

Call

CALIF

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF THE WORKERS

THE WESTERN COMRADE

THROUGH POLITICAL ACTION AND COOPERATION

September, 1917

Price Ten Cents



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The Gateway To Freedom Through Co-operative Action

THE LLANO DEL RIO CO-OPERATIVE COLONY is located in the beautiful Antelope Valley, in the northeastern part of Los Angeles County, Southern California. This plain lies between the San Gabriel spur of the Sierra Madres on the south and the Tehachapi range on the north. The Colony is on the north slope of the San Gabriel range. It is almost midway between Palmdale, on the Southern Pacific, and Victorville, on the Santa Fe railroad.

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is made up of persons who believe in the application of the principles of co-operation to the widest possible extent. Virtually all of the residents are Socialists. It is a practical and convincing answer to those who have scoffed at Socialist principles, who have said that "it won't work," who have urged many fallacious arguments. In the three years since it was established, the Colony has demonstrated thoroughly the soundness of its plan of operation and its theory. Today it is stronger than ever before in its history.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Llano del Rio Colony is the greatest Community enterprise ever attempted. It was founded by Job Harriman, May 1st, 1914, and is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure. It offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

The Llano del Rio Colony is a horticultural, agricultural, and stock-raising enterprise, with such manufacturing as will supply the needs of the colonists, with perhaps something to sell when the Colony has grown.

It is a perfect example of Co-operation in Action. No community organized as it is, was ever established before.

The purpose is to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best schools; and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

It has more than 800 residents, making it the largest town in the Antelope Valley. More than 200 children attend the schools. The Montessori school is in operation, taking the children from 2½ to 6 years of age. A new school building is soon to be built.

The Colony owns a fine herd of splendid dairy cattle, 100 head of young stock are on the range, being heifers and calves up to 2 years of age. Over 100 head of horses and mules, including colts, are owned by the Colony. These, with two tractors and caterpillar engine, four trucks, and numerous autos, do the hauling and the work on the land.

A recent purchase of Duroc-Jersey sows gives the Colony thirty-eight registered high-class breeding sows and 2 splendid boars, the nucleus of a great development along this line. Many new pens have been built. Registration will be kept up and the raising of fine hogs made one of the leading industries. There are also some fine Berkshires, and a large number of grade sows.

The Colony has more than 400 acres of orchards.

Community gardening is carried on, and an increased acreage will be put in each year.

The ideal is to farm on an extensive scale, using all manner of efficient labor saving machinery and methods, with expert and experienced men in charge of the different departments.

Llano possesses more than 668 stands of bees. They are cared for by expert bee men of long experience. This department expects to have several thousand stands in a few years.

The Colony has secured timber from the San Gabriel Reserve, and has a well equipped sawmill. Lumber worth \$35 to \$40 a thousand will cost the Colony only a few dollars a thousand.

Social life is delightful. A band, several orchestras, a dramatic club, and other organizations assist in making the social occasions enjoyable.

Alfalfa does extraordinarily well at Llano. Much has been planted and the acreage will be increased as rapidly as possible. Six good cuttings a season can be depended on. Ditches lined with

cobblestone set in Llano lime, making them permanent, conserve water and insure economy.

LLANO INDUSTRIES AND INSTITUTIONS

Among the industries of Llano, to which new ones are constantly being added, are: Printshop, shoe shop, laundry, cannery, warehouse, machine shop, blacksmith shop, planing mill, lime kiln, saw mill, dairy, cabinet shop, alfalfa, orchards, rabbitry, gardens, hog raising, stage, lumbering, magazine, newspaper, doctor's offices, woodyard, vinegar works, bakery, fish hatchery, barber shop, baths, swimming pool, studios, hotel, drafting room, post office, commissary, camping ground, grammar school, Montessori school, library, two weekly dances, brass band, orchestra, socialist local, and others.

NO CONSTITUTION OR BY-LAWS

Many persons who want to know how the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community are conducted think, in order to get this information, they must secure a copy of a constitution and by-laws. There is no constitution. The Llano del Rio Community contents itself with a "declaration of principles" which is printed below. The business and financial affairs of the enterprise are conducted by the board of directors who are elected by the stockholders. The corporation by-laws are the stereotyped corporation by-laws of almost every state. The only innovation is in the restricting of anyone from voting more than 2000 shares of stock, regardless of how many shares are held. As this is to be the ultimate holding of every member, this is considered a strong protective clause. The incorporation charter is also the usual type and gives the corporation the right to transact almost all manner of business. The Nevada corporation laws are liberal, safe, and well construed. There is no disposition on the part of state officials to interfere.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

In conducting the affairs of the Llano del Rio Community it has been found that the fewer inflexible rules and regulations the greater the harmony. Instead of an elaborate constitution and a set of laws the colonists have a Declaration of Principles and they live up to the spirit of them. The declaration follows:

Things which are used productively must be owned collectively.

The rights of the Community shall be paramount over those of any individual.

Liberty of action is only permissible when it does not restrict the liberty of another.

Law is a restriction of liberty and is only just when operating for the benefit of the Community at large.

Values created by the Community shall be vested in the Community alone.

The individual is not justly entitled to more land than is sufficient to satisfy a reasonable desire for peace and rest. Productive land held for profit shall not be held by private ownership.

Talent and intelligence are gifts which should rightly be used in the service of others. The development of these by education is the gift of the Community to the individual, and the exercise of greater ability entitles none to the false rewards of greater possessions, but only to the joy of greater service to others.

Only by identifying his interests and pleasures with those of others can man find real happiness.

The duty of the individual to the Community is to develop ability to the greatest degree possible by availing himself of all educational facilities and to devote the whole extent of that ability to the service of all.

The duty of the Community to the individual is to administer justice, to eliminate greed and selfishness, to educate all and to aid any in time of age or misfortune.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE

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Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

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VOL. V.

LLANO, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER, 1917

No. 5

Editorials By Job Harriman

THE International News Service is authority for the statement that Germany now has 6,000,000 trained soldiers in uniform.

The American Review of Reviews is authority for the statement that it will require one year for the United States to place only 600,000 men in Europe; a period of ten years for the United States to become militarized as Germany now is; that the German military machine can stand upon the defensive and grind up human fodder for the next 25 years.

If this is true, Germany cannot be conquered by force of arms.

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ANY force that will overthrow the German crown is largely within Germany. That power centers in the Reichstag. The Socialists and Liberals have combined. Hindenburg and Scheidemann have locked horns. Bethman-Hollweg listened to Scheidemann and went down. Chancellor Michaelis is now listening to Scheidemann and will likewise go down. Hindenburg will not listen and Hindenburg will go down, dragging the Kaiser and his crown with him.

The Hindenburg-Scheidemann controversy arose over the plan of campaign in the East.

Hindenburg proposed to cross the Hills of Fodelia, pass through the grain fields of Bessarabia to Odessa, and thus reach the heart of Russia.

All the military authorities are agreed upon this policy. If carried out, Russia would probably fall victim to German arms. The military chieftains must insist that when Germany failed to strike at this point last spring she overlooked the best bet that history ever offered to an army or nation.

On the eve of the Russian Revolution Hindenburg said, **NOW OR NEVER!**

Scheidemann said, **NEITHER NOW NOR NEVER!**

Such a course means to Scheidemann the betrayal of the new Russia and the destruction of all the fruits, past and prospective, of the Russian Revolution.

If the crown adopts the policy of Hindenburg, a social

revolution in Germany is imminent. If his policy is turned down, Hindenburg with his military machine will resign and the crown will be without a staff.

The German people will then join hands with the Russian people and state their terms of peace.

But the British GOVERNMENT will not yet be ready to state HER terms of peace.

SHE is fighting for DEMOCRACY.

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THE Literary Digest is now self-appointed censor of the editorial columns of the American press. She has reviewed the editorials so long that her critical faculties have developed into such an over-weening egoism that she feels competent not only to criticise, but also to determine the editorial policy of the press.

She is calling upon all her readers to forward to her Solon all editorials that do not measure up to the high standard of popular passion, ignorance, and superstition. She promises upon receipt of the same to forward all such to the government with full direction so as to what steps the government would take in dealing out the proper punishments.

Even a suggestion of press censorship breeds hybrids of strange and unnatural form.

How devilish a self-appointed, uncalled-for sleuth must feel!

The very spirit of it is enough to curdle the blood.

Made mad with much learning she is sinking her poisoned fangs, rattler-like, into her own flesh.

The field of brilliant and original editorials, hers for years, furnished a rich pasture to the "Digest," which it now seeks to destroy in the name of Democracy.

The "Digest" has been living a dual and deceitful life. It professes Democracy but lives Autocracy. The blood of Autocracy that courses its veins makes putrid upon its lips the word Democracy.

A CENSORSHIP FOR DEMOCRACY'S SAKE is the last word in diabolical treason to our FREE and democratic institutions.

THE American Review of Reviews says: "England has probably 3,000,000 fairly well trained men in her reserve camps at home."

We are shipping scores of thousands of our young, untrained men direct to the trenches to be slaughtered while the trained English soldier stands by and looks on.

What fools we mortals be!

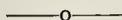
American soldiers, if sent abroad at all, should be sent to the English camps to be trained and not one of them should be permitted to go to the trenches until every trained English soldier shall have gone before.

This is England's and Germany's fight for commercial supremacy and they should bear the brunt of the battle. If we exhaust ourselves to win the war while England holds back her 3,000,000 trained soldiers, she will have sufficient power to force her terms of peace.

She tried that game upon us during the revolutionary war, and also during the civil war. Can it be said that her conscience will stand in her way today?

Is she not demanding 1,000,000 square miles of German Colonial Territory? Will she change her mind if she conserves her forces while we exhaust ours by winning her victory for her?

Not one American to the trenches until England's 3,000,000 reserves first have gone; this should be the battle cry.



THE difficulty of coping with the capitalist, backed by the political power of the state, brought many laboring men to a realization of the fact that there was a fundamental weakness in their position. This consciousness of their weakness has caused some to adopt the political theory in addition to the economic, while others have lost hope and with many of the former socialists are abandoning both the old economic organization and political views, and are drifting into the belief that individual direct action, sabotage, and syndicalism offer the solution to the labor problem.

Out of the separation of the economic and political organizations and the failure of organized labor to function politically has sprung a weakness that begets an abandoned hope, that always leads to open warfare.

Whenever a nation abandons all hope of peaceably solving any great and pressing social problem, then all the elements of civil war are present.

So, also, whenever any class or any portion of a class abandons hope of a peaceful solution of the problems that beset them, they, too, are ready for open war.

As long as organized labor fails to use its political power as a class, it will possess little social power and will be unable to direct the legislatures, and hence the courts, and the military force.

The weakness arising from this failure is laying the foundation for a new labor movement which is taking the form of Syndicalism in America.

These syndicalists stand between the economic and political

organization, the A. F. of L. and the Socialist party, and draw alike from each.

There is but one means by which this tendency can be checked and that is by establishing complete political unity between the economic and the political organizations. Out of this unity will spring great power—power on both the economic and the political fields. By this unity legislatures and judges can be elected, laws enacted and construed, and the military force directed. The power springing from such united action of the working class will give rise to and sustain an abiding hope, for hope always abides in the bosom of the man or class that has power to act.

Out of such union and such hope a constructive program would spring and be rapidly enforced. This is growth.

If, however, the syndicalist movement should survive we would be brought face to face with the necessity of another adjustment. Whether we believe in individual direct action or sabotage or syndicalism in its highest form, yet the workers will meet with the army and navy, and be compelled to turn to parliament for a minimum wage or work day, or some other law, as has been done in England. This fact will give rise to the theory of political action among the syndicalists themselves, which they will either adopt or upon which they will divide.

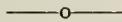
Ultimately the power of working class will mobilize politically and economically, if not intelligently—then blindly—because the greatest efficiency lies in such mobilization. The process is rapidly proceeding, as the small property owners are constantly losing their property and dropping from their comfortable positions down into the ranks of the struggling, teeming millions.

There they find an abiding place among the swarms of workers dependent upon each other. For the first time they realize their utter helplessness. Once they thought their superior advantage was due to their superior intelligence, but now they see that it was due to the power stored in the property to which they held title. Having lost their property they now perceive that superior intelligence and skill only measure the additional wealth or power the possessor must part with to his employer. How different the view point: Now their hearts sink under the ravages of despair. How futile and helpless their sordid egotism in this hour of need! How insignificant they now appear, seeing themselves as others see them! Realizing their weakness they turn to labor for help, fully realizing that they will receive far more than is in their power to give, but also as they give so will they receive.

Thus the social passion is born in the heart and brain of these new arrivals as they adopt the view point of the worker and feel and perceive the suffering that follows in the trail of the oppressor.

What a remarkable altruism that gives more to each than each can return and yet that withholds from him who will not give his best! What a natural and wonderful process of welding together a great movement! From all to each

and each to all. Human life first, property second. In their eyes property possesses virtues only in proportion as it ministers to the welfare of humanity. It becomes a vice when it becomes a burden. To the workers it is now a burden. Their lives are being drained to the dregs, into property for others. Abolish the vice by abolishing the burden. To conserve the energy of each to himself is the common necessity. To part with his energy for the benefit of others is the common protest. Common ownership of all the reservoirs into which our lives are being drained is the world cry of the workers. To these reservoirs each shall contribute, from them each shall draw, to the end that the energy of each shall be conserved to him, and his comfort, well-being and unfoldment made safe and secure. What an object for conquest! What elements for a new civilization! What a sea of living, surging, organizing human power, ever swelling with its billows, ever becoming more and more tempestuous, until the tyrannical, heartless ship of state, now triumphantly sailing thereon, will finally reel, its hulk will break, and it will be swallowed in the social deep, leaving behind it, at least for a while, untroubled hearts, bound together by a common interest, happy in their peace and good will. And thus will a working class socialist state arise and thrive on the elements produced by capitalism.

