

April, 1915

Ten Cents

The Western Comrade



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this
Cover
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Articles
Written
by
Some
of
America's
Foremost
Socialist
Authors

Silent Souls in the Ranks—By Eugene V. Debs
Llano del Rio Colony Holds Great Celebration

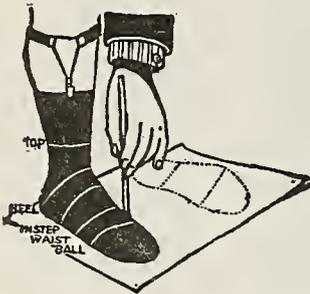


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RETRIBUTION



Austria, who precipitated the war, is doomed to defeat by the irresistible force of onrushing Slavs.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. II

LOS ANGELES, CAL., APRIL, 1915

NUMBER 12



Cabin at Jackson's Lake. The altitude here is 7000 feet and the climate most ideal. This is a popular outing resort for the hunters and the younger set of the colony. The scene is strongly suggestive of Kipling's "Wood Smoke at Twilight."

CURRENT EVENTS

By Frank E. Wolfe

AT the end of the second year of the Wilson administration there are more unemployed in the United States than ever before. Of the working class one out of every five is either walking from place to place seeking work or sitting hopelessly, exhausted in the vain effort.

Estimates have run as high as five millions of disemployed workers in America during the winter. Despite the opening of spring work and a revival of building, there has been hardly perceptible diminution in the ranks of the jobless army.

This is not written for the purpose of casting aspersions on the Democratic administration. It is probably no better nor worse than the Republicans or the so-called Progressives would have made it. No one with a glimmer of understanding believed the pre-election promises of prosperity. Wilson was foredoomed in that respect. Each successive administration will have a more difficult time than its predecessors in this respect.

The approaching dissolution of the capitalist system will make it harder and harder for those whose

duty it will be to sit at the throttle of the archaic engine.

This is the hour for Socialist activities. There is but one solution for the problem before us—the socialization of the sources of life.

* * *

A LINE that sifts through, perhaps owing to inadvertancy or carelessness of censors, gives us a glimpse of the true situation of the labor troubles in England.

In a strike wherein the "leaders" were largely ignored, the engineers and shipyard workers on the Clyde and the Tyne, the coalheavers and stevedores on the Mersey have demanded more pay. These men declare speculators, grafters and war contractors are rolling up large fortunes in their profits on war munitions and goods handled, and that these manipulators have so advanced prices that the cost of living has so mounted that the purchase power of their wage has greatly diminished. They lacked the support of trade unions and of public sentiment, but they struck boldly and tied up commerce to such a degree that their demands were successful in many instances. The congestion became so great that Lord Kitchener grew alarmed and sent a sharp note to the secretary of the Dockers' Union in which he made a covert threat to use drastic measures at Liverpool.

Most of the capitalist newspapers unhesitatingly blame the workers and never give a thought to an investigation of causes. The London Daily Citizen, the "labor organ," is guarded in its remarks and smugly British in its style, but it does not retreat entirely, as it says:

"There are many who without a second thought would condemn such men off-hand and set down their conduct as simply an enormity. For ourselves, we should want to know first why any real wages grievance should in such circumstances be allowed to arise. If we found that the men had genuine ground for complaint—if, for instance, the real value of their earnings had been suddenly and largely cut down, while the necessity for their labor had suddenly and largely gone up; if they had applied in these circumstances for these things to be taken into con-

sideration; and if that application had been in effect refused, then we should say that the responsibility would lie on those who had given the refusal."

In the meantime the navvies who do not read the newspapers are going about their affairs and forcing the masters where their representatives in the



TOMMY (home from the front, to disaffected workman)—"What'd you think o' me, mate, if I struck for extra pay in the middle of an action? Well, that's what you've been doing." Punch, London.

WORKINGMAN—"I'd think maybe a glimmer o' light had soaked through your muddied brain an' you'd decided to let the masters who made the bally war come out an' fight it."

(Answer supplied by Western Comrade.)

House of Commons are met with the cold reply that war is war and that the Government can do nothing to bring down the cost of living.

It is cheering to know that these workers have stood fast under the pressure brought from all sides and that all the ballyhoo of the "patriotic" press has been of no avail.

American workers who go off on a wild tangent



at the sight of the flag or cheer themselves hoarse when some faking showman pulls the spread eagle and plays the "Star-Spangled Banner," might well take a leaf from the book of the dock wallopers of England.

* * *

CONSCRIPTION in England? Not yet, but soon. That is to say, no regular conscription under the name. That has not yet begun, but the coercion goes on with still greater vigor each week. The popular method is to urge employers to discharge their workers. Having made the men jobless and wanderers they try to starve and shame them into the army. The London newspaper advertisements go at it in this manner:

Have you a butler, a groom, a chauffeur, gardener or game keeper serving you who at this moment should be serving King and Country?

Have you a man serving at your table who should be serving a gun?

Have you a man digging your garden who should be digging trenches?

Have you a man driving a car who should be driving a transport wagon?

Have you a man preserving your game who should be helping to preserve your country?

A great responsibility rests on you. Will you sacrifice your personal convenience for your country's need?

Ask your men to enlist **today**.

The address of the nearest recruiting office can be obtained at any postoffice.

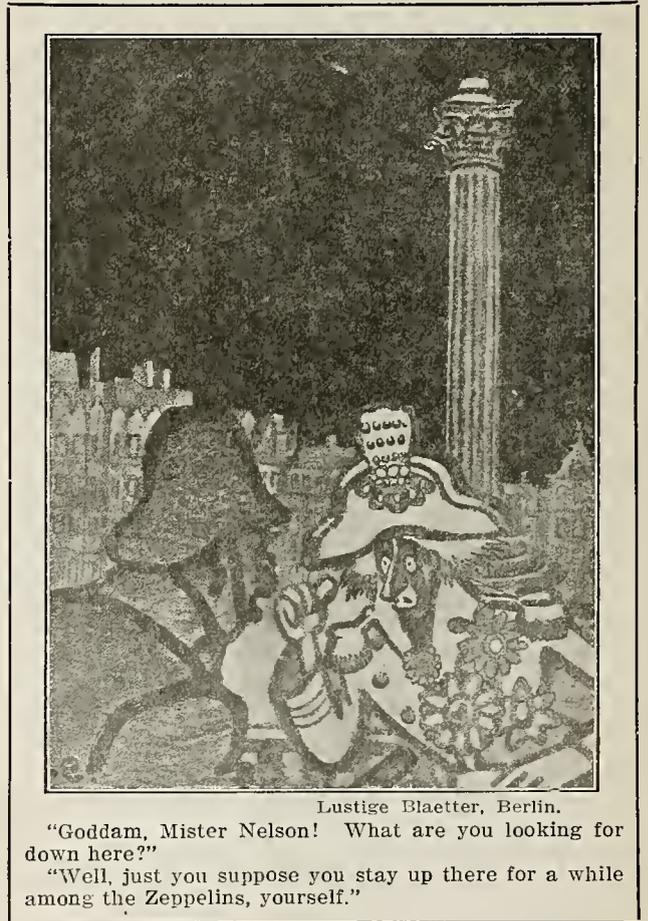
GOD SAVE THE KING.

There you have it: The "sacrifice" of the "personal convenience" of a duklet and his dukess is a godawful thing to contemplate, but probably it is one of the endurable horrors of war. Anyway the master class of Britain must come to it. England must win if the nobility has to shed every drop of blood in its servant's veins.

* * *

A GERMAN professor at Heidelberg has started a school for one-armed men and he is receiving a large number of applications as there has been many thousands amputations since the beginning of the war. The English aristocrats are meeting this

by providing a fund to purchase artificial arms and legs for the mutilated victims of the conflict. A British rebel has made bold to suggest that inasmuch as there have been 24,000 amputations the Secretary of State for War should have foreseen this necessity and supplied the knapsack kit of each Tommy Atkins with an extra arm. We respectfully submit



Lustige Blaetter, Berlin.

"Goddam, Mister Nelson! What are you looking for down here?"

"Well, just you suppose you stay up there for a while among the Zeppelins, yourself."

that it won't work. Why, right here in our own country Henry Dubb would balk if he caught sight of an extra leg.

* * *

"THE skirt is a neat blue and the coat of the same material is cut plain with a square back and both skirt and coat are edged with gold braid."

No, Hortense, this is not a fashion item. It's





war news hot from the cable from Glasgow, Scotland, where women are working as street car conductors. The company officials say they are honest, efficient and do not think of organizing or participating in labor agitations. These women are paid \$6.25 a week and their honesty is considered a valuable asset to the company.

In London (where also a woman's place is in the home) the telegraph department of the post-office is employing a large number of girls 15 and 16 years of age to act as messengers.

With Henry gone to the front, Henrietta Dubb steps right in and dividends are not seriously interrupted.

* * *

WHEN a bill was up before the New York State Senate the other day, which exempted the canneries of the State from the operations of the law limiting the hours of work for women, one Senator defended the bill on the ground that canning fruits is not work at all but a lighter and more enjoyable pastime than a city girl's dancing. Carry the news to the women and children of California who work in scores of canneries in the cities where they toil ceaselessly long dreary hours in miserable surroundings. The 8-hour law for women exempts canneries and the owners of these establishments are in many instances the most brutal and greedy set of Simon Legrees that ever coined the blood of children into dirty dollars. These are the men who resist every effort to amend the eight-hour law and they find ready support in the great Dubb family.

* * *

HERE we offer a bright gem, gleaned from the pages of that never ending source of amusement and joy to readers of light, airy literature, the Congressional Record.

