

March, 1915

Ten Cents

# *The* Western Comrade



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Inevitable  
Coming  
of Socialism

Frank H.  
Ware's  
Clever  
Satirical  
Scenario

A. F.  
Gannon's  
Fascinating  
Fiction

City Mothers' Fox Trot—By Georgia Kotsch



# ELKSKIN BOOTS *and* SHOES

*Factory operated in connection  
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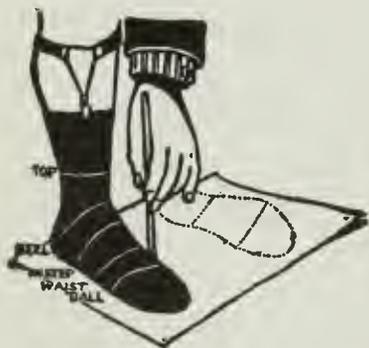
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SALES DEPARTMENT

**Llano del Rio Company**  
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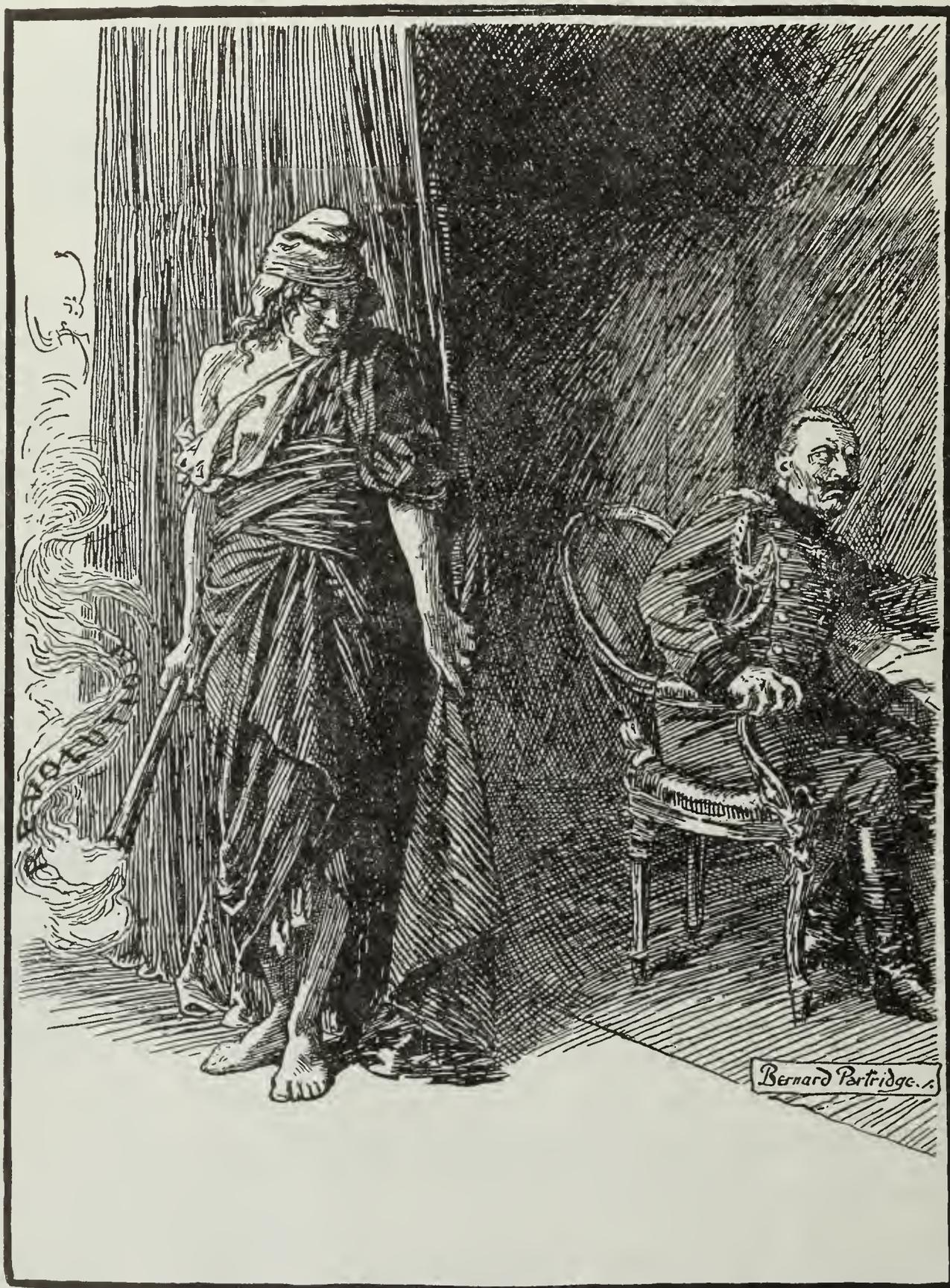
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BREEDING REVOLUTION



What London Punch Thinks is Awaiting the Kaiser

# THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. II

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MARCH, 1915

NUMBER 11



Sunday Sight Seers

Scores of Investigators Visit Llano del Rio Colony Every Week End

## COMMENT ON WORLD EVENTS

By Frank E. Wolfe

**A**LLAH il Allah! God is God, and Mohammed is or is not his prophet—just as you believe. The jehad has failed and only triekery of diplomats or intrigue among conquerors and conquered can prevent the overthrow of Moslems in Europe. The shereef has been waved in vain. That erstwhile all potent green banner has not aroused the frenzy of the faithful as of yore.

Moslems of Asia, and many in Turkey, deny that the successor of Osman is the true ealiph, and that the blood of the prophet flows in his veins. Only the descendants of the tribe of Koreish may keep the green flag. The Shiah Moslems are mostly Persians and Indians who, either secretly or openly, deny the Turkish Caliphate, and they are not responding to the call. The summons by sacred fetwa has all but fallen flat, and the British and French cruisers have battered their way through the

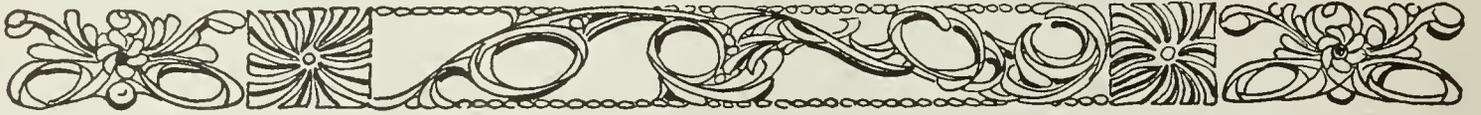
Dardenelles; the Rusians have run them a race at the Bosphorus.

Constantinople was the prize. Ere this is read, the candles in St. Sophia will have been consumed, though the waters of the Sea of Marmora be inearnadined with human blood. The Christian God will triumph over the Moslem God and the infidel followers of each will pray and curse and go down in death grapple. Greece and Italy will join in the struggle and the Aegean Sea will be filled with fleets of Europe.

\* \* \*

**I**N HIS fetwa, Mehemed-Reshad, Sultan of Turkey, says to his soldiers: "Grasp your weapons; trust to God! Hurl yourselves with full might against the foe and the Divine help will be with us!"

That seems fair enough. The Christians have put their case in the hands of Jehovah, their God of



War. Why shouldn't the Islamitic Caliphate have the assistance of its own God? Under the Sheriat, those of the Mohammedan faith, who fight against

various ports. Pleas for patriotism have been of little avail and these workers have stood firmly against threats and cajolery. There is much hope to be gathered from the action of these workers.

There is a smoldering fire in all the countries embroiled in the war. May it burst into consuming flames.

❖ ❖ ❖

WITH an admitted half million unemployed in New York City, the Gary committee has trifled and stalled through the winter and done nothing at all. It organized a blue print diagram department, spent thousands of dollars piffing around its offices and finally reached the height of assinity by sending out "Christian spirit" letters to employers asking them not to discharge anybody.

Wonderful thought, that! When the Gary bunch starts the mighty enginery of such masterly brains something gives. In this instance it was the "Christian spirit" letter. After the issuance of that letter, about 100,000 more persons were disemployed by the Christian-spirited employers.

The amazing thing about the performance of the catfish that make up Mayor Mitchel's committee is, that out of the whole miserable mess of poppycock and piffle not one thought has been expressed about the cause of unemployment—not an idea has found its way through their skulls.

In a letter to the mayor of New York, Amos Pinchot declares that "if we make it clear to the community that the government must own and control (1) the natural resources which are the basis of industry and the sources of energy, and (2) our transportation systems, we will have taken the first great step toward meeting the unemployment question with a sound, constructive and practical program."

Yes, Amos, that will be a step. But why stop with the step? Let us make the whole journey. Let us start now and not stop until the people have taken possession, by wholesale restoration, of all of the means of production and distribution of the necessities of life. Let us immediately take over the means of communication and exchange, and



"Goddam! What kind of fleas have I got in my mane, anyway!"

Simplicissimus, Munich.

Turkey in this holy war, will be "regarded as murderers and punished with the fires of hell."

All right: Forward, with God! Onward, Christian soldiers!

❖ ❖ ❖

LITTLE of the truth of the labor situation in England is allowed to creep into the censored and cowed British press. Little publicity was given to the railroad strike and prompt adjustment by way of increased wages and other concessions to the workers.

Now come reports of the strikes of the dockers at

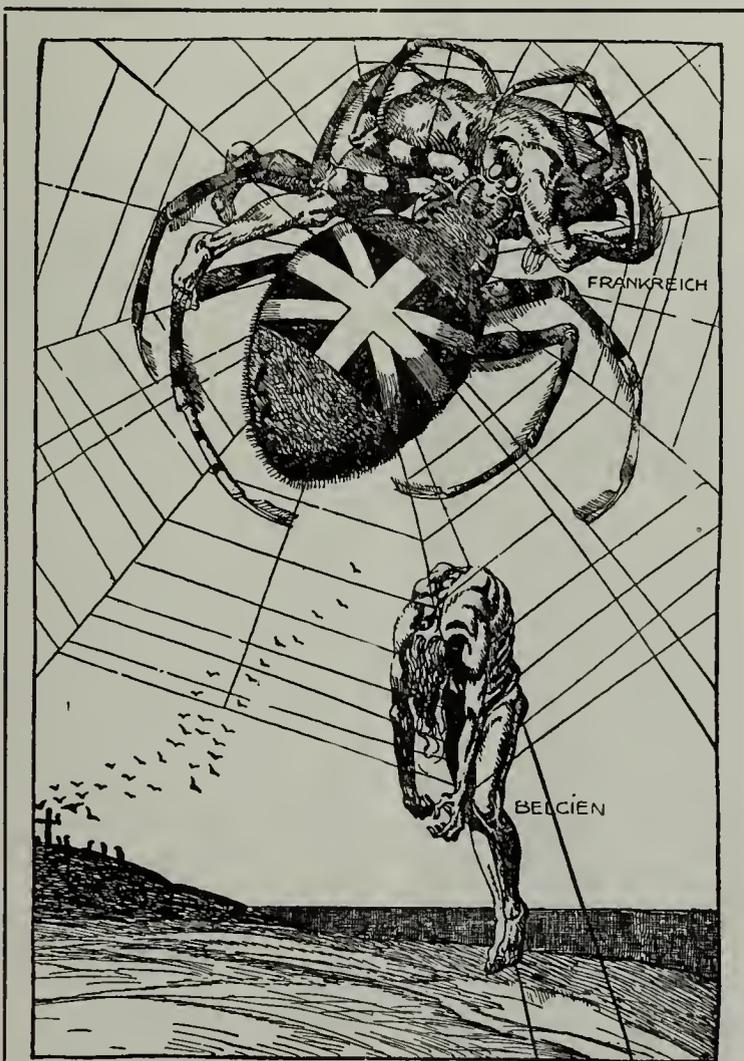


wrest from the capitalist pirates all the machinery of exploitation.

If you and your class will join the workers in this we will yield you a point and begin with the land, but you must stick with us and insist on no cessation until we reach the goal—the socialization of the sources of life.

\* \* \*

**T**HAT Europe's Armageddon is turning out to be Socialism in disguise is the hopeful declaration



Jugend, Munich.