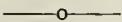


THE days of conscription are only beginning. The young men first, the middle aged next. Then, later, the older men will be conscripted into industrial service. Still later, property will be conscripted.

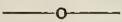
One would have thought that after centuries of Christian teaching, human life would have been considered more sacred than property. But alas! property has been conserved by the strong arm of Senate and the lobbying force who are working in behalf of the money powers and "democracy!"

That democracy which sacrifices human life to save property is a strange critter.

The Democratizing of Property and the Aristocracy of the Mob! Not yet—but soon!



ONE man in America has an income of \$10,000,000. He probably is a married man. The Lord saves such men on earth, for the rich shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And would it not be a crying shame to send them to hell, especially by way of the trenches?



THE card house of profits is tumbling. This is the apex of the capitalist system.

This is holy ground upon which governments and popes fear to tread.

Peace is the reverberating echo returning from the conscription of profits.

What a cry of peace will go up from the lips of plutocracy as the law proceeds toward the conscription of profits!

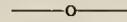
PEACE TO SAVE MONEY, BUT NO PEACE TO SAVE MEN!

THE parliament of England has been informed by the lawyers of the Crown of England that it is unlawful for the subjects of the Crown to confer on terms of peace with the subjects of belligerent nations.

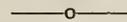
How thoughtful!

England will not state her terms of peace. No crowned head will state its terms of peace. No capitalist government can state its terms of peace before the issues of the war are settled.

Capitalism survives by conquest. Terms of peace can only be dictated by the capitalist conquerer after the victory.



SOCIALISTS are proud, others are ashamed, of their convictions in these war times.



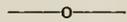
OF the 12,000,000 men called to the colors in Germany, 9,000,000 are still in uniform. Germany's navy is as strong as it was in 1914. In addition, she has her U-boats.

We cannot conquer Germany by sending men to France. The trenches are a bottomless pit into which we may pour all the youth of America, and yet the chasm will yawn for more men.

It is proposed to conquer Germany by way of the air. The call is made for 10,000 aeroplanes.

Let us not underestimate the power of the opposing force. The cost of ten thousand machines is not a drop in the bucket. Germany will meet them with ten thousand more. Untold numbers should be made and the number should be kept secret.

If this plan of campaign is adopted it should be backed up with an endless stream of death-dealing machines as used by Germany, and which aroused to the highest pitch of moral indignation, England and America.



COMRADE W. A. Robinson objects to my statements that "brute force is suicidal;" that "force is the law of death;" and that "love is the law of life."

He says: "Force is universal and eternal;" that "force is both constructive and destructive." All of which is true. "Brute force builds our bodies" and "brute force tears them down." The latter half of this assertion is correct. Again, Comrade Robinson says, "Love, itself, is a force." Most assuredly.

Love is the force that spells the harmonies of the universe. It is that state of attraction and equilibrium during which the chemical processes proceed constructively and cohesively.

Love is the antithesis of brute force.

Love is gentle, kindly, upright, truthful, frank, enduring, reasonable, patient, forbearing, constructive, sympathetic, refined and beautiful.

Brute force is ambitious, tyrannical, hateful, unconscionable, ruthless and destructive.

These are the meanings as applied to the social terms, love and brute force. They are the very antithesis of each other. Surely the one is constructive and the other destructive?

Conscription--What It Means to Llano

By Myrtle Manana

CONSCRIPTION! A new word in the vocabulary of American democracy! An innovation in our national life that promises to revolutionize social adjustments. For the first time we are brought face to face with the actual value of men in industry. How the average community computes the value of its men and how Llano computes their value is quite different. This difference is based on their relation to the entire group.

The seriousness of conscription does not strike home so forcibly in the average American community as it does in Llano. As a rule, the average community is completely enveloped in the activities of capitalist industry and the manifold manifestations of the capitalist system of industry and government that accompany it. Its ideals are the ideals of the present order. Its brand of Americanism is the brand approved by groups of influential men of approved character. Its interpretation of events is the interpretation placed upon them by those who are trusted to interpret correctly but who oftentimes unfortunately fall short of their task. In short, the average American community has more or less abandoned itself to an apathetic acceptance of things as they are. For such a community to give up sons, fathers, husbands and sweethearts to the horrors of war is a deprivation, but does not constitute a calamity.

The loss of a conscript in the average community is not felt poignantly as a community loss; it is felt most often as an individual loss. His loss is mourned at best by relatives or a few close friends. Then again, the inevitable daily life of the average community is such that in many instances persons receive a direct pecuniary benefit from the conscription of others. For instance, in a certain bank the drafting of one man may mean that a dozen or several employees in that bank will be advanced to higher positions—and will receive higher salaries. Here is a prolific source of selfishness and mean disregard for the life of another. An employee in this bank may have envious eyes on a higher position for months, even years. His desire for advancement may have been fanned into a white heat by the knowledge that the conscription of his superior is imminent. And on the day of the departure of the conscript for war, he may shake hands with him sympathetically, express his deepest sorrow at the other's misfortune, and yet experience a secret satisfaction that the last bar to the goal of financial advancement has been let down.

What a commentary on our civilization! How is it possible for the doctrines of the Nazarene to flower in a society where the fame of individuals is contingent on the misfortunes of another?

In Llano we have the spectacle of several hundred people held together not by blood ties, but by the inseparable bonds of co-operative endeavor. Here each inhabitant receives the same remuneration, the same advantages, the privileges and benefits. Here all are straining every effort to contribute to the progress of the Colony. Here an injury to one is an injury to all.

The members of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony are members of a big family. It could not be otherwise. Every phase of Llano community life radiates from the common interest of all the people. What affects one must of necessity affect them all. No individual can possibly benefit from the conscription of another. The loss of a comrade, on the contrary, is a direct and quickly-felt loss to him. No

matter what position one may occupy, no matter what opportunities are created for personal aggrandizement by the conscription of a fellow-worker, no financial benefit can accrue to one. The destiny of the Colonists is a common destiny. Failure or success in the enterprise is the common concern. No matter how high in the management of the ranch or in any other position of responsibility an individual may get as a result of the total loss of a superior, his advancement cannot be other than one with hollow and empty meaning.

Llano is yet a pioneer enterprise. It is but three years old. Although its growth is phenomenal for the short time in which it has had to develop, still its small army of producers has been built up with much care and difficulty, and with a great expenditure of time and money. Experiments with reference to the management of the affairs of the ranch have gone on since the very inception of the Colony, and at the present time many of the men—young and old—who hold positions of trust and great importance, are absolutely indispensable to the welfare of the enterprise. There are men in charge of various industries of the ranch, who alone understand that particular work, and who could not be replaced by other Colonists without considerable apprenticeship. The loss of these men would entail a serious handicap.

Recently, word was received from the United States Government that ten young men, between the ages of 21 and 31, had been selected from Llano to appear before the military authorities subject to physical examination, and, later, if not exempted from military service, to be sent to the battlefields of Europe.

This news came as a startling blow to every member of the Colony. Although all had realized that Llano could not be so fortunate as to be entirely exempt from the visit of conscription, still little thought was given to the matter. When apprehension became an actuality, gloom spread like a pall.

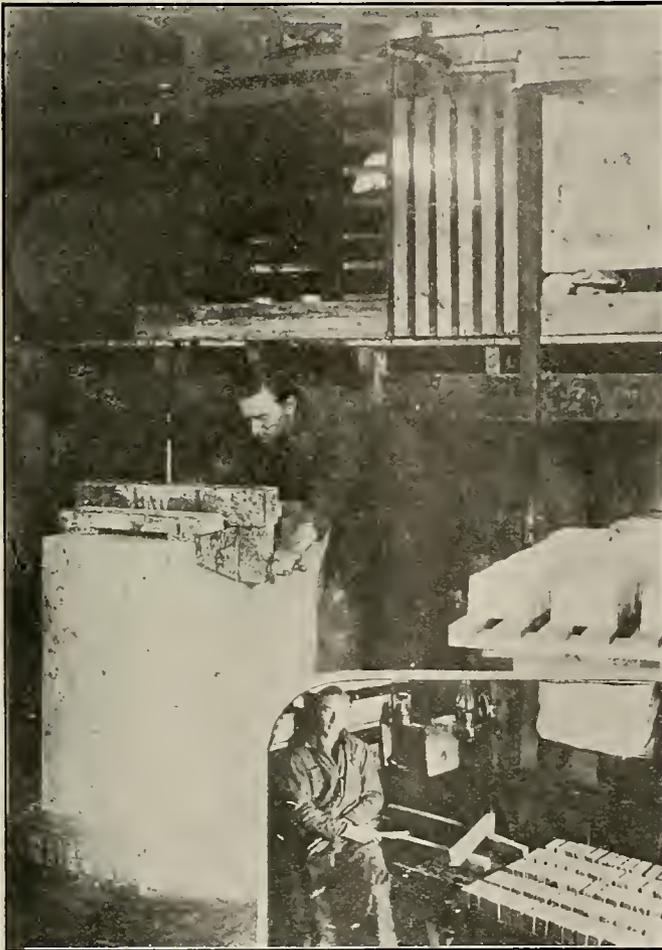
All of the ten young men who were selected to assist the Allies in making the world safe for democracy are assets to the Colony—are young men whose absence, even for a short time, would seriously impair industrial operations. Their complete loss would, of course, be even a greater injury.

It seems unfair that the community of Llano has never been consulted about the matter; has never been asked whether she wishes to sacrifice her sons to a cause which has not the remotest connection with her prosperity or success. It seems unjust that these young men themselves have no voice as to what purpose their lives shall be dedicated. But it is useless to protest; it is a waste of breath to denounce; it is suicide to revolt or disobey. The huge war machine which now dominates our country controls everything and everybody. We can only deplore the disrespect for the sacredness of human conscience that permeates the patriotism of our time.

One of the young men who has been drafted is a mechanic of exceptional ability. He is an inventive genius. He has invented several devices that, when patented and sold, promise to bring great returns. His originality and adeptness in anything he undertakes has been of incalculable value to the Colony. Although, but a very young man, he recently took charge of one of the most important departments on the ranch, and although confronted with meagre equipment and lack of order, has in a short time, brought it to a high state of efficiency. At present he is evolving a brilliant plan for the keeping of time for the entire ranch. This scheme, if com-

pleted, will enable one to see on a board in graphic arrangement precisely the number of workers on the ranch, the departments in which the various workers are employed, the number working in each department, those absent, and so forth.

Another of these young men is in charge of the water development of the Colony—at this moment, perhaps, the most important task with which the Colonists are confronted. He is a miner of practical experience, and has been able to keep an able crew busy at the tunnel and at the sumps in a constant endeavor to increase the flow of water for irrigation purposes.



Fred Allen making a batch of Laundry Soap in the Llano Soap Works.

Another is in charge of the accounting for the Colony. This is another extremely important department, and one which requires adaptability and experience, which this young man possesses in abundance. As the ranch grows older, the work of accounting grows apace, and it is highly necessary to have a man in charge of such work who has been familiar with the Colony throughout the previous years of its development.

One is in charge of the indispensable work of civil engineering. The surveying of the lands, the laying out of the ditches, the laying out of building locations; this is a work that must be in competent hands. Llano will need this young

man to help in building the new city when the time comes to start it.

Another has developed a minor industry to a state of efficiency and self-support. Beginning with practically no equipment, he is now in position to furnish Llano homes with a useful household article on a large scale and obtaining additional funds for the Colony by selling his product to the outside world. He is also popular for his interest and valuable service in stimulating various forms of recreation and social amusements.

The remainder of these young conscripts are extremely useful workers and citizens and would be a credit to any community anywhere. They are greatly needed in the departments in which they are working and will some day be equipped with the knowledge and experience to manage different undertakings.

Llano cannot spare one of these young men. They are worth, if their worth can be computed in money, thousands of dollars. It is on them and such as they that the success of this inspiring co-operative enterprise depends. They are enthusiastic pioneers in a work where there are few enough who have the vision and nobility of character to take it up. Perhaps every community believes that it has young men who are as valuable as ours, but it is hard to convince us of Llano that ten young men chosen at random elsewhere would measure anywhere near those selected here.

However, we will not argue the point about the relative worth and character of the young men of Llano and those of any other community. But a situation obtains in Llano that is far different than that obtaining in any other community.

There is no doubt but what all of the young men of Llano are opposed to the entrance of the United States into the European War. Their opposition to war did not originate in a fear to enlist in the present one. It originated in the philosophy which they embrace which is opposed to war on principle. They agitated against war and militarism and the causes that make for conflict long before the European War started. They contributed their hard-earned funds toward making successful the war on war. They are all brave and have the courage of their convictions. They are neither pro-Teuton nor pro-Ally; they are pro-Humanity and pro-Co-operation.

Yet Llano is on the verge of losing these young men. They may be taken from her, never to return. A few may return, maimed and incapacitated, unfit for productive labor, a curse to themselves and objects of pity.

At this hour more than at any other, is Llano impressed with the value of men. Never before have her human assets been appraised as they are being appraised now. Never before has it been brought home with such force that Llano's wealth lies not in her material things, not in her orchards, livestock, houses, and farming implements, but in her men and women.

As before stated, in the face of the power of the government, we of Llano are helpless. We can only hope that the inhumanity of sending men to the front who conscientiously object to war will become apparent to the people of the nation, and will result in a popular demand for the repeal of the draft law. We can only trust that the supreme injustice of sending to war those whose convictions against war are as strong as those of the exempted Quakers, will show the error of conscription. Their consciences are their armor. Violence fails in the face of the super-violence of war. But the quiet conviction of an honest conscience may save them.

