

May, 1915

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# The Western Comrade

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Editorial—Fiction—Poetry: By Dr. Wm. J. Robinson,  
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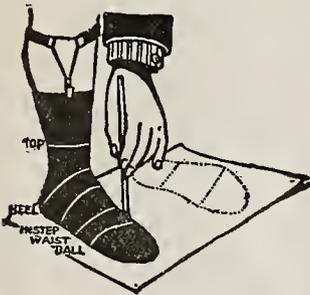
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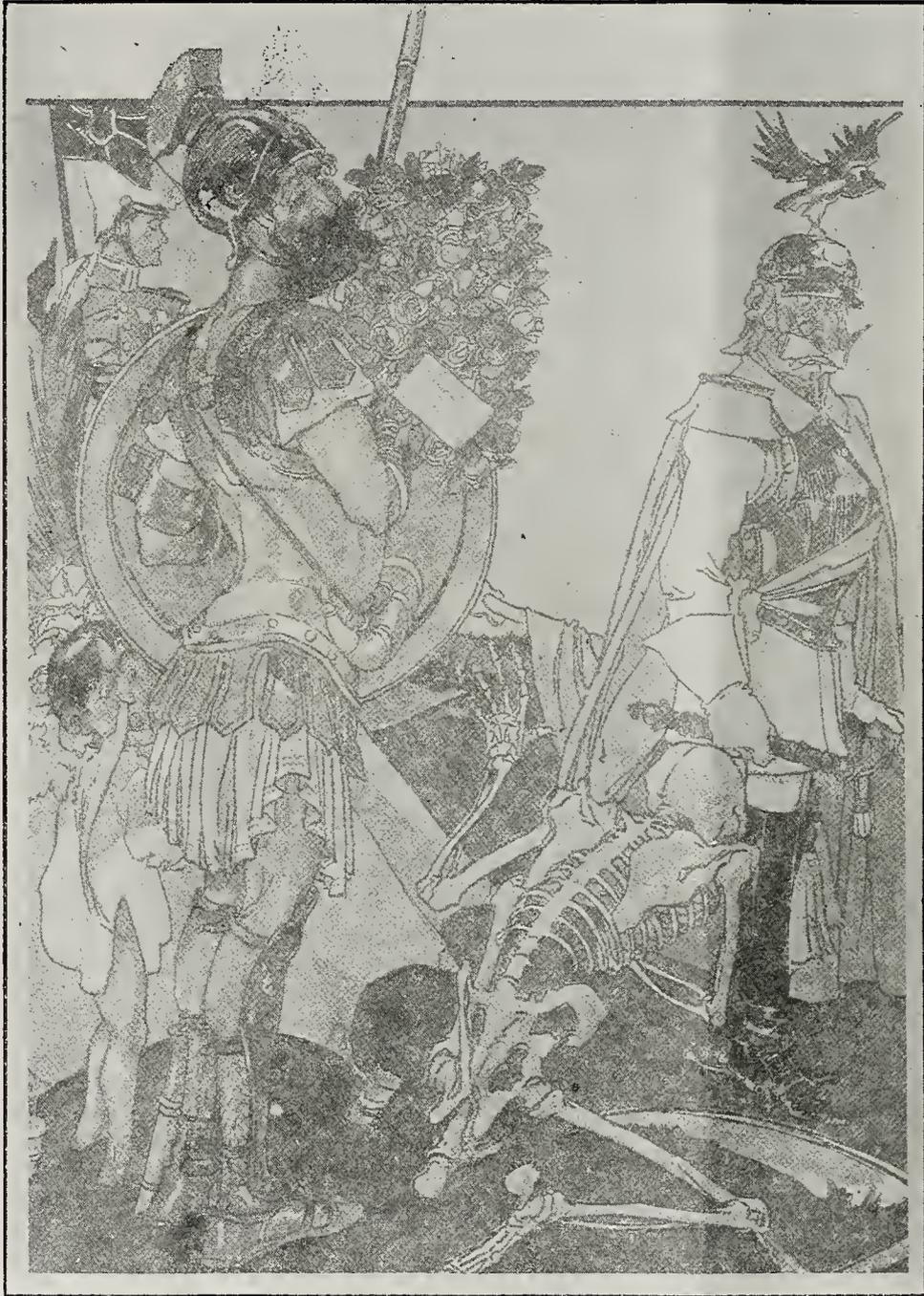
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## HIS PROTECTING SAINT



Wilhelm: "Are you, too, coming to congratulate me?"

Death: "I do not come to congratulate you, but to prostrate myself before you and take your orders."

# THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. III

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY, 1915

NUMBER 1



Llano del Rio Colonists Chopping Firewood by Use of a Gasoline Engine

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

By Frank E. Wolfe

**T**HEODORE ROOSEVELT has denounced the peace movement of the American women, headed by Jane Addams, as "silly and base." He declared that the sympathizers with the movement are in many, if not all, instances, "physical cowards" and declares they advocate peace "without regard to righteousness." In a letter written to a woman who had appealed to him this amazing sentence appears: "Above all it is base and evil to clamor for peace in the abstract, when silence is kept about concrete and hideous wrongs done to humanity at this very moment."

Does Roosevelt refer to the hideous wrongs done to the millions of disemployed and hungry workers in America? Does he refer to our daily war? Is it the daily hell of the capitalist system he has in mind? Has he a thought for the wrongs done

to the victims of Rockefeller in the Colorado massacres? Not at all! That is why it is amazing. He is concerned about the outrages in Belgium—and so are we. But we see other outrages and other wrongs. Let us quote the Colonel again:

"There is nothing easier, there is nothing on the whole less worth while entering into, than vague and hysterical demands for right in the abstract, coupled with the unworthy and timid refusal even to allude to frightful wrongs that are at the very moment committed in the concrete."

In this we most heartily concur. It reminds us that while he was Governor of New York, Roosevelt went about preaching abstract righteousness, while the contractors who were building the Croton aqueduct were committing "frightful wrongs" against their employes, refusing to comply with the State



Labor laws. When the conditions became unbearable the men were forced to strike. Governor Roosevelt paused in his preaching about abstract righteousness long enough to send the militia out to shoot down a dozen or more of the workers.

\* \* \*

AS for "physical courage," it sounds well from a man who publicly boasted of shooting a fleeing and unarmed man in the back; one whose great achievements have been typified by shooting a mother monkey in the jungle.

Physical courage! Let's see about that. Is there no courage shown by these women—by all women who are the mothers of the race? Let Mrs. Henry Villard, who tries to overlook the boaster's "bad manners," while pointing them out, have a chance at him:

"Colonel Roosevelt's denunciation of the Woman's Peace party comes with a bad grace from one who is the possessor of the Noble Prize. We all know that it is true that militarism—not peace—is now the aim of his ambition—a sorry one, indeed, in view of the present world-agony which stirs the souls of all those who love their fellow beings.

"Mr. Roosevelt exalts physical bravery—such as the killing of enemies because of a difference of opinion—above the moral courage that scorns the use of means so base for any purpose whatever.

"Has the world sunk so low that we can not hope to substitute for the 'doing of evil that good may come' and 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' the touching doctrine that we must love our enemies and do good to those who persecute us?"

"The heroic effort now being made by the women of all countries to come together at The Hague, in order to express their horror of the brutality of war, is worthy of all praise. Women are far greater sufferers from war than men, and today they are voicing protest against it, a protest that will be heard."

Mrs. Amos Pinchot, who is chairman of the New York branch of the Woman's Peace party, puts the finishing touch to the rebuke when she says:

"That war is the natural inevitable result of certain understandable factors, and that these factors

can be influenced by the spread of healthy, constructive, humane ideas, and especially by the realization of a spirit of world-citizenship in politics and in commercial relations, seems not to have occurred to Colonel Roosevelt. In other words, war having up till now devastated humanity and shattered civilization, let us make no effort to understand its causes with the object of future prevention; let us simply get ready to fight, and let the women stand out of our way, because they can only bear children and not arms, and when they organize to protest against war they come under the head of 'physical cowards,' who 'fear death or pain or discomfort beyond anything else.'

"It is exactly here that women find their strongest warrant for protest. No woman who has borne children can be called a physical coward, fearing death and pain beyond anything else. No, it is not for ourselves that we fear, but for the children of the whole world, for the future of the race. We of the Woman's Peace party are trying to help open the first tiny wedge in the thick walls of prejudice and precedent, to let humanity come into its promised land of good faith and international brotherhood.

"If we human beings once see that war is the consequence of false ideas instead of being a fatality like an earthquake, we shall set to work to root it out, like tuberculosis and other diseases, all of them consequences of human ignorance, misunderstanding and passion.

"If this is futile, then all constructive efforts for the betterment of human living are also 'futile, silly and base.'"

\* \* \*

HUNDREDS of unburied bodies of victims of the dread typhus fever lie in deserted houses in Servian cities. One town has had over 2000 deaths. In Valjevo, where Austrian soldiers held the town for a time, the people returned to their homes to find them infected. Substantially the entire community is involved in the disease and the fatality is very high. Everywhere the grave diggers are exhausted in efforts to keep up with the ghastly



winrows thrown by the grim reaper. The armies spread the disease into the remotest districts. Non-combatants, women and children are the most susceptible and they succumb by the thousands. This news comes after weeks of suppression by the censors. Now a corps of American physicians are going to Europe to use Dr. Plotz' new anti-typhus serum in the district ravaged by the disease. With the new serum they hope to destroy the dread bacillus typhi-exanthematici.

