

The WESTERN COMRADE



Allan L. Benson

March 1916

Five Cents

Information About the
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 disemployment 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.

It was established in an attempt 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.

There are about 700 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than 200 pupils in the schools, and several hundred 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 sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools have opened 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 school.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products. There is steady demand for our output.

There are over 200 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 seventy-five work horses, two large tractors, three trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 2000 egg-making birds, some of them blue ribbon prize winners. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

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. Several tons of honey are on hand.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, large modern saw-mill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a tannery, a rug and carpet weaving plant, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory. All of this machinery is not yet set up owing to the stress of handling the crops.

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

About 120 acres of garden was planted last year. This year the garden is being enlarged to more than twice this size.

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 one hundred acres of young pear trees. Twenty-six thousand apple and pear trees are being set out.

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 most of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.



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God, Punish Mexico!

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by Dudley Logan.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. III

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MARCH, 1916

NUMBER 11

Facts and Comment

THE Presidential campaign is on. By Job Harriman vortex of war; organized and made strong, by the strong, for the strong, while the remainder of the many are unorganized and weak—for the weak.

What will be the issue? Who will be the candidates? One candidate will stand for peace, but boasts national honor, the glory of the flag and patriotism. Dignity of American citizenship will furnish an open door through which to march an army.

Allan L. Benson will stand for peace.

Roosevelt or Root will, under cover of peace, stand for war.

The interests want war, and conquest.

The people want peace.

It is from the energy of the people that the interests coin cash. The larger the territory and the population the greater is the opportunity for greed.

How vast the chasm between the people and the interests! The one is inspired by the effections; the other by the mailed fist. The one is interested in humanity; the other in the accumulation of fortunes. The one is guided by the heart; the other by the strength of his sword, and the magnitude of his army. The efforts of the one are rewarded with beautiful meadows, fields of corn and gardens of roses; while the efforts of the other result in reeking gore.

The opportunity to snatch a fortune without earning it is crushing the human heart and leading the race to the pit.

* * *

PREPAREDNESS! This is the brain throb of the hour. The world war is on. The United States is at last drawn into the vortex. Wall street has world interests and they must be advanced and protected.

Is war wrong? Shall the weak say to the strong, "Your war is wrong"? Until the weak are able to control the strong, war will not be wrong. "The King can do no wrong," because there is no power to punish him.

The few, whose forces are organized and mobilized are strong.

The many, whose forces are unorganized and scattered, are weak. The weak are drawn into the

They stand alone, helpless and defenseless, ready and oftentimes willing to be led to the slaughter. They are the food that war feeds upon; but, though they die 'mid shot and shell, they cannot say war is wrong, for they are organized and made strong to protect the interests of the strong. Were it necessary to protect the interests of the strong, the many would be disorganized and scattered to the four corners to cry in the wilderness for the weak. "He that hath eyes to see, let him see."

* * *

IS Roosevelt retreating or Root progressing? Or are they both standing where they have always stood, and pretending to be what they are not?

Roosevelt's new booklet is nothing more or less than a campaign document; while Root's document is nothing more nor less than a campaign booklet.

Both are ultra-conservative, both condemn Wilson's peace policy; one shrouds it in billingsgate, while the other names it "waiting watchfulness."

The policies of each, though differently worded, will equally well serve the interest and blind the general public while they are led to slaughter.

Slaughter is not a metaphor, nowadays. It is the real thing. It means shot and shell and trench for the poor voter who, by the cry of patriotism, is urged on to the bloody battle. What care they if the interests be served? Roosevelt will—perhaps—go to the war. Root will not even—perhaps.

They are not headed for the field of battle, where victories are won with musketry and sword.

They are headed for the Chicago convention, where victories are won by word of mouth and where they are safe from being even scorched by the shafts of hot air that will be spouted there.

What is the difference between these wordy champions? One is a "Bull Moose." The other is a "Moose Bull."

"Choose ye whom ye will serve!"



WHAT chance has the rat against the cat? What chance has Mexico against the United States? Are not the feeling of mice and men the same when war is on? Does not the blood of the victim urge the victor to further carnage? Will the helplessness of our sister republic arouse our sympathies or cause us to demand unconditional surrender? What did we do in the Mexican War in 1848? Did we show a heart of compassion or of steel? Was not Taylor elected upon a war issue? What were the real rights in the premises? Were the rights not couched in the superior force of our arms? Did the heart aches of the Mexican people save to them their territory?

What is the real cause of the present conflict? Does it not lie back of the raid on Columbus? Did Villa hope to conquer 90,000,000 people with 4000 men? Is he a maniac? Or is he inspired by interests that would profit by absorbing Mexico? Was not Harry Chandler, with his criminal associates, indicted by the United States grand jury for conspiring to incite war between the United States and Mexico? Is not the Los Angeles Times one of the mouthpieces of Wall street? Are not their interests in Mexico identical?

Who is financing Villa? Is it not Wall street and its interests? Was it not for this reason that Wilson supported Carranza? Do not the Wall street interests, the corporations and trusts, dominate our public affairs? If we conquer Mexico would they not then control affairs in that country? Would their profits not swell with the increase of territory? Are not their properties in Mexico worth hundreds of millions? If we take Mexico, would not the value of their property multiply into billions? Have they not been cruel to their poor Mexican employes?

Do they not know the hatred and contempt in which they are held by all Mexicans? Have they not by their conduct aroused in Mexico this same feeling against the United States? Did they not know that the Mexican people could not understand that an invading army was pursuing only one man? Did they not know that these people would resist that army and desert any power that consented to such invasion? Did they not know that this would

weaken Carranza and temporarily strengthen Villa? Did they not know that this would result in war between the two countries? Did they not use their own power in Congress to force Wilson to take this step? Are they not now opposing reciprocity with Carranza? Are they not unwilling to grant the same privileges to Mexico that we are taking? Are not the great Republican dailies supporting them in their policy? Have they not already created a revolt in Congress against Wilson's policy? Does this not mean war with Mexico? What chance has Mexico against the United States? What chance have the commercial and industrial interests of Mexico against those of the United States? Greed for gold is the cause of war. The magnitude of the war is determined by the opportunities to gratify the greed.

* * *

WHY not arm the people? Are these guardians of our welfare afraid of the people? Would it not require less taxes for each man to support his own rifle, than it would to support an idle soldier with a rifle? Would there not be more armed men if all had rifles than if only an army of soldiers had rifles? Would it be possible for any world force to invade this country if all had rifles? Would not peace be secured if all had arms? Twenty million armed men! What would that mean? It would mean peace even in these days of war. We could stay securely at home at our work and let the dogs of war in foreign lands bay on.

But the people are not the Government. The Government is a very different institution. The large interests of this country constitute the Government. They own our public press, our news service, our transportation, our ships, our banks, our oil, our coal, our steel, our law, our—everything, almost, is theirs. They want an army of soldiers to protect what is—theirs (?).

The soldiers will protect what is theirs, while they fear that the armed people will protect what is ours.

Are not the soldiers a force for conquest? Are we not now beginning the conquest of Mexico? Will not what is theirs be increased by conquest? Will not ours be taken away? If they need us can



they not call us by conscription to protect what is theirs?

Is not every soldier an added burden to our taxation? Would not an armed people be self-supporting?

Why not arm the people? What? Why not?

Will Bull Moose and Moose Bull please answer.

* * *

TEN million armed troops, marshalled by the allies, are operating in every theater of war. It is now proposed to mobilize them all upon the Kaiser's troops; to drive them into Germany and then to utterly extinguish the German race. What a thought! What a funeral! What carnage! What rivers of blood! Has hell broke loose?

This is the ripe fruit of the greed of the millionaire. How many, many millions of men, women and children have been silently ground to death in the stores and mills and factories of the merchant and industrial kings! How many human lives are consumed to build a palace! How many lives of little children must be sacrificed that a daughter of the rich may be bedecked with diamonds! How many have starved that the idle might dwell in palaces and dine on wine and sweet meats!

The merchant and industrial princes of the world are striving to turn the resources of the world into their coffers.

Shall these resources be turned into the coffers of the allies or of the Germans and Austrians? This is the question.

For this question 6,000,000 men have paid the death penalty during the war; 8,000,000 more have been captured or wounded. How many millions were killed and wounded by the industrial hardships before the war, can never be known.

Eliminate the possibility of profits and the war would end at once. A community of interests begets good fellowship; a conflict of interests brings war. War follows in the trail of the profit system as inevitably as the night follows the day.

Have we not tried the profit system long enough? How many millions more of our first-born shall be laid upon the altar as a sacrifice to greed? Greed is a child of the profit system. Once it is born, it makes

a graveyard of the human heart and buries therein every noble sentiment and tender impulse. It is the possibility of profit, of returns without rendering an equivalent, that has crushed the world's heart and developed a world war.

Suppose the allies extinguish the German race, will they not go on merchandising and laying the foundation for future wars of greater magnitude? Who next shall be exterminated? The most efficient, of course. This greed is an obstacle to the world's progress, view it as you will.

There is but one solution. The abolition of individual ownership and the profit system and the substitution of collective ownership and co-operation. With this change the world war would end, the German would clasp hands with the ally across the channel and the Rhine, the human heart would ascend to the throne and the world would be governed by love and goodwill toward men.

* * *

A SPLENDID editorial in the March Rip-Saw, from the pen of Eugene V. Debs, unveils the horrible tragedies constantly arising in the industries of our great cities. He quotes the following from a report made by a commission appointed by the Governor of Maryland:

"Much attention is given to social conditions in factories, stores and office buildings, and many instances are given of immorality forced upon girls by their employers or their superiors at their places of employment; the penalty of refusal being the loss of position."

We wish to call the attention of the Rip-Saw to the fact that the Llano del Rio Colony has 750 inhabitants; that we are now two years old; and that such conditions as are mentioned in the above quoted report are now, and forever will be absolutely impossible in Llano del Rio Colony. The reason that such horrors are impossible is that the employes of the company are the stockholders, and could, and would, discharge the Board of Directors if any such crimes were ever mentioned, much less indulged in. Do you think that an investment in the Llano del Rio Colony is really a gamble? May not some good come out of Nazareth?

Labor Conscription

THEODORE ROOSEVELT says that the frequent recurrence of strikes throughout the country is one of the gravest signs of unpreparedness and that even graver are the evidences of unrest which do not culminate in strikes. In other words, until labor can be so curbed, tamed and rendered impotent to rebel, militarism and munitions cannot be sure of their safety. An insidious plan for labor conscription!

This is an important and valuable suggestion to capitalism in America. In England they neglected to do this before the war began and it was most difficult to accomplish, and, indeed, has not yet been fully achieved there.

Roosevelt's plan is to establish a Federal Industrial Commission "to deal with labor and management" (whatever this management may mean). He says this commission must "remedy the situation, not by more palliatives, but by genuinely effective action," and he continues that the commission must be a permanent body consisting of farsighted men of real independence and broad sympathies which are as far removed from silly sentimentality as from hard arrogance and lack of consideration for others."

This is Theodore's old method of clever and adroit straddling. It is his way of saying that fire is hot, water is wet and ice is cold.

