April, 1914 Vol. 1, No. 12 Ten Cents

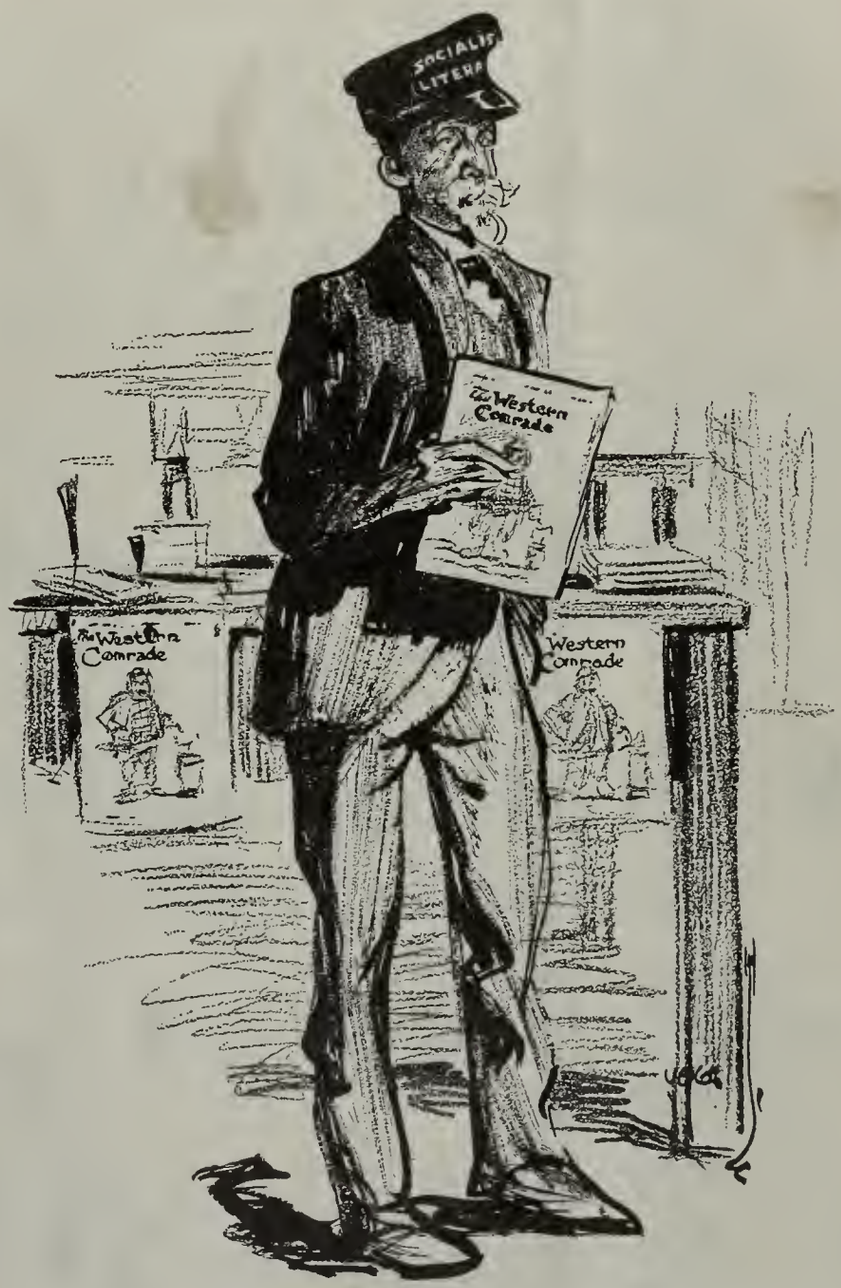
The Western Comrade

In This Number—

Edgcumb Pinchon
Sydney Hillyard
Emanuel Julius
Chester M. Wright
Eleanor Wentworth
Lucien Saint
Mildred Bain
Luella Twining
Elsa Unterman

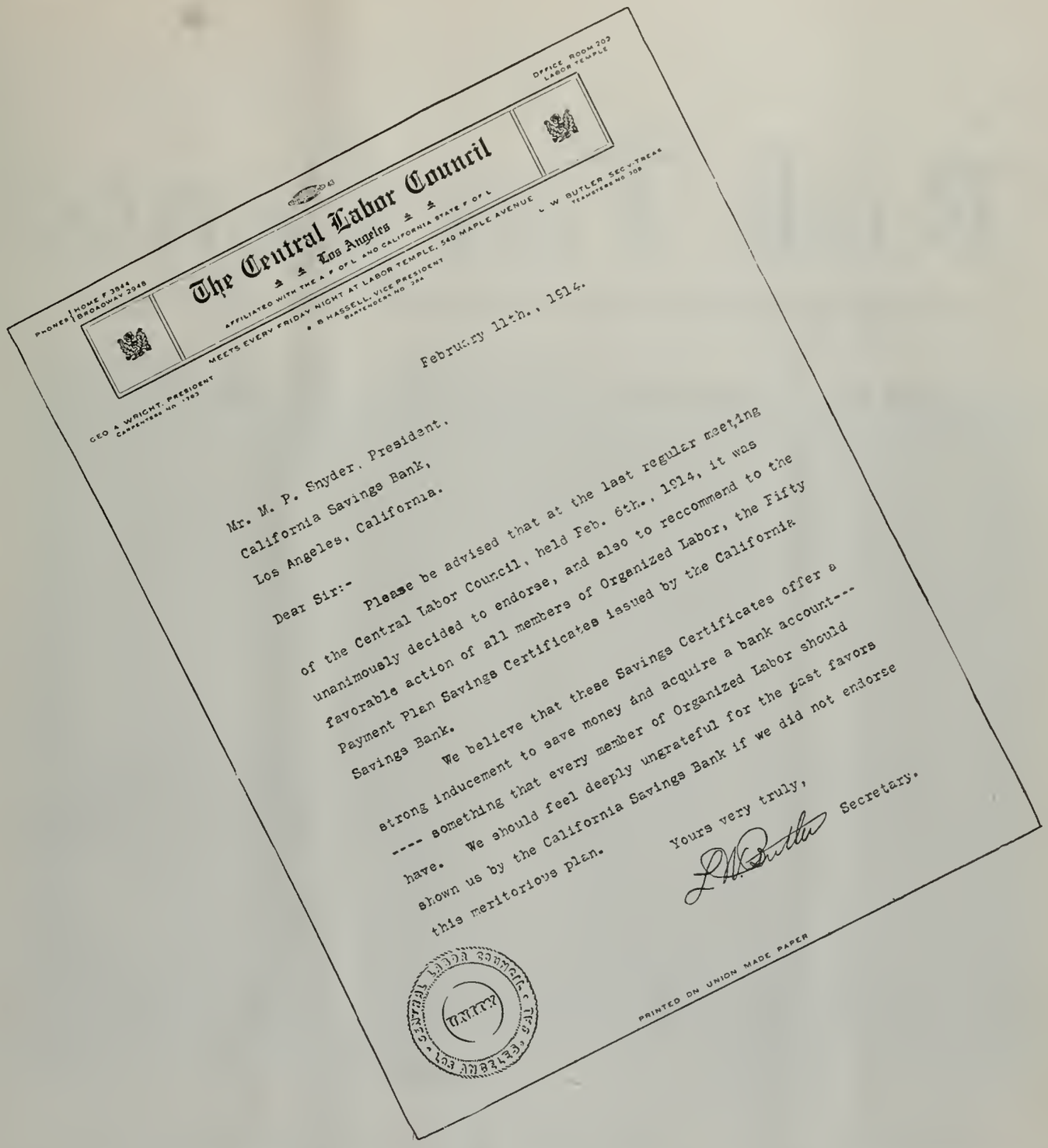
♣ ♣ ♣

Decorations by
Charles Tracy



J. A. WILLIAMS, A "JIMMY HIGGINS"
(See editorial, page 395)

—Drawn by Charles (Vag) Tracy



The Central Labor Council
Los Angeles
AFFILIATED WITH THE A. F. OF L. AND CALIFORNIA STATE F. OF L.
MEETS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT AT LABOR TEMPLE, 540 MAPLE AVENUE
PHONES HOME F 3845 BROADWAY 2948
OFFICE ROOM 209 LABOR TEMPLE
GEO. A. WRIGHT, PRESIDENT CARPENTERS NO. 1760
J. B. HASSELL, VICE PRESIDENT BARTENDERS NO. 284
L. W. BUTLER SEC'Y-TREAS TEAMSTERS NO. 208

February 11th., 1914.

Mr. M. P. Snyder, President,
California Savings Bank,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir:-

Please be advised that at the last regular meeting of the Central Labor Council, held Feb. 6th., 1914, it was unanimously decided to endorse, and also to reccommend to the favorable action of all members of Organized Labor, the Fifty Payment Plan Savings Certificates issued by the California Savings Bank.

We believe that these Savings Certificates offer a strong inducement to save money and acquire a bank account--- ---- something that every member of Organized Labor should have. We should feel deeply ungrateful for the past favors shown us by the California Savings Bank if we did not endorse this meritorious plan.

Yours very truly,
L. W. Butler Secretary.

PRINTED ON UNION MADE PAPER

UNION

This Strong Letter Endorses the Saving Certificates Issued by this Bank

$100 Saving Certificates are sold on the easy payment plan of $2 a week for fifty weeks, and the

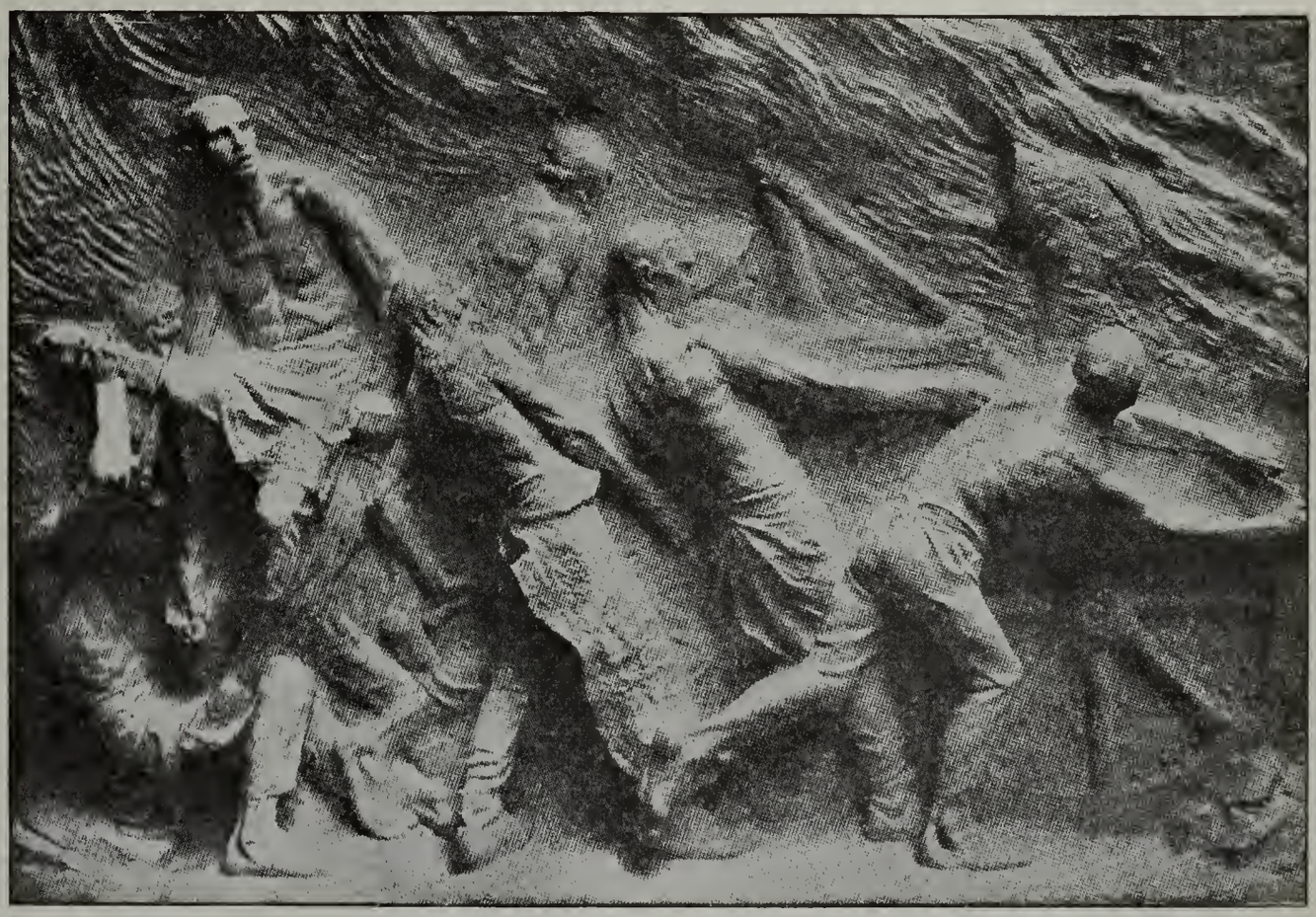
Bank Makes the First Payment for You

Thousands of these Saving Certificates have been sold the past two months—thousands of people have appreciated the fact that not only are these Certificates a wise investment, but an easy, sure way to save $100.