Plotz's achievement is accepted by all the eminent bacteriologists of the country. He is an American born and educated. Under the old system the historian would have given Von Hindenburg two pages and Plotz not a line. The new system will immortalize the Plotzes and ignore or excoriate the murderers.

\* \* \*

**S**PEAKING of concrete wrongs, what of the 20,000 unmarried women of England who will within the next few months become mothers of nameless babes? In Germany, France, Russia and other countries a like condition doubtless exists. According to cable dispatches, women and girls follow the soldiers on the march and are wrought up to a high pitch of emotionalism by the war.

Army doctors and clergymen who are studying the situation closely, declare that vast numbers of girls are under the influence of a species of hysteria. They express the opinion that the women are attracted by the physical perfection and the trappings of the soldiers.

War's aftermath will be most pleasant, but we should give thought to abstract (or is it concrete) righteousness and bow to God's will in these matters.

\* \* \*

**T**HE prosperity squawk in the daily newspapers takes on a semblance of truth when it comes down to facts about the opening of ammunition factories in America. Full crews are operating in all the institutions where man-killing implements are manufactured. Gambling in food stuffs goes merrily forward in New York and Chicago. In Europe the fields between the trenches, the earth

and the timbers have been taking on a peculiar yellowish hue, due to the chemical effects of the shells charged with smokeless powder, the product of the American Powder Trust. There are thousands of these American-made shells being hurled across the



#### MADE IN AMERICA

"The devil! You Americans are surely sentimentalists."

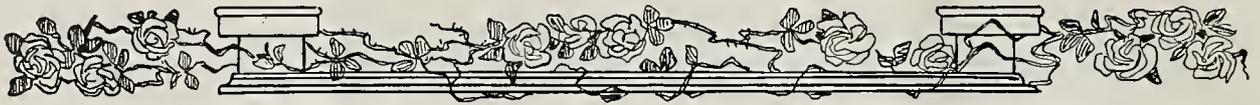
Inscription on shell reads, "Brave Germans, we pray for you! Jonathan's Gun Works, America." Lustige Blaetter

space between the belligerent forces every hour. "The Americans make good shells. Our losses from them have been very heavy," said a German officer to an American correspondent, as he scraped the yellow coating off a timber of a bombproof retreat. This was a delicate compliment and we should be duly appreciative. We should also be glad prosperity has returned.

\* \* \*

**M**ACHINERY of the F-4, United States navy submarine, that so successfully sank that it never came to the surface, is said to be in excellent condition. That may be, but the fifteen men of the crew who perished miserably by slow asphyxiation or drowning are not in good condition to be of further service—as sailors. A letter from Lieutenant Ede, who was in command of the submarine, showed that it was known that the craft was leaky and unsafe. He is said to have declared his belief that he and his crew would meet their death if the craft was ordered to sea. These men were killed owing to





somebody's negligence. But let us not grow insistent. Punishment of a murderer will not help the case. A better way has already been provided. A nation-wide memorial service, flowers, a hymn, a prayer and brief speeches by "our best citizens," "Solemn thought and devotional exercise." Five minutes to be devoted to solemn thought! Great! We're for that! If we could get the workers of the world to devote five minutes to **thought** there would be no more F-4's or any other mankillers launched.

\* \* \*

**W**HAT are you reading? Are you wasting valuable hours submerged in daily newspapers poring over the diurnal pabulum of scandals, "prosperity" news and the European war? Don't! If there is one subject above all others the Socialists of America should be studying it is the Mexican situation. The confusion that exists in the minds of the people of America arises out of the fact that the American press has for years, either stupidly or viciously, misrepresented the situation in Mexico. To get a correct foundation for understanding you should read "The Mexican People—Their Struggle for Freedom," by L. G. De Lara and Edgecumb Pinchon. Then you should read every word written by John Kenneth Turner in his series of powerful articles now running in the Appeal to Reason.

Read Lincoln Steffens' story in the May number of the Metropolitan Magazine. No living writer can convey to you in a few words what Steffens can of the real motives that underlie the action of the revolutionary Mexicans. Let us quote Carranza as reported by Steffens: "What you don't understand, I think, is that this is an economic, not a political revolution. You (Americans) keep asking us to establish peace first, then set up constitutional government, and then enact our reforms. \* \* \* We established a good, strong government with a great constitution; a constitution much more advanced than yours. But you foreigners—all of you, and our upper-class Mexicans—the enemies of the Mexican people and of liberty and justice everywhere—they corrupted our government. They took it away from the Mexican people and made it theirs.

"We have had our political reforms: our law and order and we have prosperity—for the few. These are not the Mexican ideas \* \* \* the Mexican aspiration, conscious and unconscious, is for a prosperous people: not a prosperous class, but a prosperous and happy life for all. OUR PEOPLE WANT THE LAND, the people, the peons, too: and they want leisure and a life of pleasure: not only a few, but all. And we can have that. Our country is very rich and very beautiful. But we know that we cannot get those things by mere political reform or by setting up a representative congress. That's one big point where I differed with Villa. He wanted government first. But I said: 'No, the buzzards that are sitting around watching and waiting in New York and El Paso, in London and Paris and Madrid and Havana: they are the modern doves of peace: they will come with loans and—' he flashed, 'with bribes and they will get our government!'

"We will fight on and on for all that we want; all. It is a people that is fighting. And we are all becoming poor, all; all together. There are fewer and fewer that can afford to make loans and offer bribes. \* \* \* All the while, we on our side are legislating. My cabinet are commissioners; they join with others, experts and radicals, and very deliberately, very freely, they are drawing up laws, which I am uttering as decrees. By the time the revolution is over, those laws will be laws of the land, customs of the country, a real constitution."

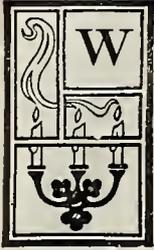
\* \* \*

**I**T now appears the thieves who looted the Rock Island Railway only got away with about a third of a billion dollars. The lawyers for the manipulators (capitalist euphemism) carefully explained to the guileless investigators that there had been "merely a mistake of judgment." A strange feature developed in that the mistakes in judgment had only made other persons poorer. The prison doors yawn for the hungry lad that steals a banana. But then he should learn to manipulate and do it on a large scale. Steal a banana ship line and you are safe—but don't dally with a fraction of fruit.



# By-Product of the Fight

By MORGAN SMITH



WHEN Calm Reason, the cop, finally has the combatants by the collars and they are shame-facedly trying to explain why they did it and what they have gained by it, the real, magnificent issue is going to reveal itself quite unexpectedly, the real issue is, and then the combatants are going to point to it with the great self-righteousness, and the cop will let them go with the stern injunction that they never do it again until they get all ready and feel just like it.

Way back in the Great Ice age this cop had these same little things to deal with and the unexpected justification is nothing new to him. Homo Priscus was troublesome in the very same way on the very same grounds. Homo Priscus had some sharp pieces of flint and he used to cling to the flanks of the wild horses and stab them with the flint until they dropped. Sometimes he would kill a dozen horses in a day and when he lay down at night Calm Reason would grab him.

"Well, now that it's all over, how many of 'em did you eat!" the cop would inquire.

Then Homo Priscus would hang his head, until the Great Issue popped out of the night.

"There you are!" Homo Priscus would always say, sticking out his chest, just as the powers are going to do. And the cop would have to slink away with the warning that Homo Priscus never do it again until he should be all ready and felt just like it.

Brains! That's the cause. Evolution! That's the issue.

There were very few men in the age of the Great Ice and those that there were lived a roving, nomad's life. They fought with each other quite informally over flint pits and casual damsels. And the winner took the disputed thing and the loser went away or stayed there, as the case might be. And all the animals and birds looked on and remarked that it was only a couple of men fighting.

Then the men began hunting in packs and there were more fights. By that time they were using spears. When a fine young doe would cross their path the whole band of them would fire away. When the quarry fell each man claimed his spear had done the work and most always there was a fight to settle that. Archaeological discoveries reveal that Homo Priscus adopted the novel scheme of putting a sign on his spear that would settle this question. The man whose spear had struck the mortal blow no longer had the fight twice or

trice before he could eat. It was the first mutual benefit society and it was the first Rules of Order.

The mutual benefit society worked wonders. Homo Priscus found that by co-operation he could dispute almost anything with the other animals and bring home the bacon that he couldn't bring home if he were working independently. He found that the mutual benefit



## MODERN SCIENCE AND PREHISTORIC SAVAGERY

The Professor: "Together, my dear Herr Caveman, we should be irresistible."

society enabled him to stay in the same cave and still eat. It was no longer necessary to roam. By co-operation he could get the game even when the game was wary. So he colonized and co-operated successfully to keep the wolves away from his stored meat. When Homo Priscus settled down conditions became more favorable to multiplication.

"Why, bless my soul and honor, I'm multiplying," said Homo Priscus. And for years after that, if any-

body inquired why he settled down and fought the wolves in place of traveling and eluding them he would assume a great deal of self-righteousness and say he did it so he could multiply and compete with the other animals in numbers.

As Homo Priscus or Homo Primigenius multiplied there arose more and more impediment to the colonized existence, but he said that he could eat roots and fruits if the other animals could, so he acquired a taste for them rather than become a nomad again. He also concluded a truce with the wolves and the horses. They formed a triple alliance of strength, ferocity and brains.

From that time on the animals watched man increase until he surpassed them all in numbers. They watched him acquire feet, wheels, and wings. They saw him destroy a forest by a magic spark from his flint. Soon after the Triple Alliance was formed the idea of "Fight for Fight's Sake" first came into vogue. Man had a fairly easy thing of it and all the faculties of his brain were not employed. So he went in for sports, and the first sport was War. One colony would swoop over the hill or stream that divided it from the next colony and they would have one glorious time. When the game of War got to big league size several tribes would combine against other tribes, particularly if they had lived apart long enough to acquire racial characteristics.

