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Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company
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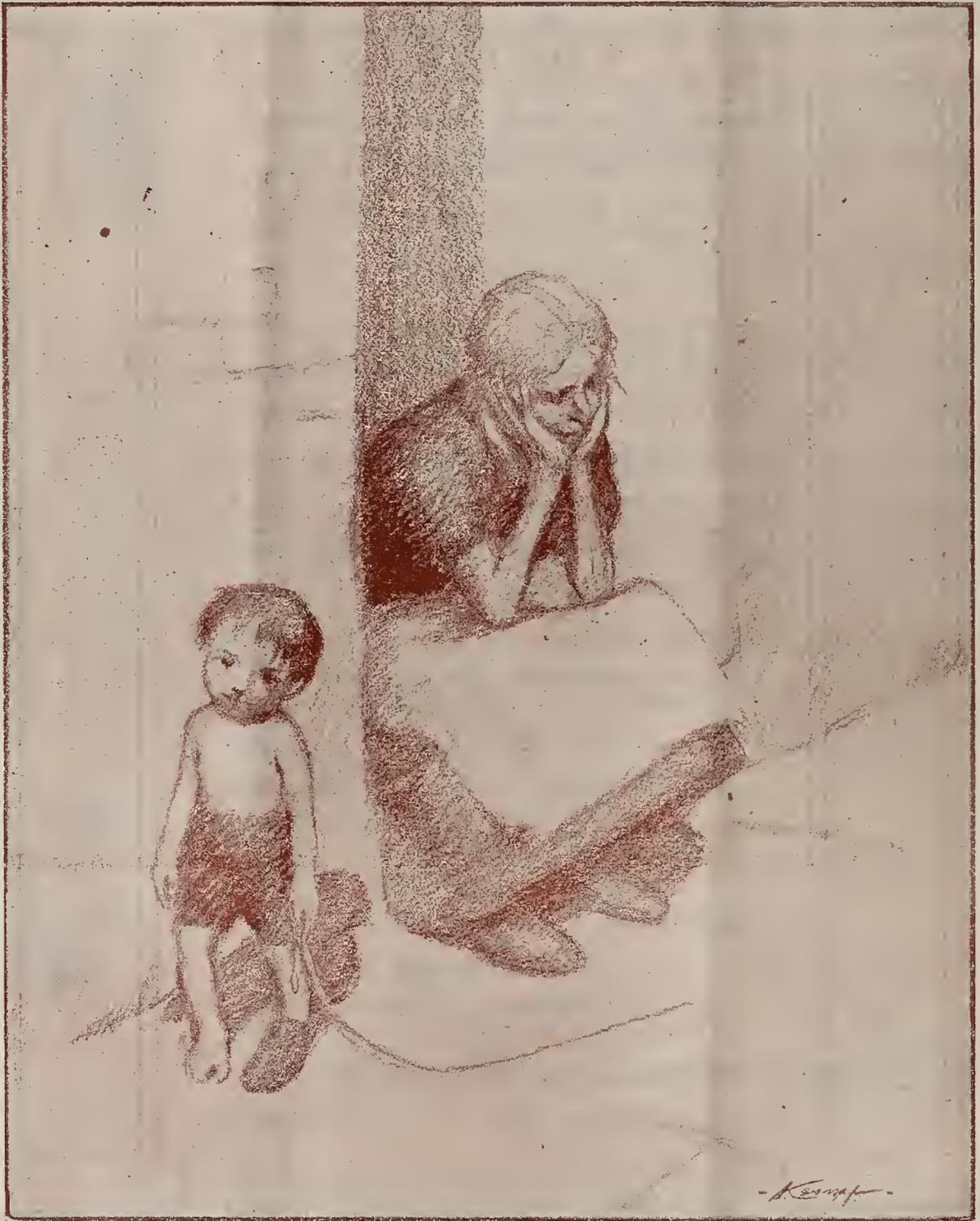
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A SON OF THE METROPOLIS

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. III

LOS ANGELES, CAL., JULY, 1915

NUMBER 3



The Picnic. Waiting for the Barbecued Beef

REVIEW OF EVENTS

By Frank E. Wolfe

SOcialization of the sources of production or wholesale industrial conscription, or both, faces Labor in England. For the workers it means state capitalism with merciless and inexorable masters. Involuntary servitude in a newer form confronts the toilers in factory, mill and mine. The necessity of servile workers in ammunition factories is so great that Labor disputes, with possible acts of reprisal, at this hour are a menace to the life of England.

The British cabinet realizes the imminent danger and is determined to organize the human resources

on the same intense basis as Germany. It will require this or England will go down to defeat at the hands of her Teutonic enemy.

Labor has been discontent with long hours and inadequate wages while ammunition manufacturers and brokers were rolling up immense fortunes. This has caused strikes. Additional strikes at this hour would be fatal to the success of English arms—and profits.

The government has taken up the case and dire things are threatened. Winston Churchill has put



forth a proposition that meets with much favor. He has advocated limited Socialism as a remedy for the evils of competition and industrial strife. He said:

"The whole nation must be socialized; the government must organize so that every one of every rank and position, men and women, will do their fair share."

Socialization with industrial conscription would bring a strange, anomalous condition—state capitalism with a vengeance!

England is hard pressed on all sides and from within. There is a strong realization among the exploiters that Germany is after the life-blood of the nation. Frantically they appeal to those whom they have brutally driven. They call upon every worker to do his "allotted part" in the making of munitions of war and the production and handling of food. Too late the capitalists are raising the cry that Western civilization is in danger.

The cry falls on dull and unhearing ears of an over-worked and under-fer proletariat. England, with land enough in grouse moors and deer parks to furnish an abundance of food, is dependent upon importations.

No serious move has been made in the centuries to free the land or to give Labor the product of its toil. Now payday has come.



GERMANY'S abhorrent and murderous disregard for the lives of women and children, and other non-combatants, has been the subject of much warranted criticism. The world has long looked with equanimity on the murder of non-combatants during the barbarities of peace, but it has boiled with indignation at the concrete act of murder by sinking an unarmed defenseless passenger steamer at sea.

We kill babies by pestilence in the slums and poisonous warrens of the poor, but we shrink from the killing out under the open sky.

Within a week after the Lusitania massacre, American exploiters of women and child slaves maimed and starved more than were sent to death when the liner plunged beneath the waves.

It is, after all, a matter of when, where and how to kill. May we not call it the ethics of murder?



WAR has raged in Europe nearly a year. Six million human lives have been destroyed. Deaths in trenches, on the fields and in battle at sea have been equaled by the victims of plague, pestilence and famine. Never in history of humanity has there been such blood letting. Seven of the world's greatest powers are in death grips, and a score of lesser nations are involved. In the grasp of capitalism other governments will become involved should the masters so decree. Hourly the path of neutrality grows more difficult.

On one side of the struggle are Great Britain, France, Russia, Servia, Belgium, Italy, Japan and Montenegro. Against them are arrayed Germany, Austria and Turkey.

Aside from death and devastation of border territory the net results of the war are almost nothing. There has been no serious invasion of contending armies. Germany has everywhere successfully defended her continental territory. Alsace and Lorraine have at times been overrun by Frenchmen, but the occupation is not important and there is no serious danger to Germany from this direction. Teutonic tenure of Belgium does not mean permanency. The fighting on the western field is virtually a deadlock. A gain of one hundred yards is hailed as a great victory.

Japan has scored a rather hollow victory over the Germans in China, and that aged and indurated empire (republic?) has yielded to virtually every demand of the Eastern dwarfs.

Russia's invasion of Galicia has fizzled, and the glory of her conquest was transitory. The Czar's moujiks are stampeded and it will be fortunate for Russia if a stand can be made on her border.

It is doubtful if the Kaiser's army will be so ill-advised as to attempt a serious invasion of Russian territory.

Italy has made a bold dash across the first few provinces of Austria, but is meeting with more stubborn resistance every day and the invasion will not





seriously trouble the German-Austrian forces.

The Allies have met terrific opposition in the Dardanelles, and it must be poor consolation for the British, when a half dozen warships are sunk by Turkish forts, to be told that the cost is no greater than had been counted.

Germany's commerce has been driven from the seas and her outlying fighting ships destroyed. Yet she is in a powerful position with her splendid

grow insistent in their clamor for an ending of the war. Quick, effective steps were taken in suppressing the Socialist publications when they bubbled over.

* * *

ENGLAND is rapidly approaching actual conscription. The enrollment act, together with individual disemployment and public sentiment, is now tantamount to enforced enlistment of all but the upper and middle class. Short of ammunition, dissension among military leaders and far from unanimity in government affairs, England shows signs of being hard pressed. Harrassed by submarines, annoyed by Zeppelin raids, the stolid Briton is stung but impotent.