LABOR MEN—Investigate this plan. Call or write for information.

California Savings Bank

Spring and Fourth Sts.
"A Tower of Strength"



INDUSTRY

Article by C. M. W. on Page 414

EDITORIAL

CAPTURE THE BRAIN

JUST a word to those who accept the vote cast as their sole barometer of social progress. The vote means nothing; it's the brain behind the vote that means something.

There may be many reasons for a man's voting for a Socialist, and unless he has the vision in his mind he may vote for Socialists a dozen times yet never vote for Socialism.

Floyd Dell, in a recent number of Harper's Weekly, states it well:

"It does no good to capture a man's vote in behalf of a new program, if his mind is full of antiquated notions which contradict and nullify that program."

Education is the foundation of the co-operative commonwealth. Without it there will be no co-operative commonwealth, even though we get all the votes in Christendom!—C. M. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

MAETERLINCK AND THE POPE

WITH a muffled pop, the pope has placed Maurice Maeterlinck's works on the Index Expurgatorius, which means that the faithful must not besmirch their minds with "The Blue Bird," "Monna Vanna," or "The Treasure of The Humble." Surely, Maeterlinck is losing little sleep over this blow, as its result, if anything, will be that the publishers will dispose of more of this author's works, for that is what happens when the pope decides against some knight of the typewriter. To condemn "The Blue Bird" as heretical would be like treating a hummingbird as a bird of prey, says one writer.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE POSITION OF SCIENCE

RECENTLY a well-known professor of the University of Wisconsin again expounded that lurid falsity, which well-known professors of well-known universities seem so fond of expounding, namely that science is the precursor and basis of economic progress.

In reality the exact opposite is true—economic progress is the precursor and basis of science.

Elaborate theses on bricklaying do not precede the painstaking and frequent demonstrations of the humble artisan of the trowel, nor does intensive farming become a science until its practicability has been proved by the farmer. Economic progress is the result of the experiments made and the knowledge gained day after day by each human being in the performance of his or her round of labors. This knowledge is passed from generation to generation, and when it is classified and condensed, it becomes a science. From the science of medicine to the science of pedagogy, every science has arisen in this way. In this manner the making of pottery graduated from its simple, primitive methods to the highly complex methods of today. In this way the manufacture of cloth developed from the bone needle and reed threads of the savage woman to the spinning wheel and to the modern loom. The practical science of the world has come from the woods, the farm, the mine, the workshop and proceeded to the university, not vice versa.

To say that science is the cause rather than the effect of economic progress is like saying that political economy is the creator of our present economic system instead of an interpretation of it.—E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

HEALING THE SICK

IT MAY be surprising to many of the good Christians of California to know that if Jesus were to come to California and if he were, while here, to perform the healing miracles with which he is credited in the Bible, he would be thrown into prison. Yet that is a true statement.

There are today many drugless methods of healing. And the works of some of these drugless practitioners would be nothing less than miraculous, viewed in the light of the medical knowledge available in the time of Christ. And not only that, but the medical practitioners of the modern drug schools appear to view them also in the light of miracles—of the impossible, or at least dangerous, variety.

In this list is to be found the chiropractic school, effectively barred from practice by the last California legislature. It is one of the crudities of capitalism that legislators who know nothing of science are left to deal with the most important of our sciences, having it in their power to either make their benefits available to suffering humanity or to make the conferring of those benefits a crime. The Massachusetts colonists who outlawed various "dangerous doctrines" were not so very much more reactionary than our present day legislatures.—C. M. W.

"JIMMY HIGGINS" WILLIAMS

WE MIGHT have a frivolous and frilly picture of a meaningless face on the cover of The Western Comrade—but we don't. The pictures that are placed on that cover are pictures that mean something to the working class.

So this month there is on the cover the picture of a veteran comrade, known to hundreds of Socialists. His name is J. A. Williams. For years this gentle old soul has been selling Socialist literature. He began to distribute Socialist literature when it wasn't as easy as it is in these days of growing respectability. But the fact that the tide is beginning to sweep in full and strong isn't stopping him. He is taking no vacation. Nothing will satisfy him but the complete inundation of capitalism. He goes on selling literature.

Williams is twice a veteran. He is a veteran of the Civil War, and a veteran of the world-wide revolution of the working class. He is seventy years of age.

His home is at Sawtelle, and he has placed thousands of pieces of literature in the hands of the other veterans in the National Home at that place.

In Los Angeles Williams has a literature stand on Fifth street, near Maple. But though his stand is there, his business is everywhere. "Old Man Williams," he is called by hundreds who know him and love him for himself and for the work he has done and is doing. And to have yourself known affectionately as "Old Man Williams" is just about all one might wish for in the way of man's relation to mankind. And in many a home this sketch on the cover will be treasured by some one of the family, who will look at it now and then and say, "Yes, that's Old Man Williams; I got my first Socialist reading from him back in '93." And we're proud of "Jimmy Higgins" Williams.—C. M. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE VISION IS OURS

THIS afternoon I strolled over the hills with Her and the Wee Him and the Wee Her. There was just the hint of a gray haze hovering like pearl mist in the air. Everything was in half light. The dreamer could make what he would of land and sky and horizon. We came upon the rounding crest of a hill, all green and velvety and peaceful. There we saw what we had come to see. Far over the low lands rose the mighty, majestic mountains, the work of the Greatest Sculptor. Today they were of a deep blue, soft, alluring, mystic, yet abiding, powerful, superbly strong. Over there in those mountains one might have looked back to see the valley, and perhaps the little hills such as the one upon which we stood, but one could not have seen the mountains. Over there in the mountains the glory of the limitless range of towering peaks and crags would have been lost and we should have seen only the insignificance left behind; the little spot upon which we might chance to stand. In this life there are some things that we must admire from afar. And it is our privilege, though our own station may be a very humble one, to behold many beauties and splendors that are lost to those who live all of their lives amid splendor and luxury. So, while we plod on in the struggle that sometimes bids fair to crush so many of us, let us not forget the vision of the mountain peaks ahead—and there are many, many kinds of mountain peaks. That vision is always ours. And it is most beautiful and inspiring to us, because we see through the eyes of all the people in social vision. Yes, though they take the food from our mouths and the roof from over our aching bodies, our vision is always ours!—C. M. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

MAKING WALL STREET POPULAR

THE powers in Wall Street are beginning to see the way things are going; they are realizing that they are, to use a bit of classic slang, "in bad." What think you! Yes, yes; they are striving to "purify" Wall Street. Listen unto these words uttered at Washington by a powerful member of the New York Stock Exchange, Mr. William C. Van Antwerp:

"Heresies and schisms come and go; man-made laws appear and disappear; but the human heart does not change, and in the last analysis we come to know that only righteousness exalteth a nation. We of the Stock Exchange know this today better than we ever knew it before, and we intend to live by it thru the years. We shall make many mistakes, no doubt, but we shall stick to our standards and rejoice in them, and some day—mark my words—this great market place will earn the admiration and respect of the whole people.

"We are determined to show our critics by our deeds that the Stock Exchange means something vital and vitalizing in America, that it is an important adjunct of the new Wall Street—a broad highway from ocean to ocean, doing its utmost to meet the needs of a happy and prosperous land."

This, if you will pardon the bluntness of our proof-reader, is plain, unadulterated bunk, or, better still, to quote our "copy" boy, is "ish-ka-bibble" talk. Can the lion "earn the admiration and respect" of the lamb? Can the rooster convince the worm that it should love the lord of the barnyard? And can that rooster, in turn, be convinced that it is his

duty to love and honor the threatening hawk? I wonder.

Of course, it is easy to convince workingmen that they should respect the owners of their jobs, the monopolists who have become the owners of this country, and almost every other country. They seem to like landlords, capitalists, exploiters and parasites of all sorts. The working people have always voted just as Wall Street desired. That, however, is an old, old story—as old as society. The slaves of the Southern plantation owners would still be chattels if allowed their own way, for they seemed to love their bondage. The American slaves of today, black and white, have permitted the money lords in Wall Street to monopolize the railroads, factories, mines, telegraph and telephone lines—and they seem to like it.

Out of the supreme goodness of their magnanimous hearts, the angels of Wall Street are going to purify Wall Street and eventually make it as respectable and attractive as Christian Science, as white as a lily, as sweet as a rose. The high-minded, gentle, scholarly editor of The Independent (N. Y.) believes that "the Stock Exchange, under the leadership of a group of progressive, public-spirited, self-sacrificing men, is and has been for some time past making itself over."

This ought to enthuse us all. Only a rank, narrow-minded Socialist could possibly sneer at the lofty motives that actuate the virgins of Wall Street. They should be given scant attention and little regard. They are the pestiferous sort who tell the worm to be suspicious of the idealism of the rooster. They even have the monumental audacity to say that Wall Street should be turned into a huge bathhouse, that the people, not the capitalists, should own the machinery of wealth creation and that the stock certificates and dividend coupons of the Saints of the Exchange should be used to plug up the holes in Si Perkins' old barn. What folly! Little do they realize that all will be well since the Lords of Wall Street are going to sprinkle a little holy cologne into their sewer.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

SPEARING A BISHOP

AS USUAL, we had to wait for Bernard Shaw to come along with the keenest, most direct blow at the bourgeois tendency toward over-censoring our enjoyments and pastimes. And it was against no less panoplied a personage than the Bishop of Kensington at whom Shaw hurled his javelin.

The Bishop had suggested, in a letter to the London Times, that after plays had once passed the censor nothing new be permitted in the lines or action. He argued that this would summarily halt "suggestive" and "objectionable" incidents.

"He uses the word 'objectionable' as if there were a general agreement as to what is objectionable and what is not," replies Shaw, striking the keynote of the opposition to the fiendish manner in which those clothed in a little brief authority seem to seek out each opportunity to demonstrate their superior moral fiber and their better judgment, always to the seeming disadvantage of the "common herd." Lay on Bernard!—C. M. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

TOO WEAK TO BREAK STRIKES

THE London Nation, according to William English Walling in The New Review, is concerned on account of "the weakness, the poverty, the physical and intellectual anaemia of the masses." One often wonders how the organized workers of Great Britain can carry on such magnificient battles, such result-producing strikes in a country where so many wretches are always to be obtained to take the places of the strikers. The fact of the matter is that the British people are so undermined physically and intellectually as a result of awful poverty that the skilled workers know when they go on strike their places cannot be taken. This proves that capitalism has so weakened the masses that it has given labor a stronger weapon with which to defeat the powers of wealth. To put it directly: England hasn't strike-breakers because it has starved the efficiency out of the unemployed. That, in a great measure, is the reason for so many labor struggles and victories in Great Britain.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

A CO-OPERATIVE PROGRAM

IN THE first issue of this magazine controlled by the present owners it was definitely announced that The Western Comrade would espouse the cause of co-operation. At once a number of articles on co-operation were received for publication. Careful study of them proved them unsuited to the purposes of this magazine. The Western Comrade was seeking something more fundamental, something that rang truer than the sort of thing we have known as co-operation. In short the magazine was seeking for the principle in co-operation that might be put forward as the ultimate. The magazine was seeking for the scientific principle that must underlie that co-operative program which is to triumph. To endeavor to further the work of those co-operatives, with the wrecks of which the path of history is strewn, however sincere and sacrificing their exponents may be or may have been, was unthinkable.

And the waiting has borne fruit. The study has

not been in vain. In the article published by The Western Comrade in this issue we believe Edgcumb Pinchon has laid down the scientifically correct principle of co-operation. We believe this article marks an epoch in the progress of the working class toward emancipation. It takes nothing from the value of those weapons with which the workers have been fighting, but it opens a path straight down the line between those two and sets them up in their proper relationship, each to the other and each to the co-operative endeavor. With Labor operating through organic co-operation to erect within the old shell that new civilization to which our faces have been so long turned, the political and the industrial organizations find their fields enlarged and revivified to an astonishing degree.

So it is that The Western Comrade feels something of the pardonable pride of the one who discovers a discoverer. Comrade Pinchon makes no claim to being the discoverer of the principle of organic co-operation. In fact there appears to be a spontaneous outburst all down the line of Labor, with this great new idea as the inspiration of it all. But, however modest Edgcumb Pinchon may be, he must be acknowledged as the first to lay down the complete theory in a manner scientifically correct.