One time one of the delirious victors grabbed a princess of the other side, in his excitement, and carried her back home. After that they would say, "Let's go over and get another princess or king or something," and the first thing they knew they got to thinking that the whole delightful thing was over the possession of the other man's princess or the reprisal following the capture of your princess. They would take away treasures and destroy crops. It is no new accomplishment to contrive a moral as the cause of a war. They used, way back in those times, to explain that the Gauls were retaining their art treasures contrary to justice and right. So they would go over into Gaul and take the treasures away.

When they would come back with the spoils Calm Reason would grab them. Then they would point with

great self-righteousness to the fact that they had learned some great things about art and civilization from the conquered people which nothing but war could have brought to them. So the cop would have to slink away.

And thus it went with brains, war, and evolution. Man was born brainy; the war he achieved; and he had evolution thrust upon him. In the fight he developed a finer brain and this expended itself in the development of the fight, just as it should do. Having come, willing or unwilling, to supremacy among the animals by means of his brain, man had, in the course of it, developed an uncanny thing that would not rest. Having developed at the behoof of supremacy the brain automatically worked in that direction.

When this war for supremacy is over and the cop, Calm Reason, has his deft, the kings and emperors will have something they did not aim at. They will have a beautifully organized government control. They will have demonstrated that the thing can be done. And, having evolved this 42-centimeter engine of supremacy, it will be pointed, after the war, in a direction that its new owners dictate. It will be pointed at the thick walls of caste, tradition, and punctilio that have fortified dynasties and oligarchies since the time that Nero burned Rome for fun.

And when Society is supreme it will look around with amazement at the things it never aimed at. A good many people who fought in order that they might own land may discover that the idea of owning land has gone completely out of style. Some who fought that they might rear their children the way they wanted, may discover that they no longer have a word as to the way their children are reared. When Society's restless, struggling brain has rendered it supreme over arbitrary control, it will busy itself in the fight against everything that preys upon its well-being and it will discover that some of its bosomest acquaintances are its enemies.

And Calm Reason, the cop, will ever be waiting at the end of the fight to nab somebody, but he will not nab. The unexpected justification will always be just behind him. Long live The Fight!

## Business—Legal Stealing

By WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN

THE light that is now rising above the horizon is revealing the fact that what we have been accustomed to call business is only stealing made legal—that commerce is only piracy made respectable by law, that respectability is for the most part a thin veneer made necessary to maintain the immoral distinctions of class, that religion is very largely hypocrisy and

statesmanship the art of proving the virtue and value of a vicious system.

There comes the same divine summons to freedom and fraternity now as of old. No diviner or authoritative voice spoke in Palastine ages ago than speaks today in the hopes and faiths and longings of the common people.

# War and the Red Cross

By JAMES P. WARBASSE



THE forces which promote war often are found running parallel with the humane impulses which would relieve suffering.

The soldier has for his functions to destroy life, to maim or otherwise physically incapacitate those of his fellow-beings who are called the "enemy," and to destroy property which might be of

help to his opponents, and to appropriate from all sources whatever may be of aid in these operations. To such ends are enlisted all that science, art and skill can produce.

Modern war continues until one side or the other has lost so many lives, has so many human beings incapacitated, and so much property destroyed that the remaining people are no longer willing to venture the hazard of being called upon for further sacrifice of themselves. The remnant of the nation then stops the war: it ceases to fight, and the war ends.

Certain external agencies keep war going and postpone the armistice which would bring peace. One of these factors is the profit which the noncombatant nations can make out of the bleeding people. Another factor is found in the Red Cross and the noncombatant activities allied with it. Though the first of these is purely economic, the Red Cross is no less its accomplice in keeping warfare alive.

Thus we witness the spectacle of the United States, with sanctimonious hypocrisy, praying for the end of the war as a sort of Sunday performance, and during the week days lending its good offices to big business to send over to the soldiers grains, meats and other food-stuffs, guns, powder, shot and shell, to keep the slaughter going—all in the interest of profits. We lay upon our souls the unction of neutrality by supplying munitions of war to either side.

Then comes the Red Cross and its allied neutrals, with sweet-voiced nurses and bandages and sheets and pillow-cases and goodies and soft beds, with the assumption that it is mitigating the horrors of war. However much it is mitigating the discomforts of individual warriors, one thing is certain: it is prolonging war; and war is nothing but horrors. Sentimentalism, combined with a confused ethical sense which calls for impartiality, results in a neutrality which promotes war.

The fact can be grasped by a simple mind that, if it helps one side in warfare, it damages the other side. We need yet to push our mathematics one step farther

and demonstrate that if we help both sides, we damage both sides.

The commercial and sentimental neutrals if they were really interested in mitigating the horrors of war, would employ their energies to end the war. To end war is the best way to mitigate war. The last thing that one who really loves his fellow men, and who truly revolts at war, would think of would be to go into battle with a double-edged sword and fight against both sides. This is what our neutrals are doing; and when we look upon the cost of one day of it we may calculate what will be the cost of the next day—the cost to both sides, for both are daily losing; and in the end both are destined to be losers by the aggregate of their days of warfare.

Were the neutrals desirous of mitigating the horrors of war, instead of maintaining merely a commercial and sentimental interest in it, they would be acting more reasonably to throw all of their help upon one side and end it. War continues so long as the damages are fairly balanced. It ends when the balance is lost and an unbalance of damages takes its place.

The soldier is a person who goes forth to kill his fellow man. The hope that he may kill but not be killed sends him on his errand. He is not only a cold-blooded murderer; he also is a gambler. He hopes to do his unholy business, come off with his life, and be ever after proclaimed a "hero." Society with its nationalism, patriotism, race hatreds, militarism, perverted histories which glorify war, and the international quest for commercial profits, creates the soldier—the dupe of war. If he knew that he were to fare as badly as he hopes his "enemy" will, he would not go. The nearer to one hundred per cent the mortality of warfare approaches, the less will be the enthusiasm for its "glories." If the mortality could be brought up to one hundred per cent the problem would be solved, and war would cease. Do the activities of the Red Cross make for the abolition of war or for its perpetuation?

If the man of fighting age refused to go to war, or if he was proclaimed the hero who had moral heroism enough to stay at home and do his work and refuse to participate in the miserable business, then the problem would be solved. Does the Red Cross, which rushes to the front to keep alive this "sport of kings," make for war or peace?

We may contemplate with amazement surgeons and nurses attempting to save lives, and at the same time

working in co-operation with murderous men, equipped with the newest appliances of science, bent upon destroying lives—all zealously striving together.

Perhaps society will some day look back with wonder upon the anachronism of surgical skill, with its infinite possibilities for human service, occupied day and

its "heroes" and accepting the recognition which is accorded to those who went forth to kill.

Were the impelling motive behind the sentimental neutrals one of love for humanity and a burning zeal to sacrifice themselves for mankind, there are ample fields yet unoccupied in the struggle for life in every land. In our own country the preventable deaths in the economic warfare for livelihood and for profits are quite as appalling to the discerning eye as those of the European charnel. Here are the unaided hurt crying for help—hurt by machines and dust and poisons and rotten railroad ties and insufficient food and crowded slums—hurt because somebody is making money by withholding rightful human protection from them and robbing others of the wealth that they create.

These suffering and dying millions go down to their graves without the stain of their fellows' blood upon their hands. They are soldiers in the world's warfare against the forces of nature, enlisted to make the world more pleasant and life more livable. They stand for life, and not for death. They need all the surgeons, nurses, Red Cross stockings, and shirts that are now consumed by the blood-thirsty men who go forth to slay the husbands of innocent wives and the sons of guiltless mothers and the fathers of weeping babes.

The answer to this social riddle is here: War is a ruling-class game. It is the affair of kings, ministers, imperialists, and the capitalistic seekers for markets and economic aggrandizement. The Red Cross executive, doctor, and nurse prefer the approval and applause of this so-called "upper class." To give themselves to the cause of the lowly and of the exploited poor with the abandon with which they can give themselves to the cause of war would mean also to court the disapproval of those who have the wealth and "honors" to bestow. The money-giving public prefers to support the warfare which appeals most strongly to its dramatic sense. The exploited poor, on the other hand, in the industrial struggle have nothing to offer but a doubtful gratitude.

Let us not be deceived. There is no neutrality in war. All parties to it are warriors—the Red Cross surgeon, the nurse, the sewing woman, and the priest.

War is the consummate social crime. It is something more than hell; it is the crucible in which a social system is tested and found dross.



### HOW LONG?

Lucifer: "It seems to me, Eternal Father, this war should be settled before long. There have been so many trespassers against the Fifth Commandment ('Thou shalt not kill') that I am running short of fuel."

Sucesos, Valparaiso, Chile

night in restoring to efficiency the butchers of men, that they may be returned to their cruel pursuit.

Let the participating Red Cross doctors not beguile us with the claim that they are noncombatants, and inspired only by love of humanity. We shall not be deceived. They are a part of the program of war. When it is over, we shall find them parading among

**A** MOTION picture drama that was produced in Los Angeles several months ago is still enjoying an unprecedented popularity despite the fact that any thinking person could not but regret that the producer had shown such poor taste in the selection of his subject. The play is falsely called "The Birth of a Nation." It is based on Thomas Dixon's unspeakable book called "The Clansman." All the way through the picture story it is an unfair and outrageous attempt to bolster up a dying race prejudice. That the public should enthusiastically patronize this plea for hatred and contempt of the negro race forms a sad commentary upon the education, or lack thereof, of the rising generation.—G. E. B.