The English Spider

of Stephen Aspden, who is a special correspondent and whose articles are printed in that delightfully progressive and sterling daily newspaper the Los Angeles Times. In an article that is cheerfully headed

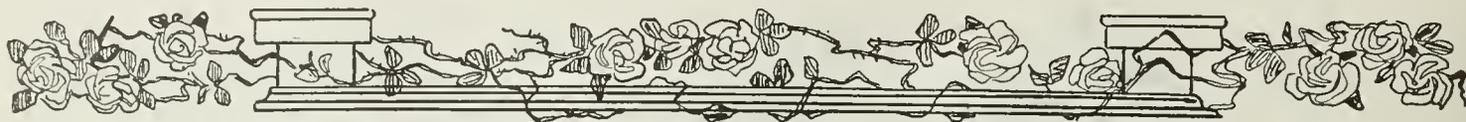
with the little idiotic top caption used by this sheet, "Bad to Worse," the writer has cribbed extensively from the Russian writer who declares that the war has brought Europe fifty years nearer to state ownership, of all things collectively used. The writer says: "The Socialists claim to be a peace party, but what they could not get through peace they will get through war. When war broke out short-sighted people said that Socialism had disappeared. Socialists everywhere, in France, Germany and Austria, stuck patriotically to their governments. The short-sighted claimed that by this surrender to Chauvanism the Socialists gave their cause away. In reality Socialists were unconsciously doing Socialism their best conceivable service. They are helping the state to realize Prof. Wagner's old prediction that 'war on the scale of our modern million armies can be provided for economically only if the state have refuge to the most drastic schemes of Socialistic expropriation.' The war is a bloody way of realizing Socialist notions. A social revolution might be equally bloody and it would have no chances of success."

The writer goes at length to show instances where England and continental countries have seized public industries and makes a rather strong case that after the war there will be a distinct movement in favor of holding and operating all that has been taken. Like all superficial students he makes the profound mistake of confusing state capitalism with Socialism. We wish his predictions as to Socialist gains were based on more careful deductions.

\* \* \*

**T**HOSE discerning ones who have been taking consolation from the statements that Socialism is no longer a menace to capitalism in Germany must have experienced a distinct shock to learn that a Socialist had been elected to the City Council in Berlin and that there is a great rallying movement all over Germany.

It is true that Socialists of the world suffered a terrible defeat when the world war began. Our dreams of peace were shattered. We had hoped that the propaganda had spread and that the working class of all countries was alive to the needs of



solidarity in the stand against war. We had hoped to establish an unshakable international working class that should know no artificial geographical boundaries; that should recognize but one common cause—that of bringing about the new age of co-operation, peace and plenty for all mankind.

As for the present cataclysm, Socialists, whether they be in the trenches of Europe or in the industrial battle of the so-called neutral nations, realize that it is the barbarisms of "peace" under capitalism that are the greatest cause of war.

In countries involved in the struggle there is an admitted check to our great movement, but to call it a collapse of Socialism as some writers have expressed it—that is an expression born of the hope in the hearts of the privileged classes. These exploiters, who are riding easy on the shoulders of labor, may see the terrible consequences of war. They may feel that business will for the time be paralyzed, but they prefer this to the hostile hosts of Socialism who were steadily, possibly slowly but with great precision undermining the foundations of their house.

\* \* \*

WHILE you are getting your morning shudder over the statements of the killed and wounded on the European battle front, pause between your oats and your eggs and take a look at the list of killed on one of America's fields of slaughter.

Take the mining and quarrying industries: During the past year the victims killed and wounded total 103,631. Of these 3631 were killed outright. This is a death rate of 3.49 in every 1000 of the 1,047,000 men employed in the industries mentioned.

Dr. J. A. Holmes, director of the bureau of mines says the death rate is excessive and unnecessary and a discredit to the industry and the country. Let us quote this authority:

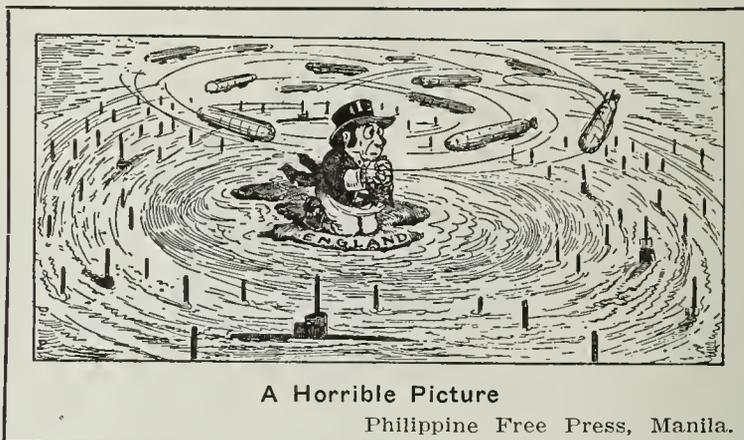
"I believe I am conservative when I say that half of the 3651 men killed in the year 1913 might have been saved, and three-fourths of the 100,000 men injured in the same year might have escaped injury had all the various agencies involved—the operators, the miners and the state and national governments—done their full duty in the matter."

None will disagree with the director. Had these capitalist institutions done their full duty toward humanity it would have reduced the dividends upon which private ownership depends for its existence.

There is but one remedy—the nation must take over these and all other large industries and all the natural sources of life and operate them for the benefit of the collectivity.

\* \* \*

WAR has taught to thousands in the field the power of cooperative effort. As one magazine writer has put it: Sooner or later, if the world is to stand and mankind is to continue to advance, peace will have to go school to War to learn the



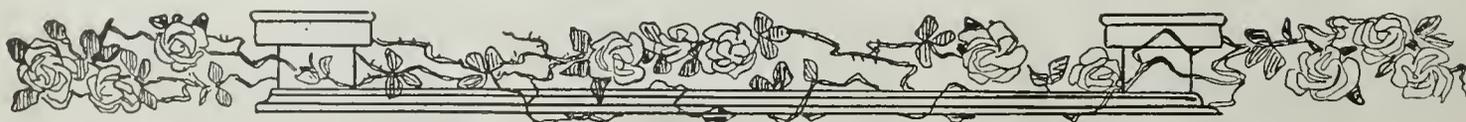
A Horrible Picture

Philippine Free Press, Manila.

art of caring for men. That divine altruism which we see fusing in one great glow the armies in Europe today will somehow have to be blown abroad through the infinite tomorrows. The millions who in the trenches today see on every hand the manifold advantages of cooperation will not forever tolerate the lack of this fine thing in times of peace. Not forever will a mere extension of boundaries and huge indemnities to be used by the state in the preparation for further wars be accepted by men as compensation for the bloodshed and ruin of homes.

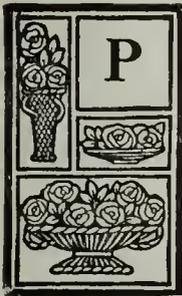
This does not mean that war is a desirable school, but it indicates that there will be something wholesome and of value taught to the survivors of the struggle.

After the struggle shall have ended there will come an era of constructive effort under collective control that will mark the dawn of a new and glorious day for all mankind.



# City Mothers' Fox Trot

By GEORGIA KOTSCH



PROFESSOR LARKIN, in a recent article, pronounces the sustained poise in the air of birds on motionless wings one of the greatest mysteries of nature.

That isn't a circumstance as a mystery to the happenstance in human nature of a lot of politicians, no better, if no worse, than average folks, being transmuted presto pronto by the fact of election to office into protectors of virtue and moral models for the youth of the land.

Which is by way of remarking that we have had a municipal dance.

A municipal dance is a philanthropic effort put forth by the Managers of our Morals to furnish chemically pure, government inspected recreation for people who will do wrong if not watched.

Dollars and decency, purity and privilege are synonymous terms. That is why the moment an individual or a family annexes a sizeable bunch of kale it automatically becomes respectable and of some account. Accordingly, it would seem that a brass-bound, fully guaranteed method of regenerating the world would be to make all the people well-to-do. A cheaper way is the municipal dance. People usually prefer a round-about way of doing things, anyhow.

This dance was a great success. As the first requisite it was thoroughly chaperoned. The only picture I every saw of God represented him with an eye in the back of his head—the creation of the unco guid who believe that nobody can be trusted out of sight.

The dance was more than chaperoned—it was mothered, and by a new and most appropriate sort of mother. The old-fashioned article furnished for some years past by Dame Nature for ordinary requirements has proven inadequate to modern exigencies. Neither were these foster, step or in-law. They were City Mothers, as becoming to a municipal function. To climate Los Angeles has added this second distinguishing feature.

Beautifully gowned, they stood in a row, graciously patronizing, ready to receive the naughtily inclined boys and girls who have no nice dances to go to, and saying in effect:

“Dear girls, gaze upon us. What we are, you should try to become. We have come as Exhibit A and we have even loaned for the occasion the scions of our families, that you may be impressed with the fact that virtue and money and good clothes are their own reward.”

But there was nary an impress. The dance, as remarked, was a tremendous success. The only thing that was the matter with it was that the people for whom it was planned didn't come. Instead, a lot of nice young folks who are accustomed to going to respectable dances (or the dances nowadays designated as such) and to behaving themselves as respectable people behave there, came and were neither better nor worse than if they had attended some other dance.

But suppose the children of the perverse poor had attended! Think of the cruelty of it! As intimated, the affair was also chaperoned by the City Fathers. They also stood in a row. Middle-aged men, even if personally justified in so doing, seldom go it too strong on the pattern of virtue pose. Young America is irreverent and given to knowing winks. But there the Fathers stood, sartorially resplendent in up-to-snuff haberdashery, like veritable Dukes of Kalamazoo or Viscounts of Watts receiving their tenantry. The City Sons and Uncles and Nephews were there, too.

Think of the susceptible hearts of \$3 and \$6-per-week cannery and department store girls palpitating through one brief, butterfly evening, tripping the tanglefoot, dipping the devil-dare, breathless in the bunny hug, in a perfectly respectable dance with these irresistible creatures! The great inducement held out in the advertisement of the dance was that you would have an opportunity to shake a foot with Somebody.

Many a young heart would have gone to the next day's grind haunted by the hopeless vision of the graceful flapping of a police sergeant's coattails in the tango. It would simply have created needless mental suffering.

If Mrs. Charity Club-Dub or Mrs. Fashion de Fussfeathers lend the luster of their presence and their sons to grace the festive scene, does that indicate that they will countenance a mesalliance with a \$6-a-weeker? Nay, Natalie; alas, Alys, not so. Philanthropy runneth not to such extremes.

Take it all in all, there is just this one thing can be said: A joyride originating at a police-City Mother supervised dance is orthodox, while a joyride originating at other dances is likely to furnish a text for a sensational preacher next Sunday.

One other thing some simple people may say, and that is: If the people had what they earned they would look after their own recreations and would be just as likely to be decent as their betters.

Whether City Mothers were invented to mother the city or to mother the chances of political candi-

dates, take it from me, a new brand of mother is not the crying need of the hour. What is more needed is a fair deal for the common or garden variety.

They must bear the race and everybody's advice. The City Mothers have not only given a munny dance, but they have issued, through the schools, a letter of advice to mothers about their girls. Every reformer who sets out to fix up the world includes advice to mothers in his kit of tools. If it would do the good folks seem to think it will, the world would long ere now have ceased from troubling and we would be going downtown and to the beach on snowy pinions instead of being racked with the jitney bus problem.

For ever since that first indiscretion of Foremother Eve, followed by a tragedy—among the boys, by the way, and not the girls of her family—advice to mothers as a remedy for the ills society is heir to has been pretty well tried out. The girl problem, which is still with us in increased proportions, seems to indicate that they either cannot or will not act upon the advice showered upon them free as salvation. I am inclined to think it is the former. However excellent the quality, the quantity would give them moral indigestion.

The City Mothers, however, seem to take a different view, for they say, "Why wantonly waste boy and girl life?" Mothers may ignorantly waste the life of their young, or they may, as is generally the case, see it wasted through stress of circumstances, but I think there is no appreciable number of mothers who wantonly waste it.

The letter points out that the dangers to girls have multiplied a hundred-fold in the last twenty-five years, owing to the fact that they must be employed largely outside of the home—which is more a multiplication of working girls than of dangers, for the poor girl who had to "hire out" always had her dangers.

"The welfare of the girl is woman's problem, especially the mothers. The safeguarding of the daughter lies in the first place in the mother's knowledge of danger, her conviction that her daughter does not differ vastly from other girls, etc." With that

statement, one mother wants to flatly disagree, because it throws on her mother the responsibility which belongs equally to the father and beyond him to all society. Often the father has more time to look after the girl's whereabouts than the mother; has a better suit to go in and knows a heap better where the places of enticement are, but it has never occurred to anybody to expect him to spend his spare time that way. His duty is to go into conniptions and pretend he wants a gun after something has happened.

"Let Ma do it," so says he, and so says a shirking society.

Sympathy between the mother and daughter is the one great safeguard—that and improved social environment. I say that, and it sounds exactly like a safe and sane reformer, which I am not. I must spoil it. That very sympathy costs money. The mother must have money for presentable clothes in which to go out and for leisure in which to think and train her children—money to provide recreation for them if they are not to depend on men for it.

If through poverty she is cut off from the social world, how can she guide her child's feet through it? This is a fact: Mothers seeing their girls deprived of the youthful pastimes to which they are entitled, in the pity and pain of their mother hearts, allow them to go with slightly known men because it is their only chance for entertainment. This is not wise, but it is mighty human and good advice will not correct it.

