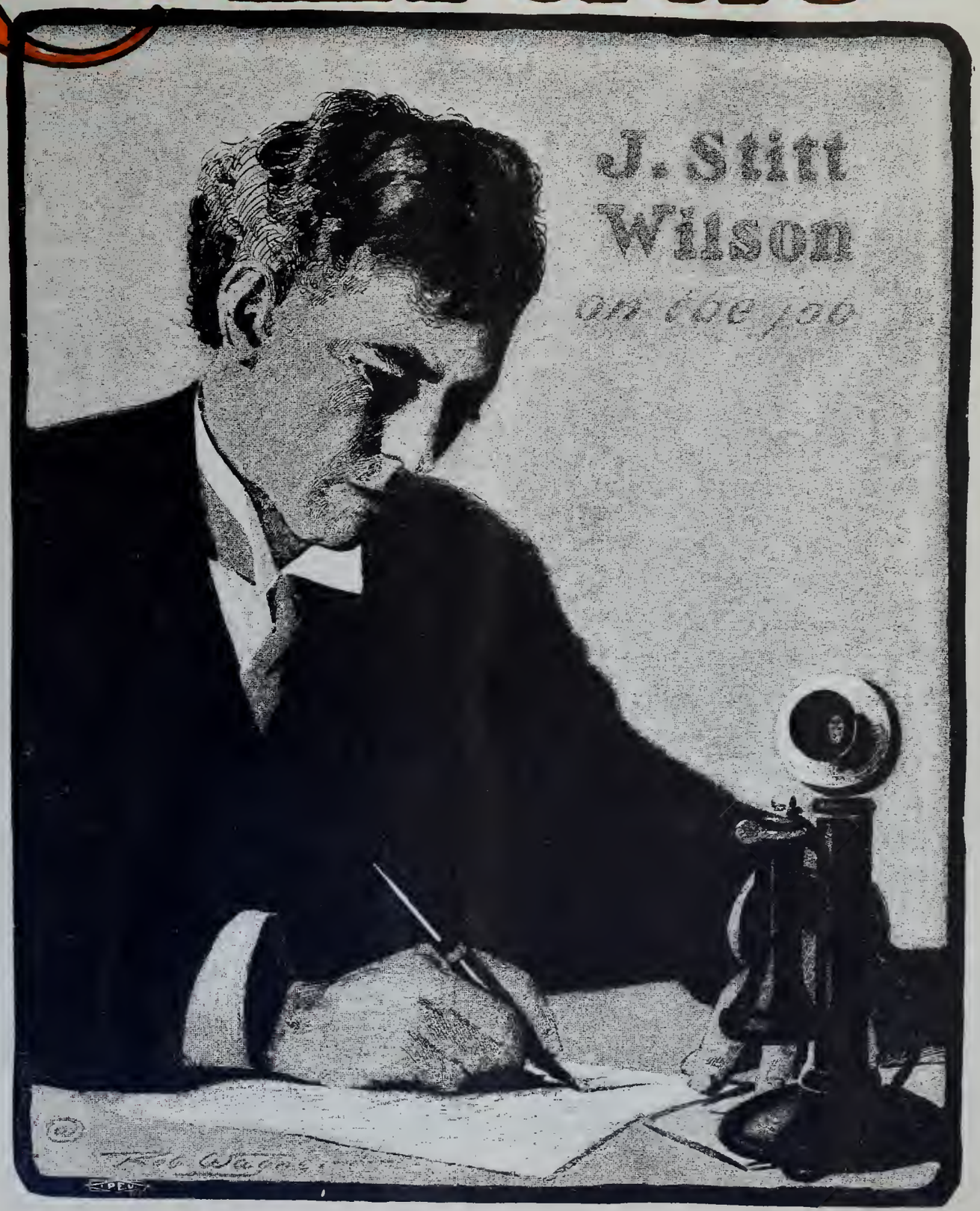
SEPTEMBER, 1913 TEN CENTS

The Western Comrade



Editorial Office Chat

It is with more than the usual amount of satisfaction that we open this little talk with the friends of The Western Comrade. First of all there is a new department tucked away in the pages for you. It has been felt that there should be some means of keeping the Socialists in touch with the intercollegiate movement. The desire has been voiced many times by the readers of the magazine, and the fruit is now in the basket. This month E. E. Hitchcock bows to you as the author who will conduct the new department. This is to be one of the practical, helpful, information dissembling pages of the magazine.

* * *

Just a word here to those who ramble in the world of writer folk. The Western Comrade wants to know you and The Western Comrade readers want to know your work. If you have something that you want to give to the movement this magazine is ready to serve as the go-between.

* * *

Three beautiful photographs were published to illustrate an article about "Frank F. Stone; a Sculptor With a Message," in the August number of The Western Comrade. These photographs were taken especially for this magazine by Carl K. Broneer. Inadvertently credit was omitted last month.

* * *

Among the really big things offered by The Western Comrade in the next number will be a thorough review of the work of the Socialist Party in California. This will be written by Stanley B. Wilson, who is just completing a tour of the entire state in which he has reached every section. What he will have to say will be of intense interest to every comrade in the West. Rob Wagner, whose drawing of J. Stitt Wilson appears on the cover of this number, will write for the next Western Comrade the wonderful story of Parnassus. Parnassus is a vision that is just budding into reality. You will want to read this story—and all of the others that will come to you in the next Western Comrade.

* * *

Saving the most important matter to the last, you will now picture to yourself the interior of the sanctum wherein the business manager passes the time in strenuous pursuit of gold and silver. The business manager is saying to you that it is absolutely necessary that we have more subscriptions. He means what he is saying. He says that each subscriber should secure at least one new subscriber at once. It is absolutely necessary. The editors are giving you the best magazine possible. It will be made still better as it grows. You, the readers who have tested the magazine, are the ones to secure the subscribers that will mean growth and improvement. Go now, out into the green pastures—or even over the brown desert—and GET THAT ELUSIVE SUBSCRIBER!

The Western Comrade

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He came with a message, a beautiful vision. For a few moments, the people listened as he told how the world might take the debris of the centuries and build a beautiful palace, how the battle-fields of life might be changed to gardens of love, how the thorns of existence might blossom into red roses.

One man said:

"Beautiful sentiments, indeed, but you are a hundred years ahead of your time. The future will glory in your dreams, but the present can have none of them. You were born too soon.'

This grieved the young poet. He had hoped his message would be as a spring-blessed oasis to thirsty desert-folk; so, he went away to give himself to the dreary task of changing his message, respinning his dreams, hoping thus to make himself a son of the present. At last, he returned to the people and again spoke to them. They listened attentively for a while, but seemed unimpressed.

"You are a hundred years behind the times," someone told him.

The Gun Is Not Our Weapon

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

LEAVING the moral side of the question entirely out of consideration, labor must leave the gun alone in its conflict with capital.

Economic conditions determine morals to a large extent and IF labor could reconstruct economic conditions through measures that the ruling class would consider morally wrong that would be no reason for hesitancy on the part of labor.

Purely and simply on the ground that it is bad tactics, labor MUST let guns alone!

Every time there is a bit of gun play labor loses and loses ignominiously. The Industrial Workers of the World lose some of their magnitude of name and splendor of phraseology when the forces of law and order unlimber and wheel into action.

The cold truth of the matter is that gun play doesn't pay labor and the most outstanding, big-type reason is that the other fellow packs a bigger gun, has more rounds of ammunition at his belt and more rations in his haversack.

Morality aside, the TACTICS are wrong!

Take a case in point—Wheatland. Grant—which we possibly do not—that Wheatland was a planned point of attack, that certain leaders had intended to force better conditions through violence. The smoke of the first shot had not ceased to curl sickishly away from the barrel of the ugly automatic before the telegraph wires were hot between Wheatland and SACRAMENTO!

Sacramento is the capital. From there the governor may wire to all of the armories that dot the great state. He may call for TROOPS! And the governor did call for troops and he had them at Wheatland before breakfast.

The governor said, "This foolery must stop." And it DID stop. The state packed a bigger gun by far than the starved and exploited little band of misguided zealots at Wheatland. And the troops had all of the great state to FEED them and to keep them supplied with ammunition. So, when the governor said, "There must be no more fooling," he had the power to see that no more workingmen tried to get food via the gun. He declared that he would put a stop to rioting at Wheatland if he had to call out every soldier in the state. And he HAD that power. Moreover, every other governor in every other state has that power and above all stands the president with the national army and navy at HIS command. And ALL of these officials represent THE SYSTEM. Not one represents labor. Governor Hiram Johnson of California is as close to the working class as any governor that any old party ever will elect. He is as sympathetic and has as good an understanding of labor as any governor ever will have until class conscious labor elects ITS candidates.

And the point of that is that when Governor Johnson says "foolery" and calls for the soldiers and backs up the masters with the armed power of the state, that means that EVERY governor will do the same thing. If this progressive is willing and eager to "go the limit" what would a conservative, frankly pro-capital man do? He might be more cruel, but he could not be more EFFECTIVE!

The fact is that the gun-toting working man is outnumbered, out-fed, out-classed, out-everythinged! He hasn't a chance and he never will have and the sooner certain brands of "rev-v-volutionists" discover the fact the better for those workingmen who are accustomed to taking their remedies according to somebody else's prescription, rather than from their own study.

Every clash that can be cited proves the same lesson that is taught by this pitiful, tragic little clash at Wheatland. At Wheatland a district attorney, a cruel capitalist prosecutor, a real enemy, mind you, was actually killed. A deputy sheriff and a constable also were killed and the sheriff was desperately wounded. But the STATE came to their aid and the state is as big as ALL OF US, whether we will or no.

The state is a political unit. All of us vote as to how it should be conducted. A minority of us do not like the way the ballots total up, but we cannot help that, until we can get a majority. Until then we have to pay our share toward all of the expense of the state, INCLUDING THE COST OF THE SOLDIERY THAT IS CALLED OUT IN TIME OF STRIKE! We have to do that. We have NO CHOICE! And so we DO it.

That means that when labor is battling for bread and the masters call for troops we have to help fight against ourselves—at least we have to pay the bill, which is the same thing. And how hopeless is it for a few men to arm themselves against the state, towards the armament of which ALL OF US must contribute.

The man with the gun is an outlaw and all of the forces of the law are lined up against him to capture him. He is BOUND TO BE A MINORITY! His only recourse is to become a political MAJORITY and OUTLAW the other fellow. When he becomes a political majority then control of all of the powers of the STATE pass to him and THE STATE WILL TOTE HIS GUN and enforce HIS WILL!

That is the program of labor; must be! POLITICAL SUPREMACY is the only way out, purely as a matter of tactics.

It must be admitted that shooting is a much more grave thing than voting. A man will vote right more quickly than he will shoot. And until he is capable of voting in his own interest he most assuredly is not capable of shooting in his own interest—for (and mark this well) if he DID shoot true to his interest and if he WON, had he not the sense to VOTE right in the first place he would not have sense enough to know what to do with victory if he gained it by the gun!

The capitalist is not worried through fear of what labor will do with guns, so long as the capitalist controls the state and the guns of the state, for the state has so many more guns than labor can ever hope to have. Labor can never hope to have guns enough to cope with capital in gun play, until labor has learned to vote right—and then labor will have no use for guns. Voting is so much easier and safer and more UP-TO-DATE!

Drop the foolish, nonsensical, dangerous, barbaric, unlabor-like talk of sabotage and gun play and STUDY THE USE OF THE BALLOT. Learn its power. Learn ORGANIZATION at the ballot box and learn how to USE political power after it has been gained.

A Warning

By Eleanor Wentworth

WEARYING of their game of tag in the garden, the flower-scented breeze and the saucy, golden moonbeams frolicked through the window into the room where the woman sat with her sleeping babe. They wove a charming spell around her, under whose influence she was carried far ahead in the course of years.

She saw her boy as a man. There seemed no doubt that all the wishes her mother heart had conceived for him were fulfilled. She saw him, in those years to come, a sturdy man in mind and body; loved by his fellows for his kindness and respected for his wisdom. More than this, she noted that the soft, ingenious lines about the mouth, which she had so loved in the child, were not hardened in the man and that his eyes still mirrored the frankness and idealism of youth.

A far-off, ominous murmur scattered her dream. So strange a sound was it that involuntarily she shuddered with apprehension. A lioness might feel so when scenting danger to her cubs.

The murmur became a dull, heavy roar, oppressing the night air. Closer and closer it came from beyond the distant houses, revealing itself at last as the harsh roll of a military drum, encored by the tread of legion soldiers' feet. The woman heard it coming on steadily until it was in her own street, beneath her own window. The figures of the soldiers cast uncouth, weird shadows into the room, where previously the moonbeams and the breeze alone had dared to intrude. With hideous noise the drum routed the silence even from the most secluded niches. Tramp, tramp, tramp, roll, roll, roll, the echoes reverberated, each sound cutting the woman to the quick.

Unconsciously she stepped to the window and gazed with the fascination of fear at the rhythmic step of the human automatons, whose actions and equipment were so suggestive of sinister intentions. There flew to her mind a scene of battle where this machine of men was doing its ruthless work. In one instant hearts around which mothers had woven tenderness, were overcome with the lust to kill. In a single rush beautiful bodies for which mothers had suffered and toiled, were reduced to an unsightly mass of blood and bruised flesh. The same drum marshalled the luckless ones and with fiendish arrogance beat a count of the score of human lives against the Dollars in the pockets of the Money Gods. In a last wild glance at this imagined scene of carnage, the mother saw her son's white face among the slain, the still, staring eyes revealing the fact that though they were open, they saw nothing.

In a single bound she was beside the cradle. The child was still sleeping peacefully. With a fluttering heart she contrasted the picture which the passing soldiery had aroused with the happy dreams of the future that she had entertained such a short while before.

She moved slowly from the cradle to the window and looked out into the night. The soldiers were gone, only the faintest murmur from beyond a distant hill hinting at their recent presence.

The woman was again alone with the breeze, the moonbeams, and her child. And her fear—her stalking, naked fear.

The Story of a Socialist Mayor

By J. STITT WILSON
Former Mayor of Berkeley, Cal.

"YOU are nominated for mayor. You must accept. Great chance for propaganda. Need not neglect the state at large. Answer within two days." So ran the night letter signed by H. I. Stern, which I received at Stockton on the morning of February 23, 1911.

Harriman and I were making a tour of the San Joaquin Valley on behalf of the labor bills before the legislature at that time, and against the legislation "a-la-Mulhall" which was pending.

I had lived in Berkeley nine years, but never in all that time had the comrades ever suggested me for a local office. Nor had I ever thought of such a thing. In fact at the time of the local elections in 1909, I was in England, and previous to that we Socialists of Berkeley could all be seated in a ten by twelve room.

Harriman and I had had a big mass meeting the night before. We had occupied the same room and when I handed him the telegram to read, he just roared. "The idea," said Harriman. "Berkeley! Why, Wilson, your vote would be so small it would be a joke." And Job moralized on the "bourgeois" city that I was condemned to abide in. "The last city in the state, Wilson, that will elect a Socialist. Don't accept it."

And I agreed with Harriman that I would not accept. I had two days to think it over, however. That night we went on to Modesto. Another big meeting. Next morning I rose to take the early train for Berkeley. Job called out of his bed his final advice, "Don't accept."

Arriving in Berkeley we had a day left in which to file the nomination papers. Stern came up hot-foot. He would not take "no" for an answer. "Sleep over it tonight," said he; "noon tomorrow somebody's nomination papers must be in the hands of the city clerk."

That night I "waked" over it, rather than slept. And when day dawned I had the "hunch"—I would accept. I would run. I would be elected. I could fill a whole issue about this "hunch." It was a remarkable experience. We hustled around, got the names on the petition just in the nick of time, and away went the battle, hard and heavy, until April 1, 1911, when Berkeley, city of schools, city of churches, city of wealth and the "bourgeois," actually elected a Socialist mayor. And that night the main street of the town was one solid mass of howling humanity, carrying the said Socialist mayor shoulder high through the town. Never in the history of this conservative placid community had it lost its head before.

Two years before the Socialist candidate for mayor, Masow, received 188 votes, and Hodghead, his opponent, was elected on the first ballot with 2520 votes. Masow's vote was less than ten in each of eleven precincts. This time, two years later, with a light primary vote, I had 2749 votes, against Hodghead's 2468. I also was elected on the first ballot. We carried five out of six sections of the city.

Three weeks later, after a fight fiercer than ever, the aforementioned H. I. Stern, old war-horse, was elected to the school board, and John A. Wilson to the council. Some thought the judgment day had come. No correct analysis of these Socialist victories has ever been made. Some day we may attempt it. Here we merely set down the facts. My "hunch" never left me except for one or two dark days when the campaign got balky, and then it came back like a Niagara, and in my soul defeat seemed impossible, though on the external defeat seemed inevitable.

* * * * * * *

Three months later, as goes the charter, July 1, we three entered upon our official duties. I had studied municipal affairs for years. Like all Socialists, all such problems from a general standpoint had been before my mind. But now I was confronted with the actual, concrete, detail of the mayor's office, the far greater proportion of my duties being the routine affairs of city government.

Now that those two years are past and I am no longer mayor, I will tell the comrades one of the inward vows I took as I walked into my office and unlocked my desk for the first time. I vowed that while I was in that office every act and word and plan would be such that the whole city would be compelled to honor and approve—not Stitt Wilson—but the Socialist official, that my comrades everywhere would never need to apologize for my executive acts, or be ashamed of them. I vowed I would not only do my whole duty as a man to the city and the citizens, but I would make it impossible for the pursuing critics to attack the "Socialist administration" as it was popularly called.

And I kept that vow. I gave the strictest attention to the pettiest details of the mayor's office. I was on hand. Citizens not only found me on duty in the office, but freely called at my home, and kept the phone busy early and late. Without being officious, I familiarized myself with the functions and work of every department of the city. I knew the city cash account better than my own. I balanced the various needs of the city with its possible and then its actual income. I must say that the non-Socialists in the council very soon graciously yielded to my judgment in city finances, and practically permitted me to make the second half-yearly budget, readjusting the city expenditures. In short I was simply fanatical in my attention to the municipal affairs. Whatever I did do or did not do, that was my state of mind. I never let a day pass without doing that day's work, and no Saturday noon ever came with a bunch of left-overs.

Our opponents were camping on our trail. Some of them ached and longed for the new Socialist mayor to blunder. And blunders may easily come, let me say, to inexperienced city officials. When finally our Socialist comrades on the school board (a separate board) "made the blunder" (!) of not retaining the appointee of our beaten opponents as school superintendent, war broke out. They would "recall" these school directors, and then they would "get the mayor," and sweep the whole lot of us out of office under the disgrace of the recall! The history of that famous recall is familiar. Our opponents surely met their Waterloo. We beat them two to one in the hardest and bitterest political contest this city has ever known, hundreds of voters who had formerly opposed us now sustaining us after being eight months in office.

The ordinary affairs of municipal administration I will touch upon in another paragraph. Here let me refer particularly to the distinctly Socialist proposals which I urged upon the council and which they turned down. As a matter of fact Berkeley has never had a "Socialist administration." There has been a Socialist mayor and one councilman in a board of five. The anti-Socialist majority worked harmoniously with us on general municipal matters, but stood pat for capitalism each time we presented a genuine Socialist proposition.