# Must We Carry a Bundle of Hay?

The Western Comrade reprints this remarkable editorial from the Milwaukee Leader in the hope that the readers of this magazine may give it serious thought—thought that may some day ripen into action. California Socialists particularly should give themselves over to a few minutes introspection. We are proceeding with state and national constitutions which, from the face of election returns a vast percentage of the party membership do not believe in or approve. In view of this fact should we not make a start here and now to readjust our organic law to fit the needs and desires of the membership and of those who believe in the principles of Socialism, but who decline to be bound and restricted by our dogmatic and narrowed rules and laws?—[Editors.]

JUVENAL, the famous Roman writer, tells us that the Hebrews of his day would not intermarry with other people. They did not eat with others, and when traveling they even carried a bundle of hay with them to sleep on. Why? For fear that they might be polluted and lose the true faith of Judaism. Juvenal intimates that the Jews were very much despised and hated by other folks on that account.

We know of similar customs of other Asiatic sects, particularly in India.

Every sect, holding to a certain dogma, whether religious or political, is of necessity exclusive. A dogma is largely a matter of faith, not of fact. Orthodoxy can not afford to let its faith come into contact with the faith of other people, lest it may become weakened or lose entirely.

This holds good for orthodoxy within the Socialist Party.

We have in our national constitution the following provision:

Article X, Section 3. The platform of the Socialist Party shall be the supreme declaration of the party, and all state and municipal platforms shall conform thereto. No state or local organization shall under any circumstances fuse, combine or compromise with any other political party or organization, or refrain from making nominations, in order to favor the candidate of such other organizations, nor shall any candidate of the Socialist Party accept any nomination or indorsement from any other party or political organization.

No member of the Socialist party shall, under any circumstances, vote in primary or regular elections for any candidate other than Socialists nominated, indorsed or recommended as candidates by the Socialist Party. To do otherwise will constitute party treason, and result in expulsion from the party.

We believe this orthodox provision is untenable. It is stupid because it helps the enemy, undemocratic because it disfranchises our members, and unsocialistic because it is anti-social in spirit and practice.

The American Socialist Party is the only Socialist organization in the world that today holds this position. We have inherited it from the old Socialist Labor Party.

And the experience of the various reform parties in America—the Greenbackers and the People's Party—which were fused and swallowed up by the Democrats—has a tendency to make such a provision popular with former Populists, especially out West.

Greenbackism and Populism had no economic basis to stand on, however, and would soon have gone out of existence anyway. A party which believed that a government can create values by printing money could not live long. And a party with the cardinal principle of unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, so that farmers could get a depreciated silver dollar for a bushel of wheat, would naturally cease to exist as soon as a bushel of wheat would bring more than a dollar in gold.

But there is absolutely no excuse for a movement which is based upon modern machine production and the concentration of wealth, and is, therefore, in accord with the trend of economic evolution, to cling to any sectarian tactics. We need not be afraid that anybody will "steal our principles."

We always must stay loyally with our organization and vote for all candidates when we have a ticket. We remain a part of this commonwealth, however, even after our candidates have been beaten at the primary.

No class-conscious Socialist will ever advocate "fusion" with any capitalist party. That is impossible. But why should Socialists be disfranchised, whenever it is impossible for them to have their own ticket?

Our worst enemies profess to admire this "splendid isolation." They do so because by our silly tactics we paralyze our political action and voluntarily withdraw in their favor.

There certainly is a great difference among non-Socialists. There are those who are fair to the working class and friendly to our aims, though they do not belong to our party.

There are those who are willing to go with us a great part of the way—the part still far before us—even though they are not willing to go the entire length of our "final aim."

Now why in the name of common sense would we be forbidden to vote—after our own candidate has been eliminated at the primary—for those who are friendly to us?

Why should we be forbidden to accept their endorsement before the primary?

Or must every Socialist carry a bundle of hay to sleep on, lest he be contaminated and lose the true faith?

# The People Are Soft

By EUGENE V. DEBS

**T**HE times are always more or less "hard" for the great majority of the people. There are alternating periods of hard times and times still harder, but there is never prosperity for all the people.

There is absolutely no excuse for hard times in the United States. We are at the very center of fabulous and inexhaustible riches, enough for all and a hundred times more, and in the very midst of these we are unable to feed and clothe and shelter ourselves, and we present a spectacle tragic enough to make stone images shed tears.

At this very time, A. D. 1915, the times are harder than they have ever been in all the 139 years of our national existence.

The National Congress, supposed to represent the people and provide measures for our security, comfort and happiness, adjourned in the very midst of the most paralyzing panic in the history of the country. When this Congress adjourned, one-fifth of all the productive workers of the nation were without employment, millions of them and their dependent ones actually suffering, but the political state of capitalism, decadent, obsolete and worse than useless, could do absolutely nothing for them. All it could do was to vote hundreds of millions for pork barrel enterprises and spend the rest

of the time filibustering and in other political palaver-ing which had no more relation to the actual industrial conditions of the country and the economic necessities of the masses than the croaking of frogs has to the failure of the potato crop.

The fact is that capitalism has collapsed and that the political state of capitalism is paralyzed except in the function of creating bogus issues over which to humbug the people and keep them divided and fighting sham battles while they are being bled by the vampires that have seized upon the nation's industries and control the government with no other object in view than to perpetuate their own plutocratic piracy and keep the people in poverty and subjection.

The times are hard only because the people are soft.

Socialism makes it clear as the noon-day sun why the times are hard whether the Republican or Democratic party is in power, and whether Roosevelt, Taft or Wilson occupies the executive seat at Washington.

Socialism proposes that the industries of the nation shall be taken over by the nation and operated by the nation for the benefit of the whole people, and when this revolutionary change has come to pass the people will never again know the blight and curse of hard times.

## Sound Advice For Seekers of Success

By G. E. MORAY

**SIT STILL!**

No matter who tells you to "keep moving." (This does not include the cop!)

Everything comes to him who sits still and waits.

Did you ever see a rich man who made a practice of going up and down the street, looking for profitable opportunities and chances to invest money?

On the contrary, he gets an office, and sits down, like a spider inside its web, to wait for some genius, or inventor, or man with ideas, to come along and seek an interview.

He sits still while the man with ideas gets down on his knees and wails and laments, and entreats the patient rich man to take nine-tenths of all the profits, and provide the funds—the good, glad golden funds—with which to develop the great idea and place it upon the market.

Or our investor, while sitting still, loans his money to active men, who have plenty of ambition, energy and gumption, but who have been unable to accumulate

money, and are willing to pay the sit-still, spiderlike individual a large part of the proceeds of their toil and effort just for the privilege of having possession of a portion of his money for a limited time.

In this way fortunes are made for the man who sits still; while the poor man of activity hustles like the Devil.

If you have money to use, and want to make more, everybody, and everybody's brother will come your way and tell you nice stories of dollar-ous opportunities.

You can reject all that are too visionary, too progressive, or too intelligent, and choose those that are modeled after the old schemes Noah used to explain to the monkeys when he made his famous shipbuilding experiment.

Then bank your money securely; or keep it in your pocketbook; keep your pocketbook in your pocket; keep your hand upon your pocket, and

**SIT STILL!**



Scene at Jackson's Lake Basin Where Llano del Rio Colonists Have Built a Conservation Dam

## Colony Celebrates Anniversary



**I**NTERNATIONAL May day will always have a double significance for the residents at the Llano del Rio community. It will be observed in the future much the same as it was on May 1, 1915—as the anniversary of the founding of the co-operative colony and as the World's labor day.

The celebration for 1915 proved a great success and aroused enthusiasm in the colonists and visitors. Probably no community in America ever flew more crimson banners. In fact the only restriction as a colonist expressed it was the lack of more textile fabrics of a crimson hue.

The day's sports consisted of a series of races, basketball games and a baseball game between the single men and the married men's teams. The former won 5 to 7 and the young women took full credit on the ground that their rooting and singing inspired the boys to mighty deeds.

The grand masquerade ball proved the high tide event in social life at the colony. The largest crowd that had ever assembled at the club house enjoyed several hours of the frolic. There were over fifty couples in mask and their costumes were better and more

varied than on former occasions. Prizes were awarded for best costumes and best sustained characters of the evening.

Frank Farmer as Charlie Chaplin proved a source of delight to the children and continuous amusement to all. Miss Aileen Ware gave an exhibition of fancy toe dancing and followed it with folk dances that captivated the hearts of all present. The child proved most charming and graceful performer and her dainty but strong portrayal of parts in difficult dances will long be a source of inspiration to the other children of the colony.

The other diversion in the evening's program of dances was a song, "It's a Short, Short Way to Llano," by Dan Rooke, rendered by the Llano quartette, and a violin solo by Frank H. Ware.

Motion pictures were made under the direction of Frank E. Wolfe, with Chief Engineer Earle E. Glasgow as amateur operator of the motion picture camera. The pictures proved a success and will soon be put on the screen so that Socialists in other parts of the world can see their comrades at the Llano community in action.

The flag raising ceremonies were under the direction of W. A. Engle, who made the speech of the day.