This is a fragment of the anti-suffrage speech made by Representative Diaz of Texas. Need we say that Mr. Diaz is a member of the Ancient and Indurated Order of Ivorybeans, the Southern Democracy, sah? But to the sparkler of purest ray:

"Mr. Speaker, the man mind and the woman mind are essentially different. This organic dif-

ference has been accentuated by centuries of training and practice along different lines. The mind of man rather runs to prosaic reasoning, while the mind of woman is given to poetical idealism. It is inevitable that woman's natural bent of mind should incline her to Socialism, and nothing would set So-



New York Call.

"Woman's place is in the kitchen; if you take her out you will destroy her beautiful home life."—Observation of Henry Dubb, her husband, confirmed by Congressman Diaz in extract of his speech reprinted on this page.

cialism up in business as quickly as woman suffrage. The Socialist Party recognizes this and as a result are almost to a man for woman suffrage. And I can think of nothing worse that can happen to this republic than a reign of Socialism, unless it would be woman's abdication of her crown as the queen of the American home."



Hostages of War

By HOMER CONSTANTINE



WHO has looked at Rodin's wonderful group of citizens of Calais without a thrill of admiration for those early day hostages of war? The story of the heroism of those old patriots who went forth to give their lives if the supreme sacrifice be exacted has been re-enacted a hundred times during the present war.

Instances given here are taken from the recorded proclamations of German command as in Belgium. After warning the inhabitants of Namur that he had caused about 100 citizens of Ardennes to be shot as a vicarious atonement for the sins of snipers, Van Beulow's proclamation reads:

"French and Belgium soldiers must be surrendered as prisoners of war at the prison before 4 o'clock. Citizens who do not obey will be condemned to enforced labor for life in Germany.

"A rigorous inspection of houses will begin at 4 o'clock. Penalty for interference: death by shooting.

"The citizens who know where a store of arms is located must inform the Burgomaster, under penalty of enforced labor for life.

"Each street will be occupied by a German guard who will take ten hostages in each street, whom they will keep in custody. If any outrage is committed in the street, the ten hostages will be shot.

"Doors must not be locked, and at night after 8 o'clock three windows must be lighted in each house.

"It is forbidden to remain in the street after 8 o'clock. The people of Namur must understand that there is no greater nor more horrible crime than to endanger the existence of the city and the life of its inhabitants by attacks upon the German army."

At Grivegnée, Major Commandant Dieckmann issued a statement to the inhabitants in which he demanded certain hostages be delivered to be detained in twenty-four-hour shifts, and added:

"The life of these hostages will depend upon the population of the aforesaid communes remaining pacific under all circumstances.

"I will designate from the lists submitted to me the persons who will be detained as hostages from noon of one day to noon of the next day. If the substitute does not arrive in time, the hostage will remain another twenty-four hours. After this second period of twenty-four hours, the hostage incurs the penalty of death if the substitution is not made."

In order to protect the fair name of the German

soldiers who may have looked on women as the spoils of war, the following order was issued:

"Any one who by spreading false news prejudicial to the morale of the German troops or who by any means tries to take measures against the German army renders himself a suspect and incurs the risk of being shot immediately."

The true story of this invasion is too horrible to print. Looting and the rape of women is written on



every page and yet the invasion of Belgium and Western France is probably no more brutal or bestial than any other invasion of modern warfare.

The story of the horror of Poland where the semi-barbaric Cossacks have overrun the country would be more shocking than anything outside of the Turkish atrocities which began at the outset of the present hostilities in the Balkans.

These atrocities are not the result of any training, although the rules of modern militarism do not bear heavily upon the conquering soldiery. The cruel mar-

tyrdom of thousands of inoffensive peasants wherever troops of any country have invaded, indicates the temper of both Allies and members of the entente.

Systematic pillage and wholesale carnage mark the trail of the invaders. The excesses and licentious-

ness of officers and privates alike are almost unbelievable, and one shudders to think of the possibilities when invading Frenchmen whose homes have been wrecked and wives raped, shall sweep across the German domain.

Fighting to a Finish?

By HENRI LA FOUNTAINE

"TO a finish!" This is the unanimous cry of the belligerents! In Germany and in Austria, as in France, in England and in Belgium, the cry goes forth with a rare misunderstanding of what it means.

A fight to a finish! To the finish of what? Of militarism, will be the answer. But nobody reflects on the terrible sacrifices, the frightful massacres, the unheard-of ruin that this answer implies. Day by day the Allies repeat, with an enervating and disgusting monotony, a wearisome anthem like a litany: "Along the whole front a huge battle from the Swiss frontiers to the shores of Flanders, no notable change has been produced. The German attacks have been everywhere repulsed and considerable losses have been inflicted on them."

As to the losses of the Allies, they are hardly referred to. In reply to a member of Parliament, the British Government has recently admitted that in 75 days the "casualties," to use the English euphemism, amounted to 57,000. During the ten days of the battle of the Yser those of the Belgians were reckoned at 12,000. Competent military authorities estimate that, if the war should last for a year, 75 per cent of the soldiers will be killed or wounded.

It is estimated that at the present moment 20,000,000 men are under arms, and those who, in their wicked dream, wish for a fight to a finish, to the final exhaustion, to a collective suicide, are talking of levies en masse which would bring up the effective armies to 40,000,000 combatants destined to become 40,000,000 corpses or invalids.

It must finish some day, unless in their turn the mothers and daughters are armed, and already in London women have shouldered the rifle and are being trained for the impious work of death, they who are, by destiny and duty, the creators of life.

An end must be put to the young, the growing, and the adults in all the force of their experience and development. An end must be put to the savants, the thinkers, the highest intelligences, and the most brilliant artists. An end must be put to civilization, progress, inventions, and beauty. An end must be put to the age-long madness of men in loving and trusting. An end must be put to shining prospects and splendid

hopes. Under the impassive stars and the triumphant sun, an end must be put to the human race. That is the real meaning of the fatalistic cry which is hypnotizing the world! Indeed, if in presence of the hor-



A Place in the Shadow.

rid spectacle of muddy trenches filled with putrefying corpses and wounded men awaiting tetanus and gangrene, humanity does not rise and shout, in an access of clear-sighted madness, "Enough, enough!" it had better come to an end.

Better that the earth unencumbered with the dwellings of men, freed from the criminal multitudes who, thirsting for blood and murder, abuse it with their shells, delivered from the frightful cacophony of their war-cries mingled with the deafening roar of cannons and the crackling of the mitrailleuses, better that the earth roll inert and verdant, inhabited by birds and filled with their songs, in the vast spaces restored to their eternal calm.—The Public.

California Ground Hogs

By EDWARD P. E. TROY

UNEMPLOYMENT and the poverty and distress it brings to hundreds of thousands throughout the land are recognized as a grave element of danger to our country. "The Government must give every man a job," is the remedy proposed by some. "Charity" is the cure-all of others. Yet "jobs" that would enable every idle person in the whole nation to gain a decent living lie all about us out of doors in California. God has given us the land on which to make our living, but man-made laws enable a few to prevent us from gaining access to it. In every county in California thousands, and in many counties hundreds of thousands, of acres of fertile land are being held out of use.

Although the land area of the State is one hundred millions of acres, the census bureau reports that only twenty-eight millions are in farms, of which not half or less than eleven and one-half million acres are improved. A few great speculators own practically all of the rest of the arable land.

The Southern Pacific Company is probably the largest speculator. It owns about ten million acres in this State. The report of the state forester shows it to possess nearly a million acres of forests, or 18 per cent of all of the timber land in California. Miller & Lux is another great land monopolist. The assessment rolls show it to own 700,000 acres in four counties of the San Joaquin Valley. It is reputed to own over a million acres in California, and thirteen million acres in other states. In addition it controls many more millions of acres by claiming all of the water in the San Joaquin and other rivers. Litigation is its most potent weapon in preventing the use of these waters by any farmer.

Of the total farm area in California 17,300,000 acres are in "farms" of over one thousand acres, being owned by 4693 persons. The farms of less than 100 acres are owned by 53,819 persons, and comprise but 1,579,727 acres. Thus 5 per cent of the "farmers" own 61 per cent of the farm land, while 61 per cent of the farmers own but 6 per cent of all of the farm land in California.

The Census shows the value of farm land in California to have increased \$686,750,488, or more than double, in the past 10 years, although the area in farms decreased 900,000 acres. This increase, at 5 per cent interest, means an annual charge of \$15.00 against every person in the state, which must be paid for in "higher cost of living."

During the past year I have had an opportunity of making a practical study of land monopoly in all parts of the state, in my work of investigating land ownership, assessments and taxation in more than 40 counties of California, in behalf of the Home Rule in Taxation League.

Land of all kinds in California—farming, timber and speculative—is rapidly coming under the ownership of a few persons, because our tax laws heavily fine and punish those who develop and improve the country, while they give a bonus or reward to the speculators who hold the land idle and do nothing to improve it.

A group of farmers will settle in a neighborhood, erect buildings, set out trees, plant alfalfa, bring horses, cattle, pigs, chickens, farming implements and other personal property on their land, build good roads, establish schools, churches, places of amusements, and—immediately their taxes are increased. At the same time the large owner who has no improvements, finds his taxes reduced by these very improvements of the farmers, because they have added so much more property to the total assessed value of the county.

In different counties of the state I had assessors tell me that one farmer was assessed more than his neighbor because he was an industrious man, who took good care of his orchard, and made more money off it than the other. One assessor in the south, when I pointed out to him that the assessment on some orange trees had been cut in half two years ago, while others were not reduced, said: "That farmer smudged his trees, and saved his crop." He could not see that he was punishing the industry of the farmer.