Had we had one more man on the council I believe Berkeley would have had by this time a municipal telephone, a municipal electric lighting plant, a municipal market and it would be standing out as a beacon light on the subject of taxation of land values. And before now a whole advanced program would be laid out to supplement the municipal labor bureau which we did get through, a program by which men would be employed, vacant land put under cultivation and value placed upon human beings, now the mere flotsam and jetsam in the labor market.

But let us not be too severe. This city had 188 Socialist votes for mayor in 1909. It would be nothing short of municipal miracle if the council had come through with Socialistic proposals in 1911.

On each of these objects we set our hearts, and the Socialist local and comrades did their part nobly and well, especially on the municipal market. I gave months of special study to the matter of electric lighting and municipal telephone and personally prepared elaborate reports for the council. In all this work we constantly sowed the public mind with Socialist criticism of capitalism and constructive Socialist thought. Perhaps a few stray paragraphs from my messages to the council may hint the nature of the doctrine we preached in season and out of season.

The general municipal policy was summed up in this sentence: "I believe that the city administration should seek to secure the necessities and the advantages of city life, for the use and enjoyment of the humblest family, and to put these things into our hands at the lowest possible cost for the best possible service. . . . In the twentieth century we should never permit huge corporate monopolies to hold us at their mercy and charge us all the traffic will bear for the absolute necessities of life."

In a long document against a telephone merger and for a municipal telephone system for the whole bay region, I said: "Let us place the telephone in every home, shop and ranch. Let the rates be reduced to cost of operation and placed within the reach of every workingman and rancher in all this populous area. The average citizen now pays twice as much a year to have a telephone in his house as he pays for all the street cleaning, street lighting, police and fire service the city government provides. Such a public utility should be removed from the realm of private monopoly."

In the first move for an electric lighting system I used these words: "There is but one problem right now before the American people—that is to deliver the real producers of wealth from the exploitation of the privileged interests and giant monopolies. The one supreme issue is: The People vs. The Plutocracy."

No matter what came before the city or the council it was interpreted from our Socialist viewpoint and the local press gave us all the space we could use. Never could any press be more generous than the Berkeley papers were to us. We got our ideas before the people.

On the taxation of land values and on the municipal market complete and elaborate matter was presented; also supporting the Weldon amendment. Space will not permit quotations. But on all these projects that "solid three" voted us down. I could not get a majority even for a resolution endorsing the present amendment providing for local option in taxation.

This was my sorrow as a Socialist mayor that I did not have enough support in the council to carry out our program. But the work done on behalf of these projects is solid and enduring and is bound to bear fruit; and our proposals will have to be eventually faced and undertaken. In the meantime we have done a greatly needed work in educating the people on the subject.

* * * * * * *

In this paragraph I can only make a list of the important municipal improvements which shall mark my administration in Berkeley. I copy the list from my annual report to the city council on vacating the office:

1. Municipal incinerator.
2. Municipal garage and ambulance.
3. Municipal laboratory.
4. Municipal employment bureau.
5. Perfection of the police flashlight system.
6. Additional fire department.
7. New heating apparatus.
8. Extensive street improvements.
9. Spotless town campaigns.
10. New corporation yards.
11. Passing sewer bonds.

* * * * * * *

Just a word about municipal finances. When I entered the city hall of Berkeley we had but $12,000 surplus in the general fund. At the close of my first year we had a net balance of $27,000. When I took charge the total funds available from all sources was $32,000, but I left for my successor $60,000, besides $50,000 in the treasury for the incinerator. One of the attacks made during our campaign was that the Socialists would ruin the finance of the city; that the candidate for mayor was a good "talker," but "what business could be attend to?" This criticism was soon silenced. The finances of the city of Berkeley were never in better condition and everybody knows it.

Moreover, strange to say, I introduced an amendment to the city charter providing that the tax rate might be raised to $1.00 for purely municipal purposes, that is, an increase of 25 cents. I wrote and talked and worked for this increase and the people carried it by a big majority. We did not raise the rate, but simply provided for a raise by charter amendment for future emergencies.

* * * * * * *

And when my day was done, I had kept my vows, though having met reverses at the hands of the "system." But I could not get the consent of my conscience to take that post another two years, in a minority relation. The council holds four years. I consider the passing period right now the most crucial in the history of the nation. My greatest service to the workers and to the nation, I concluded, was to be done in some other place. I am now again on the firing line, carrying the Socialist message to ears that have never heard it all over the state. I have never had such audiences. Six weeks of work since I left the mayor's office have convinced me beyond the shadow of a doubt that I did the right and wise thing.

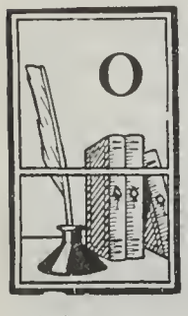
And on the day I left the city hall, the Socialists in Berkeley for the first time entered into a majority relation in a public body. On the day I went out of office Comrade Elvina S. Beals took her seat on the school

(Continued on page 196)

The Terrible Mining Game

A Plea for Federal Control

By DR. JOHN R. HAYNES

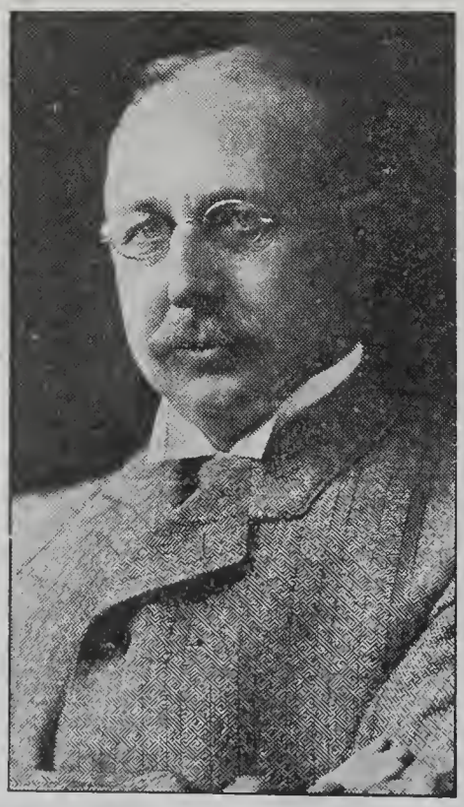


OF ALL the nations of the earth, America is the most wasteful of the lives of its citizens. Seventy-five thousand of our people are killed each year by accidents, of which number thirty-five thousand are workmen slain while engaged in their daily occupations. If we add to these figures the number of the wounded and crippled in industry, we shall find that Mr. Mercer, of the Minnesota Employees Compensation Commission, is not far wrong in claiming that industry now kills and cripples more each year than did bullet and shrapnel in any year of the civil war.

Of all American industries coal mining is the most hazardous. From three to five thousand coal miners are annually killed outright and from eight to ten thousand are seriously injured in the United States. Since 1890 more than 30,000 coal miners have been killed and more than 80,000 have been seriously injured. In the single state of Pennsylvania in the year 1907 alone more than 1000 miners were killed, leaving nearly that number of widows and 3410 children under 10 years of age.

Mr. Joseph Holmes, director of the Federal Bureau of Mines, declares that 75 per cent of the mining fatalities in the United States could be easily prevented.

While the average annual death rate from mining accidents in Europe runs, per 1000 men employed, below two, and in the case of France and Belgium is less than one, in the United States the rate in 1907 was, for the single year, 4.86 lives lost for each 1000 men employed; in other words, our death rate in that year through mining accidents was about five times that of France and Belgium and about three times that of other European countries. Perhaps the most discouraging feature of the whole situation is the fact that statistics show that, while the death rate during the past ten or fifteen years has been steadily decreasing in every European country, it has been steadily increasing in the United States.



DR. JOHN R. HAYNES

This is not due to more dangerous natural conditions in the United States, for the contrary is actually the case. Three distinguished European experts, Messrs. Victor Watteyne, inspector general of mines, Belgium; Carl Meissner, councilor for mines, Germany; and Arthur Desborough, inspector of explosives, England, who were permitted by their respective governments to accept the invitation of the Government of the United States to make an examination of American mines, after an extensive investigation in the year 1908, unanimously reported that the natural conditions in American mines were much better than in Europe.

The human conditions, however, they found generally bad. As compared with European mining methods, they found, briefly, the following: Ignorance on the part of mining superintendents, ignorance on the part of miners, slackness in the rules regulating the use of safety lamps, carelessness in permitting the accumulation of dry coal dust, use of coal dust in tamping charges, negligence of state officials in acting upon the reports of inspectors, incompetence of state inspectors, carelessness in the arrangement and use of electricity in mines, use of improperly compounded explosives, the use of excessive charges of explosives, the use of wooden shaft structures, and the failure to provide more than one opening to the mine.

First among the causes of the high fatality rate in American mines may be placed the ignorance and carelessness of superintendents and other mine officials. One of the European experts to whom I have referred—whose name I am not privileged to mention—told me that while passing through a mine in West Virginia with a party carrying both naked and safety lamps he lifted his lamp toward the roof to test for gas and was surprised to find it present in very dangerous quantities. Turning to the mine superintendent, he remarked, "You should not allow naked lamps to be used in this mine." "Oh," replied the superintendent, easily, "we are installing a ventilating system that in a few months will rid the mine entirely of gas and render the use of safety lamps unnecessary." "Before that time arrives," protested the European expert, "your mine will be blown up." And this is precisely what happened. The naked lamps were not excluded, the mine was blown up a few weeks later, and hundreds of miners lost their lives.

Some of the states have nominal examinations and grant licenses to superintendents and foremen; but they are of little value, as is shown in the case of the large mine just mentioned.

In another mine a foreman, testing in the early morning, found gas in dangerous quantities. Not being able to write, he laid a piece of iron across the railroad track before the entry, assuming that the miners would guess that it was a danger signal, and went to breakfast. The miners coming later not unnaturally failed to understand the purpose of the piece of iron. Supposing that it had come there by accident, they removed it from the track and passed on into the dangerous section, where every man lost his life.

In Europe a situation where a mine foreman could not read would not be understood. There every mining official is a man of intelligence, thoroughly grounded in the principles of his profession; no other can secure a license. Shall we go on in this country, clinging to our inefficient system of state regulation of an industry that is essentially interstate in character until we have uselessly sacrificed the lives of tens of thousands

more poor miners before we stop this slaughter under the only practical system of safety, the federal regulation of the mines?

A state mining inspector in Alabama reported to the state officials, after each visit to the Virginia mine near Birmingham, that there was a large accumulation of dry coal dust in the mining hallways. These reports were correctly stamped and filed away in the proper pigeon hole, until one day the coal dust became ignited, the bowels of the earth were torn asunder by a terrific explosion, and a few days later the bodies of 160 miners were brought to the surface. The inspector had made his examination all right; the state official had filed the report all right; the only trouble was that nothing was done about the coal dust.

In Europe the one distinguishing characteristic of mine management is the careful, prudent foresight with which the miners' lives are safeguarded. In America the one universal characteristic is the reckless disregard of the morrow, the criminal disregard of the considerations of safety. The Cherry, Ill., disaster, in which 350 miners lost their lives, was caused by a boy pushing a tramcar, loaded with hay for the mules, against an open torch stuck in the walls of the hallway. Such management in the case of either the hay or the lighting would have been impossible in any European mine. The Austrian consul, in rendering to his government the report of the catastrophe, charges the operators with criminal carelessness and negligence in seven different specified particulars.

Newly arrived immigrants are very cheap. While it would cost something, say one cent per ton of coal mined, to make conditions comparatively safe, the present system is perhaps cheaper. It is doubtful if the average miner killed during the last twenty years has cost his employer $50 in damages paid to his dependents. If these men were slaves worth about $2000 apiece, as in antebellum days, they would not have killed 30,000 of them in 20 years, bringing upon themselves a loss of $60,000,000. They would have made their mines as safe as those in Europe or else have gone out of business.

It is doubtful if there is a mine today in the United States which could pass the inspection which is required of all mines in Europe in the matter of careful minute precautions against accidents. State regulations, for the reasons I have mentioned, will never solve the problem. We have had a good deal of state legislation in the past few years having for its object the lessening of dangers in mining; but it has been in just these years that the highest mortality ever known in the history of mining in any country has taken place in American state-regulated mines. In a mining disaster at Marianna, Pa., costing the lives of about 160 men, the state mining inspector had just completed his inspection, pronounced everything to be in perfect condition, and had proceeded a short distance from the mouth of the shaft when a fearful roar shook the earth, and he turned to see the heavy iron cage from which he had just stepped out torn from its chains and hurled a distance of 300 feet, bearing in its flight the bodies of the two men who had it in charge.

State inspection has never been efficient, is not now, and there is no reason to believe that it will become efficient in the future. The federal government must take hold of the situation and use compulsion. An advisory relation to the miners on the part of the Federal Bureau of Mines is good, but it does not go far enough; it must not only be able to make recommendations, but it must be able to compel the mine owners to carry them out. A federal system of rescue stations equipped with oxygen helmets and other safety apparatus deserves great praise. However, the essential thing is not to rescue survivors after an explosion has taken place, but for the representative of the federal government to be able to say, "Your mine is unsafe; you must do this, and this, at once, otherwise your products will be debarred from interstate commerce." Prevention, not cure, should be the policy.

Now, how should the federal government take hold of this matter? We advocate the following plan:

The establishment, by congressional enactment, of a permanent commission of, say, five members, analogous in character to the Interstate Commerce Commission; this commission to have complete power to prescribe the conditions under which coal entering into interstate commerce shall be mined, just as the federal government at present passes upon the character and conditions under which meat products enter into interstate commerce. This commission should have power to appoint Federal mining inspectors and to enact regulations for all coal entering into interstate commerce. The members, to be appointed by the President, should consist of three scientific men, selected for their special eminence in the subject of coal mining; one practical coal miner; and one business man of experience in the mining and marketing of coal. This commission should be empowered: First, to appoint its own inspectors; second, to pass and enforce regulations protecting the lives of the miners; and, third, to prevent the waste of coal in mining (now nearly one-half) for the benefit of future generations.

In the case of coal lands still owned by the nation—still one-third of the total coal area—protection of the miners can be most effectively secured by retaining the ownership in the hands of the whole people and operating them either directly by the Government or through leases in which the provisions are made for safety regulations such as have proved so effective in saving life in European mines.

Mr. Broderick, chief mining inspector of Pennsylvania, states that with an additional cost of about one cent per ton coal mined in Pennsylvania safety precautions could be introduced which would reduce the number of fatalities one-half. In other words, of the 8893 miners killed in Pennsylvania in the period from 1899 to 1908, inclusive, the lives of 4447 miners could have been saved by merely increasing the cost of coal production to the extent of one cent per ton.

Is it good business to slaughter miners in order to save a cent a ton which it would cost to protect them?

When the American people understand conditions, they will be righted. We do not understand them yet. When we read in the papers that some 300 miners were killed in the Menengah disaster, 350 at the Cherry mine, as many more at Connellsville, and so on, the statements are mere figures to us, they have no human meaning. But if we could stand at the mouth of the mine upon its reopening after an explosion and behold the seemingly endless column of charred bodies borne hour after hour to the surface; if we could witness the long line of hearses on their way to the hillside burial ground; if we could hear the heartbreaking sobs of stricken widows mingled with the pitiful wails of little children bereft of their fathers; if we could go in the days that follow to the bare homes deprived of their breadwinners, and find that the little children have been taken out of school to gain their little pittance in the coal breakers; if we could see these things we would realize that it is not a question of "states' rights" or "constitutionalism"; we would see that it is a question

of protecting the lives and the homes of our humble workers.

When, after years of weak and inefficient state regulation of impure food products, the American people decided that they wished their lives and their homes protected by the strong and far-reaching arm of the federal government, all kinds of constitutional objections were brought to bear by the manufacturers of impure products. They feared for the future of our country if the constitution was to be so trampled upon at the expense of the sovereignty of the states. But when we decided that we wanted it, the lawyers found a way for us. Uncle Sam now places his inspectors in the packing houses of Kansas City and thereby protects the homes of New York and San Francisco. The question for us is, do we really want the lives and the homes of these poor miners protected? If we do—really, earnestly do—the lawyers will arrange the constitutional problems involved.

At the best the coal miner leads a hard life, in the depths of the mine, shut out from the light of the sun, breathing all day foul air and gases, prone by his occupation to tuberculosis and other diseases, living with his family usually in dirty, smoke-covered villages, bare of trees and vegetation, all this for miserable wages, in order that you and I may enjoy our bright firesides, and that the business of the nation, through factory and railroad, may go on. Is it not the least that we can do for these poor fellows to see that the present farce of state regulation should not stand in the way of a strong interstate mining commission that will protect them against the useless, foolish, and unnecessary waste of life which now characterizes our American mining industry?

A Woman's Hat

By E. BACKUS

MRS. JONES bought a new hat this week and her husband is growling about it. Well, he has a right to growl, for the good woman was a bit extravagant this time. She paid twenty dollars for a creation in brown and blue, with a big ostrich feather on the summit. It is about such a hat as would have cost her father seven or eight dollars before she married Jones.

Jones is a good mechanic—earns four dollars a day and likes to see his wife well dressed—yet in this case he demurred at spending five days' hard work for a hat that will be out of style in three or four months.

Probably it will be of interest to both Mr. and Mrs. Jones to analyze the price of that hat and find why it cost so much.

Nature charged nothing for the original raw material of the straw, silk and ostrich feather, but the silkworm breeder, the wheat raiser and the ostrich farmer each figured their prices from a schedule something like this:

Labor, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Taxes, Profit.

Then each of these articles were taken to factories where the silk was spun, dyed, woven and finished; the straw was bleached, sorted and braided; the feather was split, bleached, curled and fluffed, and then each manufacturer added to the cost of the materials a list of items like this:

Transportation, Labor, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Taxes.

Next the goods were collected by the wholesalers—probably passing through at least two of these establishments, each of which added another bill of costs comprised of the familiar items:

Transportation, Advertising, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Taxes, Profit.

It will be noticed that the cost of transportation is added at each stage, and it is worthy of mention that in every case that cost is made up of such items as:

Labor, Advertising, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Profit.

Now at the last stage the milliner purchases the materials at a price that is the sum total of those accumulated charges. She proceeds to manufacture the creation that make the trouble for Mr. Jones, and adds for his benefit a scale of charge that must include:

Labor, Advertising, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Taxes, Profit.

The sum total of these charges is the twenty dollars that Mr. Jones so strongly objects to.

By running back over the list it will be noticed that Mr. Jones has not only paid the people who actually raised and cared for the silk-worms, wheat and ostriches, prepared the materials for use, carried them to the millinery shop and wove them into the hat—but also he has contributed to the support of a very much larger number of people who levied tribute on every stage of the process by means of:

Advertising, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Taxes, Profits.

Now a certain class of people known as Socialists have suggested that hats as well as all other necessities of life, should be produced under a system of National Co-operation, where such items as:

Advertising, Rent, Interest, Insurance, Taxes, Profit would be entirely eliminated, and at every stage of production one item only would enter into the cost. That item would be—LABOR.

As the actual time consumed in producing the materials of that hat, manufacturing, transporting, assembling and making would certainly be not to exceed five hours, Mrs. Jones can figure that she could afford a new hat as often as the fashions might change under the Socialist system.