Espionage will not protect girls. It arouses resentment and a determination to circumvent it. No more will public paternalism or maternalism protect them.

I am set in the belief that the only improvement in social environment which will be basic and will not let loose as many evils as it suppresses will come only when all the people have enough of the world's store to provide them time and means for attending properly to their own affairs, and when the managers of our morals will be so busy doing their share of the world's work that their advice will be all bottled up.

## U. S. Battleship Sunk!

**R**EMEMBER the Maine!"  
To arms! To arms!

Stop the press and open up page one. Take out the picture of the heiress, whose airdale pup swallowed grandma's pearl. Give us room according to our strength. We've got to make a smear on this story when it comes through.

Read this flash bulletin: "Battleship Maine sunk at the Brooklyn Navy Yard!"

But hold! Here's the story: "First-class battleship Main was sunk at her moorings in a shallow basin at the Brooklyn navy yard today. An officer whose duty it was to see that the torpedo tubes below the water line were closed had been absent from his post three days and the ship filled with water and sank. An investigating board has been appointed."

Shades of Paul Jones, Decatur, Farragut, Schley: be kind to us and withhold thy ghostly mirth.—G.E.B.

# The Municipal Hesitation

SOCIETY dames of Los Angeles and Chicago have assumed the task of the censorship of the morals of the dancing portion of the proletariat. In Los Angeles the City Mothers have taken up the censorship of the fox trot and the eagle rock—which have followed the grizzly bear and the bunny hug. These city mothers are providing dances and inviting the daughters of the poor and sons of the rich to mingle, without regard to the fact that the junesse doree of the city has papa's fast roadster or limousine at the door, and it's but a few minutes' run to roadhouse or beach resort. In Chicago the ladies of Lake Shore Drive and Sheridan Road intrude at the municipal dance and insist on chaperoning and censoring. The following was written by Ed. McIntyre of Sioux City and printed in the Union Advocate. It is a clever satire and fits the California case:

Yetta to Ignatz.

Eegnatz, in dot hesitation,  
Hold me loose—like some relation—  
Eff dee choperone gots mad  
Dot veel mek me feel so bad.  
Oye! I got it such a feelink  
Dot it makes my head go reelink  
Mrs. Potter Palmerstein  
Veel not like dot dip of mine.

Fiametta to Tonio.

Joost-a-wait-a one a-minute-a, Tonio.  
Dees-a hug-a me tight-a beez-a, he no go.  
I gotta for you-a joost-a leet-a tip—  
Dees a—what-a you call-a?—lame-a duck an dip  
You gotta cot out-a, queek; you mak-a me sore,  
Nobody dance-a dees-a way no more.  
Hesitaish? Ah, dat's-a rot'  
You gotta do-a fox-a-trot  
An' jump-a, pump-a, bump-a 'round da floor.

Hulda to Ole.

Ay know all does ladies faces.  
Ay bane maid at lots o' places.  
Ay skall tall you, Ole Bensen,  
Ven de do deer Tango densen  
Dee don't kaar hoe tight men hold 'em—  
No von ever came to scold 'em.  
Ven dee go away from haar  
Ve vill dense da grizzly baar.

Mayme to Steve.

Listen, kid. I'm good and sore.  
Say we beat it off the floor.  
These here dames from Lake Shore drive  
Gets my goat. Let's do a dive.  
If the hens stick 'round an' snoop,  
Me for some place in the loop.  
I can't dance Y. M. C. A.,  
Lead me to a cabaray.

## New Worlds to Conquer

By JOHN M. WORK

I DON'T know whether it is true or not, but it is reported by tradition that after young Alexander the Great, in the third century before Christ, had overcome the pirates and freebooters of the Aegean Sea; after he had subdued the Thracians, the Getae, the Illyrians, the Taulantians and the Thebans; after he had reduced Asia Minor to submission; after he had undone the Gordian Knot, to the untier of which the fates had decreed the empire of the world; after he had overcome Darius in the great battle of Issus; after he had captured Demascus; after he had compelled Tyre to surrender and butchered its inhabitants; after he had captured Gaza, willed all the men and sold the women and children into slavery; after he had subjugated Egypt, founded the City of Alexandria and named it after himself; after he had consulted the oracle of Amun and been declared by it to be the son of Jupiter; after he had defeated Darius at Arbela; after he had scared Babylon and Susa into submission; after he had annihilated Ariobarzanes and his 40,000 picked men; after he had taken Persepolis,

the seat of the Persian Empire, and while drunk burned the gorgeous royal palace at the bidding of an Athenian harlot; after he had reduced Media to submission by the terror of his name; after he had hunted Darius to his death and then buried him with great pomp in the tombs of the Persian kings; after he had conquered Spitamenes, the satrap; after he had answered Oxyartes' scornful question as to whether the Macedonians had wings by climbing the cliff and taking his position; after he had murdered his faithful general, Clitus; after he had subjugated India, conquering innumerable hosts; after he had quelled a mutiny of his soldiers by a flattering speech; and after he had put the finishing touches on his ascendancy by subduing the Cassees: it is reported by tradition that he sat down, put his face in his hands and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer.

And, because he thought he had run out of things to do, this brilliant Macedonian, who, with all his inordinate vanity and ambition, was nevertheless more

humane and magnanimous than his contemporaries, resorted to dissipation, gorged himself at a magnificent feast, and died, at the age of 33, in the three hundred and twenty-third year before Christ.

If this tradition be true, Alexander the Great was a short-sighted man.

He had not even conquered himself.

There were greater unconquered worlds lying all about him than that which he had already conquered.

Before and since his time, men have been conquering new worlds.

For example, they have reduced language to a science.

They have evolved a literature to be proud of.

They have compelled the lens and the waves of ether to do their bidding.

They have penetrated the secrets of the stars.

They have hypnotized the prehistoric rocks and compelled them to reveal the mysteries so long withheld.

They have lighted the lamp of investigation and banished the shadows of superstition.

They have undermined the doctrine of the divine right of kings.

They have lashed the continents together.

They have girdled the earth with steel rails and electric wires.

They have discovered and invented myriads of useful devices of varying degrees of delicacy from a watch to a piledriver.

They have conquered many other worlds.

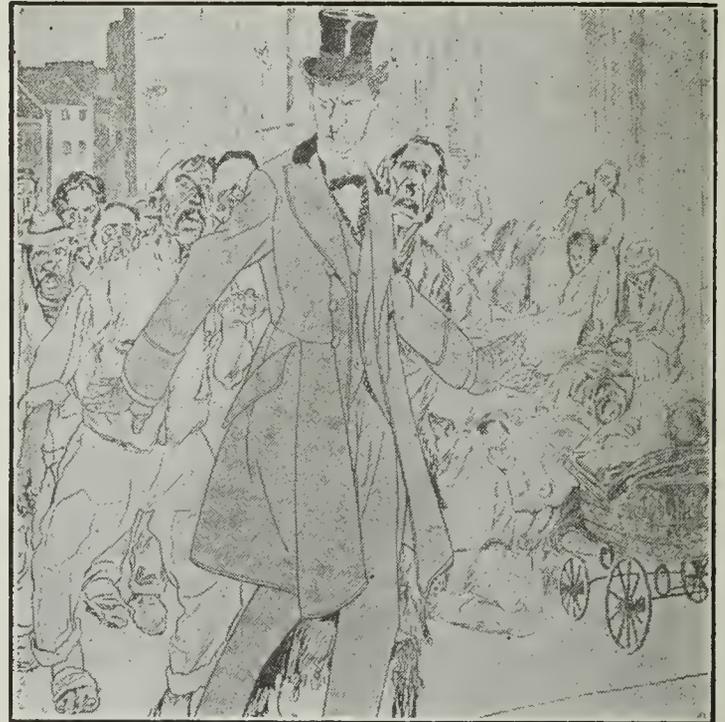
Nevertheless, there are still untold new worlds to conquer—scientific, philosophical, literary, artistic, mental, moral and spiritual.

Individuals here and there are attempting to conquer these new worlds.

But, the masses of the people are barred out from any such attempt. The masses of the people have to work so hard and such long hours that they have no time nor vitality left for higher things. And, even if they had the time and vitality, they have not the means.

Before the masses of the people can take any part in the exquisite pleasure and profit of conquering these new worlds, they must emancipate themselves from these conditions which now prevent such participation.

They must abolish capitalism, which bars them out



THE BELGIANS IN LONDON

"We asked you to die for us only—you needn't live for us."

Simplicissimus.

from these higher privileges, and introduce Socialism, which will open up to them all the avenues to the higher life.

In other words, the new economic world must first be conquered, before the conditions wherein the other new worlds can be conquered, are to be obtained by the masses of the people.

The Socialist commonwealth must be introduced—the collective ownership and control of the industries.

This will emancipate the working masses and give them free access to the higher things of life.

## Into the Lunacy Fringe?

NOW that Theodore Roosevelt has joined the Metropolitan staff, we shall have to watch our break-overs. Wouldn't it be awful to catch the wrong "Continued on Page 24" line and read out of the colonel's superb diction and the matchless English right smack into something written by a prowlingtarian of the "lunacy fringe"?

When Comrade T. Roosevelt and Comrade M. Hillquitt and Comrade A. Lee get in on the same page, T. R.

will do well to acknowledge himself in the "parlor socialist" class he formerly has so sharply brought to task.

Anyway, we welcome this new writer to our ranks. Once out of the murky and cobwebby pages of the Outlook into the clear, crisp atmosphere of the Metropolitan, the colonel doubtless will brighten up and contribute as much to the gaiety of a dull, drab season.—E. d'O.

# Sees Progress in Defeat

**F**RANK HARRIS, formerly editor of the Fortnightly and Saturday Review, London, has written for American newspapers a remarkable article in which he boldly asserts that England's hope of progress lies in a sharp defeat. He declares her gift to humanity is all given—all that can be done under the rule of capitalism—and that ultimately the powers of the world will take the sceptre of the seas from her nerveless hands and neutralize the waters as they must neutralize the air.

Placing his interpretation on the situation the writer views England and Germany as the dominant factors in the struggle. He says:

"What Germany ought to do at once is to conclude peace with Russia and with France and address herself to the real conflict with England. She would have done that already if her diplomacy had been at all equal to her fighting power. Clearly it is now her most pressing need. But is it possible? one will ask. England has been very clever in binding both Russia and France in a treaty not to conclude peace sepa-

rately. What can Germany do to untie the allied bond?

"Bismarck would tell her to begin with Russia. The Czar admires the Kaiser; the Romanoffs are still more despotic than the Hohenzollerns; in many respects, too, the needs of Russia and the ambitions of Russia resemble those of Germany. Russia wants to get to Constantinople above all things, as Germany wants to keep Antwerp. Germany can give financial aid to Russia almost as freely as France has done, and if Russia demands territorial aggrandizement it would pay Germany to give her Galicia for the sake of an immediate peace.

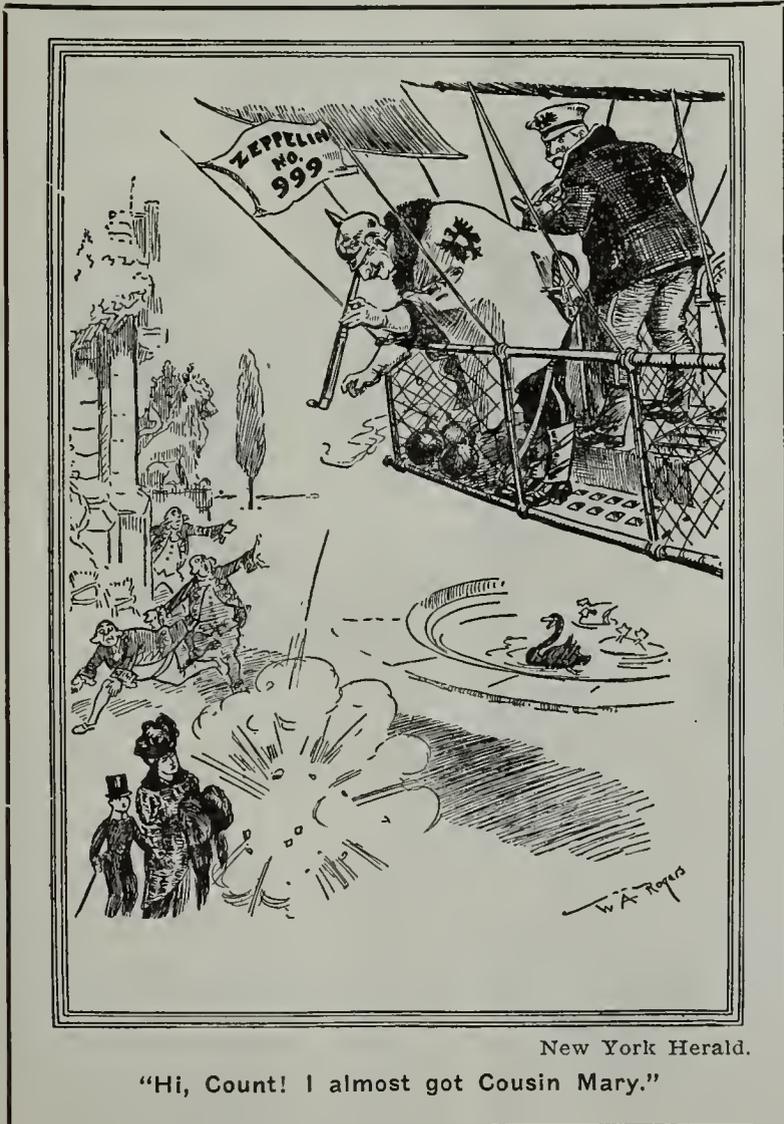
"With Russia pacified, Germany could deal with France at once. She could offer to withdraw from French soil and even concede some French communes in Lorraine, or else overwhelm France and overrun the whole country. France could not hesitate. She would conclude peace, and so Germany would at length come to hand-grips with her real enemy.