In Siskiyou County on the Oregon border, I found the Central Pacific Railroad to be assessed for 665,000 acres, and its tax to average less than 7 cents per acre. The Walkers are assessed for 100,000 acres of timber land and pay a tax of 12 cents per acre. Farmers with improved land pay from 4 to 20 times as much taxes per acre as these monopolists. Attorney B. K. Collier, of Yreka, recognizing how our tax laws prevent the growth of his community, said: "Our tax system is wrong. The root of any tax system is. Do not tax energy."

In Shasta County the Central Pacific is assessed for 324,000 acres, and pays less than 8 cents per acre in taxes. The Walkers are a close second. In the Anderson Valley I found a farmer, C. L. Bouk, to have 20 acres, assessed for \$800, which, with his improvements

and personal property, made his taxes average \$2.27 per acre. A neighbor, adjoining, has 20 acres, unimproved, assessed the same as his land, on which the tax averages but 84 cents per acre. This is a clear instance of the tax system punishing thrift, and rewarding the speculator.

In Tehama County the railroad also has the largest acreage and pays less than 8 cents per acre taxes. Farmers pay \$1.00, \$2.00 and more per acre. One, Georgiana Tidrick, having 10 acres at Corning, pays a tax averaging \$4.16 per acre.

In Butte County the railroad, again the largest owner, by keeping its land undeveloped, pays the smallest tax—8 cents per acre. Many large timber interests are similarly taxed. In this county is a considerable orange belt subdivided into small holdings. Practically all of them have a total assessment two or three times as great as the land value. F. R. Frick's land is assessed for \$150 and his trees and other improvements \$1000. His tax is increased sixfold because of his industry.

Over the Tehachapi, the difference between the idler

and the worker is greater than in the North. In San Bernardino County the Southern Pacific is assessed for 642,000 acres of land, which it keeps as a desert, causing its tax to average 2 1-3 cents per acre. Redlands, Highlands and San Bernardino Districts, comprising one and one-half per cent of the land area, have to pay most of the taxes of that county. I found the average tax paid by a large number of these farms to be from \$17 to \$20 per acre, and many of them are paying \$30, \$40 and even \$50 per acre in taxes (not the assessment) each year.

The Imperial Valley was known as a desert up to a short time ago, and was largely owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad. The muddy waters of the Colorado River are now making its lands world-famous for their fertility. The assessor of that county told me that it is his rule to assess the raw valley land \$15 to \$20 per acre. When the sand dunes are leveled, which cost from \$10 to \$80 per acre, the assessment is raised to \$40 per acre. When alfalfa is planted, \$5 are added to the assessment. And this is all as is required by our tax laws.

How to Preach

By G. E. MORAY

STUDY the Bible. Then read up on the history of Jesus. Follow His example until you come into danger of being crucified, but be careful to avoid meeting His fate.

Remember that Christ was rewarded with a glorious crucifixion, but you will want to be rewarded with a good salary.

Never take your mind off of that question of how to get the salary. Preachers like money as well as other folks. Be sure to get all that comes your way.

Do not follow Christ's example alone. Study the sermons of other **successful** preachers too—such men as Spurgeon, Talmage, Cuyler, Joseph Smith, Dowie, Sam Jones and Billy Sunday.

Copy the methods used by the most successful soul-savers. Especially such eminent divines as Sunday, who knows the game from A to Z. Bear in mind that he not only saves plenty of souls, but also gets possession of lots of coin. Nothing but supreme ability and sanctification can enable a man to kill both these birds with the same stone.

In copying Rev. Sunday's methods it will be well to endeavor to improve upon them. Careful training is necessary. The following points are especially valuable:

Study the language of the gutter. Nothing is quite so impressive or effective in the pulpit. To learn this language you should associate regularly with gun-

men, crooks, prostitutes and all manner of toughs. You will find your contact with them very enjoyable. Nothing is quite so picturesque and convincing as the epithets they make frequent use of.

Practice circus gymnastics. Almost any circus will give you a free trial and take you over the country with it if you possess sufficient adaptability. Also learn to be a first-class clown.

As a useful daily exercise, practice standing on your left ear, wiggling your nose violently, then folding your arms and locking your feet together jump six feet into the air, and, landing upon your right ear, turn a triple somersault, with a big grin on your face, and spring to your feet, yelling; "I will fight the race tracks and whist clubs from hell to a good hot breakfast."

When varying the exercises, hit yourself on the head with a big stick, make cries like a kangaroo, throw a baseball at the prettiest girl you see in the audience, slide to base all over the aisle, tear your hair out by armfuls, and call the members of the Young Ladies' Shakespeare Club a "bunch of hollow-chested, four-flushing, wobble-legged heifers."

Other appropriate exercises will probably suggest themselves to you. If not, go to the nearest insane asylum and learn the latest movements, and get a line on the conversation used by the inmates. After five or six years, you will be able to save souls—and coin.

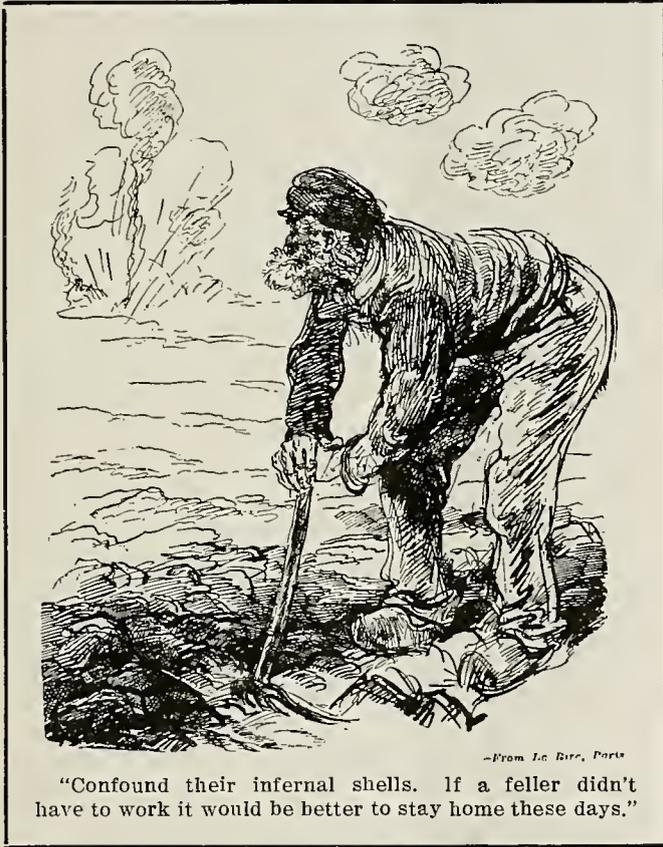
Dieu Et Mon Droit!

By FRANK H. WARE

WHERE are the minstrels of war?
Why are there no more heroic songs to inspire men to greater deeds of valor?

Has the howitzer and the pom pom destroyed all romance?

Americans fought and won that sweet, sticky conflict, the sugar trust "war," in Cuba, to a silly and sensual negro song that was amorously suggestive. The United States despoiled Mexico while its soldiers



sang sentimental slush with a refrain that ran "Green Grows the Rashies, Oh."

Now the British sing a catchy but cheap music hall ditty about a "sweetest girl" in Tipperary.

But there is hope. Now that the green shereef is flung to the breezes and the Aegean sea swarms with hostile ships of unbelievers, the line will be drawn and Moslem and Christian will come into grips with prayers and invocations of curses to strange gods.

"Allah il Allah! God is with us because we are true believers," says the Mohammedan Dervish.

"God is on the side of right!" shouts the Christian chaplain.

"Desus in adjutorium meum intende!" chants the priest.

God punish the Moslems!

They all pray to different gods. Yet each god is a god of war.

There is something picturesque in these claims of God's help, but the songs are peurile.

May we offer a suggestion for our side?

Let all of our Christian allies sing some of the standard hymns for Soldiers of Christ.

Of course they can sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," but as a diversion we suggest this one taken from that sterling volume never out of reach, the parochial hymn book:

Arm for the deadly fight
Earth and hell unite,
And swear in lasting bonds to bind us,
Raise the cross on high,
Jesus is our cry,
With Jesus still the foe shall find us.

There is inspiration to great deeds of valor in those lines. "Hot Time in the Old Town," forsooth!

But here is another one we can highly commend to the Christian soldier marching on to war. The watchword of this one is "For God and the Right!"

Christians, to the war!
Gather from afar.
Hark! Hark! the word is given;
Jesus bids us fight
"For God and the right,"
And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven!

That will drive terror to the hearts of those dogs of Moslems!

But when cannons are booming and bombs bursting and machine guns spitting a gay hail of bullets into the thick ranks of a charging enemy, raking them down in heaps, a suggestion comes from Gospel Hymns which could be sung in time with the turning of the machine gun handle. This one should be rendered by a standing choir.

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

"Tipperary" is tomfoolery in the sight of this.

Let's win the holy war by fighting it out on its merits.

Onward and upward, aviators of Abraham!

Onward and downward, submarines of the Saints!

March on, militia of Moses!

Full steam ahead! Forward with God!

The Stalker

By A. F. GANNON



A BIRD-CALL in the deepening twilight close to the open window of his shack awoke Bonchar from a tense-nerved, fitful sleep. He sprang to his feet. The irony of the actuality to his awakening fancy that he was a boy again in the big woods of Michigan made him recoil as from a physical blow. About him were the tall, sombre pines, but they were of the Sierra Nevadas, and a lapse of many years, strewn with the debris of dreams, lay between the clean-minded boy of the Upper Peninsula, who joyed in the life of the open and knew its super-secrecies, and the present booze-bespotted creature. To him the click of celluloid chips was sweeter than the twitter of nestlings, and the aroma arising from the newly sprinkled floor of Strongarm Jim's mountain groggery was more acceptable than the entrancingly fresh odor of a morning after rain.