Llano Women's Study Club. These Colonists Are Taking an Active Part in the Educational Department of the Community



Tractor and the Scarlanna Day Fe

Photographs by  
Photographer

## Scenes at Llano del Rio Colony



Earl E. Glass, Chief Engineer, Operating Motion Picture Camera



Girls' 50-yard dash. The members of the bas athletic events where they were entered. Base times are popular with all ages in the communi will be taught to swim when the big open-air pool colony progresses other features will be added



...ner in the May

Community  
er



Llano Community in Motion Picture Scene. Costumes, Setting and Action Show Wonderful Possibilities for the Future

# Annual May Day Celebration

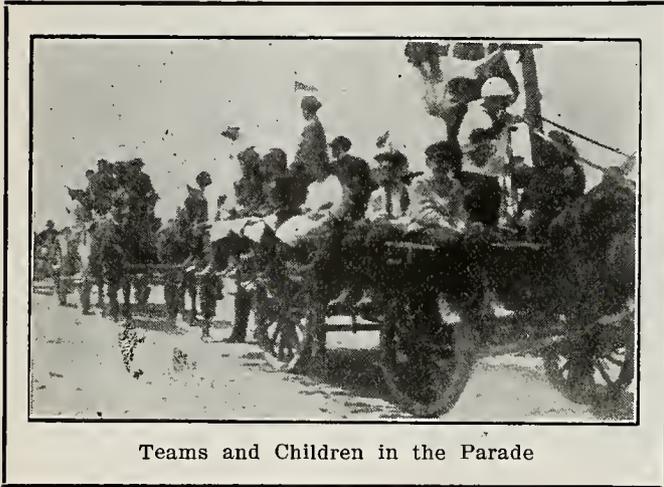


B. I. Roland as "Queen of the May" Added Much to the Merriment of the Carnival

... teams won nearly all the prizes in the  
... nis, basket ball and other sports and pas-  
... sording to plans, every child in the colony  
... a course of construction is finished. As the  
... enjoyment of both young and old.

He reviewed the history of all the flags and dwelt especially on the one banner that stands for the real universal brotherhood. At the end of the speeches the flag was run up to the masthead on the new pole and the orchestra played and the assembly sang "The Red Flag."

A score of bright tongues of scarlet appeared over



Teams and Children in the Parade

bungalows and tent houses and three cheers were given and the formal part of the program was concluded.

The parade was of unique character in that nearly every resident of the community irrespective of age or occupation participated in the march. Only by counter marching were they able to see what was going on.

The parade was intended to show the growth and progress made by the colony since its inception. For this purpose the original colonists, composed of Job Harriman, Frank P. McMahon, William A. Engle, David J. Wilson, J. L. Stanley and Leo Dawson, were in the lead in the parade. They rode behind "Dolly" and "Dick," the two horses owned a year ago. Then followed the colonists of today, something over 300 in number, in wagons, trucks, automobiles and on other vehicles, farming machinery or marching four abreast on foot. Members of the Llano del Rio Women's Club filled three of the larger vehicles. The school children to the number of 75 rode in the autos in the parade. Leading the division was an immense tractor with a big red flag "at the foremast," as a former sailor expressed it. It made an impressive sight as it carried a cargo of bright-eyed girls who surrounded Horace Farmer, the driver, and scarcely gave him elbow room to steer his cumbersome machine down the main street.

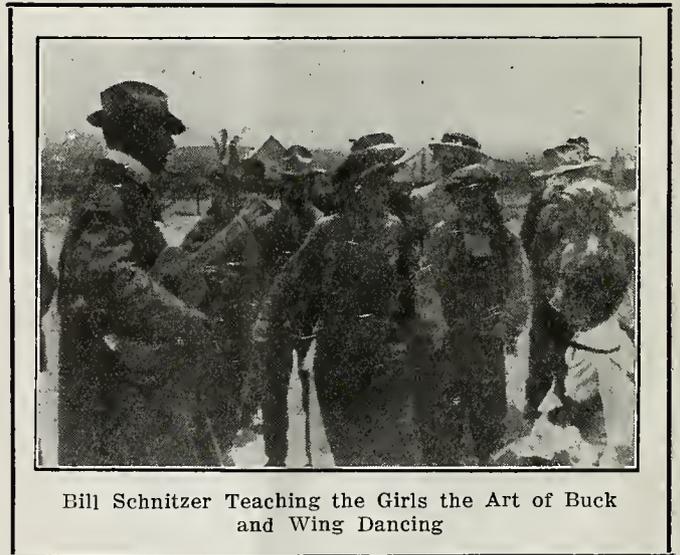
Llano communists are opposed to war and especially do they oppose war taxes. Despite this fact they find themselves unwilling but extensive contributors. One week's donation for documentary revenue stamps ran over \$100. Of this one deed alone took a \$50 stamp.

This marked a deal which is of the greatest importance to the colony. It means the acquisition of about 1000 acres including lands that carry most valuable water rights. This ranch has about 120 acres of fine alfalfa and 20 acres of producing orchard besides livestock and implements. This acquisition is of the utmost importance to the colonists who are jubilant over the success of the long negotiations for this place.

Steadily the colonists are gaining in the acquisition of land and water, in machinery, livestock and on other material and interests that is of great value to them.

L. A. Zachritz, who is foreman at the Big Rock fish hatchery, visited the Los Angeles office and reported excellent progress at the colony's trout fishery. He says the 60,000 fish hatched several weeks ago are in good condition and are rapidly assuming the form and semblance of the beautiful rainbow trout. They are about an inch and a half long. The *salmo irredeus* is indigenous to these mountain stream and the cousins of the colony's fingerlings are in the stream that flows in front of the hatchery. Comrade Zachritz says it required great caution to care for the young trout and that the most danger comes from the possibilities of over-feeding.

The new engine for the power plant has been placed in position and connected with the bench saw, band saw, the planer and sticker and with a wood saw.



Bill Schnitzer Teaching the Girls the Art of Buck and Wing Dancing

There is more than sufficient power to operate this machinery.

The 70 school children of the Llano school have been moved to most ideal housing in snow-white canvas tent houses. This will be their home until the end of the summer term. At the beginning of the fall term it is expected the new school building will be ready for them.

Prudence Stokes Brown, who will take charge of one of the important departments of the educational division of the colony, is taking a course of training under the personal direction of Dr. Maria Montessori



Ladies' Race.—“And the Earth Trembled”

of Italy. Dr. Montessori will remain in Southern California about four months and during that time Comrade Brown will continue the course under this famous teacher.

Llano del Rio Colony will have the second Montes-

sori school in California and great importance is attached to this department.

The marriage of Horace Farmer and Miss Elinor Richards marked the second wedding of the young people in the colony within a month. Miss Richards went to visit her parents in Los Angeles and in about a week Horace Farmer obtained a leave of absence and the younger set of office force had an hour's outing at the court house. Herbert Stanley Calvert and Miss Mellie Miller were the first to marry.

Resident Llano del Rio Colonists are grateful to Comrade Adolf Lofton of Low-Gap, Washington, for a donation of 77 valuable books for the Llano Library. The selection of these volumes is a tribute to the intelligence of the donor. They include two valuable encyclopedias, the Library of Original Sources and other important reference works. Every book will prove of value. Many books have been donated, but this group is the most valuable that has been added to the few original books possessed by the co-operatives. There are several hundred books in the county library department of the colony library.

## Fellowship in Work

By HARVEY ARMSTRONG

THIS article is written from a sense of appreciation, prompted by warm and grateful feelings to the strong men and sensible women who have not only established themselves upon a permanent basis, but through their unselfish industrial effort, have made it possible for others who are not yet wage-slaves to add their labor to the earth and thus start to build at the very foundation of all wealth.

If you want an ocular demonstration of industrial co-operation, in the actual workings, go at once to Llano del Rio Colony, in the Antelope Valley.

There you will find about 300 men and women who own their own jobs and the tools with which they work, getting the full product of their labor. Can you beat that? But that is not all.

There they are, happy, healthy and hopeful; with no impudent bill-collectors to bother them; far removed from the hurly-burly of the artificial cities, in God's open country, right on the land. And they have found within one brief year, a vastness and freedom that makes them love it.

Through their splendid efforts, this same “desert” is yet to become the dimple in California's smile.

Just one year ago four men, with love for their fellowmen, selected that particular valley in which they and their subsequent co-partners could each plant a home and establish themselves in life.

These workers all share in a high ideal, and have

an economic interest in the success of the colony. Each individual there has a sense of communal duty toward the colony as a whole. There is the ideal of brother-



Gurr, the Only Real Fat Man, Wins the 50-Yard Dash

hood, and a solidarity not to be found amongst any other group of workers on this earth.

They have laid the foundation well. Success is assured. The experimental stage is safely passed. And now they can confidently push aside the curtains of the future, and look down the corridors of time far enough to see their life-long dreams come true.

# Prevention of Conception

By WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, M. D.



IT is very easy to write on the subject of the voluntary limitation of offspring for an orthodox audience. For to an orthodox audience our line of reasoning is both new and novel, many of the arguments are shocking and therefore interesting, while the incontrovertible facts which we present and which to us are so old, so very old, come to them as eye-openers, as inspired epoch-making truths. It is very difficult, however, to write on the subject for a radical audience, especially if the radical audience is also an intellectual one. One feels like constantly apologizing. For it seems impossible to imagine that the arguments which you have to present in favor of the voluntary limitation of offspring, the proofs of the benefits which it would confer and of the evils which it would obviate should be unknown to radical readers, or that they should not be in full agreement with them. Still there is a valid excuse for speaking on the subject of prevention to Socialists. The excuse is contained in the fact that the attitude of many Socialists to the subject under discussion is one of indifference, while many good comrades speak of it sneeringly or with ill-concealed if not open hostility.