"Thanks to the greed of her landowning oligarchy, England does not produce one-quarter enough food to supply her own wants; this is the Achilles heel of England.

"Face to face with England alone, Germany would quickly build a navy, or at least submarines and airships enough, to lame English commerce and send up the price of food in Great Britain to famine prices. But why do I assume that Germany will show more initiative and forethought than England? Simply because she is showing more now.

"Already, had there been any prevision or ordinary foresight in Great Britain, her statesmen would have established vast granaries and filled them with American corn and American canned meats. Germany has already taken measures to protect her food supplies, and Germany's need in this respect is not a tenth so pressing as England's need. But nothing will ever teach the English oligarchy or dissipate their pleasure-sodden dream of perpetual parasitical enjoyment except defeat in war. They have always 'muddled through' somehow or other, and it is easier to go on from day to day and from hand to mouth than to think and by thinking avoid catastrophe and prepare triumph.

"The great trinity of Asquith, Churchill, and Kitchener may be trusted to muddle sleepily along till they are awakened by a sudden terrifying rise in the price of bread and by the growl of revolt from the East End, hunger supplying courage. One-third of England's population is always on the verge of starvation, as Booth proved; this is England's desperate weakness.



New York Herald.

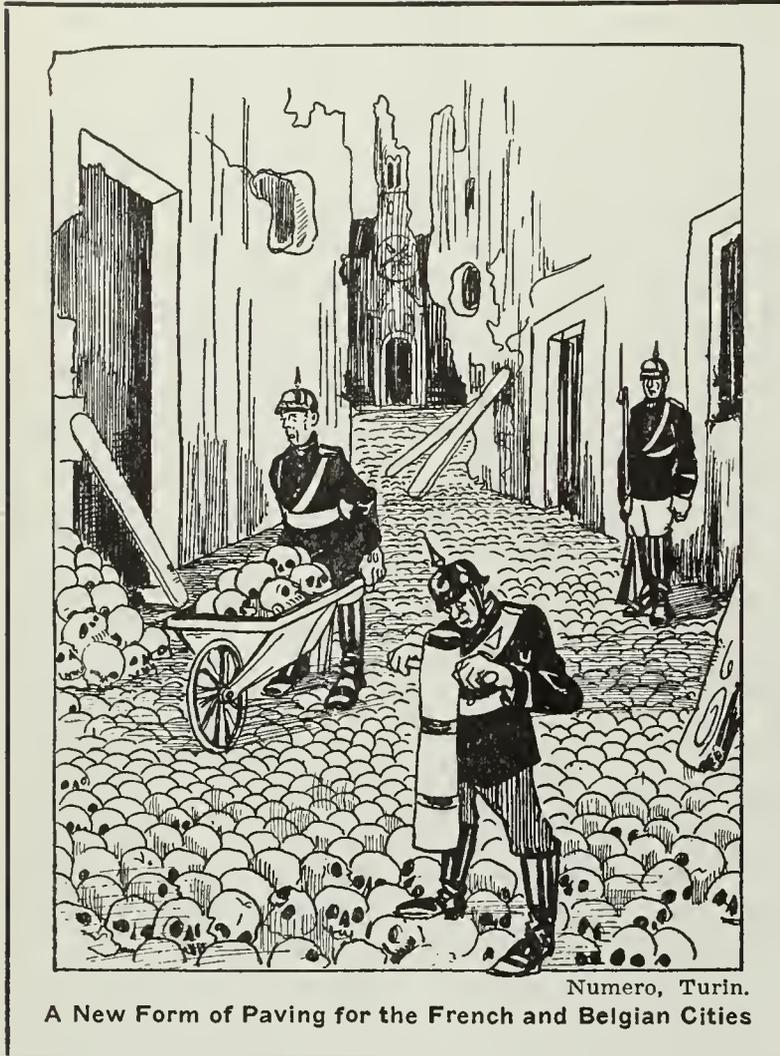
"Hi, Count! I almost got Cousin Mary."

Half a dozen bread-ships captured by the Germans or sunk by their submarines, and England would have to pay at once for the callous selfishness of her rich, the corruption of her judiciary, the inhuman shortsightedness of her politicians. There would either be a social revolution in England or she would accept defeat,

chance of union with her colonies on a democratic basis and a new lease of life as a confederation of sister states.'

"It would be easy for England to put her house in order without the sharp compulsion of defeat and necessity; but I am convinced there is no hope of it. Those who think so don't know England, the numberless warnings she has had and the adder ears she turns to every suggestion of right and justice or even of enlightened self-interest.

"Prophets have been sent to her, such as Carlyle and Ruskin; but England does not even listen to their jeremiads; again and again, as in the South African War, she has only managed to escape defeat at an overwhelming cost; but still she won't stop even to think. She alienated Germany by her unprovoked attack on the Boers, and France in order to grab Egypt,

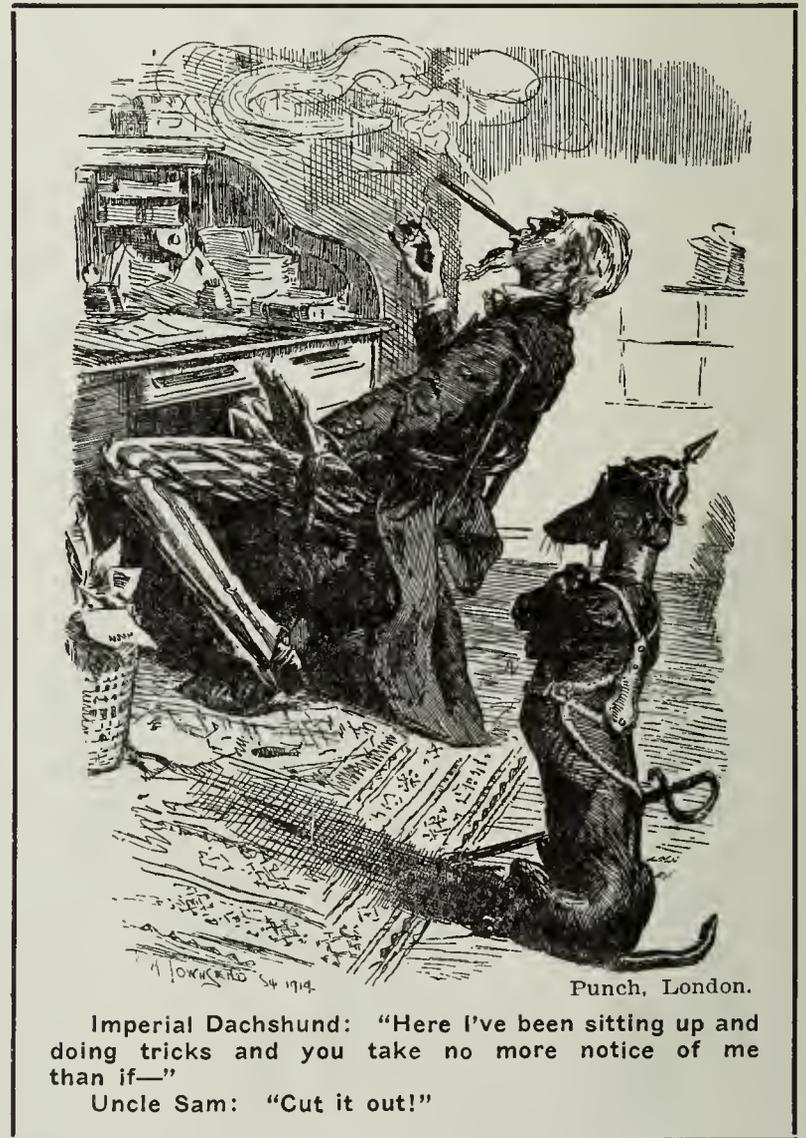


Numero, Turin.

A New Form of Paving for the French and Belgian Cities

hand Germany her sea scepter, and sink to the level of another Holland. Her oligarchy—her Roseberys and Sutherlands, her Manchesters, Rutlands, Norfolks, and Bedfords—might in their hearts prefer this latter alternative; but the English people are a proud and struggle-loving people; once 'up against it,' they may be trusted to get rid of their snobbishness, make short work of their parasite masters, and get down to business.

"The one hope of progress in England is sharp defeat in war. Everyone who loves England should pray for a bitter lesson. More than a hundred years ago now Tom Paine declared that nothing would civilize England till the blood of her children had been shed on their own hearths. It will take a defeat in war to wrest the land of England from the lords who stole it and give it back to the people. . . . Defeat would turn England into 'a modern state and give her a



Punch, London.

Imperial Dachshund: "Here I've been sitting up and doing tricks and you take no more notice of me than if—"

Uncle Sam: "Cut it out!"

and Egypt is plainly a source of weakness to her today and not of strength, and South Africa she had to restore to the Boers, though the silly war had cost her a thousand millions of pounds. At length she has a real enemy and will have to fight for her lordship of the seas and her vast unused oversea possessions.'

# Out to Sea

By A. F. GANNON

SLIPPED from her moorings at some sheltered quay,  
So trim of line and straight of slender spar,  
I saw her drift across the white-capped bar,  
And out to the inclement, wind-swept sea.



THE Sweetest Woman was in a controversial mood. As we left the public library and turned uptown toward Central Park, in the early morning Los Angeles sunshine, she contended:

"But, dear, Emerson DID love the mass."

"Not like the Good Gray Poet," I opined—not without intent.

"Poet!" she pouted, "poof!"

I had touched a tender spot. The lyrical Tennyson was her ideal of a poet, and his mystical "Memoriam" and "Two Voices" were to her the last word in poetry.

"Yes, indeed, a true poet!" I fervently and futilely insisted; for this was not the first time that the S. W. and I had argued as to the status of the wondrous Walt.

"Emerson knew," I continued, "but Whitman felt, and shook his fist at injustice, stupidity and conventionalism, rising to heights that your intellectual aristocrat, Emerson, never topped."

We had reached the trim little square, in all its geometrical grandeur, and crossed diagonally toward the Fifth and Olive streets corner, which was reserved for women and children with their escorts.

Seated here on one of the green slat benches that edged the broad brick walk, the S. W. turned to her book, "The Conduct of Life," and I to mine.

"A WOMAN'S BODY AT AUCTION! I HELP THE AUCTIONEER—THE SLOVEN DOES NOT HALF KNOW HIS BUSINESS. GENTLEMEN, LOOK ON THIS WONDER! WHATEVER THE BIDS OF THE BIDDERS, THEY CANNOT BE HIGH ENOUGH FOR IT. EXAMINE THE LIMBS, THEY ARE SO CUNNING IN TENDON AND NERVE; THEY SHALL BE STRIPPED THAT YOU MAY SEE THEM."

I felt a soft, solicitous hand on my shoulder, and a tremulous voice was saying:

"Bobbie, dear, don't look JUST now, but I think that girl is ill or in trouble and wants to speak to me. She has SUCH a look in her eyes."

I knew from her use of the diminutive that she was deeply concerned, so with an assumption of nonchalance I looked up from my book and after sweeping the park with a glance let it rest on the young girl

who occupied the bench almost directly across the brick paved way.

She was probably twenty years of age, and was dressed in a cheap gray and not overly well-fitting suit, with a broad dark hat upon which bobbed a black plume. She was undeniably pretty, but at the moment my glance surprised her there was a driven look in the stare fixed upon my companion that with the pallor of her face detracted much from her comeliness. Her eyes fell and she fumbled at the little black reticule in her lap as a modish young fellow with clean-shaven though somewhat pasty cheeks sat down beside her.

Evidently park rules had no terrors for him and common courtesy was not on his calling list, for he was no sooner seated than he drew an elaborate case from an inner coat pocket and yielded himself to the solace of a cigarette.

"What a nerve!" whispered the S. W.

