

June, 1915

Ten Cents

# The Western Comrade



## *Stories and Specials By*

*A. W. Ricker*

*J. Stitt Wilson*

*Carl D. Thompson*

*Mila T. Maynard*

*Thos. W. Williams*

*Morgan Smith*

*A. F. Gannon*

*Wiley H. Swift*

*Owen R. Lovejoy*

*Ruth Lee Stevens*

*G. E. Bolton*

*Frank E. Wolfe*

*Marguerite Head*

*Adelaide Maydwell*

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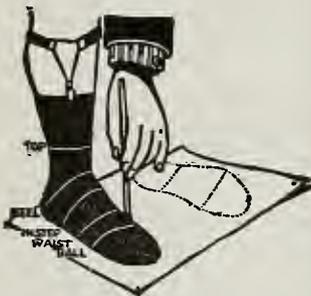
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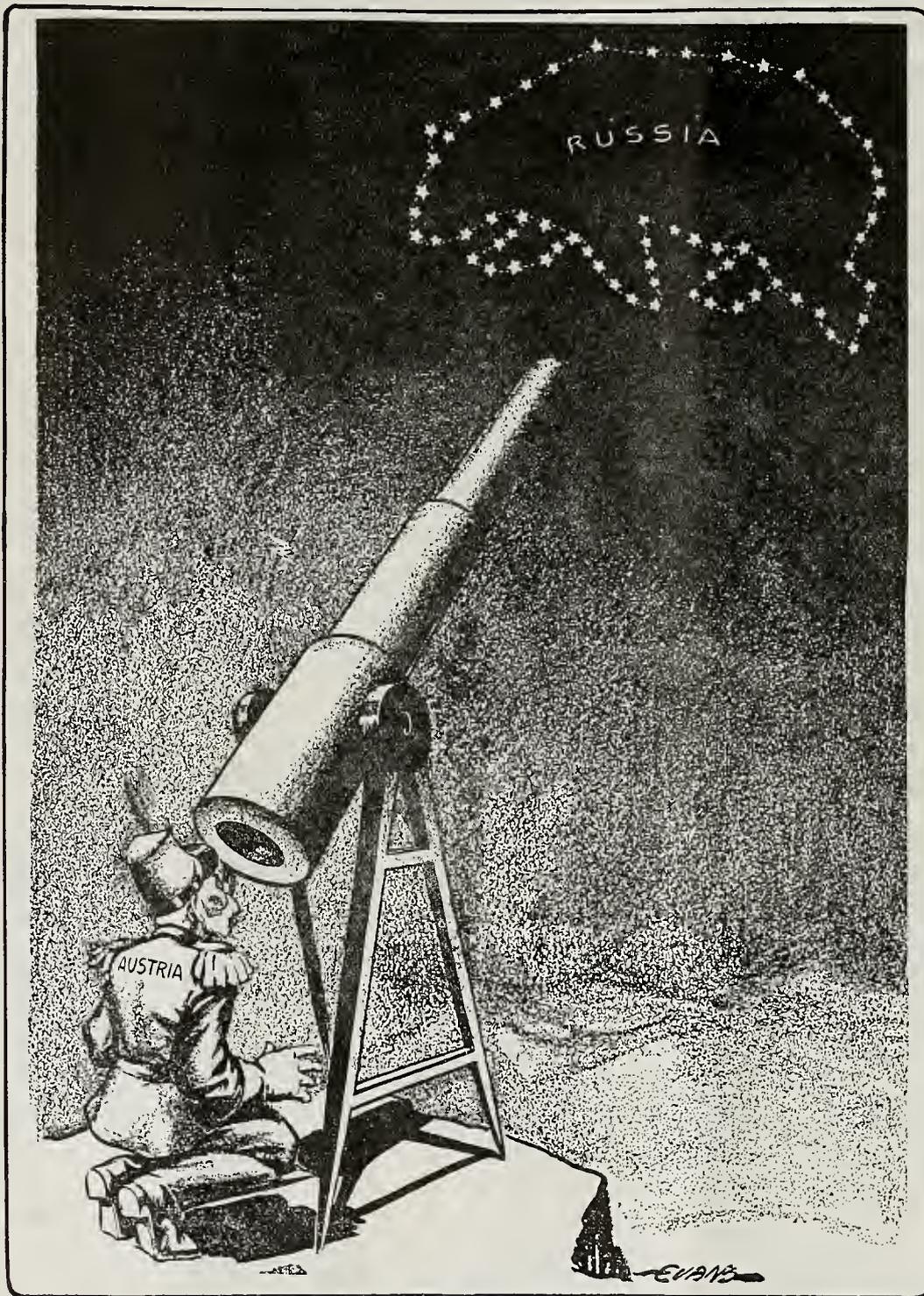
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STAR GAZING



How His Future Looks

—Baltimore American

# THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. III

LOS ANGELES, CAL., JUNE, 1915

NUMBER 2



A Typical Louisiana Oyster Cannery Force. The Girl in the Foreground Is Eight Years Old and a Regular Worker.

## CURRENT REVIEW

By Frank E. Wolfe

IF President Wilson has surrendered to the war party of America, it seems extremely doubtful if Bryan and the more sober of the Washington statesmen will be able to prevent intervention in Mexico and action toward Germany that will be tantamount to a declaration of war. Intervention means war with Mexico. Bryan's withdrawal from the cabinet is regarded by the war party as a tremendous victory. The gunmakers, the powder trust and all the forces that fatten on blood and carnage

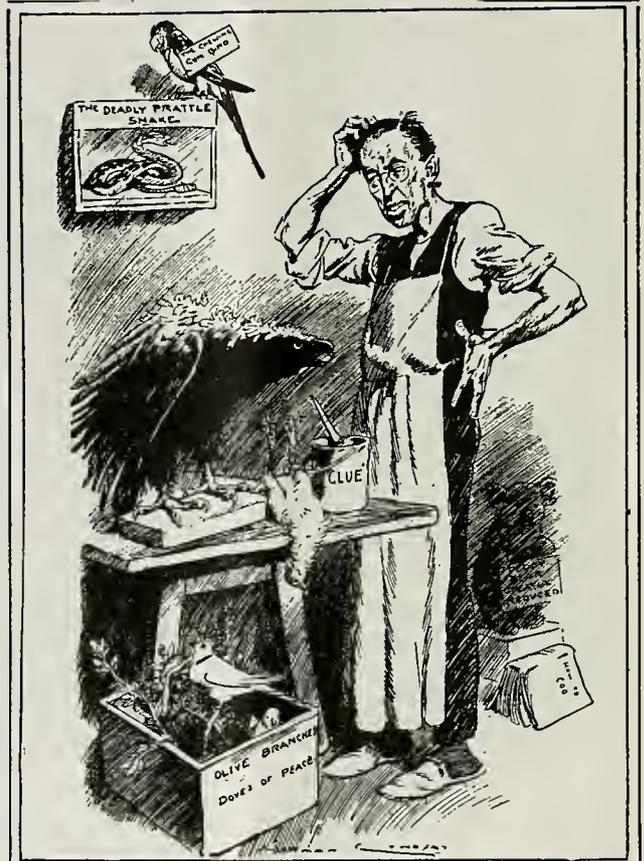
are losing no opportunity to crowd their propaganda of war at any price.

Wilson's note to Germany fell below the hopes of the jingoes, but it carries with it the implied threat of force that Bryan declined to support. With this foundation laid, all that is needed to precipitate war will be a series of incidents, the exchange of "notes," the sinking of another ship, the severing of diplomatic relations and the uproar of the daily press—then the beginning of the cataclysm.

**I**NTervention in Mexico looms as a greater danger to peace on this continent than since the revolution began. Never was a more insidious plot floated than the Red Cross appeal for funds to "relieve suffering in the sister republics." The sudden cry of hunger in Mexico (City) touches the human heart. Vide any newspaper. "Food sent to starving Mexicans shipped abroad and sold!" screams the headlines. Can the American public be stupid enough to fail to see through this move on the part of capitalists who are for intervention? Will the Hearsts and Otises, the landgrabbers, the oil barons, and the mining kings succeed, after several years' effort, in stampeding the American people? The statement from Washington that 150,000 armed men were starving 15,000,000 non-combatants is utterly absurd. If there is anybody starving in Mexico it is the dealers and traders in the cities who have never produced anything or performed any useful service. The land is as rich and productive as ever and all the land that can be freed from the grasp of the exploiters is under cultivation.