This indifference or hostility, when not due to thoughtlessness—people are not enthusiastic over any measure to which they have not given any consideration—is due to two causes, which, strange to say, are of a diametrically opposite character. Some good comrades are indifferent or hostile to the small family propaganda because they do not believe that a one or two child system will in any way improve the condition of the working class. They are in general opposed to any measure which has not the Socialist imprimatur on it, and which has not for its immediate object the abolition of wage slavery and the bringing about of the co-operative commonwealth. Like the good orthodox brethren that they are, they bring down from the wall the old rusty weapon, the “iron law of wages,” and tell us that as soon as the workingman has few or no children and is able to live on less, his wages will be cut in two and he will be just as badly off as before. Of course no sensible person has now any use for the iron law of wages. A strong union, a high standard of living and a scarce labor market can convert the iron law of wages into one of papier mache and tear it asunder with the greatest ease. A single workman can demand and receive higher wages than

a man with nine children. In fact, as he has only himself or himself and wife to provide for, he can be more independent, he can afford to wait; but when there are several hungry mouths at home crying for bread the man is apt to accept anything that is offered him, and it is a well known fact that fathers of big families, especially where the children are not yet earning a living, make very poor strikers.

There are comrades of another class whose objection to the prevention of conception propaganda is, as mentioned, of an entirely different, of an opposite character. Not being entirely devoid of common sense, they admit that a large family of little children is a curse to a workingman, and that his condition would be greatly improved if he could control the number of his children and the intervals of their appearance in this world. But that is just what they are afraid of. They are afraid that if the material condition of the working classes is materially improved, they may lose their revolutionary spirit (which spirit is a pure myth) and sink into the slough of self-contentment and obese satisfaction of the bourgeoisie. And what will then become of the revolution? Yes, and many comrades want a numerically large proletariat. For when that terrible bloody revolution breaks out, we want to be able to send a large proletarian army against the capitalistic monster. These good comrades take it for granted that the proletariat will necessarily be on the side of the revolution. They forget that a large, hungry proletariat is often more anti-revolutionary than is the bourgeoisie itself; they forget that the slum proletariat, or what our German friends call Lumpenproletariat, make very poor revolutionary material, and it is from this stratum that are recruited the hired thugs, gunmen, hoodlums and hooligans, black hundreds, strikebreakers and other enemies of revolutionary or evolutionary progress.

To enter into a detailed discussion of the pros and cons of the limitation of offspring propaganda within this brief space would be impossible. I can only reiterate my conviction that if Socialism stands for the immediate improvement of the condition of the working class, and not for manna and honey in the vague distant future, then the Socialist Party can engage in no more important, no more immediately beneficial, no nobler and saner propaganda, than the practical propaganda of teaching the people the means of limiting the number of their children.

You see that young woman? She is pale, thin, ex-

hausted. She has been married eight years and is the mother of five children. They take away every minute of her time, exhaust every atom of her energy. What should we do with her? Teach her Socialism? Yes. But if you will at the same time teach her how she can guard herself against having any more children, you will have done more for her than Socialism ever has or ever will do, and she will be correspondingly more grateful. Socialism will improve the conditions of the people in time to come; the knowledge of the limitation of offspring helps today, tomorrow, and every other day. And that is the beauty of it. You need no committees, no organization, no conventions, no resolutions. It can be spread from mouth to mouth, without any concerted action; all that is requisite is to become convinced of its great value, of its absolute necessity for the people in our present social-economic condition, both as a weapon of defense and offense. The Socialist Party, if it adopted the limitation of offspring propaganda as a part of its program, could, through its locals, spread this knowledge like wildfire, and no greater, no more effective ammunition could be put into the hands of the people. It would also swell the army of Socialist Party members enormously. This is rather an opportunistic point of view, and I do not urge the adoption of the propaganda on that score, for I do not believe that the Socialist Party should be a vote-hunting party, primarily. But where the increase in the membership is the result of real, practical, beneficial work, where the people embrace Socialism because they see that membership means an immediate betterment in their condition, an acquisition of knowledge, nobody has a right to object.

I know a young man and a young woman, both en-

gaged in literary work; they were delightfully suited to each other, and they loved each other in quite the old-fashioned way. They dearly wanted to get married, but their meager income was in the way. They two could live on it very well; but the spectre of numerous progeny stood before them. How could they afford to have several children on their meager and uncertain income? They could not, and in the meantime their health suffered; hers even more than his. She was really becoming a pitiable sight. They learned how they could delay and control the appearance of children; they got married; her health became blooming; and a happier couple it is hard to find. And the woman, who is a Socialist, said recently in her woman's inconsequential manner, that the best thing Socialism did for her was that it gave her means—indirectly, but she might not have been able to learn it otherwise—to live happily with the man she loved. And she has adopted as hers the motto: There is no single measure that would so positively, so immediately, contribute to the happiness and progress of the human race as teaching the people the proper means of the prevention of conception.

This brief article deals with—or rather hints at—the benefits of the knowledge of the prevention of conception to the individual couple. The temptation is great to dilate upon the influence that such universal knowledge would have upon the race as a whole, the relationship of population to the food supply, the eugenic or dysgenic effects of such knowledge, etc. And the temptation is almost irresistible to enter upon a discussion of the effects of the rational control of the birth-rate upon the most important and most sinister event of the hour—War.—New Review.

## Socialism is Coming

**I**N his recent book on American syndicalism, John Graham Brooks has the following to say about Socialism in the United States:

“Socialism steadily wins its way underneath all differences. Language, religion, forms of government set no barrier to its growth, because the causes of Socialism underlie all these.

“The causes have their roots in the discovered excesses of a competitive system that fails to meet the minimum of equality which powerful sections in these communities now demand. In no part of the world have these excesses been more riotous than in the United States. Nowhere have they been brought more widely or more directly home to the masses than in this country. The magnitude of our area and of our economic resources have concealed and delayed the exposure.

With the opening of the twentieth century the exposure has come.

“After three decades of obscure and fitful struggle Socialism becomes part and parcel of our political and social structure. It no longer stammers exclusively in a tongue half learned. It is at home in every American dialect. It no longer apologizes, it defies. Almost suddenly it wins a Congressman, fifty Mayors, and nearly a thousand elected officials.

“One of our most commanding figures in the railroad world says that the only practical issue now is to ‘stave Socialism off as long as possible.’ He is convinced that the first chill of the shadow has fallen upon us. There is much reason to believe that Socialism in its more revolutionary character is from now on to have its most fruitful field in the United States.”

# The Soldier Who Wouldn't

By A. NEIL LYONS

NOW, what they said exactly I did not perfectly hear nor can I perfectly state, because I was in drink (ammoniated quinine) at the time, and I am in drink (spirits of niter) now. May has arrived far sooner than I had been led to expect, and her allied forces have effectively bombarded the narrows of my respiratory Dardanelles. They have likewise closed both eyes.

So I sat in the corner of the railway carriage as I sit now—my shoulders hunched, my throat and mouth invested, my eyes bottled up; with no means of seeing, speaking, thinking, or eating, but not accustomed to playing the harp.

Well, then, they all got into the carriage and I could hear that there were five of them, and that four out of the five were soldiers. One of the soldiers talked much and the other three agreed with him. The soldier who talked much was evidently of London origin. His speech was infected with the accent and intonation which is cultivated by the inhabitants of that city, and it reflected, also, a London turn of thought and philosophy. I could not see his face, but from what I could hear of it, it was one of those round and rather stolid faces, having a square blue chin and a small, aggressive nose, and a mouth much worn with controversy. And very small eyes, which were lit with a bright flame—either of anger or joy. I don't know which. Nor does anybody else. It is the misfortune of these faces that nobody can ever make up his mind whether to treat them very seriously or scream with laughter at them.

I can't tell you anything about this soldier's three companions. I couldn't hear their faces at all. I could only hear their names, which were Joe, Bill, and Sam, respectively.

The fifth disturber of my fevered vigil in that jolty, smoky, stifling car was an individual of some civilian species. At first I thought he was a clergyman. Then I thought he was a layman, who had cultivated habits of order; a schoolmaster, perhaps, or an actuary or an adjuster of sewing machines. I could hear that he had a bald head, was clean-shaven and wore pince-nez. I crouched a little closer to my corner, and I decided to make him a sewing machine expert and leave it at that.

Then, with my throat and eyes tight closed, I willed myself to die. But the will wasn't good enough. I lived. I lived to hear the blue chinned soldier forswear himself.

"Me?" he said, in answer to a question from the bald-headed man. "Me orf to the front?" No, sport. I don't want to go to no front. I'm orf to London, I am; to Casa Blanca, if ya know where that is?"

"I do not," said the bald-headed man.

"Then I see you ain't studied Spanish," rejoined the soldier. "That's a Spanish expression, meanin' Whitechapel in a common way o' speakin'. Well,



Punch, London

## THE SULTAN "OVER THE WATER"

Mehmed V. (to Constantinople): "I don't want to leave you, but I think I ought to go."

that's where I'm goin'. That's where my 'ome is and my missus, and a few little gawdfers. I'm goin' 'ome for 'oliday. I ain't gointer no front nor don't damn well want to."

"Oh, don't say that!" protested the bald-headed gentleman.

"But I do say it, sport. If I go to the front, I shall be killed. I shall be killed at once. Before any o' my mates 'ere."

"Oh, don't say that," repeated the bald-headed gentleman.

"But I do say it, sport; and my friends 'ere know it's right what I say. Ain't that right, Bill? Ain't that right, Sam? Ain't that right, Joe?"

Bill—That's right!

Sam—That's right!

Joe—That's Right!

"I'm goin' 'ome for a 'oliday," continued the soldier, "and I got a shillin' in me poeket to spend on it. That's what they leave me out o' me week's pay—a shillin' An' me a bloke as 'as always earned a pound a week!"