In fact the difference between five hours and five days is just about the sum of the total advantage to the workingman between Socialism and Capitalism.

* * *

Mrs. Jones says: "What makes me mad is that Jones had to work four days and one-half earning hats and luxuries for the wives of a lot of other men, before he could work five hours to get me a hat."

I hold that the two crowning and most accursed sins of society of this present day are the carelessness with which it regards the betrayal of women and the brutality with which it suffers the neglect of children.—John Ruskin.

"Capitalist civilization condemns the proletarian to vegetate in conditions of existence inferior to those of the savage."—Lafargue.

A Vision of the New Time

By DR. GEORGE W. CAREY

THERE are yet Epics to be written. The themes of poets and romancers have not been exhausted. The sleeping souls of great poems and thrilling romances rest on California hills and seaward cliffs, and in mountain gorges, beneath the fir and redwood's shade, and lie buried in the sand where sage and cactus grow, waiting the resurrecting hand and wizard touch of Imagination that will glorify the literature of ages yet to be. Grim witnesses of trials and tragedies are in evidence from Tamalpais to Point Loma, and the story that the Pacific keeps sacred in its archives will never be told "until the sea gives up its dead."

On the Mesas, the adobe soil of ancient Pueblos, and upon the rocks may be found the foot prints made by saints and savages when native and nature clashed with church and creed.

The power that lives and operates unseen behind the manifestations of Nature decides the destines of men, cities and nations. Babylon, Nineveh, Jerusalem, London, New York City, were fixtures in the Cosmic mind, before Orion swung his clustering Lamp of Peace across the Southern Sky, or the morning stars chanted the jubilee song of creation.

The sites of great cities are cut out, carved, upreared, by the artisans of wind and wave; of storm and rain; of cataclysmic shock and molten lava.

Later comes man, directed by the same power that prepared the way, and rears a city.

No antique city of Europe pleases the artistic eyes as does Los Angeles, "sitting on her hills of palms and olives like Jerusalem of old." To the north and east are the incomparable mountains of Southern California; while west and southwest the Balboa sea spreads its clean page.

Glimmering waters and breakers
Far on the horizon's rim.
White sails and sea-gulls glinting
Away till the sight grows dim—
And shells spirit-painted with glory
Where sea-weeds beckon and nod—
Some people call it ocean
And others call it God.

Humboldt said that the center of the world's highest civilization would be found on the Pacific Coast, because climate, soil and geographical position favored the climax.

Secure in her strategic position Los Angeles has bided her time. The flow of human life was swept on to the world's extreme until the rising tide has found its level and the matchless city, full rounded and imperial smiles to find herself a Queen.

The Master builder said: "If ye have faith, ye may say to the mountain be thou cast into the sea and it shall be done."

And it came to pass; men have faith and are cleaving the hills and mountains in order that the Panama River may flow from the Atlantic Ocean to the Balboa Sea and lay the treasures of the world at the feet of the modern "Queen of Sheba" seated on a throne surpassing in wealth and splendor the Ancient realm of Solomon.

The Queen's dominion spreads with every Circle of the sun. Her cottage homes and palaces push on over the hills and nestle in the shade of the Sierra Madre Mountains. They spread out over the plain to the southwest until they front the Sea and look upon the white manes of the smoking horses of Neptune that forever charge against San Pedro's Sea-ward Cliffs.

The East is just over there in the West and the strange people of the Orient may now journey East to find the Western Queen. Load the camels, dark-eyed Egyptian. Set thy face toward the land "o'ershadowed by an eagle's wings," thou dweller on the Nile, for our Queen has spread the feast and invited the guests.

Here upon the westmost verge of freedom's exultant Empire the Spirit of Asia will infuse itself into Western enterprise, the old will be gathered together as a scroll and a new parchment will be unrolled that will proclaim the gospel of truth, science and philosophy.

I slept and dreamed. I saw the sunset of the old day of sacred chivalry; the day when faith was both simple and terrific.

"The world turned on in the lathe of time
The hot lands heaved amain
Till it caught its breath from the womb of death,
And crept into life again."

I dreamed that I stood upon a mountain peak in Southern California and looked towards the Balboa Sea. The desert blossomed and a commercial empire full rounded spread out before me. From Santa Monica to San Diego broad boulevards marked the ocean's beach and cliffs, castles and towers and temples were everywhere, and the "Voice of the Sea" chanted the Jubilee anthem of the victory of mind. The pathway of the eagle and the aeroplane lay parallel, and man talked to man across the spaces without wire or artificial transmitter or receiver; for the human brain had harnessed the Ether, and the telepathy of mind was regnant. Towns and cities had reached out friendly hands and altruism prevailed where selfishness had held sway. Architecture was uniform and stately. The animal instinct in man had evolved into human love and the miserable dwelling places called homes that offended esthetic, tastes in the days of poverty and competition had disappeared and in their places were Corinthian temples, frescoed, grained and gilded with gold.

I saw no locks on doors; no prisons. In this Eden there were no soldiers for the workers to support; no battleships nor forts.

In this land men and women did not hire out to another—did not sell their labor to the highest bidder, nor their souls for place, power or "distinction's worthless badge."

In this land of love and beauty there were no slaughter houses—no stock pens.

The fruits and grains and vegetables so bounteously yielded by Earth's breast supplied the wants of the sons and daughters of the fair land of my vision, and men no longer grew wealthy by the murder of men under the guise of war, nor by the murder of animals under the plea of necessity or the demands of greed.

I saw a race of people who worked and served for love, where co-operation had replaced competition, where love reigned instead of hate and envy.

In the land I saw, machines did the world's work,

and all the people owned all the machines. They did not make machines out of flesh and blood and muscle, but from wood and iron and steel.

The men and women in this Beulah land loved children more than they loved dogs and monkeys, and put human happiness before creeds, books, bibles, customs, laws, institutions, kings, queens, czars, kaisers, supreme courts or presidents.

The people in this Arcadia knew that the "Heavens declare the glory of God" and that "There is no language where their voices are not heard." These people knew that law is eternal and cannot be made, repealed or violated.

The products of labor, in this happy land, were distributed equally to all according to their needs, and there were no idle rich—no idle poor—no millionaires and no beggars. Above the material world I saw miraged in the air Cabrillo's phantom ship, the mission at Old Town, San Luis Obispo, Soledad, Dolores, San Gabriel, Santa Barbara, San Juan Capistrano, San Carlos, San Antonio, San Miguel, Los Angeles, San Juan. I saw the conquistadores, the Indian Neophytes, and heard their plaintive "Ave Marias." Some were counting beads and mumbling "Hail Marys" and some were weaving baskets. I saw the priests of the old time bow and kneel and make the sign of the cross; and in their midst, his face radiant as the sun, stood Junipero Sera, chanting "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." And then Ramona and Alessandro hand in hand, looked down upon me and smiled as they walked along El Camino Real in the clouds.

I awakened from my sleep and exclaimed. "It was not all a dream."

The wonderful Hebrew prophet and poet Isaiah wrote as follows: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose."

"The eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped."

"No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall grow up thereon; it shall not be there; but the redeemed shall walk there."

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The brotherhood of man is reality soon to be recognized. The Co-operative Commonwealth is not simply a dream of the visionary.

All concrete facts are materialized dreams. A dream of an ancient alchemist solidified in stone and the awful Sphinx sat down in Egypt's sand to gaze into eternity. Columbus dreamed and a white-sailed ship turned its prow west and ever west.

On uncharted seas, with an eternity of water ahead the good mate said, according to the fancy of Joaquin Miller, "Not even God would know if I and all my men dropped dead—and now good Admiral, what shall we do?

The Admiral said, "Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on."

Columbus remembered his dream, and "made good." Michael Angelo dreamed a thousand dreams and sleeping marble awoke and smiled. Hudson and Fulton dreamed and steamboats ran "over and under the seas."

The Pilgrim Fathers dreamed and America, the "marvel of nations," banners the skies with the Stars and Stripes.

Washington and Jefferson dreamed and the "New England farmer fired the shot heard "round the world."

The signers of the Declaration of Independence dreamed, and then sent their ultimatum across the Atlantic careering like a thunder storm against the gale to tell a gormandizing, drunken king, sitting on a throne of purple and gold, even as modern capitalism sits on the laborer's back, that they would no longer submit to his "tyranny, taxes and standing army in time of peace."

John Brown, Greeley, Garrison, Lovejoy, and Harriet Beecher Stowe dreamed of freedom for the chattel slave and then the monstrous idea that any person is good enough to own the body of another, be he black or white, was shot to death on the slippery slopes of Gettysburg and before the gates of Richmond.

Marcus Whitman and Lewis and Clarke dreamed long and hard and the bones of oxen and men and women and babes made a bridge across the desert sands and mountain gorges to the shores of the Sundown Sea, and now the Pullman cars come safely over.

Morse and Marconi and Edison dreamed strange, wild dreams and concentrated intelligence springs from carbon-crucible and says to earth's boundaries, "Lo! here am I."

Vibration of etheric substance
  Causing light through regions of space,
A girdle of something enfolding
  And binding together the race;
And words without wires transmitted,
  Aerial-winged, spirit-sandaled and shod;
Some call it electricity,
  And others call it God.

A mechanic dreamed and man sprang upon his automobile and drove it till the axles blazed and the spaces shriveled behind him. Men of high-strung, airy brains dreamed wondrous dreams, and now the eagle's highway and the open road of men lie parallel.

A musician dreamed a sweet harmonious dream and forth from a throat of brass directed by a million tiny fingers of steel came the entrancing notes that run riot through the singer's brain.

Karl Marx, Edward Bellamy, Henry George, Victor Berger, Eugene V. Debs, Stitt Wilson and a host of men and women, thrilled by the Divine Fire of Brotherhood, dreamed, and out of the vanishing clouds of war and competition there looms the outlines of the glorious temple of the co-operative commonwealth.

Dream on Men, dream on Women, for in the distance I hear the tramp of the mighty hosts of regenerated humanity coming to strike the shackles from your limbs.

Even now, amid the clash of contending armies and opposing interests I see the Commonwealth loom. The darkness of the water age—the flood that covered the whole earth shall pass away and the Ark of Humanity shall rest on the Ararat of Peace. The age of Realization has dawned.

The promise of a Regenerated Humanity has touched the mountain peaks of thought with resplendent light.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; shun him. He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is untaught; teach him. He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep; wake him. He who knows, and knows that he knows, is wise; follow him.—Arabian Proverbs.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
—Goldsmith.

The Flare of the New

By LILLIAN PELEE

THERE was unusual excitement in San Gabriel. Autos were darting about plastered with banners on which was blazoned, "Vote for Mills," "Vote for McCarty." The very air seemed tense.

Jane Kirk was putting on her hat. Startled by a clear peal of the doorbell and wondering who could be coming so early in the morning, she opened, and was greeted with:

"My dear Mrs. Kirk, won't you come with me in my machine? It isn't that I wish to influence your vote, though my husband is on the ticket. I believe in people voting as they like, but the polls are such a distance."

"Thank you," said Jane, amused; "but I enjoy the walk. On which ticket does Mr.—pardon, what is the name?"

The eager lady flushed:

"Why, don't you know Mr. Renolds? My husband is running for assemblyman on the Republican ticket."

"Oh!" The half-mocking smile appeared again.

"Then you won't come?"

"No, thank you."

Mrs. Reynolds jumped into the machine, and with an angry look was off.

Jane stood and looked after the disappearing woman. The smile flared up and displayed itself with fine scorn. Jane Kirk was a Socialist. Few of the people in San Gabriel knew what a Socialist really is, but it meant a change, and God forbid there should be any change in this perfect country of an almost perfect world; besides, she was known to have remarked:

"Advantages should not be decided before a child's birth, and each should have an equal opportunity."

She also had a most critical way of drawing comparisons—but, she remained in their midst, with them, though not of them.

As Jane started down the steps, she saw the postman coming.

"Letters?" she asked.

"No, Mrs. Kirk," cordially answered the postman. "Only your papers." It was the first time he had ever given her a civil reply. "You must do a heap of reading," he added.

"One must keep abreast of the times."

"Going to vote?" he queried.

She nodded.

"John Mills is a fine man."

Jane opened her paper. In big headlines was, "Frank Marks, 'A Bomb of Mental Dynamite!'"

She showed it to the postman. With a disgusted grunt, he passed on.

Jane Kirk had been a globe trotter, not for pleasure, but to earn a living. "Tired of forever going up and down another's stairs;" forever forming acquaintances which had not time to ripen into friendship, there came a need for repose. So, when she found this little village, she said:

"I will be an Arab no longer. Here I pitch my tent and rest."

Looking down the quiet street, with the grass peeping up through the crannies of the cobblestones, indicating that not enough feet had pressed them to stay their growth, her longing gaze rested on the little cottages with their yards and flowers. She began making inquiries as to land and values, for globe trotting had left her only enough for a few years' independence. When the villagers answered so genially, directing her to the places for sale so eagerly, she took them into her heart and named them "New Found Friends."

A tiny bungalow soon reared its proud head and sheltered Jane Kirk and her family. Gradually the petty littleness of some of her new found friends dawned upon her. They talked of God and against their neighbor in a breath. They spoke loudly on the blessedness of charity, and cheated at the same time.

But today everything was different. Harmony reigned. People who had not spoken for a year greeted each other with a cheery "Good morning; fine day."

It was a fine day—in the life of Jane Kirk. She had lost some of those she loved best for her principles; but today, at last, after years of waiting, she stood an equal human. Her little slip of paper counted for just as much as that of the richest man in San Gabriel.

Here came Hank Selby, one of the strongest posts in the church. He hated her with a true fanatic's hatred, than which nothing is more corroding. But Hank Selby was on the Republican ticket, and Jane Kirk represented a vote. He had fought woman suffrage, he had fought every progressive movement since the ballot was placed in his hands, and spirits like Jane Kirk had been forced to conciliate, to beg their rights from such as he. As she passed him on the road, he smiled, a mirthless smile. But this time, Jane Kirk did not smile; with mocking disdain, she looked him square in the eyes—and passed on.

At the polls, people were grouped here and there talking excitedly. A table stood nearby on which was a large printed card with the names of voters. She approached nonchalantly, wishing to convey the impression that voting was an every-day custom; inwardly she hoped she wouldn't do anything ridiculous. She knew for whom she was voting and why, but she did not understand the procedure. As she hesitated, a voice at her elbow said:

"Are you looking for your number?"

Beside her stood one of the homeliest men she had ever seen: a face carved like the ancient wood carvings in the cathedrals of Europe, every line crude.

"You will find it here," he added.

Jane followed him to the table.

"The name?" he queried.

"Jane Kirk."

He ran his finger down the columns, as he came across her name, his face glowed, his eyes brightened, a radiance enveloped and transformed him. Jane was amazed at the transition. A little poem to a bulb flitted through her mind:

"Misshapen, black, unlovely to the sight,
Oh mute companion to the murky mole,
You must feel overjoyed to have a white
Imperious, dainty lily for a soul."

He held out his hand. "Comrade!" Then she knew, they both smiled.

"We are few in numbers," Jane said, "but great in deeds." And she passed in.

In that booth came the supreme moment of Jane Kirk's life. She had heard the audience of a thousand throats call out her name; she had felt the pelt of roses thrown by enthusiasts, as she made them laugh and weep and feel; but she had never known the triumph of this moment, as alone in that little booth, she had put an indelible cross next to Joseph Mason, So-

cialist; Frank Marks, Socialist; and so on down the line, Socialist, Socialist, Socialist, until she came to Hank Selby, Republican, then she looked around for a rubber stamp to mark her disapproval, and felt disappointed when she could not find one. Searching in her handbag for a pencil, she remembered she must not mark the ballot. She sighed. The afterthought came: Hank Selby would win now, but they would win in the future. There was splendid satisfaction that principle stood back of this mark, that this little indelible mark meant one more protest against corruption and oppression. Her mark was little now, but it would grow!

Into the sunshine she went. The comrade was waiting. He approached, saying:

"Did you do it?"

"Yes," she answered, adding in a whisper, "It was the first time in my life."

"And no split ticket?" he questioned.

"How can you ask?"

She had met this man ten minutes before, yet she felt she had known him a life time. He did not ask if he might walk with her; he simply sauntered along. They talked together as old friends.

"Fine cool morning, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Do you know the man who is running for Senator," Jane asked.

"You mean Frank Marks?"

"Yes, 'The Bomb of Mental Dynamite!'"

"Yes, I know him. He's not a bad sort when you get acquainted with him."

"Strange, I never heard of him before this election; after all it isn't so strange. I don't know the Socialists in our town."

"You may make my acquaintance if you like," he roguishly replied.

"I think I have already made it; that word comrade is the biggest loom in the world. It knits all creed, all nationalities."

"I am glad to hear you speak like that," he rejoined.

At this juncture, Mrs. Reynolds passed in her automobile. The car was filled with several women. They turned and stared at the couple strolling along. After they had passed, the word "actress" and an insinuating giggle was distinctly audible. Their insolence sent the blood rushing to Jane's face. Her companion expostulated:

"What do you care for a lot of village gossips?"

A couple of workmen came along.

"Hello there, Marks!" The comrade shook hands with them. "You can count on two more votes," they said as they swung along.

"How foolish of me," murmured Jane, "I never suspected."

Marks smiled.

"You imagined a Senator would have to be a big, handsome chap." Jane looked guilty. "Come now, 'fess up."

Jane stopped in front of a cottage covered with flowering vines.

"Look, isn't that glorious? What color!" She added, "Suppose I had said something dreadful about you?"

Marks laughed, and said:

"My, what a fine day!"

"Yes," Jane answered, "the finest in the year."

Marks was watching a humming bird:

"Look at that humming bird drinking from the honeysuckle cup."

They sauntered on. Marks exclaimed:

"You haven't told me the story of your life yet, either."

Jane smiled mysteriously. There was a long pause.

"I don't even know if you are Miss or Mrs."

"Mrs.," Jane promptly replied.

"What!" Marks felt a queer little pain in his throat.

"It's getting beastly hot," he growled. "This country is too dusty."

They walked some distance in silence. Janes was the first to speak:

"Are you fond of poems?"

Marks looked at her keenly.

"I used to be."

"And now?"

"I hate all poetry," he savagely answered.

They had reached Jane's house.

"Good bye," he said, holding out his hand.

"Will you not come in?"

"No thanks."

"But you will come and see us some day," she asked. "Couldn't you bring the election returns and have breakfast with us tomorrow? It is so refreshing under the orange trees in the early morning."

A deep red dyed Marks' face. This woman with the great trustful eyes was playing with him. None but words of good comradship had passed between them—yet, he felt sure she knew. As she stood smiling at him so innocently, an impulse seized him to play with her at her own game.

"It's growing hot in the sun," Jane stepped back under the shadow of the porch. "May I bring you a drink?"

"No, I must be off. I am going up in the mountains as soon as the election is over. When I return I'll run in and see you and your husband."

"My husband?" Jane laughed mockingly.

"But you said—" Marks was on the porch beside her in a moment.

"Oh, that is ancient history."

He looked at her inquiringly, reproachfully. Jane answered the look:

"You are shocked?"

"Oh, no, I suppose a husband to an actress is an incident."

Jane bit her lips, she answered slowly, each icy word cut the air:

"An actress is first of all a woman!"