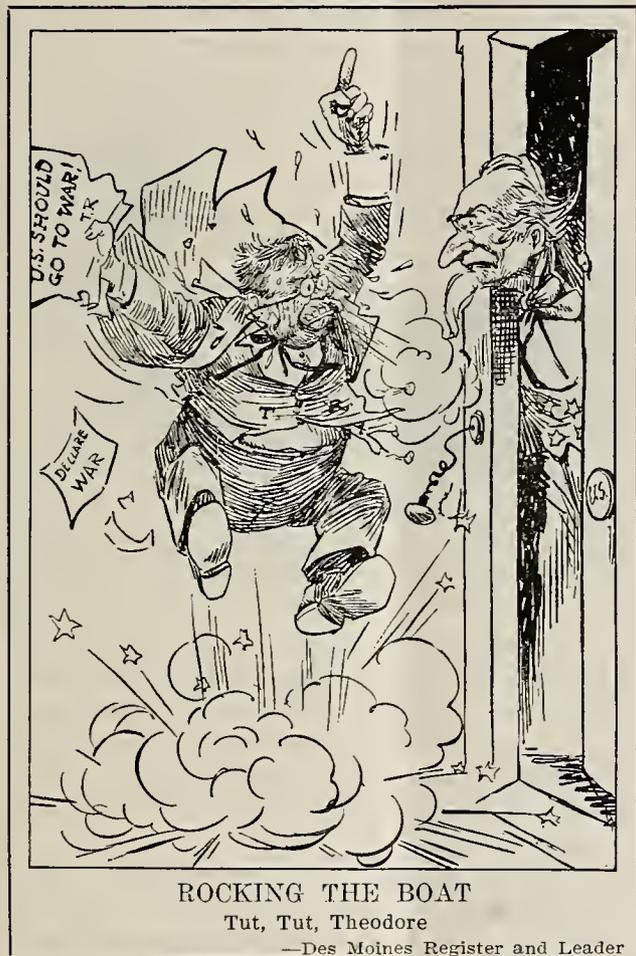
France has almost every available man and boy in the field. If the Germans succeed in driving back and holding the Russians, an immense army of seasoned victors may be swung from east to west and hurled at the tired and worn Allies in the trenches of France and Belgium.

Constantinople remains under the green flag, and the unbelievers storm at the Dardanelles forts in vain. Wherever troops are officered by the Germans, the Allies pay dearly for every foot gained. The Allies hope to open a channel to the Black Sea where at Odessa and other ports are vast stores of food. But the stubborn resistance of the Turks make it a long hard journey.

* * *

THE Republican or Democrat or Prohibitionist who fired two futile shots at J. P. Morgan was a very busy person, if the daily press can be believed—and it can't. Among the other things he did just pervious to his grand splash was to indulge in some revolver target practice. According to the Hearst journals he fired 200,000 rounds at a "scarred target painted on a rear fence, and at stalwart trees in the yard."

The cost of ammunition would probably run \$2000. With reloading and cleaning and other time out the man could not have fired over 100 shots an hour. This would have rquired 2000 hours. At a 10-hour day, continuous work, he would have had to shoot steadily 200 days, or nearly 7 months, without holi-



squadrons at Heligoland, and her wonderful fleet of submersibles. Germany is drawing heavily on her reserves of men, but her war machine is so near perfection there is no hitch in her program. There is a troublesome spot here and there where Socialists



day or Sunday. Of course this would not be likely to attract any attention.

No wonder the youthful product of our modern colleges believe so thoroughly in efficiency when the professors of such institutions show such perseverance for efficiency.

* * *

IF anyone thinks the Malthusian theory has been effectually disposed of they should see a copy of the London publication bearing that name. The editor of that solemn but amusing sheet bobs up with the declaration that the high cost of living is proof of the contention that the world is overpopulated. To quote from the editor: "In the first place, as our readers know, the world's food supply in ordinary times is only between two-thirds and three-fourths of the needs of its inhabitants. Hence the starvation of large numbers and the folly of talking about legal living wage."

The editor of *The Public*, with an eye ever to the land question, quickly points out the fallacy of this stand:

"As to the sanity of the Malthusian's proposition that people having excessively large families would have been better off with a lesser number of children, nothing need be said at this point. But to say that one-third or one-fourth of the food-needs of the human race is unsupplied in times of peace is to set forth a state of affairs that has no likeness outside of Alice in Wonderland.

"That one-third or one-fourth more food would be used if every stomach in the world were filled may not be an extravagant claim; but to conclude therefrom that these stomachs are not filled because the food cannot be raised is a monstrous perversion of logic. It is needless to point to the vast areas of fertile land still unused, and to corresponding areas that are only partially used; it should be sufficient to show on the one hand that nobody with means goes hungry, and on the other hand that food growers as a rule complain of lack of remuneration for their labor. * * *

"The plight of the three-quarter fed families is not due to a shortage of food, any more than the fact of

their having three-quarters house room, three-quarters clothing and three-quarters of the various comforts of life are due to the fact that there is any shortage in houses, clothing or of the other products of labor. It is due solely to the fact that they lack the power to purchase these things. If, however, the wealth produced by Labor be divided between those who labor and those who idle, it may readily be seen how Labor may be short, not only in food, but in all other things made by Labor. The very land upon which these three-quarter fed people of London like



Wilson to Wilhelm: "The next time you do that, mind, I shall be really angry."

This cartoon, showing the popular British understanding of President Wilson, was commented upon widely in America, where its bitter tone was criticised.

—London Daily Express

pays a princely revenue to the owners, who give in return not one solitary penny. If this thought be applied throughout the world, and if it be realized that the labor throughout the world is contributing a heavy toll to the owners of the earth, who render no service in return, a stupendous fact will be apparent."

Revolutionists the world over must unite and destroy creed and dogma.

What quarrel have the Socialist and the Single Taxer? Is it that the latter sees in the land the supreme source of life? We agree that the world is underfed because of the monopoly of all sources of life. Would we Socialists lose anything if we joined in every effort to free the land? Would we not have the world to gain?

The Deeper Crime

By MORGAN SMITH



WHEN the North wind doesn't blow any more, and it never snows any more, and people don't have to sit in the barn and hide their heads under their wings any more; When things are settled by the Hague Tribunal, and the markets of the world are organized, and everybody has title to all the land, and nobody has need to demonstrate his superiority; When we do not maintain a standing army or soak all our money in armor-plate targets, or devote our brains to learning the goose-step—what will we do for War! What will we do then, poor things!

We'll take trips to the mountains—every brick-layer's son of us—and we'll travel in foreign countries, and we'll see the finest plays, and hear the finest music; and we'll take aviating trips and under-sea trips, and we'll have a general rotation of environment.

For there is something underlying the spirit of war that is not included in hate, sport or loyalty: and there is something to the levying of armies that has nothing in common with hoodwinking. Be sure that when every conceivable excuse, pretext, and cause of war has been removed by a sane society, some worthy wight is going to arise from his bed, some morning, and say, "Gee whiz! I wish I could enlist!" He will say it, sure, unless we provide a psychological substitute for enlisting.

Do we humans ruffle our feathers all up and peep plaintively when a cold, dark war-cloud stretches itself over our old mortgaged acres and upon the old familiar work-bench? No, we do not ruffle our little feathers and peep plaintively. We gird up our loins and sail out after that war-cloud with a glad cry of recognition.

Why are the soldiers in the pictures always smiling and wherefore the complaint that a good pose of a peasant family driven from home can't be had owing to the omnipresent grins!

It's the Novelty—a thing that nothing but ruin and death could have brought for them. It's a crime greater than the crime of social strife.

"Why! Do they like it, then?" says the war-cloud down deep in the midst of its oppression and tyranny and error.

"Do they like it, then?" says Billy Sunday as he lams his ten thousand men all over the auditorium and lams them back again.

And if they do (and it does seem as if they did).

why in the name of all torture and abuse do they like it, say Billy and the war-cloud.

It is the Novelty, and the appalling emotions of fear and awe-things that nothing but torture and abuse could have bought for them. It is a crime, greater than the crime of making a fool of a man.

We may grant that the foot-soldiers of society can relish a War, once they're into it. It is more convenient to grant it than to disregard all the pictures of mobs besieging consulates and falling over each other to enlist. And, since they have the appetite for War, we feed them War. They enjoy the taste and put up with the subsequent aches as philosophically as a youngster endures the green apple cramps in the stomach. But there is a wisdom at hand that can satisfy that craving without the results. Sane society will call it Constructive Emotionalism.

It is not the War but the emotions of War that the foot-soldiers crave. It is a little novelty in their lives—a little change of scene, a glad wandering from the grind and scrape and worry. It is the novel emotion of Unity. Even while the astute recruiting office is flooding the streets with martial music and waving the flag the hurrying recruit holds most in mind the fact that he and all his neighbors are at one in something. They have all agreed with him and they have patted each other on the backs.

That "one touch of nature" does not make the whole world kin because it is Nature, nor yet because it touches the whole world. It is the "one" part of the touch that does the business. It is Unity. When it is raining even the cat can tell the king that it's nasty. When there is war there is a common hatred, which is Unity. It is not the hatred that is sublime. One day there will be the common peace of everyday life and that will satisfy the cravings without the cramps.

We have learned that a youngster's cry for candy is really prompted by a craving for meat: Our martyred militarists must not be swayed to war against their own will by the people who rise from their drudgery to cry for a change of scene. People must not hurry to the recruiting office because War is the only semblance of Unity that their poor souls have experienced in a life-time. We have learned better than that.

When the North wind never blows any more, people will not go to War to see soul-stirring pyrotechnics and awful deeds of bravery; they will go to the mountains

and see great peaks that pierce the clouds and a sky that is turquoise blue. When people never hide their heads under the wings any more, we will not make fools of ourselves for the sake of the beauty of Unity; we will have the beauty of social precision from the dawn of life to its dusk.

It is the emotions of our lives that make grow that part of us that grows independently of our body. That part must be fed or buried.

War is the emotional Crown of Thorns. There is not a sublime emotion of the human soul that it does not gratify—and prostitute. It is the summit of wild ecstasy—the accumulated cravings of a lifetime. They have been growing and growing and unfed until they burst in the brothel of carnage, and the foot-soldiers die sated and content. At the end of the long starvation they are grateful for one draught of the potion of soul's life—even though it be hemlock.