"What do you belong to?" inquired the bald-headed gentleman.

"Me?" replied the soldier. "I belongs to Kitchener's Splendid Army. That's what I belong to. Them what you see on the pictures. They overwork us. They underfeed us. And they pay us a bob a week!"

"Oh, eome!" murmured the bald-headed gentleman.

"I'm eomin' along quiek enough," the soldier assured him. "What I'm tellin' you is the truth. What's more, I can say worse. They don't look arter us when we're ill. I tell you they don't. A little mate o' mine, in the transport, a fine little soldier be the name o' Freddy Chewitt, 'e fell orf 'is 'oss the other mornin' and 'e broke 'is leg, and they sends for the doctor and 'e gives 'im two pills. What? You can't believe it? Then keep tryin' till ya can, sport. Don't interrupt my story. That same night another bloke, a person'l friend o' mine, a soldier in my platoon, 'e falls ill

with earache. They sends for the doctor—the same doctor—and 'e comes, and 'e gives this chap two pills—the same two pills—well, two pills o' the same sort, then. This mornin' I'm a bit out o' sorts meself—sore froat an' that—so I goes to this same doctor, and 'e does it again—two pills. Same two pills! Ain't that right, Bill? Ain't that right, Joe? Ain't that right, Sam?"

Bill—That's right!

Joe—That's right!

Sam—That's right!

"Well, there's yar Kitchener's army, sport. 'Ow can two pills eure everythink? 'Ow can the same two pills eure an earache, a sore froat, and a broken leg? Well, it ain't common reason. Kitchener's Splendid Army! Wish I'd never joined it, nor me pals neether. Wish I'd never 'eerd of it. Treat a man like a dog. Overwork 'm. Underfeed 'im. Break 'is legs. Give 'im two pills. Deduct 'is pay. Leave 'im a bob a week! Coo! It makes me go goosey to think of it. And then you arst me if I'm goin' to the front. Why, I wooden go to the front for a thousand quid. Why wooden I? Because I got a brother at the front. Ain't that right, Bill? Ain't that right, Sam? Ain't that right, Joe?"

Bill—That's right!

Sam—That's right!

Joe—That's right!

"D'yeer that?" said the soldier. "D'yeer what my mates say? I got a brother in the army. I persuaded 'im to join. 'E's at the front now. If I go to the front, 'e'll bluggy well shoot me."—The Clarion.

## Woman

By ODELL T. FELLOWS

Forth she steps in all her splendor,  
 Beekoning toward the coming time;  
 O the heart of her so tender!  
 O the faith and love sublime!  
 Ever 'neath the grievous burden  
 Have her fragile shoulders bent,—  
 Seant, indeed, has been the guerdon  
 That the waiting years have sent.

Once did love, a strange rare blossom,  
 O'er her life its fragranee shed;  
 Once there lay within her bosom,  
 Sweet and fair, a ehildish head.  
 But the love-dream quickly vanished;  
 Childless sat she at her gate.  
 All her short-lived joy was banished  
 By the sternness of her fate.

Yet within her, deathless ever,  
 Throbbled the love, divine and pure.  
 Wrong and grief could crush it never,—  
 Born to conquer and endure.  
 Cleaving to her eruel master,  
 Aiding him the heights to climb;  
 Triumphant o'er all disaster,  
 She has stood the test of time.

Now behold the vision glorious,—  
 Man and woman meet at last  
 Side by side, to stand victorious  
 O'er the errors of the past.  
 Naught of mastery or slavery  
 Shall the future ages blight,  
 Woman's love and faith and bravery,—  
 These have won the age-long fight.

# Murmurings in a Field Hospital

By CARL SANDBURG

(They picked him up in the grass where he had lain two days in the rain with a piece of shrapnel in his lungs.)

<p>COME to me only with playthings now . . .          A picture of a singing woman with blue eyes          Standing at a fence of hollyhocks, poppies and sun-          flowers . . .          Or an old man I remember sitting with children tell-          ing stories          Of days that never happened anywhere in the          world . . .</p>	<p>No more iron cold and real to handle,          Shaped for a drive straight ahead.          Bring me only beautiful useless things.          Only old home things touched at sunset.          And at the window one day in summer          Yellow of the new crock of butter          Stood against the red of new climbing roses . . .          And the world was all playthings.</p>
--	--

# To Our St. Anthony

By CHARLES W. WOOD

<p>O ANTHONY, St. Anthony, we humbly bow to          thee,          To thy most holy ignorance and matchless purity.          Thou seizest our magazines, but even though we've          missed 'em,          'Twas for our moral uplift that we built the postal          system.          Oh, speed the day, we pray thee, to that pure and          virtuous ending          When all shall be as dull as thee and Nature'll quit          offending.          Protect our brains, dear stupid saint, from every-          thing that's human,          Especially from the loathsome thought that we were          born of woman.          Oh, speed the darkness that shall spread from Maine          clear down to Texas.          When no American shall know the secret of the          sexes;          When all shall presuppose, with minds forever free          from sin,          That woman's shape does not extend far down be-          low her chin.          Unsex our drama, Anthony, by taking woman          out;          Destroy all art; for goodness sake, put literature to          rout.          Burn all those awful books that tell how chickens          come from eggs;          Burn all those awful pictures where the ladies all          have legs.          And may our postal laws, dear saint, drop heavily,          kerchug,          On every sexual reference to man or brute or          bug.</p>	<p>And dost thou not, dear saint, perceive a great con-          tamination          In books about the doings of the vegetable creation?          Thy holy mind, undoubtedly, must view with eyes          askance          Those dreadful, lewd directions how to fertilize the          plants.          Oh bless us, saint, with all the virtuous ignorance          we need,          To keep our minds protected from the secret of the          seed.          We trust that thou wilt drape the curs that wander          past our flat          And put at least a fig leaf on our neighbor's Thomas          cat.          Go out into our pastures, please, and civilize the          herds;          And while thou'rt at it, Anthony, put pants upon          the birds.          From horrid sights of Nature we would be forever          free;          If need be, gouge our eyes out so we'll be as blind          as thee.          And when thou'rt finished, Anthony, with art and          Nature, too,          And all that's male or female has come under thy          taboo;          And when at last all things in sight are stamped          with thy approval,          Or else with some anathema that calls for their          removal;          We hope that thou wilt guide us where our sinful          nature fails,          By stamping every woman with: <b>"Excluded From          the Males."</b>          —The Masses.</p>
---	---

**Slams at Shams**

What'll we do to the paragrapher who says Przemysl held out for quite a spell?

\* \* \*

No, Hortense, we do not know who converted the Prinz Eitel Frederich—possibly Billy Sunday.

\* \* \*

While the capture of Przemysl was without doubt a great achievement, it can scarcely be called a pronounced victory.

\* \* \*

A poet philosopher said: "The world knows what two know." If this be true, what of all the secrets that just two know?

\* \* \*

Since the Sultan's declaration of war, the Turkish daily newspaper, the Ikdam, has issued extras hourly with red ink scareheads. From the reckless appearance of the sheet the editors don't care a ikdam for expenses.

\* \* \*

When the auxiliary cruiser Prinz Eitel Frederich entered the Norfolk harbor, Boy-Ed, naval attache, hastened from Washington to consult with the commander. Dispatches do not state whether Doc-Yak went on board.

\* \* \*

With Theodore Roosevelt tearing into Bryan's diplomacy, or lack thereof, in the Metropolitan, and Bill Taft getting in on the first page of the Saturday Evening Post with a terrific criticism of Wilson's spend-thrift policy, the administration must be boiling in its own grease.

\* \* \*

The British admiralty announces that British picket boats have sunk the British submarine E-15. That may be a strong bid for first place in the world's champion boob class, but it wont win. The U. S. navy sunk the battleship Maine last month in the basin at the Brooklyn navy yard. We still hold the belt.

\* \* \*

Magazine writers are making much of Henry Ford's "horse-sense methods of making men out of criminals." A force of eighty men are kept busy in the factory "sociological department" looking after the record of the employes. The space writers fail to mention the fact that Union men and Socialists are not worth experimenting upon.

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## The Temple of Gold

By Rabindranath Tagore

"SIRE," announced the servant to the King, "the St. Narottam never deigns to step into your royal temple. He is singing God's praise under the trees by the open road. The temple is empty of all worshippers. They flock round him like bees round the fragrant white lotus, leaving the golden jar of honey unheeded."

The King, vexed at heart, went to the spot where Narottam sat on the grass. He asked him, "Father, why leave my temple of the golden dome and sit in the dust outside to preach God's love?"

"Because God is not there in your temple," said Narottam.

The King frowned and said, "Do you know 20,000,000 of gold have been spent on that marvel of art, and the temple was duly consecrated to God with costly rites?"

"Yes, I know," answered Narottam. "It was the dread year, when thousands of your people lost their homes in fire and stood at your door for help in vain. And God said, 'The poor creature who can give no shelter to his brothers would aspire to build my house.' Thus he took his place with the shelterless under the trees by the road. And that golden bubble is empty of all but hot vapor of pride."

The King cried in anger, "Leave my land!"

Calmly said the saint, "Yes, banish me where you have banished my God."

## Dissappointment

The car conductor was about to give the motorman two bells to go ahead.

"Wait," shrilled an unmistakably feminine voice, "wait till I get my clothes on."

Whereupon 73 men and 37 women turned to rubber.

A fat woman lifted her basket of laundry aboard. The car went on.

## Going With Prince

A very small boy was trying to lead a big yellow dog up the road. "Where are you going to take the dog, my little man?" inquired a passerby.

"I—I'm going to see where—where he wants to go, first," was the breathless reply.