There is no time in history when the Americans have been so sorry a figure in the affairs of nations. The United States, with millions of disemployed and hungry workers, with 15,000,000 humans subsisting below the living line, with its hourly suicides, deaths from starvation, murders (legal and human) and its saturnalia of graft and corruption, will now go forth to force its particular brand of morality on a nation that, let alone, will shame us in a generation. Intervention at this hour means war with a united Mexico. A prolonged, cruel war of invasion for conquest. A war which will make starvation as great a reality in Mexico as it is in the United States. We may have to face, before the end, a United South America. Then we will have the spectacle of an immoral, vicious nation trying to force its ethics on an unmoral and happy people. If those who are short-sightedly seeking more profits at the bayonet point could but realize that this war of conquest will mean that Latin-America will close its doors to American commerce it might give capitalism pause. It required no prophet to see the pos-

sibility of war with A. B. C. powers and it may run down farther into the alphabet. Military experts have said it would require an army of 200,000 to subdue (enslave) Mexico. It will cost tens of thousands of lives. It will require years to accomplish. Fighting on their own grounds, armed, equipped and seasoned veterans far outnumbering the callow



—Sydney Bulletin

### WOODROW WILSON, TAXIDERMIST

"Have I got to turn this durned bird into a war eagle?"

clerks and school boys that make up a volunteer American army, we shall suffer a terrible loss of life. When our marines landed at Vera Cruz the indignation in South America was great.

Militarism prays hourly for a war that will make 350,000 American workers into potential murderers. President Wilson has held his head through



many trying situations, but the newspapers would make us believe he is about to lose it.

Mexico is plagued with landlordism, clericalism and militarism. Now, American capitalism seeks to force the discomfiture of the nation and to enslave a race. Intervention means a prolonged, disastrous war.

\* \* \*

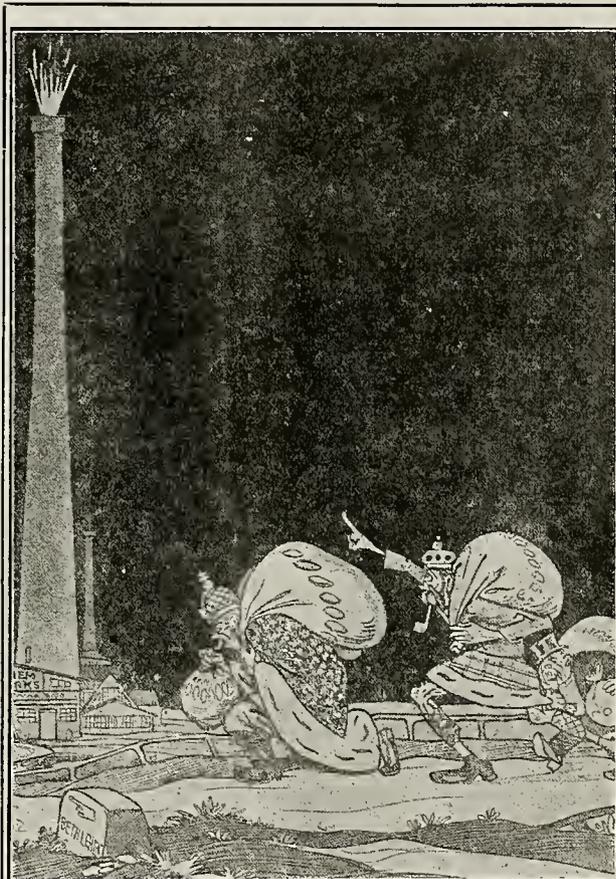
“CERTAINLY not, we can’t discontinue our commerce with nations, peaceful and warring. That would be against precedent and tradition.” This was the frank and sincere declaration of a “prominent business man” of the type so worshipped by the daily press. His personal name is of no importance. In numbers he is legion. He cogently voiced the sentiment of America. Why should we stop making powder and shrapnel for export and allow other nations to get the profits? Why should we? Now, honestly, isn’t it sheer hypocrisy to say we care about the lives of men out there in the trenches? What do we care for the lives of Americans in the trenches in the daily war. Should the Bethlehem gun works refuse to sell them to the killers of Colorado? Should we of Los Angeles who buy saved-off shotguns to shoot men, women and children in our streets, grow indignant about the sale of similar or less certain guns to shoot men, women and children in Belgium? Not unless we are a nation of hypocrites—and we are.

\* \* \*

WE are a neutral nation. This is easily proved. Since the war began England has placed orders with the Bethlehem Steel Company of Pennsylvania for over \$100,000,000 worth of arms and ammunition. This company is now farming out a part of its contracts to the Allis Chalmers Company of Wisconsin where shrapnel shells are being partly finished and returned to Bethlehem.

From America, England is getting shells that are the most deadly that have yet been devised. British gunners fire shells into the German trenches and some of these are reported to have such power that they kill everything that breathes within a radius of 100 yards. The Germans retaliate by firing a similar shell at the English—and both shells are made in America.

Germany long ago complained that the Russians were using American shells. All belligerent countries seem to be well supplied with these shells. The infidel Turks are using Christian shrapnel and



—Kladderatsch

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM (U. S. A.)

“And when they saw the star, they went into the house and received guns, aircraft, and bombs in great number. And they gave of their treasure gold and great profits to the promised land.”

smokeless powder against the dogs of unbelievers on the invading ships. Christian gunners on allied dreadnaughts are killing moslems by the hundreds in the forts on the Dardanelles—using American projectiles.

Mexicans have been killing each other for years and they have been totally dependent upon American guns and ammunition. Now we are sending



food and cross red nurses into Mexico to demonstrate our neutrality there.

Owing to our neutrality we sold high-power, long-distance guns to Philippino pagans who promptly, and at safe distance, killed "our troops" who were armed with the archaic Springfields and black powder that made them splendid targets. We are neutral, so long as we get the profits.

\* \* \*

WE note some of our editorial comrades are astonished at the revelations made at a hearing before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations at Washington where an agent of the Boy Scout movement testified. Unhesitatingly and unblushingly this man declared that John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie (of Ludlow and Homestead), and other plutocrats were heavy contributors to the fund for the youth-destroying institution.

The Boy Scout movement is a boy murder movement. In America it was spawned by the Powder trust, but it is the legitimate offspring of militarism that has made shambles of the fields of Europe.

\* \* \*

THIS number of the WESTERN COMRADE is devoted to pictures and stories about children. It furnishes a contrast that is more startling than a casual glance would indicate. The pictures and stories of little ones in sweatshops, factories and mines clearly depict the dark side of child life in America. The views of the community children at Llano and Miss Maydwell's delightful article on the co-operative colony furnishes a ray of hope for the future.

\* \* \*

IF the world had not been busy with matters of greater import, the Barnes-Roosevelt backyard clothesline quarrel would have reached and held the honored position of p. 1—col. 7. The best it did was to break in on page one, somewhere in the middle, usually on the fold, hidden under the big red line about some really important capture of 200 yards of trenches between Arras and Labasse. The result, it is believed, was that Mr. Roosevelt won the suit.

The action was really based on the loose use of the words "corruption" and "corrupt" when the former president mentioned his former counsellor guide mentor and friend. Then Barnes sued Roosevelt for \$50,000.

At the trial each said some horrible things about



—New York World

### THE PARTY WASH

Vindicating their "personal honor."

the other and both proved their statements by documents and witnesses.

It wasn't what was said, it was the old Rooseveltian way of saying "Ice is cold! Water is wet! Fire is hot!" with a show of teeth and fierceness that has always astounded the rubes and boobs, that aroused the wrath of Barnes. Mr. Barnes sued to vindicate his personal honor—he lost. Mr. Roosevelt defended his personal honor—read the evidence.



Down in a Pennsylvania Coal Mine, Tending a Trap Door in Dampness and Solitude.

# Child Labor in the Mines

By THOMAS W. WILLIAMS

**F**ATHER died when I was 11. There were four children. I was the only boy. We had no resources.

Some good, philanthropic, Christian people took an interest in the family. As a result I secured a "job" as "trapper" in a coal mine. I had a mania for books, an inborn desire to know. The school principal pleaded that I be permitted to pursue my studies, but all to no purpose. What need would I, the only son of a widowed mother, have for learning, anyway? My place was with the proletariat. Mother and I were to be congratulated in securing such a windfall.

The experience of those first days alone at my door, the "gob" literally alive with rats, the constant falling of loose pieces of rock and slate, the

inky darkness and the impenetrable gloom, only occasionally broken when a driver passed with a chain of cars—all this is indelibly stamped on brain and heart.

To add to my fears, older boys and men took especial delight in telling all sorts of weird, uncanny stories of impending harm.

It was a veritable hell, and even now is an awful nightmare.

I received the munificent sum of 60 cents a day, for ten hours' work—\$3.60 a week—and furnished my own oil out of that.

During those first years I saw dozens of men who were crushed out of all human semblance; men and boys maimed and crippled. At one time the miners in one-half of the workings were prostrated by black damp, and only through heroic effort were rescued



"De drunks is me best customers."

at all. At another time the whole mouth of the mine caved in and we were rescued after many hours, our egress being through a small aperture improvised through loose dirt a distance of forty feet.

It is an utter waste of time and money to send preachers to college to enable them to impress the people with the existence of hell. I know there is a hell. I have been there. Tens of thousands of boys are there now, and it is in the interests of these poor unfortunates that I pen these lines.

By heroic effort and indomitable will I have been able to lift myself from these damning environments, but the lessons learned in those early years have been of invaluable service. The class struggle with all its gruesomeness and horror was brought home to me in clearer terms than could be portrayed by pen or tongue.