Oh, it is a crime—greater than the crime of making a fool of a man!

They go to war with wild hallelujahs. Even my lady of spurious social title who has seen the peaks piercing the clouds and the turquoise blue sky, and the chasm and the sea and the cascade; who has tasted of luxury and who had witnessed the random buds of man's emotional creatures—she goes. There she is—in a great bustling hospital where people whisper and hurry along soundless corridors, and a huge motor darts up the country road in the night and halts at the entrance—a lantern swinging from its doors. There is hurry and skurry and bated breath. There is Unity.

And, back in the town the men are marching down the thronged street with the blare of the band and the throbbing of the drum. They are cheered and noticed for the first time in a lifetime, and they square their shoulders and new fire springs to their eyes. And the

peopel, elbow to elbow, on the sidewalk, are all at one. They have clapped each other on the backs. And every man rushes for the taste of sweet ambrosia. He grasps feverishly for the pen, and signs.

And all for what! For War! What's War to him or he to War!

Indeed it is the old lament of Hamlet over again. We have real aims for emotional ardor a-plenty, yet we cannot summon a sigh for them.

If that part of us that triumphs and carols and feeds in War is an immortal thing capable of surviving the body if its strength permits, then it is a thing that yearns, for its own element. Its own element, of whatever else it may partake, is Liberty. The more it is restricted and starved the more it yearns, and that is the reason, perhaps, that War evokes a more spontaneous response among the poor foot-soldiers of society than among the spurious lords who have seen the cascade.

What is a Broad man, and what is a Narrow man? What is a fed man and what is a starved man!

The prisons of our souls can be made only of Time and of Space. What soul would not leap to a hemlock draught of War if it had been kept in a three-foot space at a workbench for a lifetime! What soul would not leap for the offer of War whose scope of thought had never been permitted to rise beyond the proportion of a week's salary and a week's expenses! What soul would not go to War that had never been to a nickel-show!

The North wind doth blow, but it is blowing down some old ideas that had worms in them, firmly rooted though they seemed. They served their turn but they have hung around too long after their usefulness was gone. The trend of the public mind is for seeking out the roots of things. We will not feed ourselves green apples, because we have learned better than that.

Death Masks

By GERTRUDE CORNWALL HOPKINS

You say that the white of his face in the darkness
gleamed strangely,

As touched by a light

That is seen of the faces of those who die greatly,
whose honor

Gave all for the right;

And you bring me his sword and his sash, and the
message of comrades,

All that they know

Of the last of the hours that he spent on the earth.

Me, his mother—

You comfort me so—

And I tell you you lie!

I tell you the last that he knew of this earth was its
hatred and anger;

Blood blinded his eyes;

What gleamed white in the dark was the tightly
clenched teeth of his raging,

Cursing the skies,

For his face was as blackened, awry, as the soul they
tore from him—

Hurled to God's feet,

A devil, the horrible madness of murder upon him—

My son, who was sweet!

Probating Sally

By EMANUEL JULIUS

THREE women—Probation Officer Mrs. Tompkins, Sallie Williams, better known as Kitty, and her mother, Mrs. Mary S. Williams, of Santa Ana, were together in an effort to “fix things up.” Mrs. Tompkins was the first “fixer”; the other two needed the “fixing,” especially Kitty.

“It’s too late, I tell you,” Kitty exclaimed, again and again. “It wont work, I say.”

“Yes it will,” said Mrs. Tompkins, firmly.

“I know it won’t.” Kitty seemed determined to have her way.

“There,” Mrs. Williams cried. “I offer to take her home again and she says ‘no.’ Oh, God, who’d a-thought my Sallie would fall so low.”

Mrs. Williams, a woman of 50, burst into tears.

“Now, mother, please don’t cry——”

“You don’t love me or you wouldn’t make me suffer like this——”

“Yes, I do, mother. I’d do anything for you—but this can’t be done—it’s too late——”

“It’s never too late to mend,” was Mrs. Tompkins’ platitude. She looked at them as though she had given expression to a highly original thought.

“Yes, it is,” said Kitty; “some things get so broken you can’t fix ’em—you have to throw ’em away. And I’m one of them. I can’t be fixed.”

“Here you have a mother who is willing to take you home and give you a chance to start again,” said the probation officer, kindly, but wearily, as if it was an old story to her.

“I’ll be miserable,” Kitty said. A frown furrowed

the girl’s still pretty painted and made-up face.

“I know what’ll happen,” she added. “Everybody’ll look on me as a leper. The neighbors will point to me as a bad example. I tell you I won’t be able to stand it.”

“You will,” said the probation officer.

“I wont. If mother would stay here I’d take care of her and give her a place to stay in——”

“How?” Mrs. Officer Tompkins asked.

“You know. Five years of my kind of life has made me different. I can’t change now, especially by going to my home town. There’s nothing for me there.”

“Very well,” Mrs. Tompkins frowned, ready to play her trump card; “if your mind is made up you can have the reformatory sentence the judge gave you. Go home or to the Whittier institution.”

“How’ll I live down Santa Ana?”

“Work.”

“At what?”

I don’t know. Wash clothes—anything—to make a living. Jail or home—which will you take?”

Kitty decided to go to Santa Ana.

Ten minutes after they were gone, Kitty’s mother rushed back into Probation Officer Tompkins’ office.

“We got to a corner,” she panted, “when she grabbed me around the neck and kissed me. Then she ran off——”

Mrs. Tompkins said: “D—n it all!”—which was a rare thing for Mrs. Probation Officer Tompkins to say—out loud.

Abolish Assassination

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

A RABID Republican has made a dastardly attempt to assassinate an honored and respected citizen. This is the time to call a halt on the dangerous doctrine disseminated by these persons who fanatically follow this imported idea of republicanism. Every Republican believe in violence. Every organ edited by these mad dogs of society advocates violence and expounds the fallacious theories that inevitably lead to such unspeakable atrocities as the attack on J. P. Morgan by a Republican fanatic.

It is time for the people to organize the “Plain Citizens’ Combine” so earnestly advocated by the Los Angeles Times, to the end that the followers of this

abhorrent cult shall quietly and without a ripple on the surface be removed from human ken. No longer shall we tolerate these blatant soapboxers in our midst.

Law and order must be maintained (outside the combine).

The police must stand as our bulwark. A citizens’ police must be established in Los Angeles and these should be recruited as are some of our grand juries, from a list of names suggested by the secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers’ Association.

This auxiliary police should contain none but those sworn to spifflicate these dangerous characters (Republicans) whenever and wherever found. They can

immediately be armed with the sawed-off shotguns, our government already has so wisely provided.

Back of the police stands firm and fast the county constabulary, the militia with its machine guns, the mighty engineering of our army and our great navy. Good citizens should boycott all the newspapers that dally with the theories of these wild dreamers and Utopians.

Down with the advocates of a system that would break up the home, abolish religion, destroy the incentive to work, and disrupt representative form of government.

(Note: In case it develops that Holt was a Democrat the reader will please strike out the word "Republican" and insert in lieu thereof the word "Democrat.")

A Discontented Dog

By OSCAR AMERINGER

DID you ever see a dog without fleas? If you did you saw a happy, cheerful dog: a dog that lies in the shade of the old apple tree, dreaming of pork chops, jackrabbits and dog fights.

Now, if you give this contented dog a handful of fleas, his dog nature will change immediately. Instead of dreaming about juicy pork chops, or how he would lick that brindle pup across the pike, or what he would do to the hind legs of that rabbit running through the underbrush, he sits up and notices things.

Pointing a cold, melancholy nose toward heaven, he stretches his neck and starts that peculiar up-and-down stroke characteristic to all flea-bitten dogs. He has found a job now; he has found useful employment; he has something to scratch for.

Now, suppose the flea would sit up on the nose of

that dog and say: "Lo and behold me, the benefactor. I have given work to this poor pup. Without me, this doggie would have no job. Without me he would have no incentive to scratch." Wouldn't it be funny if the flea would make such an argument? And suppose the dog would vote for the flea on the strength of it, wouldn't that be still funnier?

Yet this is exactly what the working people have done for many, many years. They have voted into office those whose policies afflict them with parasites. And they do so because someone has told them that unless we had the capitalist class we all would miserably perish.

Socialists insist that society does not need the capitalist class any more than a dog needs fleas. Let the nation be the capitalist.

Advice For Success Seekers

By G. E. MORAY

IMPROVE your mind—it's a very small part of your being, but one that makes a lot of trouble unless you attend to its upkeep.

First find out if you really have a mind; or whether you have mistaken ordinary instinct for mental equipment.

If you discover that you possess a mind, investigate to find if it has become foolishly flattened or dirty with the dust of dollars.

Not that it matters much, for fat-foolishness and dollar-dustiness are not antagonistic to success. You can win wealth with either, and winning wealth is the worthiest work in life.

But, nevertheless, a well-informed mind for display purposes is mighty useful.

It will cause you to gain the respect of high-brows, a peculiar class of people who have improved their minds until their mental processes have become peculiarly involved. As your adherents and associates you

will find them very useful and immensely amusing; they will greatly relieve the tedium of your toil while you are amassing millions.

Always read good books—books that build and books that better you. If you cannot select the right ones yourself, buy only those that are recommended by the elect; and read them, either personally, or via your secretary.

There are a few secretaries who are also interpreters, and can successfully translate English into the language of the business world. Hire one!