I concurred.

"He'll be speaking to her next—he IS!" she indignantly concluded, under her breath.

A little gust had blown the smoke from his cigarette across the girl's face and forced her to cough slightly. In an instant he had removed his hat, thrown away the offending cigarette and was apologizing profusely for his obviously premeditated act. The girl, after nervously replying with a frightened half-smile that it didn't matter, edged away toward the farther end of the seat; but my gay lothario, placing a proper value upon the virtue of perseverance, managed soon to ingratiate himself into the girl's favor until in the end an intermittent conversation was in swing.

I could see that S. W.'s interest in the affair began to wane rapidly at this point, and that her opinion of the girl had undergone a sudden metamorphosis—she applied herself to her Emerson in determination.

"SEX CONTAINS ALL, BODIES, SOULS, MEANINGS, PROOFS, PURITIES, DELICACIES, PROMULGATIONS, SONGS, COMMANDS, HEALTH, PRIDE—ALL HOPES, BENEFACCTIONS, BESTOWALS—LOVERS' BEAUTIES, DELIGHTS OF EARTH, ALL GOVERNMENTS, JUDGES, GODS—"

The voice of the girl broke in upon my reflections:

"And papa said: 'If you DO go to Los Angeles, don't send to me when you're broke'."

I looked up. The girl's cheeks were flaming and the youth was talking to her in a low voice.

She opened her reticule and dropped into it a white

(Continued on page 29)

# Colonists Clear and P

## Great Activity Shown in All Dep

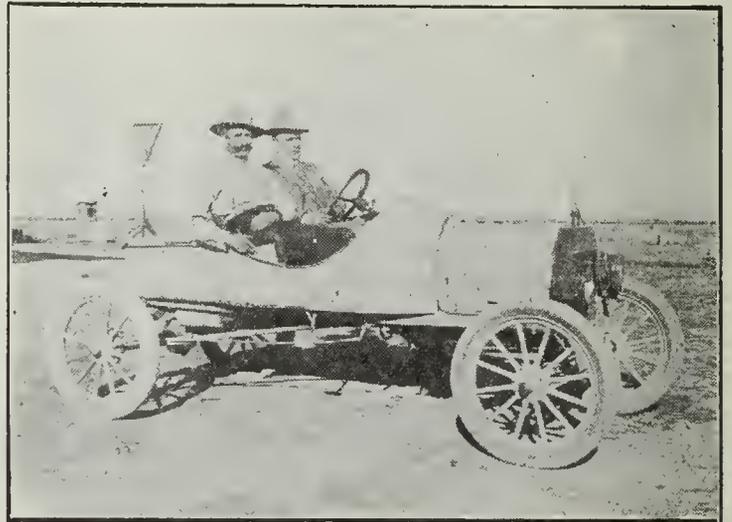


ABOUT 60,000 new members have been added to the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony since last month. Of these 55,000 or more are in the fry stage. Later they will be fingerlings and still later they will be fully recognizable as members of the family *salmo irrideus*, beautiful rainbow trout.

Then there are several hundred white leghorns—pullets and hens. There are several hundred rabbits (if this is an over-estimate, the rabbits will doubtless make good in a brief space), and other animals and fowls are arriving with and without previous notice.

As for the human membership, that is also increasing with satisfactory speed. The greatest activity has prevailed during the past few weeks, owing to the necessity for rushing the spring crops, getting the irrigation system in good order and preparing the land for planting.

The large clearing crew has completed work on the 160 acres known as the Goodwin place and a number of the men have been transferred from this work



D. J. Wilson (at wheel), manager of Commerce Department, and W. S. Anderson, ranch superintendent. The machine is known as the Llano Lizzie. It has the record between Los Angeles and the colony—three hours and twenty-five minutes.

many thousand additional trees will be added to these.

In the garden department, they are working several teams and half dozen men. Six acres have been planted in potatoes and all of the seed for the lettuce, radishes, onions, beets, carrots, parsnips and peas are in the ground. Hot beds have been completed and sweet potatoes planted. Head Gardener P. A. Knobbs reports excellent progress and is irrigating the land in his division.

D. C. Copley, who is in charge of the poultry department, has taken over all of the geese, ducks, turkeys and chickens and added to them to something over six hundred chickens which he took into the colony. He has two large modern poultry houses and has his division in excellent condition. He is making preparation to receive one thousand additional chicks in his division, on April 7.

The fish hatchery is shaping up in a satisfactory manner, under the supervision of L. A. Zachritz, who reports little loss in the hatching. Two new troughs have been completed and David Kennedy and Pete Schindler have completed trout pond No. 1, which is 30x120. Thomas Robinson, formerly of the Canadian fisheries, has charge of the fish hatchery and according to reports he has made it has the potentiality of one of the greatest hatcheries on the Pacific Coast.



Llano Girls Have Several Basketball Teams

to the irrigation department, where they are running new laterals and irrigating.

In the horticultural department eleven thousand grape cuttings have been planted, and seed beds have been completed for seedlings and these have all been planted. During the past week 4500 trees were placed in nursery rows. It is expected that by next spring

# ant Community Lands

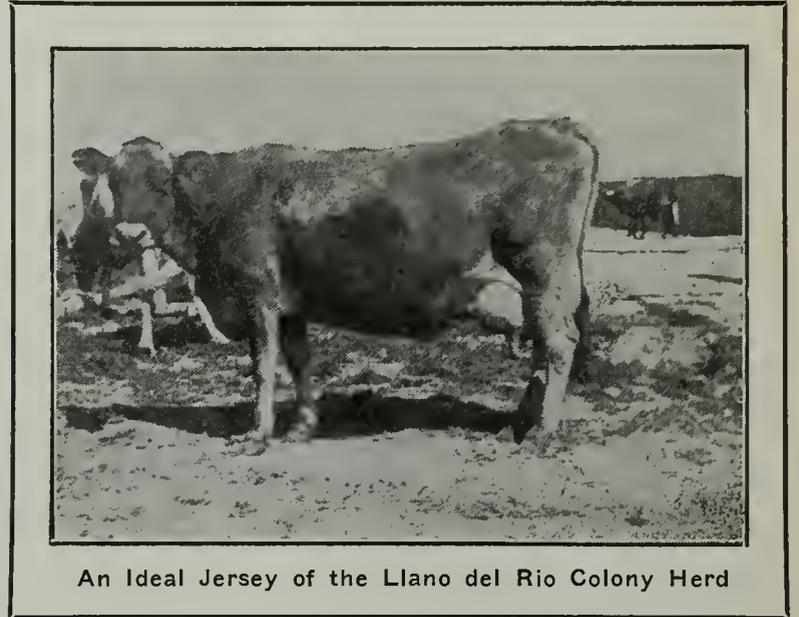
## ements of Co-operative Enterprise

Superintendent W. S. Anderson reports good progress in all departments, both as to live stock and agriculture

Under the new constitution a community commission has been formed composed of nine members. This makes the organization of the Llano del Rio Colony as follows: Board of directors, composed of nine members; community commission, composed of nine members; a tribunate of three, two censors (this is a sort of board of survey) and two advocates. The general assembly elects all of these officials except the directorate, which is elected by the stockholders of the company.

Under this arrangement, the community commission, which meets in general counsel with the directorate once a month, has charge of affairs of the colony, but does not enter into the business management of the general offices which are handled by the directors. The new plan is working well and will work smoother as soon as all parties understand the new method.

The directorate is composed of Job Harriman, president; G. P. McCorkle, secretary, and Messrs. Wilson, Cooke, Engle, Snell, Anderson, McMahan and Wolfe. The community commission is organized as



An Ideal Jersey of the Llano del Rio Colony Herd

follows: J. A. Cokely, chairman; E. E. Glass, secretary and Messrs. Stanley, Richardson, Valla, Spencer, Harper, Heffner and Kilmer. The censors are Messrs. Boeken and Groves. The advocates are F. F. Schmidt and Ray Keough. The chairman of the general assembly is J. A. Stewart and H. A. Wille is the secretary. The tribunate is composed of Horace Farmer,



The "Grandstand"—Group of Colonists Who Were Spectators at a Baseball Game.

chairman, George Reeslund, secretary, and Messrs. Knobbs, Page and Dawson.

The new working plan divides colony management and activities into six departments—agriculture, building and engineering, commerce, industry, education and finance. These departments are divided into divisions. Each department has a manager and each division a foreman. The head of the agricultural department acts as general superintendent. In the agricultural department, Superintendent W. S. Anderson has charge. The divisions under this department and the foreman are as follows: Gardening, Knobbs; horticulture, Dawson; irrigation, Harper; dairy, Mathewson; poultry, Copley; hogs, Gustenberg; rabbits, Kilmer; apiary, Burdick; horses and teaming, Cokely.

Building and engineering, Messrs Cooke and Glass. The former is chief architect and the latter chief engineer; carpentry, Reeslund; millwork, Heffner; masonry, Cedarstrom; plumbing, Ruff.

The department of commerce is under the charge of D. J. Wilson, who is the purchasing agent.

The industrial department is under the charge of J. L. Stanley; blacksmithing, Taylor; repairing, Wille and Hermance; tractor, Farmer; auto-transportation, Spencer, Miller.

In the educational department, Miss Helen Tyler and Miss Elinor Richards have charge of the school and Prudence Stokes Brown will soon be added to the teaching staff. There will be a reorganization and enlargement of this department and it will take in the night schools, lectures and other extension features.

At a recent meeting of the general assembly, the following standing committees were selected: Reception, Mrs. Biles, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. Landon and George Milligan; amusement, Ray Keough, Miss Cassady and Mrs. Cederstrom; fire department, Messrs. Earl Glass, Frank Ruff and Bert Kenney; ath-



Earl E. Glass, Chief Engineer, Llano del Rio Colony

letics, Kate Heffner, H. Farmer and W. S. Anderson; children's welfare, Miss Tyler, Mrs. Earle, Heffner, Page and Taylor; sanitary department, Messrs. Harper, Moss and Mrs. Groves.

Miss Kate Heffner has proven popular as chairman of the athletic committee, and George T. Collins, auditor of the company, has been appointed athletic coach and he will drill and instruct the young people in outdoor games.

## Need of New Brains

By MORRISON I. SWIFT

A MAP of the brain such as I am making, is given in lieu of the microscope or chemical photograph which we cannot have because our agencies are not fine enough. A drawing of the signs must answer. These signs are what men **do**, and what they needlessly tolerate; they are the social conditions we live in without social vomiting. If a man can live contentedly in a sewer we know his nature, and if a race can live without vomiting and rebellion in a social sewer, we know what its brain constitution is.

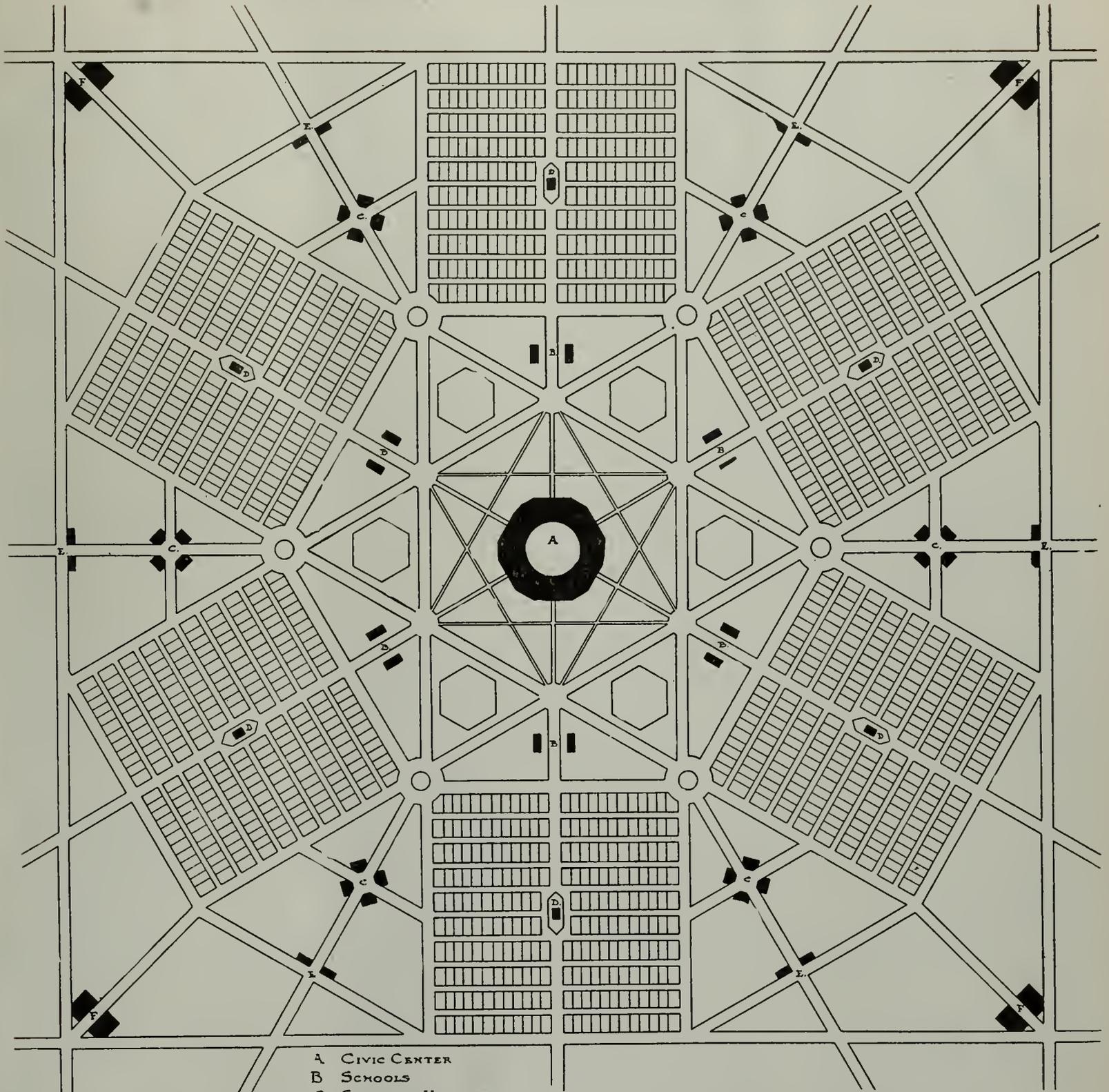
Now I affirm that we Americans live without retching or rebellion in a social sewer—in a society as vile to a right brain as a physical cesspool is to right senses.