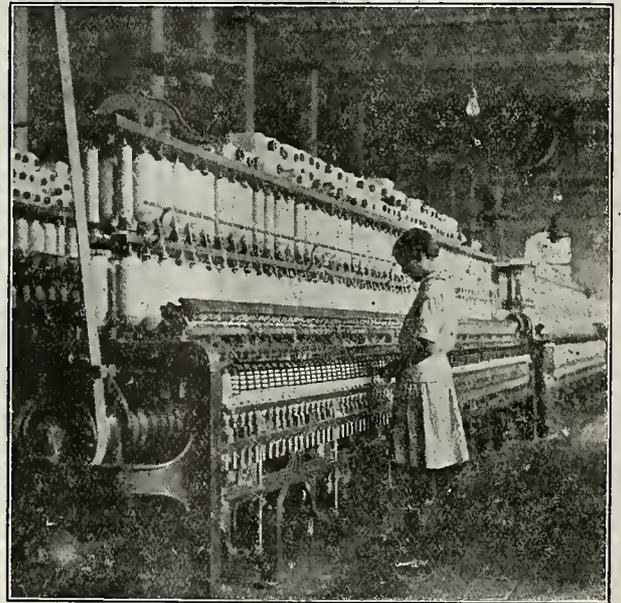
The study of child slavery is fascinating to theorists, alluring to the economists and a diversion to the idealists, but to me it is all that the term implies.

And what is the remedy? Maudlin sympathy and

sporadic charity? Shall we tell these youngsters to "get their heart right" and "make their peace with God," because He in His inscrutable wisdom has so ordained? Well, hardly.

Let us educate and organize the workers to revolt, to refuse to passively submit. So long as the means of life remain in the hands of the few, so long will the many suffer and toil and die.

Child labor is a national calamity. It not only leaves its effect upon the child, but undermines the race. We must make the mines, the mills, the factories and all the institutions of labor the property of all the people, and thereby remove the incentive for the substitution of the child for the man in the field of industry.



A Fourteen-Year-Old Lass Who Has Worked Three Years in a Texas Cotton Mill

## Need of Co-Operation

By EDWARD N. CLOPPER

**N**EARLY every state in the Union has on its statute books today a mass of legislation for the welfare of children. Some of it is archaic; some is extreme; and not a little is contradictory and unenforceable. Fundamentally the difficulty lies in that old and vital defect of lack of vision, lack of the power of co-ordination. The relationship between the various branches of child welfare is remarkably intimate but quite often escapes observation and still oftener escapes realization by the very workers themselves.

In their enthusiasm for improving conditions they

forget such elementary principles as, for instance, that the periods for compulsory attendance at school, for prohibition of child labor and for public relief for children from want must be the same, and if one is extended, the other must be changed to correspond. This applies to other branches of child welfare work with equal force and shows that co-operation is essential to effective reform. Because of the absence of this essential our laws are in confusion and our work is seriously hampered.

Co-operation in this field can best be promoted

through the medium of a general children's charter. At the National Conference in Memphis in 1914 the compilation of such a charter was urged to embody all

the recognizable principles of child-caring, which could be used as a guide by the several states and individuals generally.

## Need Children for Profits

By WILEY H. SWIFT

WHEN I consider what remains to be done for the protection of the children in North and South Carolina I am forced to conclude that up to the present we have not progressed very far. North and South Carolina have a larger per cent of child workers in the manufacturing industry than any other state in the country. If the persons engaged in these industries should march by, every ninth person would be a child under 16. These children leave school forever at 12—often younger in North Carolina, where there is practically no enforcement—to work 11 hours a day in our factories. The opportunity for education is closed to them forever.

Public opinion grows slowly and law halts behind public opinion. The people of these states as a whole deplore the conditions under which children are work-

ing, and yet it is my firm belief that neither North Carolina nor South Carolina, if left to herself, will enact any real child labor legislation within the next eight years. The cotton manufacturers as a class are actively opposed to all such legislation. They have dictated, can dictate and will dictate what our laws regulating the employment of children shall be. Every one of our four best governors has declared for legislation on this subject, but when the bill comes up the legislative halls are crowded with child employers, and they win. You need not be surprised that our Senator Overman blocked the Palmer-Owen bill. He knew that his re-election depended upon it. The Commissioner of Labor is now making an effort to enforce the law in North Carolina, and I look for him to be enjoined from further activity in this direction or to be



Even a Child of Five Is Not Too Young to Help in This New York Tenement.

defeated at the next election. He is playing with fire.

One difficulty is the fact that the mills of the South are new and have brought prosperity for which, unfortunately, people are often willing to pay any price. Men who build cotton mills believe that no mill can

be successfully operated without children under 14, and they are certain no mill can be run if an eight-hour day for children under 16 prevails. There is only one way to get these children out of our mills and that is for the National Government to do it.

## The Laws Are Ignored

By OWEN R. LOVEJOY

THE up-to-date manufacturer wants efficient, responsible, well-trained workers—he does not want children at his machines. So we see a manufacturers' bill passed in Michigan raising the age limit from 14 to 15; we see large employers endorsing the proposal of the Illinois Child Labor Committee to forbid all employment of children under 16 during school hours; we see Pennsylvania limiting the working day of her 14 and 15 year old children to less than 48 hours a week in order that they shall continue their education at a part-time day school (and incidentally, at last, eliminating them from her glass factories at night). Even backward Alabama has fixed a date after which no children under 14 shall be employed in her cotton mills.

These are big advances, but they merely establish standards which enlightened people—employers and public—recognize as reasonable and necessary. The majority upholds them and yet there are other states in which similar measures have this year been defeated, because the reactionary minority, active and aggressive, has blocked the way to progress. In fact the

forces of reaction have never been so alert and well-organized as they are today. Possibly because they feel the ground slipping from under them, and well they may. The child labor bills defeated this year in West Virginia, Texas and the Carolinas are just so many new arguments for a federal law. Their children are our children and must be protected. We must extend to their factories and mills and canneries—to all establishments in the country that engage in interstate commerce, the standards of ages and hours embodied in the laws of a majority of the states. Reaction will continue to use all the political power it possesses that it may retain the privilege of legally employing children of 12 or 13—and violating without interference even that age limit (our agent found 84 violations in 16 North Carolina mills in 15 days); reaction wants boys on the night shift; it will fight any proposal to shorten an 11-hour day.

If all right-minded citizens would help, we should adopt a federal law and clear the way for constructive action.

## Pharisees Rebuked

NEVER was self-righteousness, self-complacency and smuggerly more quickly and sharply rebuked than at the first day's session of the Eleventh Annual Conference on Child Labor, which took place at the concourse at the San Francisco Exposition.

The governor, the mayor and president of the exposition were on the program and each sent a representative. The mayor's secretary made a good speech, but said nothing. The exposition man give a good exhibition of stereotyped phrases and self-laudation. The governor's representative was a politician—with appearance and manners of the vintage 1873—who read a "paper" which reeked with sophistries (polite word for lies) about the perfectly splendid laws governing child labor in California. His paper said California took excellent care of its child workers; that California had no child workers; that working in the canneries was good for the children, and that selling newspapers on the streets of the cities made the children better citizens; that there was no child labor worth

mentioning (yet he continued to mention it and to apologize for it) and that the salubrious climate of this glorious state made it a joy for children to work; and besides they didn't have to work in California.

The faces of the men and women, who sat on the platform behind this Paleozoic apostle of what used to be, was a study. Dr. Felix Adler followed and with a voice as soft as the cooing of a dove, told of the dangers of the crime of self-complacency and excess satisfaction over achievement. The exposition "booster" (vile word) squirmed uneasily, though he but dimly understood, and the politician turned a deep crimson.

Dr. Adler dismissed the boasts of the two speakers and made no direct reference, but he let it be known he had no confidence in their statements or patience with Pharisees of their type. Then Paul Scharrenberg spoke on "Organized Labor's Brief Against Child Labor." He expressed his amazement at the lame apology and specious denial of California's disgrace.

He went after those responsible for the unprotected children in California's canneries and on the city streets. After tearing the mask of hypocrisy off the faces of the political pretenders, the speaker declared "No dividends—no profits can compensate for these wrongs."

Mrs. Florence Kelley of New York showed the close parallel of the claims of those who perpetuate child slavery in every state. In some states it is the cotton industry, and in California it was the canneries; and everywhere the exploiters claimed it didn't hurt the children—it was good for them. Hard labor is just what young children need.

"Into every state we go these people say that their particular industry does not hurt the children. This

holds in California—as we see here today with children worked in your canneries—the same as it holds in Texas, where young children are worked in the cotton fields side by side with convicts wearing the ball and chain."

Mrs. Kelley told of the horrors of those camps and one might have thought she was referring to the hop-picking camps of California. She declared none of us can say "My hands are clean so long as child labor exists anywhere in America."

Edwin Markham read selections from "Children in Bondage" and brought the cannery child vividly before his hearers. All the speakers agreed that a federal law is necessary and all showed keen zest in puncturing the pharisaical preachment of plutocracy's protectors.