Shun Shakespeare, until your mind has emerged from the dense darkness that surrounds war reports, sporting news, and the political pages of the daily deliriums that sell on the news stands for a cent a copy.

Leave advice for the loveless alone; and forget the frenzies that afflict the writers of headlines; otherwise you will lose your invaluable mind before you have improved it.

Our Devil's Delight

By G. E. BOLTON

AT the Panama-Pacific Exposition there are many exhibits that display the marvelous ingenuity of man in the development of machinery, but probably nothing shown there can compare with the wonderful instruments for the destruction of human life. The federal government makes this proud display.

Nothing seems to have been left undone to demonstrate to the youth of the land what a noble and laudable thing is murder when done collectively and under legally prescribed methods. True there is an exhibit of the coast guard appliances for saving life, but it is at best an inferior display. The life-saving machinery is crude and obviously inadequate. The display is only enlivened by grotesque prints hung on the wall depicting some heroic acts of murder performed by revenue cutters in times of war. There is one gun for throwing a projectile with a life-line attached, but it is archaic and illy constructed. It is merely an example of the weak and inefficient mechanism of peace.

In looking at this poor showing as against the wondrously perfect rapid-firers I could not help thinking how Belzebub must enjoy a stroll through this department.

Bernard Shaw put this over most vividly in *Man and Superman*, where he has the Devil say: "In the arts of life man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all of the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine. In the arts of peace man is a bungler. I have seen his cotton factories and the like, with the machinery that a greedy dog could have invented if it had wanted money instead of food. I know his clumsy typewriters and bungling locomotives and tedious bicycles; they are toys compared to the Maxim gun, the submarine torpedo boat. There is nothing in man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth: his heart is in his weapons. This marvelous force of life of which you boast is a force of death: Man measures his strength by his destructiveness. What is his religion? An excuse for hating me. What is law? An excuse for hanging you? What is morality? Gentility! an excuse for consuming without producing. What is his art? An excuse for gloating over pictures of slaughter. What are his politics? Either the worship of a despot because a despot can kill, or parliamentary cockfighting."

This soliloquy rambles on and covers the foibles and idiosyncracies of mankind, but none of its stabs is bet-

ter thrust than the keen one at the perfection of the killing instruments.

The exposition teems with this barbarism. Even the Educational building is disgraced by a Japanese exhibit where wax figures of soldiers are posed in the



THE ELIXIR OF HATE

Kaiser: "Fair is foul and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air."

—From Punch

act of loading a rapid-fire cannon—presumably aimed at some inferior race: Malay, Mongol—or Caucasian.

An American is credited with the invention of a poisonous gas for use in warfare. Every Christian nation is experimenting with or using his new, scientific method of destroying life. Nothing in the war displays at the Fair gave a hint of this new discovery and we are not permitted to know how far our civilized government has progressed in this direction. We have every hope, however, that we shall not lag behind in our efforts toward benevolent asphyxiation when our time comes.

Poverty

By ALBERTA LESLIE

I 'D fain address thee,
 Could I words discover
 Charged with new terror,
 To voice man's hate and fear!
 But all, all have been sung or written over and over,
 And impotent, hurled at thee full many a year!

Long hath man 'neath thy foul rags been smothered,
 He hath acquaintanced thee too long, too well,
 Thee and the whelps thou hast fathered, hast
 mothered,
 Hast spawned on earth, didst beget in Hell.

These, thy jackals, wait to rend him limb from limb,
 Vice, ignorance, disease, thy very own,
 Thou hast no need of these to vanquish him,
 Thou wert enough! Thou wert enough alone!

Too often must he gaze into thy cold cavernous eye,
 Unwelcome dost thou sit with him at many a
 scanty meal,
 With thy bony clutch around his heart perchance
 he yet must die.

His sorrowful soul for ages hath withered beneath
 thy heel.

Small wonders that man hath thee, oh! though with-
 out a heart.

To torture him thou eamest from unknown depths
 of mire.

Oh, monstrous, vile hermaphrodite, who art
 Of untold evils, both the dam and sire.

Pale with a prison pallor, is thy hideous faee,
 Thy garments reek with all the sins of eld.
 Like some foul vampire, thou shadowest the race,
 Man shrinks beneath the bitter seourge in thy lean
 fingers held!

The rich? They shiver in their furs, the sleek, the
 dainty fed.

If near them thou but cast thy shadow grim,
 They start and tremble in their silken beds,
 When dreaming, they think thou hast overtaken
 them.

The poor? Alas! Men steal and women falter
 And turn from virtue's path to eescape from thee.
 How often bringest them to the cell, the halter?
 When from thy grasp the poor fools seek to flee.

Thou stillest even the children's silvery laughter,
 Thou chainst them to vast, to swift machines;
 They may not play, for swift thou comest often:
 They know alas what thy grim presence means.

Oh! Piteous shadows, thru the grey dawn stealing,
 To take their places in shop or mill or field.
 Heavy with sleep they stumble forth unwilling,
 To thee their playtime, nay, their very lives to
 yield.

Under thy lash they toil, nor play, nor rest.
 Thy fangs are ready do they lag but once.
 Thou wolfish thing! Who stealest from the mother's
 breast
 The helpless hungry babe's sole sustenance.

Men cry against thee, they weep, thou hast no pity;
 They strive, they curse, they pray—all, all in vain.
 Still, vulture-like, thou hoverest the city,
 Still pestilent, thou showest the plain.

While for deliverance men crying
 Fair cities perish and whole nations fall.
 All haste before thee to ruins ultimate.
 And thou, unclean thing, still broodest over all.

Hope, O Brother!

By MARGUERITE HEAD

HOPE, O Brother, though time be long,
 And turmoil and strife enshroud the earth;
 For out of the chaos and woe and wrong,
 Freedom, O Brother, shall come to birth.

Night, O Brother, is not so dark
 But the comforting light shines forth at morn;
 And a paean of joy, like the song of the lark,
 Shall rise to welcome the day, new-born.

Work, O Brother, for work shall yield
 A boon to the coming race of men;
 And the sceptres the tyrant rulers wield
 Shall never oppress the world again.

Clasp, O Brothers, your toil-worn hands;
 Union of hearts is a thing divine,
 And Brotherhood's service, uniting all lands,
 Is the noblest work in the world's design.



Sandbox on Ditch Irrigating Alfalfa and Orchards

Co-operatives and Education



SIX pupils were graduated from the Llano Grammar school at the end of the term. They were Dona Spencer, Corrine Leslie, Blanche Bannon, Helen Kaufman, Warren Miller and Clarence Cedarstrom. To Miss Helen Tyler, principal of the school, is due the credit of bringing this class through. There were about seventy-five pupils enrolled in the school before the end of the term. Miss Tyler and the school trustees say there will be about 115 pupils enrolled at the fall term. This does not include a Montessori school of about fifty pupils, which will be under the management of Prudence Stokes Brown, who is taking a special course under the distinguished educator. This department will begin with children at the age of 2½ years and carry them through until they are 6 years old.

Plans are being made for a new school house to be built with the money secured from the bonds recently voted by the districts.

Graduation exercises were held in the assembly-room at the Clubhouse. There were several hundred persons present to enjoy an excellent program given entirely by the children of the school. Several sketches and a class play were given and the mem-

bers of the community were surprised by the dramatic ability and versatility displayed by the youthful actors and declaimers. There were several musical numbers and a Scotch dance by the charming little Misses Richardson and Scott made a hit with all present.

The hall was prettily decorated and the stage was banked with flowers. Yellow and blue—the class colors—predominated in the flower and streamers. Diplomas were presented to the graduates by Frank E. Wolfe, who briefly outlined the history of the community schools. The audience responded with great enthusiasm when the speaker mentioned the obligation of the community to the children and the vision of the educational features of the future.

The trustees of the Llano school district are John Leslie, Frank Harper and Mrs. David Cedarstrom. Greater interest is taken in the educational department each month. It is hoped that with the fall term there will be classes in sculpture, painting in oils, dancing, as well as the beginning of a system of vocational training.

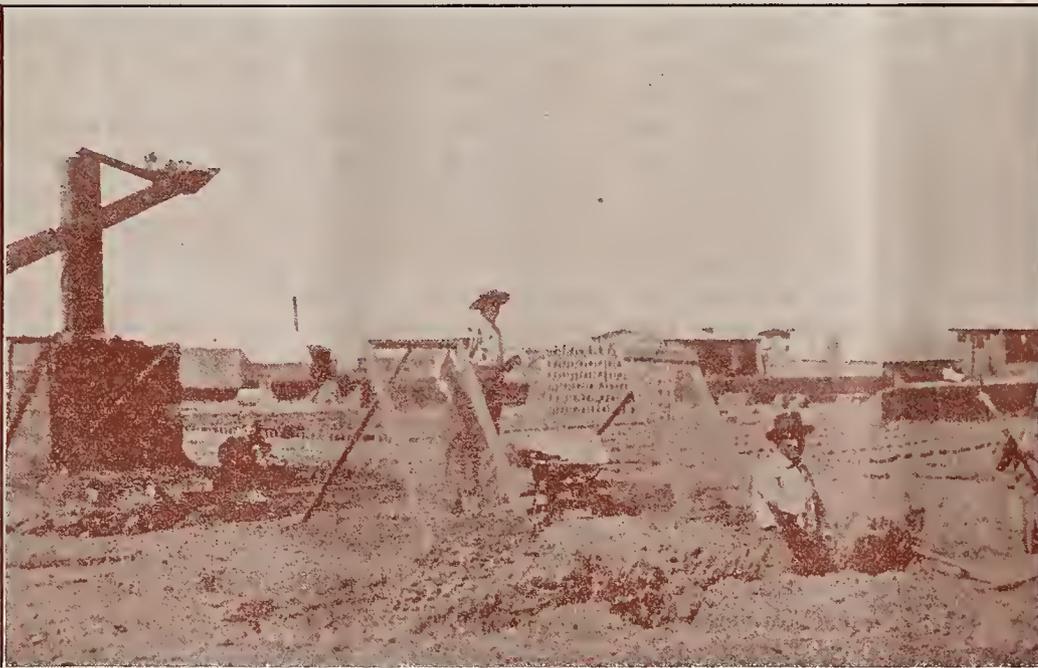
No celebration or gathering at the colony has equalled that of the Fourth of July picnic held on the colony newly acquired land, known as the Tighlman



