sorrow. The death of some of his granddaughters oppressed him greatly. In 1878 his friend's wife, Mrs. Engels, died. She was, like her husband, a very dear friend and Marx mourned almost as deeply as her husband.

In 1880, while his own health was sadly impaired, his wife was taken ill, suffering the terrible tortures of cancer, from which she died on the 2nd of December, 1881, her last words addressed to her adoring and grief-distracted husband. At the grave so shaken was Marx that he tottered and would have fallen into it had not Engels caught and supported him.

March 14, 1883, Karl Marx died, seated in his arm-chair in his study, where he had gone from his bed of sickness. Engels, who had been summoned on account of the grave condition of his colleague, went to the study, where his friend seemed half-asleep.

Karl Marx was not half-asleep. He was wholly asleep in that sleep called death.

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW

Charles Edward Russell, who was the Socialist candidate for mayor in New York, helped boost the vote 300 per cent. The total Socialist vote was 32,109. This tremendous increase swept the first Socialist alderman into Gotham's city hall, so, from now on, the voice of the working class will be heard. Russell was a splendid candidate, delivering the message of Socialism with wonderful force and effect. He delivered many speeches and wrote many campaign articles.

Russell is one of the many persons of fame who have been attracted to the Socialist movement. A writer of national renown, profound student of human affairs, an able critic of the shams and foibles of capitalistic society, Charles Edward Russell is of great service to the cause of Socialism.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Comrade Russell was born at Davenport, Iowa, on September 25, 1860.

His father was an abolitionist and worked hard in the cause of emancipation. He managed, in the end, to have the constitutional amendment giving the negro the right of franchise in that state passed.

Russell thoroughly learned the newspaper business under the direction of his father. One thing, however, must be understood by the reader of this article—Russell's life has not been one of ease and comfort. He has gone through an intense struggle for the position he now holds in American journalism.

At first it appeared to Russell that he would be able to grow up with his father's newspaper. This soon became impossible. Following some attacks on the Rock Island Railroad his paper was seized by the stock holding interests of that corporation.

Young Russell then fouud himself dependent on his own efforts for a livelihood. He reached New York, where he walked the streets for three days and nights in a search for employment. He finally landed on the old Commercial Advertiser as a reporter.

Russell then filled many positions on important newspapers throughout the land. He continued as a journalist for twenty-five years. But the magazine world attracted him. He saw a new field of activity before him; so in 1904 he resigned his position on the Hearst paper in Chicago and became a writer of reform articles.

Success followed him. His great ability in treating political and social questions soon brought him fame. He understood the political game as it is played in America; knew its corruption and fearlessly exposed it.

Russell did not stop at magazine articles. He became an author of books. Among others he is the writer of "Why I Am a Socialist," "Thomas Chatterton, the Marvellous Boy," "Uprising of the Many," "Lawless Wealth," "Greatest Trust in the World," and three volumes of verse, "Songs of Democracy" being the title of one. He has also written a number of magazine serials that have attracted wide attention. Among others are: "A Life of Charlemagne," "The Power Behind the Republic," "Beating Men to Make Them Good," "A Burglar in the Making," and "At the Throat of the Republic."

These articles got Russell the name of being a "muckraker." He does not object to that. "If you don't want me to rake muck why don't you remove the muck?" he often asks.

In July, 1909, Russell married a young Chicago woman, who had been engaged for some years in journalistic work on two or three Sunday papers of that city. Mrs. Russell is a chaming woman whose whole interest is in the cause of Socialism. She is enthusiastic and has energetically entered into the work of spreading the doctrine.

It is not to be wondered that Russell became a Socialist. To refrain from turning one was almost impossible when one considers Russell's character — a man whose heart beats throb for the suffering millions.

Russell learned that poverty, prostitution, unemployment, child labor, crime and all the other diverse evils of this insane system result from the private ownership of social needs—because of the fact that a small class of capitalists own practically all the industries, all the mines, the mills, the railroads, the machines and other means of wealth production and distribution.

When Russell learned this it was but another step for him to grasp the fact that the only remedy was for the workers to take possession of what is truly theirs. The only cure for society's ill was collective ownership of the industries—Socialism. Then and there he made application for membership to the Socialist Party and since then he has been a Comrade in the ranks.

THE SITUATION IN MEXICO

By HAROLD EVERHART

TO FULLY understand the situation in Mexico today, one must know and interpret the history of government, its growth and development, from its earliest inception.

