

# The Young Socialists' Magazine

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## March of the Workers

By WILLIAM MORRIS

What is this sound and rumor? What is this that all men hear?  
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near,  
Like the rolling of an ocean in the eventide of fear?  
Tis the people marching on!

Whither go they, and whence came they? What are these of whom  
ye tell?  
In what country are they dwelling, 'twixt the gates of heaven and hell!  
Are they mine or thine for money? Will they serve a master well?  
Still the rumor's marching on!

### CHORUS.

Hark! the rolling of the thunder!  
Lo! the sun, and lo! thereunder  
Riseth love and hope and wonder,  
And the host comes marching on.  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!

Forth they come from grief and torment; on they wend toward  
health and mirth;  
All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth.  
Buy them, sell them, for thy service: try the bargain what 'tis worth.  
For the days are marching on!

These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy  
wheat;  
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet;  
All for thee this day and ever. What reward for them is meet?  
Till the host comes marching on!

Many a hundred years passed over have they labored deaf and blind;  
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find.  
Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry comes down the  
wind.

And their feet are marching on.

On we march then, we, the workers, and the rumor that ye hear  
Is the blended sound of triumph and deliverance drawing near;  
For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear.  
And the world is marching on.



## Stanley's Magic Book

By DAVID KER

On the bank of an African river, upon a tiny clearing which, scooped out of the vast black forest that bristled along both shores as far as the eye can reach, betokened the neighborhood of a native village, a man was standing alone, taking rapid notes in a small book, while behind him lay moored along the water's edge a fleet of canoes, crowded with the dark brown or black faces of the Arabs and negroes, whose crooked swords and long, ivory-stocked guns glittered in the morning sunshine.

The solitary figure on the bank seemed to be the only white man of the whole party, and even he, lean and ragged as he was, with his face burned almost black by the sun, and a matted mane of grayish black hair and beard hanging loosely around it, seemed quite as savage as any of his followers. But, small and thin though he was, with plain, almost coarse features, and a dress of which any respectable scarecrow would have been ashamed, he had in his sunken eyes that look of power and command which stamps the born leader of men. And such indeed he was, for this man was no other than Henry Morton Stanley.

So engrossed was Stanley with the notes which he was making that he never saw the black scowling face and fierce eyes which peered out at him suddenly from the encircling thicket. Presently another head appeared, and another, and another still; and then the matted boughs shook and parted, and several men stole forth, with long spears in their hands.

But Stanley's quick ears had caught the rustle of the leaves, and, taking several strings of beads from his pouch, he advanced to meet them, uttering the long, shrill, bleat-like salutation of the country, "Sen-nen-neh!" (peace).

But there was little sign of peace among the advancing savages, who darted threatening looks at him and kept muttering angrily among themselves. Then a huge scarred warrior, who seemed to be their chief, said, with a flourish of his spear:

"If the white man wishes peace, why does he try to bewitch us?"

"How have I tried to bewitch you?" asked Stanley, in amazement. "I come as your guest, not as your enemy. You all see that my men have laid down their guns and swords, and are waiting to be friends with you."

"The stranger's words are not straight!" answered the savage, fiercely. "Did we not see him making spells of witchcraft against us, and drawing them on the magic charm that he carries with him?"

A sudden light flashed upon Stanley—it was his *note-book* that had offended them!

"If the white chief means fairly by us, let him throw his magic work into yonder fire, and then he shall be our brother, and shall eat with us; but if not, our spears shall reach his heart!"

A ferocious growl from the rest, and a significant brandishing of spears and bows, added fresh point to this last remark.

For one moment the bold traveler stood aghast. To destroy his valuable notes, gathered with so much toil and suffering, would be to fling away the whole fruit of his weary and perilous journey! Yet, to refuse might cost his life and the lives of all of his men, for the savages were evidently in earnest, and all the thickets around him were already swarming with fierce faces and leveled weapons. What was to be done?

All at once a bright idea came to him. In his pouch lay a small pock-

et Shakespeare (the companion of all his wanderings), which was sufficiently like the objectionable note-book to have deceived a keener observer than an African savage. Quick as thought he drew it forth and held it up so that every one could see it.

"Is this the charm that my brothers wish me to burn?" he asked, loud enough to be heard by all present.

"It is! It is!" roared a hundred voices at once, while half a dozen bony, black hands were outstretched from the front rank of the crowd as if to clutch the formidable "witchbook."

"And if I burn it," said Stanley, "will you be friends with me, and give food to my men?"

"We will!" chorused the black spearmen.

"Behold, then!" cried the great leader, and with one jerk of his hand he flung the Shakespeare into the fire beside him. In a moment it flamed up, shriveled away, and was gone!

Then broke forth a yell of delight from the superstitious savages as they saw the dreaded "magic" vanish into smoke. A score of big, barelimbed warriors, all smeared with paint and grease, rushed forward to overwhelm their "white brother" with sticky embraces, while others brought forward armfuls of fruit, fish and potato-like cassava bread. Stanley's hungry men ate their fill, and all went as merrily as a picnic.

Many a night after, while struggling wearily along the windings of the unknown rivers, the great explorer missed the book that had been his companion in so many perils and sufferings. But the precious notes were saved, and the narrative which they formed has since been read and applauded from one side of the world to the other.

This story is perfectly true, and is here given almost as Stanley himself told it —D. K.

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## ALEXANDER JONAS

### Friend of the Children

By META L. STERN

(Written for the Y. S. M.)

On January 29 last a man died whose memory deserves to be honored and cherished by all Socialist boys and girls. Alexander Jonas, a pioneer of the Socialist movement in America, "the grand, old man of Socialism," as they called him, was a devoted friend of the children. In his great, lifelong work for the cause of the working class nothing appealed so strongly to his warm, loyal heart as the need and the suffering of little children. Years ago the writer of these lines happened to discuss with him John Spargo's book, "The Bitter Cry of the Children," that had just been published, and she will never forget how Alexander Jonas expressed himself upon that occasion. He said: "If I had not been led to Socialism by reason and by my own sense of justice, the bitter cry of the children in mills and mines and tenement sweat-shops, the cry of the children who are ground in this abominable profit system, who are cold and hungry and neglected, starved in body and mind,—the cry of the children would have been enough to make me a Socialist." To him childhood meant health and happiness, and the fact that thousands upon thousands of children of the working class are robbed by poverty of both health and happiness, filled him with burning indignation and an ardent desire to help to make this world a better place for children.

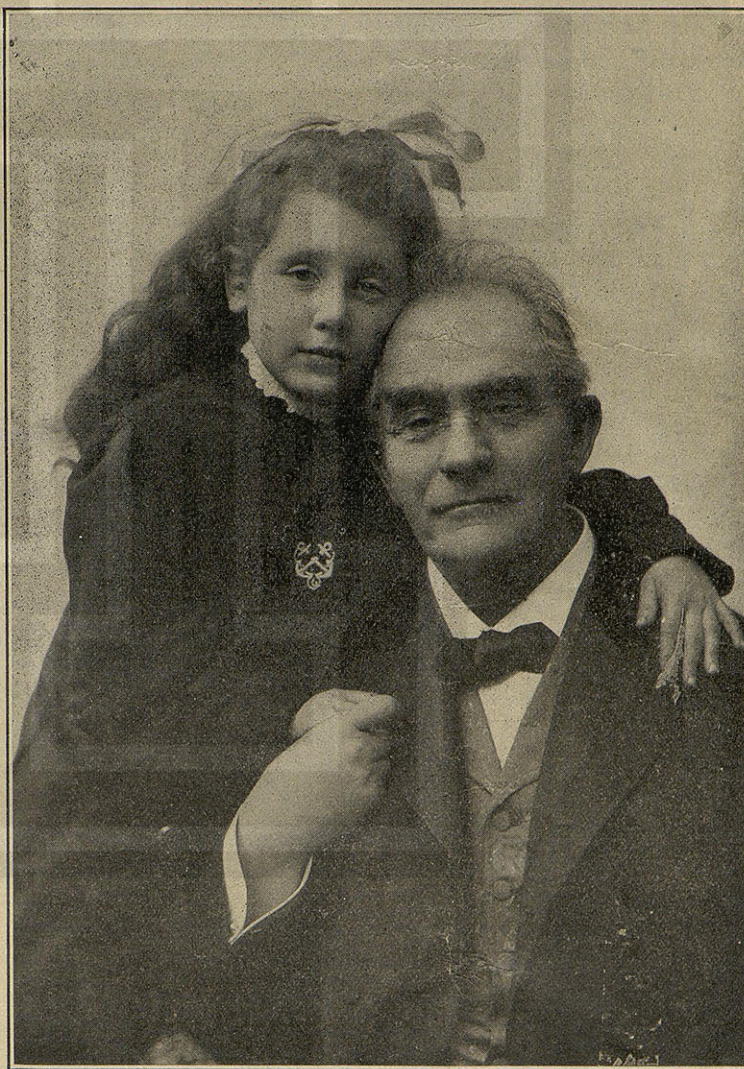
As he was the brave defender of the rights of childhood in public life, so was he the gentle friend, the jolly playmate and companion of children in his private life. All children who knew him loved him and were often more eager for his companionship than for that of associates of their own age. In the

households where he associated intimately, as a friend, he was just simply "uncle" to all the little girls and boys and often to the big ones as well. What a different man he was among children than among grown up folks! To people who knew him but slightly it seemed strange sometimes that Alexander Jonas, editor and orator, a man of national reputation, was the same personality as that charming, jovial, old uncle who romped with the "kids."

Did you ever hear the story of

Socrates, the Greek sage and philosopher? They say that when he came from the gatherings of his scholars to whom he was teaching his new and revolutionary philosophy (teachings for which he later had to drink the cup of poison), he was in the habit of refreshing his body and spirit by playing with the boys. The Greeks made fun of him for playing ball with little boys in the streets of Athens; but the philosopher did not care a rap whether people thought him queer. He liked the children and enjoyed the game.

Like Socrates, our Comrade Jonas could turn light-heartedly from earnest work or a serious



Alexander Jonas with one of his little friends



conversation to the most childish play. I have known him to stop abruptly in the writing of an editorial, to admire a little girl's new doll or to examine why a boy's top wouldn't spin. What the children liked best about his companionship was that he never had an air of playing just to please the children, but apparently enjoyed the play every bit as much as they did. What sunny memories of happy play-times come back to me 'across the long stretch of years! In a large attic of an old-fashioned house I see a crowd of girls and boys with Alexander Jonas in their midst, playing blind man's buff. "Uncle is the blind man," his eyes conscientiously blindfolded with a towel, and a lively chase he is leading the girls and boys over trunks and boxes and into the remote corners of an old closet. The children are too quick for him, so finally he stands in the middle of the room, with his arms and legs stretched far apart, declaring that he is ready to give up. A small boy steals up in front of him making grimaces, and then, on hands and knees, attempts to crawl through between his legs. But quick as a flash "Uncle" stoops down and grabs the boy by the collar. Then he pulls off the towel, revealing his kindly eyes, eyes that laugh like his life, and proclaims emphatically that now Peter is "it."

Another picture of memory shows me "Uncle" out with two little girls, on never to be forgotten Sunday morning walks. To the girls themselves those delightful outings, looked forward to all week, were more than mere walks, they were voyages of discovery. The surroundings of New York were visited by train and ferry-boat; new and charming places were revealed; rambles through the woods brought them home with their hands full of wild flowers and their hearts full of the

spirit of the country. They never came home from those outings without having learned something new, without having broadened the vista of their childish conception. Sometimes the walks were limited to the city streets that were well known to them, but even here new and startling discoveries were made. "Uncle" would invariably point out some building or monument or some historical spot that they had not noticed before, and he would describe and relate so interestingly, so personally, that the girls never forgot what he told them.

These pictures of long ago pale before those of a more recent date. I see three little children, still of the baby age, sitting upon tiny chairs around a little table, children, whose mother "Uncle" held on his knees when she was as small as they are now. The three little children are restless and naughty. One spills the milk, another throws crumbs of bread around the room, and the third one cries because Freddie got a bigger bun than he. Just then the door is quietly opened and in comes "Uncle," placid, smiling, serene, happy to be with the children. Immediately the storm that was brewing in the nursery has subsided. The children stretch out their little hands and their lips pucker up for kisses and their voices mingle in the one cry: "Uncle, tell us a story!" In the old arm-chair, close by their little table, "Uncle" sits and tells them the stories they love to hear. Golden-haired Sleeping Beauty and Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella who won a prince by losing a slipper, and Hans who went out into the wide world to seek a fortune, — all of the dear, familiar fairy folk march by in a glorious procession. The children have heard these stories before; they even have been read to them from a book; but nobody can tell

a story like Uncle; nobody can make it seem so vivid and real. Not only the children are listening, grandma and mamma and nursie are crowding around, too, and you could not picture any group more peaceful and charming than the dear old story-teller and his little audience.

And still another picture comes to my mind. I see a red-roofed cottage among spreading maple-trees, and a lawn just made for little feet to romp on. On that lawn I see Alexander Jonas, away from the city and his work for just a brief summer vacation. He is bent intently on something he is making, and four blonde boys, crowding around him, are eagerly watching the process of that manufacture. "Uncle" is building a kite. It is a long, long time, more than fifty years since "uncle" built kites in his own boyhood, and he does not quite remember how to make them. All day long he has been engaged at making that kite, but something is wrong; the kite won't fly. The little group is puzzled. But suddenly there is an outcry of joy. The mistake has been discovered; the missing part has been adjusted; the kite flies! All afternoon on the sunny meadow, dotted with a million buttercups and daisies, "Uncle" and the four blonde boys are flying their kite. Uncle is as delighted as the youngsters, and four supper calls have to be issued before the boys, the three young ones and the one old one, can be brought from the meadow to the house.

Pictures! — To me, my dear, young readers, they are tender memories, to be cherished as long as I live. To you they shall convey an impression of the personal life of this man whose memory I would have you honor, because his public life has been one long, unflinching devotion to the greatest

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# How I Became a Socialist

## An Episode of My Boyhood

By ALEXANDER JONAS

(Translated for the Y. S. M.)

I shall never forget that wonderful spring of 1848. As the first warm breaths of air were wafted over Europe the hearts of the people of all nations were opened. It seemed as if they, too, like the snow and ice of the winter, were being melted out of their stony despair. As small brooks were changed over night into roaring torrents which, feeding the great rivers, caused them to break down every resistance and flood the land, so did this sudden awakening of the European people swell and broaden the great revolutionary movement.

From Lisbon to St. Petersburg the mighty rulers in their castles felt its surging and throbbing and trembled. In Paris, then the heart of European revolution, another battle had been waged. Again the blood of workingmen and women had been shed for freedom. And in the midst of this great stir and confusion the bomb burst in my home city, Berlin, where the bloody revolt of the 18th and 19th days of March, 1848, culminated in a complete victory of the people.

I understood but little of all this turmoil. Only twelve years of age, carefully reared in the protecting walls of a comparatively comfortable home, I had become penetrated with the bourgeois ideals and prejudices of the times. However, my father was not narrow-minded and had implanted into the hearts of his children a strong love for liberty, a passionate hatred against tyranny and oppression.

This feeling was fostered by the fact that I had at all times access to the modern literature of the day. I spent many hours in some corner of my father's book store, poring over volumes which I only partly understood, but whose spirit be-

came infused into my whole being. Or I would sit in some hidden nook drinking in greedily the words of our neighbors and friends, who came every afternoon and spent a few hours among the rows and rows of books, to talk over the happenings of the day.

It was on the afternoon of the 18th of March, 1848. The wise and worthy friends of my father were discussing in animated tones the news that King Frederick William IV. had conceded to the people of Prussia all their demands—freedom of the press, freedom of speech, the right to hold meetings, a representative parliament—everything had been granted by the terror-stricken ruler. You can imagine the joy that swelled the hearts of these respectable citizens as they reviewed this victory and how delighted they were over the fact that Prussia was the only state in which the great victory had been won without the loss of a single drop of blood.

My piano teacher had just entered the room, and I was reluctantly preparing to go with him to take the unwelcome lesson, when my father engaged him in a discussion and I was permitted to stay a little while longer.

Suddenly the door opened and one of the usual group, who had not come to take part in the afternoon talk, walked rapidly into the room. His face was deadly pale, his eyes were burning as he brought us the terrible news. He had been walking through the Castle Square, only a hundred yards from our house,—so he told us—where a great crowd of citizens had collected as a demonstration of gratitude for the "gifts" of the king. Suddenly he had heard shots, and turning had seen a cavalry regiment

advancing against the peaceful crowds. He had escaped as quickly as possible to our store, but he feared the worst. His last words were already drowned by a tumult on the street. Everybody rushed out.

The scene which met my eyes made my heart stop for a moment. The horror of that moment will remain with me as long as I live. From the park down into the street poured a terror-stricken mass. Men and women, youths and aged men, wealthy and destitute, they fled through the streets as if driven by a thousand furies. At first there lay over them all an awful silence, but presently there came from their midst the cry "Treason! Treason! Revenge! Revenge!" It all lasted but a few moments. Then the street became deathly still. Doors were closed and quickly stores and houses were locked.

How I came back into the house I do not remember. I recall only that I stood with my sisters and brothers at a window that overlooked the street. We heard horses' hoofs. A squadron of cavalry passed by in the direction of the castle. They had attempted an attack upon a barricade and had been repulsed. Two horses were being led by the halters. Their saddles were vacant. The soldiers had been left dead beneath the barricades. The soldiers signed to us to withdraw and threatened us with their guns. These are the pictures that have made a lasting impression upon my mind. It was the Berlin March Revolution.

What followed I will tell in a few words. The struggle against the troops lasted from that Friday afternoon through a terrible night to the next morning. Then for a short time all became still. But



again hostilities broke out until at 11 o'clock the King gave up the fight and the troops withdrew, leaving a jubilant people in possession of the city.

Into my father's house there came no sleep that night. Lying as it did in the middle of the city near the castle, in the territory which was absolutely controlled by the troops, it was like a peaceful island from which one could overlook the furious outbursts on every side.

We spent the night, with the family of the landlord, on the roof whence we could clearly observe every new struggle. And to the sound of the thundering guns, with a heart terror-stricken at the sight of blazing musketry and flaming buildings, I swore to give my life to the struggle for liberty.

But in one respect I was at that time still somewhat confused. In my mind there were just two parties to this struggle: the government and the people.

The government, according to my ideas, was represented by those men who wore uniforms, the soldiers, the police. Also those who had titles seemed to me to belong to that same hated side. On the other hand, I unhesitatingly assumed that every man who appeared in civil clothes, must be a democrat, a revolutionary.

But in the very first weeks of the revolution the workmen became to be regarded as a separate factor. There came the news of a great parade of 20,000 workmen to proclaim the establishment of a republic. Another time the employees of the locomotive factory arranged a demonstration. In fact, a great part of the militia camped in the castle garden for a whole day because of a rumor that the workmen were planning an attack upon the new law-making assembly, because it intended to adopt a suffrage law with property qualifications.

Evidently there were two kinds of revolutionists, those in the dress-suit and those who wore the worker's blouse. Still, I could not quite understand it. Were not my father's friends real revolutionists, real republicans? What more could the workers be?

It was late in the fall of the year when the understanding of the difference came to me. The summer had brought countless "small troubles" between "bourgeois" and "workers." In the fall a number of men who were working on new streets on the outskirts of the city, demanded an increase in wages which was promptly and decidedly refused by the new government. The workmen arranged a meeting to discuss ways and means. Then the bourgeois, quickly forgetting that they had just risked their own lives for the right of free speech, sent out police to break up the meeting, who were sent home badly beaten.

The numerous locksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers and other men who worked in this district made common cause with them and took a threatening attitude. At length things came to a crisis. With the help of the militia the "revolt" was suppressed in a few hours.

I remember distinctly how I watched the militia passing on that day. Just then a man, a giant in size, a typical revolutionary, a wounded arm tied up in a sling, came rushing along the street. When he approached us he pointed over to the passing militiamen and cried loud and fearlessly: "Fine heroes, brave citizens, are they not? To shoot upon defenseless workers who are asking for more bread. But the next time things will be different. Then we will have guns."

Then I understood that there was a difference between citizen and citizen, that the new republican government, while it was serv-

ing the interests of the bourgeois, had given nothing to the laborers. Why? Why? I could not find a satisfactory answer. Why should the bourgeois refuse the workers their trifling demands? When at last I had found the answer, when I had come to a realization of the fact that there was a difference between the interests of the bourgeois capitalists and their workers which could never be wiped out, then I had, though I did not realize it until many, many years had passed, taken my first step toward Socialism.



I like the man who faces what he must  
With step triumphant, and a heart  
of cheer,  
Who fights the daily battle without  
fear. Sarah K. Bolton.



#### NOTHING EXTRAORDINARY

A native of Germany was visiting an American friend in New York, and the latter bethought himself to take his guest on a visit to Niagara Falls.

The American, accustomed to bursts of wonderment and enthusiasm, was not a little astonished to see his Teutonic friend stand and gaze stolidly minute after minute upon that roaring cataract, without evincing the faintest sign of emotion.

Finally, unable any longer to conceal his chagrin and disappointment, the American turned to his companion and asked: "Don't you think that's a wonderful sight!"

"Vot?" asked the German.

"Why, that gigantic body of water pouring over that lofty precipice."

The German stood for a few seconds longer, until he got that idea digested, then looked up blankly and asked:

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## What is a Living Wage?

By MARION PHILLIPS

(From "The Young Socialist" of Britain)

Sometimes you hear people say about a man who is out of work, "Oh, he could get work if he liked. He was offered a job yesterday, but he would not take it." If you ask about the job, you find that he was offered a job at less money than the proper amount to be paid for it. Do you know why men refuse such work, and how brave it is for them to refuse? This is the reason.

Suppose John Smith is unloading ships, that is, suppose John Smith is a "docker," and gets 25 cents an hour, including one hour off for dinner and extra pay for overtime. Well, at the end of a week he is able to take home \$15 for his wife to keep the home going on. Now suppose Tom Wilson is out of a job and he is offered John Smith's billet at 20 cents an hour. If he took it, John Smith would have no money at all to take home next week, and his wife and children would have to go without food and have to pawn their clothes and their furniture.

Not only that, but Tom Wilson would only have \$12, where John Smith had had \$15, and then

next week the other men who worked beside Tom Wilson would be told "We can get men to do the work for 20 cents an hour, so you can take that or clear out."

So every man would soon be taking only \$12 instead of \$15, and all the wives and children would be getting less to eat, having smaller houses and worse boots and clothes.

So when John Smith says that he will not work unless he is paid the proper rate for his work, he is acting bravely, because he is facing great poverty for the time being, not only for himself, but for his wife and children, too, rather than be the one to drag down the wages of all the other men and make everyone around him poorer by acting as a blackleg to his fellows.

It is not easy for a man to act like this.

When a man has walked a dozen miles to a job and then has to come back and tell "mother" that he could not take it because he was not offered the right wage for it, when the children want boots, and baby is ill, and the

rent is due, it takes a man of courage to do it.

It is worse still for widows who have a number of little children and have to earn money to keep them all. Sometimes they need the money so much that they will do anything for just a few pence, and keep taking it for less and less, and bringing all the other women's wages down too. I knew one such woman, and she was doing ever such hard work cleaning and scrubbing, for just a few dollars each week, and she was dismissed because she joined a Trade Union.

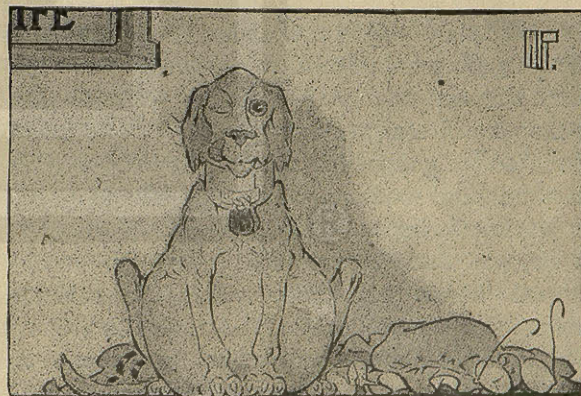
Now Trade Unions exist to help workers to keep their wages up, and Socialists want to help Trade Unions in this by making it illegal for any employer to pay less than a certain sum to anyone who works for him. That sum would be one on which a man or woman could live decently and comfortably, and Socialists call it a "living wage."