He had only meant to lie down for a few breath-getting moments after gaining his cabin ere striking into the wild toward Nevada. Now perhaps a precious hour was lost. Damn whisky, anyhow!

Higginbottom, the burly logger who took in his woman, Louise, when she fled after her last beating, was dead; of that he had no doubt. Had he not seen him crumple noiselessly in the chair on the opposite side of the green baise gambling table after the shot? That was well, at any rate—pursuit or no pursuit.

With febrile, accurate movements he strapped a full cartridge belt about his slender waist, slipped a loaded six-gun into his holster and donned his Stetson and a heavy mackinaw coat. From the corner at the head of his bunk he snatched a rifle and an instant later crossed the clearing before his cabin and entered the heavy wood. His nerves tingled for a touch of the whisky he had damned a few moments before.

AS he made his way quickly along in the growing dark he ruminated on the possibility of his escape. The posse no doubt already formed at the big flume company's camp would, he thought contemptuously, search for him on main traveled roads or some of the trails leading to the valley. Jacques Lorrillard, the French-Indian deputy from the foothills, was the one man whom he feared. Bonchar knew that the telephone would summon him to the scene of the murder as fast as horseflesh and a vicious quirt could bring him. That he was not surprised in his

drunken sleep he ascribed to the fear of the hangers-on about the groggery, for the integrity of their own cowardly hides, and the fact that Strongarm Jim, himself an avowed friend and sympathizer, had probably diplomatically headed off any such action in order to give him a good start. Little help from that quarter he knew would be given Jacques on his arrival, although a seemly respect for the law would require that he be notified of the incident by phone.

Jacques was known far and wide in the hills as The Stalker, because of the animal-like pertinacity and cunning of his pursuit and the fact that he always brought back his man—or a gruesome voucher that he had found his quarry. It was the half-breed's ready boast that, given a hot scent, he always took the trail alone, afoot and unhampered save for the knife and pistol ever at his belt.

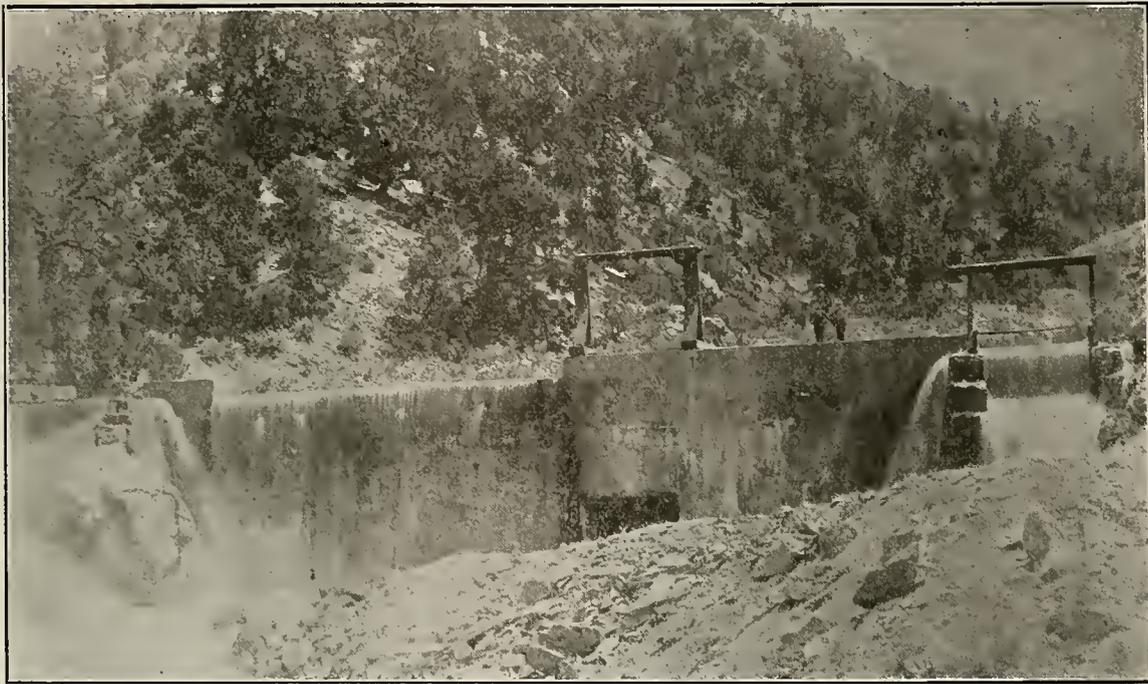
Bonchar recalled the case of Joe Friday, a Digger Indian who had killed his squaw a year before. Far better, he thought, to fall beneath the death-dealing impact of a creature of fury and fangs or a pellet of lead than that he should return again such a broken imbecile, as was the hunted Indian, to the haunts of men and the hands of the law.

Damn the whisky for that lost hour!

WORN out and with nerves acquiver, the gambler cast himself down in a covert of brush. It was late in the night. The shrill, woman-like scream of a distant mountain lion awakened him in a panic. Though it was yet dark, the dull touch of gray atop the far-off eastern peaks warned him of dawn. At a rivulet he drank greedily, allaying the nausea of his whisky-parched stomach, and then laved his face and head in the cooling waters. The first pangs of returning hunger assailed him after he had traveled for an hour. It was now light. About him scurried and flew the animate life that could assuage it, but he dared not shoot. A handful of wild berries and some edible leaves answered for his first meal.

At mid-day a too-inquisitive ground squirrel and a well aimed pebble furnished his second repast. Though the raw meat was not overly palatable, for a fire was out of the question, it heartened him considerable. In pocketing his pen knife he felt his well filled wallet. This he hurriedly withdrew and opening it counted the contents. Four hundred and eighty dollars! If he could only cross the range without mo-

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Diversion dam built by Llano del Rio colonists on Mescal Creek. Water is diverted from each side of the dam and this will flow into natural reservoirs to north and south of the dam.

Colonists Celebrate May Day



WHEN the spring planting is finished at the Llano del Rio Colony and the community has rounded out its first year, there will be a grand celebration. This will take the form of a May Day Festival and Reunion of the Socialists of Southern California.

Completion of planting spring crops does not mean the cessation of work, however, as there are thousands of acres that must be cleared and prepared for planting permanent crops, such as alfalfa and fruit trees.

Then there is the first industrial plant which is held awaiting the hands of the men who are so busily engaged in preparing and planting. This plant will be set up in a few weeks. The motive power, at least in part, will be steam, but gasoline engines doubtless will be used. A large steam engine and boiler will be the first heavy machinery set up. This will be used for the modern steam laundry and the dairy, and to run the other machinery.

The industrial building will house the shoe machinery, the planing mill, the printing plant and the machine shop. A large gasoline engine has been added

to the power plant, and with it a big lathe, a drill press, a planer, shaper and other equipment of a modern machine shop.

Arrangements are being made to establish an ice plant, knitting mills, a tannery, a cannery, a motion picture factory and other enterprises of a productive nature.

There are about 75 acres in the colony's garden and this department is working in excellent form under the management of an expert who declares the division will produce a great quantity of food stuff from this time henceforth.

There will be certain acreage set aside each year for experimental purposes. Those who have this work in hand declare they will be able to produce almost everything that the soil produces at any place.

A new pool has been completed at the fish hatchery and about 60,000 rainbow trout will soon find their home in this water. The pool is thirty feet wide, one hundred and twenty feet long and three feet deep. Additional pools of a similar size will be constructed later on. The line connecting the pool with the main stream is about 120 yards long and forms an attractive brook.

Living quarters in the big stone fish hatchery have

Merry Masquerader



Miss Gladys Cassidy was a charming Pierrette. Edwin Thomas was Pierrot and this couple made a pleasing impression by their graceful dancing.



Group of masqueraders in front of the Llano Reeslund, Miss Gladys Cassidy, Elizabeth Richardson, and Frank Harper, Florence Cederstrom, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Spencer, Leonard A. Heffner, Mrs. James, Miss Elinor Richards, and Miss Marachio, per, Evelyn Keough, Charles Earle and Mrs.



Llano Yaquis. Left to right—Ray Keough, Mrs. Cederstrom and Mrs. Harper. Mrs. Cederstrom's disguise as a squaw with papoose was the most baffling of the evening and her identity was a mystery.



Baby
H. H. H.

at the Colony Ball



Miss Florence Cederstrom and Frank P. McMahon as Turkish girl and Omar the Tentmaker. Omar's costume was a triumph in wardrobe work.

uh. Top row, left to right—Ray Keough, George
Jessie Richardson, Kate Heffner, Mrs. Keough
Lower row—Miss
Frank P. McMahon,
erstrom, Miss Dona
ooke, Miss Francis
hite, W. A. Engle,
, Horace Farmer
eated—Irene Har-
idre Fremont, Mrs.
s. McMahon.



Pierrots and Pierrettes. Left to right—George Reeslund, Miss Elizabeth Richardson, Miss Gladys Cassidy and Miss Jessie Richardson. This quartette formed a most pleasing and attractive group.



ss as
elf

been improved. The orchard has been cleared and the trees pruned. Alfalfa fields at the hatchery grounds are being irrigated and everything put into ship-shape for the summer. A garden has been put in and this mountain resort bids fair to be a popular retreat for the colonists.