## "Unto the Third"

By A. F. GANNON



ASBY reached the foot of the ladder of success at 35 with "a pig and a peck of beans." This is not my figure of speech; it's Gasby's own—often uttered, in a properly deprecatory fashion, when Gasby was mellowed by rare vintage in the presence of his peers about the banquet board. Sometimes it was snarled by him, in a towering passion, to squelch office-attachee or factoryhand who had the temerity to enter his presence with a plea for more generous remuneration. Like many other sayings of great men, it was not exactly true. Gasby possessed, in addition to the porker and the peck of legumes, at the age mentioned, a homey wife and a curly headed kiddie of 5. However, if these were purposely omitted by Gasby in coining the pithy, alliterative epitome of his dearth of earthly accumulations at the pivotal point of his career, they shall achieve a measure of justice, if somewhat belated, at the hand of the present chronicler. If one who knew had dared to mention this discrepancy to Gasby in his phenomenally successful years Gasby would, no doubt, have witheringly replied:

"Hell, yes! I also forgot to add a pair of cowhide boots and a hickory pants with one gallus!"

And there the matter would rest forever and two days—for Gasby, like Bimi, had "too much ego in his cosmos" to admit that anybody on earth had ever contributed an iota to Gasby's success, save Gasby. But to my tardy errantry of rescuing the lady and the laddie from the toils of oblivion.

In the little country town which Gasby early honored with his somewhat unproductive presence (and, long afterward, a massive, imposing library), Mrs.

Gasby had an enviable reputation for her succulently superior preparation of the plebian viand, baked pork and beans. With hosewifely guile, precept to the contrary notwithstanding, here was a woman who kept a secret. While the world had not as yet made a beaten path to her door, requests came from other communities for crockfuls of her special product. The shiftless Gasby, not being a generous provider, was content to do odd jobs—and deliver his wife's baked beans.

ONE fateful day a commercial traveler domiciled at the single local caravansary asked the goddess who presided over the fly-specked dining tables for a serving of Gasby's beans, the virtues of which he had heard of at a neighboring town. None was at hand. Mine host, scenting profit and reputation for himself and hostelry, sent post-haste for a large portion, piping hot from the Gasby oven. The drummer was delighted. Questions followed. Where could he see this man Gasby? The Gasby home was pointed out, a block down the straggling country street. Thither went the knight of the grip with a good cigar between his teeth and contentment in his heart—or, should one say, stomach? After the manner of his kind, Gasby sat on an upturned box, in a shady spot near the kitchen door, whittling.

The stranger presented Gasby a cigar that was a revelation to the latter, once he had it "goin'."

Pretty hot around an oven these days, eh?"

"Recon 'tis," noncommittally opined Gasby.

Mrs. Gasby, peering through a chink in the little curtained kitchen window, KNEW that it was.

Half an hour later the caller departed, leaving a

brace of cigars in his wake. Gasby arose and entered the house. There was the light of conquest in his eyes as he almost shouted:

"Tillie, we're goin' into business—that feller an' us! We're goin' over t' S—— an' start a-cannin' beans," he ended, triumphantly.

"No we aint, Cyrus," Tillie readily responded. "I heard his schemin'; were goin' t' work hard an' save till we get 'nough t' start a place o' our own. My mind's made up!"

Gasby's face lengthened as he parried:

"But Teddie, he's got t' be educated."

"Never mind," consolingly replied his sweaty helpmeet. "That man aint goin' to' get nothin' out o' my labor; you're welcome, but he aint," with finality.

**A**FTER a desultory correspondence the promoter gave it up, sensing a far stronger will than Gasby's.

His suggestion that local newspaper advertising would largely increase sales was adopted, and in the course of a year we find Gasby at the head of a fast growing cannery in the city of S——. As the volume of their trade grew other edibles, including shellfish from a nearby coast town, were entered in their list. For a few years Gasby always deferred and referred to his wife's sagacity. Then came flattering offers and inspiring suggestions from the advertising managers of various magazines of national scope.

Tillie lost her fast diminishing grip on the business. Chefs were installed who gradually undermined the personal touch of her supervision. The name Gasby on food products had become a household word—built upon the rock of Tillie's capability. Dishwater could sell if it were labeled "Gasby's Soups."

Teddie was now at boarding school.

Tillie was inveigled into the automobile and social rut. Her heart was in the factories and Teddie's future, rather than the round of functions where her prosperity gave entrance and her naivete half-concealed amusement.

Gasby, hot on the scent of the illusive dollar, had acquired farms from whence came vegetables for his factories, clam and oyster beds for his bivalves, and his importations of spices and condiments from foreign lands were large.

Teddie, back from Yale and a whirl abroad, took charge of the publicity end of the business. His advertising caught the public eye, and his catchphrase, "There's no gas to Gasby's!" was incorporated (at so much per) in the songs and sayings of the variety stage.

Surfeited with the supposed good things of life, Tillie died, but not before she had paired off Teddie

with one of the reigning society belles, a late in life ambition realized.

Appalled and brought halfway to his senses by the sudden loss of his comforter and guide, old Gasby stumbled aimlessly about in a business and social way for many long, lonesome months.

Had not the momentum of money, with the guiding hand of his son, precluded failure during the year of Gasby's readjustment to life without Tillie, such would have been his portion.

The birth of his grandchild, Gladys, brought him from his semi-stupor and back into the harness again with much of his old vigor.

**E**FFICIENCY was the middle name of Gasby's farms, factories and fisheries. While he had sacrificed nothing to hygiene or equipment where science or invention pointed the way, the human factor of production went without champion. Wages only existed to be unceremoniously lopped off when new automatics were installed. In business acumen Gasby was three laps always ahead of his keenest competitors (for he had many by this time), but mutterings of discontent among his employees were met by him with about as much concern as were the first whispered dissents of the villeins and serfs. Gasby was no Alexander II. In point of fact, Gasby considered himself a Napoleon in his particular field.

**E**NTER James O'Hare, better known among the thousands of Gasby's "hands" as Jimmie. James had read Karl Marx, a German. Gasby never had read the immortal Dutchman; Teddie, now known as Theodore, had. Gasby senior took to swearing; Gasby junior took to sophistry. Both Gasbys were ineffective. The strike came on. Gasby lost money—oodles. The strikers lost the strike—and many of them lost divers meals in the interm. Gasby lost no meals, at least through any other cause than indigestion. Jimmie lost his job, and he and his good wife, Bridget, their partly-paid-for home and, irreparable loss, little Micky, aged 5, for want of medical treatment during a neighborhood diphtheria scourge. Jimmie was for finishing Gasby. Bridget said:

'L'ave 'im t' God!"

Jimmie silently and fervently consigned him to the devil, and, though he would have liked to expedite matters, kept his hands off.

Enter the villain, or villains.

Gladys, aged 5, was to have a birthday fete on the Gasby lawn—not a party, mind you, but a fete. Among the many delicacies prepared to please the palates of blase childhood on the occasion was a sort

(Continued on Page 27)



Llano Live Wire Dramatic Club in Costumes for Production of "The Deestrick Skule."

# Children and Community Life

By ADELAIDE MAYDWELL

SINCE May 1, 1914, more than 100 children have gone into the Antelope Valley, California, to live. The change of scenes and of environment has meant to them a diversion in the trend of events that will leave its impress on them through life.

Community life at Llano del Rio already has started these children into a new line of thought. The community spirit grows upon them with rapidity. The knowledge that all public property is owned by the collectivity makes a change in them the same as it does in their parents.

Many of these children came from the cities and had never known the joys of life in the country. Life at the Llano community is for children something more than living in the country. It is life in the big open with the great distances, the mountains, the plains, the wooded canyons, the forests, lakes and streams, and the great variations that are wrought in the seasons.

It is true children quickly take these things as a matter of course from the marvellous breaking of the dawn, the sun rising over the distant buttes, the mirages with their miraculous changes woven with warp of purple sky and woof of shadowy clouds to the sunset over the hazy-blue mountains far away toward the sea.

It is not that they fail to see and unconsciously ap-

preciate these things. A girl of 12, one afternoon, sat gazing dreamily at the Lovejoys, far down below in the broad valley. "I could look at them for hours," she said, simply. "The shadows change every minute and the colors are so wonderful. I don't want to go there when the others go. I want them forever to be a mystery."

This is the "stuff of dreams" of the poets. The child is wise enough to avoid disillusionment, and she will not go behind the scenes and find tawdry tinsel and prunella. The Lovejoys will ever remain her land of mystery. For her there are cities and seas and mountains and marvellously wrought castles and ships.

For the children of Llano there is little restraint. Out of school hours they have the minor tasks incident to the household duties, but life is mostly freedom and joy.

A common scene is a dozen young boys, usually with older leaders, blankets and packs across their shoulders, off for a two days' hike in the mountain canyons, where they make camp beside the streams and live in their own way, unrestrained.

Those boys have an opportunity that rarely or never falls to the lot of town boys or country lads in a scattered or isolated district. They ride, hunt, fish,



A Hiking Party at Llano. "Photograph this pie, it will soon disappear forever."