Try! try! and try again;  
The boys who keep on trying  
Have made the world's best men.

**CHOICE MIXED ASTER SEEDS,**  
Large Beautiful Flowers, mostly all double, grand for cutting, home grown, pkg. 10c.—Large Beautiful Pink Aster, large pkg. 15c.—Comrade John J. Hess, Route No. 4, Mechanicsburg, Pa.



Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog a bone



But when she got there  
The cupboard was bare  
And now the poor dog's all alone



## Two Ways of Having A Good Time

By FRANCES E. WILLARD

### SONG SECOND.

The little bird opened his mouth very wide, smoothed his feathers, and went on more quietly:

I flew over land and sea, and came upon three other children, living in a grove on the edge of a wide prairie, away in the West; they had nobody to amuse them, they lived miles away from other people, and had never seen a city; they had no company but their mother, except a big dog, a little kitten, and a gopher they had tamed. Their mother had much work to do, and, though she was fond of them, she could not send them anywhere to be amused. But she had excellent sense, and she told them to look in the books their father had in his room, and see what people did out in the world; "for," she said, "it's all a sort of playing, anyway, this that grown folks are so busy about; and you can just picture it all out in your minds, and set up for yourselves and do the same things, if you like." And then she told them there couldn't be better company than the big, pleasant prairie, and woods full of oaks and hickories, and the wide river with osiers on its banks and shells upon its shores. So the little people began to think and read and imagine, and they made up their minds they would (as they said in the "plan" they wrote about it all) "combine the advantages of country life and city life," having hiding places in trees, setting traps in the woods, going out nutting, fishing, hunting, boating, and besides all this fitting up their home as a city to which they could return, and where they could sell their nuts and fish and shells. They named all the paths in the garden after famous streets they read about, painted these names on shingles and fastened them to the

trees. They took the dining room for a hotel, the sitting room for the city hall, the parlor for the church, and so on. Besides these, they had the barn for a warehouse, hiding places in trees for sentinels, an old bee-hive for a post office, and pieces of leather curiously stamped for money. They had a full code of laws written out, with penalties attached; a set of city officers never yet accused of cheating the public; a church where they attended every Sunday; a newspaper—illustrated at that—all written out by hand, with editorials, poetry, stories, and a fine juvenile department.

They opened an "art gallery" up in the garret, and had a banquet with little dishes they had molded from clay, and set out on a bench covered with a sheet, with pumpkin-blossoms for a center-piece. On this occasion speeches were made and spring-water toasts drunk out of acorn cups; and, later, water-color drawings of gophers, of blue jays and red-headed woodpeckers were shown; also sketches of nature, and studies of all the family in clay, not very striking likenesses, but then they were all plainly labeled! It would fill a book to tell of all the good times those children had! The people who live in this Western world are taught that it is better to amuse themselves than to be amused; to "think things out," and give new ideas time to soak in; and so they take life more as it comes; they would rather eat strawberries when the sun ripens them in June than to have them from hot-houses in February.

So, said the little bird, as I flew to and fro, I learned that it is better to make a little go a great way than a great deal go a little way, in the amusement of the frisky lambs you call "our young folks."

## Alexander Jonas

Continued from page 4

cause of humanity. In an article written by himself shortly before his death, that you will find in another part of this magazine, Alexander Jonas tells you of some stirring reminiscences from his boyhood, reminiscences from the great revolutionary year 1848, when the German people rebelled against their autocratic government, demanding a constitutional government with the right of assembly, free speech and a free press. Read that article carefully. It will show you what sort of a boy Alexander Jonas was. It will show you at what an early age those thoughts and convictions sprang up in his mind that later on led him to champion the cause of the oppressed. At 12 years of age he solemnly vowed to himself to consecrate his life to the cause of freedom and in combatting all tyrants. At that time he conceived kings and nobles, soldiers and police to be the greatest enemies of human freedom. Later he learned that the greatest enemy of freedom is our present system of industry, called the capitalistic system, which enriches a few at the expense of the many, which keeps thousands of workers in life-long poverty and allows some to live in luxury without working. That is why Alexander Jonas consecrated his life to Socialism.

A man of powerful ability, with a brilliant mind and a strong will in public life, natural, unassuming and lovable in private life, at all times a champion of the oppressed and a friend of the children, such was the man at whose bier thousands mourned, when he had closed his eyes forever. He had no girls and boys of his own; but you all are his girls and boys in a way. For you all his life's work has been, and to you all he leaves the noble example of unending devotion and loyalty to a great cause.

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## The Meaning of "Woman's Day"

By ANITA C. BLOCK

(Written for the Y. S. M.)

Every year, the Socialists all over the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, make a very special day of the last Sunday in February and call it "Woman's Day." Now, that may strike you as very strange and you may wonder if they set aside any other day and call it "Man's Day."

No, there is no need for a day called "Man's Day," but there is need for a day called "Woman's Day," and I am going to tell you why.

Just stop for a moment and think of the city you live in. Of course you know that the Mayor is at the head of the city government and that he is assisted by a Board of Aldermen and other officials, and that they decide everything that is to be done in the city.

For instance, they have the power to decide if new school-houses shall be built, or if thousands of children shall continue going without seats, or have only "part-time" seats.

Now, your father has the right to help decide who shall govern this city. He has the right to help decide if the city officials shall be men who care about new school buildings and all other matters that are good for the people, or if they shall be men who are just greedy and selfish and care about nothing but filling their own pockets with money.

Your father can help decide all this, because on Election Day he has the *right to vote* for whatever men he wants to control the affairs of this city.

But your mother *cannot* help decide anything, because laws which she never helped to make, state that she is *not allowed to vote*.

Is your mother not allowed to vote because she has no sense, or because she need not obey the

laws of the land, or because she does no work in the world?

You know well that these are not the reasons. You know that your mother has a great deal of sense, and that if she breaks laws she will be punished just as severely as if she had helped make those laws. And you certainly know that your mother does a great deal of work in the world,—that she works all the time, morning, noon and night.

Why is it, then, that she is not allowed to vote?

It is just simply because she happens to be a WOMAN!

Did you ever hear anything as silly as that?

Now, many years ago, when the Socialists first began to band together to drive poverty out of the world and see that every human being had equal rights with every other human being, they realized at once how silly and how wrong it was for women not to have exactly the same rights as men.

And so they said: "Our political party, the Socialist Party, everywhere stands for woman's right to vote—for *Woman Suffrage*. So everywhere the Socialists must help women all they possibly can to get their right to vote. For to do that is a part of the great task the Socialists have set for themselves, namely, to see that every human being has the same rights and the same chances in life as every other human being."

Then the Socialists in the United States said a few years ago: "It is true, we are working for Woman Suffrage every day in the year. But we want to set aside one particular day in the year, when the Socialists all over the country, in every village and town and city, will rise at the same time—(just as if all the pupils in all the schools would hold

assembly at the same time and all rise together)—and demand votes for women and give our reasons for demanding them."

So they chose a day, the last Sunday in February, and called it "Woman's Day." And they decided that everywhere big meetings must be held where Socialist speakers should tell people that the Socialist Party believes men and women are complete equals. And they decided that the party papers and magazines, like this one, should have special articles about woman suffrage at this time.

There is very little doubt that when you boys and girls who are reading this magazine to-day, are men and women, the great fight for Woman Suffrage will be over. In several countries of the world women have won the right to vote already, and they vote in six states in the United States—in Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Washington and California. Then there will no longer be any need for Woman's Day. Its work will have been done.

But there will be other work for you to do just as soon as you are ready to do it. For woman's getting the vote does not mean that poverty will disappear. It only means that women will now have the same power to fight poverty that men have—the power to make laws that will abolish poverty.

That will be your work, you boys and girls of to-day—to *help abolish poverty*. And it is wonderful to think that the girls will have the vote as their strongest weapon in the fight against poverty.

And that is why you girls of to-day cannot begin too soon to learn just how the Socialists are going to abolish poverty and put an end to our present form of government,

Continued on page 14



## The Young Socialists' Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Organ of the American Socialist Sunday  
Schools and Young People's Federation

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under the Act of March 3, 1897.

Many a man thinks that it is  
goodness that keeps him from  
crime, when it is only his full  
stomach. On half allowance he  
would be as ugly and knavish as  
anybody. Don't mistake potatoes  
for principles.—*Thos. Carlyle.*

Whoever you are, be noble;  
Whatever you do, do well;  
Whenever you speak, speak kindly,  
Give joy wherever you dwell.

Deeds are fruits, words are leaves;  
Words pass away, but actions re-  
main. *Napoleon.*

We realize that the time given  
for the answers to or translation of  
Comrade Julich's article, "How  
can we help our parents in their  
struggle for freedom?" was too  
short. Therefore, we will gladly  
extend the time limit to March 15.  
All answers which reach us before  
that date will be considered.

## Current Events and Editorial Remarks

On the 30th day of January the  
Socialist movement of the United  
States lost one of its most faithful  
workers. Many of you knew our  
old Comrade Alexander Jonas.  
Many of you heard your parents  
speak of him with the honor and  
veneration which his sincerity, his  
undying faithfulness, his devotion  
to the cause so richly deserved.

Those of you who have read this  
Magazine during the last year will  
remember that he wrote a May Day  
article for the first number which  
was published by the present edi-  
tors of the Magazine. He respond-  
ed gladly when asked to write for  
the young people, because he him-  
self was still young at heart, eager  
to work, eager to help wherever  
help was needed.

On another page of this number  
Comrade Meta Stern, who was one  
of his closest friends, has given us a  
vivid story of Alexander Jonas' love and work for the children. To  
you, young Socialists, this story of  
work and struggle for the growth  
of the Socialist movement should  
be a spur for renewed activity.  
Whenever you feel discouraged,  
whenever you are hopeless and  
despondent remember that Alexan-  
der Jonas, when he stopped his  
life work, had lived for almost  
eighty years. Never forget that he  
went through the hardest, the most  
discouraging years of the Socialist  
movement. Should we not, now,  
when success is crowning our ef-  
forts on every hand, be just as ac-  
tive, just as tireless, just as en-  
thusiastic?

Only by an earnest endeavor to  
end successfully the work which was  
so splendidly begun, to add day by  
day to the strength and vigor of the  
movement for which Alexander

Jonas lived and worked, only so  
can we thank him, only so can we  
repay him.

\* \* \*

One of the most remarkable re-  
volutions of modern times is draw-  
ing to a close. The Chinese Repub-  
lic is firmly established, and in a  
few short weeks this ancient nation  
will take its place among the great  
political democracies of the earth.  
The temporary president of the Re-  
public, Sun Yat Sen, after having  
led the people through the trying  
days of war and bloodshed, has  
withdrawn from the front, and his  
place has been filled by the former  
advisor of the Manchu dynasty.

For Sun Yat Sen is a Socialist,  
and as such he realizes that the  
years which are now to come must  
see the development of the capital-  
ist state in China. He sees clearly  
that the man who takes the new  
China into his hands must be above  
all else the representative of capi-  
talism, must, first of all, defend  
capital against the encroachments  
of the old nobility, but must stand  
ready also to defend it against the  
working class. The capitalists of  
China stood behind Sun Yat Sen as  
the leader of the Revolution against  
Manchu Imperialism. But they are  
already withdrawing their support,  
and are indicating clearly their de-  
sire for a president less progressive  
than that splendid, ideal leader Sun  
Yat Sen.

Yuan Shi Kai will be a capable  
president. He is a talented man  
whose organizing ability is recog-  
nized by friend and foe alike. He  
will bring order out of chaos and  
will in a short time put the new Re-  
public on a sound working basis.

And the workers of China? They  
are doing what the workers of Ger-

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many and of France have done before them. They, too, fought desperately in order to give capitalism a chance to develop. They, too, have simply changed masters, simply discarded the old rule of the nobility, in order to endure the new rule of capitalism. They have shaken off the old Manchu parasites and are now helping the new exploiters to strengthen their hold upon the country.

But hand in hand with the growth of capitalism in China will go the growth of a Socialist movement. And in the years to come, when the industries of the country have been sufficiently developed, there will come another Revolution which will abolish all classes, and will leave just that one all powerful class, the working class, to shape its own destiny.

\* \* \*

In our country the capitalist class have had their strongest supporters and defenders in the judiciary. Not only have these judges established their power so firmly through the fact that they are partly appointed for life, or for long terms, and so are placed practically outside of the control of the people, but the latter have through long generations become so imbued with the idea of the absolute impartiality and fairness of the courts that it has become almost criminal to criticise the actions of our judiciary bodies. But with the growth of Socialism, with the increased feeling of dissatisfaction with things as they are, there is gradually awakening a suspicion in the minds of the American people, that the courts, too, are but useful tools in the hands of their capitalist masters.

The Schiff-Brandt case, which is at present arousing a storm of excitement in New York, furnishes vivid proof of this fact. Schiff is one of the most powerful capitalists of the country. Several years ago

his young servant, a Swede by the name of Brandt, was arrested at his instigation and was sentenced by Judge Rosalsky to thirty years' imprisonment. Several weeks ago Brandt appealed to the Governor of New York and asked that his case be investigated. In spite of the most strenuous efforts of Schiff to keep the case secret, Dix has been forced to grant Brandt a new hearing. The evidence even now shows conclusively that Brandt received this terrible penalty because Schiff wished him to be removed for personal reasons.

The trial will show with forcible clearness that the whole machinery of the police and the judiciary was brought into play to serve the interests of the Almighty Dollar. And again a few workers will begin to understand the true significance of "capitalism."

\* \* \*

March is a month of revolutions. Since Caesar was assassinated in the Ides of March, the days of this month were dangerous to many dictators and tyrants. The French, German, Austrian and other revolutions, which took place in the middle of the 19th century, started in the days of spring, when the blood runs through the veins of humanity and all nature with renewed vigor and increased strength, when nature seems to renew itself.

But the modern proletariat remembers especially well the 18th day of March, 1848, when in Berlin royal troops fought against the people who had risen in opposition to autocracy and who demanded a share in the government of the country. The soldiers were repulsed and beaten back, the people were victorious. But the proletariat had shed its blood in vain, it had won the battle for the bourgeoisie and did not gain by it. It had to fight its own battles later on.

On another 18th of March, in the

year 1871, the French, or rather the Parisian, working class rose in revolt against the capitalist system of suppression and exploitation. The Commune was established and for the first time in the world's history, the men and women of the working class were their own rulers.

In the April issue of the *Young Socialists' Magazine*, we shall recite the wonderful story of the first proletarian revolution, the Commune. We will show the splendid spirit and courage that found its expression in the struggle for political and economic freedom and the brutality, cruelty and treason that was used by the international capitalist class to down the French workers.

Many thousands died and suffered in this heroic attempt. We love them for the sacrifices they made, the faithfulness they showed and the services they rendered the great cause of the international revolutionary Proletariat.

#### THE TEST.

Billy—Huh! I bet you didn't have a good time at your birthday party yesterday.

Willie—I bet I did.

Billy—Then why ain't you sick to-day?

The teacher had gone back to the brave days of old for his reading selection for the day, and read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

One of the boys giggled when the story was finished, and the teacher turned to him.

"You do not doubt a trained swimmer could do that, do you, James?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered James, "but I wondered why he didn't make it four and get back to the side his clothes were on."—*Woman's Journal*.



## "TRUTH"

By JOSEPH JOOS

### III.

In an article previously published we referred to the Crusades as one of those historical periods which are absolutely misrepresented in our schools. Many of our young friends will remember the history lessons in which we were told of the great wars fought to tear the grave of Christ in Jerusalem from the hands of the Mohammedans and bring it into the possession of Christianity. The Mohammedan infidels, it was said, had prevented Christian pilgrims from visiting the "Holy Grave," and for the greatness of Christianity its followers were called upon to come to arms, to protect their faith, to defend their God against the encroachments of the barbarian unbelievers.

Nevertheless the fact remains that no religion is so tolerant toward members of another faith as that of the followers of Mohamet. In the very heart of the Mohammedan lands at that time there were numerous Christian colonies whose members lived unmolested and peacefully among their infidel neighbors. In Jerusalem itself, in fact, directly beside the Grave of Christ, the Christian Emperor Constantin had erected a beautiful church. The city also contained a Christian hospital. Besides the Califs, the Turkish city rulers, had no reason for such an act. On the contrary, they protected and assisted the pilgrims in every possible way, for the wealthy pilgrims were a fruitful source of profit. Surely the fanatic Christians of the Middle Ages would not have been so considerate with the Mohammedans.

For a short time, it is true, a fanatical sect of Turks secured control over Jerusalem, and under their reign visits to the Grave were made difficult, but by no means impossible. But peaceful conferences

could easily have done away with all difficulties.

But the Pope, who was the ruler of rulers over all the Christian world of the Middle Ages, saw in this difficulty a splendid occasion for increasing the wealth and power of the Church. Under the instigation of the Church a tremendous movement was organized which for two centuries (1096-1291) sent many millions to die in the land of the Rising Sun.

How was it possible to persuade so many men to leave their homes, to hold out to a bitter end in spite of danger and death?

The Pope, alone, in all his power could not possibly have so aroused the men of all nations to rally around his standard. I know you were told in school that religious fervor and zeal aroused the Christian warriors to wrest the "Holy Grave" from the infidel hands. True, when Pope Urban II., in 1095, pictured in the darkest colors the suffering of the Christians in the Orient and emphasized the necessity of war, the crowds about him echoed his demands with glowing enthusiasm. From pulpit to pulpit, from town to town went the cry, "It is God's will."

Thousands upon thousands flocked to the churches where the red cross, the insignia of the crusaders, was fastened to their shoulders, as a pledge of their willingness to join the march to the Holy Land. But while the Church could easily arouse a momentary enthusiasm, a stronger incentive was needed to keep up these crusades, year after year for two long centuries. To find this real incentive we must first of all study the social and industrial conditions of the times.

The Middle Ages were marked by the absolute rule of the great nobles and the clergy. The independent farmer had gradually disappeared. His descendants were the vassals and serfs of the nobil-

ity. The freeman class, the later bourgeoisie, who lived in the large cities, was in the first stages of development, but later it, too, took an active part in the wars in the Holy Land.

The great lords of the various countries were constantly waging war against each other. The lesser lords who lived a life of comparative poverty, since they had practically no income except what was derived from the work of the serfs on the farms, placed themselves and their small band of retainers at the service of these great lords, so deriving an increased income out of their share of the spoils. These strifes were open robbery expeditions, waged for the simple purpose of gaining new wealth and increased territory. Wars to-day, too, are robbing expeditions, but civilization has forced our capitalist robber barons to cover up their real ugliness by a flimsy veil of patriotism and glory. But in the Middle Ages robbery was a matter of course, it was in fact the recognized means of gaining a subsistence.

But all things considered, the profits gained by robbing one another were not great enough to satisfy the luxury and pleasure loving nobility. It became necessary to look about for new victims, new spoils. Before their greedy eyes was the great Orient with its wonderful wealth and magnificence. The pilgrims had always told the most wonderful stories of the splendor and extravagance of the East. Gold and silver, precious stones, beautiful rugs and priceless tapestries—these worked on the minds of the nobles of Europe like a magic charm. But the way was long and the Mohammedans powerful and fierce in battle. One noble alone could accomplish nothing. Together they could hope to win all the wealth their hearts desired. (*To be continued.*)

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## The Children of Lawrence

I wonder how many of you, when you read that the strikers of Lawrence were to send down their chil-

dren to the workers of New York, realized what that meant to them. Our first thought was of the poor

children who had to go away from their parents to live with strangers for many, many weeks. But let us not forget how much harder it was for the mothers and fathers of these little ones to give them up. The fact that they let them go shows more clearly than words can tell the misery and poverty of the lives which the men and women of Lawrence are living. They had gone out of the mills, they had laid down their work because they could hardly earn enough to keep their little ones alive and well.

It was not an easy thing for them to do. For men who earn 6-7 dollars a week cannot save. They knew that it meant suffering, terrible suffering. They knew that it was not easy to see their children deprived of the most necessary things of life and subsistence. But they felt, even if they could not yet understand the meaning of working class solidarity. They relied upon the workers of other cities to help their cause along. And surely they have not been disappointed. For the very fact that the mothers of Lawrence were willing to give up their babies to strangers of whom they knew nothing except that they, too, were workers, shows that they have become infused with a boundless faith in the love and comradeship of the working-class.

Every family which has taken into its care a striker's child is doing its share toward the winning of the strike. For men and women who would have gone back to work, who would have turned scabs because they could not bear to see their children suffer, are not going into the struggle with new enthusiasm. For they are willing to starve themselves, willing to give their very lives in order to win a victory for their comrades.



A LAWRENCE BOY

Drawn for the Y. S. M. by ROB. BRACKMAN



And from each letter that goes back to Lawrence, telling of loving hearts, of sympathetic understanding and hopeful encouragement, the strikers of Lawrence will draw renewed hope and courage. For they will feel that they are not alone in their struggle, that by them stand the men and women of the working-class, ready to give the best that is in them in order that they may win.

### How a Squirrel Robbed the Mail

The robbing of the United States mail by a squirrel was a most unusual incident. One of the mail carriers in the city was on his regular rounds, and had among his mail to be delivered an advertising card to which was attached a large walnut, inside of which was the matter advertised. A little squirrel seeing the nut, jumped upon the mail carrier's shoulder, and, running down his arm with lightning speed, took the nut and card from his hand, and then climbed a nearby tree, where it investigated the contents of the nut. Fortunately, upon discovering that the nut was not the kind it wanted, the squirrel dropped it and the card without damaging either, and they later were delivered to the proper address.

### WHERE ELSE?

While traveling through Ohio a few years ago, Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, of the Worcester Institute, consented to address a few remarks to the pupils in the district school that he had attended when a boy.

"Did any of you," he asked, "ever see an elephant skin?"

A boy held up his hand and wriggled excitedly.

"Well?" said the professor.

"I have," said the boy.

"Where did you see it?"

"On an elephant."

### If I were You

By GEORGE H. MURPHY

If I were you, I often say  
To those who need advice,  
I'd always look before I leaped;  
I'd always think it over twice.  
And then I heave a troubled sigh—  
For, after all, I'm only I.

I'd ne'er discuss, if I were you,  
The failings of my fellow-men;  
I'd think of all their virtues first,  
And scan my own shortcomings  
then.

But though all this is good and true,  
I am but I; I am not you.

If I were you and half so vain,  
Amidst my folly I would pause  
To see how dull and light a fool  
I was myself. I don't, because—  
(And here I heave a pitying sight)  
I am not you; I'm only I.

If I were you, no selfish care  
Should chase my cheery smile  
away;

I'd scatter round me love and hope;  
I'd do a kindness every day.  
But here again I find it true  
That I am I, and you are you.

I would not be so very quick  
To take offence, if I were you;  
I would respect myself, at least,  
Whatever others say or do.

Alas! Can no one tell me why  
I am not you, instead of I?  
In short, if I were only you,  
And could forget that I was I;  
I think that little cherub wings  
Would sprout upon me, by and by.

A bird on the tree is worth two  
on the hat.

### NOT HIS DOING.

Howell—Edison says that we  
sleep too much.

Powell—Well, it is'n't his fault;  
he has invented enough things to  
keep us awake."

### The Meaning of "Woman's Day"

Continued from page 9

and just what kind of a government they are going to put in its place. For surely when your time to vote comes, you want to vote right, do you not? Surely you want to vote for the happiness and freedom of the world and not for hunger and cold and sorrow!

So lose no time, you girls of today! If you are old enough, join one of the Young People's Socialist Clubs. Take part in their discussions and debates. Listen to the speakers who come there. Read the books they tell you about. You are the voters of to-morrow, and it should be your pride to vote right.

And when you boys are men, let us hope you will enjoy the same great pleasure, that a number of young men in California did not long ago. That pleasure consisted in escorting their mothers to the ballot box and proudly watching them cast their first vote.

Woman's Day means that the Socialists hope women will get the right to vote very soon and that they intend to do everything in their power to help them win equality at the earliest possible day.

### Labor and Capital

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration."

"Capital has its rights which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. . . . Nor should this lead to war upon the owners of property."

"Property is the fruits of labor—property is desirable, is a positive good in the world."