To the ordinary observer, there appears very little relativity between the ancient governments of Egypt and Syria, and even of earlier peoples, and those of the Americas today; yet it is there, running through all history, from the first crude yet finely knit cohesiveness of the gens of the barbarians, to the scientific and forceful government of these United States.

Government as we know it, came into existence with the establishment of private property; at first crude and loose, as private ownership was uncertain and simple. The two institutions have developed side by side, and each is dependent upon the other for its continuance.

Government is the organized expression of the will and power of the economically dominant class, and has always taken the form which gives the fullest expression of that class: The dominant class is the one which controls the means of wealth creation.

Though government is maintained in the interest of the small minority who control the wealth production, yet the burden of its maintenance is placed upon the non-possessing classes, who, by an adroitly molded psychology, are blinded to the part they are forced to play in the governmental game.

Government then, being the expression of the will and power of a certain economic class, all struggles, whether peaceful or violent, for its control, are struggles of antagonistic classes, each seeking control of the governmental machinery that its own interests may be supreme: The great struggle throughout Europe which had its climax in the French Revolution, is the most striking example of this class struggle. There it was the rising and rapidly developing mercantile and manufacturing class, against the ancient and strongly intrenched, yet decadent land-owning class—CAPITALISM AGAINST FEUDALISM.

Another familiar instance was the struggle in our own country which culminated in our bloody Civil War. From the foundation of our government the struggle was continuous between the slavocracy, and the employers of free labor. Every important political action, every election, dealt with some phase of this contention, which ended only with the final triumph of the capitalist class over the slave-holding class.

We find that certain forms of government have usually expressed the supremacy of definite economic interests: Slavery finds its expression in a certain form of democracy. As Greece and Rome were the fullest expression of the slave society, so also are they the classical forms of independent or free government. Slavery and democracy declined together in Rome, through centuries of slow decay. The autocratic and absolute government we find usually to represent the supremacy of the land-holding class. This was the government of the Feudal era, and still exists in those nations where Feudalism, even in a mild form, continues, as in Russia, Turkey, and India. Capitalist society most easily maintains its dominance in the representative form of government, which reaches its highest development in the most highly organized capitalistic nations of the world today, the United States, Germany and England.

The situation in Mexico today is but a repetition of the struggle throughout Europe which finally closed with the overthrow of the land holding classes and their autocratic government, by the capitalist class; and the establishment of parliamentary government. In Mexico the land holders have been dominant, and demanded a government such as has been historically connected with such dominance, autocracy, and, while maintaining the form of a republic, it was, in fact, an autocracy.

The various revolts against Diaz have been on behalf of the growing mercantile and manufacturing interests, largely controlled by American financiers, who have furnished the money necessary for their conduct. The revolution which put Madero at the head of the government was a triumph of the Capitalist. Capitalism, however, had not yet reached that point of supremacy over the land owning autocracy where it could successfully maintain itself; hence the ease with which the counter revolution was accomplished, which reestablished the Diaz regime.

No settled peace can possibly come to Mexico until the interests of the capitalist class are superior to those of the land owning class. Then will peace come, and with it a reliable and staple parliamentary government. The Mexican of the working class, he who has been shedding his blood and orphaning his children, in a spirit patriotism, will continue to be exploited just as ruthlessly as heretofore, and he will be little, if any, better off economically. Mexico, however, will then have taken an advanced position. She will be so much nearer the ultimate goal of the evolutionary forces. Only through Capitalist growth and by participation in the government which represents such growth, will her people develop the intelligence and self-reliance which will eventually lead them to their own industrial emancipation.

The pressure being placed upon our government to cause it to interfere and "establish peace," comes from those American capitalists who seek control of the Mexican government that it may be used to destroy the supremacy of the land holders, who are now so heartlessly appropriating the wealth created by the working class, that they may in turn, just as heartlessly exploit them in the mines and factories.

The argument being used most strongly by those who advocate interference is, that the American capital invested in Mexico must be protected. THERE IS NO AMERICAN CAPITAL IN MEXICO: True, some so-called American citizens have capital invested in Mexico. That is not American capital, it is private capital. IF THE BLOOD OF AMERICAN CITIZENS IS TO BE SHED TO PROTECT THE PROPERTY AND CAPITAL OF AMERICAN CITIZENS IN MEXICO, LET IT BE THE BLOOD OF THOSE WHOSE PROPERTY AND CAPITAL NEEDS PROTECTION.

Mexico needs no interference: It can and will work out its own destiny. The forces of social evolution are at work there as they are at work everywhere, and out of its suffering and travail will be born a new life of progress and advancement