Community Life at Llano del Rio



Beginning Work on New Swimming Plunge



Making Clay Bricks. Note "Pug Mill" and Some Completed Houses



Driving a Hand

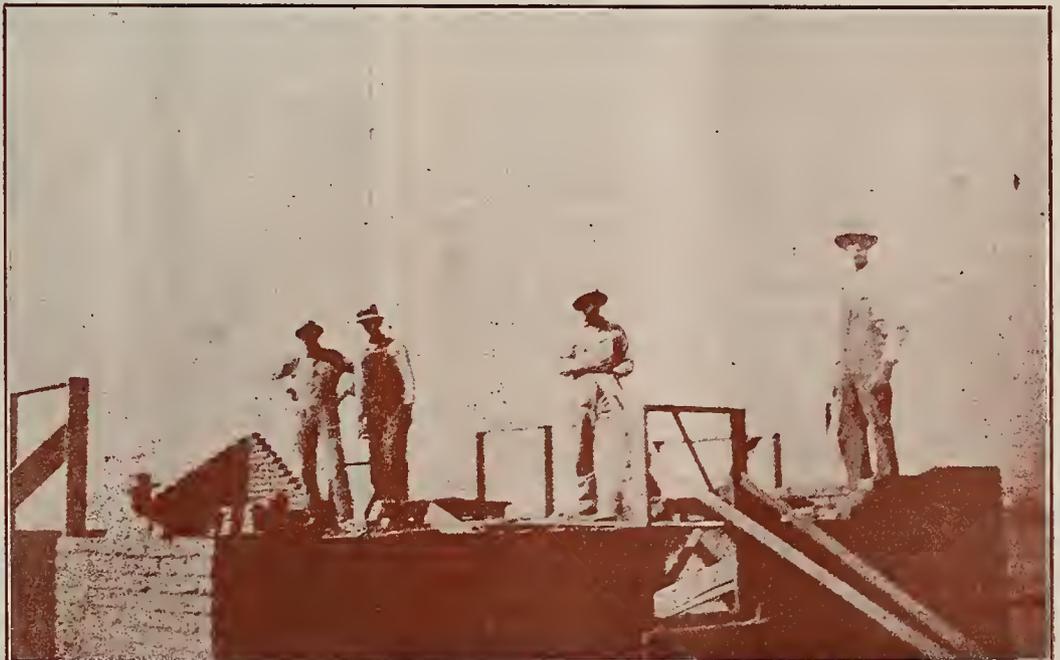
Chef M...



Industrial and Social Activity



Four Hours' Work on Plunge—Dam and Gate Completed and Big Excavation Made



A Bricklaying Crew at Work

Me Picnic

e Colony Gardens

ranch. Here several hundred members of the community gathered beneath the broad trees beside the flowing waters where they enjoyed a day of perfect rest and relaxation. The Mauricio brothers had

for reports and statements of progress. Managers make known their needs of men and teams or make releases so that there is never any idle teams or workers.

Chief Architect L. A. Cooke has undertaken the work of statistician for the colony. He has prepared some interesting charts. Among them a diagram showing the growth of population of Llano and a chart of the temperature since the beginning of records.

Leo H. Dawson, who has charge of the nursery department, reports splendid growth of the vines and young trees in his department. Among other plants that are making good progress are 2500 blackberries and an equal number of strawberries that were donated by Comrade Hall from Chino. Eleven thousand grape vines will be bearing fruit next year. One hundred choice strawberry vines sent in by Comrade Post of Los Gatos are doing well. There are 100 Burbank



First graduation class of the Llano schools. Left to right: Miss Helen Tyler, principal; Corrine Leslie, Clarence Cederstrom, Helen Kauffman, Blanche Bannon, Warren Miller and Dona Spencer.

charge of the barbecue and the beef they brought up from the bed of hot rocks was cooked to a delicious turn.

There were no speeches or other ceremonies save impromptu games on the part of the children. One or two groups of chess fans sought secluded spots beside the stream and sat silent over the ivory pieces.

A splendid spirit of comradeship was shown among the members of the community. "Old timers" greeted each other and compared this Fourth with that of a year ago, when the colonists were few in number but strong in hopefulness. There were many expressions of gratification over the great growth made by the colony. There were many visitors during the two days, but the greater portion of these came from the neighborhood.

Burning lime in the new kilns is making steady progress under the management of R. E. Stevens. The grade of the product is excellent and an almost inexhaustible supply is at hand.

An invaluable department has been established at the community office, where F. H. Chamberlain has charge of the information bureau. Here wants of members of the community are made known and suggestions for welfare are freely offered.

The nightly meeting of managers has proven most important and has been conducive to a much smoother running machine. There is a better understanding between departments and there is more team work because of this understanding. This is a clearing house



Misses Scott and Richardson in Scotch Dance at Graduation Exercises

Himalaya blackberries and an equal number of Loretia dewberries, all making rapid growth. One thousand Concord grapes from Utah show vigorous growth. There are 1000 sturdy black locusts from Utah. These are to be used for ornamental trees, and for fence posts. The blossoms of these trees provide excellent nectar for the bees.

One thousand California black walnut trees, donated by Comrade Al Geyer, show remarkable growth. Seven acres have been planted in Russian sunflowers.

The commissary department has been removed to larger quarters in the rear of the club building. Thomas H. Johns, who has had charge of this division, is being assisted by Allen Miller, who recently arrived at the colony.

There have been small but steady additions to the live stock and poultry departments. The arrival of ten Swiss milch goats started the rumor that a Swiss cheese factory would be started, provided the war embargo would permit the importation of the hoes.

The dental office and house for Dr. Horneff have been completed and this needed department will soon be in operation.

Plans are under way to construct two large silos to store ensilage for next winter. These probably will be constructed of cobble and concrete. They will be twenty feet in diameter.

A number of the boys who are now out of school have taken up work in the garden and other departments where there is light, congenial employment.

Among the later planting at the colony has been

120 acres of milo maize, 10 acres of sweet potatoes, 20 acres of beets, 17 acres of carrots and 20 acres in pumpkins.

The first rush of caring for the fruit is over and the apricots and apples from the Tilghman ranch have



Colony Children at Picnic July 4

been put up by the chef and by the families of the community.

Four hundred new folding chairs, two billiard tables, a piano and a lot of heavy mission furniture is a part of the new possessions of the Colony Club.

Visitors from all parts of America have registered at the club during the past month. Several Eastern States are represented by the new members. California and Coast State comrades far outnumber all others.

Blessings of Prayer

WITH the soldiers on the fields, in forts and fleets of the struggling powers are many priests, preachers in frock and garb of chaplain. These are the official prayer makers of the warring nations. In addition to the blessings in articulo mortis and praying for their holy dead they are praying to all the gods they know asking for some unholy dead.

The British ask God (Jehovah) to send success to their arms (death to Germans and Turks). The Germans invoke Gott (the same Jehovah) to punish (destroy) England. The French send up supplication to Dieu (also Jehovah) to send victories to their troops. The Rabbi of the Russians prays to Adonai and the Jews in other armies implore the same god to aid them.

In Southern Europe Asiatics of many nations are praying to all their Gods to punish the Christian dogs. There the Syrian sends up prayers to Adad: the Arabian to Alla: the Persian to Syra; the Tartarian to Idga; the Egyptian to Aumn or Zent.

In the British and French armies the natives of a score of lands are praying to Buddha, Mohammed, Doga, Rogt, Eher, Chur, Ocse, Dios, Lian, Zeus, Confucius, Esgi, or Zenl. The Japanese are Shintos, Buddhists or worshippers of Zain.

These fighters, be they Italians, Turks, Teutons, Austrians, Serbs, French, English, Ghurkas or Irish have had great faith in their gods, but their gods have permitted them to be starved, choked with poisonous gasses, eviscerated, slain. Five millions of men have been destroyed and as many women and children are marked for death or worse.

Priest and pagan alike will tell you his particular god is the best, most powerful and kind, of all the brands offered. Now and then they speak of the wrath of God, but mostly of his gentleness and mercy. Anyway God is having a tough time of it, if he is making a serious attempt to adjust affairs, and the end is not yet.—A. M.

1776—Revolutionists—1915

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

ONE hundred and thirty-nine years ago a group of men met and signed a declaration of principles. It was a defiant declaration. It slapped the face of smug conservatism. It enunciated doctrines regarded as rankest political heresy by every reactionary, non-progressive spirit of the time. One passage from the declaration deserves particular attention, for it is as sound in logic, as right in principle, as applicable to present and future, as when it was first penned. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," the passage reads, "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these ends governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

The course of the Colonists from this declaration to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown was determined largely by economic interests, as the course of men is determined in every age, but they fought for principle nevertheless, and they gave most liberally of life and treasure for its advancement. As the revolutionists of 1776 struggled for political liberty, so the revolutionists of 1915 are struggling for industrial liberty. As they were opposed by the rich and powerful

and their papers and pulpits, so the revolutionists of today are opposed. As they were victorious, so the revolutionists of today will be victorious. Let us hope, however, that the revolutionists of today will be able to accomplish their aims through a process of peaceful education, of conscious, rapid evolution. Let us hope that the new social order will not have to be baptized in the blood of the authors of its existence. It will not if the revolutionists have their way, if the enlightenment of the people be not postponed too long.