"Let not him who is homeless pull down the home of another, but let him work diligently and build up one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."



By Jean

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## Your Own Page

### THE HOPE

By Jeanette Dainoff of Toronto.

Prize-Contribution

When Sarah's mother used to speak of going to make a new home in the city of New York, Sarah's little heart would throb with happiness. Her uncle, who had spent a few years there, often told her about the city, its wide avenues and streets, fine parks, big beautiful buildings and most of all about the schools where everyone gets a free education. All these stories made the child feel as if in a fairy land.

Little Sarah would frequently ask her mother when they would go to the "Big City," as she called it. "There," she would say, "you will work and earn more, you will not feel like a slave," for she heard marvelous stories about the people in America being free and independent, also about the better treatment the workers receive. "There I'll go to school and get a better education, so that when I grow up I may teach others who are not educated, and not laugh at them like the rich neighbor's children do when I go out to play in the street."

"Yes, yesterday, when I went out in the yard to play, and was looking through a little space in the fence how the children in the other yard were playing, the girl, who is always dressed so splendidly and has such beautiful white hands, chased me away. She told me I am dirty, that I have rough hands, because I do the housework, and I don't read as nicely as she does."

The mother's eyes filled with tears as she heard the child complaining of her misfortune. "Yes," thought she, "I must go somewhere where I'll be paid better, and improve the life of my child." But the thought of being obliged to lose her religious belief would not permit her to leave her old home. For she heard that the people in the "New World" were not religious at all, and she decided if she will go there, she'll try to keep her beliefs; so she would sit for hours thinking what to do, whether to remain in poverty and sufferings and leave the child with the thought that there isn't any better future for her, or sacrifice her beliefs and go in search for something better.

Finally she decided to try her future in America. When Sarah heard that they were preparing to set out, her imagination began to work again, thinking of education, good home and about the journey.

Finally they arrived and settled in the neighborhood with the rest of the workers. Walking through the streets, little Sarah noticed the workingmen, the children all looking as if they did not have

plenty, and she couldn't imagine what it was.

The mother was looking for work for a long time; at last she found work in a factory where she had to work from early morn until late in the evening, and would see very little of her daughter. On leaving the house, the child used to sleep, and on returning would find the daughter tired out, with her little head resting on the table, waiting for her mother.

Then little Sarah would think of her little friends in the old home, how poorly they all lived, and yet it seemed to her that they were happier. "Why?" she would often ask, and then answer the question herself.

"When I lived in the poor old home, and received no education, my mother did not have to work so hard as now. I used to see her often." Most of all little Sarah longed for her mother's embracings, for her mother was always hurrying to work. On holidays in the old country the mother would spend the day with her child, and Sarah would chatter away all day long. While now the mother wouldn't allow herself to take a day's rest, if she should she will not have enough to pay the rent, gas, etc., and when there was a day's rest, she would go with her mother through the streets, and it seemed to her that she did not receive any kind looks from the people as in the old country, for here there are so many such little Sarahs that it seemed to her that the great mass of people would almost tread upon her, for they are always hurrying, hurrying as if wanting to get possession of something before others would get a chance.

Although Sarah had her daily bread, she felt that there was something in this life that was wanting to complete the happiness of young people, and she hoped that the "something" will and must come some day.

### Bits of Talk That I Overheard

By Helen Bornstein.

Doubtless you have never thought of listening to peoples' conversations in the streets, cars, and other public places. One of my friends first conceived the idea, and the stories she related interested me to such a degree that I decided to do likewise. I found it to be instructive, and very often amusing.

Perhaps you will condemn this as an act of rudeness, but if people speak loud enough for others to hear, I draw the natural conclusion that I am welcome to listen, if I will. I found I could de-

termine the various characters of people by their remarks.

So one fine bright day, while going to work, I decided to put my idea into practice. At this hour the subways are crowded, and the people lacking time, it is customary for them to hustle and push.

I was rushed in with the hurrying stream, and heard some one remark, rather angrily, "Can't you look out, you damned nigger?" Looking up I beheld the owner of the voice, evidently a workingman. This was addressed to a ragged negro, whose sad face bore visible traces of sorrow and suffering. The person referred to replied, "Well sah, it sure ain't my fault." Whereupon the other retorted hotly, "If you don't shut up, I'll break your black nose for you." The negro remained silent. Well, he knew that few were there who would defend one of the oppressed race. His submissive voice was irritating to a lover of liberty. I stood brooding over this occurrence. Really it's amazing that in this state of civilization, such deep hatred should exist between men for apparently no earthly reason. Brothers! Aye, such they are. One of a family after all. Or does the different color of one's eyes, hair, or skin exclude a member from the human race. No, no, the world must awaken to the truth.

Suddenly a discussion in an entire different strain reached my hearing. Two men were evidently arguing about the large army of the unemployed.

One said, "Yes but don't you see that if a man is worth anything at all, he can find employment? They are actually lazy, that's all."

"No, no, my friend," replied the other, "you are wrong. Is this not clear; there are more men than there is work for them to do, therefore a surplus labor army must inevitably result. Do not all the lost strikes give us fair proof of this statement? Are there not thousands eager to snatch the places of the strikers at a moment's notice?"

Just at this interesting point I reached my destination and walked out into the street. On my way, I noticed a worn out woman accompanied by a little fellow about five years old. The child being full of life and fun, skipped and jumped continually. Finally the mother said, "Freddie, stop your jumping or I shall trash you. Can't you be still a moment?"

The child stopped for a moment, but soon forgot, and again began his merry pranks, whereupon the woman gave him a beating. The little fellow cried bitterly. How I longed to kiss away his tears, to soothe him! Here was a mother punishing her child for being childish.



Undoubtedly her strength and patience worn out by her daily grind of ceaseless work and suffering had caused her to vent her anger upon him.

When at home I thought over all I had heard. These conversations led me to believe that if conditions were bettered for the working class, if people were more educated than they are at present, and free from prejudice, this would be by far a better and happier world.

### A Conversation

Written by Henry Ortland, Jr.

A conversation between two men has given me the opportunity of producing it to some extent, filling in other points to aid my idea of their talk.

It was a few weeks ago that, while I was sitting in a store waiting to be served, a man entered whose general appearance gave me the impression he was a workingman. He asked the proprietor of the store permission to sit down near the stove. He had not been seated a long time there trying to warm his frozen limbs when a stout man entered whose appearance at once showed he was a wealthy man. He was packed in furs from head to foot. He asked to be waited upon regardless of the people who were there before him. His request was not heard and he tried to make his way through the crowd to the counter. In doing this he abruptly pushed aside an old woman who had long been waiting to receive something to eat. The workingman seated at the fire saw this happen. He arose from his seat and requested the stout man not to push the old lady aside. The stout man took no heed of the workingman's request. The workingman then gently tapped him on the shoulder. Enraged by this act the boss turned to the workingman, saying:

"Why do you tap me on the shoulder?"

"I have reason enough. Did you not hear what I requested you to do? Can't you see how you are crushing this old woman?" was the immediate response the workingman gave.

"Why does not she get out of my way when she sees that I am in a hurry?" said the boss.

"Yes, but why should she get out of your way when she was here first? Moreover, it is not very polite to mistreat this old woman," replied the workingman.

"You seem to talk very freely. I say, if it were not for us bosses you workingmen would not have—"

Here, the workingman interrupted his talk saying—

"We would not have to live in misery on the few coins we receive for our hard work."

The boss continued his talk regardless of what the workingman said.

"I say if it weren't for us you would have to starve."

"We could not starve much more than we are starving daily," continued the workingman.

"Well, I mean you would not have a job at all," replied the boss.

"Well, I say that not a thing on your back was bought with your money, but with the money you cheated your workers out of. At present I am glad I have a shirt on my back, for I am out of work," said the workingman.

"Why don't you work at your trade?" continued the boss.

"Because the union of my trade demanded a decrease in working-hours with the same pay. As our request was not granted we went on strike," the workingman responded.

"Why don't you scab?" replied the boss.

"I rather starve than go against my union," the workingman said, meaning every word that had left his lips. He then told how since he had been nine years of age he had toiled daily to earn his bread. At nine years of age, when other children were being educated.

He continued, saying: "The children of Lawrence came to New York because it was impossible for their parents to clothe and feed them. In some cases children had no undershirts on their backs, although their parents were the makers of the shirts. The strike occurred by their demanding that their wages should not always be cut. They received about \$6 a week and must clothe and feed a large family on this."

"Therefore, the mothers parted with the children, not knowing when they would see them again. The mothers were heart-broken to part with their children, although they realized that the children would now live in homes where they would be fed and clothed better."

"Papers wrote that the Socialists were trying to make propaganda by this and that they were not in position to support them."

"The textile bosses, the militia, the police force, the mayor, the governor, and other city and state officers supported the bosses. Judges condemned the strikers without reason. Militia would not allow the strikers to walk together on the streets, nor were the strikers allowed to hold meetings. Most certainly the workers will have to go back and be slaves of capital. This should be a lesson to them that they should become citizens as soon as possible and try to abolish the capitalist system."

The boss, knowing this to be the truth, walked away as they all do when they have no arguments.

The workingman also left the store.

I hope the children will never forget what the New York workers did for

them in sympathy with their parent strikers. I say to you when you develop into manhood and womanhood and a strike occurs I hope you will remember how you were treated by New York workers, and if you are in position to aid the strikers, you will do so.

The way the Lawrence strikers can repay the working class of New York for the sympathy they showed for them and their children is to work for a decided victory of the Socialist Party and prove that they understand the class struggle and class of people represented by the "Arm and Torch."

### "War—What For?"

By Louis Weitz.

The masterful manner in which the author handles his material provokes in one spontaneous admiration. The treatment accorded the trapped and betrayed working class members, who are in the army and navy, is described with sardonic, terrific force. Merciless as is the author's indictment of these awful conditions, when addressed to the parasitic lords and lackeys in the land, his tone becomes more charitable, when addressing himself to these robbed, cheated, despised soldiers and sailors.

He reasons with them without the pedant's show of impatience. He shows them not only the disaster that will, and in fact is, meted out to them, but that these conditions are far from being the stern decree of fate. He points out the causes of war, foremost amongst them being the greed on the part of the capitalists to gain new markets or to retain present ones. He shows that those patriotic gentlemen who so loudly bawl about the glories of dying in "noble, honorable battle," are not to be found when action on the battlefield is called for. He finally reiterates that war is not the poor man's fight, and that he should, therefore, remove the mist from his eyes, which has blinded him as to his real interests, and made him the dupe of the capitalist class.

As a means of abolishing war, the author proposes entrance into the only real peace party in the world, the Socialist Party. This, he informs us, is the only way to build up a force of protesting citizens, who will refuse to obey the entreaties of those bought hirelings, the preachers, editors and lecturers; and also, to stand shoulder to shoulder, ready to disobey the mandates of capitalistic government, at any time, that the occasion might demand this sort of policy.

Do you earnestly seek the meaning of this hideous spectre called war? Then, you will most assuredly read that book written by a man with a masterful mind, a noble heart, and a fearless spirit.

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## ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿ YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUBS ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST FEDERATION.

The first general meeting of the term will be held by the Federation on Sunday, March 3, at 360 West 125th St., at the Branch 5 new club rooms, which are the most picturesque Socialist headquarters in New York. Branch 5, though being greatly in need of money, consented to give their club rooms gratis to the Federation for this occasion. This meeting will be exceptionally good. Many features will be presented at this gathering which heretofore have never taken place. Each Circle is requested to send in the name of the number they will present, also instruct your secretaries to send notices to the *Call*, calling the members to this meeting at 2.45 P. M. sharp.

The annual affair of the Federation is soon coming off, (March 9th, at the Labor Temple, 239 East 84th St.). The committee is working hard and has arranged an unusually excellent program, consisting of numbers and talents that will drive away forever the weary look and spirit of the young and old, who will gather to enjoy the growth of the Federation. From all evidences, it seems that this affair will be a magnificent success, and if the members will continue to work as hard as they did, and those who don't will begin, for there is yet time to start, then our hopes will be realized.

Happy news to the Orphan Circles! Comrades Claessens and eJan J. Coronel have kindly consented to be directors of Circle 2 and 6, and the Organizer expects to receive an answer from one of the most faithful comrades of the Socialist Party, who will undoubtedly accept directorship of Circle 1.

The Organizer and two comrades are visiting two Young People's Clubs, of which one consists of a non-Socialist element; the aim of this committee is to get these clubs into the Federation. A committee of two was elected and takes care of the remaining Boy Scout circulares.

Three General Council meetings were held. At the first meeting many important matters were gone through, also an Auditing and Executive Committees were elected, and a Sergeant-at-Arms. The second meeting was very poorly attended, notwithstanding the fact that the meeting was well announced and cards were sent to each member.

The third meeting was a special, a continuation of the second. Many matters, such as reports of committees and decision upon their suggestions, were considered. One very interesting and important event for the Federation was the election of a delegate to the Executive Committee of the Socialist Party,

also the granting of a page in the *Sunday Call*, which will be called the Young People's Page. This was obtained through the kindness of the previous Organizer who acted as a committee. The only thing that remains for the members to do is to write as many articles as possible for this page, also do not forget your monthly organ, the *Young Socialists' Magazine*. Send your contributions to the *Young Socialists' Magazine* or to the Organizer who will forward same to the Editor. The election of an Editor for the *Call's* page was left over to the general meeting.

So far most of the Circles had very successful meetings. From the general improvement of the Circles it can be said that the Federation is progressing, and if the members desire the Federation to become a great national movement, then do not spare time, come and assist us.

The members of committees and General Council are especially asked to come to the meetings in time, and bring suggestions with them.

Any communications, suggestions, reports of Circles, or information, can be sent and received from the Organizer or Secretary.

FANNIE B. KAISERMAN,  
Organizer Y. P. S.

316 East 92nd St., New York City.

### ACTIVITIES OF CIRCLES OF THE Y. P. S. FEDERATION.

Circle 1 is having literary and business meetings. On Sunday, Feb. 11, Mr. W. C. L. White delivered a very instructive lecture, which was well attended. The Circle consists of 22 good-standing members. The meetings are held every Sunday at 2.30 P. M., at 22 Rutgers Place. The Organizer of the Federation expects to receive the services of a well-known comrade from the Socialist Party as director of this Circle.

Circle 2 had successful literary meetings, the programs being rendered by their own members. Comrade Wm. Sacheim, their previous director, delivered a lecture at their meeting on Socialism and the Individual, also Mr. Max Sherover, Jr., lectured on Socialism, both lectures were well attended by members and visitors. Beginning with February 28, Comrade August Claessens will be director of this Circle. A social gathering, celebrating the fourth anniversary of the club, was a new event in this Circle. The evening was spent by those present in a most cheerful and inspiring way. Eats, dancing, flying post, singing, recitations, personals, laughter and comradely hand-shaking were not

missing. The meetings are held every Sunday at 3 P. M., at 1461 Third Ave.

Circle 3 meets every Friday at 8 P. M. at 162 Madison St., Comrade Wm. Sacheim acting as director. He started a course of lessons on Economics. This Circle held a package party Saturday, January 27, the gain of which enabled them to pay their year's contract for the use of the meeting room. The affair, though small, was a moral as well as a financial success. The Circle in general improved greatly.

Circle 4 meets every Sunday at 11 A. M. at 206 East Broadway. Comrade Bertha Fraser is acting as directress. Their literary programs consist of a lesson in Marxian economics, given by the directress, and recitations, music, debates by members. The Circle is progressing.

Circle 5 moved to new headquarters in 110 East 10th St., and will meet as heretofore every Sunday at 2.30 P. M. This Circle held an affair, the gain of which was \$30. The money they invested in a splendid library. Mrs. Bertha Fraser, their directress, is continuing with her course on economics and public speaking. Besides these lessons they are having discussions, debates and literary programs. In the near future this Circle will be the strongest on the East Side. There are hopes that a few members from this club will be in a position to speak on the Socialist platform in the coming campaign.

Circle 6 is having the most successful meetings. Their club rooms are always overcrowded with members and visitors. Though they are deprived of Mrs. Gilson Shoenberg as their directress, they have obtained other people to lecture for them. Mrs. Lily Lore addressed them during the last month. This Circle has a monthly review, which enables each member to develop his or her abilities (by making every member to contribute to it). The Circle exists of very energetic and talented girls and boys. Their meetings are held every Friday at 8 P. M., at 143 East 103rd St.

Circle 7 is newly organized. The membership consists of very young girls and boys, but willing to study and work. They are the best literature distributors for the Branch of the Socialist Party where they meet. Miss Rebecca Serber is directress of this Circle. The directress is giving them short talks, which are followed by questions and discussions by the members. They also occasionally have debates by their own members and lectures from outsiders. They meet at present at the Bronx Forum, 1363 Fulton Ave., but as the club rooms are too small they are looking for new rooms to meet in. Their meetings are held every Sunday at 2.30 P. M. till 4 P. M.



# YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOC. ED. AND DRAMATIC CLUB, BROOKLYN.

The general meeting of the Y. P. S. E. and D. Club of Brooklyn was very well attended. Almost 100 members were present. Chas. Ostermann was in the chair. Eight new members were admitted. A number of applications for membership were referred to the next meeting.

The Treasurer reported an income for the past year of \$280.81 and expenditures amounting to \$185.39, leaving in the treasury \$95.42. Since the organization of the club, in Nov. 1910, about 200 members have been registered, but about one-third of this number is not in good standing and will be suspended if their dues are not paid in the course of the month.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Corresponding Secretary, F. Fotschky; Recording Secretary, Kate Ernier; Financial Secretary, Geo. Markert; Treasurer, Chas. Ostermann.

On the 4th of February Comrade Fitzgibbons addressed the club on "Patriotism," on Sunday, March 3, Comrade Dr. Jos. David will present an "Appeal to the Young." On Jan. 28 an entertainment and dance was given to the friends of the club.

## Adulteration—A Legitimate Form of Competition

It is no exaggeration to say that millions of lives are shortened each year in the cities of this country by eating poison which has been sold as food. Capitalism may make "pure food laws" until the law of gravitation ceases to operate and the earth stops in its course, but while food is made and sold for profit those laws will have no more effect than the blowing of summer zephyrs against the rock of Gibraltar. Just so long as competition and private property endure the salesman can only live by underbidding his competitor. There are two ways to do this. One is to reduce the cost of production, the other is to defraud the buyer by secretly reducing the quality of the goods sold. To do the first he presses ever harder upon the laborer; to do the second he adulterates the product.

A. M. Simons.

## Young Socialists, Awake!

Now is the time to strengthen our organization and go down to actual work. For almost two years we have been "clamoring for admittance" to the Socialist Party. Fortunately, our efforts have been crowned with success.

The Socialist Party of New York has at last recognized our organization, thereby granting us representation in all its important committees. Other Locals and States are bound to follow the step taken by Local New York!

What is your reply to this great achievement and to the general success the Young People's Socialist Federation has made so far?

Remember that our newly elected officers alone are helpless! Remember that it is upon each individual member of our organization that the existence and the further success of our movement depends!

Stand close by your organization and the sacred cause which you have undertaken!

Forward, comrades! Forward!

Nathaniel M. Minkow,

Formerly Organizer Y. P. S. F.

## A DREAM

A PLAYLET BY CELIA ROSATSTEIN

### ACT III.

The scene is laid in a woods. It is dawn. The season is in the summer. In the center is a beautiful throne upon which is seated Socialism, with staff in hand. A step lower on the throne are seated her followers, three on a side, and between them a maiden playing on a harp. The workers are asleep on the ground, and as "Peace," "Liberty," "Love," "Justice," "Truth" and "Wisdom," accompanied by the harp, sing the first stanza of the "Marsaillaise," they slowly, *very* slowly, awaken. But, when the first chorus, "Awake, awake, ye brave," is sung they are then all awake, and, as if in answer, sing "Oh, Liberty, can man resign thee," etc. When they are near the end "Capitalism," followed by "Crime," "Poverty," "Death" and "Ignorance" come in (very slowly) with bowed heads.

Socialism (raises wand and singing stops)—So! Who comes here?

Capitalism—It is I, Capitalism. (Falls on knees.) I have come to tell you that we, from all over the world, acknowledge you our mistress. (Hands her the ballot.)

Socialism—Rise! Rise, I say.

What you have said is ample proof, I will accept what you offer.

We have waited long and patiently for this surrender,

And our patience has at length been rewarded.

We have fought a hard, hard struggle—A struggle against ignorance and crime, Prejudice and falsehoods.

But at length our day has come—

A day when all on earth sisters and brothers will be—

When happiness will find its way into every home;

Where happiness will be the reward of labor.

Rise! my friends. Join hands in token of friendship.

Form one brotherhood and sisterhood That shall exist all over the world.

Your chains have already been unshackled,

Your greatest enemy has already been forced to his knees;

And it is only your duty to better what has already been done for you.

We have won a glorious cause!

No more shall some slave and others idle,

Some starve and others revel in abundance.

No! my friends, we will all work and all play,

And make our lives full of happiness and contentment.

Now, my children—once more—join hands in brotherhood and sisterhood,

And sing that your voices shall re-echo all over the earth.

(All take hands and sing "The People's Flag.")

Socialism—What was done has been undone, and we must now start anew and build upwards.

And children who were born to bear the heavy burdens of life,

Who turned their pale faces wisely toward the factories,

As if to show that they, too, knew the cares of life,

Shall come forth from the factories and sing and dance.

They shall know nothing of want or care;

And, while they are children, will be children,

And enjoy the youth of childhood—

And while they are elders will be elders.

(Children dressed in all sorts of costumes, to represent different countries of the earth, come in dancing and singing their national songs or dances.)

New York—A body of plutocrats entirely surrounded by poverty.



## Für unsere deutschen Leser!

### Wie ich meinen besten Freund verlor

Eine Erzählung von Martin Jäger.

Er wohnte im Hinterhaus, ich im Vorderhaus. Freunde waren wir schon gewesen, als wir noch kaum laufen konnten. Als wir zum erstenmal die Schule besuchten, wollte man uns nicht nebeneinander setzen. Doch ich schrie und strampelte so lange, bis der Lehrer nachgab. Von nun an wurde unsere Freundschaft noch inniger. Bekam einer von uns vom Lehrer Prügel, weinten wir alle beide.

Nach einigen Jahren war unsere Freundschaft sprichwörtlich geworden im Dorf. Kein einziger von den Dorfjungen wagte es, mit uns anzubändeln. Ich selbst war schwach, aber mein Freund, der Schnorr Peter, nahm es mit dreien auf. Wehe dem, der es wagte, mich auch nur schief anzusehen; er bekam unfehlbar Peters Fäuste zu spüren. So blieb es lange und wäre immer so geblieben, wenn nicht jener verhängnisvolle Abend gekommen wäre.

Es war ein kalter Märzabend. Der Wind trieb einem den Schnee in's Gesicht. Schon wollte ich mich in's Bett legen, als ich einen langgezogenen Pfiff hörte, der nur vom Schnorr Peter herrühren konnte. Hastig kleidete ich mich an und schlich mich die Treppe hinab, damit meine Eltern nichts merkten.

„Was ist denn los, Peter?“

Jetzt erst bemerkte ich, dass meinem Freunde das Wasser über die Augen lief. Der Angstschweiss trat mir auf die Stirne, denn genau so weinte der Peter, als sein Vater abends tot heimgebracht wurde und er die Nachricht in's Vorderhaus brachte. Sollte vielleicht seine

Mutter, die schon jahrelang krank war, mit dem Tode ringen? Oder war seiner kleinen Schwester etwas zugestossen? Alle diese Gedanken waren mir wie der Blitz durch den Kopf gefahren.

„Ich halt's nicht mehr aus; wir haben keinen Bissen zu essen, keine einzige Kohle mehr. Die Mutter ist wieder schlimmer, und meine kleine Schwester jammert laut vor Hunger und Kälte,“ berichtete Peter und weinte leise vor sich hin.

Ich hiess Peter auf mich warten. Leise ging ich in die Küche, schnitt ein Stück Brot, nahm ein Stückchen Fleisch und eine Flasche Milch.