The poultry department is proving a greater success



Fattening Pens at the Colony Rabbitry Where Hundreds of Hares Are Fed.

than had been anticipated. With the addition of 1500 chicks this division has nearly 2500 fowls. These are selected for egg-making purposes, and they are producing in a manner that is highly satisfactory to all.

One of the most delightful evening's entertainments since the colony was founded, was the occasion of the first masquerade and dance given at the Llano club house in April. The affair was planned by the amusement committee, composed of Mrs. Rose Cederstrom, Miss Gladys Cassidy and Ray Keough. S. S. Stewart acted as master of ceremonies and the music was supplied by the colony orchestra, headed by D. C. Copley. He was assisted by Messrs. Brainerd, Engle, Schnitzer, Mrs. Cederstrom and others. Prizes were given for the best costumes and best sustained characters. All of the costumes for the evening's celebration were made in the colony and many of them were beautiful and all were a tribute to the versatility and ability of the colony women.

The winner of the first prize for the best costume and sustained character went to Miss Florence Cederstrom as "Queen of the Harem" and her honors were divided with Miss Dona Spencer as a gypsy maiden.

The prize for the best sustained character and costumed couple went to Ray Keough and Mrs. Frank Harper, who were garbed as "Llano Yaquis." Keough acted his part, as did his companion, in excellent and convincing style. Their costumes were well designed and Mrs. Harper made an ideal Indian maiden—lithe, tall and graceful.

Harry Thomas and William Schnitzer, both of whom

were unmasked, kept every one guessing throughout the evening as to their identity. They won the prizes for the singles and added greatly to the merriment of the occasion. Both appeared as Ethiopians and as Scipio Africanus and the Congo Coon convulsed all hearers from time to time with their wit.

Among other costumes which were notable was that of Miss Kate Heffner, who was given honorable mention and who appeared as the soldier lassie.

Bert Engle, as a red button Chinese mandarin, had everyone guessing.

Charles McKay, as a Gibson girl, probably caused more laughter than anyone during the evening. Horace Farmer as a "middy girl," mystified even his closest associates.

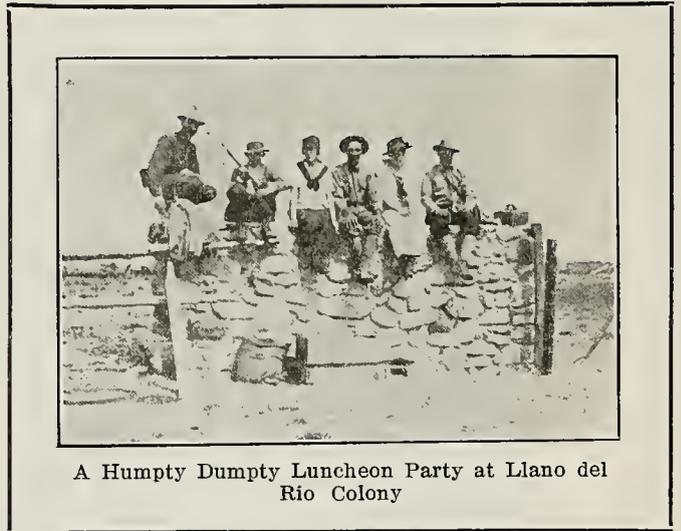
Miss Eleanor Richards as Mary Jane was most charming, but she hardly deceived her friends.

Frank P. McMahon appeared as the Sultan of Turkey and Mrs. McMahon received many compliments and congratulations on her skill in wardrobe work, for she executed a beautiful piece of costuming with bright silks and satins.

Little Irene Harper and Evelyn Keough were favorites with all in their beautiful bright costumes as golden butterflies.

Miss Gladys Cassidy was a charming Pierette and as she danced with Edwin Thomas as Pierrot, the couple attracted much attention for gracefulness of manner.

The Misses Richardson, also in clown costume, were



A Humpty Dumpty Luncheon Party at Llano del Rio Colony

bewitching in their beauty and grace, and dancing together resembled spotted fawns more than the usual clumsy clown that wears this costume.

Among other costumes of the evening was that of Charlotte Earle, as a "baby"; Mrs. McMahon, as a "milkmaid"; George Mehr, a "Chinese"; Frank Har-



Mrs. Frank Harper as Indian Maiden. She, with Ray Keough, won first prize for best sustained characters of the evening.

per, a "cowboy"; Mrs. Ray Keough, a "cowgirl"; Miss Corrinne Leslie, a "Spanish dancer"; Leonard A. Cooke, as a "Johnny from Broadway"; George Milligan as "a bathing girl"; Bert Roland, a "blanket stiff"; Dan Leslie, a "soubrette"; Jenny Leslie, a "rag doll"; Miss Rose Powers, "Red Riding Hood"; John Leslie, an "Italian prince"; Miss Ethelwyn Stevens, a "Giesha girl"; Mrs. James White, "Chinese princess"; Miss Frances Heffner, "Irish peasant girl"; Mrs. Charles Earl, "German peasant"; Meyer Elkins, a "Servian prince." Mrs. Rose Cedarstrom, as a squaw, had the most puzzling costume of the evening and was not recognized even by the members of her family, until the hour came for unmasking.

The revelry lasted far into the night, and marked the best night's amusement since the colony began. Sunday morning, when the revelers appeared in the bright sunlight for the benefit of the photographer, an intensely amusing incident occurred. A man who has long known the Antelope Valley, but had not heard of the colony, drove his auto with his family down through the new town of Llano. His amazement was great at the sight of the bungalows and tents, but his astonish-

ment and that of the others was boundless when he reached the spot just in front of the elub house.

The masquers had just started an impromptu dance and the bright colors of their costumes and glint of the tinsel caught the rays of the morning sun. The traveler stopped his machine and all gazed in wonderment until the man caught sight of an acquaintance, and he shouted:

"Hey! Stanley! Where in — am I? I thought I was on the road to Victorville."

The answer was: "You are on the road to Victorville, but you're going to stop here and learn something." And within a few minutes the traveler's children were mingling with the colony kids and having the time of their young life.

There will be a bond election within a few days for the purpose of voting for bonds for a new school house in the Llano district. Trustee Leslie has had the affair in charge. Five thousand dollars will be voted for the purpose of building the first school. There are now seventy pupils, and they are arriving at the rate of about eight per week. The trustees have decided to move the schoolrooms into three large tents for the summer. It is expected the new school house will be ready for the fall term.

Thousands upon thousands of young trees in the colony nursery make a beautiful sight as they send up their tender foliage above the surface in long straight rows. This is a sight to gladden the eyes of all visitors. One can readily visualize the luscious fruits that some day will grow on those trees now so fresh and so tender.

The colony dairy cows showed a slight falling off in output during three weeks following the dehorning of the entire herd. They are coming back to their former good condition and the manager of that division reports a steady increase in the output.

Hundreds of acres of grain have been planted during the past few weeks, and more is to follow. Next year large acreage of the wild lands now being planted in grain will be put in alfalfa.

W. A. Engle and S. S. Stewart are in charge of the water department of the colony. Engle as secretary of the Big Rock Creek Irrigation District is actively engaged in looking after the affairs of that important organization. He brings the water to the land and it is up to Stewart to distribute it.

Chief Engineer Earle E. Glass has been busily engaged in surveying and platting the second division of the City of Llano. He is in need of an assistant and the first engineer who joins the colony has a place awaiting him both at the draughting desk and in the field. It is likely one of the several applicants for this place will be accepted.

Disemployment, Crime, Slaughter!

TELLING the truth hurts business. This is especially true if your business is publishing a magazine or newspaper. When the present management took possession of this magazine, two full page bank ads added to the appearance and exchequer. Two editorials drove them from our midst. The truth about the banking system was distasteful to our customers. We have not ads for firearms. If we had we would

"It is an advertisement of the Savage automatic. We give the name of the gun because we want the people to know who it is that can be so vicious.

"This advertisement typifies capitalism. It epitomizes the philosophy of capitalism. It is just as brutal as capitalism, AND IT EXPOUNDS THE REMEDY OF CAPITALISM!

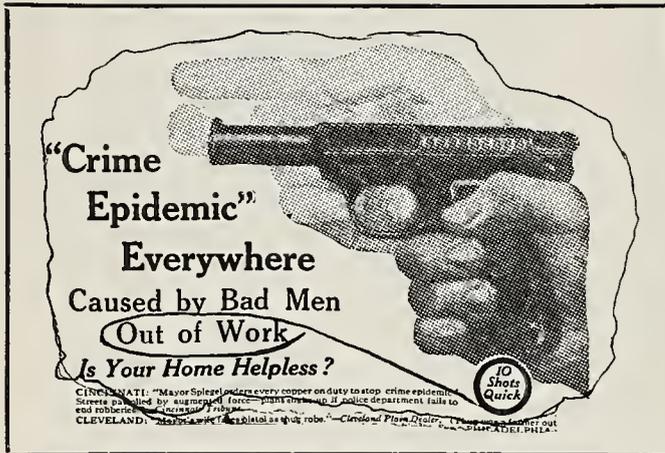
"Unemployment; crime epidemic; TEN SHOTS QUICK!

"Savage is the name of the gun. Savage the advertising that exploits it. Savage is the system that gives it its opportunity.

"But the advertisement does more than expound a brutal philosophy. It tells the deadly truth. Unemployment does make crime. Unemployment drives people to desperation. It makes them hungry and cold and they take desperate measures to get food and warmth.

"Then comes the Savage. Give them ten shots quick. Kill the hungry men. Shoot the freezing wretch. What do you think of that kind of talk?