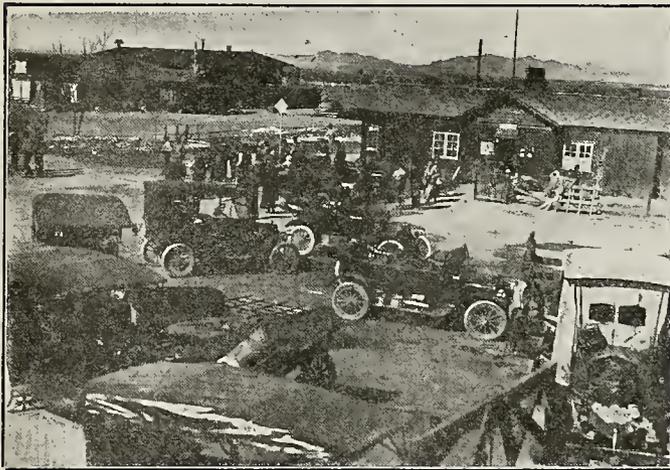
What Are Assets?

IS a range where thousands of head of cattle can be pastured most of the year an asset?

If so, then Llano has an asset worth whatever sum the cattle which can be marketed each year pay interest on. The range lying in the floor of the Antelope Valley has thousands of acres of grass, rich, nutritious grass. It is estimated by conservative men that not less than 3000 cattle can be kept there. It is a matter of water for the cattle and development of this resource, largely. The price of beef is probably never going to be very low again; the range should return good results year after year.

Is a mountain side covered with timber an asset?

If so, then the lumber possibilities here are worth many thousands of dollars. The lumber road built into the mountains can be used to bring hundreds of thousands of feet of lumber into the Colony to be used for building purposes. The road is built, the mill installed, the logs cut, the men on the job. Lumber was never higher in price. It should be possible to sell lumber to neighbors at prices attractive to them



View from Machine Shop looking toward Llano Hotel. Llano del Rio Company offices in foreground.

and thus bring in cash income, besides having all we need for our own purposes.

Is land that can grow fruit trees which should produce from \$250 to \$1000 an acre an asset?

A neighboring district, similarly situated and not more than 10 miles away, specializes in pears. Virtually nothing else is produced. The residents are specialists in Barlett Pear production. They know market conditions. A kindly climate has made it possible to grow pears along the north slope of the Sierra Madres that are of unsurpassed quality.

Pears are not difficult to grow to perfection in this particular region. The high prices are due to their keeping properties. They are perhaps not to be surpassed for commercial purposes anywhere in the United States. Land owned by the Llano Colony can grow such pears. The trees do not require a great quantity of water when cultivation goes hand in hand with irrigation.

It is quite probable that many thousands of acres of land could be put into pears. The lowest estimate made by a most conservative person is 5000 acres. Many make their estimate much larger. But letting it stand at that, the pear industry offers good prospects. Pear orchards which have begun to

produce well are valued at \$500 to \$1000 an acre, sometimes more. A nearby orchard is reported to have returned \$1000 an acre this season. Perhaps this is figuring too much. But at any rate, the returns are high. Suppose they are only half of this amount. Suppose the investment is paying 10 per cent. Then the value of the land is \$5000 an acre. However, cutting this down again, it can be seen that with all due respect to conservatism, the value of pear lands are extraordinarily high. Put your own valuation on them. Put it as low as you want, making every allowance you can think of. Then take the minimum of 5000 acres which can be set to pears, which is again the lowest estimate. The value is quite impressive, isn't it.

Is a town an asset?

The collective method of conducting industry and farming operations naturally makes a common housing center, a town, necessary. Instead of scattered homes the tendency is naturally toward centralization. No matter what sort of town it may be, whether it be laid out along old fashioned conservative lines, or whether the more highly organized circular plan is used, a town is usually considered an asset. It represents labor. It has value. The houses have cost money. The public buildings are worth money. The streets, sewer and water systems, lighting—all have a recognized value. Contiguous land is enhanced in worth.

The city of Llano, whenever built, however built, or wherever built, must be an asset. It is an asset on which cash can be raised. It can be bonded if necessary. And if it can be bonded, then it must have a value in the eyes of business men.

Figure out the prospective value of the Llano Colony to suit yourself. Add its ranges with its cattle industry, the timber with the lumber industry, the land with the pear industry. Then put in the value of the city of Llano. Use the most conservative figures. Those given here are very conservative. But cut them down again if you like.

You will be impressed with the value that can be given the Llano Colony. This value can be given by labor and capital, labor owning the capital. This is not a boost article. It cannot be, because the figures are mostly your own and the results what you yourself make of them. It is just an outline of what can be achieved, with the suggestion implied that these results will be secured, and the further suggestion that time is an essential element and that quick results are not to be thought of.

No mention has been made of industries, of other farm and dairy products, of the many other avenues of profit. Use them or not, just as you like. But think of the Llano Colony as a place of great resource, at present almost wholly untouched.

Think of its assets of men and women who have the determination to succeed. Think of them applying their labor power to develop the resources outlined above. But don't expect them to achieve the impossible and to accomplish remarkable results at once. Llano has a magnificent future. It has a setting that is marvelous. It is a project that is economically correct. That it will meet hardships is to be expected. But that it will succeed in realizing its high ideals is inevitable. Llano is a spot of destiny.

* * *

"Of all the agencies which are at work to elevate those who labor with their hands, there is none so promising as the present Co-operative movement."—John Stuart Mill.

Dawn of Humanism

By D. Bobspa

Humanism's
Dawn first lights the skies,
Glad sight to prophet-visioned seers.

Civilization's curse
Ends tomorrow.

Ten thousand years of civilization;
Ten times ten thousand years of human struggle,
And still a race of slaves!

Came speech
In that far primeval dawn, the birth of Democracy on earth
Giving the hairy tree-dwellers a common knowledge.

King Privilege
Throttled the infant Democracy, and began his reign
with Prometheus' gift of fire.

Bow and arrow, pottery, the taming of animals, smelting of
iron—
All claimed by Privilege —
But strengthened the rule of the few over the masses.

Came written language
To further bolster special privilege,
And the voice of dead masters
Struck terror to hearts of living slaves.

Through all the ages ran
The red thread of Revolution
And the dream of Democracy,
Whose voice King Privilege could not stifle completely.

Came Commercialism and Trade,
Richest fruitage of Civilization,
Culmination of a thousand milleniums of oppression,
bearing its inevitable wars and strivings for stolen privileges.

Comes Humanism,
When the new world
Shall forget
The ten-thousand-year nightmare of Civilization.

Dark grows the night of Civilization's crazy day
And darker still shall be this night of horror
Ere breaks the dawn
(Now visioned by the prophet-few)
That shall usher in the glad, bright day of
Humanism.

With Fire and Sword

With fire and sword the men of old
Laid waste the world; for fame, for gold,
For pride of power or lust of land,
The diamond clay, the golden sand,
The proud flag in new fields unrolled.

Today another hope we hold,
The World Flag struggles to unfold.
Beneath it, nations hand in hand
Shall lose the hate that once was fanned
With fire and sword.

That people, proud and overbold,
Which outgrown horror has unrolled
Upon our world to-day, must stand
Worse punished by the murderer's brand,
Than all their outrage uncontrolled,
With fire and sword.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Two Ways To Govern

By the process of commanding
Many people act as one.
Some ruling will
May hold them still
Or lift them to the sun.
If he be wise and great,
He makes a better state,
But if he fail, of no avail
Is all that he has done . . .

By the power of understanding
Many people act as one;
Their common will
May hold them still
Or lift them toward the sun.
As they grow wise and great,
They make a better state;
Solid and sure, it shall endure
Where all that work have done.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The Wreck

By Ethel Winger

A BRIGHT-EYED, bright-cheeked, bright-haired girl loaded with unwieldy bundles, stepped from a dingy grocery store onto the icy pavement, and carefully guided her way through the crowd toward the city's nearby tenement districts. Her face was smilingly happy, and an anticipating light gleamed in her eyes. In living over again the unique manner of making friends with the newsboy who sold her the evening paper, and subsequently with his dear sister who operated a machine that rolled the bandage she used in the hospital, she gave no heed to the throng of weary laborers and the wearier men who were giving up the day's search for employment. She was only conscious of happiness because she had been able to work herself into their hearts to the point where she could, without offense, get up a little birthday dinner as a surprise for Scrag when he came home for supper. She was glad because it meant a touch of humanity—because through them she had gotten her first inkling of economic conditions, and, in her growing interest, had discarded the fashionable "slumming" of society days for the real life among the peoples of the tenements. Her first step, taking training in one of the charity hospitals, had also opened a wonderful new outlook on life, giving a grateful sense of usefulness in the world's activity.

She had been surprised at first to find that the people she met in her new work was more interesting than her highly-educated, polished friends of unquestionable social standing; they had lived more closely to life, gaining knowledge in sorrow and suffering without losing by cultivation a certain human touch. She had been taught to scorn the city's "scum" as her mother called it, but the moment she met Scrag's sister Minnie who looked steadily and clearly from quiet gray eyes that somehow made one forget the cheap dress, the anemic form and the pinched face, she had realized that pride can be greater than poverty; and finally, when she had penetrated the girl's reserve, she was prouder of her friendship than of all her successes of her last year's debutante season. And this evening it was not charity in any disguise but solely Nan's own inclination that had prompted her to plan a birthday supper, complete to cake and candles, that would be the most wonderful feast Scrag had ever known, outshining the Newsboy's Christmas dinner.

Obtaining a few hours' leave of absence from her hospital duties, she had made an excursion to some nearby markets, carrying away all she could. Celery leaves protruding from a long bundle, bags stuffed suggestively, proclaimed the nature of her errands. Not even the heavy, careworn faces of the laborers could repress her enthusiasm.

Reaching her destination, she carried the bundles up two flights of stairs, pausing a moment at the third. Then she felt her way through several turnings of the corridor, and stopping to fumble for the

key Minnie had given her for the occasion, she opened the door and entered. The small room was dark, crowded, but neatly clean. There were carefully cut magazine poster covers on the walls of which the only other ornaments were faded chintz curtains that hid in irregular bulges the family wardrobes. A cloth covered box of drawers holding a few dilapidated combs, brushes and toilet articles, with a dingy mirror above, an uneven bed, a small stand and some rickety chairs completed the furniture. After removing her wraps, Nan took the groceries to the kitchen and began rapid preparations. She wanted to have everything ready by the time Minnie came back from the factory and Scrag returned for supper.

She started the coffee boiling while she opened warm packages from the delicatessen shop, and placed celery, bread and butter on the table, covering the holes in the white oil-cloth with the dishes.

Her absorption was interrupted by the entrance of Scrag's father, who, shuffling wearily out into the kitchen, stopped suddenly when he saw her.

"Good evening, Mr. Williams," Nan began quickly, noting his expression of surprise. "Minnie said I might come in and get up a little surprise supper for Scrag this evening—for his birthday, you know," she added, as his manner had not changed.

Williams' jaw dropped. It had been a long time since he had seen a happy girl preparing a wholesome meal, or speaking enthusiastically of surprises. "Er—I guess it is the tenth of January! I had forgotten—one day seems like another." His voice ended huskily.

"Sit down and have some coffee while we wait," suggested Nan. Eagerly he took the steaming cup she offered him, and gulped down the contents. He watched her closely as she peeled an orange, and talked commonplaces. But Nan's sympathetic attitude always inspired confidence, and he was soon telling her of his long search for work since the strike. He had always managed to find a few odd jobs until lately. Since the riot, when Mrs. Williams had been killed by a "strike-buster's" bullet, the family had owed its support to the scant earnings of Minnie, and the nickels Scrag made with his papers. The doctor bill and the funeral expenses were yet to be paid.

As she sliced the last orange, Nan felt a terrible nausea growing in her. Here was John Williams—like many other John Williams' in that city—strong healthy, kind, goodnatured, with all his spirit and initiative long since starved out, unable to find even enough work to support himself; living in the poor wages of a frail daughter and a twelve year old son. She thought of a "civilization" that produced such wrecks. What would eventually happen to Minnie? Would she marry Jim Sullivan, and re-



Orma Johnston, one of the Entertainers at Llano. She is attired in shredded "Llano Colonists."

eat her mother's experience as a sickly, ill-nourished wife of a day laborer? Jim was employed in a garage—he might work up to a higher place. And Scrag? What would happen to Scrag? Scrag whose cheerful optimism and sparkling personality twelve years of overwork had not yet been able to crush; Would he grow into the dull, spiritless man his father was? She called up a picture of Scrag, with his irregular face, sad but for the twinkling blue eyes that were shadowed by shocks of stiff red scraggly hair that had given him his name. She saw him running in and out the throng, calling in a penetrating nasal tone—"Evening Gazette, Times, Chronicle,—all about the big murder—." Suddenly she looked covertly at the father, sitting dejectedly in his chair, his face in his hands, his elbows on his knees. Her throat choked, and her eyes grew hot. She felt stifled—felt that she must get some air. Quickly she arose.

"Oh, there's something I forgot—I must run back and get it. I think I'll be here before Minnie or Scrag return." She hastily donned her wraps, and ran through the front door, bumping into Minnie who was standing outside. "It ain't no use" she heard her say, "it's Jim I like best." In the semi-darkness Nan could only discern a man's figure.

"Oh, hello, Minnie," she said, pretending not to have heard, "I was just going back for Scrag's book that I forgot to bring. I'll be back before he comes, I think." She ran hurriedly down the steps—anywhere to get away from that atmosphere!