"Pardon, I did not mean—"

With a gesture she waved away his apologies.

"You wonder that I can laugh. Thank God I can—once I could not—a long time, I could not—an actress learns to laugh—"

She opened the door.

"What a bright, cheerful room," Marks remarked.

They entered.

* * * * * * * * *

Frank Marks did not go to the legislature that year. He and his wife went to the mountains instead.

The earth spreads out before us, rich in its resources beyond the power of the imagination. The inventive genius of man has captured the lightning, snatched the thunderbolts from the hand of Jove, and grasped all the forces of nature and converted them into titanic toilers for the children of men. The earth and its glorious and its riotous abundance, and man with his miraculous productive power, scout the idea that poverty is to forever scourge the human race: The past, in the density of its ignorance and the night of its superstition, may be excused. But the living present with all its myriad available agencies for producing food, clothing, shelter, and for the education of the children and the diffusion of light and intelligence among the masses, can make no such plea.—Eugene V. De

The World's Back Yard

By THOMAS W. WILLIAMS
Secretary of the Socialist Party of California

DARWIN indicated two chief factors in the process of evolution. First, the nature of the organism. Second, environment.

Heredity demands likeness, variation implies differentiation, both of which are manifested in all organisms.

Figs grow on fig trees. All figs are not alike. Human beings reproduce human beings, but no two individuals are identical.

Rabbits do not beget kittens. Eagles do not produce chickens. Lambs are always embryonic sheep—they are never horses, yet some lambs have longer legs than others and are different in nearly every other particular.

External influences, such as climate, have a predisposing influence on all animal life.

It is the nature of every creature to adapt itself to a new environment. Birds change color when transported to different countries. Bugs and insects are green in countries where there is much moisture and consequently dense foliage; they are brown in arid or semi-arid countries, where protection demands that they resemble the brown rocks or dry sands.

Climate, social and moral surroundings affect nations as well as individuals. If I had been born in Turkey, I should, in all probability, have been a Mohammedan.

Weisman indicates two kinds of organisms—sexual and non-sexual. The moneron (non-sexual) produces through division. Among sex animals, including man, there is always manifest two kinds of cells; namely, germ cells and body cells.

The germ cells, true to the thesis of heredity, reproduce the fundamental specie. They eliminate all, or nearly all, artificial abnormalities in the immediate parents. The body cells, however, are molded and shaped by environments. The germ cells assert themselves and a man is born, but the kind of man he is to be—that is, whether he becomes a loyal citizen or a criminal—is largely determined by environment.

In dealing with crime and crimonology, different theories present themselves. First, absolute freedom of will. The advocates of this theory claim that every individual possesses the freedom and power of will to do whatever he desires. Second, fatalism. The supporters of this theory maintain that man is absolutely helpless, one school believing in the divine fiat, and the other maintaining that external environment dominates the motives and acts of men.

Lombroso, the world-renowned criminologist, said: "Pauperism has two causes—corrupt heredity and vicious environment. The correction of corrupt heredity is change of environment."

Von Litsz said: "Crime is the product of only one individual factor (heredity) and countless social factors (environment.)"

It is generally known that crime and disease are more widespread among the poor than among the rich. This is more largely due to the conditions under which the poor are compelled to live rather than any inferiority of inheritance.

The British Interdepartmental Committee, after years of research, unhesitatingly reported, "The children of the poor are born the physical equals of the children of the rich."

Nature will make everything contribute to the well-being of the race, even to the sacrifice of the mother in order to start the next generation right.

This negates the idea that "the fittest in every way survive." Darwin's position is that the fittest to survive under existing conditions, whether good or bad according to existing standards, will survive.

Man is what his forebears and experience have made him.

What a man does depends upon what he is. What he is depends on his breed and his experience.

Herbert Spencer said: "Whatever amount of power an organism expends in any shape is the correlate and equivalent of a power that was taken into it from without."

We do not blame the child for the color of its eyes, nor do we hold it responsible for the texture of its hair. Why, then, should we attach responsibility for any other hereditary faculty or power?

Referring again to the law of variation, suppose I have two vessels containing colored fluid, one red and the other black. I have another vessel which is empty. If I take the first vessel and pour a quantity of the red fluid into the third vessel and do likewise with the black, what do I have? I will have a liquid possessing some of the elements of the first and some of the elements of the second, yet differing in hue from either. In this way the law of sex operates in the animal world. The new born child does not possess one single trait that has not been handed down to it by its forebears.

It is contended that "A man can be good wherever he is," that he "has the power to change or to create his environment." This depends on the strength of his own nature which he has inherited from his forbears, his experience, and the character of his environments. Two men may be thrown into the current. One man will swim to shore and save his life while the other sinks. Both may understand the art of swimming, yet one may possess superior muscular power which enables him to stem the current.

Place a little girl in a back yard and surrounded by a high fence where filth and mire abound, and inevitably her garments will be soiled. You may punish her, you may ask God to put the love of cleanliness in her heart, all to no purpose. The only solution of the difficulty is to fill up the mud puddle and sow blue grass and clover in that yard, making it possible for the child to keep clean.

The old doctrine that a man is begotten in sin is false. The Creator did not exact virtue and right living and proceed forthwith to make it almost impossible of execution by retroactive environments. No true father ever enjoined virtue and then built road-houses along life's journey. All the forces of nature are converging for man's advance. The deterrants are man-made and must be eliminated. An individual may to an extent make his own environment. Other environments shape and mold his life. Some environments are produced by society. Society alone can change them.

Some people insist that an individual can change his

environment, whatever it may be. The absurdity of such a contention is aptly indicated in the following satire:

"For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman;
He might have been a Roosian,
A Frenchman, Turk, or Proosian,
Or even Italian,
But in spite of all temptations,
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman."

Vicious heredity can be changed under wholesome environment in a few generations. The civilization of ten centuries can be wiped out in one generation through baneful environment.

Moralists of the world have failed to grasp the conditions making for human life and happiness. We have built penitentiaries, asylums, and detention homes to restrain criminals and have permitted the slum, the brothel and the demoralizing forces of the world to go unrestrained. If one-tenth of the money now spent in penal and insane institutions were spent in maintaining wholesome environment for childhood, we would have the millennium in one generation.

Prevention is preferable to cure. Present duty demands the elimination of the slum, the removal of the baneful influences which dwarf and destroy the potentialities of three-fourths of the race.

A child born in the hovel, with a saloon on one side and a brothel on the other, is inevitably destined to a life of crime. That same child placed in the country, with the birds and animals for companions, would grow up into an honorable and worthy man.

Our hopes for the future are bound up in this law of environment and its workings. The knowledge of this fact gives a keen sense of the responsibility resting upon the present generation to so shape the environment that the highest qualities of manhood and citizenship may be developed rather than base and selfish instincts which are invariably brought to the fore when the struggle for existence becomes too fierce.

Giraffes have long necks. They live off the leaves of trees. The shorter necked fellows die off because they cannot reach the food, and only the long necked ones live through till mating season, hence the tendency to long necks. There would be plenty of food for all if the long necked animal would commence away up and eat down and allow the shorter necked fellow to get all the browsing there is below. Why do they not do this? Because they follow the rule of the jungle. Do human beings do any different in this regard? No. They are like giraffes.

We must so organize society that we can get beyond the giraffe standard. The brute struggle of the jungle must give way to a social relationship which comprehends all within its relation. This is the aim of the Socialist movement.

Socialism has no quarrel with the moralist, nor with the church, nor with any agency which is working for the emancipation of the race. Socialists, however, do assert that it is a travesty to spend our time and energy in fighting and struggling for happiness in "the sweet by and by" and yet remain oblivious to the pain, misery and degradation which now is. We demand that the back yards of the world be cleaned up. We demand that every child, regardless of his parentage, be guaranteed an abundance of wholesome food, that he be clothed and fed and educated, and that the state be responsible therefor. The child is first the charge of the state; second the care of the parents. If the parents fail to do their duty to the child, let us punish the parents; but, in the name of humanity, let us cease to exact suffering from the child because of the derelection of his forebears.

The statement, "Self preservation is the first law of nature," is in contravention of all the facts of history. In the jungle, in the wilds where wolves congregate; on the mountain top; alike among savages, barbarians and civilized people, race preservation is the law of life. We must recognize that our interests are correlated with the interests of every other individual. We must divorce ourselves from the heresy of individual realization and consecrate our lives to the emancipation of the entire race.

The Little Comforters

By Margaret Widdemer

I have my little thoughts for comforters;
They run by me all day
Holding up perfumed memory that stirs
My dull accustomed way.

They murmur of green lanes we used to go
(For here the spring forgets
To set the roadways thick with grass, and sow
The paths with violets!)

Here the hot city crashes, and all words
Thunder or scream or cry,
Yet there were lake-sounds once (they tell), and birds
Called from a twilight sky.

There still a night wind strokes the slumberers
And the cool grass lies deep . . .
I have my little thoughts for comforters,
Who whisper me to sleep.

"Fools Rush In"

One fool sailed westward till he found a world;
One found new words within the mind of man;
The cynics called Columbus charlatan
And burned Giordano Bruno! . . . Who unfurled
The heavens like a scroll, that man might know,
But foolish Galileo? . . . Who began
Our new free art and thought and social plan,
But that poor outcast crazy fool, Rousseau?
There is one toast the future ages drink
Standing!—To those who dare, rush in, and die!—
Those who defy all rights and break all rules,
Who fight impossible battles, and who think
True thoughts—of whom with one accord we cry,
"The fools, the fools, the fools!—God bless the fools!"

—Curtis Hidden Page, in Harper's Magazine.

The Story of a Socialist Mayor

(continued from page 187.)

board, thus placing three Socialists in one voting body for the first time. The comrades in some places and some in Berkeley complained that this Berkeley movement was a one-man affair, that when I pulled out it would go to smash. But such is not the case. The Berkeley movement is built on a vigorous and rational education in Socialism, as the election of Mrs. Beals at the moment of my withdrawal manifestly shows. Two years from now a good, strong, able candidate on our ticket will land the mayoralty and we will get a majority on the council and Berkeley will remain in the Socialist column.

A Try-out in the Woods

By STANLEY B. WILSON

IN response to Cook Nels order, the cookee had seized the broken peevy hook that stuck by its point in one of the logs in the rear wall of the cook house and proceeded to "agitate the triangle." To one unaccustomed to the Washington woods and the appetites of loggers in those regions, the result of the first tones of the "grub shouter" would have made him think an alarm of fire or other disaster was sounding.

Instantaneously there was a hastening of an always hasty toilet on the part of the occupants of the split-cedar shacks that domiciled the eighty odd men of No. 3 camp of the Advance Lumber Co., a tossing aside of grimy towels and combs in various stages of dental disfiguration, and a hundred and sixty odd feet frisked as many spike-soled boots toward the cook house, as though life or fortune were at stake.

Supper in Camp No. 3 was not a tragedy by any means. It was a delight, for Boss Jack Murphy was a man who believed that good feeding brings its compensation in good work, and Cook Nels was the one cook in the camps of Washington to criticize whose culinary conjurations was a sin that could not be overlooked or forgiven by his epicurean devotees—as were all who had "et after him."

Murphy himself had just pulled to the door of his office, which also served as a store for the accommodation of the men, with a short counter, a gander-legged desk, some shelves stocked with articles of loggers' use, and a bed for the timekeeper, who also served the camp as bookkeeper, scaler and clerk. Boss Jack was never in a hurry at meal time. It was remarked by Mick Walsh that the boss was "more uv a con-nis-ser then a consumer uv grub."

Right here let us digress a moment to note that Jack Murphy was the ideal logging boss, and that's saying a good deal. The logger is a strong, skilled, fearless, reckless, independent individual. He is a fighter by trade and he must be one by nature or seek another occupation. The logging boss must have all the qualities of the logger, but in a greater degree.

These Jack Murphy had, and in the superlative degree. Besides he stood six feet two, weighed just enough under 200 pounds to make his poundage an advantage, and if looks were a feature in a logging camp he sure had, as a tramp moocher who once visited the camp remarked, "Adonis backed clear off the beauty shelf."

Murphy had pulled the office door to, when he was accosted by a hearty "'Evenin'" and saw before him a figure of no mean proportions, with a face much in need of tonsorial attention, and clad in garments intensely indicative of the handiwork of that industrious and fantastic sartorialist—Hard Luck.

"Lookin' fer a job. Anythin' doin'?" came again with the same anomalous heartiness.

"Come on in and eat," was the reply, as the boss started for the cook house.

Inside Nels' emporium, each found a seat as he could, and the newcomer proved both a "con-nis-ser an' consumer uv grub."

Next morning the name of Matthew Burns was entered in the time book, also in the day book with a healthy-looking list of purchases from the store stock.

Furnished an axe, pick and shovel, Burns was directed to report to Dutch Charlie, boss of the skid road crew. To experienced loggers this was evidence that he was an apprentice in the ways of the woods.

The skid road was a hard primary school, and Dutch Charlie was notorious as a hard boss. He could work harder, swear louder and fiercer and hold a grouch longer than any other individual in the logging business.

Burns was meat—large, juicy porterhouse—for Dutch Charlie. At least Charlie so estimated him when he reported for work. A man, a full-grown man of Burns type must indeed be in sore need of a job to accept one in a logging camp and be willing to tackle the skid road. And Charlie was one who delighted in collaborating with necessity against human feelings.

Burns stood waiting for instructions.

"Vell, vot you waiting vor? Vy don't you go to vork?"

"I am waiting for you to show me what you want me to do," replied the novice, with a shade of amusement.

"Vell, vat you got tem axe and pick and shofels for, to tig der skeed holes, ain'd idt? Vell, tig dem!"

Burns took advantage of the dialogue to study the operations of the rest of the crew, one of whom beckoned to him.

"The Dutchman is sure dirty this morning. Lost his pile in a black jack game down at Millson last night. Dig there." And the accommodating skidder indicated a spot a few feet from where he was digging.

Burns was a willing worker. But Charlie was an exacting and unreasonable boss. The harder the novice delved, the harder the skid road boss tongue-lashed him.

The skid holes were either too long or two short, too wide or too narrow, too deep or too shallow, too far apart or too close together.

Burns didn't seem to mind the abuse of the belligerent boss. His indifference only served to increase Charlie's belligerency.

"Dot holes vas too teep!" he screamed, approaching the hole in which Burns was working.

The big novice reached up suddenly, seized the skid boss and dropped him into the hole at his feet. Then leaping out of the hole he began to shovel earth upon his prostrate pest.

"There you durned little gnat," he grinned as he dashed an extra heavy shovelful in the face of the scrambling Charlie." I'm just givin' you a taste of what's comin' to you one of these nice days if you don't see the aggravatin' an' everlastin' error of your ways.'

He reached down, lifted the now frightened and cowed bully out of the hole, and shook him bodily to relieve him of his extra load of dirt.

* * *

A month later, Burns was called into the office by Boss Jack Murphy. It was after supper and the men were all in their shacks.

When Burns entered the office, he found Murphy hanging blankets over the windows.

"Just turn that key, Matt," said Murphy. "Don't want no one to butt in."

Burns turned the key, sat down on the edge of the clerk's bed and waited.

"Reach under the bed, there, Matt, an' pull out that box, and get what's in it." He did as directed, and turned a set of boxing gloves onto the bed.

"Matt, I want you to strip to the waist, pull on a pair of them gloves and do your damdest to lick me, for that's what I'm going to do to you."

"Sure, Boss," replied Burns, with his usual good humor, and at once proceeded to prepare for the encounter.

Nature never made two creatures more alike physically than the pair who faced each other in the little office building that evening, and never did more perfectly developed and trained gladiators engage for physical supremacy.

Theirs not the erratic training of the prize athlete, but of perfect physical men conditioned by natural health, clean living and hard work.

"No rounds—through to the finish; no hugging; no stalling on the ground; a man's scrap, best man wins," prescribed Murphy. "Ready—go to it, tillicum!"

They shook hands, stepped back, each smiling and alert with the alertness of mental poise and faculties unimpaired and accustomed to instant obedience to will.

Space was limited, but though giants, much space was not required. There was no foot-racing, no fancy side-stepping.

These men were fighters, struggling for physical mastery. There was nothing of the shrinker or dodger in their make-up. Theirs was the rule of give and take —not give and run.

Their defense was by means of speed and accuracy in delivering and warding blows with the weapons of men—the hands and arms.

Like the giant firs of the woods about them, they stood erect, and like the firs sustained by the splendid life forces their organs and faculties assimilated from nature's untainted and unstinted sources.

After ten minutes they still stood, toe to toe, faces flushed and bruised, but no trace of hatred or shrinking.

With bullet-speed, Murphy's right connected often with the visage of his opponent, while Burns, less swift in hitting, was a two-handed fighter. His left played to Murphy's face, while his right raised great welts over the other's ribs, stomach and heart.

Half an hour waged the battle, with hardly perceptable abatement. Burns' face was swollen, cut and bleeding, Murphy's body bruised and blotched with blood. Both were panting from the incessant exertion seemingly beyond the possibility of human endurance.

A terriffic right to the jaw knocked Burns to the floor—the first knock-down of the unprecedented encounter. Springing to his feet, Burns swung his right, caught Murphy on the ribs and knocked him against the wall, with such force that the big boss loosened the thin shakes and fell with the splintered mass of cedar out on the ground.

The lamp that had furnished light for the contest had hung by a nail on the ill-fated wall.

In the darkened office Burns stood for a moment dumfounded by the results of his blow, then panted: "Are you hurt, Boss?"

"Something wrong with this right arm," replied Murphy as he arose from the ruins of the wall. "There's candles in a box under the counter. Light one, Matt."

Burns found the candle, lighted it. Murphy stepped into the office, his right arm hanging by his side.

The following evening Burns received another call—this time to Boss Jack Murphy's shack.

He found Murphy seated on a chair with his feet propped upon another, his arm in a sling.

"Sorry our little scrap last night wound up before the finish, Matt," began the Big Boss, "but I guess it'll do, all right. Where in blazes did you learn to take care of yourself with the fists?"

Seeing that Burns was not inclined to impart personal history, Murphy continued:

"Have had my eye on you, Matt, ever since you struck this camp. Was in the brush the day you flopped Dutch into the skid hole, and that night you bluffed Tony, the Dago, when he was going to cut Slim Swede I was passing shack six and saw you through the window take away the knife and pile him into his bunk.

"I need a right-hand man, one I can leave in charge of the camp when I have to be gone, and know that it is being run.

"Now, to run a logging camp, a man must have three things. He must know logging, be able to lick any man in the crew, and have enough of the man in him to treat the men just the same as he'd like to be treated if he was them.

"You don't know much about logging, but you're learning fast and you've got the head to carry out orders. You showed the way you handled Charlie and Tony that you are a man. The reason I mixed with you was to find out what you could do in the way of handling huskies that happened to need a large-sized licking. On this point I reckon I am satisfied now."

THE LESS WEARISOME WAY

Old Gorgon Graham isn't read as much as he used to be. But there are many of his sayings that will not be in a rush about surrendering their substantial feature. For instance, that one about the boys coaxing a dog into a back-yard with a hunk of meat, so that they may successfully perform the operation of attaching a tin receptacle to his extreme rear appendage.

The youthful canine edges up, licking his chops at the thought of the provisions, and hanging his aforesaid appendage at the thought of the hardware.