IS THIS SO?

If it is so, we certainly need a new type of brain and will use any means offered by heaven to get it. The sewer resident would, if he learned how to see and smell.

To educate these organs in the sewer man is the problem. To educate the brain organs of seeing, smelling, hearing and feeling in ourselves, is the problem for us who dwell without loathing and rebellion in the social sewer. A true map of the sewer will do this. And so I give the facts of life about us as proofs of our ligatured, underformed brain faculties, not to ridicule that brain, but that we may correct it.

# Map of the City of Llano



- A CIVIC CENTER
- B SCHOOLS
- C STORES & HOTELS.
- D CLUB HOUSES.
- E GARAGES
- F INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS.

PLAN OF LLANO,  
LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.  
SCALE IN FEET

THIS map of the proposed city of Llano was designed by Leonard A. Cooke, chief architect of the Llano del Rio colony. The present settlement is on the main highway, just to the left of the civic center circle. The office building now stands just above the letter A on the map. The first permanent houses, according to plans, will be erected in the section at the upper center in the map. The first permanent school building will be at the right of the letter B, upper part of the map. The second section to be built up, according to plans, will be that in the upper right portion of the map. This will not be begun until the first section has been all taken. The blacksmith and machine shop is now located at the point near E in the left center part of the map. All the broad streets will be lined with ornamental shade trees and in the narrower streets will be pergolas and vines.

# Open Under New Management

By FRANK H. WARE



**S**CENE: Heaven, from the exterior. In center, massive gates marked "18-karat. From Tiffany." From within can be heard a great choir singing Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." Slowly the heavy gates swing inward. In center on throne sits Jehovah. Surrounding him is the large choir, among whom are many great celebrities and warriors of the ages. To the right of the throne is Bismarck, carefully balancing a halo on his head. On the left stands Moses. Others lounging about the foot of the throne are Caesar, Hannibal, Tamerlane, Napoleon, Sherman, Mark Antony, King Arthur, Gambetti, Hamlicar, Garibaldi, Wallenstein and Nibbin, the latter a converted cannibal from the South Seas.

(As music ceases, a messenger enters flying and cleverly volplanes to landing in front of throne, folds his wings and kneels.)

Jehovah—Speak, thou feathered courier. What now?

Messenger—(rises)—Almighty! A long prayer is sent up from every German church.

Jehovah—Well?

Messenger—(bows)—A prayer written by the Kaiser.

Jehovah—(interested)—And what doth the prayer say?

Messenger—That thou art on his side and that thou wilt aid him in defeating the enemy.

Jehovah—(smiling)—Verily, he speaketh with knowing voice.

Messenger—But, O Lord (bows) Thou dost not understand what ruction it hath caused in heaven.

Jehovah—(angrily)—Who interferences with a Lord's prayer?

Messenger—The chronicler of prayers, O Lord. He refuses to list and file it.

Jehovah—(rising in wrath)—Who is this chronicler!

Messenger—(frightened)—An Englishman. His name is Cromwell—Oliver Cromwell.

Jehovah—What right hath he to refuse this prayer?

Messenger—On the grounds that England is also a Christian nation and that thou art on their side; therefore, according to strict English censorship, he cannot catalog this prayer.

Jehovah—My worthy subjects, according to the law of Moses, Cromwell shall be assigned to the warmest spot in hell! Hannibal! Tamerlane! Mark An-

tony! Gambetti! Hamlicar! Garibaldi! Wallenstein! I call upon thee to remove this disobedient chronicler! Sherman, as an honorable soldier from America, and therefore neutral, I call upon thee to replace Cromwell.

(Hannibal, Tamerlane, Sherman, etc., all bow and exit.)

Bismarck—(to Caesar)—God is right.

Caesar—Alas, yes, Bismarck! As our friend Mark Hanna once remarked, "The Almighty has a corner on right."

Jehovah—Nibbin, thou art the best angel in heaven. On earth thou waxed fat on missionaries until converted; in heaven thou art content and satisfied. True, thou art ignorant and do not understand.

Nibbin—(looking into the face of Jehovah and grinning)—Etaoin shrdlu Nbskl qrbldnd brrbldnpt!

King Arthur—(aside to Napoleon)—By my word, Napoleon, as allies we should protest.

Napoleon—(shaking his head slowly)—I fear a breach in heaven, Arthur, which will wind up worse than Waterloo. Let us take a short stroll. Perhaps we may gather suggestions. (Both exit.)

(Enter messenger, hurriedly in hasty volplane. Bows.)

Messenger—Almighty! More news from the front!

Jehovah—Proceed.

Messenger—A report comes directly from Petrograd that the Russians have the Germans at their mercy. They have captured Pr—Pr—Prz—(Aside: Fires of Hell! I can't pronounce it.) They have taken Premizzizzle.

Jehovah—(rising)—Yes?

Messenger—Another prayer has come from the Germans requesting your aid in defeating these Russians.

Bismarck—(excitedly)—By heaven! It is just as I said it would be—some day all Teuton or all Slav!

Jehovah—Bismarck! Thou art not completely loyal! Remove thy presence until thou hast repented. Then return and salute me. PERHAPS I may forgive! (Exit Mismarck, dejectedly.)

Moses—Almighty Father, Thy wisdom knows no ending.

(Another messenger hurriedly flies in. Bows.)

Messenger—Great Jehovah, two prayers have arrived at the same time.

Jehovah—Well?

Messenger—One is from the Russians begging you to—

Jehovah—Censor it! Come, the other one! From whom?

Messenger—From the Kaiser himself.

Jehovah—Well? What does it say?

Messenger—It tells of another German defeat at the hands of the Russians—and—

Jehovah—And what! (Angrily)—Why dost thou tremble? Come, what else does it say?

Messenger—(timidly)—It—it—it—

Jehovah—(impatiently)—It WHAT!

Messenger—(frightened)—It says that you are not doing your duty—and—and that if there is not a complete German victory within the next two days he is coming here to find out why!

Jehovah—(aghast)—Wilhelm coming?

Messenger—(bowing)—Yes, Almighty!

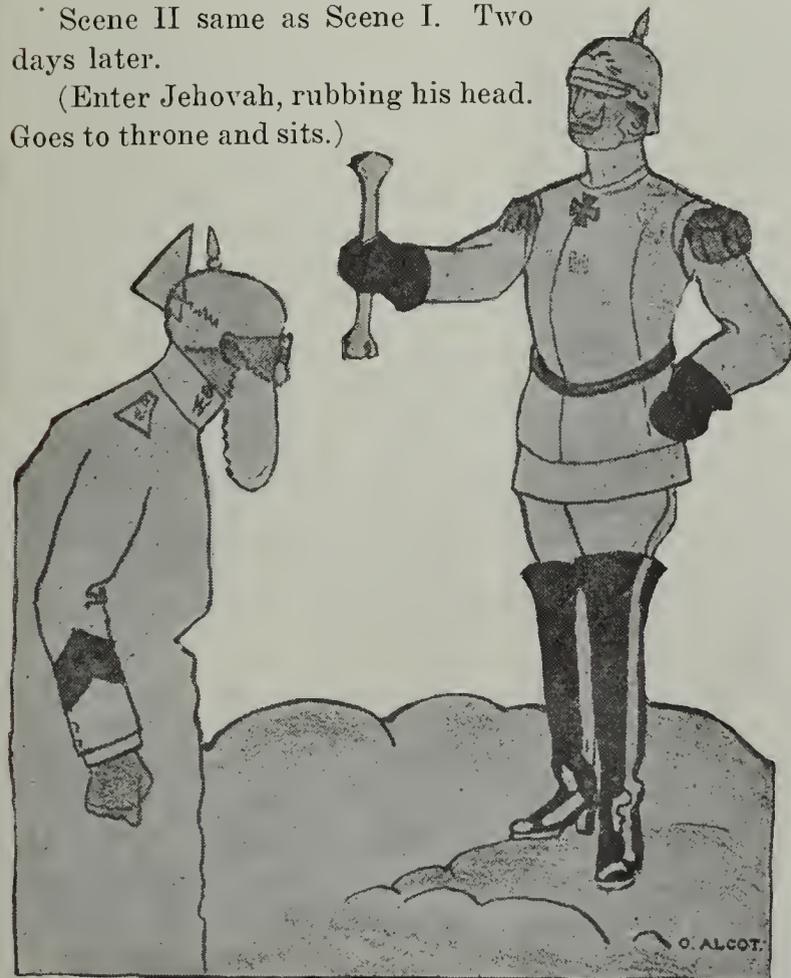
Jehovah—(turning hurriedly to chorus)—My celestial choir, break forth in song! For two days sing in German everything from “Der Wacht am Rhein” to “Hoch du Lieber Augustine!” And if one dares to rest or lower his voice, let him be consigned to the most superheated zone in hell!

(Chorus sings.)

(Curtain.)

Scene II same as Scene I. Two days later.

(Enter Jehovah, rubbing his head. Goes to throne and sits.)



Pasquino, Turin.

Almighty: “What are your majesty’s orders for tonight?”  
Wilhelm II.: “An earthquake for the neutral countries.”

This remarkably prophetic cartoon was published Nov. 1, in Italy. The earthquake which arrived a few weeks later took a toll of 50,000 lives.

Jehovah—(musingly)—What a night! Such dreams! (Turns to Nibbin, who is stringing beads beside the throne.) Nibbin, fetch Moses here—and Nibbin, see that he doth hasten! (Exit Nibbin.)

(Enter Caesar.)

Jehovah—Come, Caesar, what news?

Caesar—(bowing)—Father, I have heard of some, but there is none.

Jehovah—Verily, thou talkest in riddles, Caesar.

Caesar—Almighty, I have had a fearful dream.

Jehovah—What? Thou, too?

Caesar—(shaking head)—Alas, yes! A dream of mystery that holds a hidden message.

Jehovah—Calm thyself, Caesar. Nibbin hath gone to fetch Moses and dreams of thine and mine shall be interpreted.

Caesar—(dubiously)—I hope it is not for the worst. (Enter Nibbin, followed by Moses.) Ah! They are here! (They bow before throne.)

Jehovah—(graciously)—Moses, my worthy prophet and interpreter, listen to my dream. (Considerable disturbance as everyone gathers about throne.) Last night I saw a tree, a venerable oak, drop an acorn to the ground. No sooner had it struck than forthwith sprang another tree which did grow with such rapidity that it soon outstripped all others. Then from its branches did reach out limbs, gnarled and grotesque, spreading in all directions; touching here and there the earth and clinging with a firmness, then reaching out again. Then, as by magic, all vegetation vanished from the earth and in its place did stretch this tree until its branches touched.

(All shake their heads in wonderment.)

Caesar—O, worthy Moses, I, too, had a dream. Instead of oak, my tree was weeping willow, and down its limbs rolled huge salt tears and splashed upon the ground in pools of blood. And, like the oak, this tree reached out and covered all the earth.

Moses—(shakes his head dubiously)—A great calamity is near!

(All shudder save Nibbin, who does not understand the situation.)

Nibbin—Blskdffrno—(jumps to his feet and points to left)—Vnnfgrd! Rpn Jqprdh chrvdglkh qprtkdlgbx zznznzn!! Brdlf!!!