Gaining control of herself in the cold, bracing air, she walked rapidly till she came to the corner where Scrag was often to be found. Before she saw the familiar ragged brown coat, she heard his voice coming: "Evenin' Times, Gazette—all about the big wreck—!" She waited a moment on the corner. Then she caught sight of him as he crossed the street. She again marveled at the agility of small boys in general, and of Scrag in particular, in passing through crowds and traffic. He saw her from the distance and waved. He dodged a street-car and gauged the speed of an approaching motor accurately. But just as he darted past the huge fender, the big car skidded on the slippery pavement. Nan caught a glimpse of falling brown corduroy, and flying papers. Her heart stopped, her knees weakened, but she managed to push through the group that was speedily collecting, and reached the inner circle. A chauffeur was lifting a limp brown bundle that was becoming red in spots. She clutched the man's arm: "Take him to the Hall Street Hospital—I know him—" she said. Then she saw that the man was Jim Sullivan.

"My God! It's Scrag!" he cried.

Nan pushed him toward the tonneau: "You take care of him, I'll drive" and jumping into the chauffeur's seat, she grasped the wheel.

With every muscle she strained, seemingly trying to push the car forward. Never had a motor seemed to creep so slowly. Never had the streets been so crowded.

At last they reached the hospital. The resident specialist was summoned at once, and she waited breathlessly in her wraps while the surgeon, assisted by a clean, capable looking interne, made a preliminary examination.

"A serious case. Both legs lacerated and crushed above the knees. Amputation will be necessary. Have his parents been told?"

"I will send for his father; will you please call a messenger while I write a note?" As she went out, the young interne's eyes followed her, but she did not notice.

The emergency nurse was given the care of Scrag, and Nan could not see him again that day. She learned later that Williams had refused to permit the amputation, and that the

surgeon was going to wait a day, in the hope that it might not be absolutely necessary.

Several times the following day she stole into Scrag's room. His head was turned from the door, and she did not disturb him. In the evening, when her work was finished, she tiptoed into the spotless blue room. Scrag opened his eyes as she ran her fingers through the thick, crisp hair. "Scrag! don't you know me?" A smile crossed his face.

"Miss Nan—" was all he could murmur, and his eyes closed again.

She was aroused from her reverie by a nurse, who came to call her to the office. There she found the specialist, calm, scientific, persuasive; Minnie, crying in a chair behind which awkwardly stood Jim Sullivan; and Scrag's father, shifting uneasily in his seat.

The surgeon acknowledged her entrance. "Mr. Williams wishes to see you," he said.

"Miss Nan, the doctor says they'll have to cut off his legs or he'll die. Will they, now?" he asked piteously, searching her face for hope.

Touched by the confidence in his appeal, Nan could only answer: "Dr. Newton knows best; he would not say so unless it were necessary, Mr. Williams."

"But I can't have him a cripple—a cripple" said the father, scarcely aloud.

"But don't you see" began the specialist gently, "that it is a question of amputation or death? We want to save him if we can."

"I know" said Williams, choking. "So do I. But that's why—why I can't—have it done. Scrag—a cripple!"

"Mr. Williams, your son's injuries are such that he will die unless we amputate tonight. There is no possibility of saving his legs; surely you are not so heartless that you do not want your son to live—"

"Stop! for God's sake!" cried the tortured man. "Damn you, don't you think I have any feelings? What is Scrag's life now? What would it be if he lost both legs? He can't make a livin' now, and if you make a cripple of him—"

"But if he dies"—began Newton.

Williams fumbled at the door knob. "Let him die!" cried the old man. "If he dies, he dies once. If he lives, he dies a thousand—" his voice failed him, and he shut the door; he was gone.

A tense silence held them. All were staring fixedly at the door where Williams had disappeared. Suddenly a sob filled the room. Nan remembered Minnie. "Come to my room, dear," and she drew her away, as the interne followed Mr. Williams.

When Nan returned, she found that the father had been persuaded to allow the operation, which would take place that evening. She was present, for Scrag asked for Nan to nurse him, and the authorities had consented.

The days following were the hardest she had ever known. The emaciated face, the pathetic, pleading eyes of the once merry boy haunted her. He became much weaker, and she knew his ill-nourished system could not stand the test. One evening she sent for the surgeon. "I think we had better call his family" she suggested, tremblingly.

After a while Jim Sullivan, Minnie and her father had come. Scrag had grown delirious. Minnie knelt at one side of the bed.

Dr. Newton felt the boy's pulse. "He's dying," he said.

Minnie took her brother's hand. "Scrag—Scrag—" she whispered.

Was Schmidt Guilty?

[This is the fifth installment of Comrade Harriman's address in the trial of the Los Angeles dynamiting cases.]

MR. SCHMIDT told you that he met a man by the name of J. B. Brice at Mrs. Lavin's. That he thought that was his real name. That he did not know until months later that J. B. Brice was J. B. McNamara. That he, Schmidt, was then under his own name. This fact is supported by all the witnesses of the state. That he had used his own name ever since he arrived in the state in 1909. That he was under his own name in Corta Madera where he worked for seven months receiving five dollars a day for his services. That he then went to San Francisco where he remained for a short time, after which he came to Los Angeles. That at all times while he was in Los Angeles he was known by the name of Schmidt and by no other name. The State produced only one witness to contradict this statement, who said she met him in Venice under the name of Perry. She was contradicted by three witnesses besides Schmidt himself, who swears that he was never known by and never used or traveled under the name of Perry.

Schmidt then returned to San Francisco and took up his abode again at Mrs. Lavins. It was there that Schmidt met J. B. Brice. He told you under what circumstances they met. He took the stand like a man; he answered every question frankly and without equivocation. We threw the doors wide open. We asked him general questions. We made it possible for the prosecuting attorney to ask him every conceivable question that might, directly or indirectly, throw light upon the issue at bar. But you men sat in amazement as you watched the maneuverings of the clever attorneys, while they were deciding that not one question should be propounded to this defendant. They did not dare ask him a question. They knew that every question that they could ask would only further illuminate the innocence of the defendant. When they said "No questions" every one of you was sorely disappointed.

I say he met J. B. Brice in San Francisco. He did not know who he was. He thought he was J. B. Brice. There is a conflict of testimony as to how these men met. The District Attorney told you that they did not know to what the witness Doctor Ashworth would testify when he took the stand. They are accustomed, as are all attorneys, to calling witnesses without first knowing what they will say. Mr. Keys, with his boasted thirteen years experience as a prosecutor especially, is in the habit of calling witnesses to testify on matters of importance without knowing what they will say. You will remember how often he has so blundered in this case. Do you remember when Mr. Keys requested the court to take a recess in order that they might talk to one of their witnesses who had just arrived; saying they had not had an opportunity to confer with him? And do you remember that the court granted the request? Yet they brought the witness Ashworth down from San Francisco, according to Mr. Keys, and put him on the stand, and examined him, without first conferring with him. Mr. Keys told you that they did not know what Dr. Ashworth's testimony would be when he took the stand. I regret to say that that statement is not true.

Mr. Woolwine—"I was fined for saying that to you."

Mr. Harriman—"No, you were fined for calling me a liar. I know how to say it without being fined. I told you the truth."

Mr. Keyes—"We did not know."

Mr. Harriman—"Was he not seen by your men last spring along in April? Deny it on oath and I will prove you a perjurer."

Mr. Keyes—"Oh, yes, I do not know, but he was seen."

Mr. Harriman—"He was seen! They did not know! Do you remember that Mr. Keyes told you that when a man is found to be false in one thing that you should question his veracity in all things? Look at him! This is the man who professes to be prosecuting, not because he enjoys it, but because of his "divine duty."

Mrs. Ingersoll as Burns detective, told them of the Doctor. He was a friend of hers. She knew how he could be induced to shape his story. He was seen. His story was known. Ah, his story was part prepared for him. The District Attorney forgot his divine duty when he endeavored to lead you to believe he did not know. He would deceive you to induce you to give more weight than you otherwise would give to the Doctor's testimony. Now what are the facts? J. B. Brice came with Mrs. Ingersoll and Dr. Ashworth to the house of Mrs. Lavin when Brice met this defendant for the first time. This was the testimony of Mr. Schmidt. We threw the doors wide open. We removed every obstacle, and gave to the prosecution an opportunity to ask the defendant any question, directly or indirectly bearing upon this case. We said, now Mr. Prosecutor here is your chance, see if he can explain his whereabouts, make him contradict himself if you can, show him up, tangle him, try if you dare to question an innocent man. With all their boasted thirteen years of experience, and with their imported genius from Indiana, coupled with the skill and accumen of Woolwine himself, they sat dumb as a mule, and silent as the tomb, in fear and trembling. "No questions," was their response.

Let us now turn our attention to the description given by the various witnesses of the man who bought the dynamite and his resemblance to this defendant. Summing them up, their various statements were about as follows. "They resemble," or "He resembles him but his hair was sandy," or "He was light complected" or "His face was red," or "He was shorter," or "He was fleshier," or "His shoulders were broader," or "His cheekbone was crushed," or "His eye was all right," or "He resembles him," yes, he resembles him, so also does witness Bryson resemble the man. Indeed he resembles the description in height, resembles it in weight, resembles in breadth of shoulders, resembles in redness of face, and in the drooping eye. Had he been arrested it would have required a far more careful and energetic defense on his part than it has on the part of this defendant.

Even though he answers the description given by the various witnesses far better than does this defendant yet we do not even suggest that he is the guilty party. His cheekbone was not crushed in and his hair was not sandy.

Let us revert to these descriptions more in detail. Upon examination you will be forced to the conclusion, by the testimony of McCall himself, that this defendant was never in the office of the Giant Powder Works in San Francisco or elsewhere.

It was McCall who said positively that this "defendant is the man" who bought the dynamite. It has been five years since McCall saw him. He has talked to the prosecuting attorneys and their representatives many times since he saw the guilty party five years ago. Doubtless he has been de-

scribed many times by the officers of the State in these conversations and shown to him more than once since his arrest. But a mere statement that "this is the man" should be set aside, when statements made on oath before the Grand Jury five years ago, if they be true, make the present statement false and impossible.

What were the statements? Remember they were made five years ago, while the incident was fresh in his mind, while the picture was still vivid and before it had been blurred by a procession of men involved in similar transactions and before he had been talked to by the emissaries of the District Attorney's office whose conversations were fraught with suggestions and assurances so misleading, cunning and clever in their design. What was the testimony before the Grand Jury to which we refer? Here it is.

Question—"What impressed you most?"

Answer—"As I remember the man, he had something the matter with his left eye. I thought that the bone was broken, but I could not see any scar; not that I was suspicious, but I just wondered to myself what kind of a smash he could have gotten without getting a scar, BUT THE EYE ITSELF SEEMED ALL RIGHT."

Why did you not have McCall tell that while he was on the stand? Was it your divine duty that caused you to conceal it?

The fact is, the bone is all right but the eye is not all right. It is out and sunken.

Listen! "I wondered how he could have got such a smash, and broken the bone. But the eye was all right."

Shall this fact be set aside and forgotten?

The man with an eye that was all right and a broken cheek bone, was not this defendant.

In the face of this stubborn fact can you believe the mere statement of McCall that "this is the man"?

Mr. Gilmore was also one of the clerks at the office in San Francisco where the powder was purchased. He saw the same man whom Mr. McCall saw and described. Mr. Keyes the divinely inspired prosecutor questioned him while on the stand. Yet this "fair" attorney did not ask this witness if he could identify his defendant. The defendant was compelled to put him on the stand. What did he say? Listen, and let his testimony sink deep into your hearts and minds, for the statement he makes confirming the statement of McCall before the Grand Jury should be the determining fact in this case. These statements alone show absolutely and beyond the question of a doubt that this defendant is not the man that purchased the powder.

Listen. The fair Mr. Keyes refused to let us cross-examine this witness. He denied us the privilege of asking this witness if the defendant was the man who purchased the powder. He objected on the technical point that it was not cross-examination. He did not want the man to state the truth. He knew what the truth was and that this man would state it. This fair prosecutor whose duty is as profound toward this defendant as toward the state, would rather hang a man on a technicality and gain for himself a reputation, than to let him go free upon the truth.

Upon the objection of Mr. Keyes the witness was excused, and as he walked down the court room toward the exit Mr. Kenzie asked the court "is it possible that we will be compelled to hold this man here two weeks merely for the purpose of asking him one question?" "No," said the court, "bring him back."

He was then asked if the defendant was the man he saw in the office with Mr. McCall. He said, "I saw a man that resembled him. That man at the time met with some kind of

an accident like he had been hit with some instrument that fractured the bone, not the eye." Two men saw the same man five years ago. They described the same defect in the same way, a crushed cheek bone but an eye that was all right. The man to whom that eye and that cheek bone belonged was not M. A. Schmidt, this defendant. There can be no question of that."

Question—"He resembled the defendant very much?"

Answer—"I do not say 'very much'; he resembled him."

This witness would not even say that the man resembled this defendant very much.

This defendant's eye is out and sunken, and his cheek bone is as sound as a dollar and is as free from blemish as is his heart from guilt. Come, Mr. Schmidt, stand before them. Let them see for themselves.

Now let us turn our attention to the Argonaut Hotel concerning which there has been so much said.

Who is Mr. Hill? He is the man who had talked to the man J. B. Brice. This man Brice occupied a room in the Hotel. Mr. Hill was the Hotel clerk. He had talked to Brice. He knew him. He had changed him from a single room to a double room so that two men could occupy it together. They registered at the same time. But the defendant was not the man. Hill never saw the defendant before. He is an experienced Hotel man. His attention had been called especially to Perry. He remembered the conversation. He remembered the details about changing the room. But Schmidt's face was a strange one to him. Yet he was trained and had an unusually accurate memory for faces. Surely Schmidt is not the man.