If he gets the meat it will necessitate his running himself to death to get rid of the unkindly utensil.

Moral: It's wiser and much less wearisome to vote for what you want and not get it than to be fooled into voting for something you think you want, and get more than you bargained for.

A BIT OF FANTASY

The grim reaper stopped at the lady's door, and with a firm knock he notified her of his presence.

"Oh, so it's you," the lady said.

"Yes," said Death, "the time has come. It's your turn."

"I suppose it won't do me any good to plead for mercy——"

"No; you must come with me."

"Immediately?"

"Absolutely—and without argument."

"Then I wish to ask you to allow me one minute—just one minute."

"It's not the custom, lady."

"Can't you allow an exception?"

"Well, if you don't want any longer, I consent."

"Oh, thank you, kind sir, thank you."

She hurried to a mirror. For sixty-two seconds she labored with a chamois, powdering her shiny nose.

What's Wrong With the Newspaper Game

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

I HAVE been from the bottom of the daily newspaper game to as near the top as ninety-five per cent ever get. I have seen the inside of the game. I have seen the wheels turn. I have seen the guide wires pulled. I know how newspaper "policy" is made and what it is. I want to say something about it. I believe there is a viewpoint people need to get—something they need to know.

I am going to talk about only those things concerning which I have first hand information. Whatever conclusions are drawn will be drawn from facts. In ten years of newspaper work these facts have been met week after week. And in those ten years I have come to love the game passionately. But the rules under which it is played have nauseated. I hate the rules. And yet, under those rules millions of words are turned off huge presses every day in the year for millions of people to either believe or disbelieve. And there you are; there is the point—to believe or to disbelieve. Look at this:

"Managing Editor: Agreement for simultaneous publication of Washington editorial is off. ———— finds itself unable to remain in agreement."

Those were the words contained in a telegram that come into my hands one night as I sat at the city editor's desk of one of the most influential standpat Republican papers west of New York. The inner wheels revolved in that telegram. A chain of great newspapers had agreed to publish simultaneously a certain editorial concerning a grave political issue. Privilege was concerned in that issue. The common people were concerned. These papers were on the side of Privilege. To make their battle more effective they had planned a concerted attack. The same editorial, sent out from the seat of Privilege, was to have been published in all of those newspapers on a certain day. A wheel slipped somewhere in this particular instance; but the wheels seldom slip that way.

The mere routine work of great newspapers is not a matter in question here. If a man is held up and robbed the public is apt to be told of it with as fair a degree of accuracy as may be possessed by the reporters who "cover" the story. There is no question of the average accuracy of newspapers in the matter of commonplace news. Reporters must be accurate in such cases. For incorrectly spelling the name of a guest at a banquet I nearly lost my job on one occasion in the early days of my newspaper work.

There you are. The newspapers are constantly striving for accuracy. Accuracy is drummed into the head of every reporter on every paper in the country.

And yet, there is accuracy and accuracy. For instance, a sheet of "flimsy" was turned over to me from the telegraph desk of a morning newspaper one night. Some dreaded Asiatic plague had broken out in a department store in a neighboring city. A section of the store had been boarded up by order of the health department. The dread disease had been imported, so the story went, in shipments from across the water. The managing editor was most accurate in his determination not to allow publication of that story, because it might affect the department stores in his own city and thus affect the advertising revenues his paper derived from those stores.

Again, while working on another paper, the telephone at my elbow rang. The advertising manager of a department store was on the wire to request that the story of an elevator accident in his store be withheld from publication. Knowing that the publication of that sort of story would not be wished by the managing editor, for obvious reasons, it was not even written. Yet, the story of an elevator accident of no greater seriousness in a small building which contained no advertisers and no prospective advertisers, was given considerable space a few days later.

A scandal story concerning a member of the Gimbel firm was causing wide interest through the country a few years ago. The story, judged by newspaper standards, was a good one. It cried aloud for headlines and page one position. I was working at the time in a city in which there was a Gimbel store, though it was a thousand miles from the city in which the scandal story had "broken." Every man on the paper knew that nothing would be printed about it. We were correct.

If the owners of department stores were in the habit of being candidates for mayor, which they are not—but if they were—they would receive uniform support and courtesy at the hands of those newspapers in which they advertise liberally.

The same newspaper that will urge the organization of blacksmiths, or that will support a strike of dock laborers, will bring out its largest type and its most vehement condemnations if an effort is made to organize clerks, or if the street car men go out on a strike. If ever there was an effort to unionize bank clerks the daily press from Golden Gate to Bar Harbor would rouse itself into a frenzy of righteous indignation and fury.

I have known for a positive fact, as a newspaper executive, that theaters and department stores have violated fire rules month after month. Reporters have begged to be allowed to write what they knew and to go out after more facts. And I, like countless of others in like positions, have had to tell them to save their energy for an interview with Mrs. Lotta Got-Rocks, whose opinion as to the latest fashion in lap dogs was of great importance to the community.

The facts that I have set forth so far might be added to indefinitely. I might tell you about the alderman who could have been proven a crook by any newspaper man in a certain town, but who wasn't because no newspaper man cared to trouble himself to put that much good energy into a hopeless cause. The alderman, be it known, was an extensive advertiser and was always highly spoken of in the papers of his city.

What I am actually driving at is that newspapers are not controlled by the ideals of the editorial rooms, but by the profits gathered in by the business office.

You will understand more clearly why this is when you know a little about the costs of newspaper operation. Your newspaper tonight or tomorrow morning will contain anywhere from twelve to thirty pages. You will pay one cent for it; less if you are a monthly subscriber. You may think that your one cent pays for

that paper; but it doesn't. And just there is where Privilege gets its grip on what you think, for you think according to the information you get and you get a certain type of economic and political information according to the desires of the persons who pour the money across the counter in the business office for the advertising that keeps the paper running. Go back over that sentence and trace it slowly. Digest it; beat it out; dig it to pieces; put it together again; study it; it is the essence of the thing!

Here is what happens in the matter of paying for your paper. First off, the newsboy who sells it to you on the corner, or delivers it to your house, gets half. That leaves one-half of your penny for the publisher. Do you think the half penny pays for producing that paper? No, not even when those papers are run off by thousands and thousands. In many cases the net return from circulation doesn't even pay for the blank white paper upon which your news is printed and for its delivery to you. But let us agree that the half penny does pay for white paper and circulation. What then? Who pays the editors, the reporters, the girl "sob sisters," who prattle about the doings of the "highbrows" and cry ineffectually over the predicaments of the poor? Who pays the telegraph tolls and the special correspondents and the press crews and the men who sweat stripped to their undershirts in the stereotyping room? Who pays the men who man the linotype battery? Who pays the artists and photographers who make pretty pictures of the wives of our "best citizens" and risque pictures of the pretty broiler girls?

The two words that answer you now are the two words that link America's daily newspapers to Privilege; link them in chains that bind tighter than steel; link them in chains of dollars and thousands of dollars. Those two words? The Advertiser!

There are many altruistic writers of salable words who will rise up and deny what has just been said. In fact they are busily engaged in denying it right along. Scarcely a month passes but what some writer, somewhere, bobs up to tell the American people of the virtue of the daily press and to assure everyone that the daily press is honest and right next door to paradise. But the men who have played the game, learned the rules, taken the chances and made the papers—they know better!

In most newspaper offices the heavy advertiser is known as a "sacred cow." The term is pregnant with meaning. Never was idol of brass more feared nor bowed to with more servility. Never was monarch's edict more faithfully obeyed than is the edict, often never conveyed in so many words, of the modern liberal advertising patron.

You may say that the case applies to great stores only and that the press is free to say what it will of other interests, such as great trusts that do no local advertising. Doubting one, come with me yet a little. The department store deals with big banks; big banks deal with other big banks; all big banks deal with concerns of large financial importance. To touch the credit of one is to touch the nerve centers of all! Class solidarity is in its flower among the people of Privilege and the "non-partisanship" that is ruling their political game where their power is threatened has not for a moment been neglected in their business affairs. You want something definite? Very well.

Go to the city editor of the paper that you buy every day and ask him to tell you frankly why local questions have their bearing upon national questions; why the attitude toward the department store is the attitude toward the system in general. If he is free to speak he will tell you that the department store is linked with the bank that holds the credit lash over half the small business houses in town and that at the behest of the big advertisers the bank could force out half the small advertisers, should the emergency demand it. He will tell you that an unchecked attitude toward outside Privilege would tend toward an unchecked attitude toward local Privilege and that in the interests of local Privilege ALL Privilege must be respected and not handled too roughly.

The newspaper business office is sensitive toward these matters. Time after time I have been requested by the business manager or the advertising manager not to publish certain things. Those requests were requests only out of courtesy. Had they been ignored they would have come back in the shape of commands and upon continued disregard there would have been painful separation from the payroll—a separation that I have come to hold as the only absolutely clean relation to the modern newspaper game.

Of course, there are papers that do not play according to the general rules of the game. They fight for "reforms" and say a good deal of what they think. But they are few and far between and they suffer for their conduct. They suffer—don't forget that. And now and then the sheriff comes to quietly put an end to their misery.

Then there is another sort of paper. In this class there are many publishers. They publish papers to defend the system and all that it does, either because they believe it is right, or because they want to make money and are not particular as to how they make it. But, whatever the publishers may think as to right and wrong, their views are not generally shared by the men who do the work on the papers. The men who do the work are quick to see wrongs and they would like to tell what they know. But a few of them are Socialists, but a few know the remedy for the wrongs that they see, but they do see the wrongs and they would like to print what they know, but dare not.

The only contention here is that the conditions under which great newspapers are published make for subserviency to Privilege. It is not contended that if the influence of Privilege were lifted today that every newspaper in the land would publish revelations tomorrow. That would be impossible, for the newspapers have been growing into their present condition for years. Hundreds of them are owned and published for the sole purpose of deceiving the people in politics. Any discriminating newspaper reader knows that.

The sole contention is that there are those conditions and that the product of those conditions is a fact.

The future of the truth-telling newspaper, I have come to believe, lies in independence of the advertiser—and only in that! So long as the big advertiser can tell the newspapers what to print and what not to print, what to do in politics and what not to do, what to do in affairs of economic moment and what not to do, just so long will we have lying newspapers and treacherous newspapers. For the injury that newspapers do is not always in what they say; as often it is in what they do not say. Here comes our old friend "accuracy" again. Be accurate in what you print, but if it is not of the right color don't print it! The art of "playing up" and "playing down" has been developed to a science. When the Socialists controlled Milwaukee the administration desired to float a bond issue. The capitalist press, ever on the alert to serve Privilege, secured an interview to the effect that bonds would find no sale under a Socialist administration. That interview was given great space and liberal headlines. Likewise, it

was editorially embellished and prolonged. The denial was given a few lines under a "machine" head. That is what is meant by "playing" up or down.

During the newspaper lockout in Chicago last winter one Edward Barret was in the employ of the Hearst papers. He was a notorious gunman and thug. He shot at least two men and conducted a general plug ugly career in the streets of the mid-west metropolis for several weeks. The law could not touch him. The reporters and the desk men on the Hearst papers had accurate knowledge of the doings of Ed Barret. The stories would have been better than many stories that the Hearst papers printed in those exciting times. But the point is that they were not printed. The Hearst papers did not want the doings of Ed Barret printed. The Chicago Tribune faithfully and with great accuracy informed the public every time "Onward Christian Soldiers" was sung at the Bull Moose convention, but it did not say anything about the wrangings that took place concerning the admission of black delegates and all of the other disgraceful wire pullings of that bombastic event. It is as important not to print the things that should not be printed as it is to correctly print the things that should be printed!

So, in some city you may find a single newspaper conducting a great campaign against housing conditions. All the others will be silent. The one may not be affected by just the exact set of advertising conditions that beset its rivals. The same paper that raves about housing conditions may be eternally silent on a paving graft or a construction steal.

In a certain great western city there are scores of so-called "promotion" enterprises. These concerns deal in all manner of wonderful schemes. Stock is always for sale. The visitor is always greeted with an affable smile and an itching palm. The state legislature, in a moment of dreamy high-mindedness, proposed to pass a law to curb the activities of companies of this nature. The proposal of the legislature was met either with silence or with cunning opposition by the daily press. Interviews were published concerning the absolute lack of need for any such law—and then silence. The "promotion" companies are rivals of the department stores in the consumption of newspaper space. So, if you are a careful student of newspaper advertising and care to go deeply enough into the connections of the advertisers with other interests you may secure for yourself a fair guide as to the why of certain things that are printed and are not printed. Inevitably you will find business office rule and editorial room subserviency, at the behest of Privilege.

The cost of the game leads you to that point. The white paper and the cost of distribution barely comes out of the sale price of the paper. Advertising pays for the rest. Advertising may get a just return out of the business advertising brings, but advertisers are not foolish enough to throw away the chance to hold tight to the grip their patronage gives them on the neck of the publisher. Without advertising the modern newspaper could not exist. Having control of the life-giving force the advertisers are going to insist that in return for life they will have not only advertising space, but complete consecration of the entire life. They have the power and they use it. The constitution may guarantee freedom of the press, but the big advertisers do not—and the big advertisers are nearer home and wield a power that is felt more acutely. The constitution allowed the newspapers the freedom to print all they pleased about the Gimbel scandal, so long as they stayed within the bounds of decency. But Gimbel's took a different view of the matter and the constitution paid for no advertising!

The salvation of American journalism lies in some road into which advertising does not intrude its dominating and corrupting influence. I don't know just how this will be worked out—but it will be worked out. America will not be forever satisfied to have its really vital news sifted to it through the remnant sales of the big department stores. It will not forever allow the doings of its public officials to be brought to it via the main office of the big advertiser. It will not forever allow the causes of great accidents and the wrecking of human lives in bargain sale grinds to be brought to it as the advertising manager signifies. It will not forever allow the railroad advertisement and the telephone advertisement to stand between it and the true facts about railroads and the Bell monopoly. Not forever!

Just now there is an experiment being conducted in Chicago. A daily paper (The Day Book) is being published for a penny a copy, minus advertising. The paper is small, just a booklet affair, but it prints the vital news that it is able to get and it doesn't color it to suit any advertiser—because there is none. It hasn't a large news staff, but it does dig into some things that other papers neglect and its doings are limited only by the mental desires and the physical possibilities of the men who run it. There may be the beginnings of the way out in this Chicago experiment. And again, the way out may lie in an entirely different channel. I do not know. But there must be a way out—it must be found.

The Socialist press must face the issue. For, be your politics what you will, if you depend upon advertising for the production of your paper, you will be compelled to in some measure heed the dictates of the man who has the advertising to give you. If there is a rope around your neck you will, consciously or unconsciously, follow as the rope guides.

What about it? Where will we stop? How long will we stand for poisoned news? How long do we want to be told about our Panama Canal and our railroad mergers and our steel trusts through a press that is warped and woofed in the mill of Privilege and dry kilned in the fierce blaze of business necessities.

Some way, sometime, newspapers must be produced without the aid of Privilege. Some way the tentacles that strangle truth and throttle honesty must be shaken off. Does that mean that the price of newspaper production must be borne by the people who read newspapers? Maybe. I don't know. I only know that there will be a way out found. I know that the effectiveness of the Socialist press must, in a certain degree, depend upon how soon that way out is found. And I have a lurking suspicion that the Socialist press will pioneer the way to the point where the business office will not determine whether the engineer had been on duty twenty-four hours or whether he was careless; whether there was an epidemic in the department store, or whether there was no epidemic; whether the city council is honest or crooked; whether municipal ownership pays or does not pay; whether the telegraph trust should be taken over by the government or whether it should not; whether Socialism means free love, or whether it means our highest conception of civilization.

I have the lurking suspicion. I have seen ten years of it from the inside. I know what is wrong. I know there must be a way out. I am confident that it will be found soon. The eternal movement of things presages important happenings—and we are not going to move backward when we move. The advertising manager had best be on his guard!

The Intercollegiate Socialist Society

By E. E. HITCHCOCK

A leaflet headed "Study Chapters" and issued by the Intercollegiate Socialist Society contains the following:

"The Intercollegiate Socialist Society was organized September, 1905, 'to promote an intelligent interest in Socialism among college men and women, graduate and undergraduate, principally by the formation of study chapters in the universities and colleges of the country.'"

"Undergraduates, graduate students and members of the faculty who are interested in the study of Socialism are eligible for membership in a college chapter. Former college students residing in a college town who give promise of being of active assistance to the chapter may also be admitted to membership."

"Thousands of copies of pamphlets which materially assist in gaining a knowledge of the Socialist movement are printed each year. Among these leaflets are:

"'Study Courses in Socialism,' suggesting four possible courses, each of which may be given in six or twelve lessons, a 'Classified Book List of Socialist Works,' 'What Socialism Stands For,' 'To Skeptics and Doubters,' 'Socialism and the Student,' and other pamphlets."

"Each chapter of the I. S. S. receives bi-monthly bulletins for its members. These bulletins contain a resume of the work of the general organization and its individual chapters, a list of recent books and articles bearing upon Socialist and economic questions, quotations from well known men and women on Socialism and allied subjects, and other matters of interest to students."

Besides the foregoing matters the same leaflet explains the method of holding an annual convention; of supplying both Socialist and non-Socialist speakers of prominence for the instruction of the individual chapters, and several other activities of the organization.

The society since 1905 has steadily grown, and now numbers chapters in nearly all the larger institutions of learning, as well as in many of the smaller ones. It has besides formed an alumni branch of its organization, which now contains several strong chapters; among others, one in Los Angeles.

THE LOS ANGELES ALUMNI CHAPTER

The Alumni Branch of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society was formed partly for its own sake, and partly to aid and abet the more active societies in the colleges themselves.

At 625 South Figueroa street, Los Angeles, the Los Angeles chapter of this branch organization meets.

Here, in a studio on large grounds in the rear of one of the Los Angeles stately mansions of a somewhat elder day, gathers in interested and earnest, but not solemn, conclave a goodly group of men and women, both youthful and prime, who have been "in, through, or by," in person or by proxy—you see the conditions of eligibility of this Alumni Chapter are not very strict—our leading schools and universities, local and remote, such as the Normal, Pomona, Occidental, the University of Southern California, Berkeley, Stanford, Michigan, Cornell, Wellesley, and so on through the whole catalogue of Alma Mater variants.

The atmosphere in this studio, on the occasion of a meeting, is usually further thickened by the fragrance of incense, uncoiling to air from the table; and is further illuminated and subdued by the ruddy glow of Japanese balloons, by means of which rather somberly can be discerned the low benches, stools, and chairs which are the seats; and against the walls the artistic trappings; and everywhere the large, enticing pictures, mostly portraits.

Here, Rob Wagner, painter of pictures teller of tales, slinger of slang, instructor of ideas, witty excoriator of "boneheads," promulgator of civic beauty, defender of the Socialist faith, and good fellow generally, presides and genially invites you to "splash in" to the discussion, and to become "Mocha and Java" with the subject. You can have it any way you want; straight Socialism "from soup to nuts," he will inform you, or with a demi-tasse of black anarchy thrown in, or with the iced opinion of those opposed to Socialism admixed.

In any case it is an intellectual banquet; for the idea is to get together all who are in any way interested in the main theme, no matter from what viewpoint, whether mild or radical, and no matter from what motive, whether from insight or curiosity; but all in an atmosphere having in it, besides incense, soft lights, and influence of artistry, an air of friendliness not only for the cause, but also for each individual visitor to the place as a cause in himself.