But the new social order must be, though violence and bloodshed attend its coming. Labor will not submit to subjection forever. The soul of man, though chained and cast down, will break its chains and rise to heights that now seem to some of us a most hopeless dream.

This is the month of the nation's birth. Shall we be patriotic? Yes! But our patriotism must not be narrow. It must not be degraded in defense and incitement of uniformed, glorified, military murder. The truer, broader patriotism finds expression in the happiness and prosperity of the people. It is not confined to boundary lines. Regard for every race, love for every land, consideration for the people of every clime—all this is embodied in it.

Such is the patriotism of the true Socialist, the revolutionist of today, and he is striving to make it universal. The work is not easy, but he will succeed, and the descendants of those who denounce and deride him now will place flowers on his grave and pay tributes to his memory.

Original Sin

By JOHN M. WORK

IT WAS a warm morning. I had been pulling the oars vigorously. I had stripped as much as civilized humanity—with its funny mental crotchet to the effect that the human body is disgraceful—will permit. Yet I was still overwarm. Casting about for shade, I spied a tiny island with trees overhanging the water. I bent to the oars and quickly pulled up under the grateful refreshing boughs.

As I sat enjoying the coolness I became conscious of a noisy chattering in the branches above me. Looking up I found that I had attracted the angry attention of a score of mother blackbirds. Evidently their nests and little ones were hard by. I was an intruder. I might mean harm to their dear kiddies. So they made

a furious assault upon me with their tongues. More than that. They tried to summon enough courage to assault me with their beaks and wings and claws.

One of them, two dozen feet or so directly above my head, with claws in battle array, let herself descend rapidly right toward me. Maybe it was only a bluff to try to frighten me away. Or, maybe she really intended to attack me. If so, her courage failed when she was within a few inches of my hand-protected face, and she flew away upbraiding me fiercely in her own language.

If they had only known it, I would not have harmed their wee ones for the world. On the contrary, if I could have done anything to help to bring them up in

the way little blackbirds should go, I would have done it with delight in my heart.

But, no; they could not know this. They could only judge me by other human beings. Their forefathers and foremothers had been despoiled and murdered and maltreated by the forebears of the human race. They had found many of the present generation of humans to be their enemies. For the sins of my kind, and for my

own early sins, I had to endure the distrust and dislike of these glossy little mothers bent on protecting their young.

There was no help for it. They would not trust me. I saw that I was only a nuisance to them. It is not agreeable to feel that one is a nuisance. So I backed my boat out and pulled off into the blistering sun again.

Some day we shall gain the confidence of the birds.

Rent, Interest and Profit

By CARL D. THOMPSON

SOCIALISTS believe that what one earns he should have. They also believe that what one does not earn he should not have. Yet millions upon millions of dollars are taken by the rich and leisured classes for which they render no return whatever, and render no service to anyone. These millions the Socialists call unearned incomes.

An unearned income may arise from any one of three different sources—interest, profit or rent. All three are perfectly legal and are therefore entirely justified by the present world. But they are unearned, nevertheless.

Socialists would abolish all unearned incomes. Under Socialism everyone would get all that he earned. No one would get what he did not earn.

In order to do this, Socialism proposes that all public utilities and natural resources shall be taken over

and publicly owned and operated by the city, state or nation. For it is clear now that it is by means of the private ownership and operation of the public utilities that the unearned incomes are secured. Therefore, it is clear that the public ownership and the proper operation of these utilities may be made to eliminate these unearned incomes.

If landlords and speculators should find some entirely new scheme of getting rent, interest and profit, Socialism would then strike at the new scheme, whatever it might be, until it was defeated. Socialism has this one end in view, viz., to stop exploitation and plunder. Whatever means are necessary to that end, Socialism will use.

The object of Socialism is to cut out unearned incomes. Rent, interest and profit are three forms of unearned incomes. These Socialism will abolish.

Garbage-Fed Babies

By FRANK H. WARE

IN Chicago, thirty children, ranging in years from seven to twelve, scantily clad, emaciated and starving, found their way to their daily rendezvous on South Water Street Market where garbage cans were piled high with decaying fruit and vegetables. To their nostrils the smell must have been nauseating, but to their empty bellies, as they clawed the contents of the cans with eager hands, the food was welcome. Then the police swooped down on these children as they delved in the noisome mess and took them into custody.

It was the first official act of the new health commissioner, and he was going to prove to the city that "efficiency" was to be his motto from the start. In a Reverend-Billy-Sunday manner of "cleaning-the-city-from-hellhole-to-garret" this new commissioner declared he was going to cause a "healthy" revolution.

He came very near succeeding as Kennedy and Rodriguez, Socialist aldermen in the city council, demanded that these children be fed by the city. With

a few pointed words they drew the attention of the city administration to a better plan of dealing with starving women and children. They showed the blind ones that lunches furnished free in the schools were more nourishing than the garbage scavenged in the streets and market places.

Of course one should not expect a "sane" capitalist administration to learn much from this as those in the seats of the mighty are not yet even in the Montessori grades of political economy.

The daily garbage feast has long been a shocking public disgrace. Rodriguez and Kennedy have once more proven the advantage of political action that puts rebels with a punch into positions where they can make the most of their opportunity. Naturally there is no finality in supplying free lunches, even to starving children, but it was a good opportunity for effective propaganda, and these comrades seem to have made the most of it.

Point Out the Error

By DR. A. J. STEVENS



DURING more than twenty-six years of affiliation with and propaganda work for the Socialist movement, there has been formulating in my consciousness a program to be used by any and all who sincerely desire to better their own conditions and indirectly the conditions of all mankind. A plan or program for human action, that does not include principles which, when applied, will benefit all physically, mentally and spiritually, is not complete and not comprehensive enough to warrant a trial by the twentieth century people.

I hope you will not consider me an egotist or "smart-aleck" in making the following statements—for if you do, you will be classing such men as Alfred Russell Wallace, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Wm. Thompson, Thos. A. Edison, Carl Marx, Abraham Lincoln, "T. K." et al., also as much—for I am repeating somewhat from these illustrious men; men who have spent many years of scientific research after the truth, concerning a Right Life's Program.

Most people, now-a-days, believe in the evolutionary theory of life, as advanced by Darwin and Wallace. Wallace, after more than forty years of research, confirmed their material evolutionary theory of life, but went Darwin one better, viz., he, A. R. Wallace, added to their material evolution a spiritual evolution.

Darwin says, evolution is confined to the material only; Wallace, Lodge, Wm. Thompson, Edison and "T. K." say that evolution includes not only the physical but also the spiritual or psychical.

Abraham Lincoln believed in a spiritual realm and strenuously advocated the betterment of material conditions here on earth to facilitate man's moral, spiritual and psychical development, which are necessary to evolutionary freedom here and hereafter.

As a sort of a nerve tonic to the ultra materialist, let me say here that the existence of a future state or condition for man has already been scientifically demonstrated or proven by and through the material-science methods of investigation, as well as by psychical methods.

My program or plan therefore includes principles and rules of life to be applied here and now, but at the same time principles and rules which will—when lived rightly—fit us for the next realm. The two seeming different realms or states of existence differ only in degree of fineness, vibration, consciousness, etc., and

not in reality. The study of the X-ray phenomena, the mathematical relations of colors and musical tones, and the integration and disintegration of matter will help us to comprehend this correlation existing between the two conditions—the here and the hereafter.

Science is "exact knowledge of the facts of nature, classified and systematized; and youth is the established relation which the facts of nature sustain to each other and to man." We cannot get outside of nature. Everything we think or do falls within nature. And in the degree that we scientifically adjust ourselves to nature and nature's laws, in that degree we free ourselves from starvation, overwork, fear of want, fear of "hell," etc.

No doubt but that we all wonder: why so much physical suffering exists in the midst of plenty? Why so much mental anguish and spiritual doubt are experienced by the majority of people in the midst of so many philosophies, religions and panaceas for happiness? And our wonder increases—until our Program of Life shall be constructed along lines which include both phases of life, viz., the physical and spiritual. When we leave out either the physical or spiritual we have but half a truth or program, and we all know that we can't do this in mathematics, music, or any of the sciences and expect accurate results.

Life is either destructive or constructive, temporal or permanent; and as life has been proven to be continuous and scientific it therefore follows that a program to be consistent must include all phases of life.

Our Socialist program is like Darwin's evolution—it is good as far as it goes. It considers but a part of life—the physical. To be sure it (the Socialists' program) is par excellence compared with our aged commercialized material program.

We are seeing the fruition of this latter program in the war of Europe. There property and material things are more highly prized than human life. It is the same here in the United States, except we are not using the "up-to-date" and modern methods of killing. We are using the slow, crafty and cunning processes of killing, viz., starving, overwork, fear-of-want, fear-of-hell, etc.

Nature gives us abundant opportunities for investigation, appropriation and assimilation. The Socialists have investigated the material conditions and have arrived at a general agreement, but are divided as to the appropriation method.