"And now just a word about magazines that print such advertisements. Write to the advertising manager of the magazines and tell them that you do not like that kind of advertising. Tell him what your opinion of it is. Tell him that the hideous savagery and brutality is too ugly and too murderous to find a place in your home."



print this picture just the same. The picture and the editorial following are here reproduced by courtesy of the New York Call.

"The picture printed here is a portion of a revolver advertisement.

Truth About Mexico

AT LAST some light is being shed on the Mexican situation. John Kenneth Turner is writing a powerful series of articles for the Appeal to Reason in which he is giving the inside history of the struggle during the past four years. Turner has ruthlessly stripped the mask from Villa and shown him in his true light as an unconscionable faker and a fraud. Many radical Americans have had faith in Villa because of the printed reports of the determination to free the land and stop the exploitation of the agrarian workers. Turner has gathered a vast amount of facts about Mexico and believes there is imminent danger that the United States may soon be plunged into war with the southern country—that we shall attack Mexico "in self defense" in much the same manner as Germany attacked France and Belgium in self defense last summer. The writer challenges the sincerity of Woodrow Wilson and declares there are unmistakable signs that there are preparations for war with Mexico. President Wilson is charged with aiding Villa and

spurning Carranza. Turner points out that the Constitutional party holds the men who are really men of importance in the revolutionary movement. Such men as Antonio Villareal, Obregon and L. Guiterrez de Lara are standing firm with Carranza and if Wall Street's pleas for aid to Villa should go unheeded there would soon be an end to the reign of terror in northern Mexico. Turner attributes most of the danger to the American people in regard to the Mexican situation to a venal press and the secret diplomacy of the Wilson administration. Socialists need not be told of the venality of the American press. That is an old story to them. That an invasion of Mexico would be disastrous alike to democratic movement in both countries no one can doubt. The Turner articles should be read with care by all Socialists and all should be prepared to act. Agitation and publicity on the part of the Socialists and the radical press undoubtedly has prevented intervention in the past. Prompt action may again save us.—F. E. W.

Booze and Revolution

By KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

PROHIBITION has not reduced the sale of liquor, but if the ruling class can succeed in cutting down drinking by liquor legislation, will it speed the coming revolution?

Most assuredly!

Sobriety means efficiency, and "efficiency" movements have in all ages been the incubators in which revolutions were hatched.

The ruling class has always desired more efficient slaves. They bred them up to be more efficient, and then found that efficiency in producing wealth also produced a desire on the part of the slave to enjoy more. In order to secure more, the slaves revolted.

The onward march of efficiency has produced a race of workers that seems to approach Nietzsche's "superman." Men who conquer earth and air and sea, who subdue time and space and natural forces, will hardly be satisfied by a slave's hut, a serf's cot, or a modern city slum. When that efficient worker has built a world of beauty, comfort and luxury, he will not stop at the puny gates of private property with which the ruling class would shut him out of the Paradise he has created, but he will use the same efficiency with which he built the gates to hammer them down again.

The ruling class wishes sober workers to create more wealth for them, revolutionists need sober men to organize the workers to demand and secure the wealth they have created. A man whose brain is pickled in whisky is of little value to the ruling class, and he is of inestimably less value to the working class. Efficiency oils the wheels of revolution.

Of course John D. Rockefeller does not realize the fact, but it is true nevertheless that the Hookworm Commission he is supporting in the South is doing more for the revolutionary awakening in Dixie than anything

God bless you, John! We are with you. You know, John, that you and the hookworms can't both feed on the same "cracker" at the same time, and we Socialists know that hookworms in the tummy and revolutionary thoughts in the brain cannot exist in the same man at the same time. You eliminate the hookworms, Johnny, and we will put the revolutionary thoughts where they will produce results. An efficient man is a rebellious man. And anything that raises the efficiency of the working class will speed the Revolution.

Get busy, you middle-class foes of booze! We guarantee that if you can keep men sober, we will organize them for revolution.

The Slaves

By MARGUERITE HEAD

A vast, pervading multitude, they walk
Throughout the earth with weary, solemn tread;
They live—but lo! before my ken there flock
The greater legions of the ages' dead,
Who passing by in vision, seem to mock
Our lines of battle and our lines of bread.

The slaves of centuries, despised, reviled—
These spectre millions make their anguished moan
In pleading accents: "We were once beguiled
Like you who live; alas! had we but known
Our latent power, we had lived and smiled
Through virile years to reap where we had sown.

"Because of ignorance we were oppressed;
We did not reck the heart-destroying price
Our babes must pay for our accursed bequest
Of bondage, poverty, disease and vice,
Or we had risen with a conquering zest
To build for them, instead, a paradise.

"Shall ye, too, leave a heritage of blight
To curse your sons and daughters with your woe?
Nay, seek to learn that ye may give them light
To set their souls with love and truth aglow,
And dissipate this dark night
That they its horrors nevermore may know."

The dream is sped; the great remorseful throng
Have ceased lamenting, and the voice is still.
The nameless host who drudged through eons long—
Their unmarked graves the dust of every hill—
Exploited, driven low by want and wrong,
Have all succumbed to one swift Reaper's will.

The serfs of ages!—working, fighting, dead!
The earth is tarnished with the scarlet stain
Of martyred toilers—Oh, the stain is red!
Hark! ye who bound men down for sordid gain
And know that while your victims toiled and bled,
Your souls were branded with the guilt of Cain!

The Silent Souls in the Ranks

By EUGENE V. DEBS

THESE are many great hearts, splendid spirits, heroic souls in the Socialist Movement. One has but to think of these to find solace in the sorest trial.



The names of most of these are barely known. They suffer in silence and almost with joy for the cause. Their names are never in print. They do not seek office; they give, but do not receive applause.

They give but little and yet they give much, for they give their all. They know only how to give and do for the cause. They think of nothing else and least of all of themselves.

These are Socialists and of these is the Socialist Movement.

These silent comrades never dispute about anything, but their hand can be seen in everything. They make no noise, although they are constantly at work doing the things that others argue about and split hairs over. It is because of this nameless and fameless host that the Socialist Movement is fire-proof, bullet-proof and lightning-proof. Nothing can greatly injure it, or more than momentarily halt its march to victory.

My hat is off to these comrades of the rank and file who seek nothing of the Movement but the chance to serve it with all their hearts. When I think of them my heart leaps; hope is renewed, confidence strengthened and doubt vanishes.

The other day two of the comrades, brothers, crossed a mountain in snowshoes, a distance of twenty-five miles, to attend a meeting in Idaho. Still another comrade walked forty miles across a higher range to attend the same meeting.

Think of that!

Those who usually talk about making sacrifices for the cause know not the meaning of sacrifice.

They who really make sacrifices never talk about them.

Leaders may and often do disrupt a movement, but never make one. The rank and file create always, but never destroy.

The men and women, the boys and girls who are building up the Socialist Movement and putting their hearts and souls into it, are the greatest people in the world. They are making it possible for future generations "to rise on their dead selves as stepping stones" to the kingdom of light and love.

Inocuous First-Aid Bullets

By ARTHUR E. MACDONALD

A NEW bullet has been invented. A bullet which, it is claimed, will save thousands of lives and mitigate the suffering on the battlefields of future wars. Already there has been much agitation for its adoption.

You get it? We must have wars. Capitalism and God have decreed it. "Men shall cry, 'Peace, peace!' and there shall be no peace." We must go on shooting our fellows. But let us do it without making them suffer; without killing them.

This bullet has two annular grooves, the first of which is filled with a narcotic to deaden the pain, and the second with an antiseptic to cleanse the hole, check the flow of blood and speed the healing.

Then the wounded men can return to the firing line to be shot again and may possibly acquire a liking for the painless, harmless operation. It would be a simple matter to add a drug of the "habit-forming" variety to induce men to be more eager for a second "shot" of it.

It is a foregone conclusion that this bullet which is so efficient" and capitalistically "economic," which so "conserves" the supply of bullet stoppers for future

use, will find much favor with those interested in increasing the output of the munitions of war.

To quote: "There is enough anesthetic in the bullet so that a wound even in a vital part will cause little shock to the nervous system." So writes one enthusiast in describing this latest addition to civilized warfare. "Nervous system" is appropriate, surely! Yet it is doubtful if the writer really meant that "the recipients of the humane missiles" must of necessity be ones without brains. But (whisper it) isn't that the natural conclusion to which one would come when thinking of them and this new "twilight sleep" bullet?—always excepting those who have ulterior reasons for inaugurating its use. Nervous systems! Haw!

The new invention has been offered to all nations now at war and to the United States Government. We sincerely hope the latter government, if it does elect to adopt this life-saving bullet, will not put in a joker to the effect that the old-fashioned, permanent-sleep kind are to be continued for use in quelling strikes and—oh, we beg your pardon. But, really, you know, altruistic bullets are almost too-much.

An Appeal For Peace

By CHESTER M. WRIGHT

SOME day the world must listen to the first cries for peace and know them to be genuine. Else here can come no peace.

War cannot always continue. There must be an end. And that may be a trite thing to say, but conversation is made up largely of a repetition of trite things.

I know the strong arguments that will be made by those who think it useless to discuss peace now. And I am convinced that there is in those arguments nothing that should be permitted to stop what agitation toward peace we have been able to bring into play.

First let us see what is to be said in discouragement of those who are agitating for peace.

They have no power to compel respect for their agitation. They can talk, but they cannot compel.

The issue over which the war is being fought is not settled.

If the war were to stop today, it would have to be fought out at some future date.

The majority of the physical force of the world is at war, and it cannot be stopped until one side or the other has been fought to the point of exhaustion.

There are not in the belligerent nations enough persons who actually want war stopped to have any effect on the powers that made the war and are continuing it.