And indeed you are here made to feel at home, with full privilege of participating in the running repartee of comment after the main speech.

The main speech may be from a courteous critic of the Socialist movement; from a student of it; from an editor or lecturer working for it; or from one who is down "on the firing line," and has seen the whole thing first hand—the strike, the lock-out, starvation, soapboxing, and even arrest.

After the speaking you may be invited to avail yourself of the opportunity to buy a good book on the subject of Socialism by some one or other of the "great guns," such as Spargo or Hilquit, Engels and Marx.

Next you are given a chance to shake everybody's hand and get surprised to meet your former classmate or fellow teacher or law partner or somebody else you hadn't suspected of having a taint, or even a curiosity about having one. Not long since seven teachers from one of the local high schools met each other here.

And then, after you discover you have employed a whole hour in this manner before being aware of it, you hurry away with cordial invitations to come again following you, and mentally as well as openly you resolve to do so.

No doubt you also resolve when you do to bring your chum, your business associate, or some relative just for the lark there is in it, for the sake of curiosity satisfied, or for the cultural value of the experience; or, if you are already a "Red," as it is sincerely hoped you are, you desire to bring these friends of yours—of course, because you like them—there are none better—but also because you want them to be inoculated just a wee bit more in order that they may see things right. You are fully aware you never could have gotten them across the "dead line" to the East Side and to Socialist headquarters where things are really "doing," but now you know you have found a place, this alluringly mysterious, delightfully different little half-way station, to which you can conduct them with hope some day of getting them farther.

EDITORIAL

FERDINAND AUGUST BEBEL

FERDINAND AUGUST BEBEL, Germany's Grand Old Man of the Socialist movement, is dead. Seventy-three years he lived. During most of those years he fought for the working class. His was a life truly lived. His was a life consecrated to his fellows.

During all the years of the conscription in Germany Bebel remained on the firing line. He defied the powerful Bismark. Prisons failed to break his great spirit and many were the months he passed within the somber walls of the German fortress-prisons.

Today Bebel is dead. Forty thousand honored him at his funeral. In all countries of the world memorial services were held. A great man had passed away. His greatness was of the truest type. He was great in the service of the common people.

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TRUE TO CLASS

DURING his California tour Former Congressman Victor L. Berger made one statement that Socialists should take to heart. He was speaking of congress and congressmen. "No one bought Joe Cannon," he said. "No one bought Uncle Ike Stephenson of Wisconsin. Their own money bought them. They were capitalists and they were true to their class interests."

Every capitalist legislator is not a crook; that is, not according to capitalist law and custom. He doesn't fight for labor because he doesn't represent labor and never intended to.

He represents capitalists, he is there because he is a capitalist and because the capitalists could fool enough workingmen into voting for him.

He is absolutely true to his class. In fact, very few capitalists betray their class.

Labor's only antidate for that sort of thing is to elect class-conscious workingmen to office.

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SPEAKING OF FISH

CALIFORNIA has a wonderful climate. California is rich in the gifts of nature. It is the envy of all the earth. Why should the greed of man be permitted to mar its fair name?

When a shrewd speculator can get a bit of desert for a song, or less, manufacture a descriptive book out of fake photographs, embellish the whole thing with a story that is remarkable only for its distance from truth, and go back to the less climatically favored East and take perfectly good money for the land which his words and pictures belie—when a speculator does that it hurts California.

Of course people ought not to be that kind of fish, but they are. And there is always a day when they discover that they have been hooked.

The harsh words that follow such discovery do California no good. Civic pride should mitigate against the rascals who do that sort of hooking.

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THE GREATEST ISSUE

WITHOUT question the greatest issue before the world today is the future of labor.

What is labor going to do? And how?

Every real issue that faces governments is an issue that is a labor issue at its base. Questions of corporation control, questions of municipal ownership, questions of civic betterment, questions of international relationships—all these are labor questions at bottom.

The question of corporation control is one that every congress and every legislature has to face at every session these days. It is a labor question, purely, and not a corporation question. The problem is to prevent the corporations from going too far in gouging the people who work, which, turned the other way about means allowing labor to keep a little more of that which it produces. So, it is a labor question.

"The Shame of the City" has been its ignominious treatment of the common people—the workers. The nation-wide movement for cleaner city government is a labor question—a question of giving labor a fairer deal in city government. So it is with municipal ownership. Private ownership bears down too hard upon labor and labor resents the robbery. Out of this has grown the demand for municipal ownership of public utilities—a part of the Socialist program.

Even in questions of international character labor is at the root of the issue. War is the

greatest of these and in this labor is at the very foundation of all deliberation. Either for the protection of workers or the conquest of workers wars are planned and wars are fought only by the workers.

The world of things today revolves around labor. Labor is at the very center of all things. Capital speculates upon how hard it dares press down upon labor. Capital plans and intrigues against labor, wondering just how far it can go and how soon labor will awake. Most widely discussed and most fundamental of all is the problem of labor.

And labor is awakening as never before. Labor is coming to a consciousness of its position as never before. Labor is forcing its own issue as never before. All things work in favor of labor today. As the angler plays the fighting denizen of the deep, cautiously but without cessation bringing it to the gaff, so the great unseen forces of evolution are playing the issue to the finish. Capital cannot turn back to yesterday. Nor can labor. Both must go on and on and on—into the future.

It is as if labor and capital were being forced upward through a great turbine. Labor at the beginning is at the bottom and capital at the top. The great force from behind throws both forward toward the end. They turn as they go. They must turn. They have no power to do otherwise. And when the end of the turbine is reached labor is at the top.

The difference is that with labor and capital there will be, not a transposition of place and power, but a complete amalgamation. Capital will be drawn within labor and when the revolution has been worked there will be no capital, as we know it today; no capitalist class.

But this labor must bear always in mind: While labor cannot stop the revolution of today, while it cannot take itself out of the equation, it can, through consciousness of its own position and power, aid the natural forces that are at work and speed the day of emancipation.

Labor IS the issue. For its own sake labor must be a CONSCIOUS issue.

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THE PASTOR AND THE STRIKE

MANY persons of strong religious inclinations have voiced the belief that the working people are coming to care less for the church than formerly. It is not the intention here to say that they are right or wrong.

But IF they are right there must be a reason.

There has been a great copper strike in northern Michigan. Workingmen have been fighting against oppression and low wages. It has been labor against capital.

It may be well to seek the position taken by the church in this typical labor struggle.

J. L. Engdahl, staff correspondent of The Milwaukee Leader, writing from Calumet, the heart of the strike zone, says that on the Sunday following the beginning of the strike two of the Calumet pulpits were filled by militia chaplains and that in a third the regular pastor preached a sermon in which he evidenced his feelings of sympathy with the mine owners. He deeply deplored the fact that his church, the First Methodist Episcopal, would lose a great sum of money because of the strike and he hoped, oh, ever so ardently, that the men would soon cease their naughty strike.

"If the strike continues there is not a church in the whole district that will not be affected seriously, if not disastrously," said this preacher. Then this minister of the gospel closed his sermon with the following surprising peroration:

"The ministry and the Christian people of the community are calmly waiting the outcome. The crisis will, of course, come when the mining companies attempt to operate the mines, with such as are willing to work, which perhaps is 75 per cent, but the presence of the troops ought to assure order and safety.

"They trust in God, but are glad to know that the authorities are keeping their powder dry."

While this incident doesn't exactly prove anything, a great many will think that it indicates a great deal.

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THE MEXICANS

THE diplomatic flubdub and the jingo newspaper talk about the Mexican situation becomes exceedingly trying to working class nerves. The entire discussion takes into consideration only one thing—the protection of American capitalists and their property in Mexico.

What does the American working man care about the property interests of American capitalists in Mexico? He is not concerned.

If the American working man has any sympathies in Mexico those sympathies should be at all times with the cruelly exploited and brutally mistreated Mexican working class.

LIBERTY'S DEBT TO STOMACH

WRITING of the Mexican revolution, an author says: "You can stir some few men to revolt with insult, some by commanding them not to think, some others by taking their god away from them; but the mass of men must be starved into sedition."

Hail to the human stomach! What debts of gratitude the fine spirit of liberty owes to stomach! Napoleon in his glory, if he had known any sense of gratitude, should have erected a splendid monument to the French stomach, upon which he rose to power and made a new France. Every free nation should put an idealized stomach in its hall of fame; for not the mind of man, nor the heart of him, nor any beautiful instinct of equality has tumbled over most despots, but the stomach, most tender of human organs, breeding place for all revolts.

We are wont to say that ideals are the world's masters. And in a sense 'tis true. But students of human history are beginning to see that the ideals which have revolutionized the world are not those which have been impressed upon man from without; not those conceived by seer or prophet, but the ideals which have come as reflex of the economic conditions under which men were compelled to live. Isolated exceptions to the rule there have been throughout history, but the great, burdened, struggling, toiling masses of men, these have lifted their eyes to the stars, their aspiration to heaven, and girded their loins for freedom's battles only when impelled to do so by the pangs of hunger and starvation. The battles of freedom are ever fought on empty, not full stomachs.

The time will doubtless come some day when a fully liberated humanity, freed from every galling chain that now binds the race, can escape from thralldom to the stomach, but that time will be when

"Every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity."

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THE TRULY MORAL LIFE

THE following suggestions give some idea of what the truly moral life should be:

Says a writer:

"When I use the word 'moral,' I do not, I hope, mean that dull, pinched-lipped conventionality of negations which often goes under that name.

"The deep-lying, ineradicable desires, fountains of human actions, the lifelong aspirations, the lightning-like revelations of right and justice, the treasured, hidden ideals, born in flames and in darkness, within the heart—are, as a rule, anything but conventional.

"They may be, and often are, thought immoral. I don't care, they are just as sacred. If they underlie a man's life, and are nearest to himself—they will underlie humanity. To your own self be true."

To love and to aspire, to strive joyously for the good of all—these make life—spontaneous, bubbling life.

In this is nothing of wayward impulse. It is impulse, but impulse springing from the loving toward the lovely.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it, not Launcelot nor another."

To help awaken the soul so that it may see, and, seeing, love, is the best service that can be rendered a human being.

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DEFAULTING THEIR OBLIGATIONS

DO PUPILS educated at the public schools at public expense ever realize that in addition to the obligation they are under to parents, teachers and themselves there is still another obligation to the state?

It is a mistaken idea for pupils to imagine that they are conferring a favor on the community when they accept the educational bounty provided. There is a sense, of course, in which any boy or girl confers a favor upon society by becoming intelligent instead of remaining ignorant, but it is a poor type of human nature that does not realize that while there may be a mutuality of obligation, it is the individual and not the state who receives the greatest measure of benefit.

There is a general protest from taxpayers against the burdens of taxation which they are forced to assume, especially for schools. Yet there is no civilized country in which the amount of public money used for school purposes is so great as in this country. From the beginning of their history the several state governments have been phenomenally liberal in all matters pertaining to education. And it is well that all pupils in the public schools should be made to feel this at an early age in order that they may realize the full burden of obligation which they are under to

the state therefor, and that they may not default the obligation.

While the state owes a duty to every citizen, however humble, it is likewise true that there is a mutuality of obligation. And that government is strongest and its people happiest where neither the state nor the citizen defaults this obligation.

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A CURE FOR INSOMNIA

A WRITER offers the following novel suggestions for insomnia:

"When we are not necessarily overtired, but perhaps only a little tired from the day's work, it is not uncommon to be kept awake by a flapping curtain or a swinging door, by unusual noises in the streets or by people talking.

"If we are willing that the curtain should go on flapping, the door go on slamming, or the noise in the street continue steadily on, our brains yield to the conditions and so sleep naturally, because the noise goes through us, so to speak, and does not run hard against our unwillingness to hear it.

"There are three facts which may help to remove this resistance. One is that in almost every sound there is a certain rhythm. If we yield to the sound enough to become sensitive to its rhythm, that, in itself, is soothing, and what before was keeping us awake now helps us to go to sleep. The rhythm of sound and motion in sleeping cars and steamers is, in itself, soothing. If you keep your mind steadily on it you will probably be asleep in less than an hour, and, when the car stops, you will wake only enough to settle comfortably into the sense of motion when it starts again. It is pleasant to notice the gentleness with which a good engineer starts his train at night, and gives us many a lesson on the use of gentle beginnings with other things besides locomotive engineers.

"The second fact with regard to yielding, instead of resisting, in order to get to sleep is that listening alone, apart from rhythm, tends to make one sleepy, and this leads us at once to the third fact, that getting to sleep is nothing but a healthy form of concentration."

These suggestions, while both novel and interesting, have a limit in application beyond which it is not easy to conceive of human nature going. Imagine a poor, tired, nervous individual yielding himself to the sound of a cat fight on the roof at night, to the extent of becoming sensitive to its rhythm! Imagine, if it be imaginable, a point at which such a caterwauling would become soothing and lull one to peaceful sleep!

Then, too, think of becoming sensitive to the rhythm contained in the tones of a scolding wife! One might become en rapport with the rhythm in the sound of a squealing pig, a barking dog, the filing of a saw or the sound of a violin played on by an amateur—but imagine a husband, however sleepless and fatigued, yielding to the soothing rhythm of a wife's tones when her anger is at a white heat. The noise would be through him, so to speak, and would run hard against his willingness or unwillingness, whichever might obtrude itself.

Specifics, whether in medicine or philosophy, are to be shunned. Human nature is wonderfully elastic and resourceful. But it has its limits.

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HOW TO KEEP YOUNG

THE search for the foundation of perpetual youth is a perennial one. Smile as cheerfully as we may over the fact that age is creeping on apace, yet all have an instinctive horror of growing old. Lapse of years cannot be prevented. The ever-recurring birthdays will come and go in spite of us. We are powerless to stay the seasons on their round. Spring merges into summer, summer into autumn, winter succeeds autumn, and old age drops his mantle quietly over us.

There is a saying that "a man is as old as he thinks he is." This, of course, has no reference to lapse of years, but to the mental state which determines whether one shall continue looking out upon life with the same bouyant expectancy and joyous interest as in childhood, or shall permit the mind to believe itself old because the body has become so.

"Happy is the man who still retains his child-heart," said a Chinese philosopher thousands of years ago. He might also have added that such an one would be both young and happy. There are certain things which always find us young and always keep us so. Chief among these, with its sudden, terrific, but momentary power, is music. Poetry is another age-staying agent. And last, but not least, is an active interest in the progressing events of life and of the world. A septuagenarian who can read with interest a love story or see it acted, depicting all the passions, hopes and ambitions of youth, can never grow old, though he live forever.

THE GREED OF GOLD

THE spirit now dominant throughout the world has been aptly termed the commercial spirit.

Men and women worship at the shrine of the god of gold.

On the altar of mammon are sacrificed all those virtues which in an earlier age were thought worthy of man's highest endeavor.

Art, music, literature, religion and love, these count for naught in the scale in which the modern man measures things of supreme worth.

Time, talent, energy, all are directed to the accumulation of wealth.

That it is which colors man's thought by day and tints his dreams by night.

Morals, motives and standards all feel its deadening influence.

The entree to society is determined neither by an intellectual nor character test, but by the test of dollars.

This in clear, bald terms is a most serious arraignment of modern civilization.

All thoughtful men and women are compelled to admit its essential truth.

Mankind worships at the shrine of mammon.

Moral and intellectual worth; honor, integrity, ability, manhood, these are no longer things of supreme worth.

And what does this indicate for the future of humanity?

Is it evidence of the truth of the assertion so often made that the race is entering upon the period of its decadence?

Is it not, instead, when rightfully considered evidence that the present is but a needful preparation for higher attainment than any humanity has yet experienced?

Throughout human history, two forces have ever contributed to human progress—man and his environment.

Each have acted and reacted upon the other.

At each successive stage man has enlarged and improved his environment and in the effort to adapt his own life thereto, been lifted ever higher in the scale of manhood.

The nineteenth century was one of material advance.

During a little more than one hundred years, since the introduction of machinery in industry, the world's material advance has been greater than during any ten previous centuries.

So rapid has been this growth that man has been unable to adjust his own life to the marvelous change in his environment.

But the adjustment will come in time, indeed is now on the way, and the man of the new day will emerge from the chaotic conditions of the present.

The universe is committed to the attainment of a fuller, richer, more abundant life.

It is bound to be!

Not All Sleep in Sepulchres

By DAVID FULTON KARSNER

Not all sleep in sepulchres; not all the dead.
The living dead do not sleep in sepulchres: they sleep in themselves.
We grieve when the corpse of our comrade is entombed, yet when the soul of our living comrade is entombed we scarcely shed a tear.
As a child a dead body frightened me. As a man a dead soul clothed with a living body saddens me.
I find comradeship with living souls of the dead. I shudder when I meet a dead soul of the living.
I see dead souls in benefactors, philanthropists, teachers and priests.
I see living souls in outcast sons and daughters, beggars and criminals.
I hear socially accepted persons cursing the name of Christ.
I hear socially rejected persons chanting the Nazarene's name.
I meet dead souls in churches. I commune with living souls in prisons.
Of little use is a living soul that craves to hobnob with tinted winged cherubs, or one that wants to squat in the orchestra circle of heaven.
I am at home to the sinner, not to his sin. I shun the godly, I am at home to God.
Not all the dead sleep in sepulchres.

The Woman's View

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

WINNING JIMMY OVER

Ruth lived in the city on an unattractive street, bordered only by street cars and canopied with smoke. Her daily round of enjoyment was traveling down the street car line in the morning to the heart of the noisy district; standing all day behind a counter, answering the many queries and supplying the demands of shoppers; and in the evening whiling away a few hours or going wearily to bed.

In spite of this dreary routine, which to her spelled Life, none who knew her ever detected in her manner hints of unhappiness. She smiled as readily as a sparrow chirps in the sunshine. She never looked tired. She never complained of fatigue. Her friends, both boys and girls, thought her a marvel of cheerfulness.

Just because it's you, Dear Reader, I'll give you a little inside information and tell you very specifically why she was always cheerful and why she never looked tired.

She was in love.

With whom?

Why, with Jimmy! But, of course, you couldn't have known Jimmy, and that is your misfortune, for he certainly was worth knowing. He wasn't Irish either, as you may surmise from his name, but "plain United States," to use his own phrase. "And of better stock than John D. or Carnegie or any of the rest of the man-sweaters, you bet."

You see, Jimmy was a working man—a structural iron worker—and proud of it. Because his trade was well organized he made good wages; good enough to enable him to "support" Ruth if she would say the word.

Ruth, as you already know, liked Jimmy immensely. In fact, she liked him so well that she was almost oblivious to his "faults." Do you see? However, she had queer ideas about one thing—so Jimmy thought.

The thing about which Ruth had queer ideas was the money question. When they were married, she said, Jimmy should not support her. She contended that being supported ruined the character of the individual by developing slavishness; also that it created inertia. To this Jimmy objected strenuously. Said it wasn't fair to him, and added that if he was a good guesser, they wouldn't be married until he did support her.

Ruth tried to explain.

"You wouldn't let me support you?" she asked.

"No."

"You wouldn't let any other women relatives support you?"

"I should say not!"

"You wouldn't even let another man support you?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, don't you see! That's just the way I feel."