The Western Comrade, on the field of co-operation, is definitely committed to the theory of organic co-operation, feeling that no other kind of co-operative effort is entitled to be classed as revolutionary and fundamentally correct in principle.—C. M. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

AS TO LESLIE'S

ONE soon learns to expect all the stupidity that mind is capable of in the editorials of Leslie's Weekly. Indeed, it is The Los Angeles Times of the weekly periodicals. Its efforts to justify the capitalists in their exploitation are funny. "Let the thinking people rule!" is the motto of this reactionary sheet. Should be changed to read "Let the cunning people rule." That is the only sentiment that fits its policy—or rather, lack of policy.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

"CELEBRATING" PEACE

THE proposal to "celebrate" the hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States meets with sarcasm from Bernard Shaw, who says it would be like two gentlemen celebrating the fact that they had not punched each other's nose. Furthermore, hé adds, Uncle Sam and John Bull have been participating in bloodless strife for the past century, there being bad feelings on both sides, making a "peace celebration" a ridiculous farce. Of course, this is somewhat extreme, for though there has been little brotherly love there is little likelihood of a fracas. But, one thing is certain, the Britishers have good cause for feeling irritable, considering that the Americans invariably accuse the English of being without humor—a most silly charge. Because the English do not roar over an American's puns or play on words, our brothers across the pond are accused of being humorless. But, if war were declared on this issue, both countries would prove for all time that they are without a sense of humor. War and humor never make bedmates. One Bernard Shaw will insure more peace than a hundred dreadnoughts. —E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE CRAZE FOR FREAKISMS

AMERICAN newspapers are no longer interested in news. There was a time when editors looked upon life in a sane manner; but, no longer; they crave for "features." A dog may bite a man—possibly it will get two lines. A wise reporter takes that story, gives it a twist and has the man retaliate by biting the dog—and it gets a column. Miss Lind-af Hageby, well known lover of animals, was interviewed recently by a number of New York reporters, who fired questions at her. She answered to the best of her ability, and now, she complains that the reporters paid little attention to her answers. "Have dogs souls?" she was asked. The woman said she believed they have souls; and here is what the papers printed: "Miss Lind-af Hageby says kippered herrings have souls and warns the American people not to eat them in case the herrings' souls come back to haunt people." All of which makes an unhappy combination of poor English and a lie.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

HOLY MONOPOLY

IN AN editorial, The Outlook says "the two evil extremes of commerce are unrighteous monopoly and unfair competition." This leaves it to be understood that there is such a thing as "righteous monopoly." Will Johnny, in the third grade, kindly rise and set the editor right? How can the beef trust ever turn its monopoly into a righteous institution? A question, indeed. The only "righteous monopoly" that we know of is when the people own the trusts. Any other monopoly is wrong and is damned to oblivion. And, by the way, how can there be such a thing as "unfair competition" when we have "unrighteous monopoly" and when, like the snakes in Ireland, there ain't no competition? Rather an involved question, but pertinent, nevertheless.—E. J.

WHAT DO YOU SEE?

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

HAVE you ever wondered how adequate your vision of the Coming Time is? Have you ever soberly set yourself to picture to the full the glories, the great, impressive artistry of the Life to be lived in the Tomorrow?

Our work, whensoever and wheresoever we would do good, is to open to men the gates of life.—George D. Herron.

Does the coming of Socialism mean simply to you a work day of but four or five hours? Does it mean to you just a guarantee of a job? Does it mean to you only a more secure existence? Or, with those things, do you picture the Morning of Mankind something as Philip Green Wright visioned it when he wrote:

> Art shall revive when men shall do for joy
> And not for hire; all labor shall be art,
> And art shall be man's labor in that day.

Somehow, the song of this poet brings breadth to the vision; it brings that soul satisfaction without which the Dawn cannot be complete. If not all of us can picture it in just that way it is because the terrible wrenching and grinding of Today has choked the music in us and blinded our eyes to the beautiful; because the strain of the struggle has deadened our souls to the inspirations that come with liberty.

And this freedom will be the freedom of all. It will loosen both master and slave from the chain. — Edwin Markham.

But after we have rested a bit in the Budding Spring we shall awaken again to the strong, deep strains of music that run through all labor and bind all humanity. 'Tis strange, perhaps, that we turn back the pages of Time's Writings for proof, but strange or not, we find it there. In the wonder creations of the workingmen of old, the unbound men who wrought in song before money gripped the world, we find the choicest soul expressions of all time. It was then that were fashioned the most beautiful structures; the cathedrals that cause wonderment among us today; the fabrics that our Money Masters bring to decorate their homes in preference to the slave creations of today; the deathless sculpture and canvasses; the classic lines of Goth and Greek in stone, after which we can model, but upon which we cannot improve, though millionaires strew their dollars to the world's ends in search of brains for hire; it was then that mankind created most beautifully.

Oh, Morning of the Morrow, bring us a chance to work, bring us security against want, bring us here and there a rest time and a play time, but above all, surmounting all, overshadowing all, bring us LIFE. Let us turn loose our souls and let us sing into our daily work the songs that have been crushed back into us for lo, these many weary ages. Bring us LIFE, oh Tomorrow! Then will we show to the gods what a world we can build!

Lo, before us gleam her campfires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be. * * *—James Russell Lowell.

UNEMPLOYED!

By Sydney Hillyard

AMIDST all the hot air that is blown on us by mayors, legislators, congressmen and the like about the unemployed, and amidst all the charming advice which the charity organizers pass across along with the old shoes and skilly, there is one thing they never seem to find time to discuss, and that is, what is the half-crippled laborer to do?

Up the highway and down the track go the unemployed. They pack a roll of blankets through the rain, and sleep in them under a warehouse floor or in a deserted backhouse at night. Amongst this solemn funeral procession are many who, though they can work a part of a day, cannot work a whole day.

What is such a man to do?

Our glorious country is happy to furnish hundreds of thousands of eight-hour jobs, ten-hour jobs, twelve-hour jobs, hard jobs, bad jobs, worse jobs, and no jobs. But where is their partially-crippled man to hunt for his two-hour job, four-hour job, or six-hour job? What shall he do when it comes time to eat?

Our magnificent railroads, in the twenty-one years from 1888 to 1909, injured 812,181 men. This does not include the killed. Add another 82,000 injured in coal mines. Add a similar maiming and crippling going on in every other great industry, and then put the question: Where are they?

They are right here, reverend brother, looking for a job they can tackle, and there isn't one. They need four-hour jobs; we have nothing but tens and twelves to offer.

Rheumatism, lung trouble, swollen veins, weak heart, partial paralysis, anaemia, lumbago; add these occupational diseases to the accident list and it becomes a safe bet that very few of your unemployed on highway and on track are physically sound.

Thousands of these men can stand to work four hours, who, at the end of twelve hours, would drop from exhaustion. **In Heaven's name, how many business men in California's Chambers of Commerce are fit to do a twelve-hour day in the steel mills, or a ten-hour day in dripping, soaking mine, or an eight-hour day with a pick and shovel under a July San Joaquin valley sun?** And yet, if they chance on a laborer who cannot, they bawl out, "Hobo!"

Private enterprise cannot masticate the flotsam and jetsam of society. It eats up only the best food. It's teeth are so rotten and so uneven that it can't chew cripples. It has to spit them out.

But California needs roads. She needs them badly. And these tens of thousands of maimed men and half-men can boulevard every road in the state. Can we not, even without a Socialist Governor (although we won't have long to wait), demand that the state employ **every** man in road building who asks for work? Road camps in every county should employ by the hour, pay by the hour, feed by the meal, house by the night, and let every man be his own arbiter as to how long he can work. Only thus can your half-crippled laborer have a chance. Only when he has established this may your business man begin shouting "Hobo!"

If society can use the man who can only work two hours, four hours, or six hours, why should he wander around in aimless, wasteful idleness? Someone has to keep him anyhow. Is that not so?

An Interview With August Bebel

By LUELLA TWINING

WHEN the International Socialist Congress adjourned, we left immediately for Berlin, where Alexander Kollanty, a brilliant Russian comrade, offered to show us around. Naturally, we first sought August Bebel, but when we arrived at the Reichstag he was not there, so a Socialist deputy conducted us to the gallery to wait for him. I forgot our mission from the excitement of seeing so many Socialist deputies in parliament. Suddenly I was recalled. Something had happened. The people rose excitedly in their seats. "Bebel! There's Bebel!" came from many persons. Everybody leaned over eagerly to see him.

Then, I saw an old man with magnificent white hair walk up the aisle. Comrade Abe Cahan, of the New York Vorwaerts, said Bebel's wonderful white hair attracted him first. It made Bebel's head the most prominent one in the Reichstag.

We supposed he would be too busy to see us, but sent down our cards, more for the pleasure of it than the hopes of seeing him. Imagine our delight when we received word that Comrade Bebel would see us in the lobby! We rushed down and soon saw him approaching. He looked exactly like the pictures we have of him, so by imagining the white hair one knows exactly how he was. His plain face was illuminated by the smile with which he greeted us. Kindliness and simplicity was the atmosphere.

I must say the conversation was carried on with difficulty. Comrade Bebel spoke not a word of English, while my German is remarkably pigeony. He was kind enough to say he wished he could do as well in English, but that was no consolation, for I was anxious to draw out of that deep well of knowledge and experience inspiration for a lifetime. I knew I would never see him again after leaving Germany.

I thanked him for his "Women Under Socialism" and told him how much the American comrades appreciate that great work. He smiled. "It cost me the most labor of anything I ever undertook," he said. What inspiration to women Socialists everywhere that the great Bebel considered the organization of women so important that his contribution to them was, in a manner, the apotheosis of over fifty years of arduous labor in the revolutionary movement!

We chatted with him for nearly an hour, notwithstanding we felt guilty, knowing he was really needed.

The following, in regard to leaders, lingers in my memory as being thoroughly characteristic of the man: "The German Socialist movement has no leaders now since Paul Singer and William Liebknecht are gone," he said.

"In the United States we think you are the German leader," I replied.

He shook his head, smiling. "Well, we do not need leaders. Years ago the German Socialists used to look to leaders, but now the rank and file leads itself; and that is the way it should be," he said, triumphantly.

"How do you account for the changes?" I asked.

"Education and organization, literature, Socialist schools, newspapers and magazines are the lever."

As he talked, he grew enthusiastic. His face was aflame. I saw the man who has so influenced German society.

While in Europe, I saw that simplicity is the keynote of greatness. Did you ever notice that people shout in the inverse ratio in which they are great? It is apparent even in the cemetery. In Highgate (London) unknown persons are remembered with long poems, while Karl Marx and Herbert Spencer rest under marble slabs upon which are inscribed only the name and date of birth and death.

Comrade Bebel held American women in high regard. He thought they led the world. I wish we deserved it, but I honestly believe the women of Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland are much more able.

Bebel began to tell us of the extent of Socialist sentiment in the German army when a deputy announced he was needed, so we bade Comrade Bebel farewell. He invited us to call him out whenever we wanted to, but suffice to say we did not avail ourselves of his invitation. However, I did call on him a few days later, and when I asked for Bebel I was ushered upstairs with as much ceremony as though he had been the Kaiser.

Comrade Bebel is gone. In service of more than fifty years, he built a monument not of stone, but of hearts, of truth, and of the solidarity of the working class. He is not dead, but lives in the spirit of the working class.

HE WONDERS WHY

He built the road,
With others of his class he built the road,
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad,
He walks and walks and walks and walks
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

The New Factor in the Class Struggle

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

IT is now some sixty-six years since Europe shook to the thunders of the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels. That Manifesto is the most important document in history, the fundamental Charter of all future civilization. It revealed, in a blinding flash, the yawning chasm which rends society asunder into a master class and a slave class. It revealed the origin of that chasm, traced the history of its ever-widening development, and announced the historical mission of the slave class to be the total abolition of that yawning chasm between class and class, and the welding of men into the Co-operative Commonwealth of Man. In its enunciation of principles it is a document of all time. But in its enunciation of the measures by which those principles were to be wrought into actualities, it was necessarily the reflex of the particular social conditions obtaining in Europe in 1848.

What were those conditions? The discovery of steam as a source of power, and the application of coal to its production, which began towards the end of the eighteenth century, gave rise during the ensuing fifty years to a tremendous growth of manufacture by steam-driven machinery, and to a corresponding decay of the old hand-tool methods of production. The workers, unable to own for themselves these large and costly machines, and unable to compete with them by their old-fashioned methods of hand-tool production, were compelled to leave their more or less independent state as craftsmen and seek employment in the mills and factories. Thus the mild and petty exploitation exercised by the master-craftsman upon his journeymen became the drastic and thorough exploitation exercised by the capitalist mill and factory owner upon large masses of employes. The new and vast avenues of wealth which the use of steam-driven machinery opened up to the new capitalist class created in them a frenzy of greed. Mills and factories sprang up as if by magic in every city and town, and the now workless craftsmen, their wives and even their children were compelled, in order to sustain life, to offer themselves as slaves to these new masters. Each such former craftsman, now a mill-hand, created by the aid of this machinery, a hundred times more wealth than he had created formerly by his hand-tools. But he did not receive this increased wealth. The owner of the machinery regarded this wealth as his private property and paid his employes a wage sufficient merely to keep them alive for his further use.