Jehovah—This beast which talks the language of a devil! What doth he say?

Caesar—Like a whirlwind doth a messenger approach us! (All stare to left.)

Moses—He doth exceed the limits of speed allowed by the laws of Heaven!

Jehovah—Back! Clear a space for him to land!

(Enter messenger. Hastily loops a loop and settles before throne.)

Jehovah—Quick! What news?

Messenger—(breathless)—Germans—ceased praying!—fleeing!—Russians—taken Konigsburg—!

Jehovah—(sinking back on throne)—What Gods' powers are these that thus thwart me?

Messenger—Bhudda!—Shinto!—and Mohammed!

(Enter Napoleon, King Arthur and Bismark, quarreling.)

Jehovah—Silence! Fools!

Napoleon—(advancing to throne, speaks in defiance)—Almighty: Arthur and I protest against thy partiality!

Jehovah—(fiercely)—Away from my presence! Hasten or I'll send thee both to hell! Thy squall is but a cricket's chirp to that which I feel coming! (Exit King Arthur and Napoleon.)

(Enter another messenger. Rushes to feet of Jehovah. Kneels.)

Jehovah—(excitedly)—What now! Come—speak!

Messenger—(frightened)—Wilhelm is coming!

Jehovah—(turning to Caesar)—Caesar! To the outer portals and bar them fast! Quick! Ere he be—

Messenger—(tearfully and quaking)—It is too late! He is within the Kingdom of Heaven!!

(Storm breaks. Lightning flashes.)

Jehovah—(rushing about)—Children of the choir! Arouse thyself from thy lethargy! Let your voices ring out praises! Wilhelm!—Wilhelm is here!

(Fearful bursts of thunder and lightning flashes. Enter Wilhelm.)

Jehovah—(rushes to greet him)—Wilhelm!—My—Wilhelm—Stop! (Advances step and folds arms.) You were to make me Emperor of the Earth! You failed! God, I trusted you!

Jehovah—Ah, Wilhelm! If thou could but understand what obstacles prevented me—

Wilhelm—Enough! Get off that throne!

Jehovah—(slowly descending)—Wilhelm! Thou cans't—

Wilhelm—(Ascending to throne)—Silence! I conscript you to my guards of hell! (Turns to Caesar)—See that he gets there! (Exit Jehovah and Caesar. Wilhelm sits on throne.)—Henceforth I shall be God!

Grand Chorus and Choir—Wilhelm! der Deutsche Kaiser, er lebe hoch, hoch, hoch!

Wilhelm—(suddenly jumping to his feet)—By Heavens! As God, I now declare war on all Nirvanas and heavens in the Universe! (Curtain)

## Patriotism

By W. A. JACOBS

IT is said that the Socialist workingmen are not patriotic because they do not rise and stand attentively when a third-rate band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" or a lot of "ham actors" draw swords and salute the flag. Perhaps not.

However, before we can discuss the subject of patriotism intelligently, we should agree on some definition of the terms.

The common dictionary defines patriotism as "love of one's country."

Many workingmen have no country.

Most of them do not own a foot of the country in which they live. What special inducement have they to love a country which they cannot hope to own? Why should they take up arms and play the part of the soldier? Why should they blow the heads of other workers to "kingdom come" or splatter their blood against a wall or cause it to flow down some hillside into a stream and onward to an endless sea?

Some of them have only a boarding house to fight for, while others live in rented houses they will never be able to own. They are allowed to remain under shelter only as long as they will consent to serve another and do his bidding at all times.

There is but little incentive for the average work-

ingman to love the country in which he lives. And yet the American Socialist workingmen love this country better than do the people who own it.

Many of the owners do not live in this country. They live in Europe, spending their summers in the mountains or at the seaside and their winters in the cities. When the hot summer days come the owners climb the mountains of Switzerland while the workers climb the treadmill of capitalism. The owners will fish in the cool brooks of the Alps, while about the best the workers can do is to go out to some muddy stream, sit in the hot sun all day and possibly catch a few bullheads.

The owners love this country only because they are able to exploit the workers who dwell here.

After all, if love of country means patriotism, then the Socialist workingmen are true patriots. They love the country so well that they want to own it. And feeling the kinship of the race, are anxious to have all other workingmen own it with them. And gladly do they welcome all people into the working class.

Then awake, you sleepers! Get out of your trance! Study Socialism and join the movement which will make the world the property of all the people. Then all will have an inducement to be patriotic.

# Socialism Inevitable

By JOB HARRIMAN



MEERCANTILE and industrial enterprises of the world are now, and always have been, conducted on the theory that "competition is the life of trade."

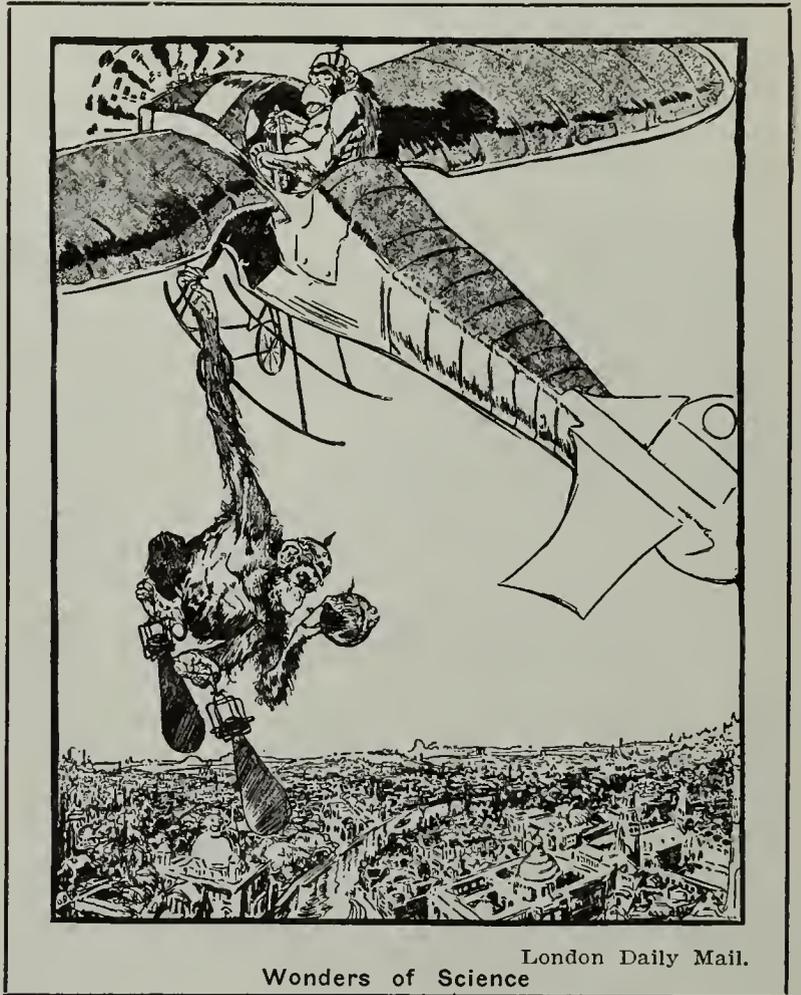
Competition is so engrained in men's minds that everyone has become his neighbor's enemy. There is no act, however vile, that will not find its champion if only it offers a pecuniary advantage. The churches are decaying with hypocrisy; the courts are rotting with perjury; the "business lie" hangs like a pall over the commercial world; honor and conscience have been crucified; "success" has become the standard of morals and conduct; all for the money there is in it. Whoever controls the business and industrial undertakings, whether local or general, commands at the same time all those who are dependent upon those undertakings.

Not only is there a conflict of interest between rivals in similar enterprises, but also between those in control and their employes and also a conflict between the employes themselves as they struggle for the better positions and the best pay.

Thus it is that a world-wide war rages in all classes for economic advantages. The more powerful competitors have formed commercial, industrial and financial combinations, some of which control hundreds and millions of dollars and thousands of men who are dependant upon them. These gigantic interests, octopus-like, reach from every great industrial center to the uttermost ends of the earth. Battling as they are in the industrial, commercial, and financial fields, yet they form a solid political combination within each nation by means of which they are able to send a sufficient number of emissaries to control the state and national legislatures while they themselves or their attorneys sit as counsels of state.

Though hypocrisy and fraud and villany and deceit everywhere appear and play their part in the business world, yet at the same time there has developed such efficiency in production that every powerful nation produces vast quantities of products over and above its consuming power. A market must be found for this surplus or heavy losses will be sustained. A failure to find a market is a failure in the every purpose of the struggle. The constant increasing surplus causes an ever persistent urge in every powerful nation to extend their colonies and develop their markets and to capture the customers of other nations.

Each nation having become a world commercial power is, by its own surplus, forced into the effort to become a world trust. There is no point short of a world trust which the trust magnates of any nation can stop. But the world markets are exhausted. The ends of the earth have been reached. With the machinery of government in their hands, shielded by the laws of their own making, in full command of the army and



London Daily Mail.  
Wonders of Science

navy the captains of industry, of commerce and finance, with apparently unlimited resources, can by conscription if necessary, raise millions of men to shed their blood not only in their native land but on the high seas and in the lands beyond, wherever the arms of the octopus may reach.

Thus they take by force of arms what they are unable to take in the marts of the business world. Thus it is that the war in Europe, the world cataclysm, is forced upon us. The universal conflict of interests among the people of every nation has given rise to this world conflict in which the armed powers are at war. The nations are bleeding in a sacrifice on the altar of greed of personal ambition and cupidity. The in-

gentive, the motive of each and every country is the same. Some persons lay the blame on Germany, others on England and still others on Russia. Each nation has its peculiar characteristics and race tendencies which are developed as naturally by its environments as are the characters of men.

Surrounded by the allies, her financial, commercial and industrial enemies, Germany developed her navy, her forts, her siege guns, her aerial war equipment, her wonderful military machines and her still more wonderful military spirits, as naturally as the porcupine develops its quills or the swordfish its deadly spear.

National defense, military conquests and commercial power was the burden of her song and the strength of her hope. Neither she nor her people are less guilty or more responsible than the other belligerents for the brutal slaughter of the war.

Man in every country who enters the struggle for money alone, who endeavors to get rich by expropriating his fellows is equally guilty. His prayers will avail him nothing. The blood of Cain is upon him. The blood of the noblest sons of the world are upon his door lentles. Yet the war goes relentlessly on, devouring like a ferocious demon its human gorge and the food supplies of the nations.

The superior efficiency of Germany is pitted against

the vastly superior commissary of the allies. Indeed, the vital issue of the war has resolved itself into the question of the commissary. Germany excels both in the efficiency of her military machines and the production of organization. But the allies excel in their vast reserve commissary.

As the commissary shrinks the crisis looms up. Each is endeavoring to shut off the other's supplies. Probably this is the first great war when the commissary became the vital question with all the belligerents. Woe unto them when the supplies are exhausted! Where will the army be in those days? Who will feed the hungry mob? What power can resist the tidal wave of starving men?

Yet all is not without hope. Humanity will learn its lesson. These are the birth pains of a new civilization. Competition has run its course. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Out of the struggle an international congress will arise. Acting in concert with the legislative bodies of each nation they will lay the foundation of a new civilization in a community of interests in all productive property. The philosophy of collectivism is the synthetic philosophy that has arisen out of this blighting commercial system. It is the only philosophy that offers a hope to the world. Individualism is dying out. Socialism is being born.

## Great Battle—Great Flapdoodle

**A** NOTHER glorious sea victory! The newspaper headlines were one smear of gory read when the Dresden was sunk. They played up a lurid word picture of a gallant running fight wherein the Germans replied shot for shot and shell for shell. At last, overwhelmed by force of numbers, the German commander surrendered to the English admiral and the prisoners and fifteen wounded were transferred to the conquering ships. The band played "Britannia Rules the Waves" and paeons of joy went up over the glorious victory, which proved that God was again on the side of right.

Thus the breviary of the daily press. But what is the truth?

The Dresden was sunk while crippled and without fuel and while anchored in neutral waters.

Almost no resistance was offered and the ship never got up steam or slipped her cables. She went down with her anchor on the bottom, about a quarter of a mile from shore.

The Dresden was a comparatively small cruiser, with nothing larger than four-inch guns. British cruisers Kent, Glasgow and Orama entered Cumberland Bay

and opened fire on the Dresden at close range. Three Germans were killed and fifteen wounded. The German commander ran up a parliamentary flag and sent a launch to protest against being attacked in neutral waters. He was told that orders were to sink the Dresden where found and let the diplomats arrange matters later. The Britains said they would sink the Dresden then and there unless the Germans did it themselves. The German commander then sent his crew ashore and blew up his ship.

American newspapers were either victimized or they were parties to as rank a fake as has been perpetrated since the beginning of the war.