### Poison For Profit

“YOU fellows don't know how to cheat, and I hope you won't learn,” said a grocer, who had bought some butter from the Llano del Rio colonists. This grocer was willing to pay 5 cents a pound more than the market price if he could secure butter from the colony dairy.

His customers liked the butter made by men and women as guileless as those who work in the colony dairy. They don't put in poison, preservatives or coloring matter. They make butter to eat and they keep it pure. The colonists do not poison themselves with the food they produce. The lesson seems so obvious that one hesitates to point to it.

When the people of the world get sense enough to co-operate and to produce food for use and not for profit they will not know how to cheat and poison each other—for profit; to lie and steal—for profit. The individuals, groups and nations will stop murdering each other—for profit.

### Gutter Gabbler

Observing the success of the Billy Sunday methods in the matter of conversion, Puek rises to suggest that the attempt be made to apply the same methods to other church ceremonies and activities, proposing the following formulas:

Pastor (christening infant)—“What do you want to call this hunk of excess baggage, Bo?”

Presiding Parson—“What miserable mutt giveth this skirt to be married to this gink” The Bride's Father—“I'm the guy.”

Industrious Usher—“Slide, you icecards! Slide!”

Passing the Plate—“Come across with the iron-men, you low-lived tight-wads!”

Sunday School Superintendent—“All of you little flivvers that want to swat Satan, stand on one leg.”

### Perils of Truth

A friend and I, one summer's day,  
While in a truthful spell,  
Agreed on this, that come what may,  
Each other's fault's we'd tell.

We pointed out the facts and fears,  
For less than half a week—  
And now it's quite a score of years  
Since we were known to speak!

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Gen. Otis says editorially in The Times, of

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(By Luke North)

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

And again Gen. Otis says:

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

“It is disturbing to mental stability.”

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

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Job Harriman, Managing Editor  
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III May, 1915 No. 1

**One Year's Achievement**

THIS number of the WESTERN COMRADE marks the beginning of the third year of its publication. During the past two years the magazine has enjoyed a popularity that rarely comes to radical periodicals. It has had its ups and downs in a financial way, but has weathered all storms and now emerges, after a year's unparalleled financial depression in the business world, stronger and better equipped for the struggle than ever before.

Since May, 1914, the WESTERN COMRADE has been under the present management and during that period it has grown steadily in popularity and circulation. Considerable of this popularity is due to the fact that the Socialists of America are paying more attention to practical co-operative enterprises than ever before. The regular monthly story giving an outline of the progress of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony has proven a great attraction and has been one of the largest factors in increasing the circulation of the magazine.

In one year we have more than doubled the circulation and this has been done without any cries for help or "ballyhoo" for support. The only attempt to secure subscribers has been by the legitimate means of club offers and combinations with other Socialist publications. On the other hand comrades at many points have voluntarily gone into the field and worked up clubs and sent in large lists of subscribers and sent them in with strong letters of praise for the magazine and encouragement for the editors. Two comrades became so interested that they quietly created an interest in a small but devoted group of Socialists with the result that 400 public libraries in the middle and western states now get the WESTERN COMRADE on paid annual subscriptions. This is but one instance of the interest and en-

thusiasm of the comrades of California.

"I can sell a thousand a month if you keep the colony stories going," writes a comrade who is actively engaged in spreading Socialist propaganda in the northern states. This speaker sold 115 WESTERN COMRADES at one meeting.

"It sells on sight," writes another prominent organizer.

"The WESTERN COMRADE is now our best seller," declares a proprietor of a large bookstore dealing extensively in radical publications in a large Pacific coast city.

All of this is most gratifying and it tends to show that the magazine is coming as near as is possible to pleasing the vast majority of our readers. Cancellations have

amounted to just two during twelve months both in the same mail—one because we were "pro-German" and the other because we "favor England."

Renewals have been almost the unanimous rule of our subscribers. This is the surest stamp of approval.

The WESTERN COMRADE starts in the year stronger and more confident than ever before. We wish to take this opportunity to thank our thousands of friends for their encouragement and support. —[The Editors.]

**Or is It a Jabot?**

Father's meal is cooked  
In a steaming casserole  
While baby's meal is warmed  
'Neath a dainty camisole.

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**NEW REVIEW**

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College Town Democracy

THE question of the democracy of Yale and New Haven, as compared with the aristocracy of Harvard and Boston, has been revived by the Rev. Dr. Samuel C. Bushnell, of Boston, a prominent Yale alumnus, and Dean Jones, of Yale. Dr. Bushnell made it public at the banquet of the Waterbury Alumni Association, when he recited the following poem:

I'm from good old Boston,  
The home of the bean and the cod,  
Where the Cabots speak only to  
Lowells,  
And the Lowells speak only to  
God.

Dr. Bushnell sent the poem to Dean Jones, of the academic department of Yale, who, after consulting the muses, wrote back:

Here's to the town of New Haven,  
The home of the Truth and the Light,  
Where God talks to Jones  
In the very same tones  
That he uses with Hadley and  
Dwight.

Wierd Combine

A man, while wandering in the village cemetery, saw a monument and read with surprise the inscription on it: "A lawyer and an honest man."

The man scratched his head and looked at the monument again. He read the inscription over and over. Then he walked all around the monument and examined the grave closely. Another man in the cemetery approached and asked him:

"Have you found the grave of an old friend?"

"No," replied the first man, "but I was wondering how they came to bury those two fellows in one grave."

Foiled Again!

Score a scoop for Plutarch.

Acting as war correspondent some years ago the stern chronicler of events wrote of Julius Caesar: "When he arrived at the banks of the Rubicon, which divides hisalpine Gaul from the rest of Italy, he stopped to deliberate. At last he cried out, 'The die is cast,' and immediately crossed the Rubicon."

Curse the luck! Here we have an upstart scribbler getting in ahead of

us, and this, too, when everybody in California was convinced that it was Gen. Otis who not only crossed the Rubicon but cabled the fact back red hot right after he did it!

Colony Baby Arrives

Miss Llano Schnitzer arrived at the colony a few days before this magazine went to press. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schnitzer, have been in the Llano del Rio Community about four months. This is the first baby born at Llano. The colony physician and trained nurses were in attendance.

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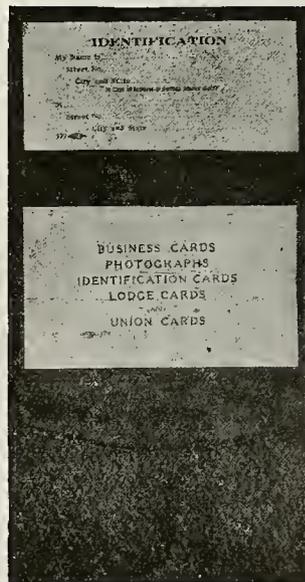
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### First Aid to Serum

IT seems that the anti-tetanus serum has not been a complete success, but the trouble is not so much with the serum as with the disease. The disease progresses so fast that convulsions set in and the patient is so worn out by them that he dies of asphyxiation before the anti-tetanus serum can become effective. So it is seen that the serum would gladly do all that is expected of it, if the disease would only be calm and give it half a chance.

Dr. Meltszer, of the Rockefeller Institute, thinks, however, that he has found a way to overcome this drawback. He proposes to inject a solution of epsom salts into the spinal membrane. This is intended to relax the body completely and relieve the convulsions. The only weak point about Dr. Meltszer's treatment is that the patient will be relaxed so thoroughly that he can't breathe, and death will ensue.

But let us not be discouraged. If we keep on trying, we are sure to find a way of keeping patients alive while they are being poisoned and mutilated.—E. O. J.

### When a Man's Married

The publicity manager for a certain California co-operative colony was waxing a bit boastful when he said:

"We got out 500 pieces of mail today. I mailed about a hundred dictated letters. We are poking them down that little old mail chute faster than Uncle Sam's hired men can cart them away. Next week we'll——." The speaker paused and paled, as if a chill had struck him. He turned to meet the steely glare of a woman, who said, icily:

"Perhaps, while you are overloading the mail, you will remember to post those letters to mamma which I gave you a week ago Friday."

### Crossing the Wash?

Motorist (blocked by load of hay)—I say, there, pull out and let me by.  
Farmer—Oh, I dunno ez I'm in any hurry.

Motorist (angrily)—You seemed in a hurry to let that other fellow's carriage get past.

Farmer—That's cause his horse wuz eatin' my hay. There hain't no danger o' yew eatin' it, I reckon.

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• • •

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

• • •

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# Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

## Llano, California

**T**HIS 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.

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

Some of these aims have been carried out during the year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 350 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than seventy pupils in the school, 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 there is nothing to delay the building.

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

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

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

The colony has about forty work horses, a large tractor, two trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 800 egg-making birds, some of them blue-ribbon prize winners. About 2000 additional chicks were added in May. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

About 115 acres of garden is being planted this year.

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

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

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

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and over 400 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

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

The colony is organized as a corporation under the laws of California. The capitalization is \$2,000,000. One thousand members are provided for. Each shareholder agrees to subscribe for 20000 shares of stock.

Each member agrees to pay \$2500 and will receive 2000 shares of capital stock and a deed to a lot 50x100 feet with a modern residence erected thereon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

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

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade (\$1.00 per year), and keep posted on the progress of the colony.

Address

C. V. EGGLESTON CO.

Fiscal Agents

Llano del Rio Company

924 Higgins Building

Los Angeles, California

# Is Your Job Safe?

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

Address C. V. Eggleston, Fiscal Agent

## Llano del Rio Company

924 Higgins Building

Los Angeles, California