Fifty years of this process had culminated, in 1848, in the creation of a new class of workers—the industrial proletariat. Without education, save the most rudimentary, often, indeed, without the ability to read, without books, without a labor press, ground beneath the pitiless heel of the wildest competitive capitalism, without rights and without a voice, without unions or any form of industrial organization worth the name, without a poiltical party, with wages so low that they sufficed only for the barest necessities of life, the industrial proletariat of 1848 sounded the lowest depths of human slavery, wretchedness and helplessness.

Out of such conditions as these sprang the Communist Manifesto—a Manifesto breathing in every line the bitter revolt of the enslaved, **who saw before them but one possible avenue of redress**—the ballot, which their masters had been compelled to give them for purposes of their own.*

Political action was, indeed, the only hope, the sole conceivable recourse, of the revolting proletariat.

Let us now consider the condition of the working class today, with more particular reference to the working class of the United States, and seek to discover whether changing conditions on the field of production show any indications of producing changing conditions on the field of the class struggle; seek to discover, in fact, if modern conditions have produced any new factor in the revolutionary process.

From 1848 to 1914 is sixty-six years—every year of the sixty-six an epoch, a complete link of evolution in itself. Never in the history of the world has there been a period of such bewildering and gigantic development. In terms of economic progress, **and, therefore, in terms of working-class action on the field of the class struggle,** the Centralized Capitalistic society of today is as remote from the Competitive Capitalistic society of 1848 as was that society from the feudal society of the thirteenth century.

It is needless to recount the enormous, imagination-defying development of power-driven machinery, or the marvellous inventions in productive processes or the equally marvellous developments in the organization of production, which took place in those sixty-six years. We are concerned solely for the present with the changed condition of the working class which has resulted from these developments.

For the darkness of ignorance and the widespread illiteracy of the workers in 1848, we have today uni-

(*Political democracy, it must be remembered, was instituted by the capitalist class itself, as a weapon of defense and offense against the power of the old feudality.)

versal free education for the workers from the kindergarten to the university. For the lack of books and general lack of enlightenment in 1848, we have today splendidly equipped public libraries in every city, town and even village. For the lack of communication between worker and worker—an all-important fact—which characterized 1848, we have today the 2-cent post and a Labor or Socialist journal, or both, in every community of over 50,000 inhabitants, in addition to numerous national and international working-class publications. For the almost total lack of organization of the workers in 1848, we have today an International Socialist Party polling more than 20,000,000 votes in the world, and more than a million in the United States alone, and we have likewise international and federated unions numbering more than three times that number of adherents.

But vast as are these changes in the condition of the working class since 1848, they sink into insignificance beside another great change which has occurred concurrently with them—**the change in the financial power of the working class.**

It is impossible to speak of the financial power of the working class in 1848. There was no such power. **Today the financial power of the working class is a world power, soon to become the dominant world power.**

For the wretched starvation wages doled out to the unorganized and defenseless workers, both skilled and unskilled, in 1848, and the consequent entire lack of anything which could be correctly described as "working-class funds," we have today in the United States, for example, a scale of wages for skilled labor which, in many instances, exceeds the income received by prosperous professional men and middle-class merchants in the days of Marx; while even unskilled labor today receives a wage sufficiently large to permit of small savings. Marx prophesied the increasing impoverishment of the working class, and from the data at his disposal at that time, he could not possibly deduce any other conclusion. He could not possibly foresee the magical productivity of modern machinery and the equally magical efficiency of modern business organization which, in conjunction with the vast growth of labor organizations, is responsible for the comparatively high modern wage. In a certain sense, however, the position of Marx still holds true, for the worker today receives a **relatively** smaller share of the wealth he produces than he did in 1848, but the amount he produces is so vastly greater than the amount he then produced, that this **relatively** smaller share he receives today is yet larger, considerably larger, in actual amount and purchasing power, in spite of the increased cost of living, than the actual amount of the relatively larger share he received in 1848. And herein lies the only possible answer to the much-vexed question of the increasing impoverishment of the workers, which,

Edgcumb Pinchon

under the name of the "revisionist controversy," has raged so foolishly in the Socialist ranks of late.

The proof of the correctness of the position here taken is to be found in the savings banks statistics of the last half century. In 1848, in England, there were no savings banks. There was no possible function for them to fulfill; the working class had not sufficient surplus to make its conservation and use by the capitalists, through the medium of the savings bank, a warrantable undertaking.

Today, in Germany, the deposits of the working class, considered alone, total, according to the official figures, no less than $225,000,000. If the figures for the United States were available, it is safe to assert that, in view of the higher wage scale of this country, the figure representing the total amount of working class deposits in the savings banks would be even more impressive. In addition to these enormous deposit funds of the workers in general, there are, according to Carl Legien, of the International Secretariat of Berlin, over $60,000,000 representing union funds on deposit in the capitalist banks of the world.

Again, in Germany alone, the working class holds an interest of $550,000,000 in the government insurance reserve, and an additional $4,500,000,000 in private insurance companies. And since the prosperity of the

working class in Germany is no greater than the prosperity of the working class in England, France, Scandinavia and Italy, and is less than the prosperity of the working class in the United States, it is safe to assert that the working class of the world, in deposits, in union funds and in insurance, owns literally hundreds of billions of dollars of **operating capital.** And, even if we consider the organized revolutionary working class of the world apart from the working class as a whole, it is self-evident that its **financial power** is a tremendous reality.

This completes the comparison between the condition of the working class in 1848 and its condition in 1914. Between the two conditions—how vast the gulf! As Socialists and students of history, we know that every change and development in the mode of production produces corresponding changes in the social, intellectual and ethical life of society, **and corresponding changes on the field of the class struggle.** Competitive Capitalism gave rise to political democracy and the political action of the working class; Associated, or as it might be termed, Semi-Competitive Capitalism, gave rise to Industrial Unionism. And shall not a new development arise on the field of the class struggle corresponding to modern Centralized and Monopolistic Capitalism? Shall not this great new power of the working-class—its organized financial power—become an ever-expanding factor in the revolutionary process?

Proof that such a supposition is not merely warrantable **in theory,** but amply corroborated by fact, is to be found on every side.*

In September, 1912, the representatives of the British Trade Unions, the British Labor Party and the United Board of the British Co-operative Societies met in joint session to discuss the possibilities of concerted action in diverting Labor's funds to Labor's use.

Immediately following this conference the General Confederation of France appointed a committee to examine and report upon the same proposition.

In June, 1913, in Evansville, Indiana, was founded an organization of Socialists and Union men dedicated to the proposition that Labor should conserve its funds to its own use.

In December, 1914, the officers of the International Unions with headquarters at Indianapolis, decided to withdraw their funds to the amount of $5,000,000 from the local banks as a protest against the brutal tactics used against Organized Labor by the capitalists of that city.

(*As a result of the writer's articles upon this question during the last eighteen months, letters have reached him from all parts of the United States, disclosing a widespread and intense interest in this question, particularly among the better-informed Socialists and the more-aggressive Union men. And the Unions of Los Angeles have already committed themselves to a policy of conserving their funds, which includes the founding of a bank and the establishing therewith of co-operative industries.)

In February, 1914, Carl Legien, of the International Secretariat at Berlin, in commenting upon this incident, said, "This should provide new propaganda material for the establishment of their own **bank** on the part of the trades unions .

In England, as these words go to press, is being carried on a vigorous discussion and investigation of this question of the use of the working class **financial power.**

It would be easy to continue this recital to the point of weariness. Enough has been said to prove that theory and fact are at one in this matter. Today comes the new world-wide awakening and a new Manifesto —the Organic Co-operative Manifesto. Labor, slowly, but with ever-increasing speed, is sensing the fact that a great new weapon for its emancipation lies latent in its hands.

There is no conceivable doubt but that within the next few years the organized working class of the world will have awakened to its new power, will have clearly visioned the pitiful folly of yielding up to its exploiters the use of its hundreds of billions of cash capital, and will have evolved a scientific use of that cash capital for its own relatively immediate emancipation.

The next article of this series will endeavor to show that there is but one possible system by which the organized workers can make scientific use of their organized funds—a system already perfected to the hand of Labor by Centralized Capital itself.

Meunier, the Sculptor of the Revolution

By C. M. W.

REVOLUTIONISTS find many vehicles with which to bring to the world their message. They speak in many tongues. And perhaps that is why some revolutionists do not always recognize other revolutionists.

Wagner thunders his message to the world in music. Millet put his message on deathless canvases. Hugo, Zola, Whitman, Carlyle, Debs and a host of others have put theirs on the printed page, some in verse and some in prose, but all in eternal fire.

Constantin Meunier has given his message to the world in enduring bronze. As Ruskin said in words, "All social evils and religious errors arise out of the pillage of the laborers by the idlers," so Meunier has said in bronze, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Meunier is of more than usual interest to the working class of America at this time by reason of the fact that his work now is being exhibited in America.

The significant thing about this great Belgian is the fact that he was a product of Labor and in his work an interpreter of Labor. Meunier is just a hint of what Labor yearns for and of what it will produce when the chains are finally cast off and the tired feet set free to tread the paths for which they are destined. He is just a first glimpse into the inner soul of the proletariat—a promise in the first budding of its fulfillment.

Maeterlinck, that other great Belgian, has said of Rodin and Meunier that they are "in our day the sole sculptors who have succeeded in seizing a few of the significant moments, the sublime movements."

And no one can gaze on Meunier's magnificent "Dock hand" without realizing that here, truly enough, the sculptor has caught and held for all of us to see, one of those significant moments. His "Industry" is at once a glorification and a perpetuation of those sublime movements of which the artist is the interpreter, though Labor may in truth be the unconscious creator.

Meunier gives to Labor a subtle atmosphere of enduring might, he lends to the work-shop movements of the worker something of basic importance. He tears away the pretenses of the enemies of Labor and makes the toiler stand forth as he truly is, the sturdy and everlasting foundation of society. You seem to feel as you never felt before that here, in the tense muscles and the straining sinews are the base throbs of the universe; that if these men stop nothing will move.

But greater, historically, than the work of Meunier is the manner of its doing. Here was not a man standing upon a hill to look down upon the scene he wished to portray. That was not his way. Says Christian Brinton, in The International Studio, "It was in factory and forge, in plate mill and before blast furnace, in coal pit and quarry, that Meunier found his types and courageously cast them into the mold of enduring plastic strength and symmetry." Day after day he crouched in the mines that he might portray the miners and their underground toil.

And it is the same writer who brings out so well the particular thing that gives to Meunier's work its social value, that reveals the artist's true appreciation of the Men of Toil in the terrible struggle of today. Of this phase Brinton says, "The apostle of work in its every form and phase, he preferred man when he appeared as an integral part of that vast fabric of effort, mortal and mechanical, which enmeshes so much of his time and energy. He conceived his laborer and artisan as component elements of organized endeavor."

Of Meunier Robert Hunter, in "Socialists at Work," says: "In the black country he would lose himself in a mass of miners rushing home from their work or watch at night superb figures before the flaring furnaces. . . . I know of nothing in sculpture that seems to me more god-like than the head which he calls 'Antwerp,' symbolizing Labor; for that is what Antwerp meant to him. It is quiet, yet it breathes of action. . . . It is the face of a conqueror obeying a cosmic instinct; the symbol of the indomitable spirit of Labor which creates from the raw materials of hill and valley the necessary products of civilized life."

The love of the Belgian workers for Meunier is a part of Belgian Labor history. They did much to help him over the trying earlier years of his life, they took him unto their inmost places as one with them—as he was. But however intimate may have been the bond between Belgian sculptor and Belgian Laborer, the workers of his native land were not alone in their appreciation. It is not so long now since the workers of Genoa, voting their Union funds for the purpose, purchased his "Le Debardeur" in tribute of his memory.

Just now Meunier's work is being exhibited in Avery gallery, Columbia University, but we are told that it is not to remain there, for that would be a sad loss, indeed, to the rest of the nation. The more a nation can pour into its soul the inspiration that flows in its own mystic way from works such as these, the nearer it is brought to that time when the world shall be a picture and every stroke of work an added high light on the Great Canvas.

Looting the Nation's Copper Chest

By LUCIEN SAINT

THE copper lands on which the Michigan copper barons have established a brutal industrial feudalism do not belong to the Michigan copper barons, but to the people of the United States. This is the single most important piece of evidence laid before the House committee in its investigation of the Michigan copper strike. If Attorney General McReynolds has an atom of consistency in him he will institute a suit for the recovery of those lands on the sound legal grounds that the Michigan copper barons have no legal title thereto.

So not only have the Calumet and Hecla interests been robbing the workingmen of the "unpaid wages" which are their due, but they have been robbing the people of the United States of the rich natural resources, the conservation and exploitation of which by the Government would have meant not only fewer Boston millionaires, but also less misery and fewer murders done in the name of law and order.