There is much less cleverness, however, in his bold

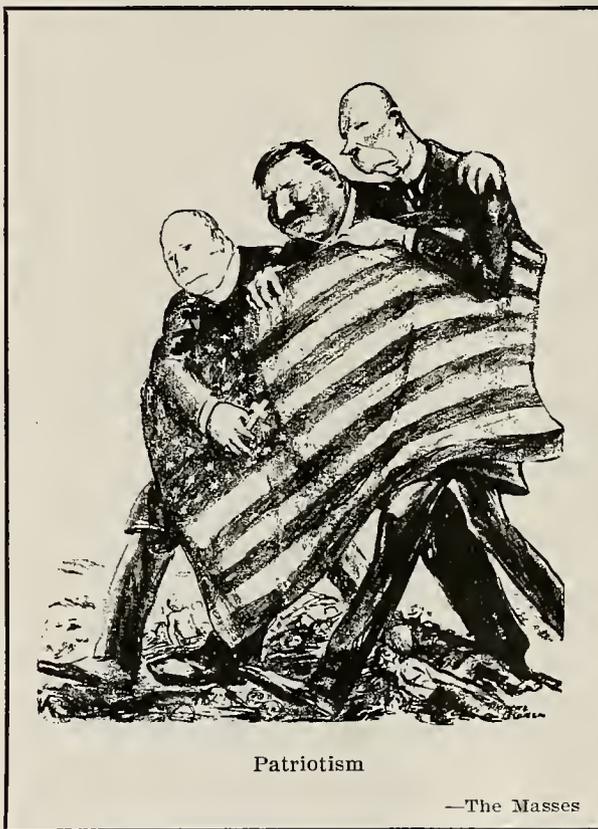
packings of the jury even before the venire is drawn. Observe whom he puts in the box for labor to look to for adjustment of disputes.

The qualifications for these five proposed commissioners are to be: "First, Ownership of Capital; second, The Management of the Industrial Process; third, Labor; fourth, The Relation of Industry to the Individual States; fifth, The Relation of Industry to the National Government—the last two including the relation of industry to the general public."

There you have it beautifully boiled down. The "Labor" mentioned will be, of course, some hand-picked and distinguished member of the "organized body." Distinguished because of his harmlessness. Some safe and sane dodderer. The whole commission would, in fact, be most safe—for capitalism. The next step would be for Congress to endow this precious bunch with plenary power in time of

strife. This will put millions of "hands" in the munition works—and keep them there. This will keep the miners at work, despite wages, hours or surroundings. It will keep the railway workers on the job and bring an end to agitation for shorter hours and higher wages.

Capitalism has in Roosevelt a faithful mouth-piece to express its fear of the "quicksands of labor insecurity."



Patriotism

—The Masses

W e s t f i e l d



WESTFIELD is a little country postoffice in southern North Dakota, chiefly noted for its rolling hills and the religious inclinations of its people. The inhabitants are hard-working, little-thinking people with strong backs and plenty of whiskers. By some inexplicable freak of nature there arrived at the house of one of the most conservative, a bay baby to whom they gave the name of Ben. A little chubby fellow with a somewhat large head. That was his accident of birth. He had a head, and heads were unwelcome things in Westfield. It is difficult to say, however, who was most annoyed by the workings of that head in later years—the boy or the community. It surely cost him considerable physical punishment, but he in turn inflicted a good deal of mental anguish upon the faithful. But I am getting ahead of my story.

When Ben was but a few days old he was baptized—christened or whatever it was called—the preacher saying solemn words over him as he sprinkled water upon his face. Ben wailed a loud protest, they handed it to him. He was under the Covenant that gave him a through ticket to Paradise, if he had seen fit to use it. The ticket was O. K. as long as you asked no questions of the Conductor on whose train you had to die before you could reach your destination. But Ben could use his head for more than a hat rack. He had a great head which tipped him head foremost to Perdition.

Ben, from his very childhood, seemed to be headed for that abode of the dead, where, according to Westfield theology, we find all the highbrows, such as Galileo, Bruno, Copernicus, Dalton, Taplace, Paine, Ingersoll, Darwin, Huxley and Spencer. Westfielders did not go there they did not weigh enough mentally. Lightness of brain is a prerequisite to orthodox salvation.

Ben had a heavy handicap in his race for celestial glory. His head was too large to enter the Church. His mental stomach too weak to digest its theological hash.

Of course, he grew up among the devout and good. He could not help it; we have no democracy in the selection of parents.

Ben had a morbid fancy for the bones of dead horses, cows, sheep and so forth. Yes, even as a child of 7 or 8 years of age he would go out across the prairies and find a carcass and study it. Count the bones and note their position. Then he would come

By JOHN DEQUER home all excited about his discoveries. He would ask his parents the names of the various parts, ossious structure of the beast. Things of which they were hopelessly ignorant. Hence the best way out was to give him a beating and prohibit him his pleasurable pastime of inspecting the remains of dead animals. Of course the real reason was that they did not care to confess ignorance of these subjects to their child.

Ben took the punishment like the Belgians. He had to. But instead of changing his habit of thought it simply sharpened the devils back in his brain—the question mark.

He was but 8 years old when he asked his father a question that caused the old man to marvel at the depravity of the child. It was just after he had been severely punished for reconstructing the skeleton of a dead hen, which he found in the weeds behind the barn. "Papa," said Ben, "why is it right to study a building which you build, and wrong to study a body that God builds? Is it bad to ask why God does things in a certain way, and good to ask it about man's work?"

"These bones are dirty!" explained the father!

"God's work dirty?" exclaimed Ben in some surprise. "Are you not afraid God will hear you?" And his eyes were wide as he asked the question.

The father wanted to hear no more, but applied the ointment of correction prayerfully—Ben doing the praying.

But punishment did not quench the fire of the boy's genius. He persisted to ask of Nature and of man the why of everything he saw and heard.

Then Ben made a discovery: A sheep has twenty-six bones in its back, seven in the neck, twelve in the ribs, five between ribs and hips, etc. So had the ox, the horse, the dog. They all had the same bones differently shaped, but in general outline they were the same. It was a great discovery. All animals were built on a common plan. This he could not fathom, and it was no use to ask his parents.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if I am made that way, too? How can I find out?"

"Ma, do they bury people very deep when they die?" he asked his mother.

"Yes, quite deep."

"Could I dig one of them up?"

"Now what do you want to do that for?"

"I want to count the bones in the back of a dead man."

"Child!" screamed the mother. "Are you insane?"



STILL HOVERING

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by J. Lewitzky.

“The dead man wouldn’t care, would he, Ma? Would he?”

“No, but God would!”

“Why is God ashamed of the way he made us?”

Here again the conversation ended abruptly, to Ben’s detriment. “Spare not the rod lest you develop reason,” was a good way to phrase the Westfield faith.

Ben, however, had set his face resolutely toward the light. He had to know if we, too, were built inwardly like the other animals, but he dared not ask any more questions upon physiological or anatomical subjects, as his experience proved that such a course would awaken the beast and subdue the God in the mind and heart of his parents. They could force him to be quiet, but they could not stop the activity of his brain. He would look at, listen to, and learn from everything. An advertisement of an old periodical supplied him with a fairly good picture of the human skeleton. It was a joy to him. He compared bone for bone with the bones of all the animals of his acquaintance. Yes, it was true, as far as bones were concerned, all were very much alike.

He now began to puzzle over other things. He hung about the butcher’s shambles like a bee about a blossom. He watched their every act. Yes, the cow had a liver, lungs, stomach, heart, kidney, bowels, brain, and in general it looked like those of the hog,

dog, rabbit, horse, chicken, goose, mouse, squirrel. Yes, there was a close relationship between all in the physical sense. A spirit he could not find.

Next he studied the mental makeup of animals. A loud noise scared the horse, the sheep, the chickens, the cattle and Ma.

At meal time Pa came to dinner. At feeding time the pigs came to the trough; the cows to the stable. When thirsty all sought water. When angered all fought. When frightened all ran. Mentally they were all alike. Substantially, man was no exception. He was a brother to all that was.

Ben was bright in school. He had mastered writing and had become quite proficient at an early age. He used this gift to keep notes on what he saw and heard.

This range of observation was hunted and what he heard outside of farm routine was mostly sixteenth-century theology—which is more interesting to the student of morbid psychology than to a born naturalist. He was barely 11 years of age when he worked out, unaided, his idea of universal kinship. He had made startling progress on the road that led him to a conception of Cosmic unity. The thing that puzzled him was, why God had made things under so many forms, yet with so little difference. He was all on fire to know

(Continued on Page 30)

Boosting Better Babies



By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

AS this article was being written, "Better Baby Week" was in full swing. A widespread, popular movement was behind it, bearing the endorsement of no less a person than the President of the United States, in addition to that of prominent people in many other fields of activity. The movement was indeed a worthy one. To brighten the lives and improve the chances of the little ones was a purpose second to none. Boosting better babies is much more worth while than raising blooded poodle dogs or passing the time away in fashionable dissipation at Newport or Palm Beach.

It might be well to point out, however, that substantial, permanent progress cannot be made along this line so long as an industrial system prevails which condemns a large portion of the people to live in utter poverty, causing thousands of baby lives to be snuffed out, while those which survive only do so to know all the toil and hardship and mental stress of modern wage slavery.

To bring a life into the world under the best of conditions imposes considerable responsibility. It means to build body and mind and character through a long, trying process. To raise a family without assurance of being able to support it properly is almost criminal. The agitation for birth-control, though called obscene and disgusting by prudes parading in masks of purity, is based on a solid foundation of facts. Here are a few of them:

The death rate of babies whose fathers earn less than \$10 per week is 256 per thousand, while those whose fathers earn \$25 or more per week die at the rate of only 84 per thousand.

The last of the family to go hungry are the children, yet in our largest cities from 12 to 20 per cent of the children are noticeably underfed and ill-nourished.

Over 30 per cent of the adult male workers, the fathers and potential fathers, earn less than \$10 a week, nearly 75 per cent earn less than \$15, and only about 10 per cent earn more than \$20 a week.

Almost 75 per cent of the women workers in factories, stores and laundries work for less than \$8 a week; 20 per cent earn less than \$4 and nearly 50 per cent earn less than \$6 per week.

These figures are based on a report of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, none of whom are Socialists. Surely, with them in mind, it is not wrong to say that any "better baby" movement

that is not merely sentimental must accept the truth that babies had better not be born into poverty and deprivation, and that to prevent their coming may be a Christ-like act.

Reason is not out of place in the most personal, sacred relations of life.

Interfering with Nature? Yes, to be sure.

Tampering with deeply implanted instincts? Certainly.

Shocked critics should remember, however, that normal conditions cannot exist under an industrial system that has become abnormal. The race had better die out than be a race of weaklings.

Motherhood is holy under all circumstances, but if it is to mean the propagation of vice and misery, then human life had better disappear from the planet, and the quicker the better.

But the race need not die out; human life need not disappear. The useful of the earth, the workers, using their collective power, can bring a better day to pass. Poverty is a widely prevalent, chronic disease, but it is curable.

A simple operation, merely cutting out capitalism, the vermiform appendix of the body, social, and normal conditions and perfect health will be made possible for all.

The problem of better babies is going to be solved. Some day every new human life will have an equal chance. Some day every child will be welcomed as a distinct accession to the community. Some day the arrival of the helpless little strangers will cease to be regarded as a misfortune because they bring only more hardship and self-denial; rather will they be the source of joy as deep and as lasting as the love of which they are or should be the fulfillment.