The Socialists of America would, if confronted today by a war crisis, be themselves incapable of presenting a united front against war, but would be swept under the war tide.

And that is a formidable list of statements against which to battle for peace. But it is no more formidable than the actual condition that exists where war is.

And I think that, in spite of those arguments and whatever others may be brought forward, the agitation for peace will continue in America and in the countries at war until the war stops—or is stopped.

It has been pointed out that as time goes on and the warring powers become worn by exhaustion, the demand for peace will go up from those who rule, and that then peace will come, with the Socialists playing no role of importance whatever. But even if that is so, it must not deter us now. Nothing must deter us.

I am inclined to think that at least some of the objections brought forward as reasons for not acting are in reality means as excuses for not acting. Some find it easier to be negative than positive.

They say the war cannot be stopped until one side is exhausted. They merely say that; they do not prove

it. A sufficient reaction against war in the belligerent countries will stop the war. That can be proved.

So go the objections to seeking peace. Let them go—and let them come. Any European government now at war can furnish a hundred reasons a minute for keeping the war going—at the expense of Labor. Their reasons don't interest me—and neither do the reasons given by any one else. Labor loses by war—the profitters win. Labor has had enough of war.

With Congressman London I believe our first and immediate step should be the sending of an able delegation to Europe for the purpose of gathering accurate information on the state of affairs as they concern the workers and their international relations.

For, going hand in hand with the task of agitating for the stopping of the war goes the task of rehabilitating the International. And the only way to rehabilitate the International is to rehabilitate it. That means that somebody must set about it.

This ambassadorial delegation ought to set about the work of bringing together the organized men and women of the nations at war. There are thousands of workers in England, in Austria, in France, in Germany, who want war stopped. They are working without international relations, and it appears that the only way in which they can be brought into relation with one another is by the good offices of workers from neutral nations. This not because of their lack of desire, but because of their lack of opportunity.

It should be the work of this delegation to see personally as many of the representatives of the workers in the various nations as possible and to keep the American workers fully informed as to the progress of their work.

The work of this delegation would at once furnish the American movement with a guide to its further activities. There would be given a basis for actual, practical operations.

The workers of America have held their peace well in the face of the European conflagration. They have been "neutral" so well that they are bound to command the respect of the workers of Europe.

But this is not all that we can do. We can, by a ceaseless agitation, encourage the workers of Europe to increase their own efforts to re-establish peace. And that is one of the biggest things that we can do. A great popular resentment against the war—a great swelling tide for peace rolling over the American continent would be an inspiration to the embattled work-

ers of Europe—and a good thing likewise for the workers of America.

That is true for the very good reason that every bit of sentiment against war in Europe increases the hatred of all wars—and the powers of capitalism evidently do not intend to overlook America.

I believe that a program along the line of what I have suggested will lead naturally to another and greater step—the calling of an international congress of workers—and that would be a great event!

Overloads of Charity

By IRVIN RAY

NEWSPAPERS throughout the land are commenting on the fact that the Charity Organization Society of New York City spends, as stated in its annual report, the sum of \$1.50 in organization expenses for every \$1 it places where it will do the most good among the poor.

Some of the papers roast the Charity Organization Society for absorbing so much in expenses. Others explain that if we are going to have organized charity at all the overhead expense is necessary, and must not be complained against.

I want to write about this overhead expense here, but I do not want to complain about it. Not at least on its own account.

The overhead expense is only an incident in the coming of professionalism into philanthropy.

And professionalism has come. We have Dr. Edward T. Devine, in a circular advertising the School of Philanthropy comparing careers in professional philanthropy with careers in the law, in medicine, in letters. We have both Dr. Edward T. Devine and W. Frank Persons, secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York City, telling us it is none of the public's business what they personally get out of their professional services, because the money comes from private sources.

But does it come from private sources? We hear in the land also the ribald fling at the learned doctors of philanthropy, "What do you mean 'private sources' when you flaunt the poverty of the poor in the faces of the rich for a living?" Isn't the public entitled to an accounting on that?

If the heads of the powerful charity organizations merely engaged in giving relief with money showered down upon them, without their having to lobby for it, to coax it, to study the rich and how to coax it out of them, then I for one could largely forgive them all and let them go their way.

But in these days even a blind man knows that there are many things the rich want, in regard to the poor,

There is enough to be done. And if there is energy it will find outlet. Let us rise and go forth in the fight for peace. When the workers of the nations at war are struggling against mighty odds for their principles is it not poor courage indeed that leads the workers of America to remain passive, "watchfully waiting"?

We must throw our energy into a great crusade for peace. We must demand the end of war. We can do no less than the workers of Europe are doing. We ought to do much more.

besides the want to give them a little charity. They want, for one thing, to save their own claws from being clipped.

Charity folks must never follow their own inclinations if these inclinations lead them to the conclusion that changes in the laws of property are the thing most to be desired. I have seen charity folks follow their inclinations to this point. I have seen what happened to them within their organization. They were cast out of countenance, out of favor, were refused promotion. I might fill whole pages with the stories those who were in and revolted against the charities Hierarchy and now are out.

And those who stay in—

We have seen how the movement for pensions for widowed mothers fell afoul of the private charity organizations and how they maintained a lobby at Albany to kill the bill.

And why a lobby? For the good of the poor, which are supposed to be the concern of the private charity workers? Of course not. For the good of the rich, who after having had this bill served up to them dead upon a platter, would feel just in the spirit to "contribute."

"We have felt in New York," said Mrs. John M. Glenn, a leading power in the Russell Sage Foundation, when she was asked to speak on pensions for widows at the Conference of Charities and Correction at Memphis last year, "that we do not wish to have a new form of care introduced in New York City. To demand of the state that it shall give relief to the widow and her children tends to lessen the family's sense of responsibility for its own."

It was all very beautiful of Mrs. Glenn to speak up that way. BUT ALSO, relief for widows by the state calls for taxes—taxes on the rich. A lobby maintained by Organized Charity to kill the bill means the saving of the rich from taxes.

Is it any wonder there is a nation-wide cynicism about Charity?—The Masses.

A Short Way to Llano

(Tune: "Tipperary.")

By Dan Rooke

Right up to Angel City,
 Came a colonist one day,
 As the bread line was a forming,
 So every one was gay.
 Telling tales of labor trouble,
 And dispensing of hot air,
 Till the colonist got excited,
 And he hollered to them there.

Chorus:

It's a short way to the Llano,
 It's a short way to go,
 It's a short way to the Llano,
 The greatest place I know.
 Good-bye labor trouble,
 Farewell all hot air,
 It's a short, short way to the Llano
 And my heart's right there.

The colonist sent a wireless,
 To Llano very soon,
 Saying should you need me there,
 Send wireless at noon.
 Things are all in a turmoil,
 Dodging cars, and jitneys, too,
 So if you think I'm needed,
 I surely will get through.

Chorus.

Llano sent a wireless,
 To the colonist at large,
 Saying you had better come
 Or you will miss your charge.
 By train loads they are coming,
 And auto buses, too,
 And they all stop at Llano,
 And never one gets through.

Chorus.

Llano, Cal., April, 1915.

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 cratic.

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I am not a Progressive because the
 Progressive party is not progressive.

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 is progressive and is Socialistic; and
 I am a democrat, a republican, a pro-
 gressive and a Socialist.

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(By Luke North)

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

"It is disturbing to mental stability."

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

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Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. II April, 1915 No. 12

Colonists and Rabbits

SINCE the Socialists invaded the Antelope Valley there has been a decided decrease in rabbits in that section immediately surrounding the Llano del Rio Colony. The valley has been, in years past, the scene of immense rabbit drives. The ranchers gathered in for miles and drove the long-eared jacks and the wild cottontails into pens and slaughtered them by the thousands. The colonists have not participated in any drives, but the hunters have kept meat in many a pot.

Now comes the news that Australia last year realized \$3,000,000 from its rabbit crop. The animals formerly were a terrible pest there, but now they have been turned into profit making. According to a newspaper report one buyer alone, it seems, sent away over a ton of skins each week all through last season. It has been decided to start freezing-works at the place—that means carrying the surplus rabbit-crop over in cold storage. The exportation of rabbit-skins from Australia now exceeds in value over \$3,000,000 annually, according to the Sydney report.

Now this is astonishing information. The antipodes are to be congratulated. For years we have been hearing about their pest of rabbits. Australians have long viewed with gloom the overrunning of their continent. What mosquitoes are to New Jersey or prairie-dogs to Kansas, or the gypsy-moth to New England, rabbits are to Australia—that has been the impression.

It was sixty years ago, or so, that an incautious gentleman of New South Wales obtained from Europe, and turned loose in the colony, three pairs of rabbits. As the population and wealth of Australia increased, the rabbits increased; and more than correspondingly. Until recently, it has been a tremendous problem how to check them—to say nothing of

extermination. They drove farmers from their lands, and have threatened such devastation as has not been known since the succession of plagues paralyzed Egypt. Travelers report that rabbit-proof fences are characteristic of the Australian landscape.

The Australians have found a way, at last. They have solved the exasperating riddle by turning the rabbits to profit. A demand for rabbit has been created in the world's marts, it appears, especially for the skins. What was a nuisance, and a destructive one, is found to be marketable.

This is merely another illustration, of course, of an industrial miracle with which we are familiar—the utilization of what has been thought useless, the working up of a by-product of commercial value.

The rabbit resources of Australia are probably inexhaustible. It will be some time, at any rate, before the country will need to take measures to conserve the supply, even with the liveliest demand. Meanwhile, the happy situation is that the Australians are able to sell what they have plenty of, and do not want to keep—what, indeed, they would hitherto have been glad to pay to get rid of. Such luck is enough to make that celebrated Australian bird, the laughing jackass, split its sides with laughter, and the kangaroo leap for joy. Llano del Rio colonists are raising hares by the hundreds and they can increase the product by thousands.