The whole story was concocted at the cable station and dished out for the delectation of the Britishers, who were financing the war. It was a piece of cheap clap-trap and closely parallels the story of the sinking of the Emden.

One feature of the "battle" neglected by the cable was the killing of a woman and child ashore, who got in the way of a British shell, and the battering of shipping in the harbor. Great battle? Great victory? Great flapdoodle!—G. E. B.

# Who Are the Best Slaves?

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

**I**N REPORTING on wages received by 23,000 of the working women of California of 18 years of age and over, the Industrial Welfare Commission has brought out some interesting facts that may be used as official and conservative statements.

First fix in your mind the fact the commission states that the cost of living for a self-supporting woman is \$9.21 per week.

Of the adult women workers in all lines there are 56 per cent who receive less than \$9 per week. This puts them 21 cents below the living line—into the subsistence class.

Of the minors 41.8 are paid less than \$6 per week

and almost half the entire number receive between \$5 and \$6.99 per week.

Sacramento makes the most disgraceful showing. There, in the shadow of the stately capital dome, 92.5 receive under \$9 a week. Of the San Diego women workers 31.1 get less than \$8 a week and the condition of the unorganized laundry workers is pitiable.

The commissioners probably have made little study of slave psychology, though they had a wonderful opportunity. Witness their naive statement that "widows and divorcees with children to support are the best workers; because of their responsibility they are eager to keep their jobs!"

## THE GUNMAN



Mother Earth

On guard to see that the property remains stolen

## Sartorial Fake

A cablegram from London says:

Lady Randolph Churchill has designed a smart uniform for her maid servants, her man servants having enlisted. The uniform is that of a footman above the waist and a parlor maid downward.

Isn't this a sartorial transposition? Some English girls might qualify for the parlormaid upward or the footman downward, but no one will be deceived otherwise.

## The Savage Behemoth

Timid Woman—(After gazing into the cavernous depths of a yawning hippopotamus)—Is he amphibious?

Keeper—Yes, amphibious as hell! He'd just as soon bite you as not!

## Cheering Henry Dubb

"Who are those people who are cheering?" asked the recruit as the soldiers were marching to the train.

"Those," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."

## Cuts Out the Crab

First Deaf Mute (gesticulating)—What do you do when you come home late and your wife begins to scold?

Second Ditto—Turn out the light.

## Cruel Punishment

A Los Angeles judge has sentenced another man to matrimony for an indefinite term. This is clearly unconstitutional. Cruel and unusual punishment is forbidden.



### Dobbin and I

By Edward Moray

**B**OTH of us work for the boss;  
All through the heat of the day  
Dobbin, the old white-faced hoss;  
I, just a man growing gray.  
Dobbin is fed of the best,  
Plenty of oats and of hay,  
All of his food stood a test;  
Mine's on the verge of decay.

Never a hoss had a stall  
Perfect as Dobbin's for health.  
Couldn't be better, that's all.  
Boss is a man of much wealth.  
Dobbin is curried with care;  
Dobbin is petted a lot;  
My house is perfectly bare;  
Home is a comfortless spot.

I get the curses and sneers,  
Dobbin, the care and applause;  
I am thought less of by years;  
Dobbin thought more of because  
Horses cost money to buy;  
Men are much cheaper than clay;  
Horses mean loss when they die;  
Men—but a moment's delay.

### Fair Enough

The new baby had proved itself  
the possessor of extraordinary lung  
powers. One day baby's brother, lit-  
tle Johnny, said to his mother:

"Ma, little brother came from  
heaven, didn't he."

"Yes, dear," answered the mother.  
Johnny was silent for a minute,  
and then he went on:

"I say, ma."  
"What is it, Johnny?"  
"I don't blame the angels for  
slinging him out, do you?"

### Encouraging Her

The sailor had been showing the  
lady visitor over the ship. In thank-  
ing him she said:

"I see that by the rules of your  
ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," re-  
plied Jack, "so were the apples in  
the Garden of Eden."

### Testing the Power

Brown (on fishing trip)—Boys,  
the boat is sinking! Is there any one  
here who know how to pray.

Jones (eagerly)—I do.  
Brown—All right. You pray, and  
the rest of us will put on life belts.  
They're one shy.

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Eugene V. Debs says:

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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 coun-  
tries 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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Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

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**Cousin to the Cabbage**

THE cat is the aunt of the catnip and the dog is the uncle of the dogfennel; the cow is the sister of the cowslip (noun); the horse the brother to the horseradish, and the squirrel the first cousin to a nut.

This is established by an East Indian scientist who declares that plants are stationary animals, and animals, plants that move around. He declares that plants sleep and eat and that drugs have the same effect on them as they do on animals.

If there is anything in the theory, what plant is mostly closely related to this savant, whose name is Jagdish Chunder Bose?

**Shifting Responsibility**

Teacher—I shall not keep you after school, Johnnie. You may go home now.

Johnnie—I don't want to go home. There's a baby just come to our house.

Teacher—You ought to be glad, Johnnie. A dear little baby—

Johnnie (vehemently)—I ain't glad. Pa'll blame me—he blames me for everything.

**Hence the Wriggle**

Millie had just heard an impressive service that clung to her mind and the child used phrases and expressions in a startling manner. She sprung this one when her mother implored her to stop squirming:

“Well, why does Freddie do all the things that make me squirm and omit the things that do not make me squirm?”

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**Ethics of Evisceration**

IN THE polite but somewhat muddled ethics of modern warfare one may or may not do certain things to an enemy. It is well, therefore, to study the subject.

To mothers who are contemplating putting their sons through a Boy Scout course, enrolling them in a Boys' Brigade or allowing them to enlist in the militia, we offer the following instructions:

Your boy may not shoot his neighbor with a soft-nose or hollow-point bullet, but he may safely and honorably smash his skull with a charge of judicially placed shrapnel, well directed shell or hand grenade.

Your son may not poison the water supply of another mother's son, but he may honorably and humanely throw a lyddite bomb on

the roof of a Red Cross hospital and suffocate the helpless and crippled by noxious gasses.

Your offspring may not use a saw-toothed bayonet to disembowel his brother, but he may eviscerate him with a sharp saber or tear the tripe out of him with a knife, provided the knife is fastened to the end of a rifle.

Your little lad may lawfully kill unarmed men and women and even children provided he is told there has been sniping in the town.

If your boy is in an invading army he will learn all the finer points of the game. He will learn that it is honorable to steal, to loot and to wreck homes; to rape women and murder defenseless men, but he should always remember that these things must not be done unethically.—H. C.

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**NEW REVIEW**

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## Out to Sea

(Continued from page 15)

card, evidently given to her by the young man, who now arose, sauntered across the street and entered the pharmacy in the Auditorium building.

The color slowly died out of the girl's face. She glanced intently at my companion, but the S. W. was deep in the delights of the essay on "Culture," quite unaware of the surveillance, or that the girl quickly arose and made her way out of the park.

I watched her cross Hill street and go east on Fifth.

The S. W. closed the book and looked about.

"The girl is gone!" she said in dismay. "I meant to speak to her. Did she go with that—that—freshie?"

"No, went alone."

"Let's go, Bobbie."

We were coming out of a photo supply store on Broadway when I felt the S. W.'s grip on my arm tighten.

"There's that girl, Bobbie! See? Just across the street. Come."

We dodged, jayhawkerwise, through the traffic to the opposite side.

"We'll get close behind her," she suggested, "and if she turns and I catch her eye I'll speak to her. I'm sure she wanted me to do so in the park."

The girl was some thirty feet in advance of us. I saw her hesitate, glance at a white card she held in her palm and then up at the street number over the flashy, near-marble entrance of a rooming house.

Distracted by a window display for a few moments, the S. W. turned just in time to see the girl disappear into the capacious doorway. My companion caught her breath sharply, a delectable little trick of hers that indicated disappointment.

"She's gone!" she murmured.

"Assuredly!" I answered.

I read the gaudy glass-and-gold sign on the door jab, "The Lutrella Apartments, Transient." Then surveyed the "Manicure" signs displayed in some of the richly curtained second-story bay windows.

I ventured in a spirit of irony a line of Walt Whitman's:

"IF ANYTHING IS SACRED,

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### THE HUMAN BODY IS SACRED!

And the Sweetest Woman, being nobody's fool, understood and sighed.

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Clarence Darrow's labor day speech is contained in this number.

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## All Present

A LITTLE girl traveling in a sleeping car with her parents greatly objected to being put in an upper berth. She was assured that papa, mama and God would watch over her. She was settled in the berth at last and the passengers were quiet for the night, when a small voice piped:

"Mama!"

"Yes, dear."

"You there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Now go to sleep."

"Papa, you there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Go to sleep like a good girl."

This continued at intervals for some time until a fellow passenger lost patience and called:

"We're all here! Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and first cousins. All here. Now go to sleep!"

There was a brief pause after this explosion. Then the tiny voice piped up again, but very softly:

"Mama!"

"Well."

"Was that God?"

## Dead Easy

A party of English and Americans were touring on the Continent, and one American greatly annoyed one of the Englishmen, whenever they went sight-seeing, by invariably asserting:

"Oh, that ain't much! We can beat that all to ribbons over on the other side of the pond."

When Naples was reached they went to have a look at Mount Vesuvius and the Englishman remarked to his American friend:

"Now, sir, can you beat that over in your country?"

The American quick as a flash replied:

"Well, I don't know that we can beat it; but we have a little waterfall over there that would put the damned thing out in five minutes!"

## Accident or Catastrophe?

Employe—Mr. Brown, I should like to ask a raise in my wages. I've just been married.

Employer—Very sorry, my dear man, but for accidents to our employes outside of the factory we are not responsible.

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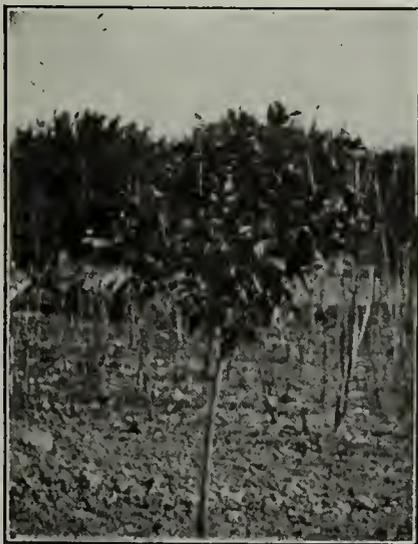
Dear Sir: Last year we were having considerable trouble with our nursery on account of poor soil. . . . These soils have been treated in accordance with your prescription with very good results. In fact, at this time we are having no trouble at all with the soil in the nursery.

Very truly yours,

FRANK P. ALLEN, JR., Director of Works.

(The exposition authorities have twice since used my services, which fact also tells its own story.)

Trees of the same size and shape, at one year and twenty-two days from planting in orchard, were chosen for experimental purposes. Measurements made nine months and six days after fertilizing began, are shown.



WITHOUT SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

Height .....3 feet, 9 inches  
Breadth at top.....1 foot, 6 inches  
Circumference of trunk at ground . . . . .2 inches  
Circumference of trunk at lower branches .....1½ inches

It should be remembered that while any chemist can make a soil analysis, yet not every one has had sufficient experience and of the right kind to enable him to correctly interpret the results and apply them to treatment of the soil so as to give a reasonable certainly of profitable returns to the person paying for the analysis. This is certainly the most important thing to consider.

Mr. O. H. Hottel, an orange grower, said to Mr. Chas. D. Baker, a banker of Pomona, Cal.: "The money I paid Snowden for soil analysis is the best money I ever spent." (On the strength of this testimony Mr. Baker has had two orange groves examined and prescribed for by me.)



RECEIVED SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

Height .....5 feet, 1 inch.  
Breadth of top.....3 feet, 11 inches.  
Circumference of trunk at ground.....5½ inches  
Circumference of trunk at lower branches . . . . .3¾ inches

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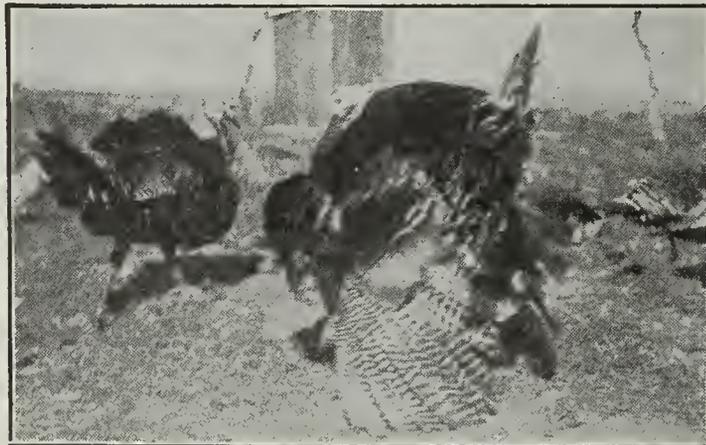
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