The statement that there exists no legal title to more than 68,000 acres of good copper lands is being verified by the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, by the House committee and by certain well-meaning but powerless officials of the Government itself. The records are all available; they are the records and documents of a former Congressional committee and the report of William A. J. Sparks, one time Commissioner of the General Land Office, as well as former Secretary of the Interior, Lucien Q. C. Lamar. The whole story is told in these two quotations:

First, from page 35 of Sparks' annual report for 1886:

"Lands which had been designated by the United States as 'mineral' prior to March 3, 1865, were excluded from the grant of lands made by the Act of Congress of that date for the Portage Lake and Lake Superior Ship Canal. Notwithstanding this express exception in the granting act, upward of 68,000 acres which had been designated by the United States as mineral before March 3, 1865, including some of the most valuable lands in the copper range of the upper peninsula of Michigan, were certified and approved by this department for the benefit of the Ship Canal Company. Suit was recommended by this office June 9, 1886, to recover said mineral lands to the United States."

Second, from a letter written in the same year by Secretary Lamar to the Chairman of the Public Lands Committee of the Senate:

"I concur with the views expressed by the Commissioner and the conclusion arrived at by him relative to the institution of suits."

Of course, however, the suits were not started, and of course Commissioner Sparks was fired from the Government service.

Today the Government is suing the Southern Pacific Railway Company for the recovery of a billion dollars worth of oil lands in Southern California on precisely the same grounds as those which Sparks presented. If the Government wanted to, it could tomorrow sue the Calumet and Hecla people for the recovery of the lands they have been exploiting, and it could recover them, run the mines as Government property, and thus end one of the fattest grafts which exist in the nation.

The Government will act if it hears from the people on this. Write to your Congressman, ask him to sit up and take notice of what is going on, and see the wheels go round. If your Republican-Democratic-Bull Moose Congressman won't do it (and he probably won't), elect a Socialist next time.

These and Those

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

Joyous girls, lightsome girls, reveling in merry joyance in the surf!
Plunging—diving—laughing—splashing—your lithe limbs gleaming pink and warm!
Sun-plash'd, wave-splash'd, laced with sea-weed, decked in purling foam!
And then anon—with sparkling eyes and lilting feet racing with the sea-gulls in a sunny frolic on the beach!

Joyless girls, sunless girls, wrestling in weary labor at the loom!
Trembling—drooping—speechless—speeding—your frail limbs bloodless, gray and cold!
Gloom-plash'd, tear-splash'd, laced with iron, decked in clinking chains!
And then anon—with listless eyes and faltering feet stumbling down dark alleys to a charnel basement in a slum!

What the Other Half Writes

QUITE AN IDEA

THE editor of Life is not as brilliant as the editors of The Rip-saw, of The Menace, or of The Melting Pot, but, nevertheless, he hits upon a good idea from time to time, which enables me to pardon him for his peculiar views on women, vivisection and Jews.

The editor informs us that the Foreign Missions Conference has given out figures which show that the United States gives more money to foreign missions in the aggregate than any other country.

Anxious to make a very conservative estimate, the editor then places five millions in this country below the poverty line. "Why not inaugurate a movement to export them into heathen lands?" he rises to require (which is the funny way Hashimura Togo talks).

Quite an idea, Mr. Editor. You hit me in the right place when you bump forth the opinion that they (the five millions) could be "helped by our foreign missionary societies without encroaching upon their principle—namely, that charity begins on the other side of the world." This idea should be copyrighted before Mr. Bryan sees (and steals) it. Mr. Bryan would most likely make this great principle an issue in the next presidential campaign. And it ought to be accepted enthusiastically by the American temperament, which seems anxious, invariably, to cross the street by way of China.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

RARE SYMPATHY

THE Outlook (N. Y). states some facts that are compelling and draws a conclusion that is too sweet for words. The average term of service of the 125,000 telephone girls in the United States is only three years, says The Outlook. Then follows:

"The average number of calls they must respond to is 140 per hour; and each call is accompanied by four flashes of light. The continual flashing frequently results in eye-strain, and this in headache, dullness, and exhaustion."

The Outlook does not recommend, like Socialists, that the telephone girls should work fewer hours, thus conserving their lives. It does not stand for higher wages so that they will be able to purchase better food, wear better clothes and live in decent homes. Nothing of the sort. "Considerate telephone users will bear these facts in mind and speak gently to the operators when things go wrong," is The Outlook's conclusion. Really, such radicalism is amazing. Such revolutionary doctrine will lead to the destruction of our institutions and the demoralization of our social order.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

EDISON, FOLDING BEDS AND UNIONISM

WHILE it is manifestly absurd for a person to go to an optician to have a horse shod, or to visit an astronomer for an authoritative opinion on the tariff, still our American editors do that very thing when they desire to get "copy" on things doing. For instance, take Thomas A. Edison's interview in The Independent, wherein the wizard is given the task of answering a number of questions on many subjects. Because Mr. Edison is able to discuss technical problems, it does not follow that he can be very convincing on social problems; and yet, Mr. Edison talks about unionism with a confidence that leads one to conclude he must be talking about some sort of carburetor. The editors will not hesitate to take a man well posted on the science of flying and have him answer questions on Christian Science. Listen to Mr. Edison:

"The inventor tries to meet the demand of a crazy civilization. Folding beds are primarily due to the operation of the trade union trust, who have raised wages by force, work one-third less time and do about one-third of the work they honestly should do, and then go on a strike one-fifth of the time. This raises the cost of houses; more people have to be crowded therein to make it pay; and thus arises the demand for folding beds."

Mr. Edison should know better than to make such absurd statements. He should remember that folding beds are out of date, having been supplanted by disappearing beds. However, he is not being accused of insincerity; just plain foolishness.—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

A PROFOUND REFLECTION

A BRILLIANT, sparkling editorial writer objects to the coal porters of London, who struck while "it" (meaning the weather) was cold. To be courteous and obliging, coal porters should go on strike in the summer months, when they will "inconvenience" no one. Coal porters who strike in the winter time show lack of culture and refinement. Ice wagon drivers should strike in January; snow shovelers should take their strike votes in May or June. It should be added, of course, that sailors should never think of unionism until the oceans dry up.—E. J.

THE ACTION THAT WINS

By ELSA UNTERMAN

IN "The Call of the Carpenter" Bouck White extols the remarkable balance between intellect and emotion in the person of the Nazarene, attributing to that balance his phenomenal success in appealing to the working people of his time. Possessing a master mind, he possessed also a master soul, which, through its wide sympathies and passionate desire for liberty, drove the mind to action.

This splendid balance, so rarely achieved, between the emotional and intelectual natures, as exemplified in Jesus of Nazareth, is the thing needed to create a mass movement that will not only be powerful, but productive of a better society as well. Sociology teaches us that the emotions are the motive power behind mass movements, and that the intelect is the directive agent. As Lester Ward says, "Intellect is not an impelling but a directing force. Feeling alone can drive on the social train, whether for weal or woe."

In the past, feeling drove on the social train far more for woe than for weal, because it was not united with intellect. The intelect of all former mass movements, religious and political, was centered in the persons of a few leaders, priests, soldiers, or adventurers, who played upon the emotions of their followers, generally to their own advantage, at the expense of progress. Practically all religious wars, while doling out death and endless suffering to the masses, imensely enriched the rulers. The thousands aroused to heights of fury against the Mohammedans and persuaded to join the Crusades by Peter the Hermit gained nothing by their religious zeal, except the knowledge that they piled up wealth in the coffers of their lords. The mass of the people, by the fire of their passion, won the French Revolution for the bourgeoisie, but not for themselves. The workers won the Revolution of 1776 for the American middle class, only to have the burden of exploitation strapped the tighter to their backs.

The control which religion has exerted over the masses, simply because it controlled their emotions, is a matter of common knowledge. Religion has been a dynamo which caused countless wars, hideous bloodshed, the reorganization of empires, the erection of temples, but added nothing to the material or intellectual welfare of the world. The stupendous power of the emotional energy concentrated in religion is the world's greatest marvel; its wrong expenditure the world's greatest tragedy.

Had each of the followers of Jesus possessed, as did he, an equal share of social passion and intellectual insight, the Christian movement could not have been changed by a mere political trick from its proletarian nature to a religious tool of the Roman Empire. Had the mass of the people possessed, in addition to the propelling power of their emotions, the discerning power of intellect, there could have been no Inquisition, putting countless thousands to death, seizing their property at the same moment that it piously declared it killed them only for religious reasons; there could have been no ruthless destruction of the Albigenses; no massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day; no Thirty Years' War, all enormously enriching the Church or the rulers while desolating the hopes of the people.

On the other hand, had Plato and Aristotle been endowed with emotional power as great as their intellectual power, they could never have been satisfied with a society upheld by slavery. Were the intellectuals, the scientists of today, moved as deeply by human sympathy as by the desire to accumulate, co-ordinate and classify facts, they would make a valiant effort to create a society in which the knowledge they have accumulated would get to the people, when it would be of benefit to the world, instead of lying unused, as it does now.

The proletarian movement of today must heed what is written in blood on the path of history. It must avoid both the intellectual and the emotional extreme. The impetus which it needs to carry it forward, it cannot hope to get from intellect alone, because a mere intellectual concept is impotent to arouse action. To awaken the fervor necessary to the success of a mass movement, it must be bulwarked by a strong emotion. Neither can the proletarian movement hope to be carried to success by merely prodding the feelings of the masses, for without the guiding light of reason, the feelings are just as prone to lead to a deeper abyss as to lead out of the present one.

An ocean liner, plowing toward its goal on a dark night, relies equally on the engines propelling it through the waters and on the beacon light illumining its way.

The proletariat, to reach the goal toward which it is striving, needs its emotions as a driving power, and its intellect as a guiding light. If undue stress is laid on the one or the other, it is doomed to failure.

Renew your subscription promptly. If you let the matter delay then you will be taken from the mailing list. The Western Comrade deserves your continued friendship, so come across with that renewal.

BOOKS and READING

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THE 1914 REVOLUTIONARY ALMANAC

There has come to my desk a strange book of iconoclasms which is called "The Revolutionary Almanac," edited by Hippolyte Havel, and sold at 50 cents by The Rabelais Press, 27-29 Bowery, New York. It contains many interesting drawings in the style of the extremely modern school by artists of compelling talent, poems by good, bad and indifferent poets, and articles by men and women who can write, who can think, even though they do not always convince.

Here are some of the writers who have "pieces" in this "Book for Rebels in Social Life, Art, Science and Literature," to quote the advertisement writer:

Lafcadio Hearn, Mark Twain, Benjamin De Casseres, Maxim Gorky, Victor Hugo, James Huneker, Maurice Maeterlinck, George Gissing, Walt Whitman, Margaret H. Sanger, Frederich Nietzsche, Ricardo Flores Magon, William C. Owen, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry George, Richard Wagner, Gustave Herve, Peter Kropotkin, Emma Goldman, Elisee Reclus, Alexander Berkman and Remy de Gourmont.

Probably the almanac's most delicious bit of satire is "The Guardian of Morals," depicting beloved Anthony Comstock in a most ludierous light. The artist dresses the pestiferous Saint Anthony in an amusing costume with a fig leaf at the place Anthony appears determined to keep it. The picture is a joy. If I ever meet the artist I shall buy him a chocolate ice cream soda.

The worst thing in the almanac is an abortion under the caption of "Election." It is crude, silly and offensive. The artist who conceived it was unwell, and the editor who passed it was asleep on the job.

Of course, rebellious individualism runs riot in this almanac. Lots of the stuff in this book is the usual matter that comes from Anarchists—stuff that leads nowhere. This book, if it does anything, helps prove that Anarchists are Intelleetual Pollywobbles. But, in spite of its crude anarchism, its poor press work, its stupid proof-reading and its contempt for the union label, the almanac is a very fine piece of work.

* * *

THE NICE STUFF—

The only real, worthwhile appreciators of art come from the working class. The dilletante, the capitalistic seekers of superficial pleasure, middle class amateur philosophers and fashionable female parasites may always be seen at symphony concerts, exhibitions, lectures on ponderous abstractions and stage productions of Ibsen and Shaw, but these persons do not count. I repeat, the only real lovers of music and literature are those who come from the producing class. Workingmen create the music—usually they are members of labor unions, and they are so conscious of their position that they are not averse to becoming affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. George Brandes, in his thought-provoking essay, "On Reading," justly says that "outside the ranks of scholars, a strong and passionate love for reading is felt, in the main, only by those who have neither the time nor the means for it—the lower middle class artisans and workmen. Among the latter there is still to be found that thirst for education which distinguished the wealthy bourgeois classes a hundred years ago, though it was so quickly slaked. The same might be said of the workmen's passion for music. The non-producers are great book and art collectors (because they have the means) but they are poor book and art creators. They leave that little task for the producing class.