„So, Peter, mehr kann ich Dir nicht geben. Morgen werde ich meine Mutter bitten, dass sie Euch noch etwas bringt.“

„So wahr ich Peter heiss', frieren sollen sie auch nicht länger, meine gute Mutter und die Anna. Wenn nur noch zwei Wochen herumgehen, dann kommen wir ja aus der Schule. Bei den Maurern verdiene ich soviel, dass wir uns über Wasser halten können.“ Mit diesen Worten entfernte sich Peter.

Was er nur mit den Worten: „So wahr ich Peter heiss', frieren sollen sie auch nicht länger,“ gemeint hat? Immer wieder gingen mir diese Worte durch den Kopf.

\* \* \*

„Hat der Peter schon gepfiffen?“ fragte ich am andern Morgen meine Mutter.

„Nein, er wird schon in der Schule sein.“

Zum erstenmal bemerkte ich, dass meine Mutter etwas vor mir verbarg. Als ich in die Schule kam, war Peter noch nicht da. Die Schulkameraden steckten die Köpfe zusammen und lachten spöttisch zu

mir herüber. Plötzlich hörte ich hinter mir das Wort Kohlendieb. Der Boden unter meinen Füßen fing an zu wanken. Ich wäre gefallen, wenn ich mich nicht auf die Bank gesetzt hätte. Jetzt wusste ich, was jene Worte am Abend zu bedeuten hatten. Er war seiner Schwester und seiner Mutter zuliebe zum Dieb geworden. Das Elend hatte ihn zum Dieb gemacht.

Der Unterricht hatte begonnen. Ich konnte den Ausführungen des Lehrers nicht folgen. Meine Gedanken waren immer bei der armen Frau Schnorr und bei Peter. Da— ich glaubte nicht recht zu sehen — kam Peter zur Tür herein. Im Gesicht so weiss wie Schnee, den Kopf auf der Brust, war er ein Bild des Jammers. Der Lehrer nahm ihn auf die Seite und sprach leise mit ihm. Ohne den Kopf zu heben, setzte er sich neben mich. Ich wagte ihn nicht anzuschauen.

„Pause!“ rief der Lehrer und alle strömten nach dem Hof.

„Wenn Peter sich nur nicht neben mich stellt,“ dachte ich. Mit einem Dieb wollte ich nichts zu schaffen haben. Nein, er stellte sich allein in eine Ecke und um ihn herum standen seine Schulkameraden. „Kohlendieb“, „der Kohlendieb“ schrien sie ihn an, ja einige spieen ihm ins Gesicht. Meine Fäuste ballten sich, aber ich wagte nicht, einem Dieb zu helfen.

War er ein Dieb? Hatte er nicht einem steinreichen Kohlenhändler nur so viel genommen, um seine kranke Mutter, seine kleine Schwester vor der Kälte zu schützen? Es kam etwas wie Trotz über mich. Er hat Kohlen gestohlen, also darf ich nichts mehr mit ihm gemein haben. Ja, wenn ihn nicht der Nachtwächter erwischt hätte! — so suchte ich mein Gewissen zu beschwichtigen.



Da geschah etwas Unerwartetes. Mit einem Sprung stand er neben mir. Er suchte bei dem Schutz, den er seit acht Jahren beschützt hatte. „Dieb“, kam es leise von meinen Lippen. Er warf mir einen Blick zu, den ich nie, nie solange ich lebe, vergessen kann. Ich fühlte es, in diesem Augenblick hatte ich meinen besten Freund verloren.

Peter kam nicht mehr in die Schule. Seine Mutter war so krank, dass das Schlimmste zu befürchten war. Einige Tage darauf führte man sie hinaus in den kleinen Dorffriedhof. Zwei Tage danach war Peter verschwunden. Morgens, ehe ich aufwachte, dankte er meiner Mutter für alles Gute und ging, ohne nach mir zu fragen, ohne mir zu verzeihen.

\* \* \*

An einem warmen Juliabend begab ich mich, mehrere Jahre später, nach meinem Stammlokal.

„Hast schon gelesen?“ kam es wie aus einem Munde.

„Was ist denn los?“ gab ich zurück.

„Dein Freund, der Peter!“

Im nächsten Augenblick presste ich dem Mann, der die Zeitung in der Hand hatte, den Arm, dass er aufschrie.

„Lies!“ schrie ich ihn an.

„Der Hochstapler Peter Schnorr hat sich in dem Moment erschossen, als ihn ein Kriminalbeamter verhaften wollte.“ —

Weiter kam er nicht, denn ich war ohnmächtig zusammengebrochen. Ich hörte nur noch ein Donnern und in tausendfachem Echo die Worte: „Du trägst die Schuld.“

Man trug mich heim, und lange habe ich krank gelegen. Seitdem, wenn ich allein und traurig gestimmt bin, steigt etwas in mir auf, geht wie eine Nadel durch meinen Körper, schnürt mir den Hals zusammen, und dann kommen sie, anfangs langsam, dann heftig, die Thränen um meinen verlorenen Freund.

## Der Fuhrmann

Von ALFONS PETZOLD

Kaum beginnt's zu tagen,  
Schlüpft er in die Schuh'  
Und mit Ross und Wagen  
Geht's der Arbeit zu.

Seine Hände fassen  
Schwere, schwere Last,  
Halten auf den Strassen  
Seine Pferde Rast.

Stunden, vielgezählte,  
Fährt er durch die Stadt,  
Bis der abgequälte  
Körper Ruhe hat.

Einen Gruss kaum bietet  
Er daheim dem Weib —  
Ach, die Arbeit schmiedet  
Fesseln um den Leib!

Ist er auch der Plage  
Nun auf Stunden fern,  
Ist er wie am Tage  
Doch im Joch des Herrn.



Wenn sich Gleich zu Gleich gesellte . . .



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SEE PAGES 3-5

# The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the Rule of Gold

The Name of the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST is Registered in the Patent Office at Washington as a TRADE MARK of the Co-Operative Printing Company

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1912

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## COMRADES!

We are very seriously contemplating changing the Christian Socialist back from a weekly to a semi-monthly. The response made **THIS WEEK** by our readers to the various renewal offers, subscription offers and book bargain offers, and the responses to the letters sent out to friends of this paper, will decide the question. If you want this paper to remain a weekly and continue to stand for what it stands for, now is your chance to prove it by doing your very best. This may be the last issue of the weekly.

It would be a sad commentary upon the moral courage of the American Socialists if the Christian Socialist weekly were forced to suspend in the face of the official reopening of the Barnes case at the National Convention—a commentary of which the enemies of Socialism would be quick to make extremely damaging use.

Therefore, if you love the Socialist cause and wish to stand for its highest welfare, do something worth while at once.

If we must change back to a semi-monthly, the next issue will bear date of July 1, though it will probably appear earlier.

And if we do make the change, all subscriptions obtained for the weekly will be fairly prorated on the semi-monthly basis. So work away.

## PARTNERS

The greatest need of the Christian Socialist movement today is more good literature, books and pamphlets. We must build up a strong library of such literature to offset the atheistic and free love literature published by other Socialist publishers and offered as "Socialist" books, which has done so much harm to our movement and which has so greatly delayed the progress of the Socialist cause all over the world.

We now have in manuscript and in preparation, ready soon to be published and put into service so much needed, some splendid and powerful books and pamphlets by some of our best known C. S. authors.

Moreover, we have ready and waiting a splendid Christian Socialist lecture staff to push our literature and to spread our great principles into every state in the Union this year.

But all this takes capital, and capital is just what we do not have, and never have had.

If we had \$10,000, or even \$5,000, now, we could get all this work started this month and do wonderful things for the Socialist movement this year.

It would seem that this amount ought to be very easily obtained from our more than fifty thousand readers. Men give thousands of dollars to help build churches, colleges, Y. M. C. A.'s, etc., etc.—all very good. But is not a thousand or even a hundred dollars invested in this great Christian Socialist movement far more remunerative for time and eternity?

I believe if our comrades once fully realize what they can do with their money in this direction, it will be a very easy matter to raise this amount.

IF ONLY FIVE HUNDRED LOYAL COMRADES WILL TAKE ONE SHARE OF STOCK EACH THIS WEEK, AND MANY COULD TAKE MANY MORE, THE TASK IS DONE AND WE WILL BE READY FOR THE GREATEST CAMPAIGN FOR SOCIAL RIGHTEOUSNESS EVER MADE.

Will you be one of the 500 comrades who will either take this one share of stock this

week, or HELP US FIND THE MAN WHO CAN AND WILL?

We are in position to do great things for Christian Socialism if you give us the opportunity.

Will you?

Don't wait!

HARVEY P. MOYER, President.

## MRS. CARR'S LECTURE TRIP

After attending the sessions of the General Fellowship Conference, held at Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Ella Carr, secretary of the Chicago Christian Socialist Fellowship, lectured at points in Ontario and Michigan on her way to Chicago.

St. Thomas, Ontario

The first date was at St. Thomas, Ontario, where she spoke Sunday afternoon, April 28, in the Central Methodist Church, to an audience of three hundred people. Mayor R. W. Price introduced Mrs. Carr and said that he believed the Methodist Church needed no apology for a Socialist lecture, inasmuch as John Wesley, its founder, did not stand for a creed but rather for "the living of a life," and that was his conception of Socialism.

By invitation of the pastor, Mrs. Carr spoke at the regular Sunday evening service at the Grace Methodist Church to an audience of about seven hundred people who came through the rain to hear her. Rev. Knowles introduced her in a fitting manner and after the address expressed his approval, as well as others who were glad to hear the message of Christian Socialism.

Comrade Albert Roberts, one of the leading citizens of St. Thomas, and who, with Comrade J. W. Burns, arranged Mrs. Carr's date here, sent a write-up of these meetings from which we quote in part as follows:

"Both meetings were a success from point of numbers and interest. Mrs. Carr gave excellent addresses, which were listened to with keen interest. She gave an outline of the Christian Socialist movement, stating that its object was to enlist the sympathy and interest of Christian people in the work of the Social Salvation of Humanity. She gave also a re-

view of the great revolutionary movement and urged the church people to align themselves with it, ere it be too late. She clearly showed that the Bible contains a social as well as an individual message, and that Jesus was a Reformer in the broad sense. She also made clear

that true religion changes the inward status of the soul which must inevitably reflect itself upon environment. "Altogether, the visit of Mrs. Carr did much good and made a lasting impression upon many, especially upon a number of women, among them teachers, who had hitherto been misled concerning the tenets of Socialism."

Comrade Roberts and his dear wife entertained Mrs. Carr at their pleasant home.

Brantford, Ontario

Wednesday evening, May 1, Mrs. Carr spoke at Brantford, Ont., in the Congregational Church, to an audience of one hundred people. The pastor, Rev. M. Kelly, assisted Comrades J. B. Carnegie and J. W. Fogal in making the arrangements. As letters concerning this meeting have been received, we quote from the same:

"Your lecture here has done a world of good for Socialism, and I have heard nothing but praise of you since you left. The fact that you held your audience spell-bound for nearly two hours was certainly a surprise to many. The one regret is that the whole city did not hear you and the question is asked, 'Will ye noo come back again?' Yours for Socialism, 'J. B. Carnegie.'"

"Mrs. Carr gave us a fine lecture. One comrade said it was the most revolutionary lecture he ever heard and was sorry when she closed, as he could have listened for another two hours with pleasure. Another said the lecturer gave him a new light on several passages of Scripture. Others wanted to know when Mrs. Carr will be here again, as they heard so much about the lecture. Mrs. Carr goes at her subject with her whole being aflame. She is letting her light shine from the hill tops that others may see the way. She is a power in the Socialist movement. We want her here again if the opportunity presents itself, and we do not anticipate any trouble in getting a church next time. From your comrade, J. W. Fogal, Brantford."

Also, from the pastor of the church in which she spoke at Brantford, came the following letter, quoted in part:

"I take pleasure in stating that Mrs. Carr lectured to an appreciative audience on Christian Socialism. She has a pleasing voice, an earnest manner and fills her lecture full of stimulating facts. During her lecture she dealt with the distressing conditions of society and the inadequate remuneration of labor. Her hope was that Christian Socialism would correct all these conditions and ultimately establish the kingdom of God on earth.

"(Rev.) Matthew Kelly."

Port Huron, Michigan

Thursday evening, May 2, Mrs. Carr spoke in the South Park Baptist Church at Port Huron, Mich. She was introduced by Comrade H. C. Kaumeir, who, with Comrade Ormsby, arranged the date there. Though the audience was not large, the attention given was splendid and the pastor of the church expressed his interest and said he must have the Christian Socialist, to which he subscribed. Mrs. Carr was very cordially entertained by Comrade Ormsby's dear old mother, who has a bright, liberal mind, though she is in her seventies.

Vestaburg, Michigan

Friday evening, May 3, at a church two miles from Vestaburg, Mrs. Carr spoke to an earnest audience of farmers and their wives and children. Comrade Frank Dalrymple arranged the date here, and also introduced the speaker. The farmers are taking great interest in our message; for they, too, are being exploited as much as the wage-workers of the cities, and we





should reach many more of them than we are at present with our message of hope.

#### Greenville, Michigan

Saturday evening at Greenville an audience of about one hundred people greeted Mrs. Carr in the new Socialist headquarters, which the comrades worked hard to fit up in good shape for their growing local and which will seat three hundred people. The local has splendid facilities now for doing excellent work during the campaign. Mrs. Carr's date was arranged by the local through Comrade J. B. Taylor, one of the loyal supporters of the *Christian Socialist*.

After the address here, Mrs. Carr had an informal meeting with some of the ladies and urged them to join the local and help the men. They promised to do so, and, while Mrs. Carr later was at Indianapolis attending the annual meeting of the Woman's National Committee, one of the Greenville comrades attending the convention reported to her that nine of the women joined the local since she had lectured there. This means much more effective work there for the cause. Comrade Mrs. Evey, who has recently moved to Greenville, has a splendid record as an able worker and will do much to inspire the woman comrades to do their part. Success to them! Mrs. Carr was entertained at the beautiful home of Comrades Mr. and Mrs. Huntley.

#### Belding, Michigan

Sunday afternoon, May 5, Mrs. Carr spoke in the Congregational Church at Belding. Though the attendance was small, some received their first real light on the great Social revolution. The prayer of the pastor that afternoon showed much sympathy with our cause. Comrade M. L. Home, who arranged the date here, writes the following: "The Socialists think Mrs. Carr's talk the best ever. It was the first I ever heard from a representative of the party, and I liked it splendidly. Hope she will come again."

Comrade O. A. Nummer and wife, who entertained Mrs. Carr at their home in the country, also arranged a visit to the silk mills for her, which she much enjoyed.

#### Cannonsburg, Michigan

Monday evening, at Cannonsburg, nine miles from the nearest railroad station, Mrs. Carr gave her address in the Methodist Church. The pastor, Rev. Aug. L. Felt, and Comrade Rood arranged the date. Rev. Felt has been a Socialist for ten years and is doing a noble work in that community. The attendance was small owing to a hard rain about the time for the meeting. But what the audience lacked in quantity it made up in quality; for the pastors of the Methodist and Baptist churches of Rockford drove nine miles to hear Mrs. Carr's address on the "Social Salvation of Humanity." After the lecture these two pastors, with Rev. Felt and others, remained and spent another hour asking questions which were answered by the speaker and Comrade Felt, who said he was well repaid for his effort and expense in arranging this meeting. He and his splendid wife gave Mrs. Carr the cordial hospitality of their home.

#### Coldwater, Michigan

The last date was at Coldwater, where the comrades of the local tried to secure a church, but, having failed, they rented a large hall. Two hundred people were present, among them some ministers, and Mrs. Carr for an hour and a half poured out her soul and spoke with deep earnestness of the great truths that will be the foundation of the Co-Operative Commonwealth or the Kingdom of God on earth. She held her audience with close attention and impressions were no doubt made that will not be forgotten. This date was arranged through Comrade W. C. Smith, for a long time a loyal supporter of the *Christian Socialist*. Comrade Smith presented the matter to the Socialist local and through the hard work of the very able and efficient secretary, Comrade Bert Ball, the meeting was made a success by thorough advertising. Mr. and Mrs. Ball also beautifully entertained Mrs. Carr in their very pleasant home.

#### Meetings in Churches

Of the nine addresses made on this short trip, seven of them were held in churches, and many church people were reached who would not have gone to a hall to hear a Socialist address. If the Comrades will persevere in their

efforts they can in many places get admission to the churches for our speakers, who present Socialism from the Christian view-point. At St. Thomas, Ont., in one day, with two addresses about one thousand people were reached, mostly non-Socialists, and in two of the leading churches of the city. Comrade Roberts succeeded in getting the one after it had been refused. We cannot neglect this tremendous field among the churches. Many of our best and most intelligent people are in the churches, and when once their prejudice is removed they will eagerly work for our cause.

Mrs. Carr expresses her gratitude to all the good comrades who so splendidly entertained her in their homes on this trip. The memory of their cordial hospitality and their companionship and fellowship in this great work is as the lingering perfume of sweet flowers. She will hold these new friends dear in her memory for many years to come.

#### BEREAVEMENT

Three of the families most intimately associated with the *Christian Socialist* since it started have been recently bereaved.

Ralph, the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar F. Donaldson, Webster City, Iowa, has left his earthly play and study for the brighter school of the heavenly, leaving a measureless void in his parents' hearts. He was their only son.

Mrs. Strobell, wife of George H. Strobell of Newark, N. J., passed beyond after a lingering illness. She was a lovely lady and a charming hostess.

Jessie, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Kirkpatrick of Chicago, their first born and last of four children, a beautiful Christian character, loyally devoted to noble work for God and humanity, has been called to a new field of labor and joy in "the better land."

The sympathy of many goes out to these bereaved comrades. May God comfort and strengthen their hearts!

#### PREACHED SOCIALIST SERMON

The Utica, N. Y., Daily Press reports an interesting sermon favoring Socialism, by Rev. H. C. Ledyard of Canton. The secretary of the Socialist local, J. L. Crandall, also speaks well of it.

#### A GREAT HELP—RENEWALS

Neglect is our greatest enemy. Many comrades with great effort and sacrifice secure many new subscriptions to the *Christian Socialist*, but they neglect the most important duty of seeing that these subscriptions are renewed at the time of expiration. Many even forget to renew their own subscriptions until after we have been compelled to go to the expense of taking their names off the list, necessitating the further expense of putting them back on again.

To encourage as many as possible to avoid this loss and disappointment and to help us specially now in this financial need, we make this special offer to all who will renew their subscriptions NOW, even though their expiration may be several weeks or months away. So, on the receipt of ONE DOLLAR NOW we will extend your subscription one year from the expiration date and will give you the choice of any one of the following premiums as a reward for your help and promptness:

(1) A beautiful crimson cloth-bound copy of Moyer's "Songs of Socialism," (2) Three copies of Thompson's "Christian Elements in the Socialist Movement," (3) Vail's "Principles of Scientific Socialism," (4) "The Golden Rule Republic," (5) "Maud Muller's Ministry" (a novel), (6) Six copies of the "Socialist Campaign Songs," (7) Spargo's great vocal solo "The Torch of Liberty," with piano accompaniment by Platon Brunoff, (8) Or any other 25 cents worth of our literature. Unless you renew before your subscription expires we cannot send the premium.

As you expect to renew your subscription any way, you can help yourself and mightily help us and the great campaign work this summer if five thousand of you subscribers will take advantage of this splendid offer now.

This week is the most acceptable time. Get busy!

#### THE CHILD-SLAVE'S PRAYER

M. J. Connolly

O Christ! who did the children love,  
We pray Thee listen to our cry.  
Oh, haste Thee from Thy throne above,  
And save the children ere they die.

All day we toil, 'mid dust and noise,  
With iron engines run a race—  
And we're such little girls and boys—  
It's awful hard to keep the pace!

I am but ten. I've worked four years,  
A-running, mending broken threads.  
Sometimes I'm blinded by my tears  
And can not see to mend the threads.

From where I stand I see the sun,  
I see the birdies flying by.  
When work is done there is no sun,  
For then the stars are in the sky.

Once, I have heard, a savage red  
A babe did brain against a tree.  
O Christ! I wish that I were dead—  
I wish that baby had been me!

The priest, he tells us to work on—  
Be faithful, and that when we die  
We'll have a harp to play upon,  
In some nice place beyond the sky.

O Christ! If I had time to rest—  
Lie on the grass beneath the trees,  
And hear the birdies in their nest,  
And feel my face fanned by the breeze,

I think I then could happy be,  
I think I'd ask no other heaven:  
Just there to lie, and rest and see  
The clouds float 'neath the floor of heaven!

My prayer, O Christ! Oh, list, I pray—  
Is that from sleep I ne'er shall wake;  
After the labor of this day,  
My soul, O Blessed Jesus, take!

#### AUSTRALIA'S CAPITAL CITY

The first minutely planned city in the world is to be the capital city of the commonwealth of Australia, and Walter Burley Griffin of Chicago is its designer. He has won the cash prize of \$8,750 in a government contest in which he competed with over 800 architects. Mr. Griffin's plan contemplates a city 25 miles square, on a site which is now an Australian wilderness. It provides for an immediate population of 75,000, with an allowance for increase at the rate observed in other national capitals. The plan is described as of the radial type—one principal center from which streets and boulevards radiate to other centers and thoroughfares to subordinate centers. It provides for everything the city will need of a public utilities fund. There will be but one railroad, which will tunnel the brow of a hill and pass through a depression in the city and around the governmental center. The site is in the Province of Canberra, about halfway between Melbourne and Sidney, on the Mohnoglo River, seventy-five miles from the seaboard.—The Public.

The time will come when cities will no longer spring up by chance in unhealthy, inconvenient places and grow planless like the crooked cow paths of London. They will all be located and built on scientific principles when society "finds itself." All cities might now be beautiful, convenient, healthy and happy, if science were applied to social need instead of to commercial greed.

Science is knowing and Art is doing. You find the Art of Socialism in the Socialist Crusaders; they are doing something.

#### POLITICS

On the morning of the day when the speech was to be delivered, seeing Lord Salisbury passing into the study, I said to him:

"I suppose you are going to think over what you will say tonight?"

"No," he said, in his ironical way, "rather to think over what I must not say."—Philadelphia Record.

#### A HOT TIME

"At this point," said the narrator, "she broke down and wept scalding tears." "My goodness," exclaimed the listener, "she must have been boiling over with rage."—Chicago News.

By Rev

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## AN APPEAL TO THE PARTY

By Rev. J. W. Wells, Delegate to the National Convention from California

It is a very sad and embarrassing fact that some of our leaders in the very last moments of the National Convention should have opened up the Barnes case afresh, by nominating him for campaign manager. All of us felt that we had had enough of this in the past.

Without a word of warning, at a time so close to adjournment that there was no chance for the opposition to gather, a new national office was created for Barnes, and his election was railroaded through in spite of vigorous protests on the part of some. In the confusion many could not hear what was going on.

Yet even this was not enough, so Comrade Hillquit must say in advocating the selection of Barnes: "We should compensate Comrade Barnes for the persecutions he has endured," etc. Comrade Strickland denounced the action of the Christian Socialist (in simply publishing the facts) as "infamous." Comrade Goebell, who was chairman of the convention for the day, said emphatically that he "was for Barnes, and that he was not ashamed to say so." (Why should he feel it necessary to say he was not ashamed?)

Even now, with Comrade Carr turned out of the party merely for printing the evidence, and Comrades Barnes "vindicated" and exalted, we might be silent if the action did not mean so much to the movement. But if this hasty, ill-advised action of a few of the leaders of the party in forcing the National Convention to endorse Barnes is allowed to pass unrebuked, then we can no longer say that free-love is merely the attitude of isolated individuals; it thus has the official stamp of approval of the National Convention of the Socialist Party of America, and the comrades of the party everywhere should protest vigorously and unceasingly, for it is well known that the Barnes case involved free love, or promiscuous intercourse of sexes.

It is with a feeling of deep regret and heart-ache that I have penned the above statements, and that I am forced to add to the burden of Comrade Barnes and his victims by demanding

## The Recall of Barnes

as the only means by which to rid the movement of this damning blight. Our movement represents the very highest standards when applied to the political, industrial and commercial world.

Shall evolution fail at the crucial point? Shall Socialism declare to the world that it will do away with the home—the basic unit of our social structure? Even the birds of the air and the beasts of the jungle confirm the wisdom of monogamy for sex relations and condemn the quagmire of promiscuous intercourse offered in the Barnes decision.