That day will be when Socialism comes to bless mankind. Stone by stone, the Socialists of today are building the wondrous structure. It is easy and popular to hinder the work. It is easy to scoff and call names and deny that which one knows nothing about. But the man or the woman who picks out the easiest things, who drifts with the current instead of rowing against it, lacks most of the qualities of real manhood or womanhood.

If the workers were as well organized as their masters, their families would never starve. With the wealth they create, their surroundings improved, the better baby problem would quickly take care of itself.

Who will be strong enough and brave enough to search for and find the truth and be builders?

Fighting Militarism



ONE hundred and twenty thousand letters left Chicago in one day to go forth into that many working-class homes, urging the workers to stake their dimes against Wall street's millions in a great challenging fight on militarism and preparedness. The dimes sent in by the workers will be used in the coming campaign to cover the entire country with literature and speakers. No town, no matter what its size, will be left untouched by this campaign. It is to be the banner year in Socialist agitation and propaganda.

The plan, in brief, is this: Every person receiving a letter from the National Office of the Socialist Party is asked to send in a dime. There are also five letters, envelopes and coin cards enclosed, which are to be sent on to five friends or acquaintances, thus establishing an endless chain.

This is a critical year for the Socialist Movement in America and yet it presents one rare opportunity to reach the masses on an issue that the economic rulers of this country are trying to force down the people's throats. Preparedness, a cloak beneath which militarism is hidden, is their issue. Maddened by the taste of fabulous profits made out of war orders, they want to provide a home market for the instruments of hell, when the orders cease to come from Europe. If we fall for "preparedness," then this country is doomed to repeat the bloody tragedy that Europe is staging now. The future welfare of the people of this country is in the greatest danger, once Wall street succeeds in putting a preparedness program over on the people of this country. This is the issue, and our fight is on that. Our battle cry must be "Not a man and not a cent for war." But the

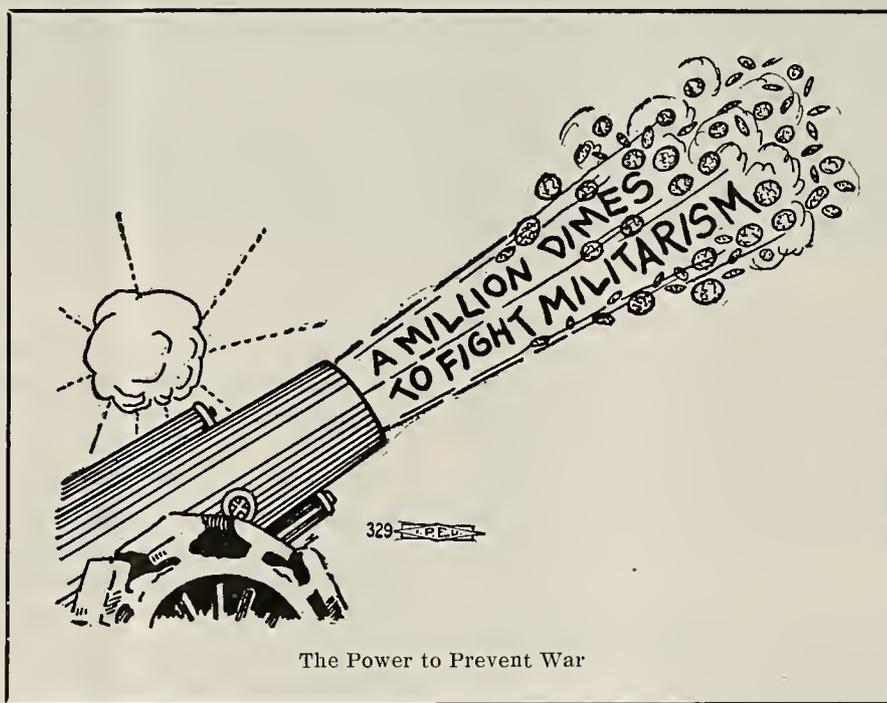
By MAX SHEROVER

people whose minds are daily being poisoned by the prostituted press must be reached, and we must reach them and open their eyes so that they may see the truth.

Resolve now to throw your dime, your time and your energy into this supreme battle of the hour. If you are not among the 120,000 whom the first letter reaches, then just place a dime in an envelope with your name and address and state that you want to become a link in the great chain. By return mail a set of five letters, envelopes and coin cards will be sent to you. You will send these letters on to your friends,

and thus you will have helped in this great fight against the monster of militarism.

Workers, you have the power to prevent all wars. You have no enemy but the same enemy which the Mexican workers seek to overthrow. Use your power to prevent not only war with Mexico, but to prevent that preparation for war which leads to war. The yellow press is al-



The Power to Prevent War

ready attempting to create a war spirit to further the plans for military organization and armament.

President Wilson has surrendered to these interests in order to further his own political fortunes.

War with Mexico would mean re-election for Wilson, and the complete overthrow of the program of the Mexican workers for their emancipation from the legal robberies of American and foreign capitalists.

The jingoes are organized, the anti-militarists are divided. Therefore, only the jingoes' voice is heard. Your dime against Wall street's millions can accomplish wonders.

Send your dime now to the National Office, Socialist Party, 803 West Marison Street, Chicago. Send it now. Don't postpone it for another day. The enemy is upon us. We must fight him to a finish.

The Town of Amis



THINGS are just the By WILBY HEARD

from the business, ethical and moral standpoint, topsy-turvy. And as the

day progressed such occurrences as follows kept on increasing and multiplying as the sands in the sea below and the stars in the blue heavens above. For instance, on picking up a newspaper one would read an ad something like this, over the firm name of Pluckal & Co., who were ever known for their unequalled bargains:

other end 'round in the little town of Amis,* and there is not the slightest doubt about it. Business is at a standstill; and even the church pews and pulpits are covered with dust. The town folk hardly speak to one another, and poor gossip has breathed its last. Everyone is minding his or her own affairs, and heaven knows what the end will be if faith be not soon restored, and conditions set normal again, at least as they were before the devil showed his hoofs in Amis.

"To rid ourselves of our stock of last year's out-of-date coats and suits; and at the same time to still further bulge our swelling coffers, we desire the public to call as early as possible and purchase these scab-made, under-paid-for, cheap-material, carelessly constructed garments at our unusually enormous prices. To make them appear as bargains we have changed the cards, almost doubling their ordinary prices, and advertise them as grand offers at a sum slightly above what they were sold for last season. Come early and help us clear out this rubbish."

Another, a soap concern, under a double column cut of an emaciated woman, sweating and toiling like a beast of burden, had this line in large type "SHE USES OUR SOAP," and then it went on to tell what its soaps, both laundry and toilet, were made of, how injurious they were to garment as well as skin. But not being in business for its health, it was happy to admit that the returns in profit from both departments were colossal.

Then they stated that this was due to the fact that the public at large were proud of being dupes, and judged all things by newspaper talk. A newspaper can do wonders with the gullible.

One of the editorials running for over a column and a half explained in detail why its news was always colored so as to please certain captains of industry. And also why they downed others. It gave the names of the individual millionaires who controlled that particular sheet, and how they managed to keep out of prison. It also showed what a mental pervert the editor had been up to then.

* Amis is Hebrew for Truth.

But all this was mere frivolity alongside what happened in the residential districts, in the aristocratic mansions and in the laborers' hovels. At the very first afternoon tea, the ladies began to tell their true opinions of one another, and soon the pretty, expensive china, and silverware commenced sailing about from head to head. Silk gowns became tea-stained, and a thousand other society events came to pass, while false hair were scattered throughout the parlors. Confusion reigned.

In the less fortunate sections, the back fences were

nearly torn down as the neighbors in rolled-up sleeves expressed themselves in accord with their actual feelings. Clothes were jerked from off the lines, and what could not be reached was honored with handfuls of precious dirt.

And so things went on all week. But the shock of shocks came on Sunday when the few who did go to church returned and repeated what had been spoken from the pulpits.

The ministers had all told the truth, and made plain that they never had intended to, nor could practice what they preached, and they intended to lie about it no longer. The following extract from one of the sermons will suffice:

“Ye hypocrites, it is not from some Bible text that I shall prate to you today; but from the depths of mine own heart.

“Ye know full well that your gathering here Sunday after Sunday has not been and is not because ye fear your God, nor is it because ye crave to satisfy your spiritual desire. Ye would be among the first to cast stones at him who would seek to do the right.

“For eight tedious years have I come here before ye and spoken to ye on things neither I nor ye believed or cared about. Ye came not to gather wisdom nor examples of righteousness. Ye congregated not to learn but to heed that I speak not contrary to your interests.

“Your measly contributions were cast with false gladness, for after all ye felt that it boosted your trade. Aware of this I called for greater donations, knowing that therefrom oozes my salary. I pleaded for a magnificent cathedral, for the grander the church the more could I permit my orthodox chest to swell with holy pride.

“I hold this job for what is in it. I have been serving ye with fifty-two bargains year in, year out; and save for the trade it hath brought you, in real bargain style have ye paid for them. Ye never meant a single word of what ye told me, and I returned it all in your own coin. At this very moment my heart is beating wild, my brain is in a whirl of excitement, for I am seeking hard for a scheme whereby I can make ye increase my income.

“Every time you kiss the cross, I could swear I see a silver dollar in its stead. And I know that with you as with me, every time we speak of setting a higher mark, it is the dollar mark we mean. Pharisees, why deceive ourselves any longer? If these buildings we gather in weekly, yea, verily **weakly**, be the temples they are pretended to be, let us obtain whips and drive ourselves out from their midst.

“Ye women that ogle about from pew to pew, ye women, ye come here to meditate upon, and to conjure

up new gossip about your neighbors—” When the minister got that far, the congregations had passed the first surprise. In slang—pardon it—one would say, they had just got their second wind, and so each drew forth handkerchiefs, rolled them up into balls and fired them at the man behind the pulpit. But the pulpiteers kept their places undismayed. For it seems they realized that the congregations being made up mainly of women, their aims would be as their attitude had been up to then. Only one was really hit and that was because he shifted places while the “contributions” were coming in.

So things continued, and the truth spread through Amis like wildfire. On the walls of many a home this motto was put up, “We Love Our Neighbors’ as Our Own.” Stores became placarded with such signs as these: “A Pleased Customer Means a Steady Sucker.” “When We Smile at You We Don’t Mean It; It’s Because We Consider You an Easy-Mark.” “If We Don’t Get a Chance to Do You, Someone Else Will.”

The car companies put up little framed signs reading: “A ride is worth two cents, we charge five because we own the lawmakers, so whatcher goen’ ter do?” Facing this on the opposite wall another read: “The straps are here for a triple purpose. For passengers to hang onto, also as a reminder of what would be used on them should they kick, and to help our riders hold the rickety roofs down in windy weather.”

One large Manufacturing concern came out with blazing signs: “Our profits are great, but we must have more. The goods you get from us are faulty. We are partly to blame for this in that we have poor machinery. The rest is the fault of the help, mostly children, who are underpaid, underfed and overworked.”

But the real eruption, the actual earthquake, came when the politicians in Amis began to make speeches which contained grains of logic. This seemed more than modern mind could bear. Then it was that a numbness settled on Amis, and all business came to the aforesaid standstill. The pious people agreed that the Devil had taken full possession of their town and that it only verified the prophecies that the world was soon to come to an end.

And that is why, because of this wave of truth sweeping Amis, that all the lawyers moved out to other cities, the doctors burned their prescription pads; and the pharmacists cast forth their patent medicines and took to selling postage stamps and postals without complaint.