"But you're a woman!" he exclaimed, hastening to bolster up that irrefutable argument with others of the same calibre, which completely failed to overwhelm Ruth. She showed him that some of his premises never had been true and that others were no longer true because the times had changed.

"Jimmy," she proceeded with unruffled ease, "if I went to the Unions and told them that they ought to start a campaign to bring back the days of the old slavery because it is better to be owned body and soul by a single man than by a job, you would expect them to throw me out.

"You're right," was the response.

"But you're asking me to do that very thing—step from the slavery to a job into a state of slavery to an individual—for it is nothing less than this that you ask when you demand that I become dependent upon you for cash. Is it?"

"You don't love me," said Jimmy sadly.

In spite of this disagreement, they did not break off. They loved each other too sincerely. Yet they could not set aside that misunderstanding. For six months it was a barrier between them, which they bore with outward stoicism and inward heartaches.

On a hot summer evening, beginning the seventh month of their engagement and the seventh month of their misunderstanding, they drifted away from the crowds bent on amusement and wandered instead in the direction of a secluded park which faced a waving, moonlit ocean.

As they walked along the beach with the boundless expanse of water thundering and swishing before them; with the gold dotted sky rising on the horizon from the mysterious depths of the waters, the world behind seemed insignificant and its troubles unreal. The artificial barrier between them was tossed aside for the moment as lightly as the waves tossed aside the driftwood in their path.

"Ruth," whispered Jim, leaning close that the wind might not sweep his words away, "the bigness of it! How it tumbles and booms. And do you hear that soft echo that goes through the air after each breaker has hit the shore?"

Ruth answered by a little pressure on Jimmy's coat sleeve—a wonderfully eloquent answer.

"There's something in me that acts for all the world like the ocean. It's what I feel about you, dear. Like the ocean there, it beats up against the boundaries that should hold it in. It makes me long for strange heights that I never even dreamed of before I knew you.

"Ruthie!" She did not know whether it was tenderness or hurt that caused his voice to quiver so. He halted in his walk and placed a hand on each of her shoulders.

"How long are you going to keep me out of my kingdom. Can't we be married now?"

Ruth took a deep breath and clung desperately to the thought that she was acting for the best. She did not dare confess, even to herself, how much she would have liked to give in.

"You know I'm not making you wait," she replied gently. "I'd marry you tonight if—. Oh, if you would only understand!" At this juncture she bit her tongue, and this misfortune allowed a few words to slip out which she had not intended to say at all.

"If you love me so much, why do you object to my doing what I feel to be my duty. It means a lot to me. I can't mean anything to you. But it's not me you love; it's your inherited, mildewed opinions!"

Being a whole-hearted and sincere man, this was too much for Jimmy. He stood dazed for a moment and then whilred off in the direction of the city, disappearing before Ruth regained her composure. When it dawned upon her that she was really alone, she suddenly looked at the world through tear-stained lashes and dropped upon the sand in a wretched little heap.

* * *

Things went hard with Jimmy the next day. So far as he was concerned, the entire morning was a blank. He did not remember getting up or going down to work. The first clear impression he had of anything was a hurried commotion among the men around him and a tremendous shout of "Look Out" close to his ear, followed by a deafening crash. Then came a dizzy sensation of falling. It seemed to him that he continued to fall for hours.

When he finally stopped, it wasn't with a thump as he had expected. He just stopped—that was all. He opened his eyes and saw bending over him with a white, anxious face—Ruthie. He remembered then how all during the black hours of the previous night he had wished that he had not gone away. So he tried to hold out his arms to her. But they were obstinate and refused to move. Surprised at this, he glanced down to find out the cause of their obstinacy. Everything about him was white; there was a queer odor of anaesthetics in the air; he became aware of hundreds of aches in as many different parts of his anatomy, all of which was very puzzling. He glanced at Ruth for an explanation. She was leaning toward him, smiling. So he smiled, too. After that he became deliciously drowsy and drifting into sleep, forgot everything. Yes, even Ruth.

The doctor informed the little lady that her ward had fallen into a healthy sleep from which he would undoubtedly awaken much improved. So with the fear of immediate danger removed, she did some hard and rapid thinking. She felt that this was a crucial time for them both, upon the outcome of which hung their final happiness or misery. As Jimmy was not in a condition to act, it seemed to her that she must. Having come to this determination, she laid aside all qualms as to whether or not he would approve of her action.

The color was flaming in her cheeks and her eyes were bright with excitement as she left the hospital. When she returned some time later it was with a frock-coated gentleman who looked suspiciously like a clergyman.

"Jimmy," she said to the young man when he awakened, "this is Mr. Fisher."

"Glad to know you," responded Jimmy dully.

"He is going to marry us," she added briskly.

And it was all over before he had time to be amazed.

* * *

We may call this a postscript. It was said that women always reserve the most important matters for the postscript, so I'll not tender an apology tothe reader for this. However, it is intended to convey the most important fact of this narrative, namely that Jimmy still survives the ignominy of having his wife earn her own living.

"But did they live happily ever after?" I hear you say.

I can only answer that Ruth continued to pursue the precedent she had set for herself of acting first and convincing Jimmy afterward.

From what has gone before, you may judge for yourself as to the result.

The Socialist

By SYDNEY HILLYARD

FTER landing from the dingy tramp at London and East India dock, the young Armenian dragged his bones toward the west. Hjamied, his fellow-countryman, was working in a sweatshop in Shadwell, and in the direction of this place through the black and yellow fog of Whitechapel, he turned his steps. Around him the close packed hive of the East-end was endeavoring to hide itself from the fog. It was rubbing its smarting eyes, coughing, washing the dirt from its face, ears, and neck, and miserably hoping that the sun was not to be forever but a memory.

As the Armenian crawled up the narrow streets, keeping one hand running along the walls of the houses, the vision of the past few months was all that to him stood for this fog. First the beautiful Sassun Valley, with its vineyards and grain patches; the coming and going of the gaily colored soldiery; his family circle, and their quiet life among their co-religionists; then the rumors that strangely moved to and fro; complications that began to arise, curious but significant; then the command from the old patriarch at Constantinople that no violence must be offered to the authorities—ah; this then meant that the innocent were to be protected. Then came other and worse rumors from Erzerum, Sivas, Trezibond, and so many other places; and one could never trust the Sultan. And then the end came! Oh, that a fog like this had covered Sassun, and he had not seen that day! Or if it could envelope his mind as it did this London that he might forget. His mother and sisters—of what band of murderous Kurds were they now the property? His father—dead. Himself, though beaten and left for dead, had crossed those cold, inhospitable hills to Smyrna, where his people had put him, half crazy with sickness and starvation, on to the English merchantman. And now what was he to do with such a broken life as this, that had better have perished in the massacre? How could he, impoverished, sick, in a strange land, help his suffering countrymen and women to break the unspeakable toils of Islam? How should he, the starving pauper, persuade the great Lord Salisbury to send his powerful Mediterranean fleet, now lying in the harbor of Lemnos, to the help of his compatriots?

At length, by dint of inquiry, by use of a dirty map, and by groping down a half-paved court, the Armenian arrived at the toil den of his immigrant friend, a nest of woven misery, built in the branches of an all-embracing poverty. The work could not stop for a welcome to the newly-arrived, so the Armenian seated himself on the straw to wait till the time came for the meagre supper to be eaten. After this was over the Armenian was led by his fellow-countryman from the filthy garret out into the now pitch-dark night fog of Whitechapel.

"Where we go to?" asked the Armenian, coughing up the soot. His father had been one of a family of merchants and had early taught his boy the language of the merchant nation.

"To frens; frens of Armenia, the frens of the starving man," answered Hjamied.

Up the deserted Wapping High Street they felt their way; past Commercial Road where the trams had been compelled to cease running two days before, and where the only living things they passed in all this heart of a great metropolis were an occasional policeman, a laborer peering his way home, or a stray without any home to go to. At last they found themselves at a wretched and apparently deserted slum, where Hjamied, secretly congratulating himself upon having found his round-about way there at all, turned into an open doorway and began to feel his way up a flight of rickety stairs. Voices were heard on the first and only floor above them, but the Armenian could not distinguish the language. A few seconds later Hjamied knocked at a door. It was opened by a man who held a whispered conversation with him, and presently the Armenian found himself in a large room lit by three oil lamps, furnished with benches and small tables, and inhabited by a wierd crowd of cosmopolitans, of the like of whom he had never heard.

The Armenian was introduced to every man in the room. They shook his hand or kissed him according to the fashion of the country of their birth; they called him brother; he sat at one of the tables and drank Italian wine, a cheap variety, but still wine; others drank French absinthe, as new to him as the lightning language of the little Frenchman who sat opposite to him; still others rejoiced in Austrian vermouth or Russian vodka; while he listened to talk, talk, talk, only a few snathes of which were intelligible to him. Nevertheless he met some of his countrymen in the crowd, and, what with the liquor, the cigarettes, the warmth, and the brotherly talk, he felt himself a different man from the one who had entered the Whitechapel Socialist Local.

Some of these countrymen of his wore unmistakable signs of respectability, and they it was who made the Armenian promise to attend a service in the city on the following evening, where a celebrated preacher was going to give them an opportunity to speak on the crisis in Armenia.

So the refugees rejoiced on their way home through the blackness of the fog, reassuring each other that now that they were to have an opportunity, the English people were going to rise in their wrath and smite the offender; that soon should the sword of the Lord and of Gideon be laid bare.

It was Thursday evening in the City Temple. The smug middle-class congregation had just finished singing:

"So be it, Lord, Thy throne shall never, like earth's proud empires, fade away,
But it shall stand and grow forever, till all the world shall own Thy sway."

Dr. Parker rose and spoke of David, of Jeremiah, of Paul, and showed that the Lord had many times promised help to the fearfully oppressed, and had delivered them in the time of their great need. He spoke of the Christians of Armenia, in the hands of a bestial monster, bent on their extermination; and finally introduced the Armenian who was sitting with him on the platform. Smugdom gazed in semi-comatose nervousness, that it mistook for Christian sympathy, at the shaggy-haired importation who told them in broken English what his share had been in the Eastern question. He shook his head and his hands, showed them the chains they had bound him with, the lash they had beaten him with, (these had been brought over by his friends); he spoke with tears in his eyes of the fate of his mother and sisters; at which some of the feminine members of the congregation assumed a shocked expression, got up and went out. In fairness, however, it must be said that many of the younger people would have preferred the Armenians should be rescued from that sort of thing, provided it did not involve them. While the doctor was closing with a few words, a prayer, and a hymn, Hjamied and and the Armenian and their friends walked around to the Holborn entrance to the church to listen to the sentiments of the people as they came out. No; the crowd was not weeping; no, they did not linger at the offertory box for Armenian refugees; no, they did not form in line and march toward Whitehall. "How is the skating at the Welsh Harp?" "Oh, my dear, isn't this fog too awfully dreadful for anything?" "Isn't that 'Crossing the Bar' just lovely? Well, what would you expect with Tennyson and Bridge together." "All that poor fellow says can't be true; I think he must be partly demented; I know the consul would not permit it."

Great expectations waned as the penny Aldgate bus rattled eastward with Hjamied and the Armenian. The people in the bus were not talking of Armenia, they were talking about London. Arrived back at the Shadwell slum, Hjamied's wife and children were still at work by the light of half-penny candle, making up for the time that Hjamied had lost going to the temple. The Armenian wondered as he watched them stitch whether perhaps after all they would not have been as well off under the yellow earth by the hillside church at Sassun, as crowded here in this fog-filled, dirty, freezing garret, enslaved by a monster more silent, more persistent, more relentless than Abdul-the-Damned.

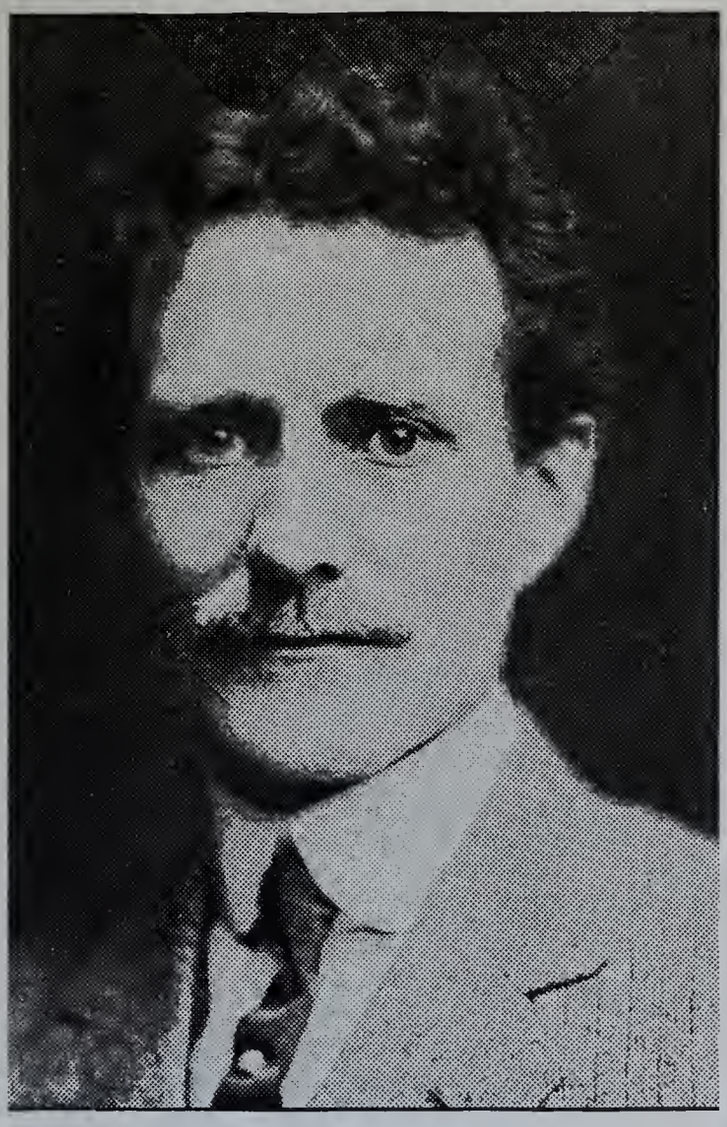
The Daily Telegraph next morning had all the winners, the league football, the Devonshire reception, and the Peace Conference. Before the dissolution the House of Lords had debated a bill to allow Australian widowers to marry a deceased wife's sister; the Commons, one concerning the teaching of the life of Christ in the schools. Mr. Balfour was playing golf at St. Andrews; the great Lord Salisbury, the protector of the Turk, was busy with vast affairs of statesmanship; the King was at Monte Carlo; the great fleets rolled at Spithead and Lemnos, while a smile illuminated the palace of the Yildiz Kiosk.

The Armenian began to see. He saw on and on. His Bible, like Hjamied's, went to the Jewish pawnshop. Instead of it he read Emma Goldman. He talked to the wild man in the evening. He saw—but how could the vision be anything but distorted? Was it not filled with the hypocritical callousness of one God and the murder and cruelty of another? What to him were Gods whose puny arms could not save his mother and sisters or build a different church from this? What had God to offer him now? Anything he could fight with, love, or eat? But Hjamied—Hjamied offered comradeship, wine, warmth, a wild ideal that all tyrants should be abolished and honest men should be allowed to live in decency and peace.

The following night, the Armenian, with sorrow, but with hope and strength in his heart, took his way from the Mayfair of a brilliant West into the all-penetrating sadness of a toiling East to seek the waiting welcoming arms of the Socialists.

I rejoice at every effort workingmen make to organize. . . . I hail the labor movement. It is my only hope for democracy. . . . Organize, and stand together. Let the nation hear a united demand from the laboring voice.—Wendell Phillips.

IN THE CALCIUM GLOW



HARRY MARSHALL McKEE

EARNEST ELIAS KIRK

Merry Sunshine and the Professor! Introducing Earnest Elias Kirk and Harry Marshall McKee. A little music please.

In the calcium glow? Well, rather. Likewise in prison in San Diego for daring to stand up for eternal truth. If there is no pardon and his fine is paid McKee will emerge from the great stone jail on September 15 and Kirk will join him in liberty three months later.

A little faster with the music, gentlemen.

There has been great agitation for a pardon for these two fighting comrades. They haven't asked for a pardon, but their comrades have asked it for them, believing that they did only what was right. And this matter of a pardon serves to shed a little light on the character of the men.

McKee, the scholar, the tense, nervous intellectual, lovable to the end of time, would inform you in well chosen words that on no condition would he desire pardon, unless it were to come in recognition of the justice of his position.

Kirk, rollicking soul, sunshine of the eternal sun, big and bouyant and ruddy, would slam it home to you in this fashion: "If a pardon were to be begged for on the grounds of mercy, if we couldn't have it as a matter of common justice, then this jail is home, sweet home, with 'welcome' on the mat!"

These two Socialists are worth going far to know. In them is the stuff that makes the revolution invincible.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

ROBERT BRIDGES AND A MOOD

Last month, in this column, I ruminated on the poet-laureateship, treating that institution as a fossilized, inexpensive, trifling anachronism not to be taken seriously. I spoke of half a dozen or more British poets—Kipling, Watson, Masefield, Noyes, Hardy, Yeats, Meynell, Phillips and Newbolt—who were being considered as likely candidates for the "honor," showing, in my characteristically modest manner, where certain poets were worthy of being chosen to succeed the late Alfred Austin. Premier Asquith did not heed my advice; in fact, before my article even had an opportunity to reach the pressroom, that inconsiderate gentleman decided upon Robert Bridges—a most disturbing selection since I hadn't even included the aged poet in my list. To keep what the Chinese call "face," I added a paragraph in which I bemoaned the exasperating misfortune of having my article "spoiled," saying, in addition, that "I know only two or three of his poems and think they are not worth discussing." Of course, I was perfectly sincere, but sincerity, like ignorance, is no excuse. The strong-armed gentleman who springs from a dark alley to hold me up, and who, while removing my silver watch and emaciated wallet, brandishes a business--looking lead pipe, is one of the most sincere men in the entire world, but his sincerity does not alter my opinion that his act is most base, unscrupulous and deplorable. So, I shall not plead sincerity.

Anxious to do Mr. Bridges full justice, I hunted up a number of his poems so I might know what sort of poet he is. And, where two or three of his poems led me to say that he wasn't "worth considering," two score or more of them cause me to devote my entire column to him. There is the difference and the explanation.

And so, to be perfectly frank and vulgar, I wish to take what may be called a staggering, amazing, overwhelming flop. In other words, I intend to "say a good word" for the aged fellow in this "piece for the papers." The reason for this reaction, this retreat from the thunderers to a timid conservative, is that I am utterly tired of, disgusted with, bored over and tragically exasperated by our class struggle poets who have deliberately prostituted poetry in a manner that out-jungles The Jungle. The class struggle poets in future issues will be praised—of that there is no question—but this is mid-August and the much-heralded climate of Southern California, for the moment, ceases to be climate and becomes, to paraphrase "Dusty" Rhodes, "just plain weather"—so, as a most natural result I may be permitted to protest against the narrow restrictions our class struggle poets have placed on the muse, their deliberate misuse of an art for propaganda and even political purposes and their constant affirmation of the contention that the sole purpose of poetry is to free the proletariat—and the best way to register a vigorous and emphatic protest against this impertinence is by praising Robert Bridges' poetry!