Now comes a man by the name of Cook. He is a book-keeper. He had kept the accounts of the Iron Workers at Indianapolis for years. He knew the hand-writing of J. J. McNamara and Hockin as well as he knew his own. He saw their letters and signatures every day for years. He identified their signatures in the registers of various Hotels throughout the country. In no case had his identification been questioned either by the state or by the government. The Argonaut Hotel register was placed before him and he swore that J. J. McNamara wrote the name J. B. Brice and that Hockin wrote the name Perry on the register.

If his testimony is correct then it proves that Schmidt was not there. If it was not correct it proves that experts on hand-writing cannot be relied upon.

It reminds me of the expert who testified in a Pennsylvania case, that a certain document was written by a certain person with a forward movement of the right arm, when as a matter of fact, it was written with a pen held with the toes of a man who had no arms.

How easy this question could have been settled once for all. The prosecuting attorney could have been demanded that Schmidt write the name of F. A. Perry. But they did not dare. They knew that he did not write it. We made it possible for them to question him concerning every detail connected with their theory about the Hotel, but they were silent. They preferred to rest their case upon the testimony of so called experts, than to unfold the truth with this defendant.

The general manager of the hotel who was practically always in the lobby never saw the defendant there. Only a bell boy claims to have seen him on the day of his departure. What evidence on which to convict a man! It is too preposterous for serious consideration.

["Was Schmidt Guilty?" began in the May number and will run for several months. Back numbers, ten cents a copy.]

Co-operation in Russia

(From "The Russian Co-operator.")

THE co-operative movement in Russia penetrates every corner of the vast territory of Europe and Asiatic Russia. It embraces 40,000 separate co-operative units, and 12,000,000 of the empire's male citizens.

The strength of the co-operative organization is increasing, and the difficulties attendant upon military necessities have only served to stir this organization and afford increasing mutual confidence and sympathy, broadening the outlook of old organizations, giving enlightened purpose to the new, as they realize the ever more important part they are assuming in the economic life of the nation.

The Russian co-operative movement is already fifty years old but it has now acquired the strength and vigor of manhood under our very eyes. Without exaggeration, it may be asserted that no other country possesses a co-operative movement so broad in scope or affecting so many classes in the economic world.

Conceived and carried out by the people for the benefit of the masses, Russian co-operation possesses all the force of new and original democratic ideas, the breadth of organization, characteristic business ability and caution in action. At present the co-operative movement in Russia is fighting a stern battle on behalf of the people against unprecedented high prices, and it is making heroic efforts to relieve distress in the rural districts. It undertakes the purchase of consumers' requirements and sells their agricultural produce, both in Russia and abroad. It has performed excellent work in providing for the needs of the army. Huge supplies have been organized by the co-operative movement under the direct auspices of the state departments. Its financial position is sound, the turnover of all the co-operative organizations approaching 2,000,000,000 rbls. The co-operative organization is a power which has to be considered very seriously by the authorities. All this has taken place during a period of political oppression and in the absence of co-operative legislation.

In pre-Revolutionary Russia, the co-operative societies were the only form of organizations, widely spread among the masses. At the same time their membership was chiefly confined to the peasants, while co-operative societies among the working classes were weak and few. The food crisis provoked by the war has increased the number of the latter form of societies, and there is no doubt that their future growth will receive now a powerful stimulus in the free conditions that have been set up. This will also be the case with co-operative societies in the villages, and the co-operative movement will have to play a most important part in the social problems which face the New Russia. It becomes thus a matter of the greatest urgency to trace the relation between co-operation and Socialism, as the political atmosphere is saturated with the ideas of the latter.

Whatever the origin of co-operation may be, it does not by itself constitute Socialism, but on the contrary, it is rooted in the present capitalist state. Co-operation is an economic organization, based on private ownership and aiming at the private-economic advantages of its members. In a Socialistic state there would be no room and no need for co-operation, because the former presupposes the abolition of capitalist economy based on exchange.

Thus co-operation pre-supposes the existence of an economic order based on private ownership. However, that does not mean that co-operation is but one form of the capitalistic

state. Differing widely from Socialism, co-operation, at the same time, is not the same as capitalism, and its whole object is to fight the latter. But it fights it with its own weapons, and the end of one must necessarily lead to the extinction of the other.

But, being thus fundamentally different from Socialism, co-operation can under certain conditions become a transition form towards the latter. This is a view taken by many co-operators, and, in this connection, it must not be forgotten that co-operation originated from the socialistic ideas of Owen and Fourier. These "ideas fell on a capitalist soil and gave a peculiar fruit—co-operation."

Of greater importance than its origin are the tendencies shown by co-operation: Does it tend to transform the present order into a Socialistic one, or not?

The tendencies shown by the lines of the development of the movement are different in the case of societies recruiting their membership amongst peasants or amongst the working classes.

Co-operation among workmen gravitates towards Socialism in the form of collectivism, although by itself it cannot transform the capitalistic order into a Socialistic one. On the other hand, co-operation among peasants, although radically affecting the position of the latter toward the market, does not destroy the existing system, but on the contrary, strengthens their position in it.

Such are the limitations, inherent in the very nature of co-operation. That, however, will not preclude it from occupying a prominent place in the social movement which is now spreading in Russia.

"Therefore, fellow co-operators, go forward towards a better future! Forward towards the Kingdom of Labor on the basis of fraternity, equality, and liberty!"

The Wreck (Continued from Page eleven)

He opened his eyes, seeming to recognize her, and smiled. Then his lids slowly closed. A frown passed over his face. He was speaking under his breath. All strained forward to listen.

"Extra! Extra! all about the big wreck"—his voice trailed off into nothingness. Then his face cleared, and he smiled faintly. Minnie's head fell into her arms.

"Scrag—!" she cried.

For a while nobody stirred. Then, oblivious to all the others, Jim raised her gently. "Minnie" he said, "Minnie, let me take care of you now. Let me—"

For a moment she hung limp in his arms. Then she pushed herself back, bracing her hand against his shoulder, and gazed into his eyes.

"Jim," she whispered softly. And then "Jim!" she burst out passionately "Jim, would you do all this over again?" She motioned toward the bed, including in the gesture the bowed, broken figure of her father.

Nan's eyes followed Minnie's to the face of Scrag. As she looked, all the tragedy of his kind seemed to overpower her. She staggered to the door. The young interne followed her anxiously. In the hall he caught her arm. She lifted piteous-tearfilled eyes to his, and saw understanding there, with something that made her accept the comfort of his shoulder. "The big wreck—the big wreck—" was all she could say.

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

The Goodhue Co-operative Co.

Our company, the Goodhue County Co-operative Company, Red Wing, Minnesota, was organized in November, 1907, succeeding the Workers' Co-operative Mercantile Company. The Workers' Co-operative Company was organized in 1904. Its object was to improve conditions for the working man. Prices of all commodities were advancing. The merchants were well organized and arbitrary, and it was to counteract the effect of the merchants association that the first co-operative venture was launched. The effort was not a pronounced success from the start. No sooner was the co-operative store opened for business, than the "other merchants" began a campaign of price-cutting, belittling, and about every known method to wreck the new concern, but the men who had organized the co-operative were workers and fighters. The "other merchants" said the co-operative would not last three months. They managed to pull through a year. By the end of the first year they had got over their "stage fright," as it were, and could see a new vision. They got more of their fellow workers to join them. Shares which were at first sold for \$15.00 were now raised to \$25.00, and trade picked up.

The first store was located in the west end of the city near the tile works for which our city is noted. By 1907 farmers were becoming interested in our store and after much discussion and many meetings, it was decided to re-organize the company on broader lines, increase the capital, and open a store in the business district. The services of Mr. W. F. Vedder, now of the American Co-operative Organization Bureau of Chicago, were secured, and when one hundred and seventeen subscribers for stock had been secured, our present company was organized. Shares were sold at \$100.00 each, and each subscriber paid \$5.00 for membership fee.

The volume of business for the first year amounted to \$57,000.00. We have grown each year both in membership and volume until last year we did a business of over \$268,000.00, and have about 450 members. We have divided back in interest and dividends over \$35,000.00 and have about \$12,000.00 in our reserve fund. During the year of 1916 in conjunction with the Red Wing Realty Company, a subsidiary of our company, we erected a beautiful new store building 112x116, right in the heart of the best business district, at a cost of approximately \$100,000.00 complete.

Up to January 1st, 1917, we handled only groceries, shoes and meats. In our new building we are handling besides the above, dry goods, ladies' ready-to-wear, men's and boys' clothing, hardware and farm machinery, and have space arranged for furniture, carpets, rugs, linoleums, etc., as soon as we can get capital to add them.

During all our efforts, we have had the most bitter opposition of almost every interest of our city, especially the retail and financial, until sometimes those of us who are at the head of the institution wonder if it is really worth while. Then again we look at our beautiful home, take a big look into the future, gauge it by the record of the past, and try to make ourselves believe that even the Lord of Hosts could have little use for a "quitter."

Yours for co-operative success, GEORGE F. GROSS, Manager.

The Value of Co-operation

Co-operation supplements economy by organizing the distribution of wealth. It touches no man's fortune, it seeks no plunder, it causes no disturbance in society, it gives no trouble to statesmen, it enters into no secret associations; it contemplates no violence; it subverts no order; it envies no dignity; it asks no favor; it keeps no terms with the idle, and it will break no faith with the industrious; it means self-help, self-dependence, and such share of the common competence as labor shall earn or thought can win, and this it intends to have.—G. J. Holyoake.

The Pacific Co-operative League

In 1913, in the city of San Francisco, a few far-seeing persons decided to combat the high cost of living by organizing their buying power. The result was the Pacific Co-operative League, in which sure and immediate benefits were obtained in co-operative and centralized buying.

The steady and rapid growth of the Pacific Co-operative League shows it to be a permanent concern. Over 1000 members have joined and at different points throughout the West and the state of California, strong auxiliary clubs, and in some points stores, have been formed.

The benefits secured through the League are remarkable. A saving of 10 to 25 per cent in the grocery bill is common, and the saving on goods other than groceries is considerable. One club in 1916 saved its members \$3000.00 on coal alone. Another club reports conservatively that the saving was 25 per cent on purchases since affiliation with the Pacific Co-operative League.

The League has the enthusiastic endorsement of many prominent publicists and is an active member of the International Co-operative Alliance, which numbers over 40,000,000 people.—From a letter from E. Ames, President, Pacific Co-operative League.



Goodhue County Co-operative Co. Department Store, Red Wing, Minn.

Co-operation in Russia

The European War has had an invigorating effect on the co-operative movement in Russia.

The co-operative societies, which now have a membership of more than 11,000,000 have taken part in organizing public effort for supplying the army with food, in caring for refugees and the families of soldiers.

The co-operative movement in Russia was 50 years old in 1915, the first co-operative society having been sanctioned in 1865. In the first 40 years the progress was slow. In the last 10 years the movement has been especially marked, so that today the movement, with a membership of 11,299,404 has reached a position which is said to be far ahead of that in all the countries of Europe.—The Australian Worker.

Co-operate!

When the prehistoric caveman lived and struggled long ago, He was strong for independence as he wondered to and fro. If he had a neighbor handy he would tear him limb from limb, And the thought of social meetings never much appealed to him; 'Till one day a wiser caveman—sort of prophet, priest and scribe— Pointed out the simple merits of assembling in a tribe. "Let us work and fight as brothers, with our strength combined," he said, "For we've got to get together if we want to get ahead."

—BERTON BRALEY in Organized Farmer.

Co-operative Banking

By Clinton Bancroft

IN view of the hostility existing between organized labor and organized capital, it is strange that the members of labor unions continue to patronize the banking institutions which are the very bulwarks of that capitalism. Private banks (and by private banks I mean all non-co-operative banks) furnish the "sinews of war" to the very capitalism engaged in the war upon organized labor; and the banks get those sinews of war largely from the deposits of their patrons. So that it may be truthfully said, that the laboring people themselves furnish to capitalism the means by which their own oppression is wrought by depositing their money in exploiting banks which, in turn, loan it to exploiting capitalists.

It is strange that laboring people seem never to have thought of that, and stranger still that their leaders have never tried to organize these deposits in a way that would have helped the people themselves or at least established depositories where the funds of their people would be safe and at the same time free from capitalistic manipulation. The working capital of banks is not furnished by the large depositors. These keep their money moving too fast to do the banks much good. It is upon the aggregation of small deposits that the banks depend for their effective capital, and these are furnished in the main by productive labor, by the working people. If the working people should withdraw their deposits it would seriously cripple the exploiting banks; and if they should go further and bank their earnings with a co-operative institution it would be a long stride toward solving the labor problem, both by bringing capitalism to a sense of its dependence upon and subservience to labor, and by helping to establish an industrial system which, in itself, would largely be a solution of that problem. The great mass of laboring people do not realize the vast power that lies in the great aggregation of their deposits in exploiting banks. Census statistics show that deposits in savings banks alone amount in round numbers to about five billions of dollars, and as the average is only about four hundred and fifty dollars per capita, these deposits may be said to belong to the laboring classes or to those naturally in close sympathy with them. What amount of deposits in other banks belongs to these same classes it would be difficult to estimate, but it would undoubtedly reach a large sum. The total deposits belonging to producing labor must run well up to the seven billion figure. By depositing this money in private exploiting banks, the vast industrial power which that sum represents is voluntarily placed by labor at the disposal of the capitalism of the day which uses it to strengthen its own power and destroy the industrial hope of the people.