Superficial thinkers are inclined to the opinion that the arts are products of the so-called cultured classes; the view is erroneous. The cultured classes—so-called—obtain their culture by dabbling in the creations of the poets, composers, musicians and artists of the working class. So far, art, while produced by the workers, has been the pleasure and pastime of the rich. Painters have conceived soul-inspiring pictures, but they have been taken from them and placed in the palaces of the rich. In other words, the joys of a class have been taken to make easier the lives of the rich. Art has been stolen from the workers. But all this is changing, and where art has been aristocratic, it is now being democratized. Musicians do not care to create beauties for anyone but the people; artists would rather see their paintings hang on the walls of public galleries than in the homes of the rich; sculptors would rather see their statues adorn the highways and avenues of cities than have them used to merely beautify the lives and homes of capitalists and aristocrats. The rich book collectors have given way to the public libraries. Poets would rather have their books circulate among the people than have them merely decorate the shelves of the dilletante. In all ways, art is being democratized.

Five Hundred Libraries Our Goal

THE WESTERN COMRADE is engaged in a task that should bring to it the support of every thinking Socialist in the West. These two facts are with us constantly: The printed word is of service only when it is read; to get it read it must be put where there are people to read it.

Nowhere else do reading people congregate in such numbers as in the public libraries. The first flash of this thought came when a comrade sent a dollar all the way from Salt Lake City, asking that The Western Comrade be sent to the public library in that city for a year. That comrade **knew how to fight.** And the lesson has not been lost on us.

For now we want The Western Comrade placed in 500 libraries in the West—and yes, in the East, too, for that matter. But especially do we want to have the magazine placed in 500 Western libraries. Especially is it our appointed task to help in the winning of the West.

The public libraries offer a great opportunity. Thousands and thousands of non-Socialists visit public libraries every day in every city. They go there to read books **and magazines.** We want The Western Comrade there when they go there. Nor are we alone in that wish. A comrade who wished especially to express his appreciation of the magazine, after reading the last number, ordered the magazine sent to twenty-five libraries, and he paid the bill. Twenty-five libraries for a year! Splendid! But there are libraries all over the West to be reached, and twenty-five is but a starter, though a fine one. Later on we shall publish the names of all libraries to which magazines are sent by earnest Socialists, and we shall publish the names of those who do this great work. Meanwhile, the essential thing is that the work be done. This month we should add an even hundred libraries to the list. Will **you** subscribe for **one** library? Will **you** put **one** missionary in the field? Let us hear from you **at once,** so that we may begin the subscriptions to these libraries **now** with **this number.** The sooner we educate people to Socialism the sooner we can throw the capitalist off our backs. Will **you** send a missionary? It's only a dollar per missionary, and the missionary will stay on the job for a whole year. Will **you** start **your** missionary off for the field of action **today?**

Feminism and the Trend Towards Democracy

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

III. The Peacemaker

"It is opposition that brings things together. The hidden harmony is better than the open."—Heraclitus.

THE general conception of Feminism is that it is a philosophy, a movement bent on creating disharmony between men and women; the Feminist is thought of as a woman striding mightily across the earth, hatchet in hand, a scowl on her countenance, scanning the horizon for a glimpse of that baneful miscreant—man. Even persons who are best informed on other subjects think that this modern woman's movement is based primarily on hatred; that its chief purpose is to awaken sex antagonism. Far, indeed, are they from discerning the real spirit behind it. Their eyes are still so dazzled by the new light that they do not see that this woman, the Feminist, carries not a hatchet but an olive branch.

Since the earliest beginnings of recorded history, there has been no real harmony between men and women. Bitter antagonism does not need to be awakened. It already permeates the relation of the sexes. The supremacy which men enjoy in human affairs they achieved by antagonizing the interests of women. Man-made ethics denied to women equal freedom of action and equal opportunity for development and expression; man-made laws declared that the persons of women and the persons of their children belonged to men; man-controlled industries were surrounded by barriers which excluded women from every kind of labor except low-grade labor. The ages of man's domination have been ages of separation and misunderstanding for men and women. The thought world and work-a-day world in which men lived was unknown to women. The narrow physical world in which women lived perforce was despised by men. Each sex was ignorant of and unsympathetic with the life of the other, except as they were brought together by a physical emotion.

The greater the subjection of women, the less the sexes have in common. During the latter days of the glory of Athens, when the lives of its women were most hedged in, the sexes had so little in common that even the primal emotions scarcely bridged the chasm between the intellectual men of the time and the average

women. Between the men and women of the Orient there is no bond except the harem; of common striving, common hoping, common working they know nothing.

Only historians of more than average ability and unusual tenderness of conscience give us any hint of the tensity in the relation between men and women. It took a John Stuart Mill to frankly reveal the network of laws required to chain down the antagonism caused by crude injustices. It took a Mary Wollstonecraft to tell the world that the boasted "harmony" between men and women was of the sort that exists between a hold-up man and his victim while the former has his revolver firmly pressed against the ribs of the latter; was of the sort that existed between the Romans and the Jews of Palestine while the Roman soldiers had their weapons drawn; was of the sort that existed between the negro slave and his master while the rawhide hung in the air.

The Feminist says with Heraclitus that the hidden harmony is better than the open. She cares not a fig for the harmony that to become apparent must be announced with the flare of brass and cymbal. Rather does she hope for a harmony in life like the harmony of a summer's night when a myriad creatures declare with the quivering voice of silence that there is peace.

The lives of the men and women whom we see about us daily, amply demonstrate the presence of very marked antagonisms. Our modern drama and fiction, as though to atone for the long silence concerning the true state of affairs, devote three-fourths of their time to picturing the intense suffering caused by lack of common ground upon which men and women may meet in their married life and also to the friction caused by the submersion of the woman's life in the man's. In the field of the drama we have Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, Brieux, Masefield, Suderman and countless others depicting various phases of the difficulty. Fiction writers dealing with the subject are innumerable. In passing it is only possible to mention a few of them: David Graham Phillips, Booth Tarkington, Elizabeth Robins, Cicely Hamilton, Charlotte Perkins Gilman are among the best known. Among the poets Max Eastman and Max Ehrmann are not to be overlooked.

Since disharmony already exists between men and women, it cannot be said of the Feminist Movement that it comes to create disharmony. On the contrary, it comes to bring peace. That it intensifies the situation for the moment, none can deny. But it does so in the same way that Androcles for the moment intensified the pain of the lion as he drew the thorn out of his foot; in the same way that a doctor for the moment intensifies the pain of a broken arm by setting it. It comes to set aright the disjointed relation of the sexes. It comes to bring democracy into that relation as other movements have done to bring democracy into our political and industrial relationships.

Where the man and woman have been separated by different labors, he leading the world with his achievements, while she of necessity hobbled slowly behind, performing dull tasks with duller tools, the Feminist Movement comes to create a splendid solidarity—men and women working side by side for common aims, inspiring each other. Where they were separated by different ideals, he pursuing the elusive phantom of personal glory, she measuring the world by the narrow boundaries of her house, it comes to awaken a common ideal—a joyous humanity.

The Feminist hopes for the time when human beings need not look to the love life of the hummingbird and the oriole for sweet comradeship. She anticipates the day when men and women will say to each other with glorious confidence, as Pandora said to Prometheus,

"Whither thou goest; there even now I stand, and cry thee to me."

A WORD ABOUT MUSICIANS

Beethoven—greatest of all music-philosophers—came from the German peasantry. It was Beethoven who refused to uncover in the presence of royalty, though his companion, Goethe, doffed his hat, we are told by James Huneker. Bach earned a meager living as organist in a humble church. Richard Wagner participated in the German workmen's revolt at Dresden. Luckily, he escaped, while his companions, Roeckel and Mikail Bakunin, were imprisoned. Wagner's operas express the aspiration of labor; they sing the philosophy of revolution.

A COMMENDABLE MOVE

THE Central Labor Council of Los Angeles has, by unanimous vote, given its endorsement to the savings plans of the California Savings Bank, and recommends that members of Organized Labor should not hesitate over taking advantage of the splendid proposition offered by this popular bank. The California Savings Bank has always been friendly to the labor movement, never missing a chance to lend all possible aid to its many ventures.

It is not often that a bank is endorsed by a labor body, but this action is not surprising, considering the many favors the California Savings Bank has done for projects furthered by the labor unionists of Los Angeles. As Mr. L. W. Butler puts it, it would be sheer ingratitude for the body to withhold its endorsement of the plan.

The Secret

By Emanuel Julius

IT WAS embarrassing for Albert Rastall to face Herbert Kindle, the husband of the woman he loved. But, what could he do? He would simply have to face the music.

"What is it you came to see me about?" Albert asked, quickly.

"About my wife."

Albert's face flushed, but in a moment he regained his composure.

"Your wife?" he repeated.

"Yes," slowly, "she's dying."

Albert started violently.

"Dying!——"

"Yes; and she begged me to bring you. She says she must see you before it is all over. I—I—h-hope you'll come with me——"

Soon, they were on their way to the station.

* * *

When the two men arrived at the room, Mr. Kindle was forced to face a scene the like of which he had never known.

His wife's face brightened when she saw Albert.

Mrs. Kindle slowly raised herself until she was seated upright.

"I—I'm so glad you are here, Albert," she gasped; "I'm going to die——"

"Oh, no, my dear, don't think of it—you'll live," came from Albert Rastall. Seating himself beside the bed, he took her limp hand and kissed it again and again, adding:

"You'll pull through."

"No, no; it's impossible," painfully, "it will soon be over, and I'm ready. You've made me happy; the happiest woman in the world."

She turned to her husband, saying:

"Good-bye, Herbert, good-bye——"

She fell back into bed.

* * *

Herbert's brain was in a whirl of doubts and suspicions. He could hardly believe his own senses. His wife had loved this man! His wife! She had admitted it! And in his presence, too! What could it mean? Wasn't it all clear?

"Mr. Rastall," Herbert announced, emphatically, "I expect you to do some explaining."

"There can be no explanation," Albert ventured.

"I demand——"

"You demand?"

"Yes."

"And if I ignore your demands——"

"You'll suffer the consequences!"

"Suffer ——"

"Yes, suffer; I am desperate, Mr. Rastall; Beatrice was my wife for ten years—we've been happy—at least, so I thought—fool that I was. And now, when she dies, comes this——"

Herbert hesitated.

"Come, finish; I am listening, Mr. Kindle."

"——this shame."

Albert Rastall laughed. It was a soft, sad laugh.

"You are laughing at me!" shouted Herbert, growing furious.

"Pardon me; this has become really complicated and somewhat serious—I must set your mind at rest——"

"Then, you'll explain?" Herbert inquired, quickly.

* * *

Albert seated himself in one of Herbert's library chairs.

"Your wife was a widow when you married her, wasn't she?" Albert asked.

Herbert nodded, adding:

"That has nothing to do with this affair——"

"It has, Mr. Kindle; I assure you—that plays an important role in this little tragic-comedy——"

"Comedy!" Herbert cried, growing angry again.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Kindle," suavely, "let me tell my story."

Herbert swallowed hard two or three times, but remained silent.

"When you have listened to me for a minute you'll be satisfied that I have done you no wrong."

Albert hesitated before he added:

"I said you married a widow. You agree to that? Yes? Well, I want you to know that right there is where you are misinformed——"

"What do you mean?" Herbert questioned, unable to restrain himself.

"I mean that you married my wife!"

"What!"

"You married my wife, Mr. Kindle, remember that——"

"Are you out of your senses, man?——"

"No; I say you married my wife. Listen to me——"

"I—I'm listening——"

"Twelve years ago I went to Africa. I was lost to the world for two years. When I returned I found that my wife had just married you. I thought she would die of fright when she first saw me. She explained that I had been reported dead—she even produced newspaper clippings to that effect. And so, Mr. Kindle, you were living as the husband of my wife!"

Herbert was dumbfounded.

Sure of no interruptions, Albert continued:

"At first, I determined to assert my right—I swore I would arrest her for bigamy. But, she literally threw herself at my feet, begging——"

Albert stopped talking. He looked at Herbert for a full half minute.

"I can see by the expression on your face that you have a question to ask. You want to know why I didn't regain my wife. Isn't that so?" Herbert nodded. "Yes, I thought so. Well, I'll also explain that. You see, Mr. Kindle, I learned from my wife that she loved you more than she loved me."

Herbert's face brightened. The truth was beginning to dawn upon him.

"She even went so far as to say that if I announced the truth she would kill herself—so much did she love you, Mr. Kindle. And so, I stepped aside, for I saw that it was all for her happiness——"

"But——"

"But what?"

"Her first husband's name was Richardson, your's is Rastall——"

"Ah, that, too, needs a word, Mr. Kindle. I obliterated myself entirely for the sake of my wife's happiness. I changed my name and the sphere of my life completely. Every fact—everything connected with my past was killed. I was reborn—a new man—all for my wife's happiness—and now, Mr. Kindle, you are the only living person who knows me to be the late Mr. Richardson. It has been my secret all these years, and I would have kept it unrevealed had you not demanded it. That was my sacrifice. Not for you, Mr. Kindle, for I hated you. It was for my wife. Are you satisfied, Mr. Kindle?"