And oddest of all is the claim that despite this strange phenomenon which took possession of the citizens, there is not one willing to rechange the new for the old. How long the Devil will continue to rule Amis no man knows.



Part of the Llano Community's dairy herd, which furnishes milk for the use of the Colonists.

Improvements at Llano



MAGNIFICENT weather has blessed the Antelope Valley for the past thirty days and more. Vegetation on all sides is springing up so that now a carpet of green, intermingled with colors of flowers, stretch on every hand.

The trees have forgotten that there might be a chill in the air and have put forth their blossoms; indeed, prospects bid fair for no more frost this season. Very little harm could come if frost does visit us.

With the coming of spring, man here has put forth new efforts and the results of his work are visible on all sides. During the past ten days more than 18,000 trees have been set out. The quarter section east of the hotel, now green with barley and wheat, has through it trees planted in straight rows. There are 16,000 trees in this piece of land, 1250 being apple trees, the remainder being pears.

Volunteer tree hole diggers, to the number of fifty, left for Mescal two Sundays ago and dug 2650 holes; within a day or two 5500 holes were dug there. This section of orchard is to be devoted to peaches and plums.

By R. K. WILLIAMS

The men of Llano planted 10,800 trees in two days of eight hours each.

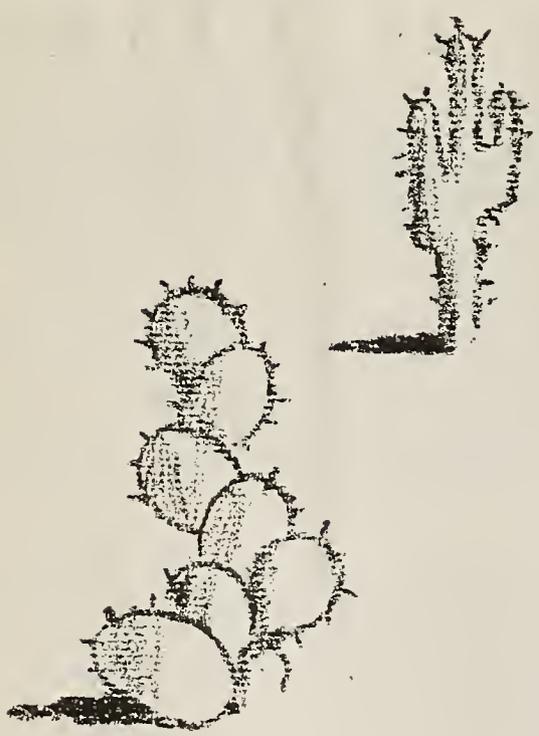
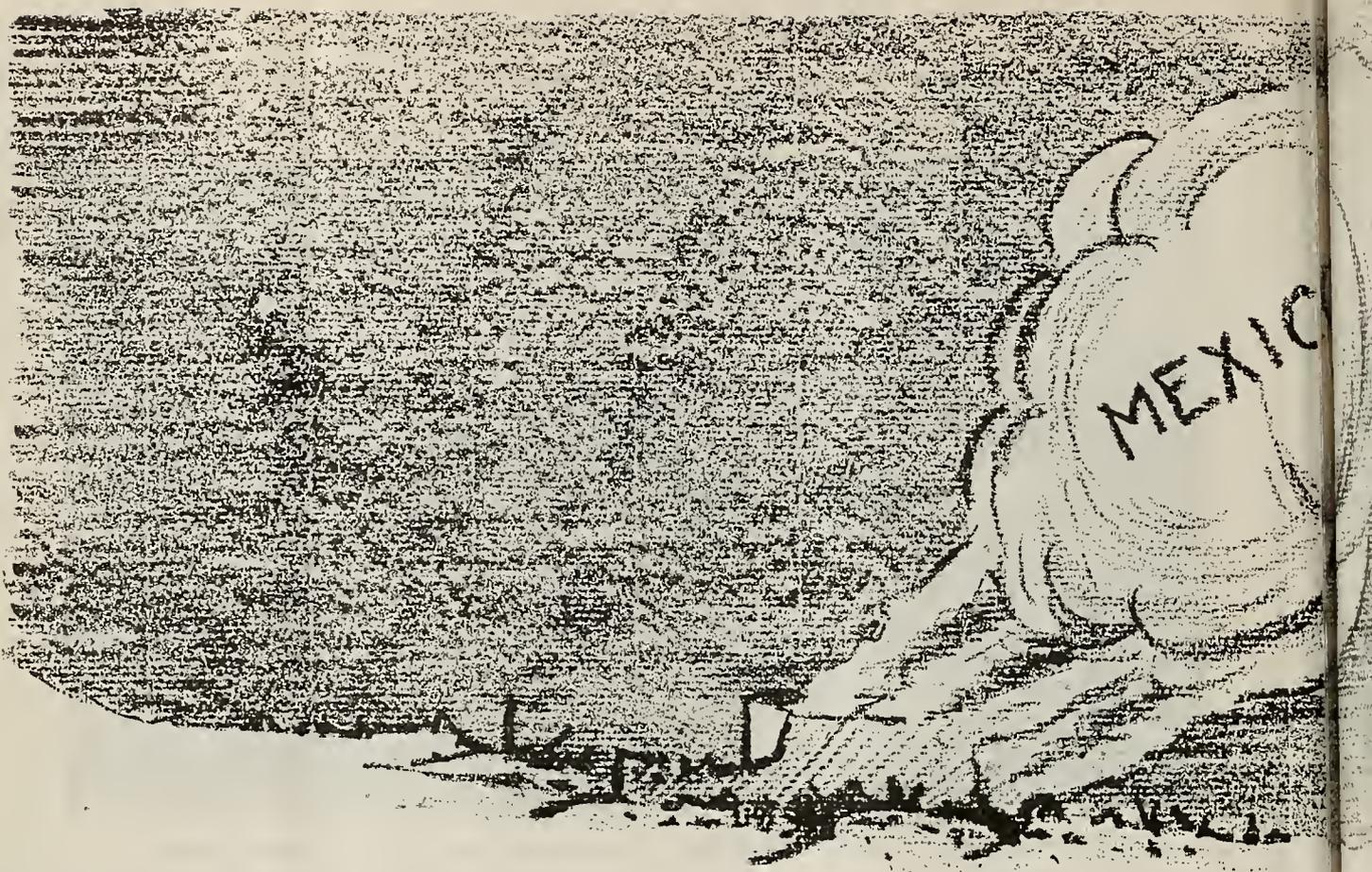
This is considered pretty good and rapid work. To make the work more complete, we were favored with clouds during the warmest part of the day and Sunday a gentle but persistent rain fell, so that the ground received a soaking to the depth of several inches.

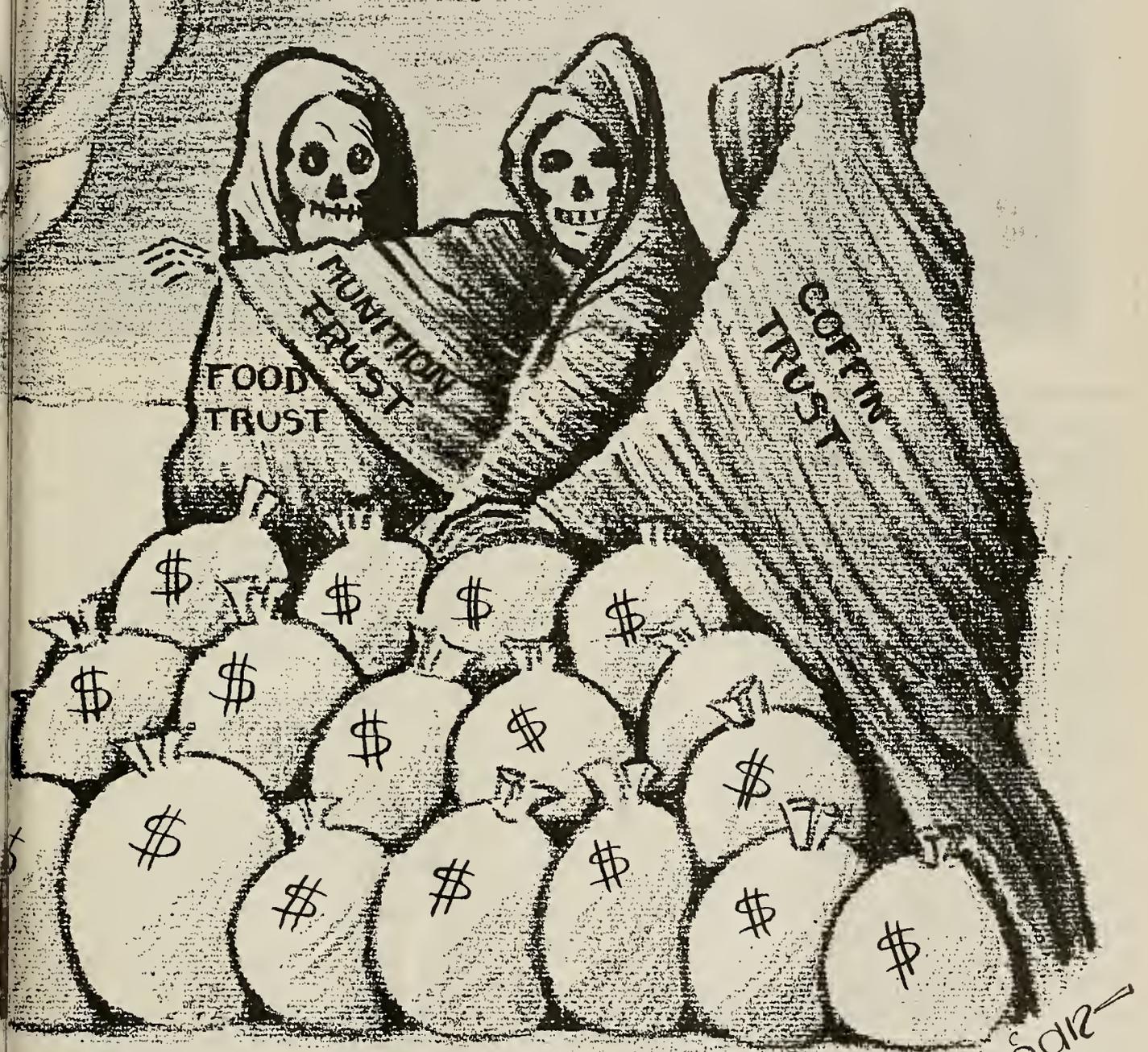
As a result of the fine downpour the alfalfa has sprung into new life and its dark green rests the tired eye. Some of the alfalfa is almost ready to cut.

The irrigation department has been busy for some time past making laterals in the 375 acres of alfalfa, so that now the irrigation system for the old stands is fine.

The ditch from the upper intake has been enlarged to a five-foot width at the bottom. It runs to the west end of the Hubbard place, and surveys have been made to the new townsite that will carry the water along at a considerably higher level.

The Montessori school is running without a hitch and with an average attendance of forty little tots. Great results are being obtained there. Visitors to the colony seldom fail to call on Mrs. Brown and her corps of assistants and watch the school in active operation.