And unless the comrades of the rank and file of the party speedily start a national referendum and annul this most unwise and unfortunate action, the Socialist Party will suffer great shame and loss during the campaign and for years to come.

## RESOLUTIONS OF CHICAGO CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST FELLOWSHIP

Whereas, The recent National Convention of the Socialist Party has elected as campaign manager J. Mahlon Barnes who had lately been ousted from the national secretaryship of the party because of his immoral life; and,

Whereas, By this act the leaders of the Socialist Party have brought disgrace upon the Socialist movement, and have thereby justified, in the eyes of the world, the oft repeated charges of immorality against our cause; therefore be it,

Resolved, That we, the Chicago Center of the Christian Socialist Fellowship, do strongly condemn this unwise action of the National Socialist Party Convention. And be it further

Resolved, That we urge upon all members of the Socialist Party who stand for the honor, progress and highest welfare of the Socialist movement to repudiate this action of the National Convention, and to initiate a referendum to annul this shameful appointment; and,

Resolved, That we forward copies of these

resolutions to all state secretaries, Socialist editors and other representative Socialists, asking their aid to remove as quickly as possible this moral blight from our party, to the end that we may all work together harmoniously on our glorious platform with our noble standard bearers and make this campaign the grandest and greatest in the history of the Socialist Party. (Signed)

H. P. MOYER,

President.

MRS. ELLA CARR,

Secretary

## The BARNES INCIDENT AGAIN

By Alexander Irvine in the California Social Democrat

I could not understand the loyalty of the old National Executive Committee to the former national secretary. He was made chairman of the convention one day, and on the last day Hillquit arose and nominated Barnes for chairman of the new Campaign Committee (that is, campaign manager). It was astounding to me. Hillquit defended Barnes and precipitated a fight on the floor of the convention, but he won out, and Barnes received the nomination. Barnes is a man who may be an efficient executive officer, but there are scores of better men.

## CONCRETE EXAMPLES

By Elizabeth Cotner

"I want to ask you a question," my next door neighbor said to me today. "I know it isn't true. I am sure it is some sort of calumny," she continued apologetically, "but I promised to ask you. Mrs. M.'s son is a rabid Socialist, and he says he believes in 'free love,'—that all Socialists do. He claims he doesn't have any use for marriage or family ties, and his mother is heart broken. I am sure that it is all a mistake," she repeated, "for I know you do not stand for any such ideas."

My heart sank within me, for I, too, know Mrs. M. She is a cultured, queenly woman from a wealthy old Kentucky family. She has passed through financial reverses and loss of social position. But her courage has never failed; for she still has her devoted husband, her two children, and, as she said to me, "my mother's faith." All the ambitions of her mother heart are centered chiefly in the life of her boy. She told me several years ago that he was interested in Socialism; and, as a militant Socialist, I had gathered up some literature to help him along. And now, like a flash, came the question to me—"What little part may I have had in bringing this young man to his present attitude, and in bringing to these parents as keen a sorrow as they have ever known?"

I assured my neighbor that such lax morality was no part either of the philosophy or program of real Socialism regardless of what a few leaders may advocate or practise.

A month ago I should have said that our party was taking radical steps to refute all charges to this effect. But with the closing scene of the National convention fresh in my mind, what refutation can now be truthfully made?

Some months ago a National W. C. T. U. lecturer called at the Daily Socialist office for information concerning the principles and work of the Socialist Party movement; and, in substance, made the same inquiries about this phase of so-called Socialist doctrine. It was promptly denied, and as a concrete proof that a decided stand was being taken against even the appearance of Party recognition of such principles, it was cited that a National official had just been removed from office for such cause.

But, since this self same official has now been appointed, with honor and laudation, as campaign manager of the Socialist Party, what shall be our defense against charges that the party sanctions immorality unless this appointment be speedily repudiated by the rank and file of the Socialist movement?

A few days ago several Catholic priests on a street car were overheard discussing the appointment of the Socialist campaign manager. It was manifestly very satisfactory to both,

as one exclaimed, "I told you what they would do with him."

It may have been a more or less dramatic scene at the closing of the Indianapolis convention, when a comrade delegate so far forgot the eternal principles that had moulded his early life as to stand with uplifted arms and declare that 'both hands were out' for one whose moral blight had forced the N. E. C. to demand a resignation from official position.

But, it would be a thousandfold more thrilling and effective, too, if a hundred thousand comrades should take their stand and, with uplifted hands, declare themselves in everlasting sympathy with the forces in the Socialist movement that make for the redemption of the masses from want, oppression, and WRONG-DOING.

Then would the movement take on new impetus and appeal to every class and condition of mankind.

## DEFEAT IT

The machine struck a foul blow at the referendum and government by the party membership when it inserted in the new constitution the provision that state organizations only shall have power to initiate referendums, taking this power away from the party locals. It will require from three to five state organizations (according to the number of their members) to order a referendum if this indefensible anti-democratic constitutional change occurs. As the party law now stands, any local may make a motion for a referendum, and when enough locals scattered all over the nation second the motion to aggregate 5 per cent of the total membership, the referendum goes to the rank and file for vote. This makes it difficult for any but the machine to start a referendum; but the proposed change would make a referendum for any but the machine men almost impossible.

Defeat the proposed change, and the old law will stand.

## WATCH THIS

You will probably observe that the "party owned" papers and the papers owned or "influenced" by the machine men will maintain "a discreet silence" with reference to the Barnes case, the plan to take the initiative of referendums from the hands of the party locals, and other obnoxious things. If they say anything at all concerning these matters, they will mostly condemn discussion and cry, "Treason!" "Don't!" "It will hurt the party" (machine), "It will lessen our vote," "Sh-sh-sh, the capitalist papers may report it," etc.

And so long as the party membership allows itself to be hoodwinked and scared by such false and foolish superstitions, so long will the party suffer from corrupt, undemocratic rule.

Secrecy is a deadly enemy of democracy and freedom. Let everything be open to all men.

## TWO PROPOSITIONS

1. Send us lists of picked names of men and women, with 5c per name, and we will send to their individual address a bundle of six assorted samples of the Christian Socialist including two of our recent special editions. As we have to address the wrappers for these, it is a very great service for so little money. Send the names of preachers and teachers upon separate sheets plainly marked.

2. Send us the money—all you can spare—and we will send (for each 5c you remit) six assorted samples of the Christian Socialist to a minister of any denomination you prefer. (We have the year books of the various churches with the names and latest addresses of the ministers.)

These two plans afford you a chance to use your campaign money to the best possible advantage. Begin now. Better circulate these papers now before the old party excitement and prejudice rises too high. Now is the time to strike. A dollar spent now for campaign material is worth two spent during the last exciting months before election day.

"I do not want to be left out. Here are two subs. Put me on the roll as a Socialist Crusader."



# THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST

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EDITOR  
Rev. Edward Ellis Carr

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Let Us Have Faith that Right Makes Might,  
and in This Faith Dare to Do Our Duty.—  
Abraham Lincoln.

The Christian Socialist takes counsel of its  
principles and not of its fears.

## A DEAD LION OR A LIVE DOG?

In the days of his degeneracy, materialism  
and pessimism King Solomon said: "Better be a  
live dog than a dead lion." But Solomon was  
wrong. I would rather be a dead lion than a  
live dog any day.

It would be better and far more honorable  
for a man or a paper to be dead—even if death  
did end all—than to live in corrupt or cowardly  
silence in the face of hideous wrong and infamy.

Of course, John the Baptizer was a hot-  
headed fool who deserved to lose his life. If  
he had only possessed the "tact" to keep his  
mouth shut about Herod's adulteries he might  
have lived several years longer and, had he  
been willing further to emasculate himself, he  
might possibly have obtained a job as scrub-  
man in Herod's harem. Had he done so his-  
tory need never have troubled itself to pre-  
serve his name. Cowardly, time-serving souls  
have always been more anxious for "tact" than  
for truth, for the approval of clique or party  
than for character, righteousness and justice.  
But John the Baptizer was not of that sort,  
else we would not be studying his life and  
words in Sunday School two thousand years  
after his death. (See page 7.)

## OUR SORROW

It is with unspeakable regret that we are com-  
pelled to refer again to the Barnes case and to  
raise our protest against a most reckless and  
shameless move of the official clique at the re-  
cent national convention of the Socialist party.  
This startling renewal of the efforts of certain  
men to rehabilitate the late discredited national  
secretary and restore him to prominence and  
power in the party thrusts upon the loyal Social-  
ists of America a battle for principle which they  
dare not ignore. All true Socialists will de-  
plore the action of the convention which lays  
upon the campaign at its very beginning an in-  
cubus which will curse it to its close unless the  
comrades quickly arise everywhere and demand  
a speedy change. The Christian Socialist has  
suffered so much already on account of Barnes  
and his unscrupulous supporters that we would  
gladly drop the matter forever; but duty to the  
party and to the movement forbids that course,  
and we enter the contest again to serve the cause  
at any cost. And we feel sure that the comrades  
of intelligence and character will stand by us.

## DEEP DISGRACE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY

The election of the proved and self-confessed  
adulterer, J. Mahlon Barnes, alias James Keep,  
as campaign manager of the Socialist Party of  
1912, is a crime against every worthy Socialist  
and a slander upon the Socialist movement of  
America more vile and injurious than was ever  
uttered by capitalist journal or Roman priest;  
and that act of the National Convention, unless  
repudiated by the Socialist Party, is a confes-  
sion that the party does stand for free love—  
for liberties against clean men, and for base  
and criminal party methods against methods  
of honesty and decency.

When Morris Hillquit argued for the creation  
of a new office in the party—which practically  
outranks the National Secretaryship for the  
time—and the election of J. Mahlon Barnes to  
that office as a "compensation" for having been  
removed from the national office (on proof and  
confession of his gross immorality), Hillquit  
confessed his own cowardice and injustice; for  
if the removal of Barnes from the national office  
was a wrong, the old N. E. C., including  
Hillquit, are guilty. But the removal of  
Barnes was not an injustice, it was a forced  
confession by them that he was proven guilty.

We have nothing against Barnes person-  
ally; but he has chosen to represent by his  
evil example in person and as an official of  
the party the very worst evils that the en-  
emies of Socialism charge against it, and with  
Barnes in any national office of the Socialist  
Party IT IS RANK HYPOCRISY for the of-  
ficials of the party to deny the charge of free  
love hurled against the movement.

## "COMPENSATION"

Speaking of "compensation," who will  
"compensate" his victim for the wreck of her  
life and the support of Barnes' child? Who  
will "compensate" Barnes' legal wife for her  
injuries and sorrows? and his children by these  
different women for their shame?

Who will "compensate" Mother Jones for  
the abominable slanders Barnes and the Com-  
mittee heaped upon her in her old age in order  
to protect a shameless reprobate?

Who will "compensate" the widow and or-  
phan child of Comrade James Brower, who  
would doubtless be alive today but for the  
persecution he endured and the financial in-  
trigues against him growing out of the Barnes  
case?

Who will "compensate" Rev. E. E. Carr for  
his dishonorable expulsion from the Socialist  
Party for exposing the corruption and chican-  
ery of Barnes and others? And who will  
"compensate" the Christian Socialist publish-  
ers for their struggles and losses resulting from  
this paper telling the truth and demanding  
honesty and decency among party officials?

## MORE COMPENSATION?

The "Barnes case" started in May, 1910, with  
charges by Mother Jones, Miss Flaherty and  
James H. Brower against Barnes, including  
charges of immoral conduct with Lena M.  
Lewis and Mabel Hudson. And the evidence  
presented in the case was so damaging that  
the investigating committee and the National  
Executive Committee per-emptorily refused to  
permit the prosecution to have the copy of the  
minutes of the trial, which was explicitly prom-  
ised them and expressly made for them. These  
committees also refused to print the minutes  
on the transparent plea of expense. Barnes  
was finally removed from office, after his trial  
on the Keep charges, with expressions of deep  
regret on the part of the N. E. C., but the two  
women have been protected and upheld in high  
places in the party. Owing to the refusal of  
officials and editors to print the testimony, the  
comrades in general have been so kept in igno-  
rance of the evidence that Mrs. Lewis has been  
re-elected as a member of the Woman's Na-  
tional Committee and is permitted to lecture  
for the party all over the country. And Mabel  
Hudson has held her place as private secretary  
to the national secretary and secretary to  
the N. E. C. while in session. But now, since  
Barnes has been "compensated" for the ex-  
posure of his evil deeds by being elected by  
last-hour, steam-roller methods to the office of  
campaign manager, Mabel Hudson has been  
taken over by him as his private secretary

again, and so this interesting pair are working  
together again in the national office at the ex-  
pense of the Socialist party.

Far be it from us to suggest that there is, in  
all the circumstances, anything indiscreet, dis-  
graceful or hurtful to the moral reputation of  
the Socialist party in this remarkable, if not in-  
famous arrangement. If the comrades who pay  
dues, however, should get it into their heads  
that they no longer wish to support with their  
reputations and their cash such peculiar affairs  
in the national office, they are at liberty to  
"start something" whenever they feel like it.

## THE CAPITALIST PRESS

But some timid souls may say: "Hush! Tell  
this to the Committees only. Don't let the  
capitalist press and the Roman Catholic press  
get hold of it."

Dear Comrades: Mother Jones, Brower, Miss  
Flaherty and Thomas J. Morgan told it to the  
N. E. C. and kept it from the public for sev-  
eral months, until they were betrayed and  
double crossed by the Committee. All this has  
been told to the various Committees over and  
over again, but they apparently do not care  
whether Barnes is an adulterer or not.

Besides, there were reporters for the capital-  
ist press, including the Roman Catholic press,  
present at the Convention, and they will not  
fail to report this dreadful matter to our en-  
emies.

NOTHING BUT PUBLICITY WILL  
MAKE THE OFFICIALS OF THE PARTY  
RIGHT THESE WRONGS AND SAVE  
THE PARTY FROM SHAME AND LOSS.  
LET THE TRUTH BE KNOWN TO  
FRIEND AND FOE.

The Socialist Party must stand by its colors  
whatever they are. And if Barnes is allowed  
to manage the Socialist Party campaign the  
people of America will have reason to think  
that the Socialists have changed the red flag  
of brotherhood and justice for the black flag  
of sexual criminality.

But some machine taught ape may object:  
"Oh, you oughtn't to make a fuss now during  
the campaign. You should have let it go till  
after the election."

Maybe the cunning gentlemen who engi-  
neered the creation of a new office to give  
Barnes a lucrative berth and the honor of man-  
aging this great campaign of 1912 counted on  
that. But they missed their guess. They can  
not put this infamy over on the Socialist  
Party now or any other time without a roar  
of protest from decent men and women that  
shall be heard from sea to sea.

THOUSANDS OF SOCIALISTS OF  
AMERICA WILL NOT VOTE THE SO-  
CIALIST TICKET UNLESS THIS ACT OF  
THE NATIONAL CONVENTION IS RE-  
PUDIATED.

Worthy men who are becoming Socialists  
will justly scorn the Socialist ticket if our  
campaign is managed by a convicted adulterer.

Yea, and whereas there was fair prospect  
of two or three million votes this year, with  
the burden of this shame upon the party there  
is danger of a mighty failure to realize the  
hopes of Socialists in the election returns next  
November.

And UNLESS the Socialist Party gets out  
from under the whole Barnes gang and all  
they stand for, it OUGHT TO FAIL AND  
BE SUPERSEDED by a nobler party—and it  
will. Therefore, let everyone who loves the  
Socialist Party act fearlessly now.

TO THE RESCUE, honest comrades!  
Write your State Secretary and to every mem-  
ber of the state committee. Write to Debs  
at Terre Haute and to Work at Chicago.  
Make your indignation felt at once, and start  
a referendum to correct this shameful error,  
and for fear that they may otherwise be ig-  
nored, send copies of your letters to the Chris-  
tian Socialist.

## QUESTIONS FOR DEBS

In the campaign of 1908 the campaign man-  
ager for the Democratic Party was forced to  
resign because he was accused of some illegal-  
ity in a land deal. Now the man who has  
been selected by the National Convention to  
manage your campaign for 1912 has been  
CONVICTED of the most heinous crimes  
against society and the home. So completely

convincing money against was removed SHOCK TY RARD MANA PART Is th ist Pa morali adulter Sociali Are a man paign If n

Ever does n manag does n Sociali love, s TEST quick, ror. IF SOCIA THE SUMM QUIC IS OV THE MUST Rem "The S "By DRAI Yes, go to the ste official

Com ried c tion, b vention organia Barnes terer, the So bring y Party Therefo to dem insist u know e been so Barnes party i THE I THIS INJUR EVIL PAIGN

To th tive Co Berger, eration far enov ed offici ing his an estim ist Part think th manage so low comrad definite the Ba making Cong he mus fall—an not ma revision To th of you rades straight



convincing and overwhelming was the testimony against him that the old N. E. C. (much against their will, to their shame be it said), was compelled to accept his conviction and remove him from office.

**SHOULD NOT THE SOCIALIST PARTY REQUIRE EVEN A HIGHER STANDARD OF PERSONAL WORTH IN ITS MANAGER THAN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY?**

Is there any use of denying that the Socialist Party winks at the loosest sexual immorality if this convicted and impenitent adulterer is honored as the manager of the Socialist campaign?

Are you willing to run for President with a man of such unsavory record as your Campaign Manager?

If not, what are you going to do about it?

#### TO SOCIALIST BRANCHES

Every Socialist Branch in America that does not wish the Socialist campaign to be managed by a convicted adulterer, and who does not wish the country to think that the Socialist Party stands for adultery and free love, should **PROTEST AND KEEP PROTESTING**. "Make Rome howl," and do it quick, before it is too late to retrieve the error.

**IF YOU ARE GOING TO SAVE THE SOCIALIST PARTY CAMPAIGN FROM THE BLIGHT OF BARNESISM THIS SUMMER AND FALL, YOU MUST ACT QUICKLY. THE SOONER THIS FIGHT IS OVER THE BETTER IT WILL BE FOR THE PARTY. IT A NASTY JOB, BUT IT MUST BE DONE, AND SOON.**

Remember the hero's thrilling utterance in "The Servant in the House":

"By God, I count myself some'at. I'M THE DRAIN MAN, that's what I am."

Yes, unpleasant though the task may be, go to it, and save our Socialist Temple from the stench and deadly poison of Barnesism in official control.

#### TO STATE COMMITTEES

Comrades, by a scurvy trick during the hurried closing hours of the National Convention, because the better elements in the Convention did not know of the plan in time to organize and agitate against it, J. Mahlon Barnes, alias **James Keep**, the convicted adulterer, was elected as Campaign Manager of the Socialist Party. This insane deed will bring untold shame and loss to the Socialist Party if he is allowed to remain in this office. Therefore, we urge every State organization to demand a referendum on this matter and insist upon letting the comrades in general know exactly why you object; for there has been so much official lying done in defense of Barnes that the comrades throughout the party in general do not know the facts at all. **THE PARTY MUST BE SAVED FROM THIS MEASURELESS DISGRACE AND INJURY IN TIME TO OVERCOME ITS EVIL EFFECTS EARLY IN THE CAMPAIGN.**

#### TO THE N. E. C.

To the old members of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, Hillquit, Berger, Spargo, we urge the careful consideration of these questions: Have you not gone far enough in your efforts to protect a convicted official and to "compensate" a man for having his crimes exposed? And have you so low an estimate of the moral character of the Socialist Party comrades in general that you actually think they do not care whether their campaign manager is a convicted adulterer, or have you so low an estimate of the intelligence of the comrades that you really think you can indefinitely deceive them as to your conduct in the Barnes case? Remember that you are making a record that you must meet.

Congressman Berger should remember that he must run the gauntlet for re-election this fall—and his conduct in the Barnes case will not make good campaign material. It needs revision badly and now is the chance to do it.

To the new members of the N. E. C.: Some of you were elected largely because the comrades thought you would bravely help straighten out the Barnes case. Are you going

to sit by in corrupt acquiescence or cowardly silence and see the Socialist Party disgraced before the whole nation by a Campaign Manager proven guilty of gross immorality so clearly that even the old N. E. C. could no longer deny it, and had to remove him from office? It is now time for you to show your colors.

#### COME OUT OF IT

Gentlemen of the N. E. C., you might as well come out of your self-imposed trance. The Barnes case is not over yet, and will not be so long as he is put forward as a national official of the party, or as a candidate. Barnesism must be denounced and renounced by the Socialist Party if the party is to gain and retain the support of intelligent and honorable men and women.

The life of the writer and of this paper, if need be, are freely offered to save the Socialist movement from the stigma of free love. Refusing to print the minutes of the two Barnes trials, lying about the testimony, and all other efforts to keep the comrades in general from learning the truth will be in vain. The truth will yet be generally known, and justice will yet be done to those who have been so wickedly victimized for exposing a condition of affairs in the national office so deplorable that Barnes had to be removed from the national secretaryship by the very ones who tried hardest to shield him.

**AND AS HE WAS UTTERLY UNFIT TO BE NATIONAL SECRETARY THEN, HE IS UTTERLY UNFIT TO BE CAMPAIGN MANAGER NOW.**

#### NOT A PERSONALITY

Neither the editor of this paper nor any of those responsible for its publication ever had any personal difficulty with Barnes. We wish him only good—real good—forever. We did not prefer charges against him, and did not mention the matter until several months of juggling by the old N. E. C. If that committee had done its manifest duty the "Barnes case" would never have known publicity.

Unhappily, we cannot condemn what Barnes stands for without condemning Barnes so long as he rushes into the limelight of party prominence, or is pushed there by Berger, Hillquit, or others whose strange and desperate defense of Barnes at the expense of personal and party honor will doubtless be fully explained some day.

Comrades, do not be deceived by the silly cry of "hounding Barnes." That is a very old, very cheap and very transparent trick. The simple fact is that unless Barnes is repudiated by the party in terms so emphatic that there can be no possible mistake about it, there will be no use of denying that the Socialist party deliberately and openly winks at free love. It is to save the party from this that we are fighting.

#### ATTITUDE OF THE PARTY

The comrades of the Socialist party do not stand for free love, but some of their "leaders" evidently do, and it is high time that such leaders be disowned. The party has been deceived by the false official reports of some of its "leaders." When the comrades learn the truth, they will right matters speedily.

#### NOT PERSECUTION

Some thoughtless people say we are "hounding Barnes." They should look into their dictionary to learn the difference between persecution and prosecution. Let the unclean beast "go away back" into obscurity. He is unfit to be placed in the limelight of party honor; and the Socialist party cannot afford to face the campaign with such a blotch upon its banner. It is the honor and success of the Socialist party and movement that we are concerned about.

#### SOCIALIST HEROES OF '61.

We condense the following from an exchange. It is timely reading just now when certain parties whose patriotism is the "last refuge of scoundrels" are trying to raise a hue and cry against the emblem of international brotherhood:

"Standpatters have no monopoly on the

glory of '61. So-called progressives have no monopoly of the honors of '61. A smattering knowledge of the history of the abolition movement and the Civil war would save some of our smart critics from making themselves ridiculous.

"There were few Socialists in this country prior to the Civil war, and they were mostly Germans. But they were one and all in hearty accord with the Abolitionists, and when the call for volunteers was issued they were among the first to respond. In those days the chief organization of the Socialists was the Socialist Gymnastic Union, the Turners.

"The Turners from every quarter responded to Lincoln's call for troops," Professor Richard T. Ely of Wisconsin University writes, "some of the unions sending more than half their numbers. In New York they organized a complete regiment in a few days, and in many places sent one or more companies. There were three companies in the First Missouri Regiment, while the Seventeenth consisted almost altogether of Turners. It is estimated that from 40 to 50 per cent of all Turners capable of bearing arms took part in the war."

"One of the most noted of the Socialists who served during the war was August Willich, a personal friend of Karl Marx, who enlisted at the outbreak of the war, was advanced to the rank of lieutenant, then colonel, and commissioned brigadier general in 1862.

"Robert Rosa served in the Forty-fifth New York Regiment and was advanced to the rank of major.

"So many of the Socialists enlisted and fought through the Civil war that the Socialist organizations were so weakened by their losses that it was several years after the close of the war before they resumed their activity as an organization.

"These are just a few offhand citations of facts in connection with the part Socialists played in the Civil war. Many more acts might be adduced, had we but the time to consult the records.