There Is No End...

Pictures by Col. Ph...

# Children Lead a Life of Joy and Freedom Where a Part of Education is to Learn



Wading and Swimming Is a Source of Continuous Delight to the Youngsters of Llano Colony.



Jackie Keou...



Outdoor Games.

Photographer



"Hi fellers! come on (shivers) the w-w-water's fine." (Temperature about 55°.)

# Fun at the Llano del Rio Community to Give Happiness Full Expression



Seey Jones.



Posing for Their Photos Is One of the Easiest Things Llano Community Children Do.

swim, play baseball, basketball, tennis and other games that the more favored class of youth of the cities never enjoy. They have country life and city opportunity for education and amusement. The girls have equal opportunity for freedom and enjoyment of life.

"Everywhere I look, out of a window or door, here, I see a group of barefoot children wading in water and it is the most delightful thing about the place," said a woman visiting at the colony.

The difference between the life of these children and that of the hundreds of thousands of children in the mines, mills, factories, canneries and establishments for exploitation of the little ones, is the most striking to those who have had an insight into the curse of child labor.

Next fall the colony will have the first of its new school houses and there will be vocational departments established. The schools will then range from the Montessori grade to the second year in high school. The community will have the second Montessori school in California. Prudence Stokes Brown, widely known as writer, speaker and educator, will have charge of this new school. She has had wide experience in the work and has a thorough knowledge of the Frobellian system. Her influence on the children of the Llano community will begin before their birth and will take them through their earlier childhood and up to the time she turns them over to her assistants in the regular schoolroom. Comrade Brown is now taking a course under the personal direction of Dr. Montessori, and the colonists deem it an exceptional opportunity to

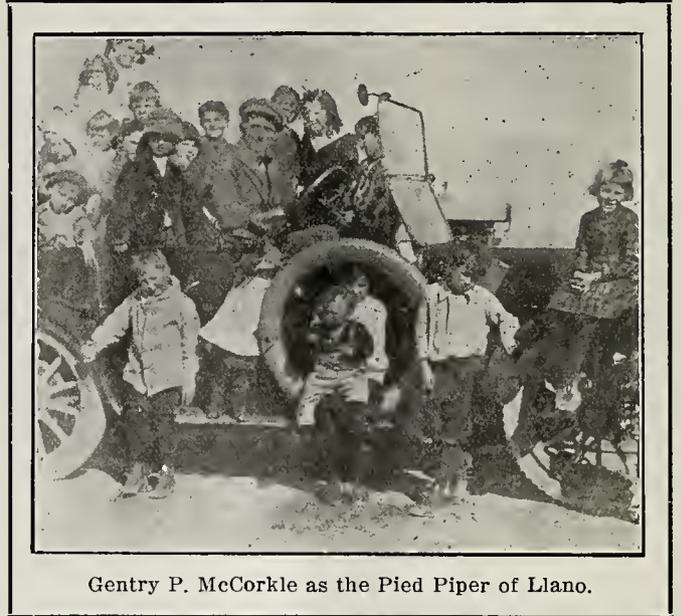


A Group of Community School Girls.

start their children under the wonderful system established by the beloved "Dotoressa," whom the Italian children idolize.

"You will breed a new race up here—or you

should," said a woman who has made a deep study of child life. "You have the opportunity, and I believe the parents will see the possibilities. The first thing I would do would be to teach the mothers how to dress



Gentry P. McCorkle as the Pied Piper of Llano.

the children—or rather how to undress them, for they all wear too much clothing. The clothing of these youngsters could be simplified, and made more brief and beautiful."

The children seem to agree with this idea, for they wear the least possible when the opportunity comes.

The appearance of the landscape at Llano shows a distinct change each month. The cleared fields and growing crops that replace the greesewood and chaparral makes an inspiring sight.

With the purchase of the Tighlman and the Elfine ranches the colony gets possession of a thousand additional acres of land, undisputed possession of the Big Rock dam site, the tunnel, about 150 additional acres of producing alfalfa fields, a large orchard with a heavy crop of fruit, range cattle and other live stock, and water rights worth a great deal to the community.

Nearly the entire acreage has been cleared on the Goodwin ranch. The garden and alfalfa on that place is in superb condition. The Dawson place, 160 acres, is all cleared and planted. This is one of the finest pieces of land in the colony.

The apricots in several orchards are ripe and they are being canned and taken care of by the women of the colony. Much of the fruit will be put up in syrup, made of Llano honey.

Four groups of 100 colonies of bees have been added to the colony apiary. This department is under the direction of B. G. Burdick. One of the apiaries

will be used for the production of Italian queens.

P. A. Knobbs has a score of men working with him in the garden. The vegetables are growing rapidly, and there are 80 acres in one garden, without a weed, or an uncultivated inch of ground. There will be about 120 acres in the garden. Comrade Knobbs has one 17-acre piece in potatoes from which he expects to get 4000 sacks of potatoes. These potatoes will be dug early in July and the ground will again be planted.

There are 80 "regulars" taking their meals at the Clubhouse dining-room. Saturdays and Sundays about 120 persons are served at each meal.

Rapid progress is being made in the construction of the sunbaked clay brick houses. These houses are painted with a heavy coat of asphaltum and then whitewashed. They make a neat appearance, are cool and airy in the summer, and will be dry and warm in the winter. This construction is a remarkable achievement for Comrade C. H. Scott, who will soon be completing the houses at the rate of one a day. The cash outlay for each house, complete and ready for occupancy, is actually less than the cost of a tent of the same size, laid down at the colony. These houses are considered temporary, but they are so substantially built that they would last many years. A new pug mill, or power mixer, has just been completed for the brick yard. The new linekiln has been put into operation.

Members who have moved into the colony dur-



Llano Children Never Tire of Story Telling.

ing the past two weeks to make their homes are as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Brown and five children, Kernman, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ward, three chil-

dren, Fresno; Louis Ernst, Los Angeles; Oliver Lutan, San Pedro; Albert Cook, formerly a member of the Ruskin colony.

Mr. Cook made the trip from Alaska to investi-



"Choosing Up" for a Baseball Game.

gate—he stayed and took out a membership in the Llano colony.

D. W. Rooke of Los Angeles has been making arrangements to bring his family to Llano to live.

Among the prominent visitors were J. Stitt Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, their son Gladstone and daughter Violet. The colonists were given a musical treat Tuesday evening when Gladstone Wilson, by special request, gave some selections on the piano. Another well-known visitor in Llano recently was W. J. Yarrow of Dudley, Kern County, geologist and lecturer. Mr. Yarrow gave an extremely interesting forty-minute talk Sunday evening.

Alterations are being made in the library to make it larger and more shelves are being put up to accommodate the 250 new books which have come in. This makes nearly 1000 books in the Llano library. Two consignments of books recently received have been the second shipment from Comrade Adolf Lof-ton of Low Gap, Wash., and from Dr. A. J. Stevens of Los Angeles. The colonists have extended their thanks to these two comrades.

Fruit season has opened. Many women and children are busily engaged picking apricots. The garden is supplying vegetables. Another two-ton-to-the-acre alfalfa crop is being cut.

# Our Unctious Hookworm

By G. E. BOLTON

**N**OW we know what causes poverty and, armed with this knowledge, humanity has but to go about it to destroy the cause and all will be well with the world.

It is admitted poverty is responsible for a vast preponderance of preventable sickness and of crime, but those are things **caused** by poverty, and now we are to deal with the cause of poverty.

What is poverty? Let Carlyle say: "It is to live miserable we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt in with a cold, universal *laissez-faire*."

Greatest of all horrors bred by poverty is fear. Fear of hunger brings far greater suffering than hunger. Fear not for one's self, but for their loved ones. Fear and dread of want seizes the worker and renders him weak and hopeless. Enough of this—we know the hell of it all—the essence of poverty, the dread of want!

The Rockefeller Foundation experts have discovered the cause of poverty and to end suspense we hasten to say it is the hookworm. There you are: Get rid of your hookworm and—presto! You are in affluence. If you don't believe it go to the foundation's hookworm department at the Panama-Pacific Exposition and see for yourself. The fact there are 15,000,000 persons in the United States living in direst poverty would indicate that there is surely a great need for the Rockefeller Foundation and its corps of experts, which seem to have confined its efforts to giving a shot of thymol to a few hundred Georgia crackers and making the children sound and well enough to go down from the hills to the cotton mills where there are no hookworms, and, of course, no poverty.

The exposition is a capital place to educate children of all ages. An excellent arrangement to soothe the

feelings and the conscience of the bourgeoisie and give the masters an opportunity to show their philanthropy. Benevolent feudalism is lavishly displayed.

Every week thousands of school children pass through this Rockefeller booth in their tour of the educational building, and they stare morbidly at the wax figures of hookworm victims, then read the legends: "Types of poverty caused by hookworm," and similar stupid or vicious inversions of the truth.