"I am, Mr. Rastall; I want to shake your hand."

They clasped.

"And now, Mr. Kindle, I must bid you good night."

* * *

When Albert Rastall reached the sidewalk he laughingly muttered:

"Poor fool! He believed all of my lies!"

WHO IS CONCERNED WITH ETHICS?

IN A RECENT issue of **Everyman** there appeared an imaginary interview with Tom Mann, which began as follows:

"Now as to your ethics—" I began.

"Search me"—he (Tom Mann) laughed. "I've been so busy getting food and such. It's not ethics that we're after, but higher wages, shorter hours, and better conditions for working people."

As this is only an imaginary interview, it is impossible to say whether Tom Mann would have expressed himself in these words. This fact remains, however: many persons hold the opinion that the workers are not concerned with ethics, thereby betraying an erroneous conception of the matter. The science of ethics is not an evil weapon in the possession of the ruling class, to be used only for purposes of exploitation. It is the science of right conduct of man to his fellow men—one of the sciences most essential to human well being—and can be developed rightly and sincerely only by those who have this well being at heart.

The ruling class, busy devising means by which it may remain the ruling class—is it concerned with human well being?—with ethics? Certainly not. It is no more concerned with true ethics than with true political economy.

But the workers fighting against the encroachments, the wrong conduct of the ruling class; fighting against poverty, against profit, against the poison of overwork—the ever-moving masses of creators, striving to end our anti-social system, undismayed by obstructions or defeats, trudging tirelessly toward the light they see, day-dreaming always of a happier time—they are vitally concerned with ethics, with human wellbeing, which depends upon the right conduct of man to his fellow men.

Most emphatically do I say it: Only those who are concerned with revolutionizing society are concerned with ethics.—E. W.

THE MERRY GO 'ROUND

THE BIG SLAUGHTER

SOME time in the very near future there ought to be a big slaughter. Really, we should have a national holiday to witness the event. Nobody has described with keener sarcasm just what this killing will be like than Senator LaFollette, who says in his weekly:

"There was just a fine assortment of well-fed, prosperous bankers commissioned by the new currency law to find and slay the Money Dragon. And they have destroyed it. That is, they will destroy it—later.

"It was a great piece of statesmanship; this idea of turning the job of destroying the monster that controls capital and enslaves credit over to the bankers. They know its habits and its haunts. Watch them crush it! . . . It will be thrilling!"

Yes, it will be "some" slaughter, doubtless.—C. M. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

GETTIN' EDDICATED

THE following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of The Harvard Crimson:

"Letters of all kinds written to order. Requests for checks you have hesitated to ask for—letters pacifying irate fathers—letters of acceptance and regret—letters of apology—bread and butter letters, etc. Any little love affair we can fix up? We succeed where the individual fails."

So goes it. Young America begins by having someone hand him a milk bottle. Later, as a reward for inborn talent, he is sent to school, where someone writes his letters for him, takes his examinations for him. Finally, the kind, aged professor is influenced, in some subtle, mysterious manner, to give the lad his diploma.

Then he goes into the world to strike out for himself. He marries a banker's daughter in order to obtain a financial basis upon which to build later successes. This enables him to shine in society, where he delivers after-dinner speeches, written by a twenty-dollar secretary—often the same youth who wrote his love letters for him. He then gives interesting interviews to the newspapers, in which he advises the working lads to save money and climb the ladder of achievement. Of course, it is needless to say these interviews were written by the same modest secretary. Often, these pillars of society write books that contain many interesting ideas; in fact, these books are so original that the pompous, dignified "author" learns many things from reading his own books, which is another compliment for the unassuming secretary. And when the famous man dies, the papers are certain to inform us that one of the "leaders of thought," one of the "beacon lights of progress," one of the "heralds of the dawn" has cashed in and gone to heaven with the rest of the angels, while the secretary, who didn't have sense enough to marry a banker's daughter, or to write love letters for himself, goes to—well, what's the use of rubbing it in?—E. J.

♣ ♣ ♣

ON THE SIDE LINES

RUNNING from Now into the Future there is one strong, deep current. That is Socialism. But paralleling it, running into it here and there, at times giving it volume, at times lending warmth and color, are lesser, but by no means unimportant streams. Of many of them most Socialists know and care little.

There is at present a world-wide social movement toward better things. While Socialism may be the center of this movement, yet it does not, in the sense in which most Socialists view Socialism, include the whole movement. Of course, to the wide-visioned the Socialist MOVEMENT does include the whole line of advance.

In the world of education giant strides are being made. As Socialists most of us are not even cognizant of the greatest departures in education. Among Socialists, with the usual exceptions, of course, there is but little real interest in the wonderful buddings that are going on in the realm of education. Yet have we not the right to consider that the work of Montessori is collateral to the Socialist movement? Have we not the right to consider that the great sweep toward right relationship between education and industry is akin to our own dreams? Rightly there is no department of life in which we are so keenly interested as the educational. What leads so quickly toward our own goal as correct education of the young and growing? Can we afford to be anything but experts regarding education? Can we afford to be ill informed? Yet we are. And education is but one of many collateral lines upon which we are not fully in touch with current progress, to say nothing of exhibiting leadership! Feminism, first brought prominently before the Socialists of the West by this magazine, is another. Still another is the drama, in a certain sense. Of similar import is much of the literature of the day, not Socialist propaganda so labeled, but Socialist information, shall we say?

For one to have the Socialist ideal in one's brain is not an excuse for one to fold that brain up and put it to sleep.—C. M. W.

The Most Conspicuous Socialist

Raging in his towering might as the center of the anti-militarist section of the French people, Jean Jaures occupies a position so conspicuous that all European eyes are watching him. Paris Temps calls him the most conspicuous Socialist now living, and probably because of the fact that Jaures holds this unique position of prominence Current Opinion is moved to publish a two-page sketch of him, including an excellent photograph.

Just now Jaures is creating a sensation by charging President Poincaire with playing into the hands of Rome. Through Humanite, which he edits, Jaures charges that, as a result of this courtship of the Vatican, appointments to positions of high command in the army go only to those men who could be relied upon in a coup de'etat.

But it is concerning the personality of Jaures that the sketch in Current Opinion is most interesting. And because this sketch comes from non-Socialist sources, yet seems to picture so vividly a man loved by his fellows and a man so powerful in the might of his own brain and personality, its interest is, if anything, enhanced:

What follows is taken from Current Opinion:

Infinite rhetoric has been expended in French dailies on descriptions of the personal appearance of Jean Jaures. His elephantine limbs, short and sturdy, his tremendous feet, the pendulous and quivering paunch, the flowing white whiskers and the florid fatness of the face, blend in one arresting, irresistible impression which no cartoonist has ever adequately conveyed. Physically, Jean Jaures is a living caricature, observes the Paris Lanterne —one that no artist can approach. No line is comical enough to register such contours, no crayon can reach the exaggeration of their reality. Everything is in motion. The eyes rove incessantly. The lips part enormously. The great brows lift and drop. Even the gigantic ear seems to act independently of the head. Every gesture is terrific in its energy. M. Jean Jaures is much addicted to embraces in the French political manner. He hurls a pair of arms around a victim and precipitates his bulk remorselessly, often shedding tears of joy the while. One never knows whether or not he affects a necktie because of the flowing whisker. The aspect of the man is one of animal health and strength. He has a stomach of iron, shoulders of granite and lungs of brass. Yet he looks his fifty-five years.

Enemies of Jean Jaures accuse him of a weakness for money. His wealth has been computed by the hostile at the equivalent of half a million dollars, made, it is hinted, by exploiting the labor of children. There was never a word of truth in such gossip, affirm the radical papers of Paris. Jean Jaures has his flat in the capital, his little bit of property in the country, a cottage by the sea and some shares in a patent right. His interest in the Socialist organ he edits so violently could not be sold for a song. He depends upon his official salary, upon a small dowry he got with his wife and upon the income from one or two lucky speculations in commerce. His shrewdness in money matters wins him sarcastic praise from the Debats, but he refrains from principle whenever invited to invest on the Bourse. He is thought to be "near," despite his easy mode of life. M. Jaures cannot contemplate with equanimity the waste of a piece of string. He tears off the unused sheets from letters and saves them religiously for memoranda. His garret is filled with odds and ends of broken plates and discarded furniture which he will not throw away. He wears a pair of trousers until they grow shiny, and it gives him pain to abandon a frayed collar. This is the famous French thrift.

No one has ever wept so copiously in public as Jean Jaures, but the wonder of it is less to the Lanterne than the fact that when he weeps all weep with him. A thousand people, at least, will weep in public every time Jean Jaures sheds tears on a platform. The consolation is that he can also set them all laughing heartily in a very few moments. It is the Jaures "touch." It embraces passion, repose, hatred, scorn—all the moods, which he imparts, we read, as if they were the measles. This must be set forth definitely unless one is to miss the secret of the rise of Jean Jaures to greatness. It means something more than incisiveness of phrase, or mere artistry in diction. The physique of this man conveys his message as much as do his words. He is no mere mob orator. Nor is he simply the artist of speech. He has a highly contagious temperament. The vast vocabulary, the nimbleness with which he seizes the right word at the right time, the resonance of the voice, would all fail without the Jaures gesture and the Jaures aspect. Despite all his gifts he spent seven years in the study of elocution before he ventured, we are told, to make a speech before an audience. He was crude, stiff, unnatural, when he entered politics. He is now his own amazing self perpetually.

With reference to the distinguishing feature of the oratory of Jean Jaures—its abundance—we read in the French dailies that he talks at his meals, talks when he is going to bed, and talks when he sleeps. His verbiage resembles Niagara. Its quantity, as the Temps admits, is no impeachment of its quality. Perhaps, this paper says, Jean Jaures,

from the standpoint of the technique of the art he has mastered so completely, is the greatest orator alive anywhere in the world. His utterance is fortified by his gesture. The expression of his ideas gains energy from his aspect while expressing them.

If eloquence be the power of moving masses of men by speech, adds our Parisian contemporary, Jean Jaures has that. His hearers are more sensitive to his appeals than his readers could be. The roaring, bellowing voice can decline into a whisper at just the right time. The strong arms never suggest a windmill. The flash of the eye authenticates a rage or reveals a mood of sarcasm. Simply as a spectacle, Jaures the orator is as well worth seeing as if he were Coquellin the elder. He studied elocution in his youth with care, nor has he forgotten a single lesson; but his art conceals itself behind the amazing power of a giant's personality.

More amazing than his oratory to the critics of Jean Jaures is his appetite. He dines jovially in public like Gambrinus or Falstaff, says our authority. He lets nothing pass him by—pates, salads, "rosbif a l'Anglaise" and slices of tomato in oil and vinegar disappear as he laughs. Poor Poincare can drop in after a great dinner only for a sip of coffee, for his digestion is not of the best. Jaures, it is said, can eat anything. His presence is betrayed by the roar of characteristic laughter or the napkin tucked about his neck in the German fashion. He can bury his nose in a beaker of sparkling Macon and raise it slowly upward to drain the last drop, smacking his lips in perfect happiness. Every now and then he spies a friend at the other end of the table, to whom he roars at once every good wish imaginable. Or he will rise unexpectedly to pound for silence with a tankard while he communicates a political idea. He is the jolly god everywhere, the eyes twinkling and the arms moving. It is his business to know everybody and to make the conversation general. When he chooses to make remarks he has but to raise his voice above its conversational tone a trifle to roar everybody down—a feat achieved with perfect good nature and in the most natural style imaginable.

Among the misfortunes of his career to Jean Jaures is the piety of his household. The eldest daughter goes to mass regularly and Madame has a portrait of her patron saint on the walls of her boudoir. Water from the River Jordan was used at the baptism of a son. M. Jaures has to relieve his feelings, says the Matin, with a portrait of Voltaire over the fireplace in his study. Those who decry his atheism ought to know about his faith in a Supreme Being. He has done much reading in philosophy since the time when, as a young lawyer, he penned his satirical farewell to God. Few French politicians have dipped more deeply into the literature of their country. He brings bits from Racine, Corneille and Moliere into his speeches naturally, inevitably, even epigrammatically. His French is deemed exceedingly choice and pure—no slang, little colloquialism. Everything is in the grand manner rhetorically. The use of a Germanism or of an Anglicanism like "bier" or "five-o'clock" causes him the keenest anguish. His pronunciation is so correct, so distinct and so deliberate that foreigners in Paris get free lessons in French by going to hear him. His ordinary conversation is compared in elegance with that of Bossuet.