"Many of our early comrades went down in that bitter conflict between North and South over the slavery question. We were few in those days but none gave more freely of their strength and lives than the Socialists, men who were proud to march under the scarlet banner of brotherhood, and when any group of men we care not who they may be, attempts to use the red flag to stir up prejudice among veterans of the Civil war, we shall cry HALT."

#### SOCIALISM'S WHAT WE MAKE IT

By Benjamin Keech

Let the dear old doubters say  
Socialism's this or that,—  
Naughty, foolish, much astray,—  
You can floor their speeches flat.  
Here's a rule that's pretty pat—  
Worst old enemy can't break it:  
By our votes we all find that  
Socialism's what we make it.

Let the scoffers screech with pain  
When you loom up with your news,  
Come it at 'em once again  
With a brand new set o' views.  
Socialism is a good  
Economic science,—wake it,  
Legislate it, as we should—  
Socialism's what we make it.

What if some folks do get mad  
When I try to set 'em right?  
If I'm careless, sort o' bad,  
To my bait they'll cease to bite.  
But if I'm a peerless gent,  
They will listen, calm, an take it:  
I'm my leadin' argument:  
Socialism's what we make it.

Socialism is a law  
(Social law) to save our brothers;  
We're a help or we're a flaw  
In the scheme of rescuin' others.  
If we're off on some wrong track,  
Let's for goodness' sake, forsake it,  
To the main line hurry back—  
Socialism's what we make it.



## News and Views

By WM. H. WATTS

The "respectable" thugs and plug-uglies, official and unofficial, who have been creating a reign of terror in San Diego, Cal., recently caused the Street Department to take down all the red flags used as danger signals where repairs were being made and substitute the Stars and Stripes.

Be careful, gentlemen! Be careful! It will be a sorry day for this republic when its flag becomes generally recognized as a danger signal by its own citizens, and if the time ever comes when an outraged working class meets brutality with brutality your blood be upon your own heads.

\* \* \*

In this connection it might be well to point out to some of the pestiferous trouble makers on the other side that public streets are dedicated to the right of free passage, and the rights of free speech and assemblage upon the streets are always exercised subject to the prior right of free passage. The streets belong to all of the people; and all of the people have the right of free and unobstructed passage over all the streets at all times. If a city council, under the plea of "congestion," passes an unreasonable ordinance restricting the times and places of holding outdoor meetings the proper thing to do is to let just one speaker be arrested and then carry the case to the higher courts. This would show that we are peaceable and law-abiding people, willing to submit our disputes to the proper tribunals and would open a wide opportunity for advertising and propagating our principles without arousing unnecessary opposition.

\* \* \*

The editor of the Ohio State Journal, published at Columbus, Ohio, recently printed the following item:

"The other day, having occasion to consult Karl Marx's book on 'Capital,' we visited the Carnegie Library and asked for it. The librarian looked for it, but finally said: 'It is out; some Ohio State University student has it.' So he kindly phoned the State Library for us, and pretty soon we were informed their copy had been taken out by some O. S. U. student. Then he phoned the School Library and was promptly informed some O. S. U. student had their copy. So the study these days is along economic and social lines. It is largely among the possibilities of the future, if the situation elsewhere is the same as here, that Socialism is going to be a foremost discussible subject. And it is also probable that the young student's mind is 'nuts and raisins' for the glacial argument of Karl Marx. Some may say that it is all right or all wrong, but who can stop a conflict of ideas? Who wants to?"

\* \* \*

"How many of us know that one of the best penitentiaries in the world is in the Philippines, near Manila? It is under the department of education and trains thousands of Filipinos who would in many countries be considered and certainly become dangerous criminals. It grew out of an attempt to relieve the congestion in Bilibid prison, and takes the form of a penal colony on Palawan, one of the smaller islands. The colonists themselves cleared the virgin forest and put up the buildings. There are no locks on the doors and the American officers carry no weapons, the only persons armed being a few of the prisoners themselves, who are trained as policemen. Men who are serving long sentences but whose conduct has been good are allowed to send for their families, are allotted land and permitted to build homes and cultivate their ground in leisure hours. So successful has the scheme proved that some men who have served their time prefer to stay on the island, subject to the regular discipline. They are allowed to do so if they wish, and of course increase the wholesome atmosphere which surrounds new arrivals. The Episcopal clergyman in charge of the settlement work of St. Luke's Church, Manila, is the special agent for the colony and is enthusiastic in praise of it."—Congregationalist and Christian World.

(Continued on page 8)

# WHAT SHALL THE STANDARD BE?

Dear Comrades:

There is no power on earth so invincible as an army of men and women who KNOW they are in the right.

Denunciations and rebuffs, loss of friendship and personal sacrifices only serve to spur them on to more loyal service.

The **Christian Socialist** and its many thousand readers, while standing for the scientific principles of Marxian Socialism stand also for the recognition of **ETHICAL** principles which the Commonwealth we would inaugurate must embody in order to win and endure.

In other words, **Christian Socialism** stands for the scientific application and the practical realization of all that is pure and good in Socialism and in all fraternal and religious organizations, Co-operation, Brotherhood, Purity.

"Righteousness—right doing—exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

It is here we take our stand. There is no doubt in our minds concerning our duty in the battle now on. There is no room for doubt.

The challenge is to every comrade in the movement who would not do honor to moral obliquity. The white flag of purity must float side by side with the red flag of Brotherhood, and it is ours to keep it planted there.

There is greater need now than ever to spread the principles for which the **Christian Socialist** stands. The moral element of the Party, which we believe is in the large majority, must now assert itself if we would win the moral element of the nation which is also in the large majority.

Are you asking when to take this stand and how?

**RIGHT NOW** the power of your united strength is needed not only in fearless expression but by financial support in the demands of this paper for a pure Socialism and in its efforts to permeate the religious world with such a message!

This is not a time for furloughs nor for excuses. Every soldier should report **ON DUTY** at once.

**THE CALL IS FOR ONE DOLLAR THIS WEEK FROM EVERY COMRADE IN THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT WHO BELIEVES THAT THE NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES OF OUR GREAT CAUSE SHOULD BE COMRADES WHOSE LIVES REFLECT THE PRINCIPLES OF HONOR AND UPRIGHTNESS.**

Are you going to admit that this standard is too high for the *Socialist Party*? Your response to this call will be your reply!

Comrades, just one dollar this week from every man of you would enable us to carry this banner into every ward and local of the nation.

In some instances even one dollar will mean sacrifice; but is it not worth sacrifice? Just one dollar, not as a donation, mind you, but one dollar from each present subscriber of the **CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST** INVESTED in the very best propaganda literature for this campaign **AT LESS THAN HALF RATE!**

We have the literature, you have the money.

We need the money, you need the literature.

Just this one dollar from each and every reader this week will enable us to treble our influence; to put out half a dozen splendid propaganda books and leaflets, and to reach thousands of Christian people who are looking for the message of Socialism from their own viewpoint.

Comrades, are you with us? Do you wish us to continue in our efforts—first, to raise the standard of the *Socialist Party*, and, second, to Socialize the religious world?

This paper is nearing a crisis! We cannot carry this financial burden alone. Without a prompt and generous response this week we shall be compelled to return at least to a semi-monthly. With an immediate hearty and universal response, you will enable us to go on and help make the *Socialist Party* the greatest missionary as well as political movement in the world.

### HOW TO INVEST YOUR DOLLAR.

1. Help to secure that 50,000 subscribers to the **CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST** for this campaign.

To make this easily possible and more and put this greatest of all Socialist propaganda papers into the homes of every minister, priest, Sunday school superintendent, Y. M. C. A. secretary and every susceptible layman, business or laboring man, we are now giving you the greatest offer ever made—

**FOR 25c WE WILL SEND THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST TO ANY ADDRESS FROM NOW ON TO NOV. 21, (22 WEEKS—MORE THAN 5 MONTHS, IF ACCEPTED AT ONCE) RUNNING UNTIL AFTER THE CAMPAIGN IS OVER AND THE RETURNS ARE IN, A TIME OF SUPREME IMPORTANCE FOR PROPAGANDA—WORTH MORE THAN MANY DAYS AFTER CAMPAIGN.**

**YOUR ONE DOLLAR** will send this valuable paper to four of your friends. If Socialism is worth a dollar to you and if your friends are worth 25 cents each you will not fail to respond to this great offer at once.

2. Help to spread pure, convincing Socialist literature among religious people, the greatest need of the hour.

In order that we might induce not less than 10,000 loyal comrades to help in this crisis and thus hasten the social salvation of the world through Christian Socialism, we



are making you the following remarkable special June "clearance sale" offers.

#### FIRST BARGAIN

THEY MUST, OR GOD IN THE SOCIAL DEMOCRACY, by Dr. Herman Kutter of Zurich. Startling, convincing. The voice of a true prophet. Price.....	\$0.60
THE GOLDEN RULE REPUBLIC, NO UTOPIA, by Rev. Wm. H. Randall. 180 pages, neatly printed and bound. A masterful explanation of HOW SOCIALISM WILL WORK. Price.	.25
CHRISTIAN ELEMENTS IN THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT, by Carl D. Thompson. A beautiful, striking discussion of a vital subject. Egg-shell paper, neatly bound. Price.....	.10
SOCIALIST POST CARDS, four different kinds, "What Socialism Means," by E. E. Carr; "The Economic Foundation of Freedom," "Socialism Necessary to Christianity," and "Frances E. Willard's Views of Socialism." One dozen, all one kind or assorted.....	.10
THE A B C OF SOCIALISM, including VITAL QUESTIONS, by Harvey P. Moyer. One of the very best hooklets for beginners. Simple in style, beautiful in spirit. Clear in logic. 32 pages.....	.05
MOYER'S SONGS OF SOCIALISM, by Harvey P. Moyer. 128 pages, with music. Contains scores of excellent songs, both "Scientific" and "Utopian." Undoubtedly by far the greatest Socialist song book in the English language.....	.20
FRANCES E. WILLARD'S ENDORSEMENT OF SOCIALISM. An interesting and impressive collection of the great temperance leader's utterances in favor of Socialism.....	.05
THE RELIGION OF LABOR AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Rev. Harvey Dee Brown. Delightful and striking. 30 pages.....	.05
PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM, by Rev. Charles H. Vail. Pronounced the best digest of Marxianism published.....	.25
50 BACK COPIES CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST, best propaganda matter. Price.....	.50
Total .....	\$2.15
ALL THE ABOVE FOR \$1.00.	

#### OTHER BARGAINS

300 BACK NUMBERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST, the best kind of Socialist propaganda .....	\$1.00
FRANCES E. WILLARD'S ENDORSEMENT OF SOCIALISM. 100 copies for.....	1.00
SOCIALIST CAMPAIGN SONGS, with music. The greatest revolutionary songs of Europe and America. Every branch should have a lot. 3 dozen for.....	1.00
THE A B C OF SOCIALISM, including VITAL QUESTIONS, by Harvey P. Moyer. 75 copies for .....	1.00
THE RELIGION OF LABOR AND OTHER ESSAYS. 75 copies for.....	1.00
CHRISTIAN ELEMENTS IN THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT, by Carl D. Thompson. 12 copies for.....	1.00
MOYER'S SONGS OF SOCIALISM, by Harvey P. Moyer. 128 pages, with music. 8 copies for .....	1.00
MOYER'S SONGS OF SOCIALISM, in beautiful crimson cloth. 5 copies for.....	1.00
SOCIALIST POST CARDS, four different kinds. 300 for.....	1.00

Comrades, if each and every one of you will invest your dollar in one or more of these great offers NOW, THIS WEEK, BY RETURN MAIL, we promise you the greatest, best campaign in paper, books, lecture staff ever made for humanity.

Have we not been sleeping long enough?

Is it not time to do BIG things for God and humanity?

SHALL NOT THIS WEEK MARK ONE OF THE GREATEST STRIDES THE WORLD HAS EVER MADE FOR HIS KINGDOM ON EARTH SINCE HIS COMING 2,000 YEARS AGO?

We believe it will.

HARVEY P. MOYER, President.

### International Sunday School Lessons

By Rev. Wm. A. Prosser, Pastor Ames M. E. Church, 4648 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### LESSON FOR JUNE 16

Christ's Witness to John the Baptist. Matt. 11:2-19; Luke 7:18-35

GOLDEN TEXT: Among them that are born of women there is none greater than John; yet he that is but little in the kingdom of God is greater than he. Luke 7:28.

Jesus paid a deserving tribute to the worth of John the Baptist. His eulogy was a true measure of the man who made it, and of him of whom it was made. Jesus asked the multitude what they went out into the wilderness to see. Was it a mere "reed" shaken by the winds? No. Was it a man dressed in "soft raiment"? No; for such live not in a wilderness, but in palaces. Was it a prophet? Yes, it was, and much more than a mere foreteller of events. It was a "messenger of God" with a message, a forerunner of the Messiah who shall prepare the way for His coming, a Herald of the Kingdom of God. I solemnly declare unto you, among them born of women none is great-

er in message and character than John the Baptist. He is great and his greatness is proved by his words, deeds and moral heroism. John was deserving of every word of this exalted and sincere eulogy.

It is not amiss to lay tributes of love on the caskets and graves of the heroic dead, to erect monuments to their memory and to eulogize their character and deeds on anniversary occasions; but it is infinitely more fitting to do all this while the heroes live and can be refreshed and stimulated by the devotion. Militant moral heroes stand in far greater need of tributes of praise and gratitude while they live than when dead. Jesus followed this practice. He paid honor where honor was due; and paid it while John still lived. It shows Jesus' insight into the worth of heroic human service and his absolute fair and unselfish desire to pay tribute to human greatness, dead or living. True greatness is never jealous of contemporary greatness. All men are brave enough to praise great dead men (it is safe to do

that), but few are great and unselfish enough to praise the living great. John was great; Jesus was great, and they both paid glowing tributes to each other's worth.

#### John's Message

John was a great preacher. He delivered a great message enforced by burning convictions and moral character. He was clear, definite and convincing.

In point of priority and emphasis his first demand was, "Repent ye." Matthew says: "John came, saying, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'" Mark and Luke say that John came preaching "the baptism of repentance unto the remission of sins." John baptized, but neither the fact nor the mode of his baptism are the points of emphasis. His baptism was only a public confession of a private repentance that had already taken place in the heart of the candidate. Hence, his point of emphasis was not baptism, but repentance.

The word repent (metanoeo) means "a change in frame of mind and feeling;" "a change in principle and practice;" "a reversal of the past." John used the word in his preaching with its full meaning. He demanded a repentance that should show itself in fruit (a change of life), worthy of repentance. He demanded from every candidate for baptism, for initiation into his preparatory school for the

Messiah, a character-evidence of the genuineness of his repentance. And, judging from the gospel, the change he demanded was not so much personal as social. The sins he condemned were not such as we waste our energy on today, "drinking, card playing, dancing, theater-going," etc., but the weightier things—tight-fistedness to the detriment of the poor, over-taxation, violence and false accusations for gain and exploitation. Read again his demands to the various groups that came to him recorded in Luke 3:7-14. These are social sins. They cannot be practiced without injury to society. It was these sins that John denounced and demanded that every one guilty of them should repent. A full compliance with John's demands would mean the overthrow of the social system then existing; it would mean a social revolution.

That John's demand for personal repentance of social sins had a social revolution in full view is evidenced by the second point in his sermons. "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" is his clarion call. Repentance and the kingdom are hitched together in the same thought and sentence. Change your mode of feeling and practice now, for a new social order is coming soon—nay, is now at hand—in which your present mode of mind and life cannot stand. All unfit to enter when it comes must be shut out and destroyed. This is a cold psychological and social fact. New men need a social order and a new social order needs new men. They are interdependent, and progress along one line must be in due proportion to the other.

#### John's Influence

John soon became famous. His fame spread abroad in all the land. Persons from all ranks came to him. Saint and sinners, officials and laity, rich and poor, learned and illiterate came to hear his message. Jesus came unto him both to hear and receive from his hands baptism. John soon secured a large following and built up an influential school.

The crowds were made up, in the main, of two classes, the rulers with their lackeys, and the ruled, with their sore hearts and perplexed minds. The oppressed multitudes John received kindly and treated with compassion. These went out to John with honest purpose, embraced his teachings, espoused his cause and were baptized (initiated) and became disciples of his school. The ruling classes did not go out to him with honest purpose, but to spy. They saw a storm arising, and then wanted to know its source and nature. They went out with preconceived notions on orthodox theology, with calloused hearts and bloody hands. They went not to repent nor to be baptized, and there is no account in the "Synoptic Gospels" that they did. John knew this class and foresaw that they came not for good, but for evil. Hence when he saw the scribes, Pharisees and Sadducees come to him he opened his gatling guns on them in this fashion: "Ye offspring of vipers, who warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth, therefore, fruit worthy of repentance; and think not to say to yourselves, We have Abraham for our father; for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And even now is the ax laid unto the root of the tree; every tree therefore that bringeth forth not good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire."



Matt. 3:7-10. This was not conciliatory language to this group, nor was it intended to be. It was intended to expose their sham presence and hypocritical lives. It was bitter medicine! but it was given to patients with a bad disease.

Then the lackeys came, the "multitudes," the "tax collectors" and "soldiers," saying, "What, then, must we do?" To the first group he said, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath food, let him do likewise." This was dividing up with a vengeance. To the second he answered, "Extort no more than the assessment." And to the soldiers his significant reply was, "Don't be a bully; do violence to no man; neither accuse any one wrongfully; don't exploit the dependents, but be content with your wages." This was religion with teeth in it, but there is no evidence that any of these groups ever let it get hold on them.

#### John's Character

John was great in character. He was a man of vision, strong convictions, steady purpose, persistent effort and great moral courage. By birth, training and deliberate choice he had the stuff in him of which great heroes are made. He was a child of promise and dedicated to the prophetic office and the work of the ministry.

True to the angelic announcement and parental dedication, John became a prophet and the immediate predecessor of Christ. Some time in childhood (but how long before his public ministry, no one knows) he sought a life of solitude in the Judean wilderness, living the most simple life and spending his time in deep meditation. He dressed in the skins of beasts and lived on wild honey and locusts. He got his training not in the schools of Hillel or Shammai, but in God's school of nature, with the starry heavens, the giant trees, the torrent streams, the scented flowers, the rugged hills, the howling wild animals and the whisperings of his own soul as his books. There he learned a language, saw a vision, attained a boldness and acquired a self-sacrificing spirit he could never have gotten at the feet of the Rabbis. He loved the wilderness, for God was there. Like Elijah, his prototype, he caught the free and fearless spirit of the wilds and could come forth in dauntless courage to the thieving, brutal and adulterous Ahabs and Jezebels of his day.

With a fearlessness born of a holy purpose and noble mission he faced and denounced injustice everywhere. Sin in high places was the same to him as sin in low places. Places and classes could not excuse or justify wrong in his mind. Sin was sin, and he denounced it whether committed by king, nobleman, duchess, scribe, Pharisee, soldier or layman. He ripped the exploiters, oppressors of the poor and hypocrites open from stem to stern as mercilessly as did the iceberg the ill-fated Titanic. He called the scribes and Pharisees "vipers," the tax gatherers "exploiters," the soldiers "oppressors" and Herod the king a "debauched libertine." He did not pen his message and send it to these parasitic mercenaries and then escape to some unknown place of hiding. He delivered it in person to their faces and stood the consequences. He proved his sincerity and moral fortitude by standing his ground, suffering imprisonment and finally dying as a martyr for the

cause. Little wonder Jesus commended him and accounted him great.

Now the paradox. John was great; great in character, influence and message; yet, he was smaller than the least in the kingdom of God. John did not grasp the spirit and methods of the kingdom. He was a violent revolutionist. He conceived the Messiah to be a being with an ax to fell the tree from the root and a fan to thoroughly purge the threshing floor. He believed the Messiah would conquer the world, Roman and Jewish, by the use of terrible miraculous power and establish His "Kingdom of Righteousness" forthwith. In this he was mistaken. In this particular he was less than the least who conceived the true spirit and method of the kingdom and got into the historical movement soul and body. This is the fate of many great and heroic men who work for a movement without intelligently grasping its spirit and the method of its progress.

John was correct in substance, but mistaken in method. The Messiah did come, and came while John was yet preaching. The Messiah did come to establish a kingdom of heaven, a universal, just social order from which all violence and exploitation should be excluded. But he did not come to do it by the use of force, physical or miraculous. He did not use force nor encourage the use of force and violence. Wise builder of a world empire that He was, He knew that force never makes saints, only hypocrites; never settles questions, only puts them off; never establishes a just social order, only provokes bloody revolts that always accrue to the benefit of the ruling classes. He relied, not upon force nor cataclysmic changes, however produced, but upon the slow process of evolution, education, conversion and organization. He saw that the law of nature is the law of social growth, first the seed, then the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, and finally the harvest. Jesus stood for revolution through evolution. John and Jesus agreed in every essential point touching the kingdom except the method of establishing it among men, and its growth.

#### Example for the Modern Preacher

His one mistake aside, what a splendid example for the modern pulpiteer John is! He stands as a perpetual challenge to the modern preacher. His self-sacrifice, singleness of purpose, obedience to the voice of God, disavowal of any personal greatness or merit, fearlessness in the presence of an adulterous king and corrupt priesthood, positive conviction, plain language, direct address and soul-piercing eloquence; in short, all he was in life, character and message makes him an open rebuke to every time-server, profit-monger and position seeker in the pulpit and on the platform today, and an inspiration and power to every honest exponent of the truth. It is little wonder he lacked not long for an audience; that all classes went out to the wilderness to hear his flaming message, and that he was held in reverence by the people and in dread by officialdom. Men of John's caliber and message never have to beg long for hearers. The people want the truth, and will go to halls, churches, street corners or wilderness where it is preached. They went to hear John, they went after Jesus, and they will come to hear us, if we, like

John and Jesus, will feed their famishing souls with the "Bread of Life."

Let no one imagine it is an easy or cheap thing to follow the example of John. For his boldness in denouncing sin and sinners in high places, the places where they usually live; for calling the ruling class "vipers, exploiters, adulterers," etc., he was imprisoned, maltreated and killed. Let the official church and the men of leading pulpits come out and denounce social sin and social sinners, as they know them, and they, too, will lose, if not their heads, then their exalted thrones and fat salaries. But, even so, it would pay them and the world they seek to save. In losing their jobs they would save themselves and in losing the rich and mighty they would save the lost. May the spirit of John the Baptist fall upon the American pulpit today!

#### NEWS AND VIEWS

(Continued from page 6.)

In his annual address before the convention of the Newark diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Trinity Church, Newark, Bishop Edwin S. Lines said that instead of criticising Socialists and their theories, churchmen should apply themselves to such theories, as a good deal of the popular conception of Socialism was based on ignorance.

"Wrong things are said in the name of Socialism," the bishop declared, "and are done in the name of organized labor, but they may be matched by things as bad, said or done in the name of religion—and that not so very long ago. We do all need to keep a sense of justice of fairness and not to be moved by self-interest or prejudice from judgment and conduct which are in accord with the highest principles of the religion of the Christ. It is time for judgment to begin at the house of God."

About 250 clergy and laity were present at the convention.

"A brief dispatch from Buenos Ayres announces the election of two Socialists to the National Parliament, the names of the victorious candidates not being given.

This is the effective answer of the working class to the government's policy of unlawful suppression and violence, and will prove to be a lesson not soon forgotten. The lawless wrecking of Socialist printing establishments and newspaper offices by ruffians hired by the government will now cease, and the workers will have a mouthpiece to voice their glaring wrongs.

It is also announced that two Socialist aldermen have been elected in Havana, Cuba.—Florida Beacon.

"Realizing that to persecute the Socialists only helps to stir up sentiment in their favor, the government of Japan has decided to withdraw its secret agents from the Socialist organizations and to allow them freedom to propagate their doctrine.

"The decision of the government is thought to be a result of the street car strike in Tokio, in which the Socialists took a very active part. The most conspicuous among the Socialists, Katayama, was arrested and jailed. This only made the strikers more determined and turned the public sentiment much farther in their favor.

"Relief for the unemployed is also promised in the hope of stopping the advance of Socialism."—Florida Beacon.