This explains, in a great measure, why I enjoyed these exquisitely beautiful lyrics, these flawless poems of a singer little concerned over the injustice of the tariff, the portentousness of the money question, the utter need of a ship subsidy bill, the high cost of living or the bitter cry of the children. This is why, for the time being, an entire crew of class struggle poets are perilously near the waste basket.

Oh, don't say it is temperament that brings on this mood. Nothing of the sort. It's temperature. And on just such an occasion one can apply George Moore's criticism of Millet to our class struggle poets, charging their verses with being always the same thing, wailing over the same peasant, fiddling the same sentiment, describing the same smells, glorifying the same overalls. You must admit that it is somewhat stereotyped, says Moore in his iconoclastic "Confessions of a Young Man."

The first thing that impressed me was Bridges' creed as a poet, which William Marion Reedy says is enough:

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honored for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' tomorrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

For sheer beauty, the following lyrics seem without equal:

I Have Loved Flowers That Fade

I have loved flowers that fade,
  Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
  With sweet unmemoried scents;
A honeymoon delight—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
  Before their charm is writ
Upon a liquid sky
  Trembling to welcome it.
Notes that, with pulse of fire,
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die and are nowhere—
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
  And wither like a bloom;
Fear not a flowery death,
  Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

When Death to Either Shall Come

When Death to either shall come,—
  I pray it be first to me,—
Be happy as ever at home,
  If so, as I wish, it be.

Possess thy heart, my own;
  And sing to thy child on thy knee,
Or read to thyself alone
  The songs that I made for thee.

* * *

So Sweet Love Seemed

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is naught to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.

* * *

After reading the above, one appears ready to agree with Mr. Reedy, who speaks of Bridges as having the true "poetic quality, at his best, of excess in moderation or moderation in excess." He also says the classic restraint in his work is strong.

Bridges' beautiful, light touch (and by light I mean soft) impresses me as being at its finest in

My Delight and Thy Delight

My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night:

My desire and thy desire
Twining to a tongue of fire,
Leaping live, and laughing higher;

Through the everlasting strife
In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,
Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,
Whence the million stars were strown,
Why each atom knows its own,
How, in spite of woe and death,
Gay is life, and sweet is breath:

This he taught us, this we knew,
Happy in his science true,
Hand in hand as we stood
'Neath the shadows of the wood,
Heart to heart as we lay
In the dawning of the day.

Mr. Bridges reaches the heights when he sings of love; delicacy and refinement seem to mark his verses, imparting to the reader a sense of delight. Read:

Awake, My Heart

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee:
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her—if this could be,—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake:
Awake, to be loved, my heart, awake, awake!

Awake! The land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree;
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo, all things wake and tarry and look for thee:
She looketh and saith, "O sun, now bring him to me.
Come, more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!"

After reading, and enjoying, Bridges' wonderful lyrics, I am convinced all the more that he never should have been named as poet-laureate. The British state cannot use such poetry. The ponderous dignity of the British court will find few occasions on which it will be able to utilize Robert Bridges' love lyrics.

Gates of Life and Death

Hope, the great explorer;
  Love, whom none can bind
Youth, that looks before her;
  Age, that looks behind;
Joy, with brow like summer's;
  Care, with wintry pate,
Masquers are and mummers
  At life's gate.

Power, with narrow forehead;
  Wealth, with haggard palm;
Wisdom old, whose hoar head
Vaunts a barren calm.
Haughty overcomers
  In their pomp and state,
Masquers all the mummers
  At death's gate.

—William Watson.

Das Wunderwerk

By Katherine Elspeth Oliver

Sun and a bit o' rain—
A long low wooing breath from out the West;
Mornings of golden mist,
Birds seeking nest;
The lark's insistent call, that will not rest.

Sun and a bit o' rain—
One starry night, and warm (sleep sun, sleep storm)
The barren earth thrills, pregnant—
Labors an hour: At morn
The wonder-birth, and Spring is born.

There is a courage greater than the fair of public opinion.—Owen Wister.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

ROBERT BRIDGES AND A MOOD

Last month, in this column, I ruminated on the poet-laureateship, treating that institution as a fossilized, inexpensive, trifling anachronism not to be taken seriously. I spoke of half a dozen or more British poets—Kipling, Watson, Masefield, Noyes, Hardy, Yeats, Meynell, Phillips and Newbolt—who were being considered as likely candidates for the "honor," showing, in my characteristically modest manner, where certain poets were worthy of being chosen to succeed the late Alfred Austin. Premier Asquith did not heed my advice; in fact, before my article even had an opportunity to reach the pressroom, that inconsiderate gentleman decided upon Robert Bridges—a most disturbing selection since I hadn't even included the aged poet in my list. To keep what the Chinese call "face," I added a paragraph in which I bemoaned the exasperating misfortune of having my article "spoiled," saying, in addition, that "I know only two or three of his poems and think they are not worth discussing." Of course, I was perfectly sincere, but sincerity, like ignorance, is no excuse. The strong-armed gentleman who springs from a dark alley to hold me up, and who, while removing my silver watch and emaciated wallet, brandishes a business--looking lead pipe, is one of the most sincere men in the entire world, but his sincerity does not alter my opinion that his act is most base, unscrupulous and deplorable. So, I shall not plead sincerity.

Anxious to do Mr. Bridges full justice, I hunted up a number of his poems so I might know what sort of poet he is. And, where two or three of his poems led me to say that he wasn't "worth considering," two score or more of them cause me to devote my entire column to him. There is the difference and the explanation.

And so, to be perfectly frank and vulgar, I wish to take what may be called a staggering, amazing, overwhelming flop. In other words, I intend to "say a good word" for the aged fellow in this "piece for the papers." The reason for this reaction, this retreat from the thunderers to a timid conservative, is that I am utterly tired of, disgusted with, bored over and tragically exasperated by our class struggle poets who have deliberately prostituted poetry in a manner that out-jungles The Jungle. The class struggle poets in future issues will be praised—of that there is no question—but this is mid-August and the much-heralded climate of Southern California, for the moment, ceases to be climate and becomes, to paraphrase "Dusty" Rhodes, "just plain weather"—so, as a most natural result I may be permitted to protest against the narrow restrictions our class struggle poets have placed on the muse, their deliberate misuse of an art for propaganda and even political purposes and their constant affirmation of the contention that the sole purpose of poetry is to free the proletariat—and the best way to register a vigorous and emphatic protest against this impertinence is by praising Robert Bridges' poetry!

This explains, in a great measure, why I enjoyed these exquisitely beautiful lyrics, these flawless poems of a singer little concerned over the injustice of the tariff, the portentousness of the money question, the utter need of a ship subsidy bill, the high cost of living or the bitter cry of the children. This is why, for the time being, an entire crew of class struggle poets are perilously near the waste basket.

Oh, don't say it is temperament that brings on this mood. Nothing of the sort. It's temperature. And on just such an occasion one can apply George Moore's criticism of Millet to our class struggle poets, charging their verses with being always the same thing, wailing over the same peasant, fiddling the same sentiment, describing the same smells, glorifying the same overalls. You must admit that it is somewhat stereotyped, says Moore in his iconoclastic "Confessions of a Young Man."

The first thing that impressed me was Bridges' creed as a poet, which William Marion Reedy says is enough:

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honored for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' tomorrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

For sheer beauty, the following lyrics seem without equal:

I Have Loved Flowers That Fade

I have loved flowers that fade,
  Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
  With sweet unmemoried scents;
A honeymoon delight—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
  Before their charm is writ
Upon a liquid sky
  Trembling to welcome it.
Notes that, with pulse of fire,
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die and are nowhere—
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
  And wither like a bloom;
Fear not a flowery death,
  Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

When Death to Either Shall Come

When Death to either shall come,—
  I pray it be first to me,—
Be happy as ever at home,
  If so, as I wish, it be.

Possess thy heart, my own;
  And sing to thy child on thy knee,
Or read to thyself alone
  The songs that I made for thee.

* * *

So Sweet Love Seemed

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is naught to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.

* * *

After reading the above, one appears ready to agree with Mr. Reedy, who speaks of Bridges as having the true "poetic quality, at his best, of excess in moderation or moderation in excess." He also says the classic restraint in his work is strong.

Bridges' beautiful, light touch (and by light I mean soft) impresses me as being at its finest in

My Delight and Thy Delight

My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night:

My desire and thy desire
Twining to a tongue of fire,
Leaping live, and laughing higher;

Through the everlasting strife
In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,
Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,
Whence the million stars were strown,
Why each atom knows its own,
How, in spite of woe and death,
Gay is life, and sweet is breath:

This he taught us, this we knew,
Happy in his science true,
Hand in hand as we stood
'Neath the shadows of the wood,
Heart to heart as we lay
In the dawning of the day.

Mr. Bridges reaches the heights when he sings of love; delicacy and refinement seem to mark his verses, imparting to the reader a sense of delight. Read:

Awake, My Heart

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee:
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her—if this could be,—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake:
Awake, to be loved, my heart, awake, awake!

Awake! The land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree;
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo, all things wake and tarry and look for thee:
She looketh and saith, "O sun, now bring him to me.
Come, more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!"

After reading, and enjoying, Bridges' wonderful lyrics, I am convinced all the more that he never should have been named as poet-laureate. The British state cannot use such poetry. The ponderous dignity of the British court will find few occasious on which it will be able to utilize Robert Bridges' love lyrics.

Gates of Life and Death

Hope, the great explorer;
  Love, whom none can bind
Youth, that looks before her;
  Age, that looks behind;
Joy, with brow like summer's;
  Care, with wintry pate,
Masquers are and mummers
  At life's gate.

Power, with narrow forehead;
  Wealth, with haggard palm;
Wisdom old, whose hoar head
Vaunts a barren calm.
Haughty overcomers
  In their pomp and state,
Masquers all the mummers
  At death's gate.

—William Watson.

Das Wunderwerk

By Katherine Elspeth Oliver

Sun and a bit o' rain—
A long low wooing breath from out the West;
Mornings of golden mist,
Birds seeking nest;
The lark's insistent call, that will not rest.

Sun and a bit o' rain—
One starry night, and warm (sleep sun, sleep storm)
The barren earth thrills, pregnant—
Labors an hour: At morn
The wonder-birth, and Spring is born.

There is a courage greater than the fair of public opinion.—Owen Wister.

Once upon a time many years ago, a man who had gotten his share of earthly sheckels through the shady shearing of unsuspecting sheep, got a notion into his noodle that he would like mighty well to own an ocean.

He wanted one that he could do just as he "goldinged" pleased with, without interference from other proprietors of smaller bodies of water.

All this happened long before the trusts had gobbled up the entire earth and all its trimmings, and opportunities were ripe for small investors to grab off an occasional mountain or town-site without the National Business Men's League missing it very much.

John Grab, for that at least was the name under which he registered at the Coast hotel, was a business genius. He had Bellamy skinned off the earth and marooned to an ice-berg when it came to the looking backward stunt.

Said he to himself, said he, "The day is surely coming when there will be nothing left on land or sea that will not be under corporation control. Even the blue sky will be nix for me, as in all probability the trusts will regulate by legislation the movement of the clouds. They will obscure the sublime view of the celestial dome to all who are unable to pay for a peep at the azure blue from the deck of a trust aeroplane.

When John Grab got a hunch nothing short of a penitentiary sentence could stop him from getting it into action, and John lost no time in "breezing" to the coast to accomplish his purpose.

"Now just what kind of an ocean would you like to purchase?" inquired the suave earth agent, who had the largest list of geographical bargains in his territory. "I've got one just a short distance from here, just adjacent to the shore, and it's really a bargain."

"So far," said Grab, "your noise oozes oilily into mine ears. Lead me to it."

"This ocean I'm offering you," explained the agent, as they walked towards the place from which they were to view the briny, "Is a nice big level one, and it is surrounded by nice fertile dry land on all sides, as you will presently see. It has just recently been surveyed, and I can give you a clear title to it without any waiting."

When later they stood on the damp line where the shore left off and the ocean commenced, and gazed upon its wide expanse, Grab secretly resolved to buy that big sea-bath at any cost.

The agent went farther into details and assured Grab that the ocean was a perfectly good one. The blue was guaranteed a fast color, and the water therein was capable of supporting as many ships as Grab saw fit to float.

"And another thing," added the salesman. "It's a nice tame pond and is warranted to be free from earthquakes and cyclones."

Grab cinched the deal right on the spot, and before the tide came he was the proud possessor of one of the largest bodies of water on the globe, and that's not all. He had driven a sharp bargain and incidentally had short-changed the agent out of seventeen dollars and forty three cents.

The first thing Grab did the following day was to order a thousand life buoys with "No trespassing" and "Private property" painted in large letters on either side. He hired an old sea-dog as watchman who claimed to know every wave by its first name. He also decided to fence it in as soon as he could get bids on the job, and he bought a motor boat so that he might the better survey his newly acquired property.

"From now on," he chuckled, "all these ship owners have got to come and see me. I'll have 'em coming and going. They'll have to pay me or they don't sail, that's all!

"By jinks," he suddenly exclaimed, "I'll bet there's enough fish to fill the whole world every Friday and some left to can. If there is I've sure slipped one over on the earth agent! Me for a hook and line."

Grab lost no time in tuning up his motor boat, and was soon anchored a few miles from shore. It wasn't long before he landed a fish of the size he had lied about all his life.

The finny monsters kept right on biting, and Grab kept right on pulling them in. He was so absorbed in the Izaac Walton art that he failed to notice the approach of another motor boat until the bow bumped the lee side of his own craft.

A big red-faced man in white flannels, with a huge diamond in his silken shirt, glared at him from the other boat.

"Fishing?" he bellowed.

"No you big boob!" answered Grab sharply, "I'm playing croquet with cod-fish balls. What's it to you anyhow?"

"Don't get fresh on this brine," roared the fat man, "or I'll fine you for fishing without a permit and charge you double the price for them fish. How many you got?"

For a moment, Grab was speechless, then, shaking his clinched fist at the other man, he sputtered:

"You! Why, you big Sandab! What are you driving at anyway? Do you know who you're talking to, huh? I'm the man that owns the ocean. Owns it! Do you understand? OWNS IT!!"

"Stow that talk," thundered he of the red face. "I don't give a fish-foot who owns it. I own the FISH in it. See?"

"You own the fish!" roared back Grab. "You own the fish? Say! You're bugs. I'd like to know how the devil you own the fish when I own the ocean and they're in my ocean."

"I don't care anything about your old ocean," replied the fat man. "I own the fish. I bought 'em from the earth agent and paid for them, and they're mine. Do you get that, you Pickled Minnow?"

Grab was puzzled, but only for a moment. He glared at the big man, and controlling his rage, he replied, sharply:

"All right, all right. If you own the fish. Take 'em

out of my ocean and do it double quick!"

The other man hesitated a moment before answering.

"Take 'em out nothing!" he doggedly replied. "Don't you know that fish can't live out of water? Fish is perishable goods. Don't you think for one moment that you can make me destroy my own property. Not on your life!"

"Your property is none of my affairs," retored Grab, hotly. "You'll take your fish out of my ocean or you'll pay me rent for the use of my water, and you'll pay their board, too."

"Say, you! I want to tell you something. Do you know?" sneered the fish owner, "that half of the bulk of this big wet smear is fish? Fish, I'm telling you, and if I took my fish out of here your old mud-hole would shrink to the size of a puddle!"

This was one on Grab, but Grab being a financier, was likewise a diplomat. He realized that the finny king held a trump card, so with a forced smile, he exclaimed, "Say, old man, you and I are both fools. Why all this wrangle? Let's go ashore, have a cold bottle and get together."

"I got you," replied the fat one. "Heave anchor and head for port."

An hour later the two magnates were eating out of each other's hands. Between bottles they had unanimously decided that a merger was the only solution of the problem of ownership. The ocean wasn't worth much without the fish, and the fish business wasn't a healthy one without the ocean. The whole thing was framed up most beautifully. The two would form a partnership and—

Just at this point, a large man with a big black moustache and an unbecoming face, walked briskly over to the table at which they were sitting. Taking a chair, he inquired in a businesslike way: "Which one of you is Grab?"

Grab allowed that he was that individual. Whereupon the other said, pointing to the playful tide: "I understand you have just bought that ocean! Am I correct?"

"You've got my right number," answered Grab, throwing out his chest and swelling up with pride, "I, my good fellow, am the only Neptune. The rest are all counterfeits."

"So, replied the stranger. "Well, you can call yourself any old name you want to, from Alpha to Omega, and I should worry, but my name is Has. H. E. Has, and I own the land that your ocean is squatting on, an'—"

"What!" yelled Grab, jumping to his feet. "What! You own the bottom of my ocean? Why you—you—left clawed, bubble faced land crab! What th—"

"Tut! Tut! Tut! Now don't get excited," sneered Has. "I just want to polltely inform you that I am the sole owner of the land beneath your ocean, and as I want to subdivide and improve the aforesaid property, I ask you to vacate, unless, of course, you care to take a ninety-nine year lease. As it is, your ocean has illegal possession of my land and I shall be compelled to force you to remove same unless you come through, see?"

John Neptune Grab wilted in his chair. Great beads of perspiration trickled down his flushed face. He shrieked:

"You! you! Say, wh-what is this? A frame-up? This Kippered Crab over there," pointing to the fish monopolist, "owns all the fish, and now you come along and try to slip the bottom out from under my ocean—an'-and say, you soft-shelled sea weed," roared Neptune with revived spirit, "if you think you can eject my ocean, you just go ahead and try it, and—"

"Hold on, now, hold on," broke in the fish pasha, "I've got something to say about this. I'm interested in this pond just as much as the Big Bubble is; in fact, we're partners and we've got that big spill stocked with the finest line of fish from whale to smelts that ever flopped a fin. Besides, the fish shovelers are on a strike. Now, get me right, you one-clawed lobster! If you make us remove that home for friendless fish, we'll let our stock lay there and rot your old land so that the stench will kill a buzzard at a hundred miles!"

"He can't do it! He can't do it!" yelled the Water Wizard, turning to the Finny King and banging his fist on the table.

"Oh! I don't know," replied Has, with a sarcastic sneer. "There's the law you know!"

"The law your grandmother," retorted Grab. "We're already a corporation. The law can't touch a corporation. And you," he continued, addressing the fish owner, "couldn't separate your fish from my ocean in a thousand years, and I couldn't make you take your land from under my ocean," he continued, turning to the cellar hog. "We are all in the same boat, so let's get together."

When the last of a dozen empty cmapagne bottles was removed from the table by a yawning and much overworked waiter, a co-partnership had been formed by the three Grabbers, just as all trust combines are formed at the present day for the furtherance and protection of their individual interests.

Of course, the fish couldn't live without the water, the water couldn't conveniently hold together in the form of an ocean without a place to rest on and Columbus would never have discovered America if the ocean had not been the just heritage of man, but such minor points as these were not taken into consideration by the men who "hogged" what the people rightfully owned.

It is needless to say that the trust prospered.

For Man Alone

No fledgling feeds the father bird!
  No chicken feeds the hen!
No kitten mouses for the cat—
  This glory is for men.

We are the Wisest, Strongest Race—
  Loud may our praise be sung!
The only animal alive
  That lives upon its young.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Big Biz: "All I Do is Furnish Crackers"

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