Logan



The Tractor Clearing Everything in Its Path

Not much attempt is made to teach the children in the accepted sense of the word, but to set an example, which they readily follow. "Children," says Mrs. Brown, "like obedience just the same as grown folks. They like to feel some quiet, strong person—a person who knows—about them. They absorb strength and grow reliant because of such sustaining help."

On account of the increase in the number of attendants in the grammar grades and the difficulty of getting to the Hubbard ranch school, a new building has been erected in the colony, just east of the hotel, and only awaits window frames and a few other finishing touches to make it available for school use. This will relieve the congestion very materially and add to the comfort of the teachers and pupils alike.

The work that is being carried on by Mr. George T. Pickett, our most efficient physical culture and playground director, of the grammar grades, is rapidly developing the same character of efficiency as that already established in the Montessori school.

Mr. Pickett takes charge of the children at certain periods of the day when regular academic work is finished and besides instructing them in physical culture, ball playing and dancing, he directs their gardening, tree planting and building. In the latter three lines the children under his direction have accomplished a great deal.

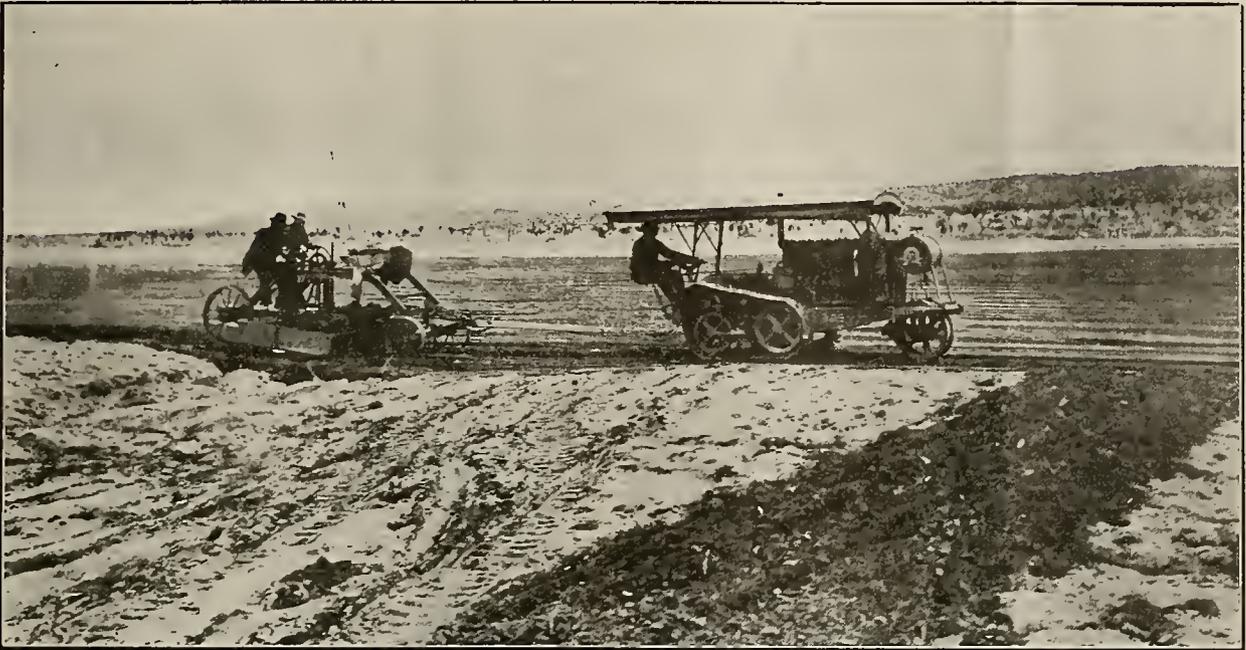
With the influx of new people comes musical ability,

so that the orchestra and band is receiving additions. The orchestra has seven pieces now, with good prospects for several more before long. A brass band was started a few weeks ago, and at the present time there are ten registered players, with instruments, although the total number of men available for band music is between 25 and 30. The music that the band has so far rendered is of a good class, as the bandmen were experienced, and only lacked playing together to smooth down a bit.

The choral society is getting along nicely, with about 30 members. It meets every Wednesday evening. A quartet has been formed which rendered its first public effort Sunday to a well pleased audience.

The Thursday night dancing classes, for children, are well attended and the department is exceptional. George Pickett is assisted by an able corps of interested mothers and others. Seventy to ninety couples of little ones, and young men and ladies, grace the floor regularly.

The Saturday night dances, in which the children do not participate, is growing in popularity. Wide interest is manifested and couples from a distance of thirty miles, as well as from Los Angeles, attend just to try out their new styles of dancing. Many excellent dancers have been developed, and accompanied by the fine orchestra, nothing but the best and most refined will be tolerated.



Leveling and scraping with caterpillar tractor.

Sunday evening entertainment consists in having the Llano Weekly read, which details the doings of the ranch for the week, and speculates on what is to be done for the coming week. It mentions all other news that is available or interesting, and it is hoped that this phase of Sunday night's entertainment will continue until the actual operation of a printing press is one of the colony's industries. Of course, when the press is here, the paper will be enlarged and will not only cater to the ranch, but will have a wider field in which to work. Speakers, recitations, singing and music usually fill up the evening.

A new rip saw has been placed in the planing mill. The planing mill is exceptionally complete now and will grow more so as time goes on.

The machine shop today is in better shape than in the colony's life. The trucks and automobiles have been kept in repair and running so far as humanly possible. There has been one or two trucks running daily for weeks past, and more freight has been moved than was thought possible a short while ago. System has been introduced in the machine shop.

The cabinet shop is going ahead as usual, making handsome things for use in the colony.

The harness shop is now located at the horse corral. An expert harness maker is in charge. Work of repair is going on at all times.

The shoe shop is now in a better condition than at

any time since the department was organized. The first pair of shoes made from colony leather and made within the colony, was completed last week. This is but a forerunner of what will be done in the future. The repairing of the colonists' shoes goes right along and in this respect the shoe shop is in good shape.

The wireless plant is at a standstill at present, although everything is in readiness to communicate with the outside world with the exception of a little more battery and a man thoroughly conversant with that mode of communication.

A new club house has been built for the women. It is handsomely decorated within and in which congregate the Arts and Crafts and Souvenir Clubs and new ideas worked out for the benefit of the colony. Souvenirs of the colony are kept on exhibition and for sale at the rooms.

The Parent-Teachers' Association hold regular weekly meetings and questions of great interest are discussed and acted upon. Many helpful suggestions for the care of the younger generation have been made, as well as making life easier for the grown-ups. In addition to the usual discussions, something of a literary or entertaining feature is presented at each meeting.

The baseball players are busy at every available moment. Many fierce battles have been fought between the High School and the Grammar School. Some

real stars are being developed here. A half dozen youngsters are in line for a brilliant future on the ball field right now. Strangers have spoken of this phase of the athletic life of the colony and probably Llano will be heard of in baseballdom sooner or later.

The swimming pool is at present dry in order to be cleaned out and somewhat enlarged for the coming season's sport. Many swimmers, women as well as men, have been developed and a place big enough for accommodation must be made.

The new concrete bridges about a mile west of town have been completed over the worst places in the wash of Big Rock. This improvement portends good roads the rest of the way to Palmdale and extending as far east as Victorville. Quicker time is now possible between here and Palmdale on account of the bridges. The prospect for a highway through here is exceedingly good. A concrete road from Saugus to Palmdale is now being constructed.

The road to Azusa through the south fork of Big Rock Canyon is now a possibility and it is being agitated on the southern end. If this road is put through one of the most picturesque roads in America shall have been opened. It presents a variety of rugged scenery found nowhere else in the western states. Old Baldy and North Baldy are at all times visible, towering nearly 10,000 feet in the air, while the whole range is from 6000 to 8000 feet. This road would pass through Llano.

The managers' meetings are better attended than at any time since they were formed. The office in which they are held is already too small to accommodate the crowd that wants to listen to the reports of the foremen and managers. It is here that the business of the ranch is conducted. Demands are made for men and teams, tools and other things necessary to carry on certain work. Every man about the long table, to the number of 25 and 30, is familiar with every detail on the ranch. This is practical democracy—because it works.

Llano is now a voting precinct. It will not be necessary for the Llanoites to go to Palmdale to cast their votes for the choice of president, vice-president, etc. A big vote will result because formerly it was impossible for all to leave here for the twenty-mile trip.

Names of school trustees are submitted to the county superintendent of schools who appoints them. This reply is made to a query from the east as to school trusteeship.

The streets and houses have been named and numbered, so that we now have Llano Boulevard, Avenue A, B, C, D, etc. This makes it quite convenient for enquirers, as the town is getting so big that it is not possible to carry all the locations in one's head without a distinguishing mark.

The spring rush is on. People are coming in every week, almost daily, so that the housing resources of the colony is taxed to the utmost. Promises are that a greater number will come earlier this year than any time since the starting of the colony.

The stork brought three arrivals this month. A little one was left at the home of Frank Will. Chester Page, Jr., was visited by a little girl who takes up permanent residence, and G. M. Fore's home was made the lodging place of a little boy. Dr. Mohn, the colony physician, officiated.

The following resolution was signed by 200 colonists and has been sent to the President of the United States.

LLANO, Cal., March 23, 1916.

Hon. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Feeling that United States troops sent to Mexico by you means ultimate war, and of a particularly sanguinary character, and that the interests of the American people, as a whole, cannot be benefitted thereby, and that it is mainly for the protection of the property of capitalists of this and other countries, and that the alleged purpose, that of restoring order and protection of American lives is a subterfuge, we, the residents of Llano, Cal., in mass meeting assembled, hereto subscribe our names in protest against Mexican invasion by United States troops and ask that you withdraw those already there.

The men and women of Llano realize that if the American people were permitted to give a true expression by a personal vote on the question of going to war there would be an avalanche of Noes. The face of conscription, the insanity of armaments, the idiocy of preparedness is appreciated by this radical group of thinkers. The same sentiment is harbored by the common people the country over, but as a rule they do not know why. Few people want to be killed, and every soldier that enlists thinks that he wont be killed. Death to the strong and vigorous seems impossible.

If every community with similar population as Llano del Rio, did as well in protesting against going to war with Mexico, or any other country, the subterfuge of the munition and armament makers would soon become apparent.

Llano del Rio Colony is becoming famous. Ten thousand people is confidently predicted for this colony by 1918. These lands can support them and that number of men spells absolute freedom from economic worries and means education, leisure and travel. Everything points to this. New colonists are coming daily. Housing facilities are taxed, but each man brings a certain power with him—the power of adaptation and of helping himself. He usually brings his tent. This is a wise precaution and commendable in every way. The spirit of the colony is good and work is progressing finely. Green fields now greet and rest the eye on every hand and the workers are busy.

The Children's House



As a preface that I hope

By PRUDENCE STOKES BROWN

nature and he bears the external symbols of his

will shed light upon my effort to report from month to month the educational progress of the Llano del Rio Colony, I want to say that I shall attempt to give each month just enough of our theory of education to prove that we are working on a definite basis, and just enough practical illustration and pictured illustration to prove that the children are revealing in work and play the livableness of our theory.

Today in Llano where there are no large new school houses—where there are no substantial and permanent dwellings yet built—I claim a miracle in school management has already been wrought.

Right here in Llano—a colony not yet two years old—we can show you a school “that is life, a school that trains for life and secures and maintains opportunities to labor and to learn” for every child from two and a half years of age through to the first year of High School. This is no vain boast. We would rather show you than tell you of our school.