We clip the following from "Unity," Chicago:

"The Drain of Armaments" is the title of a twenty page pamphlet, No. 5, Part 1, issued by the World Peace Foundation, 29-A Beacon street, Boston. The pages are crowded with figures which ought to carry conviction to the economists. If there be commercial men, bankers, etc., who love best to think in figures, or who, perchance, have lost the power of thinking clearly on any other line, here is food for thought. Some of these figures are so plain that even a minister, unaccustomed to money columns, can see the point. The annual armament bill of the world is put down at \$2,263,332,000; that of the United States alone amounts to \$283,-

086,000. The cost of the army per unit of fighting force in the United States is \$1,910 per man. The same costs \$3.07 per capita of the entire population. The United States gives 43.3 per cent of its total expenditure to the military, and it expended \$24,240,000 more in 1911 than it did thirty years before, in 1881. The bill has steadily increased. It costs us more now than it did in the year of the war with Spain, which ended in the ungracious war with the little people of the Pacific. Last year the war expenses of all kinds in the United States represented \$441,066,462, while for all civic purposes there was expended only \$213,071,536, and still patriotism calls for more battleships; it is disloyal to call a halt on military expenses, and it is the part of wisdom to be "scared" at an impossible enemy, making impossible attacks for inconceivable ends upon a country that is invulnerable when it is in the right and when it attends to its own business.

\* \* \*

The House of Representatives has passed an appropriation of \$1,500,000 for the manufacture of powder for the navy. The argument for government manufacture of powder was that the DuPont Company is a trust and is making 50 per cent profit on its sales to the government. Representative Kent, of California, declared the Powder Trust to be the most offensive and dangerous combination in existence. Of course, it was the "most offensive and dangerous combination" because Mr. Kent was once a powder manufacturer and the trust took his business. Every other small manufacturer whose business has been taken by a trust says the same thing about the trust in his particular line. The question of trust production vs. competition is merely a capitalists' quarrel as to whether the public shall be robbed by one large concern or by many small ones. But if the Powder Trust is making 50 per cent profit and the small manufacturers, like Mr. Kent, cannot compete with the great combine, then it means that small scale manufacture more than doubles the cost of production; and this is what the foolish "trust-busters" want the people to pay for. There is no escape from monopoly, and no reason why we should try to escape; it is merely a question of whether we shall have public monopoly or private monopoly.

\* \* \*

The Labor Leader of Manchester, England, says: "Three-fourths of the shareholders of the Lena Goldfields Co. (Russia), at whose mine 257 strikers were recently shot dead and 500 were seriously wounded, are Englishmen. British workers will be interested in learning how British capitalists oppress Russian workmen by means of the Russian autocracy."

Capitalists, as a rule, have no country and no patriotism, except for the purpose of humbugging the working class into fighting their wars for them and keeping the exploiters in power.

#### CANADA PAYS 3 TO 1 ON INVESTMENT

It is wonderful how much can be made on city lots in Canadian railroad towns. If a man had put \$200 or \$300 in choice locations in Calgary, Edmonton, Prince Rupert, Saskatchewan or Fort George a few years ago, today he would be worth anywhere from \$5,000 to \$50,000 because of the increase.

This would have seemed impossible fifteen or twenty years ago, but with the railroad of today nothing seems impossible. For example, now they are running a new line, called the Grand Trunk Pacific, from coast to coast and opening up a territory of undreamed riches in the center of which is the wonderfully well favored townsite of Fort Fraser.

The railroad is due to come this summer, and as soon as it does values will in all probability double or triple almost over night. Think of the opportunity now before you in Fort Fraser, with not only this railroad, but three others, headed that way. Lots, if taken quickly, can be had for \$200 and up, on the easy terms of 10 per cent down and 5 per cent per month. The British Columbia Government itself guarantees the titles. No interest or taxes until lots are fully paid for.

Write to Spence, Jordan & Co., Dept. AR, Marquette Building, Chicago, who are the official representatives of the townsites. They are employed to give you free plat, full information and their best aid in selecting the choicest locations. They will also tell you about choice selected garden land near Fort Fraser to be had on easy terms.



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# TOM HICKEY'S MAGAZINE

We Must Have Peace Even Though We Have to Fight for It

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VOL. I.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, U. S. A., FEBRUARY, 1915.

No. 5

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## PROHI'S FALSEHOODS VS. ANTI-PRO FACTS

## A 200% AMERICAN

## UNCLE SAM IN THE BOOZE BUSINESS

## PROMOTING ALFALFA PAYS

A Tale of Genuine "Bull"

## MEDICO FRAUDS

VS.

## CHIROPRACTORS

The Health Battle on at Austin

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Published Monthly at 1213 Throckmorton Street, Fort Worth, Texas, U. S. A.

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## "PROMOTING ALFALFA PAYS" SAYS MAJOR MILES O'REILLY

By Tom Hickey

When I reached Wortham last Thursday to get the facts about the great field I was much surprised to meet in the depot Major Miles O'Reilly, the famous Irish warrior, wildcatter and philosopher.

"Do you hold anything on your hip?" was his first question as he pulled me out of the throng into a quiet corner. I told him I possessed some of the waters of joy in my grip, whereupon we adjourned to the hotel and proceeded to make criminals of ourselves.

After we had committed the crime a few times I found that the Major was in a most loquacious mood and seemed as if he would like to plunge into one of his famous philosophic discussions. I drew him out for some time and then to my delight he proceeded to unbosom himself in this wise:

"While I was riding up from Dallas my eye caught an immense sign on the roadside that read:

"'68 MILES TO DALLAS—GENUINE BULL DURHAM.'

"The first thought that struck me was about the fight that Doctor Harvey C. Wiley had with the American Tobacco Company over Bull Durham about twelve years ago. The doctor analyzed Bull Durham in his capacity as head of the pure food and drug department of the government. This is what he found Bull Durham to consist of:

63% Alfalfa  
6% Arsenic  
1% Opium  
3% Fluid  
27% Tobacco

"When Dr. Wiley prosecuted the American Tobacco Trust under the pure food and drug act and presented this analysis of Bull Durham the trust attorneys entered a demurrer in which they claimed that Bull Durham was neither a food nor a drug and consequently did not come under the provisions of the pure



The Major

food and drug act. The federal court at St. Louis sustained the demurrer and the American Tobacco Trust kept on selling its alfalfa. At this time Bull Durham sold for five cents a sack which weighed one ounce and this started me figuring something like this:

"16 ounces of Bull Durham at 5 cents each, per pound.....\$ .80

"2000 lbs. of Bull Durham at 80c..... 1,600.00

"Sixty-three per cent of Bull Durham is alfalfa, or in other words, sixty-three per cent of \$1,600.00 is \$1,008.00 per ton for alfalfa. The farmer got \$8.00 for a ton of alfalfa, the American Tobacco Trust got \$1,000.00 a ton for its alfalfa. This is what I call promoting alfalfa.

"But this is not all. Since that time the trust has increased the Bull Durham price to ten cents a sack, so now it is getting \$2,000.00 a ton for alfalfa. This is promoting alfalfa with a vengeance and as a result, multiplied millions of dollars pour into the trust coffers each year. The farmer who raises the alfalfa is loudly declaiming that he was born in poverty, raised on the installment plan and is dying in the big trust's debt."

"What remedy have you to offer for this?" I asked the Major.

"Enlighten the people," was his answer. "But I am afraid that there is only one way to do that, and that is by death and education."

### THE OLDEST STOCK HOUSE IN TEXAS

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## THE GUSHER

By Tom Hickey

(With Apologies to R. K.)

"What are the whistles blowing for?" said Reuben on the grade.

"They're bringing in the gusher soon," the roughneck driller said.

"What makes you look so scared and mad?" said Reuben on the grade.

"Because I've found my fortune now," the roughneck driller said.

For they are bringing in the gusher, you can hear its mighty roar;

The crew has quit the bull wheel and has fled the derrick floor;

She will tear off the crown block, as towards the sun she'll soar.

As they're bringing in the gusher in morning.

"What makes the people drive so hard?" said Reuben on the grade.

"To see the sight, to see the sight," the roughneck driller said.

"What makes them push and fight and fall?" said Reuben on the grade.

"Because they think they're winners all," the roughneck driller said.

For they are bringing in the gusher and through its amber sheen,

Some are gazing at the heavens like lovers in a dream;

And others are half crazy, and are chanting a wild paen.

As they're bringing in the gusher in the morning.

"For forty years I've lived right here," said Reuben on the grade.

"It's to Europe you'll be traveling now," the roughneck driller said.

"The wife raised ten children on this spot," said Reuben on the grade.

"They'll raise Hell in College soon, my lad," the roughneck driller said.

For they are bringing in the gusher, you can hear it roar for miles;

The hardy men are cheering, and the women wreath in smiles,

That make them look like angels, on a dozen different Niles.

As they are bringing in the gusher in the morning.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" says Reuben on the grade.

"It is not black, it brown, you yap," the roughneck driller said.

"Well, maybe it is amber," said Reuben on the grade.

"It's golden stuff you're looking at," the roughneck driller said.

For they are bringing in the gusher, as it riots toward the sun,

In a glorious blaze of colors that from Nature's palate run;

A billion years it lay below, now it has its glorious fun.

As they are bringing in the gusher in the morning.

## PATRICK'S DAY PITCHFORK

For more reasons than there is space in this magazine to state the Irish people are loved by all good Americans wherever found. This is particularly true of the South because, I suppose, that the sons of Granuaile have poured out their blood and genius and treasure in the mighty task of building, south of the Mason-Dixon line, the greatest civilization this world has ever known. May I just mention in connection with this, that the roster of the battle of Goliad reads like the membership roll of the ancient order of Hibernians. Pitchfork O'Rourke Smith, who is just completing his eighteenth year of publication of his famous magazine—The Pitchfork—like a really big newspaper man recognizes the big fact mentioned above. Accordingly he will gladden the hearts of the Irish by making his March issue a St. Patrick's Day issue. One of the big features will be a reproduction of the peroration of Thomas Francis Meagher's sword speech which is universally recognized as the greatest oration of the last century. Other historical data, editorials, stories and Irish jokes, all combined, will make The Pitchfork for March the greatest Irish number ever published by a Southern magazine.

This magazine at all news stands.



## UNCLE SAM IN THE BOOZE BUSINESS

Things have come to a hess of a pass,  
When a man can't wallop his own jackass.  
—William Jennings Shakespeare.

This beautiful thought sinks gently into my mental economy, as a bull calf doth sink into a sand bar, and I find myself with no other alternative except to be patient and "beller" for help.

As a nation of people, we are bogged up to our ears in the slough of Hypocrisy.

Prohibition was to regenerate us; it was to open every jail door wide and give the prisoner back to the roads and fields; it was to kill the noxious germ of poverty and make each loafer in the land a symbol of sobriety and prosperity. There were to be no such things as bread lines and armies of unemployed, no men with addled brains in padded cells, no hungry babes tugging at the withered breast of Want—when Prohibition was a Fact.

What's the result?

You know. The land is full of idle men begging for the simple right to work and earn a living for themselves and those they love. Nearly every newspaper tells of some sad heart that broke under its load and laid its burden down. Todays it's a traveling man who despaired of hope and made his quietus with carbolic acid; yesterday it was a young mother who burned out her life with bichloride because she couldn't get employment; tomorrow it will be the same story in another form—"one more unfortunate, rash and importunate" will say farewell to a receding world.

You remember what they told us. They said that when the "nation's drink bill" was diverted into the dry goods and grocery stores there would be no more poverty. And, being no poverty, there would be no crime.

They lied to us. Our jails are full to bursting. Ninety per cent of the merchants of American cities are broke after they pay their rent. Ask one of them and see if this is not the truth. Prohibition as a crime-cure and a guaranty of prosperity is the blue ribbon joke of the age.

I am not going to argue the proposition as to whether or not prohibition is helpful to the physical and moral welfare of society.

What I would do here is to call your attention to the fact that prohibition was conceived in Hypocrisy and born in Deceit. To begin with, the 18th amendment was illegally submitted—regardless of what a hand-licking, time-serving Supreme Court says about it. Two-thirds of the membership of Congress did not vote on its submission to the state. But, if the 18th amendment WERE constitutionally submitted, it is not being honestly enforced. The same species of hypocrisy that worked the adoption of the 18th amendment seems to be in charge of its enforcement. Think of the hypocrisy of issuing one hundred prescription blanks to each doctor, every ninety days, whether the doctor has one patient or a thousand. A little shirt-tail of a doctor, just graduated from medical school, can draw as many liquor prescriptions per year as an old physician who regularly prescribes for a thousand families. Granting that whiskey is a medicine, which I sometimes doubt, what right has any "enforcement officer" to limit the right of any doctor in the writing of liquor prescriptions? The rule of "100 prescription blanks every ninety days" was cooked up in the brain of a prohibition hypocrite. The 18th amendment permits the manufacture and sale of intoxicants for RELIGIOUS purposes, but prohibition hypocrisy hasn't yet gotten to the point of telling the preachers that they can celebrate the Lord's Supper only once in three months. It would be just as ridiculous—and hypocritical—for the enforcement officers to limit the observance of the Holy Eucharist the sacrament) as for them to limit the prerogative of the licensed physician to prescribe intoxicants. The truth of the business is that Mr. Roy Haynes, head of the prohibition enforcement department, has written a new meaning into the 18th amendment; he has personally amended the amendment. The 18th amendment, as it was illegally submitted to the states, adopted by the states, and finally written into the Federal constitution, didn't suit Mr. Roy Haynes. The 18th amendment says there shall be three exceptions to its application. First, for religious purposes; second, for medicinal purposes; third, for manufacturing purposes. In the exception for medicinal purposes in the amendment there is nothing said about enforcement of-



ficers using their DISCRETION—about them allowing the doctors to write a certain number of prescriptions each month. The amendment says plainly that the manufacture and sale of intoxicants for medicinal purposes is as legal as it has ever been. There can be nothing more hypocritical than Haynes' blanket order to give each physician 100 liquor prescriptions every ninety days. Every licensed physician has a legal right, within the provisions of the 18th amendment, to write as many liquor prescriptions as his judgment dictates—whether it be one a month or one thousand a month.

But this is not the limit of our hypocrisy in applying prohibition to the country. The doctors can't prescribe beer at all—and beer is really a medicine. That is, it is a very fine tonic, and has been a wonderful aid in convalescent cases. I personally know of scores of instances where beer has been successfully used to promote rest in shattered nervous systems. But Roy Haynes won't permit a drop of beer to be manufactured or issued on the prescription of a reputable, licensed physician. There is nothing in the 18th amendment against it. Mr. Volstead and Mr. Haynes are against the issuance of beer on doctors' prescriptions—that's all! And a hypocritical Supreme Court says "that's right!"

But this is not the worst of our hypocrisy in administering the 18th amendment.

The United States government, ITSELF, has gone into the business of bootlegging! For nearly five years liquors of all kinds have been sold over the bars of our government-owned merchant marine. Mr. A. D. Lasker, chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, issued the order permitting it; his excuse is that if Uncle Sam's ships don't sell booze to their passengers, ships sailing under other flags will get all the business.

Chairman Lasker of the Shipping Board amends the 18th amendment to suit his own whim just as Mr. Haynes amends it in dealing with the doctors.

If I were a U. S. district judge I would turn every bootlegger loose who was brought before me, and I'd keep on turning them loose as long as Uncle Sam conducted saloons on his ocean liners.

Can you imagine a more disgusting piece of hypocrisy than the U. S. government sending a farmer to jail for a year because he made a gallon of corn whiskey, then bidding for international tourist travel with open bar rooms on government-owned ocean liners? What in the name of God are we coming to as a people, that we sit supinely by and don't even flicker an eyelash while this administrative hypocrisy runs its course unrebuked? I can remember the day when, if there were one-thousandth part of this stuff going on, there would be an indignation mass meeting held in every blacksmith shop in Texas. Our fathers wouldn't have tolerated a little two-by-four bureaucrat like Roy Haynes to write a new meaning into a constitutional amendment; they wouldn't put an humble citizen in jail for selling a pint of corn whiskey, then authorize Uncle Sam to go into the saloon business on the high seas.

Prohibition may be a good thing—I don't know. I haven't tried it yet. But in heaven's name let's be consistent, one way or the other. Let's quit being mice, and be men a while. Let's tell fellows like Roy Haynes, head of the prohibition enforcement department, that he is nothing but a little F. R. T. departmental head and that he has no legislative powers whatsoever; let's tell Wayne Wheeler the same thing; let's inform these gentlemen that the 18th amendment means what it says in plain English and that we are tired of prohibition hypocrisy.

"Does your husband play cards for money?"

"No," replied young Mrs. Torkins, thoughtfully; "I don't think Harry plays for money, but all the people who play with him do."

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## I AM AN AMERICAN

In every fiber of my being, in every drop of my blood, in every breath I draw, in every movement of my spirit—I AM AN AMERICAN, because I love my country in all the term implies. Its history, traditions, achievements and transcendent purposes exalt me when I think of them but yet I, as an American, cannot help but deplore a spirit of intolerance that is prevalent in our land although it is utterly foreign to American spirit as exemplified by the fathers of our country.

The basic fact of states' rights and local self-government carries within itself the idea of tolerance while Federal government or centralized power is now, and always has been a synonym for intolerance back to the ancient Grecian and Roman Republics, and even to Nineveh and Tyre.

How Federal enactment when it usurps the least powers of the state can cause rank injustice to be visited upon us may be illustrated by this happening which, unfortunately, is by no means rare:

In an old-fashioned Southern town, redolent of the best traditions of the old South, a splendid type of its young citizenship recently purchased a Ford coupe in which he intended to travel to neighboring towns for business purposes. On a scorching summer's day last year he passed an aged man who was wearily plodding along on foot carrying a battered suitcase. Filled with a typical Southern generous impulse, he stopped his car and invited the old man to take a ride to the next town. On arriving there he was invited by the old gentleman to step into a cold drink stand and take a Coca-Cola. The young man did so and on stepping out in a moment he found a man with a gun and badge searching his car. On protesting, the officer who had by this time opened the old man's suitcase, pulled out a half pint bottle with a little corn whiskey in it, and said, "I jes' kotedched you. You are both under arrest."

The young Samaritan was jailed overnight, his mother was thrown into a fever of apprehension, bondsmen had to be secured, lawyers hired, and then the young man lost his new car and was told to congratulate himself

for escaping the penitentiary for doing precisely what Christ would have done had He been in the young man's place.

It is things like this that makes me see red, that strikes me to the soul and causes me to wonder where we are drifting and what will become of our boasted liberties if the hand of intolerance is not stayed.

Down here in Texas in the land of Sam Houston and within the shadows of the Alamo, if a gentleman takes his wife or sister or sweetheart into an ice cream parlor on Sunday and purchases a lemonade or a glass of Coca-Cola he and she can be arrested and thrown like a common criminal into the city jail for violation of a sumptuary law. The same is true of moving pictures, baseball, sale of gasoline and automobile supplies and a hundred and one other things that are equally innocent, but are construed as criminal offenses if done on Sunday. Herein we see the hand of intolerance interfering with the freedom of American citizens, and the pusillanious puritan triumphing over the spirit of tolerance that Jefferson taught and practiced.

Let me hark back, and in doing so call attention to a grave danger that intolerance breeds. I mentioned in the preceding paragraph about the law prohibiting the sale of Coca-Cola on Sunday. This law was circumvented in this sensible fashion: My friend, Pitchfork Smith, publisher of the famous magazine of that name, visited an East Texas county seat town a few years ago on a broiling hot summer's day. He went straight from the depot to a drug store and said, "Give me a Coca-Cola, please, sir."

"Nothing doing; this is Sunday," said the soda jerker.

"Pitch" swelled up to the bursting point to prevent himself from violating profanity laws and then said:

"Do you mean, young man, that I cannot purchase a mild, innocuous drink like Coca-Cola with plenty of ice in it because this is the Sabbath day? The better the day, the better the deed, I think."

"It's the law and boss' orders," barked the soda jerker.

Undismayed, "Pitch" returned the attack, saying, "Well, young man, I'm going to have a Coca-Cola. First, because I want it, and



second, because your boss and the law says I can't have it. Give me a plate of ice cream to eat and then put a glass of Coca-Cola alongside of it, and if I drink it in its natural form, lock me up."

The bewildered youth filled the order and "Pitch" took a small spoonful of cream, placed it on top of the Coca-Cola and said, "Now, my son, you notice that I have milk in my Coca-Cola and I have not violated the law." He turned to the county attorney who was present and said, "How about it, Judge?"

After a judicial pause the official declared that the milk or cream removed the element of crime.

That day more than one thousand drinks of Coca-Cola were sold around the public square and the young folks sniggered in their sleeves at the law.

Therein lies the danger of legislation that is bred of intolerance. The people scoff and scorn the minor laws and gradually laugh at the major ones.

This sumptuary legislation born of the un-American spirit of intolerance is spreading like a cancer across the nation. Let us leave the good old South and take a nation-wide look at the legislation that is foisted upon liberty-loving Americans by pecksniffian reformers.

In Los Angeles I must not play cards in my home. When I did four men with police badges forced their way in and ordered me to stop.

In Long Beach, Calif., my children must not romp on the beach on Sunday. When they did a policeman threatened to arrest me if I did not keep them quiet.

In New York I must not have a firearm on my person. When I bought a revolver to protect myself against thugs and highwaymen—yes, and thieving policemen—I was thrown into the Tombs for carrying concealed weapons.

In Kansas I must not have any tobacco about me. When I offered a cigar to a friend I was quickly taken aside and told to be careful.

In Utah my daughter must not wear high heel shoes. When she did I had to pay a ten-dollar fine before they would let her come home with me.

In Pittsburgh I must not have my shoes shined on Sunday. I tried to once and found

that the law closed all the boot-cleaning stands.

I must not carry a bottle of wine in my automobile. When a friend gave me some for Christmas I was apprehended and handcuffed and fined \$300.

I must not criticize the President. When I did I was sent to a Federal penitentiary for espionage—whatever that may be.

I must not publicly question the honesty or impartiality of the courts. When I did I was held until I turned over a whole month's pay for being guilty of contempt—although no language could adequately describe my contempt for the court in question.

I must not agree with my fellow workingman to quit our railroad jobs. When we did because we could not live on the pay we were getting, we were thrown into a Federal bull pen for violating the Lever Act.

I must not reduce my employes' wages. When business was poor in Kansas and I cut salaries I was made to pay a heavy fine for violating the Industrial Act.

I must not drink alcoholic beverages.

I must not attend a prize fight.

I must not make, buy or sell cigarets in some states.

I must not be a chiropractor.

I must not prefer Christian Science to materia medica when the members of my family are ill.

I must not resist vaccination—even if I do not believe in it.

I must not show a motion picture without a board of censors imperil and jeopardize my investment.

But yet, after all, I am an AMERICAN CITIZEN. I love the old flag for the freedom it represented in the past and I know that the intellect and character, courage and spirit of my countrymen is still sound. The reformers who have sought to unite church and state is steadily losing out, and the attempt has almost wrecked the evangelical churches. I have the faith within me to say that the last constitutional amendment that minimizes our liberties has been passed. The pendulum of tolerance will swing forward to a greater measure of individual liberty, and our grand old flag will, when the people are aroused, be swept clean of the worms of intolerance that have been hidden within its folds.



## FALSEHOODS AND FACTS

Several months ago the Rev. E. L. McBride, Wisconsin State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, sent out letters of appeal to friends of the latter for contributions to a special campaign fund. This letter stated that the people of Wisconsin were "Face to face with a real crisis; that the eyes of the nation are on us—Wisconsin is the center of the wet attack." Enclosed with the letter were subscription cards (one for \$10.00 and the other for \$25.00) and a small printed folder entitled "Fourteen Points—What Are We Getting for Our Money?" by Dr. P. A. Baker, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League.

The statements contained in this folder are manifestly false or misleading as proven by the facts and statistics herewith presented.

### "FOURTEEN POINTS"

#### "What Are We Getting for Our Money?"

By Dr. P. A. Baker,  
General Superintendent Anti-Saloon League  
of America

**FIRST: WE ARE GETTING RID OF** money waste. The billions of dollars that passed over the bar to maintain in idleness and criminality multiplied thousands of unproductive citizens are now being turned into the channels of legitimate trade.