This division tends to neutralize or destroy our power, and whatever destroys our power is unwise. If

this be true in the political field, it is true in the economic and every other phase of human activity. Our experience has taught us that co-operation is a law of nature. The atoms co-operate to form the molecule and the molecules unite to form the cell and the cells join to form the organism, whether mineral, vegetable, animal or man. If any part of an organism—a wagon, a watch, a flower, or man—fails to perform its function then the efficiency of the whole is curtailed.

Man is a physical, spiritual and psychical organism. If his material leg or eye is destroyed, we at once decide that the whole organism is affected. We also say if a man has "wheels in his head" or is not of sound mind, he is deficient in his usefulness. If he gets drunk, angry, or is not truthful and is immoral, we at once class him as not the best.

Science has demonstrated that life is continuous and that we take with us on leaving this realm certain things accumulated while in this physical body—in a word, character, whether good or bad. We say a bad character is not desirable here, and neither is it "over there." Material things we leave behind. They are

only useful during our short stay on earth, but are very necessary while here. We cannot build character which we take with us, without the material things at the same time.

Now our program must include character building as the goal and material things for use while here, in order to conform to nature's intent or laws. Without character we are non compos mentis, but with good character we are good lovers, brothers, sisters, parents and citizens. Good character establishes unity, co-operation and power. Teach from the Progressive Life how to acquire good character. The Land Colony is pushing ahead. Every modern appliance within reach for lightening the "load" of life is being utilized by these Socialists. They are proceeding with determination that means success.

I note with heartfelt gratitude, in the last Western Comrade, that the children will be initiated under the Montessori method of education and that every opportunity is being given them for recreation and education.

Our program then must include the spiritual welfare as well as the physical.

Molding a Man

By GRAY HARRIMAN

JOHN and Raymond were brothers. They lived on a homestead, in the middle west, right on the very edge of a great rolling prairie.

John was the first born and therefore the favorite. It was John who had the mittens with the double lining. It was John who sat upon the horsehair upholstered couch, that was reserved for guests only. It was John that could harness up the old gray and go to the husking bee. It was John this and John that.

At last the mother of these boys decided that John must be given an education. John went to college. John went to the mountains during his vacation. For there it was, that he would meet educated people, people that could help his career. Thus it was that John lived soft.

As for Raymond, he got up and made the fire in the old drum stove, fed the stock and went down the old icy path to the spring. Raymond was told that he did not need an education, one in the family was enough. His mother and father had never had an education.

John finished his education and married a society girl in the east. He had a good position as a corporation attorney, but he needed his salary to live as an attorney should in his position, and just could not spare any to his folks.

The mother was tired of life's grim struggle and at the age of sixty succumbed. Raymond was now left

with the mortgaged farm upon his shoulders. John had of late forgotten to write. The farm was run down, so Raymond left and went into the bigger world.

Some years after Raymond was one of myriad cogs in a great industrial machine and lived in one of those boxes, which is one of an endless row. His wife was sick, sick with the great white plague; his son was a weak boy, his health undermined by the insanitary conditions of the coal mines. Raymond worked twelve hours each day in the damp coal mines. He dared not stop, or the rent and doctor bills would come due and the company did not tolerate laxness in the paying of debts.

John, what had become of him? He was elected governor of the state in which Raymond worked. John's friends had pulled political wires and elected him. He owed much to them. His wife had satisfied her social ambitions. Yes it is true the owners of the coal mines had compelled their employes to vote for John as governor, but that was politics.

The conditions in the coal mines were terrible. There were none of the new safety appliances, for they detracted from the dividends, and large dividends meant general business prosperity.

The miners struck. The mine owners went to John and said: "Our employes are damaging our business; we supported you for governor, now send us troops

The Conscript

By MARY E. GARBUTT

THE Conscript goes with sullen mien and downcast eyes
 To face the cannon's mouth,
 He may return again to home and wife,
 Once more take up his humble life—
 Or he may fall a victim in the strife.

He has no foe that urges to the fight;
 He is not called some cruel wrong to right.
 He goes because he's caught within the net
 Of some strong, cruel power that takes away his will
 To act a freeman's part.

The Conscript feels no savage lust for blood;
 No military glory fires his soul:
 But rather in his humble breast is found
 A spirit friendly to all human kind
 Of every race and clime.

And yet the word goes forth he must obey,
 And march into the thickest of the fray
 To do the very things his soul revolts against.

If he could only nerve himself, a man of strength,
 To voice the slumbering instinct of his heart;
 He would resist this age-long tyranny of crowns
 That forces him to do this cruel wrong
 To his own soul.

Upon the battlefield in trenches grim
 Beside his brothers slain—
 Amid the shrieks and groans of dying men
 At last his soul is stirred—his mind awakes:
 His heart burns with a flame that cannot die.

He breaks the age-long chains that bind him fast;
 In courage strong he stands at last.
 He calls aloud with shouts of joy
 Across the lines to those in trenches there—

“Are we not friends and comrades, oh ye men?
 Have we a grievance that we wound and slay?
 I send across to you, my brothers,
 Love's way to settle every wrong.
 No more like cattle dumb will we obey—
 Like freemen strong we will arise
 And, joining hands, build us a world
 Radiant with joy—with freedom, and good will!”

to protect our business and property.

The troops were sent. A riot resulted owing to the white heat of both factions. A woman was struck by a soldier in the melee. Raymond had had no education, therefore his moral code was crude, but this was too much. He struck the soldier in return, he struck harder than he intended, and killed him. Raymond was court-martialed and deported to a military prison under a “life” sentence, which meant death.

John had a son, who was educated much the same as his father. The son was now in the real estate business and owned a tract of land in Florida, which was absolutely worthless. Nevertheless, he sold many lots and cleared something like \$80,000. It was not his fault that his victims had not investigated.

Late one night a thin, weak and shoulder-bent creature succeeded in breaking into the parlor of John's son's house. The son of John heard the noise and, grasping his revolver, crept in upon the intruder and captured him. The police were summoned and the thief quickly taken away. The law condemned him. Thus he became a criminal. The law did not ask why his mother died in the little unfurnished one-room company house? It did not ask why his father had been given “life” imprisonment? It did not ask about the advantages which both father and son had never been able to gain. It weighed only the fact that he had been caught with the goods.

The son of John was elected a judge and accredited by all a good fellow. The law did not ask where he made his wealth or whether his father was an honest man. It cared not, he was a business success. Yet some say environment molds not the man.

But Why Crow?

The wife of a Sacramento Socialist has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband was named Robins, her second Sparrow, the present Quale. There are now two young robins, one sparrow and three quales in the family. One grandfather was a Swan and another a Jay, but he's dead now and a bird of Paradise. They live on Hawk avenue, Eagleville, Canary Island, and the fellow who wrote this is a Lyre and a relative of the family.

Fate

By Jack Wolf

THE sky is leaden, the air bodes ill,
 All nature broods in a threat to kill.
 The lion roars in the forest deep
 But I, in my house secure, shall sleep.
 The storm passed weakly, the sky is blue,
 The ship is safe and the hunters too,—
 But the man in his house upon the rock,
 Has disappeared in an earthquake shock!

How to Tell a Democrat

By W. W. Pannell

MY friend, the Socialist, was one day leading a rather diminutive Jersey cow down the main street of his little home town, by means of a rope tied to a ring in the animal's nose. when he was challenged by a young Democrat of the place, as follows:

"Say, Uncle, that's a Socialist cow, isn't it?"

"No," replied my friend with emphasis. "This is a Democrat cow."

"How do you make that out, Uncle?"

"How!" exploded our friend. "You dummy, can't you see that I am leading it by the nose?"

Wanted—Two Million Votes

Socialist vote in 1900.....	96,991
Socialist vote in 1904.....	407,227
Socialist vote in 1908.....	424,488
Socialist vote in 1912.....	901,012
SOCIALIST VOTE IN 1916..	2,000,000

WE now have about 475 elected officials of all kinds, including state legislators, mayors, sheriffs, councilmen, judges, constables, members of school boards, etc.

If the Socialist Party polls 2,000,000 votes in 1916, the Socialists elected to office in the United States will be counted by the thousands. Numerous cities and counties, AND POSSIBLY ONE OR TWO STATES will fall into our hands.

It is plain, therefore, that the results will be achieved by the doubling of our vote in 1916 are far greater than the results ever before achieved by a similar increase.

Never before was the doubling of our votes so profoundly to be wished for as at this time.

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Georgia Kotsch says:

"* * * It strips the glamor of benevolent motives from the dealings with Mexico of the United States and other countries and presents the stark truth that American and world capitalism has been, and is, in league against the proletariat of Mexico for its own sordid interest. And while the Mexican master class is depicted as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in history, the Socialist will see that the story of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or less degree and in varying circumstances the story of the proletariat in every country."



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Be Natural and You Will Be Damned

By Stuart Taber

PR-R-rrr-e-eet! Tu WEET-T-T!
 Whe-e-eet! tu WHOO-ooooooooo!
 Wild—shrill—loud—soft,
 And purple-shadow smooth;
 Trills of love, good songs of food;
 Twitters at cloudlets;
 Bold warbles to breezes,
 Mad joy-screams at NOTHING!
 NOT CARING A DAMN!

So burbles unhampered,
 All healthy with freedom—
 Erratic as wind,
 The wonderful,
 Clean-bodied
 BIRD!