By temperament Jean Jaures is a "romantic." The Figaro, to whom he is a comedian who missed his true vocation, vouches for that. The supreme Socialist of this age cannot see life in terms of a common man's experience. To him there are always conspiracies, treasons, plots. The political and financial atmosphere swarms with the population of the Jaures imagination. The plain tale of a new loan becomes in his teeming brain more elaborate than a historical romance by Dumas. The art with which Jean Jaures invests ordinary politicians with the characteristics of a Richelieu, a Mazarin or a Vidocq renders his party polemics more exciting than any serial. He is forever discovering some new "affair," perpetually seeing a Machiavelli in some matter-of-fact banker or business man. The uncharitable ascribe a genius for slander to Jaures. The truth, insists our contemporary, is that the great Socialist does not know how prosoic is this work-a-day world. He never discovered the average man. All things are romance, acting, melodrama. Life to him is a theater, behind the scenes of which he believes himself to exist. He is always "coming on," with farcical results of which he has no suspicion. People think he poses, but he is simply the unconscious comedian. A crisis like the present in the affairs of France enables Jaures to exploit his dazzling eloquence and his terrific personality in all their wonder. The land will echo with his denunciations of high finance, his declarations that France is betrayed. At the right moment will come exposures in his Humanite, discoveries that the political situation has reverted to Boulangism. The din will fill all Europe; but high above it, predicts the Debats, the world will hear the raucous and insuppressible roars of Jean Jaures.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

A Constructive Socialist Magazine
Published Monthly

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Los Angeles, Cal.

Chester M. Wright and Emanuel Julius, Owners and Editors

203 New High Street, P. O. Box 135
Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year

Associate Editors

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

Vol. 1 — April, 1914 — No. 12

The California Social-Democrat

Now 75 cents a year to Socialist party members! One dollar a year to non-members. The best Socialist paper we have.

The Social-Democrat is a paper with a wallop — a paper that BUILDS! It's just the sort of constructive, fighting Socialist paper that the constructive movement of the great West needs.

Special articles on timely subjects each week make the Social-Democrat a paper looked for with eagerness by every subscriber. Editorials that drive to the point give the paper a fighting tone that is a joy to the heart of the veterans and an inspiration to the new-comers.

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

"Great," Is What They All Say!

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

Six Bits Gets It for You!

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

MORE OF TRAUBEL

By Mildred Bain

(Editor's note—Mrs. Mildred Bain is the author of the book on Horace Traubel which was reviewed in The Western Comrade last month. We are inclined to the opinion that Mrs. Bain has taken Comrade Karsner's statements too literally. We believe that while Comrade Karsner may have been a little too extreme in his views, he was, in substance, correct.)

David Fulton Karsner says in his interesting article in the March issue of The Western Comrade, that he does not place Horace Traubel on a literary pedestal to be worshipped as a technician. He places him in the human heart with Lincoln, Altgeld and Debs. And he implies, in fact states quite plainly, that I am one of those technique-worshippers, inclined to be more sympathetic to Traubel's art than to his message. In my book, which Karsner rightly regards as in the nature of an introduction, I do, it is true, deal at some length with the form of Trauble's work. My motive is to get at the principle which has made this man one of the world's greatest originals. Traubel and his written word are one and the same thing in a degree unusual in literature. This singular unity is well worth thinking about. In fact, to understand the man it is necessary to approach him through his expression of himself. And to comprehend the writer, we need the illuminating personal truths. I an interested in the way Traubel says a thing, as well as in the thing he says. But I certainly never put the letter above the spirit in Traubel. I know very well that the letter, however brilliant, would be nothing if the spirit was not everything. But the fact remains that the manner of his delivery of his message is significant, and must be considered and respected.

The way a man walks down the street has a good deal to do with the way he thinks, just as the manner of a man has a lot to do with his matter. The way he says a thing has a lot to do with what he

PARAGRAPHS

The brightest, most pungent, penetrating and illuminating paragraphs published in any Socialist journal are "Things That Make You Think," by J. L. Hicks, published in The Laborer. Nat L. Hardy, editor, and Winnie Fouraker-Hardy, editor of the woman's page, are also among the best writers in the Socialist movement. The subscription price of The Laborer is only fifty cents a year and it is a big four-page weekly. You should take it.

THE LABORER

1704 Commerce Street, Dallas Texas

Subscribe for a real Socialist paper

THE COLORADO WORKER

Owned and controlled by the membership of the Socialist Party of Colorado; 60c a year, 35c 6 months. 850 Kalamath St., Denver, Colo.

A WORLD REVIEW OF SOCIALISM

By the best writers in Europe and America will be found in the NEW REVIEW, which deals in an authoritative way with all phases of Socialism—not for agitation, but education. $1 per year. 50c six months. Sample copy, 10c. The NEW REVIEW, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

THE INTERMOUNTAIN WORKER

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

THE PARTY BUILDER

Is the official National bulletin of the Socialist Party. Published weekly. 50c per year, 25c for 40 weeks. Address Socialist Party, 111 North Market street, Chicago, Ill.

"It's in the Mountains"

THE B. C. FEDERATIONIST

Finest labor paper in Canada. R. Parm Pettipiece, managing editor. Address Labor Temple, Vancouver, B. C.

Spectator—Why don't you rush in and end the row?

Policeman—I'm trying to decide whether it's a case for mediation or intervention.

says. You can't disassociate the two things. Mr. Karsner has no deeper appreciation of Traubel's significance in the labor struggle than I have. But we will find that Traubel's spiritual attitude toward the labor struggle would not be listened to probably at all. Certainly not be regarded as so virile, if it was conveyed in some weaker vehicle of expression. Mr. Karsner says: "By any other style his message would be as sweet and as reassuring." I don't agree with him. And there are many who even feel that his message would be much sweeter in some other style. They don't realize how identical and inevitable Traubel's style and message are. This is not a case of the rose by any other name. I have studied his processes from the start, and have observed how gradually but surely his literary style has developed.

He has not himself seemed to be aware of his remarkable verbal gifts. I have tried saying some of his things to people in casual and weakened language, and while they were listened to, they produced no decisive effect. I have taken the same things and given them out in his direct and vivid fashion and found them to be at once received and understood. His style therefore gives what he says its emphasis. This is not putting that style first. If there was nothing to say then I would not care how that nothing was said. If my book gives any one the impression that I value the verbal dress above the spiritual substance, then there's something the matter with the reader or with me. I have either stated myself feebly or been unsympathetically construed. I have always been conscious that Traubel's style, so called, was late in developing because he as a man has always been more interested in life than in his written interpretations of life. I have seen him under many conditions, both private and public, and have always been struck with his utter indifference to literary show. He has instead, I think, been unduly careless in that direction. He writes inspirationally. He often seems to be entirely unaware of what he has written. I quote him his own sentences. He'll say: "That sounds good. I agree with that. Where did you get it?" We can't make light of style. Other men may have had the musical visions of Wagner. But no man has clothed them in such a glory of sound. The other men recognize the visions as their own, but they have not been able to communicate them. Wagner had the voice as well as the spirit. The same is true of Traubel. He has the voice as well as the spirit. I am not prepared to take extreme ground in a matter so delicate and so unprovable either way. We know how much more the same story means to us told by one man than by another. The way a story is told is a vital part of the story that is told.

Montreal, Canada.

THE USUAL WAY

"What will we put in the magazine this month"

"About forty pages concerning what we had last month."

"Yes."

"And forty more about what we will have next month."

"And then?"

"That ought to be enough for this month."

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT US

I take every Socialist magazine published in America and England. The Western Comrade gives me more pleasure than any magazine that comes to my home. Emanuel Julius, Chester M. Wright and Eleanor Wentworth are fine writers and clear, logical thinkers. Kindly renew my subscription.—Herman Furnberg, Elmsford, N. Y.

Eleanor Wentworth's articles on the woman question please me immensely. Enclosed find one dollar for a year's subscription.—Lillian Bishop Symes, San Francisco, Calif.

Enclosed find money order for renewal of my subscription. I can move in accord with the sentiments expressed by The Western Comrade.—W. E. Perreau, 1230 Seventh street, Oakland, Calif.

I am glad to see The Western Comrade bringing up the subject of co-operation for it is very apparent that we must organize co-operatively to conserve and increase our holdings.—H. N. Colver, Wasco, Calif.

Thank goodness! The editors of The Western Comrade discourage long-windedness!—Harry Walton, Grants Pass, Oregon.

Your offer to give away the original drawing of "The Thinker," by Charles (Vag) Tracy, which appeared on the cover of The Western Comrade, hits me right. Send it to me. It is easy to get the fifteen subs to pay for it.—P. J. Cowley, 617 Fourteenth street, Sacramento, Calif.

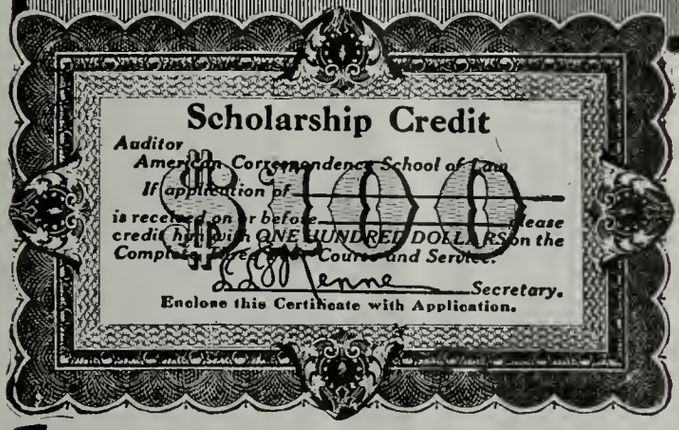
E. E. Kirk, San Diego, Calif., writes as follows: "Honest to goodness! That last magazine of yours is all wool and a mile wide. This is the time when I have no complaints and my criticisms of any minor points are more than offset by the extra good materials used. Pinchon's blank verse poem is 100 per cent. Will come up and tell you by direct mouth to ear of all the good, nice descriptive adjectives that fit The Western Comrade under the new regime."

Enclosed please find five subscriptions for The Western Comrade. Expect to get many more.—L. E. Katterfeld, Socialist Party lecturer.

"I think a great deal of The Western Comrade. I expect to get some subscriptions soon."—Prudence Stokes Brown, Pasadena, Cal.

Here is what J. H. Hawthornthwaite, former Socialist leader of the opposition in the British Columbia Legislature, says of Pinchon's poem, in the last number of The Western Comrade: "It expresses the very soul, life and pith of the Great Revolt, and the misery of it and the pity."

Free to You!



Law Scholarship VALUED AT $100.00

Given Absolutely Free to Advertise Our School

Costs You Nothing Now, or Later, If You Act Immediately!

THIS OFFER IS LIMITED, SO WRITE TODAY—QUICK! DON'T DELAY!

Get this most liberal offer before it is too late. This *Free Scholarship* brings you a thorough legal training for *almost nothing*—tuition surprisingly low. We are making this liberal offer for advertising purposes and may withdraw it at any time, so hurry!! If you act at once we will give you a Scholarship, valued at $100.00, ***absolutely FREE.*** Do not fail to get the facts at once. Send the free coupon at bottom of this page immediately for full particulars.

COSTS NOTHING TO INVESTIGATE!

Don't be backward. To write your name and address on the coupon below will not cost you a cent. Nobody will call on you or bother you in any way. We will send you full particulars of this ultra liberal ***Free Scholarship*** offer, also our FREE BOOK explaining how to master the law at home during your spare moments—how $5000.00 a year is within your reach if you will study law. Don't put aside this paper until you have filled in the coupon and mailed it to us. **Mail it right now—TODAY.**

Guarantee:

We guarantee to coach FREE any graduate failing to pass the bar examination. Our Course covers all branches of American Law and includes same studies as leading law schools.

Your Home A University!

You can now learn the law easily and quickly at home. *Learn* while you *earn*. No preliminary education necessary. Get this legal training NOW. *Train your brain to earn more money.*

More than forty thousand students have enrolled in our big Law School—the Largest Law School for Home Study in the World. Distinguished Faculty and Lecturers. Course combines case and text book methods of instruction—covers same ground as HARVARD, MICHIGAN, LELAND STANFORD, COLUMBIA and leading resident law schools—prepares you to pass all subjects required in bar examinations.

Mail Free Coupon At Once!

Yes, send coupon without delay! Be sure to investigate immediately—before this liberal offer expires. You can cut the cost of your law training down to almost nothing if you act at once, so mail the coupon now. It will bring you full particulars by return mail; also our valuable FREE Book on Law. This offer may be withdrawn ANY TIME, so mail coupon at once. This does not obligate you in any way—it costs you nothing—it simply gives you a chance to go over the facts and decide. ***Send the coupon this minute—before you do another thing.***

AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 7182 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

Fold Here, Tear Off, Sign and Mail Today

FREE
Information and FREE $100.00 SCHOLARSHIP OFFER COUPON

American Correspondence School of Law
Dept 7182 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Please send me full particulars of your $100.00 FREE Scholarship Offer; also Free book describing your Law Course and plan of home instruction. Send everything free and post paid. I am not obligated in any way.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____