First let me tell you why we speak with such assurance of our school and why we feel that words are so inadequate to carry to a reader's mind the facts about the school: We have accepted as our authority the method of scientific pedagogy, so we are necessarily working in an experimental way. We have few theories to write or talk about. We are at present standing in the attitude of the scientist and are endeavoring to let our children teach themselves through the opportunity afforded by plenty of fresh air, plenty of land and water and plenty of indoor apparatus and books.

From Dr. Montessori's book on “Scientific Pedagogy” I must quote: “And indeed, what is a scientist? Not, certainly, he who knows how to manipulate all the instruments in the physical laboratory, or who in the laboratory of the chemist handles the various reactives with deftness and security, or who in biology knows how to make ready the specimens for the microscope. Indeed, it is often the case that an assistant has a greater dexterity in experimental technique than the master scientist himself. We give the name scientist to the type of man who has felt experiment to be a means guiding him to search out the deep truth of life, to lift a veil from its fascinating secrets, and who, in this pursuit, has felt arising within him a love for the mysteries of nature, so passionate as to annihilate the thought of himself. The scientist is not the clever manipulator of instruments, he is the worshipper of

passion as does the follower of some religious order.

“To this body of real scientists belong those who, like the Trappists of the Middle Ages, forgetting the world about them live only in the laboratory, careless often in matters of food and dress because they no longer think of themselves; those who, through years of unwearied use of the microscope, become blind; those who in their scientific ardor inoculate themselves with tuberculosis germs; those who handle the excrement of cholera patients in their eagerness to learn the vehicle through which the diseases are transmitted; and those who, knowing that a certain chemical preparation may be an explosive, still persist in testing their theories at the risk of their lives. This is the spirit of the men of science to whom nature freely reveals her secrets, crowning their labors with the glory of discovery.”

We are receiving, daily, revelations of the ability of children to teach themselves, revelations of the child's love for quiet consecutive study; revelations of obedience to the inner life. Every day we feel more deeply under conviction that it is the business of the school board and the teacher to prepare the environment and furnish objects established on the scientific and experimental foundation and then be willing to let children react upon this environment and these objects in their own sweet way.

In the Montessori Department, “The Children's House and Garden,” forty-five to fifty little children from two to six years of age, gather every morning at nine o'clock and remain until four in the afternoon. Here they learn through “ordered activity” to live a quiet, peaceful life. In this department they do not learn by being told to do things, but by being allowed to do things and by being shown how to do them correctly. Having shown the children by doing the deed and saying very little about it we observe and appreciate their practical application of the principles of ordered activity from the moving of a chair and the tying of a bow-knot to the deep silence of meditation and inner poise.

Illustrations from the Domestic Department, showing physical control developing:

Five-year-old Clyde having practiced under direction the exact method of carrying a small chair, is, many hours later, busying himself scrubbing the kitchen. He finds it necessary to move a chair; he comes to the Directress, gently takes her hand and says in a subdued tone, “Now you listen.” She listens and he lifts, moves and replaces an adult dining chair so carefully and



THE HUNTER AND HIS DOG

—Drawn for The Western Comrade by J. Lewitzky.

silently that not the slightest sound is heard. Esther having been directed to place the spoons with all the handles one way, volunteers to fit them exactly and compactly together. This act being approved by the Directress, the neatly-placed spoons are shown to the entire group. By way of appreciation every child imitates the same manner of laying spoons away when washing and wiping them after a meal.

Illustration showing development of courtesy:

Six-year-old Harold attempts to wash a table. He provides himself with a tumbler of water, a small cloth and a piece of soap. He soon finds that his water supply is insufficient and his cloth and vessel both too small. Observing his look of distress the Directress steps near and addressing him in a quiet tone, says: "Would you like a pan of water and a larger cloth, Harold?" "Oh, yes! O, thank you, Mrs. Brown, thank you, thank you!" Thus revealing the spirit of true courtesy flowing from the very depths of his soul. Dr. Montessori says that "Scientific Pedagogy is a defense

and a fortification of the inner life." We hope this illustration may prove the truth of her statement in a slight degree.

Illustration from which might be called the intellectual department:

Ralph, with the "Geometrical Insets," discovers that the right isosoles triangle is a half square. He announces it quietly to the Directress and then more quietly proceeds to prove his statement by placing the inset with its long edge against the long edge of the pictured plane. Ralph is educating himself. His inner intelligence is revealing itself through self-activity. He is learning early to think for himself.

An illustration from the restroom:

Two and one-half year old Mildred gets her own pillow and small cover and goes to her nap day after day, never having been told to do so; but certainly having been taught to do this by seeing others preparing her bed and other beds for the quiet rest which all the

(Continued on Page 28)

Two Poems of the Llano

EL RIO DEL LLANO

ON the pineclad hills that Sentinel
 For aye the Sleeping Vale—
 Mid the massive Rocks, whence its waters well,
 A Dreamer sat and heard
 The crystal laughter of that mountain stream
 Voicing the thoughts that vague and formless stirred
 In his own bosom, shaping his waking dream,
 And this, the message that it bade him tell:
 "To ye, men of the larger vision, come to beat
 A pathway here, for those of weaker feet:
 To pluck the brambles and to clear the way—
 With stout heart labor; and without dismay
 Ye shall not fail!

"Aimless to waste the brooklet runs
 And yours, O toilers, are the hands must guide
 To thirsty souls the waters limpid kiss;
 Must coax the coy earth to cast aside
 Her bristling armament, her quaker garb of sage,
 For flower strewn raiment of a brighter hue,
 To bare her bosom to the warm caress
 Of Summer suns.
 Lo! If your toil, not niggardly be lent,
 With usury 'twill be repaid to ye.
 Her boundless treasure at your feet shall heap

While with each yielded harvest ye shall reap
 The richer harvest of your Souls-content
 And blest security"

As it glided, singing o'er its mossy stones
 This lay, the Mountain Burn
 Sang to the Dreamer, in silvery undertones:
 "My dammed up waters in the days to be
 Shall not alone assist the birth
 Of harvest from the quickened earth,
 But shall give ye light, and warmth—and turn
 The mighty wheels of industry.
 Shoulder to shoulder, then, knowing naught of fear!
 Press on serene and read the cheer
 Flashed daily from each guardian hill.

When morning walks upon the heights,
 Or night, with her first pale star
 Gleaming afar,
 The weary toiler to repose invites,
 Like signal fires, the rosy peaks
 When the first or last ray on them breaks
 From range to distant range—then still
 Clear character'd in light, the message spells,
 "We watch and all is well."

—Alberta J. Leslie.

THE NEW ERA

O H! Happiness, fair maid of heavenly birth;
 Purer than gold, more boundless than the sea,
 Come! Touch this load that binds me to the earth,
 And raise my soul on wings of ecstasy.
 Come! Open wide the portals of my heart
 And let the light and freedom enter in.

And gloomy discontentment shall depart,
 And every cumbering care, and thought of sin.
 New Era, come! then I will go with thee
 And show unhappy mortals more and more
 Of Truth and Love and Life as it should be;
 And thou on earth shall reign for evermore.

—Isabel Scott McGauhey.

The Cause of Crime



RS. SAMPSON ELDER, president of

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN

our Millville Ladies' Improvement Society, had just got through the door into Mrs. Constable McCoy's parlor where we were holding our meeting, when the Widow Steele says to her:

"Land sakes, Cynthy, whatcha got Harold's tie on for?"

Sure enough she had! Harold's her little boy and the tie was the navy blue one his grandma hung on the Christmas tree for him. Only it was tied kind of different—two short loops and the ends hanging long—and she had on a waist made like her husband's shirts only the collar was turned over like Harold's. Cynthy Elder used to be a real dressy woman, too, but since she had that piece published in the Ladies' Journal about how she made a gavel out of a croquet mallet she's changed. She's got uppish and tries to dress like an authoress, and she's hung a picture of Mr. Bok in the parlor at the hotel which her husband runs opposite Eliza Crossing the Ice—meaning of course that she hung Mr. Bok opposite Eliza, not that Eliza has anything to do with running the hotel.

Cynthy got real red but she didn't answer, just rapped with her gavel and said the meeting would come to order, and we would open the program with a solo by Mrs. Banker Martin. Fannie has a new ukulele and she hinted to me, as chairlady of the program committee, that she wanted to be on the program, so I had to let her, although I approve neither of heathen instruments nor Fannie's frivolous songs. After the reading of the minutes, our president says:

"Ladies, we are now ready to take up the subject for this afternoon's discussion. As you know, crime has recently raised its hydra head in our midst. Esteemed members of our own club have been its victims. One lady lost two pies, another a ham, another a pail of milk, another some gentleman's wearing apparel off her clothesline. We ladies feel that the time is auspicious to discuss this momentous problem that we may arrive at some conclusion whereby—whereby we may arrive at some conclusion whereby we (she seemed to realize that something was wrong so she looked at her paper)—whereby we may arrive at some conclusion as to the cause and prevention of crime, thereby proving ourselves benefactors to our community and the human race. Many long hours since last we met have I sat at my desk with brooding forehead and revolving brain—"

"And black spots before your eyes," the widow in-

terrupted in her rude way. "I know, Cynthy; you're billious."

I guess she meant well, but Cynthy looked dagged at her. "I am in the best of health," she says. Then she looked at her paper again and went on—"but I shall not state my conclusions until I have heard from others."

Mrs. Druggist Perkins spoke first. "Tain't much of a problem as I can see. It's just that people won't resist the whisperings of Satan and listen to the still small voice of the Lord."

"That's it," says Mrs. Reverend Hawkins. She twisted and untwisted her fingers as she's got a habit of doing, since her last baby went back to its home in heaven three days after it came. "That's it. Satan stands at our shoulder and beckons to us and whispers."

"I didn't mean us," says Mrs. Druggist Perkins, "I meant sinners."

Mrs. Hawkins started to speak, but didn't; just so twisting her fingers. Then Fannie Martin says:

"I asked Will what he thought made so many criminals, and he says if children were taught to put the money in the bank instead of spending it all for candy and such, crime would decrease fifty per cent. And he says every child that wants to commence to save he'll give him a cute little bank for nothing, and he'll keep the key himself so's nobody else can open it."

"I think," says Mrs. Dinwiddle, "that mothers are to blame because children grow up criminals. Don't you remember that Gains' boy who was sent to the Whittier reform school, how flat his head was on the back? Well, I think it was because his mother let him lay on his back all the time when he was a baby, so his head grew a funny shape and his brains didn't get to spread out. I think that makes lots of criminals, and there ought to be a law passed making mothers lay the babies on their sides."

"That's just what's the matter already," says Mrs. Mayberry Crump, getting excited. "Milt McCoy got his husband's position as constable after last election. I asked my husband what made so many criminals and he said if he'd been constable we wouldn't have had that wave of crime last fall; he'd have had the thief in jail after Martha Simpson's pie went."

"My husband is as good a constable as there is in Southern California," says Mrs. McCoy, "and I won't hear him slandered. Didn't he watch through the crack in Simpson's barn for two nights after the crime?"

"Shucks," says the widow, "it was just a couple of pies."

"That is not the point involved," says Mrs. A

orney Peterson, who is very intellectual. "It is not question of pie; it is not a question of how much or how little the criminal acquired by his nefarious practices. In taking those pies from Mrs. Simpson's window he was not only wronging Mrs. Simpson, he was striking at the very foundations of our society, the right of the individual to private property. He should be apprehended and summarily punished."