It is voluntarily placed by labor in the hands of those whose sympathies are against it, and whose active opposition will always be felt against any labor movement that appears to have a chance to succeed. If instead of depositing their savings in the banks of their industrial enemies they had organized co-operative banks and retained control of this vast

capital to develop industries operated on a plan that recognizes the manhood of labor, the history of the last fifty years would have been differently written, and the co-operative commonwealth would have been fifty years nearer realization. If the vast sums of money which labor deposits in capitalistic banks should, in a reasonable measure, be turned to the development of a new industrial system, the result would be a marvelous transformation of the conditions of labor in this country. It is strange that organized labor has never attempted to control the savings of its own members, and turn the immense advantages resulting from such collective control back to themselves.

One reason why organized labor has neglected so powerful a means of helping along its cause as banking, has been that the banking fraternity has for the most part succeeded in keeping an outward appearance of neutrality in the contests between labor and capital. The attention of the people has never been forcibly called to the subtle part which these neutrals actually play in the campaigns of capital. Another

reason, doubtless, was the commonly accepted belief that banking is a very complicated and hazardous business; that it requires a very high order of talent to run it successfully, when the fact is that it really requires less business ability to conduct a bank successfully than almost any other business. Integrity, prudence and a common-sense judgment of security values is absolutely all that is required. Any honest man with common-sense prudence can with practical certainty make a successful banker. Dishonesty and speculation are at the bottom of the majority of bank failures that result in loss to depositors. Failure from legitimate causes are rare. But the commonly accepted idea has prevailed, and the idea never seems to have occurred to the people that

WHAT do the working people do with their money? Who gets the use of it when they deposit it? Is there no way in which they can reap the advantage, collectively, of the huge sums that are deposited by them? The great mass of the laboring people do not realize the vast power that lies in the great aggregation of their products in exploiting banks.

banking could be conducted on the co-operative plan (that is, so seriously as to assume the proportions of a general movement) and on any other plan they were too wary of corporation methods to invest in shares even had it been suggested.

Another and very potent reason has been that organized labor and labor leaders in the main have devoted themselves solely to securing better wages and shorter days. They have tried to fight it out on that line alone. Very little effort has been made among them to help themselves by organizing any sort of industrial plan whereby labor might be freed from exploiting capital. Labor leaders carefully refrained from such efforts; indeed, their policy has been to discourage the unions as such from turning their attention to industrial reforms of any kind. That they had some fair reason for such policy can not be denied. They found labor unorganized and the main thing was to organize, and they had to proceed along lines of least resistance. But in later years the organizing spirit and power of labor has been so well developed that it is no doubt a great mistake, not to say blunder, to try and hold the laboring people to the single questions of wages and hours. It has been demonstrated that they are well able to handle industrial and business enterprises most successfully;

(Continued on Page twenty-three)

"Evening Thoughts"

By Dr. John Dequer

A PLAYLET composed while musing alone in my room at sunset.

The Antelope Valley as seen from the new-born town of Llano might well be called the Valley of Dreams. It is an almost mystic place. Its wide unbroken reaches of semi-desert, swathed in a delicately soft purple haze, above which the distant mountain peaks arise in silhouette against a turquoise sky have a tendency to place one in an almost reverential mood.

The evening on which I first wrote these lines was one of these; sublime in its tranquil majesty. It suggested the thoughts of infinity.

The Infinite—What is it?

I had been reading an account of a particularly ferocious battle. It seemed as if I could hear the wail of the dying. In the conflagration of passion, life was being extinguished.

Life—What is it?

Here was the desert in almost infinite solitude and peace, yonder were men whose every thought was blood and death, and woe.

With these thoughts in mind I wrote, "Evening Thoughts."

* * *

The Infinite in the character of a Greek god is seen upstage soliloquising.

The Infinite: I am all that is. I encompass the boundless seas of two Eternities. Past and Futurity are my servants. The center of the sun and of the remotest star are part of me. I am time, space, and substance; boundless, endless, and untouched.

Life enters as a matronly woman, in the best years of life. She stands at the door and listens in silence while The Infinite speaks. As he ceases she walks forward, addressing him.

Life: Ah! What you say is true, my father, and yet without me you are nothing, your elements are dead and purposeless, a wilderness of forces, a chaos of ions, sere and unlovely as the dead and barren moon. Unless I quicken, Infinite as you are, you are not conscious of your existence.

The Infinite: Yet you, my daughter, are part of me; born from the womb of my sweetheart, Substance, nurtured by the blood of her elements; I am your father and keeper.

Life: It is true that I was born of Substance. It is also true that I had Death for a nurse who fed me on the blood drawn from my own veins.

The Infinite: Life indeed subsists on Life, that she may rear her children. Love, Joy, Happiness, and Trust are her favorites. She also rears Suspicion, Hate, Sadness, and Pain, and these groups drain each other's blood that Life herself may endure.

Love and Joy enter as young man and woman, wreathed in garlands of flowers. Love to Life.

Love: O mother! how good it is to play with Joy in the rose embowered gardens of Hope and Trust. The stars shine with a most wonderful luster; the night is filled with glory; the hills are clothed in loveliness, when seen from these enchanted spots.

Enter Suspicion and Hate from the right, they glare at Love and nudge one another.

Suspicion to Hate: There is work for us in that garden.

Hate: Yes indeed, those two may play for awhile in these gardens but we must see to it that they do not learn to work together.

Suspicion: For if Love and Joy make a partnership to Labor, what becomes of you and I?

Life looks around, sees Suspicion and Hate at the door but appears not to recognize them.

The Infinite (to Life): Daughter, are these not your children, Suspicion and Hate, in the presence of your more favored children, Love and Joy?

Life (to The Infinite): They are not my children, but born to your eldest son, Necessity.

The Infinite: He is your husband.

Life: I know he is my husband, but he never was my love. My love was and is Ideal; him I am denied, because of Necessity. Necessity has a concubine, her name is Lust, and out of that unholy union these two were born together with Sadness and Pain. They dwell in my house only to torment my children. These two are friends of Death the Destroyer. (Death passes a door upstage.)

Suspicion to Hate: I will persuade Love to go with me to the house of our mother Lust; that will leave Joy in the hands of Death.

Hate: Agreed, that will be perfect. O! my brother you are a genius.

Suspicion approaches Love, who has strayed a little space from Joy.

Suspicion (to Love): How handsome you are when adorned with blossoms.

Love: Leave me. I know you not.

Suspicion: O yes you do, I am your half brother. My mother is our father's Sweetheart.

Love: Go away, my mother hates her.

Lust: Naturally. Your mother envies mine.

Love: Why should she envy her?

Lust: Because my mother knows many wonderful secrets that Life would hide from you. My mother has the golden key to the enchanted gardens of Rapture and Passion.

Love: And pray why should my mother want to hide ought from me?

Suspicion: Because she is envious; she knows that if ever you get acquainted with my mother, she will teach you to eat the fruit of Power; to use the things that make you master of men. You will learn the great mysteries of life, the perfume of Passion, by the use of which you shall become a queen in your own domain, equal to your mother, Life. You will see Joy as he really is, a servant and not a sweetheart.

Love: I understand you not. I love my mother.

Suspicion: Your mother and mine love our common father. We are to that extent brother and sister. Can you not see why your mother is jealous?

Love: I suspect that what you say is true.

Suspicion: Let me prove it.

Love: Lead the way.

Suspicion: Follow me. (They exit to the left.)

Joy (to Life, excitedly): Who is that fellow who went away with Love?

Life: He is Suspicion, the friend of Death.

Hate laughs, as Death enters from behind The Infinite. Lights go out for an instant, and Life and The Infinite are seen alone.

Life: O, why must I endure!

The Infinite: To bring forth Love and lose her; to bring her forth again and again, until all the brood of Fear, Envy, Hate, Suspicion and Death shall learn that though Love dies a thousand deaths, yet she is immortal.

Reviews of Recent Books By D. Bobsa

"Day and Night Stories" by Algernon Blackwood.

Journeyings into the world of mysticism under the guidance of such a master as Algernon Blackwood brings back the fairyland of childhood; leads us again into the youth of the race. His latest volume of short stories, "Day and Night Stories" maintains the high Blackwood standard set by such classics as "The Centaur," "Julius Le Vallon," "The Extra Day," "The Human Chord," "John Silence" and "The Wave."

Mr. Blackwood has the power to make real the "unreal." The "unreal" is to most of something we don't understand. Radium was "unreal" to Sir Isaac Newton. Wireless telegraphy and airplanes were "unreal" half a century ago to the best scientific minds. The "real" is what we understand (or think we comprehend). Algernon Blackwood is no mere weaver of wild fantasies. If as a child you want the sheer flight of imagination; if you want to explore the impossible; if you want to renew the thrill of Kipling's masterly "Brushwood Boy" over and over again; if you want to look into forbidden territory of the invisible world—then read Blackwood. But there is far more than this in his book.

"Day and Night Stories" covers a wide range. As in the score of previous books from the pen of Mr. Blackwood, there runs through these tales a definite philosophy. The author is a deep student. His word painting is that of a master artist; his philosophy fine and clear; his understanding almost uncanny. The fifteen tales take us into England, America, Egypt, the Alps—but always into the heart of nature and into the hearts of men. Mr. Blackwood is the skilled surgeon in both fields. He has achieved the dream of Manfred and here we sense "the viewless spisit of a lovely sound."

Return to the primitive harmony of man with his environment, unspoiled by the artificiality of civilization, this is a part of the lesson we learn. Place ourselves in harmony with the elemental forces of wind, fire and water. The oneness of life is shown—the oneness of man and the trees and flowers of the forest. The oneness of the present life through the ages. Man's belief that he knows has kept him from learning. The church betrayed its trust; the priest killed the conception of God and substituted a garbled counterfeit. Science rebelled against this counterfeit and declared no God exist; that there is no spiritual life possible. Blackwood doesn't preach, but his stories do. He is one of the rare prophets leading the race back into spirituality, peeping into the face of God, forecasting the life in the fourth dimension and showing the possibilities just around the corner when man emerges from the fear that has characterized religion for countless centuries, into the faith that is to be the keynote of the future religions. We hear of faith and belief in some of the older religions, but in practice it has been a feeble note, while the clamor of fear has dominated. "Perfect love casteth out all fear." Mr. Blackwood is showing the way into that path of love. "The Initiation" depicts the finding of Beauty in the heart of the primitive pines; the taking away of all fear of death in the worship of life, nature and beauty as revealed in their underlying unity. "The Touch of Pan" is a beautiful idyllic excursion, and at the same time a scathing denunciation of the lives of the titled parasites and upon the social standard which relegates real living to a place of scorn. "The Wings of Horus" forecasts the possibilities when man shall understand his relation to the universe—and by faith take his place in harmony with the elemental forces. "An Egyptian Hornet" is a fine portrait of a moral coward, the product of the religion of yesterday. And so, all of the stories—each individual and searching.

No one writer has done more for me in the way of combined entertainment, intellectual orientation, understanding and spiritual growth than Algernon Blackwood. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

"Those Times and These" by Irvin S. Cobb.

Irvin S. Cobb is a master humorist—nothing of the depth of philosophy of Mark Twain—but a close reader of human nature. I like him because of his telling the truth about California. I like him because of the abounding pathos and overflow of humor in most of his works; for the high standard that prevails even in so much copy he turns out at so many cents a word for the big magazines. I disagree with his viewpoint on practically all public questions, national and international—which doesn't bother him at all (nor me).

Cobb is never better than in the tales of his old Kentucky home where he was born and learned the newspaper game before going to New York City to grow fat and famous. "Those Times and These" is a collection of stories I can cheerfully recommend as the best ever, for it introduces once more old Judge Priest.

Now, the Judge is an American character who will live. He belongs to the Kentucky soil. We have learned to love the upright old fighter

and his companion, Sergeant Jimmy Bagby. From time to time during the past few years Cobb has been opening the secret chambers of his heart in love tales of the old home country. Judge priest has fussed and hurried through many of them until like Cappy Ricks and Matt Peasley, Letitia Carberry and her two spinster friends, and Billy Fortune, he sells a magazine on sight if he is suspected of being in a story.

There are ten of "Cob's best"—how does that sound for a new brand of Kentucky stogies?—in the collection. Ex-Fighting Billy; And There Was Light; Mr. Fleshburg Gets Even; The Garb of Men; The Cure for Lonesomeness; The Family Tree; Hark! From the Tombs; Cinnamon Seed and Sandy Bottom; A Kiss for Kindness; Life Among the Abandoned Farmers.

Cobb impresses me as belonging to the courtly days of the past generation than to the generation merging into the future humanism. Be that as it may, no other writer can equal his telling of the survivors of the period of the Civil War. (George H. Doran Co., New York.)

"Gone to Earth" by Mary Webb.

Mary Webb has a close understanding of the lives of people of the countryside. She has a sympathy for these people whose lives are centered in the soil, whose eventful periods reach a climax in crops; whose fears, hopes and joys center in the clouds and sunshine as related to those crops; whose chickens, flocks, and herds make up a great part of the universe.

In "Gone to Earth" she lets flow her imagination, in much the same vein shown in her previous novel, "The Golden Arrow." She shows a developing power in her new book. Not all productions can be of the mountain peak variety. We must live the greater part of our lives in varying levels, across plains and through valleys and on sunny slopes of the foothills. So, in literature, we cannot dwell ever among the superb masters—a dwelling perpetually with the gods would not be good for us—at least not just yet.

And so, while "Gone to Earth" is not one of the immortals, it has the qualities that makes the good book—sympathy and understanding. Human nature, with its relief of quaint and spontaneous humor are the background for the passions of human living woven into the tale. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

"The Definite Object" by Jeffrey Farnol.