No purity fiends to infect him,
 No life-searing legends of Christ;
 No laws save the dictums of NA-
 TURE,

No fools to bray at his antics!
 He comes and goes at his leisure,
 No master in his, save Desire!
 His pranks lead him not to a mad-
 house;

Without shame he may love in the
 sunlight;
 His food he may choose from ALL
 food,

And no joint-swelling labor is his.
 He is free! Free! FREE!
 As free as the clean white cloud!

And am I not as great as a bird?
 Must I cripple my body with toil
 That some fat fool and his greasy
 woman

May swathe their filth in silks?
 Must I mute my good clean songs of
 flesh,

And steal my love in the glooms of
 night?

Must the yellow teeth of the PACK
 Grind the will that NATURE gave
 to ME?

Watch the Bird!
 WATCH ME!

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Gen. Otis says editorially in The Times, of

EVERYMAN

(By Luke North)

“If law and order, respect for conventions and property rights are to be maintained in this land and its civilization continued, publications like Everyman must be suppressed”

And again Gen. Otis says:

“Its lamentably brilliant pages pervert art to the cunning uses of social disturbers”—and also, says the General, still speaking of Everyman:

“It is disturbing to mental stability.”

Thank you kindly, General. I could ask no greater boon from the Los Angeles Times.—Luke.

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Job Harriman, Managing Editor
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Vo. III June, 1915 No. 3

Inspiration or Gloom?

By Edouard d'Ormand

LINGERING a moment in the delightful atmosphere of insouciance that thinly covers the splendid spirit of comradeship in the editorial office of this magazine I once overheard a criticism based solely upon cover-page appearance of one number—that the publication was “too gloomy.”

I have since wondered if any of the readers of the inside pages shared in the opinion of the all too superficial critic. If there be such may I be permitted to dispel their false conclusions. The editor is so hopeful, so earnest and compelling in his enthusiasm that all who surround him are at times carried away with his fervor and I have seen half a dozen persons, sometimes casual visitors, suddenly plunged into a state of febrile energy while all turned in with a will and worked at various tasks incident to getting out circulars and publicity matter for the mail or pushing forward the propaganda of co-operative action.

If this passes the censorship I ask you to believe this editor is the most hopeful and optimistic man I know. Beside him at work I am led to join in his belief in the aphorism of Saint Simon: “L'age d'or, qu'une aveugel tradition a place jusqu'ici dans le passe, est devant nous” (The golden age which blind tradition has hitherto placed in the past, is just before us). Not that there is a belief of flowery beds of ease without first the suffering of Gehenna—that is already here—but we are going through it, perhaps with a fight more sharp than most dare face. That is a part of the game.

I find here no shrinking from the future. Here rather the spirit of boldly facing the straight pathway no matter how “charged with punishment the scroll.” Here is the fearless wish that the fight, if it

must come, will come while we have a “clear sighting eye and a steady trigger finger.”

“If you are looking for philosophical fatalism you won't find it in the office of the Western Comrade. If you want the inspiration of boiling, seething activity and

confident hopefulness borne along with the impelling buoyancy of confidence, strength and virility drop in a minute, as I like to do, and get a “shot of hope.” Don't linger too long or you will either be brushed aside as a chip on the eddy—or put to work.

War and Alcohol

WAR has hit the alcohol business a terrific jolt. Plunged into the war, the great nations found that social cognizance of the alcohol menace had to be taken.

Some workers in this country are predicting that the use of alcohol will decline in this country, because the lesson being learned in war-torn Europe will not be lost on America. “We workingmen need to be wide-awake and at our best every minute, for our fight is serious and never-ending,” said a

Trade Union leader. “The sooner we cut out the booze, the better it will be for us. We are up against the shrewdest men in the country. We can't afford to poison our brains. I would like to see the whole Labor Movement put the ban on alcohol. It poisons and kills. It never has won any battle for us and never will. Cut it out!”

And he was no prude. He was just a good, hard fighter who has been through a lot of fights and knows what is needed to win.



NEXT EXECUTION

Will Henry Think?

By NARGI YINGA

A PHYSICIAN on his morning walk found a five dollar bill. As a keen diagnostician he detected some congenital discrepancy in the greenback,—but he also observed it bore such a convincing likeness to the ones printed on the legalized press that he decided it would well serve in paying a bill he owed his genial but insistent butcher.

As the butcher started to put what he thought was a legal satisfaction of an honest debt in his till, a farmer entered and called his attention to a long overdue account. Without delay the butcher handed over the doctor's recent find to the farmer—and the farmer beamed with satisfaction.

Then the farmer went to the blacksmith and, using the same five, paid for the repairs on his wagon. But the blacksmith, who gloried in his promptness in paying his debts, ran over to the doctor's and settled for services rendered during the blacksmith's wife's illness.

The doctor on finding himself in

possession of his early morning find concluded it was best to retire his emergency currency from circulation, as it had not been legalized by the "millionaire club" at headquarters. This he quickly accomplished by laying the spurious bill on the fire of his open grate.

One of the chief differences between the physician and the bankers was that the physician had to go with his honest debt unpaid (as did the butcher, the farmer and the blacksmith) until the piece of paper was found by the roadside: while the famous emergency currency promoters have the advantage of printers' ink and paper.

Now, who thinks that the doctor, the butcher, the farmer and the blacksmith were swindled in the above transaction? Were they not all satisfied that their debts were paid?

The moral to this tale is admittedly obvious, but—think it over, Henry, give it a thought!

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More Fun at Llano

A SUNDAY school teacher one day caught "sanctification" and a "glimpse of heaven." The following Sunday she told her class of little boys of the joys and pleasures they would derive when once they get inside the pearly gates.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, when she thought she had them hypnotized, "how many of you want to go to heaven?"

All stood save little Jimmy.

"Stand up with the rest of us, Jimmy," came persuasively from the teacher. "You want to go to heaven, don't you?"

"Nope!" was Jimmy's firm response.

"Why, Jimmie!" fairly screamed the astounded teacher, "of course you do! We all do! Why, heaven is wonderful; it is sublime; it is——"

"Aw——" broke in Jimmie, "I don't want to go there. My old man's joined the Llano del Rio Colony."

Historical Accuracy

Comrade Theodore Roosevelt is peevish because a cartoonist has pictured him with the wrong foot in the stirrup while mounting a horse. Accuracy—historical accuracy is indispensable. Perhaps that's why the colonel placed his O. K. on a statuette of himself, mounted on a broncho charging up San Juan Hill when there were no mounted American troops in Cuba.

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JOB HARRIMAN,

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(My commission expires Nov. 19, 1918.)

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Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of unemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

Some of the aims of the colony are: To solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

Some of these aims have been carried out during the year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 400 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than seventy pupils in the schools, and several hundreds are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools will open at the fall term with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony schools.

The colony owns a fine herd of about 100 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products.

There are about 150 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has about forty work horses, a large tractor, two trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 100 egg-making birds, some of them blue-ribbon prize winners. About 2000 additional chicks were added in May. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

About 60,000 rainbow trout have been hatched in the colony's fish hatchery, and it is intended to add several hundred thousand each year.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil analysis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory.

About 120 acres of garden has been planted this year.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about fifty-five acres of young pear trees. Several hundred acres will be planted in pears and apples next year.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and nearly 600 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

The broadest democracy prevails in the management of the colony. There is a directorate of nine, elected by the stockholders, and a community commission of nine, elected by the General Assembly—all persons over 18 voting. Absolute equality prevails in every respect. The ultimate population of this colony will be between 5000 and 6000 persons.

The colony is organized as a corporation under the laws of California. The capitalization is \$2,000,000. One thousand members are provided for. Each shareholder agrees to subscribe for 2000 shares of stock.

Each pays cash (\$750) for 750 shares.

Deferred payments on the remaining 1250 shares are made by deducting one dollar per day (or more, if the member wishes to pay more rapidly) from the \$4 wage of the colonist.

Out of the remaining \$3 a day, the colonist gets the necessities and comforts of life.

The balance remaining to the individual credit of the colonist may be drawn in cash out of the net proceeds of the enterprise.

A per cent of the wages may be drawn in cash.

Continuous employment is provided, and vacations arranged as may be desired by the colonist.

Each member holds an equal number of shares of stock as every other shareholder.

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

In case anyone desires to leave the colony his shares and accumulated fund may be sold at any time.

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Hundreds are safeguarding themselves by joining the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony in the Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, where climate and surroundings are ideal for an agricultural and industrial community

This community is doing constructive and productive work in one of the most beautiful valleys in Southern California. The climate and surroundings are ideal. The Colony was founded and is conducted under the direct supervision of Job Harriman, who has been a leader in the Socialist movement in America for the past 25 years. The Colony is solving for its members and their families the serious problems and unemployment and insecurity for the future.

Here is an example of **COOPERATION IN ACTION.**

There were originally one thousand memberships. Six hundred of these are sold and the remainder are selling rapidly. Men and women of nearly every useful occupation are needed in the community. These men are following the latest scientific methods in farming, stock raising, dairying, poultry production, bee keeping, trout hatching



and rearing, and other agricultural and industrial pursuits. Social life is most delightful. If you are willing to apply the principles of co-operation of which you have heard, talked and read so much, here is your opportunity. Co-operation is a practical thing and

must be worked out in a practical manner. By this method we can accelerate the great world movement toward the socialization of all the sources of human life.

Do you want to solve your own

vexatious problems and assist in this great enterprise? We want Colonists and we want representatives who can speak and write the message of freedom. You can make good from this hour if you will take hold and secure members. You can make this organization work a permanent business. See the story of the Colony on page 15 of this magazine, take advantage of your opportunity and write for particulars.

Llano del Rio Company

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