"It ain't only man's law he's breakin' when he steals," says Mrs. Perkins. "What's worse, he's breakin' the eighth commandment."

Mrs. Peterson went on: "Too many criminals are allowed to escape from the clutches of the law even after they are apprehended. When you once get a criminal safely incarcerated you ought to keep him incarcerated."

"What we ought to do," says Mrs. McCoy, "is to commence with our children before they are born. My doctor book says you can make your baby be like anything you want just by thinking real hard about it before the baby's born. I wanted to have a musician in the family, so I played the piano all the time before Genevieve was born and by the time she was eight years old she was picking out pieces with one finger."

"Of course you know," says Mrs. Dr. Bromley, folding her hands in her lap and blushing, "that I have no children because the Doctor says my nature is too sensitive for maternal cares. But I do believe that the prevention of crime rests with our sex. We should make our homes beautiful and refined. We should uplift the opposite sex by the mere sanctity of our presence."

"Shucks," says the widow, "I don't think it uplifts a man to make him go out to the garridge every time he wants to smoke, like the Doctor has to."

Sometimes we think we can't endure the Widow in our society much longer. But Mrs. Dr. Bromley is a perfect lady. She pretended not to hear.

Cynthia arose, holding in her hand a paper that she'd written about the cause and was afraid she would forget. "No doubt you ladies know that in my recent literary career I have come in touch with one who has consecrated his life to the ladies of

his country, that they might remain ladies, safely—safely—" she looked at her paper—"ensconced midst her children in the sacred precincts of her home, far from base man's struggles in the mart."

"What's a 'mart?'" says the widow, but nobody paid any attention.

"I refer," Cynthia says, "to Mr. Bok of the Ladies' Journal."

"I like the 'Petite' patterns better," "I heard Fannie whisper to Mrs. Dinwiddle.

Cynthia frowned. "As you know, this great man whom we ladies all admire and love—" she blushed and says hastily—"of course, when I say love, I am speaking in a—a—"

"Platonic sense?" asks Mrs. Attorney Peterson, trying to help her out.

"Academical sense," says Cynthia, very dignified, not liking Mrs. Peterson to think she knew more than she (Cynthia) did. "Mr. Bok does not believe a true lady should mingle at the polls with the other sex. Her divine mission is to make the world beautiful and good by staying at home and raising her children to be God fearing men and women."

"Ain't that just what I said?" Martha Simpson snaps.

"Oft in recent days," Cynthia went on, "I have pondered whether we ladies of California are not wronging our sex and society by flying in the face of Mr. Bok's teachings. Should we not set a noble example to our sisters

in other states by refraining to use the franchise, e'en though we have it? May it not e'en be true that the sterner sex has fled to crime and evil ways to drown their sorrow because ladies are no longer ladies, but are e'en becoming mere women, who struggle at the polls and e'en descend to standing on soap boxes in city streets exhorting low mobs, or marching about the country shouting 'Votes for women!' E'en that beautiful old fashioned expression that Mr. Bok loves so well, 'The ladies,' is falling into disrepute! Ah me! Men have lost their Guardian Angels! Mrs. McCoy, may I trouble you for a glass of water?"

After she sipped it with her right eye studying her paper, she says:

Child of Arcady

By MARGUERITE HEAD

THROUGH fragrant fields of Arcady,
A happy little maid
Is skipping where the flowers bloom,
Secure and unafraid.

She has no fear of man nor beast,
For naught can harm her there;
Her laughter rings out, like silver bells
Upon the clear, pure air.

The factory can clamp no more
Her soul with iron bands;
No more can claim for aching toil
Her tiny, baby hands.

Sing, little child of Arcady,
In open-hearted glee!
For you have passed inside the gates
Where hills and woods are free.

P r e p a r e d n e s s



WE are told that the United States must

By GRAY HARRIMAN

that civilization has been advancing since the days of feud-

prepare, and many advocates of preparedness paint vivid pictures of the horrors of war and of the great calamities that will befall the United States, owing to the fact of its unprepared condition. They raise their hands to the sky and, with imploring voices, beg of us to take our guns from the hearth stones, turn our pruning knives into sabres, and enter the mad dance of death that is being carried on in Europe.

alism, and that newer things, and truer things, and larger patriotism have come. That is; that we want living men, and not dead heroes.

These same advocates of preparedness do not tell us where they are going to stop. They do not give us a line of action to follow. They do not give us a positive enemy to face, but they tell us that we are on the verge of a conflict. With whom the conflict will be, they do not say.

In being subject to a foreign attack, they do not tell us from which angle the attack will appear. They do not tell us where an attacking country will be able to secure the requisites to carry an army either across the Pacific or the Atlantic. They do not tell us of any special reason why a foreign country would come over here; but just raise their voices and cry for a band of steel around our shores.

The American citizen must understand the beat of the drum, the blare of the trumpet and the waving of flags, and carefully analyze the motives and the persons advocating this all important doctrine of preparedness. They must not only analyze the motives, but they must also see who are to be the ones that will benefit from such a policy.

They do not remember that today we are correspondingly prepared in regard to England and Germany, as much as was England correspondingly prepared to meet Napoleon in the victorious struggle. Yet they forget that Napoleon was unable to control for forty-eight hours the wet ditch, and they would have some believe that there is today a power, or combination of powers, that could control our mudpuddles for a period of three or four months. They tell us in their yellow journals that we are after international commercial supremacy; that it means the economic upbuilding of our nation. They tell us that we must go into Mexico; that it means the opening of vast opportunities to the American citizens, but they neglect to tell us that practically all available and valued resources of Mexico are at present under the domination of American capital.

The preparedness supporters do not tell us in glowing words of patriotism, that Dupont of the Dupont powder works is upon our national preparedness committee. They do not tell us upon the front pages of their hired journals that the Morgan interests are represented there, and again, they do not tell us that all of the munition manufacturers of the United States have their representatives upon our Board of National Safety and Preparedness. They do not tell us that they themselves are not going into the conflict. And they do not tell us in this present European conflict that practically every shot and shell fired at the heart of the German soldiers by the allies is being paid for by the allies to the great Krupp Manufacturing corporation. They do not tell us that every gun that is being used by the Turks at the Dardanelles was built and sold to the Turks by English manufacturers. And again, they do not tell us that one of the German torpedo boats which recently sank a French transport in the Mediterranean with 600 souls aboard was designed in the United States and built by an English shipbuilding concern.

They neglect to tell us that if we did obtain commercial supremacy it would be as it has been in the past—under the absolute control of the big concerns. They do not tell us that sixty-seven thousand out of every one hundred thousand dollars raised for national revenue goes toward the payment of our former war debts, yet they advocate the largest navy in the world.

But they do tell us in glowing words of patriotism that there has come a time when the manhood of the United States should willingly sacrifice themselves before the altar of Mars. They seem to have forgotten

With many gesticulations and many troubled outcries, the weakness and inability and inefficiency of our present army and navy to cope with modern antagonists, are portrayed. We should have the largest navy of the world, they say, and we should have an army treble that of our present one. But do they say along what lines this is to be done? Do they say how the inefficiency and incompetency that now exists in our present military arrangements will be eradicated? Do they tell us how we are going to get better armor for our cruisers? Do they tell us how we are going to get better clothes and food for our soldiers? Do they tell us how we are going to eliminate the corruption among army officials? No, most assuredly they do not.

America wants to become the chief commercial power of the world. She also wants to become an all influential power from a military standpoint. Is preparedness along the lines of our former policy and along the lines of the European policy going to be the most efficient and the most advisable one for such a military nation to pursue?

Practically all military critics are agreed that the old type of battleship is on the junk pile and one and all agreed that the old forms of battalion fighting have become passe in the face of the rapid firing guns of modern times. They are also agreed that our great fortresses have become a thing of the past.

The causes of the European conflict are a host of nations, thickly congested, living under different governments, with different institutions, different ideals, different social relations and different economic conditions. They are full of traditions, hatred and animosities. They exist under a system of laws that are unjust and do not permit them to work out in their own way their own salvation. These various nations are divided, not according to their real natural characteristics, but according to geographical lines laid down by a few powerful plutocrats.

They are brought hourly in contact with each other, and above all of this each nation is armed to the teeth in order to be prepared for peace. One can readily see that there are a good many grievances and a good many hatreds that are natural to arise in the course of events.

That these armed camps and armed institutions to promote peace and brotherly love sometimes go up in smoke has been proven. What will be the result of this European conflict? There will be vast mobs of hungry people and bankrupt governments. There will be a race of mutilated men. There will be all posterity of Europe in bondage to pay off the debts incurred by this war which is not going to the nations themselves, but to the munition owners.

In the United States, we find German, Greek, French, Italian, English and Belgian people, all gathered here and living in com-

munities and working their own salvation according to their own religions, ideals and institutions; all because they are permitted to function naturally under laws that are more liberal. Yet to insure peace among these foreign elements, that consist in our heterogeneous make-up, we do not arm each faction that we may prepare them to live in peace and harmony, but we do disarm them and give them laws through which they can work their own salvation.

As one can readily see from our geographical location and from our political institutions the causes which have resulted in the European conflict are not to be found as the reasons that the exponents of preparedness give us. Our geographical position forestalls the possibility of invasion. Our political, social and economic institutions are at variance with the idea of a possible conflict with Europe.

Two years ago the armies of Europe were the best equipped in the world. Europe also had the best commerce in the world and its resources were unlimited. At that time our enthusiasts over preparedness claimed our army could meet all such conditions as might arise. Today, when the armies of Europe are being destroyed, and nations becoming bankrupt, our preparedness friends claim we are in eminent danger from invasion.

They do not, in their patriotic and enthusiastic addresses, state the one well known, yet little acknowledged fact that every conflict of nations in modern times, has been settled, not by the bullet, or the dying soldier on the field of battle, but by a board of astute diplomats who have sat leisurely smoking around a mahogany table.

Can our enthusiasts over preparedness deny the victory Tallyrand gained for France was not far greater than that gained by the sword of Napoleon? Can they for a moment deny that Japan lost practically all for which she fought in her war with Russia? Yet they believe we should go on killing each other in order that merchant princes may reap prosperity and skilled diplomats may fully settle the real issues of the conflicts.

We do not for a moment acknowledge in this argument that we

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S t a r t l e r s

In case of war perhaps I would go.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

We Americans really consider other races than ours inferior.—JOHN REED.

Pardon me, there is no such thing as a "capitalistic system."—LESLIE M. SHAW.

Why should we wait for a Ford? Why not travel in our own car, cooperatively built and owned.—A. M. SIMONS.

Senators are so careful about the information sent to the people of the United States.—SENATOR REED of Missouri.

In spite of our panicky patriots, who are diligently sowing the gospel of fear, there is no real danger from war.—AMOS PINCHOT.

On subjects in which Americans are vitally interested it has been Roosevelt who has uttered the great American ideas.—WILLIS H. BOOTH.

There is much talk of prosperity sweeping through the land, but the prosperity which springs from rivers of blood and tears is not the prosperity that will benefit any nation.—RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

Military and naval records of the last year show that more than 50 per cent of the young men applying for enlistment last year were mentally, physically or morally unfit to serve in the army or navy.—OTTO McFEELY.