The rabbitry may prove one of the most valuable departments in the California colony.

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NEW REVIEW

80 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Stalker

(Continued From Page 14)

station and in the guise of a prospector reach some little railroad town!

The thought brought him to his feet with hope renewed. He wondered how Louise took the death of Higginbottom and if he would ever see her again. As he mused about the girl and their first meeting in a Fresno beer hall in the days before he "long hairs" put a quietus to the operations of his ilk, Jacques Lorillard entered his mind and accelerated his lagging steps.

A certain story concerning The Stalker, at the grim humor of which he had often laughed, did not now sit well on his stomach.

SOME years before Bonchar's advent in the hills a Fresno up-stage carrying the money to pay off the flume company's employes was robbed and the lone driver killed. A Portuguese shepherd was suspected. Jacques took the trail. After three days he returned—with an ear-ringed ear and the heavy leather pouch containing all the money intact. The laugh-raising finale of the tale ran that the half-breed minion of the law staggered weakly into Strongarm's and nonchalantly throwing the grisly souvenirs of the chase on the bar, said:

"Geeve me wan dreenk whees-kee!"

UNTIL nightfall Bonchar plodded doggedly onward through the virgin forest toward the northeast. Dejected and footsore he sat down by a brook and removed his high-laced boots. After bathing his blistered feet he lay back upon a springy carpet of pine needles and was soon fast asleep. When he awoke the moon was high and flooding his drawn face with a light that seemed as day. Chilled to the bone, he picked up his footgear and moved back into the heavy shadows before replacing them.

The undulating howl of a band of fleeting coyotes died slowly out in the distance.

Of a sudden, it seemed to his taut nerves, the companionable night noises of the lesser life in his vicinity ceased. The quick ominous quiet denoted to his practised senses the presence of some predatory beast.

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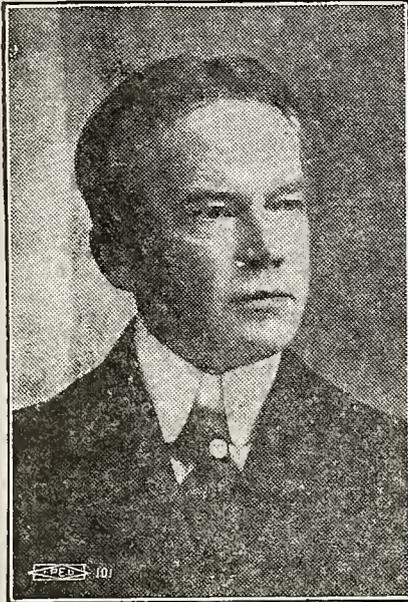
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He slowly raised his rifle and gazed intently along its barrel down the watercourse where intuition urged.

After a short wait there came the quick cracking of brush at a point twenty yards below him, near the creek. This was followed by a piercing shriek and the unmistakable sounds of a struggle. With upraised rifle Bonchar moved cautiously along in the shadow toward the spot whence came the uproar. Interest in the deadly conflict raging between these prowlers of the night led him to a position of vantage behind a large boulder, from which he could view the battle in the event that their belligerency brought them into the open and the light.

Hardly had he become settled when both combatants rolled, a snarling mass, out of the darkness. His impulse was to shoot, but some stronger instinct held his finger inert on the trigger. An instant later he was horrified to see a human arm extricate itself from the tangle and drive home a shining blade into the writhing, tawny body of a mountain lion. At once Bonchar let go at the feline, now trying to drag itself off into the brush.

The man sprawled convulsively about, face down, for a few moments and then lay still.

The gambler turned the body over on its back and gazed closely at the bloody, lacerated face and torn throat of the dead man.

"My God!" he remarked. "You were some stalker, Jacques, old boy, but, as the saying goes, 'There are OTHERS.'"

War and Potato Bread

The news comes from Germany that the Kaiser and his family are living on potato bread, the same as the common people and the soldiers, which reminds one of the old limerick:

"There was a young lady named Maude,
Who was suspected of being a fraud.
She never was able
To eat at the table,
But out in the pantry—Good Lawd."

Not the Llano Liz

"I understand that you have a new motor-car."

"Yes."

"Do you drive it yourself?"

"Nobody drives it. We coax it."

Young Colonists Wed

[HERE was a flutter of excitement at the Los Angeles office of the Llano del Rio Colony when Miss Mel- e Miller and Herbert Stanley Cal- vert quietly invited the office force to accompany them to the courthouse and witness their marriage. With a dozen comrades the young people talked to the Hall of Records, where in less than thirty minutes they were married. Judge Grant Jack- son performed the ceremony and imposed a fine of \$2 on Calvert and promptly remitted it to the bride. Mrs. Frank E. Wolfe and Hyman Levin provided the material and legal advice for the occasion. Miss Lucille Watson, a close friend of the bride, stood beside her during the ceremony. The marriage is the result of an attachment formed by the young couple two years ago when they became acquainted through their membership of the Young People's Socialist League.

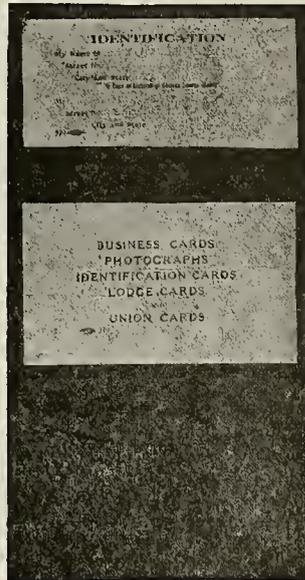
When the Llano del Rio Colony was founded, Comrade Calvert was one of the early rustlers for recruits and it was through his efforts Miss Miller entered the offices of the colony, where she soon got such a thorough grasp of the business affairs of the enterprise that she has been a valuable adjunct to the office. Both of the young people hold memberships in the colony, but are not planning to enter their permanent residence there. Mrs. Calvert will remain in the colony office and her husband will continue his business in Los Angeles until the fall, when they plan to both attend the University of California.

Comrade Frank Miller, father of Mrs. Calvert, is a well known Socialist of Los Angeles, who has recently joined the colony and will soon take his family to Llano.

Both the young people have hundreds of friends among the radicals of California, and both have achieved some fame as propagandists in writing and in public speaking. They will meet their friends of the younger colony set when they attend the May Day festivities at Llano.

The Y. P. S. L. comrades of Mr. and Mrs. Calvert are having considerable fun at their expense because of their concessions to conventionality by being married by a bourgeois judge in a capitalist court room. They take the chaffing quietly.

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After the Masquerade

"Did you enjoy the dance?" asked Kate.

"Oh, fairly," answered George.

"Some of the girls told me they didn't enjoy the dance one bit."

"Well," said George, "I couldn't dance with them all."

A Bad Spell

Teacher: "What does P-r-z-e-m-y-s-l spell?"

"Hay fever, Tommy."

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Buy your drinks from no one but your wife, and by the time the first gallon is gone she will have \$8 to put into the bank and \$2 to start business again.

Should you live ten years and continue to buy booze from her, and then die with snakes in your boots, she will have money enough to bury you decently, educate your children, buy a house and lot, marry a decent man and quit thinking about you.

Make It Constantograd?

THE "Congress of the Nobility" of Russia in solemn conclave at Petrograd adopted the following resolution:

The vital interests of Russia require full possession of Constantinople, both shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles and the adjacent islands.

All right, messieurs of the nobility. Soyez vous tranquille. Remain safely at home. Henrivitch Dubbowski is on the firing line and after his conquest you can put him back to work while you take possession of the loot. Leave it to Henrivitch, he will do the fighting, starving and dying for you.

What's the Use?

The Lawyer—"You really want a divorce?"

The Wife—"Yes."

The Lawyer—"All right. What about the alimony?"

The Wife—"He can't pay any alimony."

The Lawyer—"Eh! What is this—a practical joke? Take my advice, madam, and go back home and wait until he gets something. Fifty dollars, please."

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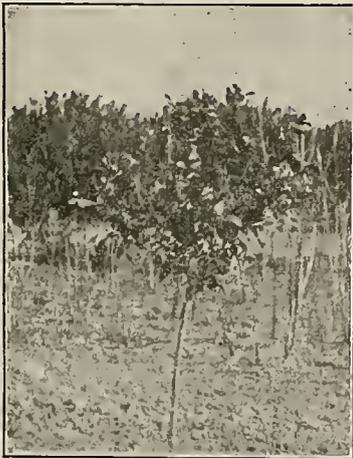
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Trees of the same size and shape, at one year and twenty-two days from planting in orchard, were chosen for experimental purposes. Measurements made nine months and six days after fertilizing began, are shown.



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Height3 feet, 9 inches
 Breadth at top.....1 foot, 6 inches
 Circumference of trunk at ground2 inches
 Circumference of trunk at lower branches1½ inches

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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 oest money I ever spent." (On the strength of this testimony Mr. Baker has had two orange groves examined and prescribed for by me.)



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 Breadth of top.....3 feet, 11 inches.
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 Circumference of trunk at lower branches3¼ inches

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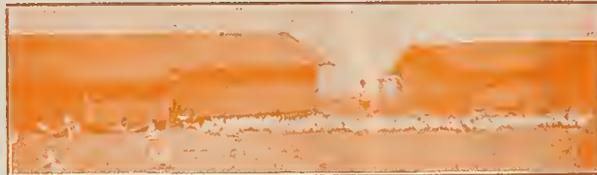
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