Jeffrey Farnol is known to the readers of current fiction through his previous novels, "Beltane the Smith," "The Broad Highway," "The Amateur Gentleman," and "The Honorable Mr. Tawnish." He comes before the public this summer with "The Definite Object; A Romance of New York." A gratifying merit of Fr. Farnol's novels is that they are stories for their own sake, not romances about which to hang some moral or social question. The present story has not been published serially, and comes fresh to the readers. The scene is laid principally in that portion of New York known as Hell's Kitchen.

In the novel, Mr. Ravenlee, a young man just a little past the first draft age, ennuied, bored and distracted because there is nothing in life of further interest, because of the millions of dollars, automobiles, servants and country and city homes. The champion heavyweight of the world piloted his automobile and his butler was a work of art, the envy of acquaintances.

With these accomplices, he accompanied a young burglar whom he had apprehended in his New York residence, to Hell's Kitchen, where a room was engaged of a good hearted woman of angular build. He ventured poverty and went into the street as a peanut vender. Then the "definite object" appeared in the person of the sister of the burglar. The robber reformed after proper moral vicissitudes. The sister was a beautiful girl, the idol of the heart of the leader of a desperate gang of gunmen. What this prince of good fortune does under the circumstances allows Mr. Farnol to introduce some entertaining and exciting chapters. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

"The Adventure of Death" by Dr. R. W. MacKenna.

"The Adventure of Death" is a valuable message, another evidence of the passing of materialism as a philosophy. When a Scotch M. D. defends immortality it is time for the followers of materialism to do a bit of thinking and scrap some of those ten-cent pamphlets from which they learned their philosophy of life.

Dr. Robert W. MacKenna writes like a poet. Bill Hyatt says he ought to write novels, so more people would be led into the joyland of his beautiful expression. Of his earlier chapters, "The Great Adventure," "The Fear of Death," "The Painlessness of Death," and "Euthan-

asia" I shall make no comment, pertinent as are his suggestions. It is in the closing part of the book I find most interest.

Here are treated the questions of what life gains from death, whether death ends all, is man more than matter and survival of personality. Death, says Dr. MacKenna, is the force that gives force and meaning to life. Is man more than matter? Let us listen to a beautiful comparison:

"But let us imagine that our materialist is a musician, and let us set him before a piano out of tune, with stiff keys and a half-a-dozen broken wires, and without telling him of the crippled condition of the instrument, let us ask him to play Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. On such an instrument that exquisite harmony would become a discord. The player has all the necessary skill; the score is before his eyes, and his fingers touch the keys at the right time. But the instrument is damaged;

a hammer falls where there is no wire to catch its blow and tremble into music, and instead of a concord of sweet sound we have a chaotic dissonance. The analogy is a permissible one, and when the disgusted materialist rises from the instrument, we may point out to him that just as he has been unable to extract harmony from the damaged piano, so the mind cannot, or at least does not, play the harmony of life on the keyboard of a diseased brain."

The brain is placed on the defensive as a limitation of mind. It is compared to the window which lets into the room of our being the play of mind. The survival of individuality is also advocated. "Reason can make but one answer, which is, that mind is also imperishable and must persist." And "it persists as personality, with this essential difference, that it is freed from the trammels and limitations of the physical body . . ." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

With The Editors By B. Bobspa

Dr. G. Henri Bogart, of Shelbyville, Illinois, veteran writer, poet, lecturer and editor, woke up the medical profession last month with a widely published article on venereals in the United States army. Dr. Bogart is a graduate of two medical schools, but didn't like the commercialized guesswork and graft of the profession and so has devoted himself to free lance lecture work and writing. His essay, "War, Morals, Health—the Future," appeared in many of the leading medical journals last month. Dr. George L. Servess, editor of the "Denver Medical Times," wrote: "Although I had completed the arrangement for the contents of the August issue, I am sending the manuscript to the publishing house, telling them to drop everything else out of the issue and run this article."

Dr. Bogart has given to the conservative world the knowledge that the radical press has realized for a long time. He brings his personal investigations and long professional studies to bear in an authoritative condemnation that not even the "nice" respectables can overlook. Dr. Bogart is on the staff of a score of medical journals and is doing much to humanize the profession, being, like Dr. William J. Robinson, one of those "sane radicals" who fail to see the "ethical" distinction that would make a mystic priesthood of the medical profession.

* * *

Orientation is the crying need of today. We must face the future, wherein lies new worlds in the throes of travail. But those new worlds will spring from the seeds of the past. Let us turn occasionally in the midst of the stream of new books to a consideration of those which have already become classics.

What can be better for your spare hours than a thorough study of C. Osborne Ward's "The Ancient Lowly"? Why not make these two pregnant volumes more than a name? Here is "A History of the Ancient Working People from the Earliest Known Period to the Adoption of Christianity by Constantine." If you have read Simonds and Oneal on American history, you have learned that this study involves the working class and is something more than merely wars and battles. Ward will take you back into the misty past and show you the history of your class in the days when there were no beings on earth but priests and kings of importance—to judge from the distorted "facts" we learned in college. No capitalist house dared publish the original edition of this revolutionary work, which in eight editions has carried the gospel of proletarian history.

There are a few minor details—noted by the publishers—in which later investigations have developed a different conception of some social phenomena. These in no wise disparage the general value of the author's deductions, and the two volumes still stand one of the greatest monuments of research into the true development of mankind.

You will find that Tom and Rena Mooney were not the first strike leaders to get into trouble with the ruling classes for trying to help the people; and your 'Spartacus to the Gladiators' will ring with a clarified tone after a study of the "Ancient Lowly." What do you know about the ten-year war in which Ennus marshalled an army of 200,000 soldiers against the economic slavery of Rome? Historians have been silent on such matters of the uprisings of the proletarian masses.

* * *

Closely allied with "The Ancient Lowly" as a class document of virile force is Dr. Lewis H. Morgan's "Ancient Society; or Researches in the Line of Human Progress from Savagery through Barbarism to Civilization." Dr. Morgan is the author of a number of authoritative books and was one of the prominent scientists of the nation.

Just as savagery and barbarism gave way to civilization, the last named is now yielding to the dawn of humanism, socialism, or whatever name future generations will term it. Standing on the verge of this new world, it is important to take a survey of the three preceding periods of man's tens of thousands of years on earth.

Four main divisions are treated in this book: "Growth of Intelligence

Through the Inventions and Discoveries"; "Growth of the Idea of Government"; "Growth of the Idea of the Family"; and "Growth of the Idea of Property." The first division tells of the ethnical periods, arts of subsistence, and the ratio of human progress. Then, following a treatment of the organization of society upon the basis of sex, Dr. Morgan tells of the development of the gens in the Indian tribes of America, among the Aztecs, those of Rome and Greece, together with the gentes of other tribes of the human family. Among the interesting discussions are the growth of various confederacies in eastern and western hemisphere, the Grecian Phratry, the institution of political society, and the change of descent from the female to the male line.

This brings us to the consideration of the ancient family, the consanguine family, the punaluan family, the Syndyasmian and the patriarchal families, the monogomian family, sequence of institutions connected with the family. The books conclude with the subject of the three rules of property inheritance.

* * *

As the Jewish bible is simply the collection by a wrangling committee at the dictate of Constantine, so there has grown up a radical "bible," though it has not been crystalized into a single set and made a fetish of. So, to my list of classics I would add a note concerning a more recent production than the above.

The elected "representatives" of the people have ceased to function. The courts and the dictators rule today. So it is interesting to know the inside history of our ruling tribunals. Charles Beard in "The Economic Interpretation of the Constitution" told of the origin of the sacred bull of the supposed basic law of the land. The tale of the setting aside even of this supposed bulwark of liberty by the courts is told by Gustavus Myers in his "History of the Supreme Court of the United States." He is the author of "History of Great American Fortunes," "History of Tammany Hall," and "History of Public Franchises in New York City."

"Palpably a dominant class," writes the author, "must have some supreme institution through which it can express its consecutive demands and enforces its will, whether that institution be a king, a parliament, a congress, a court, or an army. In the United States, the one all-potent institution automatically responding to these demands and enforcing them has been the Supreme Court of the United States. Vested with absolute and unappealable power, it has been able, with a marvellously adaptable flexibility, to transmute that will not merely into law but into action. Hence, the narrative of that court inevitably becomes a history of the origin and progress of capitalism and correspondingly of the forces in society antagonistic to the capitalistic order."

The book is no attack on persons connected with the supreme bench. It deals with fundamental causes, the working out of forces of which the jurists were often unconscious tools, the product of their blighting environment. Neither is any space given to theories or to hypothetical cases and arguments. It is based entirely on historic facts, the verification of which can be made by investigation of public records. No denials have been successfully launched against the book. The facts are brought down to the year 1912. While some important developments have transpired since then, they are only an extension of the powers and activities outlined by Dr. Myers.

* * *

In the name of comrades, I extend to Comrade Ethel Lynn the love of fellowship in this sad summer which marks the death of her devoted husband. "Dan" was described in Dr. Lynn's late book, "The Adventures of a Woman Hobo." Each reader felt a personal acquaintance with this fine comrade in the descriptions of his devotion to his wife as written by her. It is sad that just when the book is winning a wide national popularity the companion of the hardships and joys it describes should be removed from us through death.

Terms of Peace

By Ida Crouch-Hazlett

WHEN shall we be ready for peace? Will it be next week or next year? Will it be when the angel of death is seated at every fireside and the earth is desolated of the priceless achievements of civilization?

Now is the accepted time. The evidence is apparent that the German aggression is not likely to succeed. The results obtained by Great Britain are meager. France has not many men left. New Zealand is exhausted. The British working class is on the point of rebellion. Canada is mutinous; and the German defensive is practically untouched. Russia cannot be depended on even with the pistols of the allies at her heart. She has the sweet wine of Brotherhood in her veins, and even her Battalion of Death cannot produce a will for slaughter when there is none. The United States has the entire experience of war to learn before she can be counted on.

"No indemnities and no annexations." No indemnities could repair the colossal devastation; no indemnities could be squeezed out of the weaker antagonists, and, if the war continue much longer, the protagonists will be "bled white." Indemnities would be a fruitful irritant for future wars, and the question of their division would be extremely difficult to solve without friction.

Each nation should have the freedom to expand without intervention from any other nation. The State should not be a collection and insurance agency for foreign investors, but its sovereignty should end with its boundaries. Investors should take risks on their own initiative, and should be stripped of the support of the home government, with no army and navy to back them.

Disputed territories should be allowed to vote on their boundaries and allegiance. This would give a United Poland, heretofore ravished by Austria, Germany and Russia. Italy's desire for predominance in the Adriatic brings it into conflict with the Slav seeking the sea, and the Italian ports have become more Slavish than Italian. Alsace-Lorraine is more German than French.

The open door, free trade and freedom of the seas would now largely settle the problems of ports like Trieste, Fiume, Constantinople, Casablanca, Agadiz, Koweit and Antwerp,

and would give Russia, Germany, Servia and Austria a chance to get to the sea.

The longer the war is continued the more disastrously the infection spreads with no possible outcome but exhaustion to the status quo. The Socialist sees in this inevitable exhaustion the final collapse of the capitalist form of production from inherent defects of its financial mechanism, international bankruptcy and confiscatory taxes, and, tremendously stimulated by the war, exportation of products, both as capital and merchandise.

An international syndicate for the development of the backward parts of the globe, and a common tribunal to which all concession seekers and investors will submit their claims means an escape from armament. This means the establishment of democracies of all people in all advanced powers as the only real method with which to encourage and assist backward nations.

The conflict of classes must be stopped so as not to embroil whole peoples for the advantage of any class.

All factories of war supplies and munitions should be owned by the governments, and not operated for private profit. The privileged classes would lose their enormous profits by peace. Armaments should be abandoned to rebuild industries.

New democratic standards for the world must take the place of the clash of classes. The disarmament of all nations except for the purpose of actual defense would strike at privileges, profits, and immunities. No permanent peace is possible until we have democracy. Junkerism and democracy cannot unite on a peace program.

All strategic places should be internationalized; all routes over which international traffic flows by sea or land; all ports, straights, seas, canals, and international railroad lines, as Gibraltar, Bosphorus, Suez, and the Bagdad railway.

All the agencies of foreign relations should be democratized and an end put to secret diplomacy.

The making of war should be lodged with the people. Armies and navies should be democratized and military caste destroyed; and so long as defense must be provided for, a democratic, citizen army should be the type, an industrial army that would be employed in public undertakings.

The cause of labor and peace and democracy are one.

Prohibition and Discontent

From "The Public"

THE New York Tribune's staff correspondent at Spokane reports a new argument against prohibition by the lumber men and other large employers of the Northwest, recently gone. Labor unrest, they complain, is due to the lack of drinking places where men can forget their troubles, to wake up the next morning with no money in their clothes and the necessity of going back to the boss to beg for a job. The correspondent puts it thus:

"The men from the camps come to town with so much money and it lasts so long. . . They have the new spirit, a new independence. The I. W. W. leaders say frankly that these sober, well-to-do men are far better material for them to work on than the blear-eyed, whiskey-soaked gangs that used to loaf around the I. W. W. halls for shelter. They have an interest in economic questions, and they like to hear serious, even if revolutionary, speeches. They begin to think. Well dressed, well groomed, grasping in their soberness of life, they begin to consider that the orator argues well when he tells them that they have as good brains and more brawn than their

employers, and that it is merely because they permit the traditional masters to 'stack the cards' on them that they do not own the industries they work."