There is not a pharisee of high or low degree in the whole bourgeois aggregation of patriots who has the courage and honesty to tell the truth and to announce boldly and unequivocally that he stands for war.—EUGENE V. DEBS.

should throw away our arms. But we do maintain that the present system of our army and navy should be made efficient. That the graft and corruption, which results from the profits of the munition interests, should be eliminated by the government in taking over all industries and resources, including the steel industry, munition factories, railroads, telegraph and telephones.

Instead of an army of idlers in peace times an industrial army should be created and should be put to work developing natural resources, irrigating arid wastes, constructing highways, building canals and a host of other services that they could render the public. This would create an army of skilled artisans. It would make them well able to cope with any and all emergencies in time of war. It

would also do away with our flooded labor conditions.

One hundred forty years ago the United States was called upon to take a stand which placed her at once far in advance of other nations toward the ultimate goal of civilization. It was a stand for democracy. We, as Americans, are proud our forefathers did what they could to establish a democracy and there has today come another such crisis when every American should take another such stand that will place the United States again foremost in the onward march of civilization. If we adopt a policy of preparedness, we would be going back toward a period of military feudalism. Such a policy must not be adopted, for then we could not, with any consistency, advance, when this war is over, a policy of international disarmament and the establishment of the United States of the World.

The Children's House Continued from page 22

children take in the early afternoon. Mildred is instinctively responding to the inner demand for rest, which the average child fights untiringly. "Scientific Pedagogy" teaches: that it is not natural for children to be violently boisterous and unruly. "Scientific Pedagogy" reveals the fact: that children love to study and to learn; that they love to work as well as to play; that they are naturally very responsive and obedient to rational guidance, but that a false and arbitrary pedagogy which holds them to forced and unnatural obedience to unnatural methods develops the spirit of revolt under which they reveal a disrespect for themselves and their elders.

In Llano Del Rio Colony, I say we are experimenting not only with the little children from two and a half years of age to six, but we are extending the spirit and purpose of "Scientific Pedagogy" through the grades. Under a most efficient physical culture and play ground director the children are sweeping and dusting the school rooms, keeping the school yards in order, clearing ground of brush and stone for a garden, turning the soil with their own labor, planting the seed, caring

for the horses that are accorded to their use, making bricks and planning and building a club house; they receive the money that is usually paid to a janitor, and with this money they purchase play ground apparatus and other necessary equipment. They are constructing their own swimming pool and are learning to swim and run and play ball as well as to work and study.

One evening in each week all the children of all the grades dance and learn to dance in the General Assembly Hall. On this occasion only the adult who chooses to teach a child to dance can have access to the floor. We find this a most successful method of drawing out the latent springs of unselfishness in the grown people and as grown people learn in exactly the same way as do the children, we feel that Llano is extending the "Scientific Pedagogy" to meet the needs of every one from the least to the largest.

There is no resident of Llano but sees and acknowledges that this method "will open up to the mind and heart the fields of excellence in human endeavor; that will be a training in the simple, lowly, kindly virtues of Justice and Brotherhood."

n v a s i o n

By FRANK H. WARE

TROOPS suffering from exposure;
Plodding along, weary and
footsore—

Day by day through desert waste,
Hot and thirsty,
Living only on half rations—
Naught but the jangle of equipment
And the rattle of artillery
Over cacti, brush and rocks,
Mingled with the scuffling march
Break the silence.

With nauseous smell of sweating
flesh

Fouling the air of their new-
made camp;

Cool night, in somber silence,
Steals down and wraps itself
O'er their hot bodies.

Midst power and wealth—and
poverty—

Shrieking loud, "Revenge!"

Through organs kept and prosti-
tuted,

Fat-bellied masters slyly wink and
say:

"Are not these troops, our troops?"

Is not this war, our war?

Does not the land invaded now,

Belong to us?"

U p - t o - d a t e

SHADES of the European night-
mare! The next day following
the Columbus raid a cavalryman of
San Diego, dressed in khaki and
cartridge belt, stepped into line be-
fore a justice of the peace, and was
married to the lady of his heart.
With proud and pompous step
(characteristic of the military
Henry) he marched to the train on
the following day, kissed his bride
good-bye, and left her at the station
glowing in the fact she was the first
war bride. Who said our army is
behind times?

W a r O r d e r s

A RECENT newspaper report
said "700,000 rounds of am-
munition left United States muni-
tion plants for Mexico. More will
follow." It has.

This vast amount of munitions is
not for the use of invading Ameri-
cans, but for use on these Ameri-
cans by Mexicans, under orders
from American capital.

Ignorance is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion?

Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignor-
ance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science
was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists
eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books.
Now, the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon
which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject taboo
among intelligent people.

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W e s t f i e l d Continued from page 1

why this was. So he resolved to ask the Rev. B. U. Stupid for his advice on the subject. To ask his parents made sitting uncomfortable.

So the next Saturday at his weekly lesson in Catechism, which he really despised, he ventured to ask the question: "Why is it, Dominie, that all animals have the same number of bones in their backs?"

"God made them that way."

"Couldn't God think of any different number?"

"O, yes."

"Then why didn't he? He even shaped them the same, only different in size. Then the legs and arms of man and cows are not much different, and even bats and gods are made just like us."

"Oh, no; we are very different. We carry our heads up, and the beast carries its head down."

"What about ducks and geese, and roosters and stallions. It looks to me that we are just animals walk-

ing on our hind legs, and having our heads up just because we have our forepaws off the ground."

"Who have you been talking to that told you this?" snapped the preacher. "That is infidelity. Don't let me hear it again. Who told you these things, Ben? Tell me!"

"God," answered Ben. "You said God is in everything. Well, just learned these things from the things God made."

"No, you didn't," snapped the parson.

"Yes, I did. Nobody ever told me a thing, only I was beat up for asking questions on things that are here by no fault of mine. If God don't want me to think, why didn't he make me without a head?"

"You are excused from the class Ben, until you are ready to tell who has been telling you this nonsense."

And Ben went out, sorely puzzled.

He, however, resolved that if truth were infidelity, he would be an infidel.

The Cause of Crime Continued from page 25

"Ladies, let us do our humble part to give back to the opposite sex the ideal woman of yesteryear. Next election instead of mingling at the polls, let us remain in the sanctuary of our homes; let us don our softest gowns, and with our babes gathered about us, our dainty embroidery in our hands, let us ask Mrs. Martin to take our photographs with her kodak, then I will collect them and forward them to the Ladies' Journal to publish, with the title, 'California Ladies Who Do Not Vote.'"

"Shucks, Cynthy," says the widow, "we'd look like idiots."

"My sister says some of the richest ladies in Los Angeles are suffragettes," says Fannie. "I think they're lots sweller than the antis."

I knew it was time for me to speak now or else hold my peace forever.

"Ladies," I says, "as wife of the judge and leading member of the Immanuel Baptist church, I think I may call myself a lady as much as any of you; but if God hadn't intended us ladies to go to the polls and vote he wouldn't have given us

the chance. God has chosen we California ladies like he chose Moses of old to lead his children out of the wilderness of sin and crime which is swallowing in its greedy maw our great and glorious nation. Ladies, the real cause of crime is the three A's—Atheism, Alcohol and Anarchy! Behind every crime, ladies, if you want to find the criminal, look for one of the A's. Have you lost a pie? Look for an A. Did you lose a ham? One of the A's did it! A bucket of milk? One of the A's took it! A pair of gentleman's apparel? A again! Ladies, I mention no names, but the three A's are in our midst. Beware! Ladies, I say, beware! I thank you."

After I sat down the ladies just looked at me with their mouths open. Finally Mrs. Dinwiddle says: "Who do you mean?"

"I mention no names," I says. "Across the river is a heathen Jap rancher. Heathens are atheists. Maybe he took the things and maybe he didn't. Maybe it was one of the other A's.

"But we ain't got any alcoholics now, since Tim Barker was sent to

Patton. And we never had any of them terrible Anarchists, praise God."

"You don't have to get drunk to be an alcoholic," I says. "Anybody that would be seen carrying home a demijohn right in broad daylight like I saw that Dago that lives across the tracks, would do anything. He is an A. I don't say it's him, but I warn you!"

"Yes, but—"

"It might be the Dago and again it mightn't. Ladies, I mention no names. But beware. It might have been the last A!"

"Who ya' talking about?" says the widow.

"I mention no names," I says. "Being a Christian lady I mention no names. But I say, when you're investigating crime, always look for the three A's and you'll find the thief. Anybody that reads the Los Angeles Times ought to know that Socialists and Anarchists are the same thing."

"My gracious!" says Mrs. Perkins, "do you mean the Bricklayer Barnses?"

"I accuse no one," I says. "I'm just telling you the cause of crime. Beware, ladies, of nursing vipers in your bosoms."

"Shucks!" says the widow.

"They don't look like people who would steal," says Mrs. McCoy, "but you never can tell."

"Ladies," I says, "if you'd post

yourself on Socialists like I have by reading the Los Angeles Times, you'd know that nearly all the crimes committed up there are done by Socialists or I. W. W.'s, which is the same thing."

I unfolded my paper. "See right here today. Here's a piece headed, 'I. W. W. thug beats up lady.' And over here's another—'Street car bandits busy—probably Socialists.' Do you think such people would hesitate at stealing a pie?"

"There's a duchess or something over in England that's a Socialist, or Socialess," says Fannie. "What do you call them when they're ladies?"

"They're never ladies," says Mrs. Dr. Bromley, "they're all called Socialists."

"Or A's," says I. "Dear friend," I says, taking Mrs. Attorney Peterson's hand, "the pies and the milk and the ham are probably gone forever, but if you want your gentleman's apparel, dear friend, I accuse no one. But watch the A's."

"They are indeed a menace to society," says Mrs. Attorney Peterson, "if they carry their pernicious doctrines so far as to confiscate my noble husband's apparel. In my opinion they should all be incassated."

"Amen!" says Mrs. McDermott.

The widow was about to say "shucks," so I moved that we adjourn.

After the War - - What?

AFTER the war, what? The end is not in sight for the great conflagration across the seas. Thousands are dying daily and preparations are feverishly going on to further slay thousands—and for what? The European nations are now on a paper basis. Billions upon billions of debts are piled up and will never be paid. Then what? Repudiation. That ugly word stares the bankers of the world in the face. The United States is on a gold standard. The fear of debt repudiation is more serious than the 16-to-1 doctrine. This is a real menace. What of the uncounted millions owed by Europe to American banking interests?

It does not matter much what happens in the financial world from

now on. The world is facing universal bankruptcy. Indeed, the nations of the earth, as a whole, are totally bankrupt today. There is not a country that can pay its debts without becoming insolvent. If the gold standard is swept away and the golden metal reduced to a common commercial commodity, chaos will reign for the capitalist lords of the earth.

The labor and fighting of the world is now done collectively and the only thing that separates the mass from a free distribution of the results of labor and war, is the false standard of gold. Co-operation internationally has been advanced decades by the epoch-making catastrophe on the blood-soaked and his- toric soil of Europe.—R. K. W.

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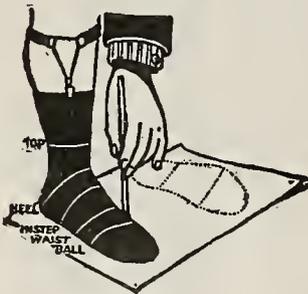
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