**SECOND: WE ARE GETTING RID OF** the unproductive drain of keeping in idleness the army of proprietors, bartenders, spittoon washers, gamblers and prostitutes that infested the nearly 200,000 grog shops.

**THIRD: WE ARE GETTING RID OF** the bread lines. That spawn of the saloon has practically disappeared.

**FOURTH: WE ARE GETTING RID OF** free lodging houses. The Salvation Army has abandoned most of their overcrowded relief stations for want of patrons.

**FIFTH: WE ARE GETTING RID OF** the poor-farms. In many states poor-farms are being transformed into agricultural experiment stations because they no longer have pauper inmates.

**SIXTH: WE ARE GETTING RID OF** charity claims. More than a seventy per cent reduction in the number of charity cases due to liquor since prohibition went into effect.

**SEVENTH: WE ARE GETTING RID OF**

jails and poorhouses. Jails are being closed for lack of prisoners and almshouses for lack of inmates in many states.

**EIGHTH: WE ARE GETTING A DECREASE** of seventy-two per cent in deaths from alcohol.

**NINTH: WE ARE GETTING A LOWER MORTALITY RATE** of about 155,000 per year since prohibition came.

**TENTH: WE ARE SAVING HUMAN LIFE.** In a state like Ohio, for example, that had one automobile for every thirty of her population when prohibition came and now has one for every six, the return of saloons would make the state a veritable slaughter house.

**ELEVENTH: WE ARE BRINGING JOY** to the home. The inmates of thousands of drunkards' homes, rehabilitated, clothed and in their right mind. The song birds of hope and happiness having come back to the mother's heart.

**TWELFTH: WE ARE GETTING RID OF** the drunks. Outside of a few cities we do not see one drunken person where we used to see at least twenty, and in the excepted cities only a small per cent of what used to be. We have reduced whiskey withdrawals from bond from 12,389,529 gallons in 1920 to 1,819,888 gallons in 1922.

**THIRTEENTH: WE ARE GETTING A SALOONLESS NATION,** which means we are getting out of government and individual partnership and complicity with the liquor traffic, which makes for self-respect.

**FOURTEENTH: WE ARE GETTING THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD.** This home and human destroying traffic put in the way of ultimate extinction by our action and example is stirring the Christian hearts of the civilization of all nations that will never be satisfied until we have a saloonless and drunkless world.

### Answer to "FOURTEEN POINTS"

#### "What We ARE Getting"

By Dr. J. J. Seelman, President,  
Wisconsin Division, Association Against the  
Prohibition Amendment.

**FIRST: IF WE ARE GETTING RID OF MONEY WASTE,** do the "legitimate channels of trade" referred to include the millions spent for bootleg liquor; millions for moonshine; millions for home-brewing implements



and ingredients; millions for wine making fruits; millions spent in bribery and corruption of officials, and millions spent in an attempt to enforce an unpopular law? (See report of grape production and wine stored in California, also report of Prohibition Commissioner Haynes on violations of the Volstead Act.

SECOND: ARE WE GETTING RID OF AN "UNPRODUCTIVE DRAIN" by replacing 498,906 employees with a wage total of \$453,872,553 (see report of Bureau Census for 1909), and an annual distribution other than for wages of \$525,854,236 by an uncountable army of boogleggers, rum-runners, speak-easy operators, moonshine dispensers, highjackers, bribers and grafters?

THIRD: ARE NOT THE CLAIMS REGARDING LACK OF BREAD LINES or free lodging houses; of getting rid of poor-farms and charity cases, as applied to prohibition, utterly preposterous, in that statistics prove that the rise and fall in the demands upon society for aid and relief for the poor and unfortunate are almost entirely measured by the prevailing industrial and agricultural conditions?

FOURTH: Any citizen in any community can verify this statement, and the further fact that charitable organizations and Community Fund Drives are requesting larger sums each year. (Mr. Oliver C. Fuller, chairman of the Milwaukee Committee in the "Sentinel" of September 11, 1924, is quoted as saying: "We have a larger task to accomplish this year, inasmuch as

FIFTH: the amount of money to be raised is larger, etc.") Statistics of the operation for seven years of the Milwaukee County Infirmary on page 13 indicate that it is still a going concern. Record of Family Welfare Association on page 13. We also commend your attention to the very pertinent remarks of Mr. C. A. Windle, editor of the "Iconoclast," before the Judiciary Committee in Washington on page 14.

SEVENTH: A DELIBERATE FALSEHOOD! See data by Department of Commerce on prisons; statistics on arrests and statement of Insurance, Protective and Surety companies.

EIGHTH: ANOTHER FALSEHOOD! See statistics page 14. "Deaths from alcoholism."

NINTH: MORTALITY RATES HAVE GRADUALLY declined for the last fifty years. The reduced rate since prohibition is only the normal reduction expected because of the wonderful advances made by science, not only in the cure, but in the prevention of disease.

TENTH: A STATEMENT PURELY CONJECTURAL. Moonshine is demanding its toll. The tremendous annual automobile slaughter is largely due to moonshine.

ELEVENTH: IF PROHIBITION IS BRINGING JOY TO THE HOME, the fact must be reflected in the most important public records available as a contributing factor thereto—divorce. The Wisconsin Divorce Record has increased from 9.9 per cent in 1919 to 12.5 per cent in 1923. The National Record is one divorce every four minutes.

TWELFTH: THIRTY-SIX LEADING WISCONSIN CITIES show an increase in arrests for drunkenness in 1923 over 1919 of OVER 82 per cent.

FORTY-FOUR CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES of over 100,000 population show an increase in arrests for drunkenness for 1923 over 1919 of OVER 77 per cent.

AS TO WHISKEY WITHDRAWALS see an article in Collier's Weekly, also records of prescription whiskey.

THIRTEENTH: MILWAUKEE HAD 400 MORE SALOONS IN JUNE, 1924, than when prohibition went into effect.

FOURTEENTH: INDEED, WE ARE GETTING THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD as is evidenced in the comments by distinguished foreign visitors after a sojourn here.

War-time prohibition laws in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Turkey, Russia, Poland and Canada have been repealed or modified.

Do you know the nature of an oath, madam?" "Well, I ought to, sir. We have just moved, and my husband put down the carpet."



## YOUTH

(The following beautiful tribute to youth was written for Tom Hickey's Magazine by a Dallas attorney, who is one of the most modest men I have ever met. I want to give him full credit, in fact, feature him but he would not allow his name to be used. Possibly he does not wish his wealthy clients to know that he has any other interest in life except the law. After reading these beautiful lines you can well appreciate true modesty.)

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is the freshness of the deep springs of life. Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for advantage over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the SOUL!

Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the groaning spirit back to dust. Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars, and star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unavailing, child-like appetite for the what next, and the JOY OF THE GAME OF LIVING! You are as young as your FAITH, as old as your DOUBT, as young as your SELF-CONFIDENCE, as old as your FEAR, as young as your HOPE, and as old as your DESPAIR.

In the central place of your heart is an evergreen tree—it's name is LOVE. So long as it flourishes, you are young—when it dies, you are old. In the central place of your heart is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of BEAUTY, HOPE, CHEER, GRANDEUR, COURAGE and POWER from God and from your fellowmen, so long you are YOUNG!

What profiteth a man if he shall gain the whole world but lose his am-bish!

(AN ADVERTISEMENT WRITTEN BY PITCHFORK SMITH)

## WE APOLOGIZE FOR OUR SIZE

¶ Once upon a time there was a Big Boy in school. He was so big that the other boys took a delight in playing tricks on him. They insisted on misunderstanding him. They put tacks in his seat during "recess." They went to the teacher with tales about him that were not true. All because he was so BIG and he couldn't help it because he was big.

¶ It is strange but true that some people have an instinctive distrust of us, ON ACCOUNT OF OUR SIZE. Because we are big we are "soulless," we are "grasping," we are called "the octopus" and other names signifying malevolence. All because we are BIG—because we are capitalized up in the millions of dollars.

¶ We can't help being big. We are big because we've GOT to be big. We couldn't do our full duty toward you, the great Public, if we didn't add to our capitalization as fast as you add to your demands on us for service.

¶ We make mistakes, which is very human, and when we make them, call us "on the carpet." But don't assume an unfriendly attitude toward us, just because we are BIG and can't help it.



**SOUTHWESTERN BELL  
TELEPHONE COMPANY**



## MODIFY VOLSTEAD ACT LIKE NAVY MEN DO

Washington, Feb. 13.—In order to protect the enlisted men of the Navy from the dangers of drinking alcohol that has been denatured under processes approved by the Federal Prohibition Bureau, the Navy Department denatures all of its own supplies of alcohol by a harmless process of its own, declared Capt. W. H. Stayton, head of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, in a statement tonight.

"The Navy will not take any chances on the special denaturing processes authorized by the Government, many of which utilize such virulent poisons that their later illegitimate use cause death or total blindness, even after redistillation," said Captain Stayton.

Testimony adduced from official sources was quoted by Captain Stayton to show that of the 60,000,000 gallons of industrial alcohol issued yearly under government permits, 6,000,000 gallons are diverted to illegitimate uses, of which from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 have been previously denatured by special means involving the use of wood alcohol, strychnine and other deadly poisons.

"In the testimony given by Dr. Doran, chief chemist of the Prohibition Bureau," said Captain Stayton, "it was stated that of the 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 gallons of specially denatured alcohol that went astray last year, samples of the illicit liquors made therefrom were found by laboratory examination at the Prohibition Bureau to contain the deadly poisons mentioned, as well as other deleterious denaturants, which had not been completely removed in the process of redistillation.

It was further admitted by the government expert that these poisons were used largely because they were odorless and tasteless, and thus preferred in the manufacture of such industrial articles as perfumes, and that alcohol so specially denatured offered an inviting field for the illicit liquor manufacturer.

"The government witness, under cross-examination before a Senate Committee, fell back on the defense that the Prohibition Bureau has warned the public of the character of the illicit liquor used and the dangers of the poisonous denaturants employed, includ-

ing wood alcohol, which the witness admitted was fatal to human life.

"Officials of the Navy, recognizing the temptations to the use as a beverage of the alcohol allotted to its legitimate needs, when in the hands of its personnel, ignorant of the dangers, have insisted on denaturing all of the Navy's supplies. One of the principal denaturants used is croton oil, the presence of which is calculated to assist in eliminating the ill effects of the illicit beverage when taken into the system.

"Of the many absurdities produced by the Volstead Act and its workings, that of one government department taking precautions against the approved methods of another ranks high in the field of comedy.

"But the element of tragedy is not absent. The prohibitionists note with holy calm, if not with actual gratification, the toll of deaths and blindness incurred by the drinking of poisonous liquors. The prohibition officials authorize the use of colorless and tasteless poisons in special processes of denaturing, on the ground that the industries prefer such colorless and tasteless ingredients because of the trade uses of the alcohol. They admit that 5,000,000 gallons of this specially denatured stuff goes astray into illegitimate channels every year, and that its use as a beverage may cause death or loss of eyesight, even though the poisons are partially removed in redistillation.

"The sensible and humane course pursued by the Navy officials calls for the highest commendation. The boy out of the Navy, as well as the ordinary American taxpayer, is entitled to the same protection, which obviously is altogether within the power of the law to grant, by eliminating all deadly poisons from use as denaturants, instead of falling back on the weak and shifty defense that 'the public has been warned'."

## PREPAREDNESS

He: "My dear, it's no use for you to look at those hats; I haven't more than a dollar in my pocket."

She: "You might have known when we came out that I'd want to buy a few things."

He: "I did."



## TERRIBLE DALLAS-FORT WORTH DEBATE

In the building of America a splendid healthy rivalry between two great growing cities has enlivened our people from time to time north, south, east and west. Old-timers will remember when St. Louis was anathema to Chicago; Cleveland fought Cincinnati, Pittsburg fought Allegheny, Seattle fought Tacoma, and even to this good hour a loyal San Franciscan will not wipe his shoes on the cactus plains that surround Los Angeles. It is even so in the South; Dallas seeks to lord it over Fort Worth, and is ever boastful of its superior position financially and otherwise.

Just because I am a loyal Panther City man I am every ready to break a lance with any upholder of the claims of the city by the Trinity. Thus it happened I got in a row last week with seven stalwart Dallasites in Pitchfork Smith's office. That loyal son of the fourth estate, after we had sliced our watermelon, opened fire on me in this manner:

"Look at my good old friend Tom Hickey and feel for him because he is approaching senility. His once mighty Irish intellect has been wrecked, and in proof of that statement, gentlemen, I submit to you the fact that he is running a magazine in that low down miserable village called Fort Worth. When a Dallas gentleman wants to shoot deer or take a rest cure, he hies himself into the wilderness, that is labeled F. W. I'm thinking of raising a ten thousand dollar fund to rescue my old friend and bring him over here to the cenetr of culture and civilization, joy and good cheer, called DALLAS. What is your opinion, gentlemen?"

Up rose Judge "Jim" Collins and he spake thusly:

"I heartily coincide with the idea. When I was down in Washington before the Supreme Court recently, I thought of calling a mass meeting of the citizens of our capital and explain to them how much better we could run the capital if they knew the latest Dallas civic improvements. I intended to suggest to them that they might move the Washington Monument to Main and Akard, but I became so homesick for our lovely city that I just could not go through with the program, but anything that will help our friend and

bring him into civilization again will secure my hearty support."

After taking another shot of the watermelon, the greatest municipal lawyer in America sat down, and then four other legal lights proceeded to pour it on me. This got my Irish up and I proceeded to unload upon them something after this fashion:

"I want you gentlemen to know that I am as lean as the panther for whom our city is named. I want you to get a few facts in your head swiftly. First, Fort Worth is the third healthiest city in the United States. Our death rate being but seven per thousand, while Dallas is away down on the list, to be exact, twenty-fourth of the sixty-eight cities with a population of over one hundred thousand. Second, Fort Worth stands at the gateway of West Texas, the greatest inland empire in the world, richer by far than the valley of the Nile when ruled over by the sensuous Solomon. We are at the beginning of that West, where the handclasp is strongest and the laugh is heartiest, where the women are fairest and nature displays her charms in lavish style. Our water conservation program has practically carried, and inside of ten years our capital, labor and engineering skill, attacking our natural resources, will give us one of the greatest irrigation districts in America and will cause our city to be the largest southwest of Kansas City. Now let me look at Dallas from another side. You are not an American city, you wear spats and scorn five gallon hats, your corn runs seventy gallons to the acre, ours running ninety. Your corner saloons cannot compare with ours. You secure your capital from Wall Street, New York, and Lombard Street, London. We make our own capital. You can't speak the English language properly. You emphasize the "r", and we in Fort Worth are so broad-minded we put Knights of Columbus on our grand jury. We are two hundred per cent Americans in Fort Worth and the next decade will reveal the fact that Fort Worth will be the New York of the South."

After this impassioned outburst, the watermelon was cut again and the one and only Mike Murphy, the insurance wizard of Dallas, was after a hasty consultation put up to reply to my terrible indictment. He said:

"Boys, we will let Tom live. My County Mayo heart will not permit me to recommend



his death. However, I want to tell him a couple of things about Fort Worth. They have an electric signal system on two of their deserted main streets and I have stood at the Texas Hotel and heard the bell ring fifteen times and not a soul crossed the street nor a wagon passed by."

"Why were you out at three o'clock in the morning?" I howled.

"Order!" shouted Pitchfork, and Mike resumed.

"The lad doesn't know about the killing of the Fort Worth letter carrier or he wouldn't talk that way. The way I got the story is this: It seems that a blue-bellied prohibitionist enforcement officer from the granite hills of Vermont, near Coolidgeville, came down to Fort Worth last month to prevent the boys from drinking corn and to check up on the saloons. He found that there wasn't any mail being distributed to the inhabitants, and he noticed that a man carrying a suspicious leather bag, dressed in a gray uniform, was going through a silent street at noon. He promptly pulled his automatic and shot him dead. He was at once arrested and told John Alderman that on his way down from Vermont he heard that General Robert E. Lee had just surrendered and he noticed the man in gray uniform carrying the bag and he thought he was a Confederate soldier. So he considered it his duty to shoot him. This, of course, couldn't happen if letter carriers were common in the city of Fort Worth."

The watermelon was sliced again and several very estimable ladies arrived, as Pitchfork said, to take their husbands home, and thus the great Fort Worth-Dallas debate closed with Jim Collins handing over a check for twenty dollars for flowers to be placed upon the grave of the Fort Worth letter carrier.

#### POME

There is a man in our town  
Much wiser than his sires;  
He ran into a bramble bush  
And punctured all four tires.  
And when he saw his tires were wrecked,  
with all his might and main,  
He ran into a rubber plant  
And had them fixed again.

—Exchange.

#### INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

W. B. M., Dallas, Texas: I would not advise any investment in Kosse Oil properties at this time. There are strenuous efforts being made to revive the Kosse boom since the Wortham field came in. Some drilling is going on but there is not enough oil and gas showing to warrant investment right now.

F. S. B., Daggett, California: I would suggest that you write to Mr. Johnson, President of the Texas Development Company at Midland, Texas. I understand he is the man who has sub-leased potash land to the party you inquire about. The U. S. Government has sent out some valuable information about potash development in that portion of West Texas, and the Chamber of Commerce at Midland can advise you as to what the prospects are. However, Mr. Johnson will inform you thoroughly on this Fort Worth leasing matter.

P. S., Reno, Nevada: 1. The Hazlitt-Simmons Corporation of Fort Worth seem to be making a genuine effort to put their company over. They are incorporated under the Blue Sky Law of the State of Texas. They have recently secured permission from the State to increase their capitalization \$60,000.00. They are sinking several wells now, have production; they paid a dividend last year and should be able to pay a larger dividend this year if the price of crude keeps climbing.

2. The Walker-Caldwell Company is thoroughly clean. Mr. Walker is the President of the First National Bank at Breckenridge, and Mr. Caldwell is one of the principal stockholders. They are ideal oil executives from every standpoint, particularly character and efficiency. The reason their stock is not at par is because of the slump in the price of crude, but as there is an upward climb in crude prices now I expect to see this stock go to par, and above particularly so when the price of crude justifies a big drilling campaign on its valuable property.

3. You might try the Lehman Oil Company, 9th Floor W. T. Waggoner Building, Fort Worth, Texas.

4. No.

Some men think that when the wife gets to be forty they ought to change her into a couple of twenty's.



## Handling the Gas You Burn at Home

¶ In the last year, in order to better its service to the people of Texas, the Lone Star Gas Company has added thirty new compressors to its equipment.

¶ These compressors may be likened to locomotives. Their sole purpose is to get the gas where it is needed at the time it is needed.

### NECESSARY PROCESS

¶ In functioning, gas compressors take up the gas from the wells at varying pressures, and force it into the pipe lines at a pressure varying from 200 to 300 pounds to the inch. In this process of compression gas becomes heated so much that it must be cooled, and after leaving the compressors it is passed through coils of pipe over which water runs.

¶ Compressors vary from 150 to 1,250 horsepower, and when a big battery of them, as at our Petrolia station, is in operation one gets an idea of the great volume of gas required to supply our system.

¶ Those who think the method of obtaining gas is simply to couple a well into a pipeline would find a visit to a compressor station of interest.

¶ They would learn of the number of times natural gas is handled in purifying it and delivering it to your homes in condition for satisfactory use.

## LONE STAR GAS COMPANY

DALLAS, TEXAS

### TWENTY BALES FROM 20 ACRES

Plainview, Texas, Feb. 18.—By raising 20 bales of lint cotton on 20 acres of land, without irrigation or the use of fertilizer, Robert Bruton of near Hale Center won the first prize in the \$1,500 cotton contest conducted by the Plainview Chamber of Commerce. Announcement of the winners was made at a big meeting of farmers in Plainview, at which time many leading agricultural workers of Texas made talks. It was announced at that time that the contest would again be conducted this year.

More than 500 twenty-acre tracts of cotton had been entered in the contest by farmers in the Plainview trade territory and many yields of from three-quarters to a bale per acre were reported. Although a smaller acreage would have enabled farmers to report a higher yield per acre, the twenty-acre tracts were used so that the records would give results for normal farming conditions.

Mr. Bruton made 9,572 pounds of lint cotton on his contest tract, which measured exactly nineteen and one-half acres. Albert Veasey of Running Water was second with 9,269 pounds.



## LEGISLATORS! LICENSE THE CHIROPRACTORS

Recently the Texas Senate received from one of its committees a favorable report on a bill that has for its purpose the licensing of chiropractors in this state and the establishing of a board with full powers to examine all applicants for such license and said applicants must be able to show they have spent at least three thousand hours in a reputable college in the study of anatomy. They must show other evidences of scholarship, including graduation certificates from at least state high schools. It is generally believed that the chiropractic bill will pass, but I am advised that the regular medicos belonging to their different schools such as allopath, homeopath, eclectic, osteopath, etc., have raised an immense slush fund to prevent these modern practitioners in the healing art from being licensed. In this connection it is worthy of note that for years the medical trust and the drug trust have maintained, with a desire to uphold their monopoly one of the most powerful and vicious lobbies ever congregated in Austin.

The legislature should take cognizance of this fact. Let me, as a layman, who wants to see fair play incidentally, and particularly wants to see the health of the people of Texas conserved, suggest to them that they ask the medical trust lobby the following questions:

1. Isn't it a fact that the state of California has taken a referendum vote on the chiropractic measure that is now before its legislature and it was carried by a 200,000 majority?

2. Isn't it a fact that 28 states, including every state that surrounds Texas, licenses chiropractors?

3. Isn't it a fact that forty per cent of the medical trust of Texas are incompetent according to the official statement of the president of the Texas Medical Association? And that this terrible condition calls for legislation in the interest of the people at present sick in Texas and who may become sick in the future. Surely the sick and suffering men and women of Texas must be protected against over two thousand licensed drug healers who, according to authorities, do not know their business.

4. America's greatest medical authority, Dr. Will J. Mayo, has recently stated that

out of fifty thousand surgeons forty thousand are incompetent. If 80% of the surgeons of America are incompetent then what marvelous effrontery is displayed when a medical trust made up in large part of such incompetents, appear before our legislature and demand a monopoly in the healing art.

5. In the light of the above fact the legislative medical scenes should shift at Austin. By unanimous vote the chiropractors should be licensed and then a sweeping investigation of the Texas medical trust should be initiated. The medical graft has gone far enough. Too many operations for surgeons' pocket book have been held. Too many innocent lives have been sacrificed, so that the medicos' greed might approximate satisfaction.

License the chiropractor and turn the light on the medical trust.

## REGULAR ALLOPATHIC DRUG DOCTORS

By Pitchfork Smith

Sing a song of doctor,  
A satchel full of dope,  
Four-and-twenty patients,  
A hundred miles of hope.  
When the satchel opens,  
The doctors start to guess;  
The patients are about to get  
Some nauseating mess.

Dosem's in the parlor,  
Analyzing frogs;  
Cuttem's in the kitchen,  
Vivisecting dogs;  
Prickum's found another  
Serum for disease,  
But there's no disagreement  
When they figure up their fees.

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DALAS, TEXAS

### A MIGHTY DAMAGE SUIT

The old story of "nothing succeeding like success" has again proved true, this time in the person of Judge Dee Estes of Fort Worth, who established a legal record in damage suit affairs by collecting a \$39,000.00 judgment last month. Like a thoroughly wise Panther City man, he sent for the editor of this great religious magazine so that the story would be properly broad-casted to the world. It followed as a matter of course that the big men in legal circles read my story and now Judge Estes, like Alexander of Old, is seeking new worlds to conquer this time in a damage suit that will, when brought to successful completion, make the \$39,000.00 judgment seem like small potatoes.

The biggest lawyer south of San Antonio, Judge W. E. Pope, of Corpus Christi, has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Judge Estes in a suit for \$750,000.00 against the American Railway Express Com-

pany et al., because through the careless-ness of one of its agents a bomb was delivered in a parcel with resulting loss of life.

I have not any more to say at this time because the case is sub-judice, but I will risk my reputation as a prophet that Judge Dee Estes will again bring home the bacon and equal justice will be done allround.

## THE WHITE STAR CAFE

FOOD—Highest Quality  
COOKING—Equals Paris  
PRICES—Most Reasonable in City  
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