If the I. W. W. is doing this for the lumber workers and the construction workers of the Northwest, it is entitled to our gratitude. Any fallacy in the I. W. W. doctrine will be found sooner or later by men thus awakened to serious thought, and they will either leave that organization for one that offers soberer promise or they will change it from within. The testimony of these employers, paraphrased by the correspondent, confirms that of the regular trade union leaders of Colorado and Washington that prohibition has been a blessing to the labor movement. The best of our labor leaders are rapidly coming to a realization that the old political alliance between booze and labor has been an unmitigated obstacle, that labor has been jobbed again and again by the liquor interests to whom it turned in its times of desperate need. Mr. Gompers' steadfast opposition to prohibition will not much longer represent the prevailing attitude in labor circles.

News and Views in Agriculture

Hoover says:

"The savings of the American consumer should be made by the exclusion of speculative profits from the handling of foodstuffs, and not by a sacrifice on the part of the producer."

"This is no time for the illegitimate food manipulator. Hoarding and speculation are rife."

"Those producers who fail to sell their crops at a reasonable price should use them at home."

"There is no occasion for food panic in this country. There is no justification for outrageous prices."

"What we hope to do under the food survey and administration legislation is to stabilize prices by various devices, and to regulate the profits and speculation out of handling commodities."

Weeds are Water Wasters

Few people appreciate how thoroughly weeds rob the soil of its surplus moisture. An experiment recently conducted at the Nebraska Experiment Station shows that whereas a certain area of corn abstracts 300 pounds of water from the soil, a similar area of sunflowers robs the soil of 1200 pounds of water. It can be seen from this what a waste of soil water occurs when rank-growing weeds are allowed to survive.

Illustrative of what a lack of soil moisture will accomplish in the way of plant growth, another Nebraska field trial is of interest. One acre plot of corn that was never cultivated or worked yielded twenty-two bushels of corn, as compared with a like area that was thoroughly cultivated and produced seventy-eight bushels of corn.—Country Gentleman.

Manure and Fertilizers

A ton of stable manure usually contains 10 pounds nitrogen, 10 pounds potash, and 5 pounds phosphoric acid, making a total of 25 pounds of plant food.

The excess of nitrogen in hog and sheep manure, is greater than in horse manure. In cow manure the excess is a little less than it is in horse manure. In the four manures, horse, cow, hog, and sheep, the average excess of nitrogen is about the same that it is in horse manure, or about three times as much as it should be for corn.—Co-operator's Herald.

Cows and Calves

Foul in the foot in cattle is caused by standing in mud, and may become serious. To cure, cleanse the space between the toes by drawing a small rop through, then apply sulphate of zinc, one drachm in half pint of water.

Regularity in feeding and milking the cows is very important. Both should be done at regular set hours each day, as cows quickly form habits, and any delay is apt to cause worryment, which will mean a lessening of the product in the pail.

It is a mistake to cut out the morning milking during the time of scant production, as some farmers are often known to do.

Do not fail to have your herd examined at least once a year by a skillful veterenarian to see if tuberculosis has gained an entrance. Promptly remove any that respond to the test. Never under any circumstances add an animal until it has passed a rigid examination.

It is impossible to say just how soon in her life a heifer should be bred. The distinctive, specialized dairy breeds may be bred earlier than the large strains. Some heifers at sixteen months are as fully developed as others at twenty-four. Therefore the experienced breeder will breed according to development.

A good liniment for all kinds of swelling on dairy cows, as well as on all other farm animals, is made by mixing equal parts of turpentine, sweet oil and camphor. Apply liberally and frequently to the swollen parts.

Good milch cows do not generally carry a large amount of flesh. It is impossible to produce milk and flesh at the same time. But they need good feed just the same.

To get the best flow of milk during the winter, cows should be bred so as to come in the fall. They begin to fall off in milk in spring, but the grass will stimulate a larger flow, and they will keep it up until time to be dried off for the next calf. In this way the non-milking period will be at a time of the year when butter and milk are the lowest.—United States Dept. Agriculture.

Drying Vegetables

Vegetables can be preserved for future use by drying. One point to keep in mind is that the drying should be fairly rapid so that there will be no chance for the vegetables to spoil before sufficiently dry. Another point is that the vegetables, if fleshy, should be cut into slices $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. There are several ways of drying: sun heat, artificial heat and air blast. There are several makes of driers on the market. The trays on which the drying is done, should have unpainted screen or wooden slat bottoms. The open bottom allows better circulation of air than can be secured in a pan. Several of these trays can be placed, one above another and when set over a stove the heat will pass through the trays and bring about quite rapid drying. The electric fan, when available, can be used to force a current of air through the vegetables. In drying the vegetables they should not be dried until crisp but to a leathery consistency. It takes experience to tell just what degree of dryness is best.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 841.

World's Greatest Food Crisis

Sixty million men have been withdrawn from the fields of labor in Europe. Reserve stocks of meat, grain, butter, eggs, canned food, have been and are today falling below the danger level.

The Allies have bought for FUTURE delivery 300,000,000 bushels of 1917 wheat. Unless our government intervenes, wheat may sell at over four dollars a bushel.

Anyway, ninety-nine million out of our population of about one-hundred million positively refuse to admit any emergency.

So it is the duty of the American farmer to prevent a possible world-starvation. Think it over, and begin to act.—The Western Empire.

Spineless Cactus as Feed

A trial with spineless cactus as a feed for milch cows conducted in the University dairy herd showed it to have no more merit than suggested by its chemical composition (92.8 per cent moisture, 0.3 per cent digestible protein, 3.9 per cent digestible carbohydrates and fat). It proved unpalatable to our cows, but undoubtedly in some cases it has been eaten by cows and hogs with a relish and in considerable amounts. As 100 pounds contain less than eight pounds of dry matter, and but slightly over four pounds digestible nutrients, it can only be looked upon as an appetizer to stock that have become accustomed to it, and cannot be considered a substitute for either roots or silage, as is sometimes claimed.—Berkeley College of Agriculture.

The Alfalfa Weevil

Alfalfa is California's most valuable forage crop. It is the backbone of the livestock industry of the state, and its protection from destructive pests is therefore of prime importance.

The alfalfa weevil (*Phytonomus pisticus* Gyll.) is the most destructive pest of alfalfa occurring in the United States, and against it California maintains a strict quarantine. This insect occurs at the present time in Utah, the southeastern corner of Idaho and the southwestern corner of Wyoming. It was introduced in some unknown way from the old world, where it is found throughout the Mediterranean region. It was first discovered in this country near Salt Lake City, Utah, about thirteen years ago, where it covered only a few acres of territory. Since then it has spread with considerable rapidity, although it has not made any extended jumps in its distribution.—State Commissioner of Horticulture.

Bristles

Young pigs should not run in heavy pastures when the dew is on the grass. The best cross to produce pigs for bacon is one between pure-bred boars and sows of the same breed. To speak plainly, crossing of breeds is rather risky except in the hands of one who thoroughly understands breeding, and such men do not practise it to any extent.

Many newly-born pigs die immediately after delivery just for lack of a helping hand. If a sow farrows nine pigs and loses three, a loss of one-third is experienced; but few look at the matter in that light. They generally consider themselves fortunate that the other two-thirds of the litter pulled through. About three weeks before farrowing, pregnant sows may be given a ration consisting of nine parts of rolled barley and one part of tannage, or three pounds of skim-milk to one pound of the barley. This method will insure strong, lusty, active new-born pigs.—Farm Journal.

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Co-operative Banking Continued from page 16

and co-operative banking is one of them.

The failure of the government monetary system to provide the people with a volume of money equal to the needs of exchange has forced them at times to resort to various devices to supply the unprovided need. The banks themselves in the past as well as at the present time have been forced to provide temporary relief by issuing clearing-house certificates, certified checks, bills of exchange, federal reserve notes, and other forms of commercial paper during the frequent recurring financial crises that are a necessary evil of the prevailing monetary system.

To the private capitalistic banks the necessity for such action arises only when they suddenly need to mediumize their securities, that is, reduce them to an exchangeable medium form. To the people such necessity is chronic. On account of the miserably inadequate volume of government money they are continually forced to capitalize their securities, to mediumize their wealth or sacrifice it by buying with it a scarce and hoarded legal tender for which there is an enormous over-demand and a corresponding under-supply. Through the federal reserve scheme therefore, the banks are only doing what the government ought to do. But by that plan the associated bankers of the country have successfully seized the money-issuing function of government and control it absolutely for themselves. Notwithstanding the scheme may be authorized by the Congress, although it may be called a "federal reserve bank" and however large its capitalization may be, yet the establishment of such an institution is usurpation of a government function by private individuals which can have but one result—the progressive enslavement of labor to private capital-ownership. The issuing of a medium of exchange is a government function. To demand that the government go out of the bank business by ceasing to be the issuer of money and turn the function of mediumizing values over to the private banker, is like demanding time to roll backwards. But an essential social function that is undertaken by the government and inadequately performed, must in self-defense be supplemented by the people themselves or they must suffer until the government sees proper to do its work well.

The beneficiaries of the government monetary system, the bankers, are too highly pleased with the inadequate performance of this function to allow it to be done any differently. The people have suffered long enough patiently waiting for capitalistic experts to give them relief. The time is near at hand when they will be forced to supplement this government by establishing a system of banking and exchange that will promote industrial production instead of throttling it, one which will develop the country's resources for all the people instead of artificially centralizing them into the private fortunes of a few.

"Scraps of Paper."

"Scraps of Paper" is one of the most realistic bits of source material that has been given to the public. It consists of nearly a score of reproductions of the German proclamations in Belgium and France. These bulletins, of which we have read so much, are reproduced photographically in all the original colors of blues, greens, yellows, white, orange and red. We seem to be traveling through the very war zone itself as we look upon these martial posters. A full page is given to each poster, with the translation and a historical note given on the opposite page. (English version brought out in America at 25c. New York. George H. Doran Company.)

Articles Promised For Early Issues

ARTICLES of general interest which will appear in early issues of the WESTERN COMRADE are now being prepared.

Mr. H. G. Teigan, connected with the national headquarters of the National Nonpartisan League of St. Paul, Minnesota, has promised a series of three articles on this remarkable farmer's organization. Each will consist of between 2500 and 3000 words, or about two pages of the WESTERN COMRADE.

Perhaps only a minority of the readers of this magazine have any knowledge of what his virile, vital, growing, thriving organization is achieving. It has spread throughout the wheat belt of the northwest and is traveling southward. It controls governors and legislatures and has a representative in Congress. It is economic and political in its functions. Controlling the governing forces is but a means to an end with these farmers. Their platform calls for government ownership of elevators, etc. It has gained for its members a more stable market for products and higher prices. It has organized purchasing facilities that secure necessities at lowered figures.

In his series of articles Mr. Teigan will give a brief history of the achievements of this extraordinary organization. With no claim of being Socialistic, it is securing the very things that Socialists have talked, worked, and voted for. Therefore it is of interest to every person who believes in co-operation, and it should convert those who do not. We believe Mr. Teigan's articles will be eagerly read.

Universal Brotherhood

THIS is the name a group of Socialists chose for an organization which would be of interest to Socialists. It was started in Fresno, California, in 1915. It, too, is a vital organization which interests all who believe in co-operation.

Just now certain details are being perfected, but shortly the WESTERN COMRADE expects to begin a series of four or more articles which will tell of the ideals, growth, plans, and achievements of this auxiliary to the movement for emancipation from capitalism.

The prime purpose of the Universal Brotherhood is to secure the benefits of co-operation without requiring the purchaser to finance a store. How it has been achieved suggests an easy solution to the problems that have hindered, oftentimes, the growth of co-operatives in this country.

But there are ideals connected with the Universal Brotherhood; it is more than a mere purchasing society. The Universal Brotherhood now has headquarters at 3058 Iowa Avenue, Fresno, California. It is attracting the close attention of radical and progressive people of Central California.

No definite date has been set for the beginning of this series, but it will probably commence within the next two or three issues.

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II.—TEN LESSONS IN THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.
III.—TEN LESSONS IN THE CORRECT AND EFFECTIVE USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE TEN LESSONS IN SOCIALISM

- Lesson I.—The Evolution of Capitalism.
- Lesson II.—The Evolution of Socialism.
- Lesson III.—Scientific Socialism.
- Lesson IV.—The Failure of Capitalism—The Coming of Socialism.
- Lesson V.—Trades Unions and Socialism.
- Lesson VI.—The Farmers and Socialism.
- Lesson VII.—The Middle Class Workers and Socialism.
- Lesson VIII.—Religion, Education and Socialism.
- Lesson IX.—Political Parties and Socialism.
- Lesson X.—How to Work for Socialism.

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THE TEN LESSONS IN THE CORRECT AND EFFECTIVE USE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

- Lesson I.—The Building and the Mastery of Words.
- Lesson II.—The Classes of Words.

REMEMBER:—If you wish to understand the labor question, to deal with the high cost of living, to understand the rise of militarism and the way of escape, to fight effectively for the young, the disabled and the aged, in short, if you wish to be a good and an effective Socialist, begin at once the study of these lessons in Socialism. If you wish to have a voice as clear and musical as a bell, so that people will listen to you just for the music of your voice, to be heard distinctly by the largest crowds, to have a throat of steel that will never fail you, to have a great fund of fresh and interesting information, to be able to think at your best on your feet and before a crowd, to be an effective salesman in offering goods or in presenting ideas, to speak without notes and never forget, to address a throng as though you were speaking to a single friend and to become yourself the incarnation of the message you take to others, then take these ten lessons in the Art of Public Speaking.

If you want to write for the press, not for the waste basket, to be understood, not to be laughed at, to write letters that bring replies, to serve on committees, write resolutions or party platforms, to gather the greatest fund of information, to write a story that will read when printed as it sounds when told, to recover from the brogue or the broken forms of foreign speech or of untrained utterance, then take these lessons in the study of the English language.

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