I saw hookworms of five nationalities before I knew that they were the cause of poverty. These were in glass tubes at the Angel Island detention hospital. In an adjoining room were the former owners of the hookworms. They were Japanese, Chinese, Singalese, Hindus and Russians. Each had a different type of hookworm, but the same brand of poverty—for all were poor. Their poverty was similar to that of the Georgia crackers. They were too poor—before the thymol operation—to be admitted to America. Presumably, the cause being removed, they now will be permitted to land.

They used to tell us that booze was the cause of poverty, but Science marches on and on and makes new discoveries every day.

The hookworm is a miserable parasite that fastens itself to the smaller intestines of proletarians, who are too poor to buy shoes—for the worm travels through open sores on the feet to the blood, through the heart, lungs, thence to the throat, thence by indigestion to the intestines.

Here we leave the remainder of this article to you. The application is almost too obvious. The hookworm of capitalism is sapping the life of this nation and of nations of the world; and the greatest of them all is—the great unctious Foundation Maker himself!

## Punctured Oratory

**H**OW soft and soothing to the cultured ear comes the gentle pleadings of that refined evangel and apostle of sweetness, Reverend Sunday, when he reaches his loftiest flights! The classicism of this scholarly man should lead all intellectuals along a broad, bright path to the pearly gates. Who could resist this description of an historic event in the life of a shepherd who became a king:

When David got to the battlefield he saw Goliath. "Who's that big lobster?" he asked. His brothers said, "Why, he's the main cheese of the Philistines." David

said: "Are you guys going to let that stiff pull a bluff like that? Are you going to let him get away with it? I'm going to it . . ."

And he whirled his sling and soaked Goliath on the coco, between the lamps—bing! The giant went to the mat and took the count. And David took his sword and chopped his block off, and the gang beat it.

Is it any mystery that thousands seek the throne of grace when they hear such sublime flights of oratory and such wonderful interpretations and compelling portrayal? Truly the cultured East is the most favored section!—E. d'O.

# Filling the Dinner Pail

By A. W. RICKER

A RETURN of prosperity is to the capitalist and middle class as the light of the Grail in the swamp; their hope of salvation. To them the elusive goddess Gold seems to beckon and they assiduously court her and tirelessly wait upon her, fawning that thrift may follow. To the disemployed workers this so-called prosperity means a chance for a new master—and bread for their loved ones. To the propagandist it means shot and powder for his gun; sinews of war to destroy a false prosperity that fattens the favored few and starves the multitude. Comrade Ricker's interpretation will meet with many supporters. Our sowing time will soon be at hand.—F. E. W.

THE past twelve months from a business standpoint have been very bad ones. In the spring of 1914 hard times began to be felt on all sides. It was apparent that we were in for one of those periods of depression which are inevitable under the present system of conducting the world's business. On top of this in July, 1914, the great war broke out in Europe, further depressing trade and reducing employment. As an inevitable result, the past winter has witnessed the cruelest poverty and misery among the wage-workers this country has experienced in half a century.

During such a period progressive ideas and constructive economic measures have no chance for a hearing. Hungry men and women have no incentive to study and think—much less to act intelligently. War depresses the public mind and while nations are shedding each other's blood progress is at an end.

At the general election of 1914 the inevitable happened. In every State of the Union, with one or two exceptions, the old gang of political looters returned to power. A great many laws favoring big business have been put on the statute books. We were powerless to prevent it.

This cloud, however, has a silver lining.

With greater profits assured, capital is coming out of hiding. The railroads, assured of higher rates, will place big orders for equipment, so long and so badly needed. Europe has shot away her copper, her nickel and her steel. She has lost the markets, or cannot take care of them, in South America and the Orient. A revival of business in this country is apparent, and on a scale greater than we have ever witnessed. Mines are starting, shops are opening, and the big corporations are laying plans for extension of equipment. The dinner pail is going to be full again, and the working man will have more money with which to buy literature. He will have time to think, to agitate and to organize. Not only time, but inclination as well.

It is up to us who believe that industry should be owned by all the people instead of by a few barons of wealth, to make the utmost use of the good times

ahead of us. Let us prepare to make hay while the sun shines.

A few years of full employment and high prices are ahead of us. Then will come reaction and depression once more. Radical and progressive ideas and organizations grow and develop in good times; they decline and collapse in bad times.

We should go ahead now with the idea of so ex-



tending our propaganda and perfecting our organization during the full years, that we may be able to take over from capitalism the control of industry when the lean years come upon us once more.

# The Dandy Funeral

## A Gay Young Parable

By MORGAN SMITH

THERE was a little wretch of a pickaninny yellow girl, and one day she died, and all the neighbors said it was too good to be true, and Auntie Thompson, little Lily's mother, said that little Lily had lived too long as it was, and nobody seemed to care if little Lily did die.

But the neighbors all said that they now would have a dandy funeral and they would take on as much as if little Lily hadn't been the curse of the whole place all her life. And Auntie Thompson said that she was now in the public eye, and something unusually fine would naturally be expected of one in her position. She said all the neighbors would now expect some unusually fine mourning of her. And so she said that when the neighbors all came to the funeral she would then refuse to be separated from poor little Lily. She said that would be some unusually fine mourning, if she did say it herself.

So, when the undertaker stepped forward to assist the pall-bearers to bear poor little Lily to the wagon, Auntie Thompson stepped forward, too. Auntie Thompson stepped forward just exactly as the undertaker did, excepting that she had a large knife and he didn't.

And Auntie Thompson said that if anybody took little Lily out of that house they would do it over her dead body.

That, she said, was the way they were doing their mourning now. She said it was something unusually fine.

So then the undertaker said that if he carried little Lily out over Auntie Thompson's dead body it would require quite a bit of extra climbing in addition to the fact that he might be called to conduct the funeral of Auntie Thompson, too, without the bill being paid either.

So the undertaker then said that he would let it go at that and he then said that he would now go away from the house and not take Auntie Thompson's child away from her. And all the neighbors went quietly out through the door and let Auntie Thompson have little Lily.

If it had been a few days previous Auntie Thompson would have told little Lily to go and get a big club and she would then see to it that the people didn't go away from the funeral before all the mourning was neatly attended to in the correct manner. And little

Lily would then have stuck out her tongue at her mother, and she would have gone out and kicked all the neighbors' small children while they were not looking instead of getting a club to enable her mother to make all the people come back to the funeral.

But Auntie Thompson now had nobody upon whom she could depend to stick out their tongue at her and to kick all the neighbors' small children while they were not looking. Little Lily was dead, which was a thing that all the neighbors had said they hoped she would be some day. And so all that Auntie Thompson could do was to allow all the neighbors to leave the funeral quietly instead of hurriedly.

So Auntie Thompson then went into another room and locked the door, and little Lily remained where they had left her. She had on her Sunday dress and the inside of the coffin was clean. She knew that a suitable place for her Sunday dress would be down behind the mud bank where the small children of the neighbors sometimes strayed. But she decided to stay in the coffin where it was clean although none of the neighbors' small children ever strayed into the coffin.

And Thompson came home drunk late that night and told Auntie Thompson that he had not been able to get away to attend the funeral of little Lily and then Auntie Thompson said that was all right because there had not yet been any funeral. She said she didn't know when the funeral of little Lily would be, she was sure.

Then Thompson said that Auntie Thompson could do the sleeping alone for one night and perhaps two. He said he was going some place else. So Thompson then went out the back way which was the dark way, and as he was failing to get over the back fence owing to his hurry he said he would now sign a pledge never to celebrate the death of anybody again because it made it hard for him to get over the back fence.

But Auntie Thompson didn't do the sleeping alone for one night. She said that if Thompson wouldn't stop drinking and wouldn't stay at home where other correct men stayed, she would remain awake and move furniture from the position it had always occupied to a position more directly in front of the bedroom door.

And after a while Auntie Thompson heard a noise and she said that if little Lily was going to get out of the coffin she would now get out of the window, as far

as she was concerned. And when she was outside she said that she guessed that if her husband could go some place else, she could go some place too. And so Auntie Thompson went some place else, without another word.

And when Auntie Thompson thought she had gone far enough she came suddenly upon a tree and she said she would now climb the tree. And when the

moon came up she saw something moving in the next tree and when the sun came up she saw it was Thompson. And Thompson then asked her why she thought she had to do everything that he did.

And the next day Auntie Thompson had to pay the health authorities two dollars apiece to come and separate her from poor little Lily, and she said that was more than the little brat was worth.

## Lawson—Labor—Liberty

By EDMUND B. BRUMBAUGH

JOHN R. LAWSON has been found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to life imprisonment. He killed no one, and he was not charged with doing so; he is simply said to have commanded a body of strikers in a battle with strike-breaking sheriff's deputies in which a deputy was killed. When the coal miners of Colorado, struggling for a decent human existence, were beset by thugs in the form of mine guards and state militia, he, as president of the Colorado State Federation of Labor and member of the executive board of the United Mine Workers, urged the miners to defend themselves and their families in every way possible. Since the forces of law and order were all on the other side, he was active in raising money to buy arms and ammunition for the defense that he advised. He may have been unwise. Certainly, in force alone is no power of permanent improvement. Perhaps he should not have lost his temper at the sight of men being driven into veritable slavery and women and children cursed and maltreated and murdered in cold blood. But he did. He was human. In his wrath he reverted to primal instincts. Because he was like the great mass of mankind, because his heart was not a heart of stone, because he was true to his trust in an hour when fidelity was needed as never before, shall we say that his brow bears the brand of Cain? God forbid it!

That brand belongs to another—one whom future, more enlightened generations will regard as infamous. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., should cower in infinite dread

from the righteous judgment of the God that he professes to serve. It was his greed that drove the miners to revolt, and on his soul is every life lost in the troubles that followed. Yet he has not been indicted, and he will not be. He may continue to teach his Sunday school and lecture on morals to the working class. "Equality before the law!"

The striking miners of Colorado fought bravely, from Lawson down to the humblest man. But though they did, and though their cause was just, it must not be forgotten that they reaped in the strike and the trial what they sowed at the ballot box. They voted for supporters of an industrial system based on the robbery and subjection of Labor, and their strike has been broken and Lawson must spend the rest of his days in prison unless his attorneys, in conjunction with public opinion, are powerful enough to set him at liberty. They "scabbed" on their class on election day, and their aspirations have been crushed. They refused to accept the emancipating message that Socialists brought to them, and more firmly than ever is "the iron heel" fixed on their necks. Upon their stupidity rests the blame.

But I am hopeful. Only through constant toil and prodigal expenditure of life and treasure, has progress ever come. The birth of the new social order cannot be a painless one. Some day Labor will learn. It will take the world and its wealth and the joy lying latent therein.

Then will be Socialism.

## Keep Up the Spade

WHEN the soldiers fighting in the trenches on the French frontier wish to establish a truce for sanitary purposes they hold aloft a spade and the "enemy" readily responds in a similar manner, and soon the men may be seen climbing out of the trenches. At times they come close enough to exchange good-natured bantering with each other. By these exchanges of rude courtesy the fighting men of the Allies and

the Germans learn that their "foes" are human and much like themselves. After that the firing is desultory and ineffective, though the officers, whose duty it is to keep alive the hatred they have fostered, rage and storm.

American correspondents who report this situation declare it is necessary to change the men in their position and frequently shift them to other trenches in

order to keep the brute uppermost in the fighters. Socialists of Europe, on both sides of the struggle, are spreading a cry that may be far-reaching and most effective. They shout: "Keep up the spade!" and the slogan grows in strength and in meaning as it spreads.

A truce between the toilers of all nations! Will the workers of the world, either on war's gory field or in our daily hell of capitalism, ever learn to cease fighting each other and, keeping up the spade, turn on the common foe?—G. E. B.

## Is It Practical?

By CARL D. THOMPSON

**H**OW is Socialism to come? How are you going to bring it about? What is your program?

These are questions constantly in the minds and on the lips of a great many very sincere people. The Socialist Movement has now reached a point of development where they may be answered with a considerable degree of exactness and detail. We propose to give them careful and candid consideration.

And, besides, these questions often take the form of sincere and serious objections. It is often held that Socialism may offer a correct analysis of the present social order—that it may be a very beautiful ideal; but it is impractical; it offers no constructive program.

Furthermore, the person who prides himself upon being a practical reformer holds that he cannot afford to join the Socialist Party and vote the Socialist ticket, because the Socialists can do nothing to improve conditions now. And, as he thinks that certain "reform" parties, or perhaps some "reform" wing of one of the old parties, is going to bring about certain improve-

ments right away, he prefers to stay a non-Socialist.

It is, therefore, of vital importance to make it clear and positive that the Socialist Movement does have a constructive program; that it does have a very definite and detailed program of procedure, which its representatives follow consistently when elected to office. It is important to have it clearly understood that, while Socialism has a final goal, of which it never loses sight in the struggle for immediate and temporary gains, it does not, therefore, fail to fight stubbornly, as we shall show, and at times very effectively, for every measure that would improve the immediate conditions of the common people.

No one need be afraid of the bugaboo of "throwing away your vote." Every vote for Socialism has its effect for good at once.

In more ways than one is it true that it is better to vote for what you really want and not get it just yet than to vote for what you don't want and get it immediately.

## Mother Earth

By RUTH LEE STEVENS

Will you listen, oh, ye toilers! to the message of the sod.  
For, when earth to thee hath spoken thou hast heard the voice of God!

Mother Earth is breathing, breathing,  
Have you slumbered on her breast?  
Have you known the peace and comfort,  
And the sense of perfect rest,  
That is had by simply lying  
With your pillow on the sod,  
Snuggled down to Mother Nature,  
Your heart beating close to god?

Mother Earth is resting, resting,  
Are you tired and weary, too?  
Would you like to have the blessing  
That is now in store for you?  
Leave the City's din of battle,  
Quit its noisome strife for prize,  
Wonderous wealth for you lies waiting,  
'Neath the azure of the skies!

For 'tis only in the hill tops,  
By the rushing mountain stream,  
You can scale the wondrous ladder  
Jacob saw in ancient dream,  
Leave your burdens all behind you,  
Let there not be any strife,  
And by dint of patient climbing  
You shall reach the "Gate of Life."

Mother Earth is calling, calling,  
Will you hearken to her call?  
She but waits to give the blessing  
Held in store for one and all.  
God made land for all his children,  
Not for greedy landlords' gain!  
"Sell it not," he saith—forever!  
Oh! his words are very plain.

# Impeachment of Capitalism

By J. STITT WILSON

**P**REACHERS of the gospel frequently urge individual salvation as an answer to the social problem. Let me state with utmost emphasis that no individualistic spiritual experience can lift you out of the social and economic relations of the social system in which you live. There is no religious experience, no spiritual vision of God, as proposed by mystics, or Methodists, or Christian Scientists, or Salvationists, or any sort, which can release you from the grasp of economic relations.

I impeach capitalism as the supreme anti-Christ of modern times. I take my stand on life and spirit and

teaching of Jesus and declare that capitalism is a menace to every purpose and program of the Christ.

Any man or church which professes to offer the word of God to the souls of men and yet leaves the American plutocracy in the saddle on the backs of the people is deluding the people. Any church in this city, or any city, which at this late date is still at peace with capitalism is a moral and spiritual tomb. The socialization of industry—democracy in fundamental equipment of society—in short, Socialism is the logic of Christianity. And here I took my stand long years ago.

## Is Your Conscience Clear?

By MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

**T**HE ghastly nightmare in Europe among our brothers and comrades should set us all searching our inmost hearts to see if each has done his part in efforts to make this kind of abomination forever impossible.

What can we do? The most sure and effective way is to strengthen the Socialist organization in your particular locality.

Does this seem an anti-climax? A prosey way to meet heroic issues? Perhaps; but it is the true way, none the less. Just so long as the people do not know better than to tolerate war in industry (competition), they will have to endure or always be in danger of meeting that other murderous warfare with machine guns.

Do you want this deadly nightmare, this unbelievable horror called war to vanish? Then work the harder to overthrow that more cruel, long-drawn-out torture, Capitalism.

Going to business meetings when your back aches and you would prefer to go to bed; distributing bills, getting subs, talking tactfully and persistently for the making of new converts, paying dues promptly and meeting all the expenses of the party as surely as you do the grocery bill—these are some of the prosey, but very real and sure, ways in which you can help make war forever impossible.

You have the choice at this hour—a drone or an active worker in the hive?

## The Fighter

By MARGUERITE HEAD

Just before the battle rages  
You may hear his wild huzzas;  
But through all the ancient story  
There is but a butcher's glory  
In the war each fighter wages  
For the bloody monarch, Mars.

Shall the lure of printed pages  
In our youth vile lust instill?  
Shall the sanguinary hero  
With the instincts of a Nero,  
Who has plied his trade for ages,  
Teach our children how to kill?

Still on battle-fields' broad stages,  
With his brazen, villains' roles,  
He is dealing death and plunder,  
While behind machines of thunder  
Stands the gory fiend who gauges  
Guns to rend his brothers' souls.

Just before the battle rages,  
You may hear his wild huzzas;  
But through all the ancient story  
There is but a butchers' glory  
In the war each fighter wages  
For the bloody monarch, Mars.

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—By—

L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcomb Pinchon

☘ ☘ ☘

Eugene V. Debs says:

“\* \* \* It is written from the point of view of the working class, the tillers of the soil, the producers of the wealth, and shows that through all these centuries of toil and tears and blood and martyrdom they have been struggling for the one purpose of emancipating themselves from the tyranny of a heartless aristocracy, buttressed on the one hand by the Roman Church and on the other by the military power.”

☘ ☘ ☘

Georgia Kotsch says:

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

☘ ☘ ☘

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### Death to Workers

THE hirelings of the master class in the Colorado state legislature are going to be asked to make it treason to induce men to go out on strike. Measures defining the organizing of concerted action by the workers as treason and punishable by imprisonment of from one to five years or a fine of from \$1000 to \$5000, or both, are to be submitted for passage. One measure provides for the death penalty for treason.

This plan follows close on the heels of the U. S. Supreme court decision upholding the right of a railway official to force an employe to withdraw from a union under the laws of Kansas.

### Will See the Start

The Wall Street Journal tries to rebuke Jane Addams for saying “nothing can be settled by force.” The brilliant editor asks about “slavery” and American independence.” The facts are against him. Slavery was not settled by the war. It has not been abolished. As for independence—that is another myth.

However, if the W. S. J. and its masters, who are such warm exponents of force, want things settled by force, they are in a fair way to see the start of it.

### Modern Methods

“How many head o’ live stock you got on the place?”

“Live stock?” echoed the somewhat puzzled farmer. “What d’ ye mean by live stock? I got four steam tractors and seven automobiles.”

### Fair Hint

“Kate!”

“Yes, mother.”

“If the milkman should come while you and the young man are sitting out there, please tell him to leave an extra pint of milk in the morning.”

\* \* \*

Today would be a good time to subscribe for the WESTERN COMRADE. See half a dozen tempting combination offers in our advertising columns.

**"Unto the Third"**

(Continued from Page 14)

of lobster pate covered with a delectable dressing, the privy pride of Gasby's private chef, Jean Coret.

Now comes the nub of the story. Gasby's butler got 10 per cent. Gasby's chef got nothing—outside his regular perquisites. Gasby's groceryman got what he could make out of it. The latter gentleman did not have, to the full complement, the amount of imported lobster ordered, so he substituted some of Gasby's lobster—carefully removing the domestic labels and affixing the foreign.

Now it may have been Gasby's lobster, prepared by "efficient" though brow-beaten "hands," that offered a fine free lunch for those ptomaine germs, and it may not have been. The fact remains, however, that innumerable of the deadly germs were found by a reputable chemist in the remains of the pate.

Gladys died, as did one other child; and several youngsters who partook of the tid-bit became violently ill.

These question arise: Is Gasby's butler a villain? Is Gasby's chef a

villain? Is Gasby's groceryman a villain? Is Jimmie O'Hara a villain? Is Mrs. Jimmie O'Hara a villainess?

**Vale! Saint Anthony**

Saint Anthony Comstock who has had charge of the morals of the Universe, especially of New York (are or is there any?) has been canned from his soft place on the P. O. D. payroll. Anthony monkeyed with the art societies and the artists proved him a common nuisance. Sic semper toma-toes!—H. C.

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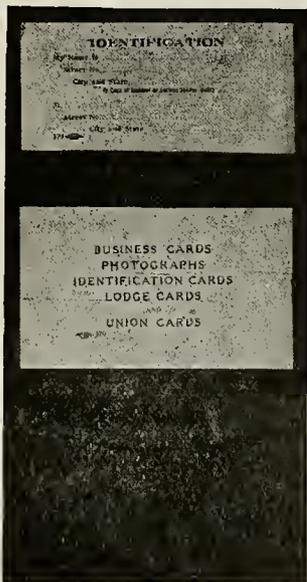
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## THE WESTERN COMRADE

43

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Job Harriman, Managing Editor  
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III June, 1915 No. 2

### Hunter's New Book

ROBERT HUNTER has written another valuable book. For years, the gulf which has separated the Socialist and Labor Union Movements in the United States has been the despair of many members of the Socialist Party. The Socialists have often criticised the attitude taken by the American Federation of Labor and its principal officers toward working-class political action. This criticism has sometimes been more bitter than it has been intelligent. Robert Hunter's criticism, however, is of a different nature.

With masterly logic, he shows the untenableness of Mr. Gompers' position. He shows how the political policy of the American Federation of Labor has corrupted many of its leaders, has robbed Labor of some of its ablest men, and has made the Organized Labor Movement the laughing stock, the football and the tool of the Manufacturers' Association and its political henchmen. How absolutely fruitless of results this undignified begging policy has been, he proves by a comparison of the Labor legislation of some of the countries of Western Europe, where the workers enthusiastically support independent workin-class political action with the Labor legislation of the United States. He quotes Gompers himself as saying that the United States "is no less than two decades behind many of the European nations in the protection of the life, limb and health of the workers."

So incisive is Hunter's logic that at times it turns the federation's policy into ridicule without really aiming to do so. Hunter sums up his case as follows:

"There are, as it appears to me, certain main reasons for the failure of the political methods of the A. F. of L. First, no two persons in the federation agree as to what those methods are. Second, the methods do

not succeed in electing to office efficient representatives of Labor who remain faithful to Labor. Even when 'card men' are elected to office, they have not the political independence necessary to enable them to fight vigorously the battles of Labor. They owe allegiance to capitalistic parties, political bosses and individual financial backers to such a degree that they are forced sooner or later, either to betray Labor or to relinquish any ambition they may have for a successful political career. Third, the methods do not develop self-reliance, independence and integrity in the Labor Movement. Instead of weaning the working-class from its bondage to the capitalist parties, they faster more and more securely the chains which bind it to those parties. They violate the spirit of Trades Unionism and, while Labor struggles for industrial freedom, these methods force it to remain in political slavery. In the cor-

ruption of men, in the loss of leaders, in the betrayal of Labor, in the suspicion and distrust engendered among the rank and file, in the weakening of the class spirit, and in the undermining of class solidarity, the political methods of the American Federation of Labor are so demoralizing that in time they may actually ruin the Trade-Union Movement itself."

No one at all interested in the Labor Movement can read this book without keen interest. It is filled with argument which is of the greatest value to the social teacher and agitator. One cannot but express the hope that it will lead to a better understanding between the political and economic wings of the Labor Movement in America. Every Socialist should study it.

"Labor in Politics," by Robert Hunter, published by the Socialist Party National Office, 803 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill. Paper. Price 25 cents, prepaid.



#### THE PATH OF NEUTRALITY

Uncle Sam: "Well, Mr. Death, don't think that I am after the money. I sell you these things only because they will bring about peace sooner."

A German shaft at Uncle Sam's "commercialism."

Simplicissimus

### To Our Gunmakers

By Frank H. Ware

UNHALTERED, you prey upon the  
dead;

Smilingly you feast  
On fast drying fields of blood.  
Countless numbers lie slain  
And bleached bones glisten in the  
sunlight;

Enrapt with delight you gnaw  
The flesh from precious bones.

### Keen Diplomacy

Little Charlotte accompanied her mother to the home of an acquaintance, where a dinner-dance was being given, says the New York Times. When the dessert-course was reached the little girl was brought down and given a place next to her mother at the table.

The hostess was a woman much given to talking, and, in relating some interesting incidents, quite forgot to give little Charlotte anything to eat.

After some time had elapsed, Charlotte could bear it no longer. With the sobs rising in her throat, she held up her plate as high as she could and said:

"Does anybody want a clean plate?"

### Millie Had "Bitten"

She was a little girl and very polite. It was the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been carefully instructed how to behave.

"If they ask you to dine with them," papa had said, "you must say 'No, thank you, I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come along, Mildred," said her little friend's father, "you must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the little girl with dignity; "I have already bitten."

### Our Amateur Players

Llano Link—What was the row out front during the first scene, Mike?

Mescal Mike—The understudy nursemaid got excited and carried in the heroine's baby when it wasn't due to appear until three years later in the fourth act.

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Gen. Otis says editorially in The Times, of

# EVERYMAN

(By Luke North)

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

And again Gen. Otis says:

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

"It is disturbing to mental stability."

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

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### Question of the Pop

A VISITOR at Llano was accompanied by a wise, talkative and pedantic friend. When they reached a field of growing popcorn the visitor said:

"I never quite understood about popcorn—"

"Why, that's simple enough," broke in the wise one. "The starch polygons are of such a nature as to facilitate expansion and render it explosive in character; there is a fracture of a particle along its two radii, the endosperm swelling very considerably, the peripheral portions cohering with the hull, but the fractured quarters turning back to meet below the embryo—"

"Yes, I reckon that's right," interrupted the first speaker, "but what I wanted to know is what makes the blamed stuff pop!"

### Our Own Atrocities

A transcontinental railroad is boasting that none of its trains was ever submarined. This reminds us that on the day of the Lusitania tragedy a Santa Fe engine torpedoed an electric car in Los Angeles and killed half a dozen non-combatants and wounded a score of others. No warning was given and passengers and crew went crashing down together.

This grade crossing tragedy was one of the thousand similar annual incidents showing the barbarities of "peace" under a profit system that means a perpetual and a diurnal hell.

### The Torturer

Doubt came a-begging; and I bade him wait;

Fed him, while sorry stories he'd repeat.

He went, and left a cross upon my gate—

The sign that brought his fellow tramp, Defeat.

### Love on the Llano

"And do you really love me, George?" she asked.

"Love you," repeated George fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-bye last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it until I got home."

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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 400 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than seventy pupils in the schools, and several hundreds are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and there is nothing to delay the building.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

About 120 acres of garden has been 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 nearly 600 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

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

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

Each 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.

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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.

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

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

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

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

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

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

Do you want to solve your own

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



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