

The Western Comrade

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now-called "The Internationalist"

Peace and Its Meaning

by Upton Sinclair

The Menace of Militarism

by Norman Thomas

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Boudin's War Analysis

by Ida Crouch - Hazlett

Socialism Triumphant

by R. A. Dague

Editorials by Job Harriman

The Most Constructive Magazine for Socialism in America

Your Gateway to Freedom

LLANO'S 16,000 ACRE PLANTATION IN THE HIGHLANDS OF WESTERN LOUISIANA

THE Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony was established at Llano, Los Angeles County, California, in May, 1914. It attracted attention throughout the country because of the calibre of the men who were conducting it. Hundreds joined the colony and during the three years hundreds of acres of orchards and alfalfa were planted, a community garden was grown, and many industries were established.

From the first, the intention was to form other colonies, extending the work as rapidly as possible. The first extension has been organized.

16,000 FERTILE ACRES

After a nation-wide search, it was finally decided to purchase 16,000 acres in the healthful highlands of Vernon Parish in Western Louisiana, at Stables, one mile from Leesville, the parish seat of Vernon Parish. This is about 15 miles from the Sabine river, about 40 miles from the Red river, (both navigable), forty miles from Alexandria, 100 miles from Shreveport, and about 200 miles from New Orleans. The highlands of this district are fertile, high, well-drained, healthful. There are no swamps, no malaria, no mosquitoes, no fevers more than are found in other states. Health reports show that this portion of Louisiana can compare favorably with any other section of the United States. There is an abundance of drinking water of excellent quality.

A most careful investigation was made regarding health conditions. Reports compiled by the Health Department of Louisiana were studied. Inhabitants of this district were interviewed. All agreed on the healthfulness of this portion of the State, and those who have heard discouraging reports from Louisiana are invited to make further and more careful investigation before arriving at conclusions.

The huge tract lies southwest of Leesville and has had most of the timber cut off. Remaining along the creeks, however, are scattered pines of the long leaf variety to supply the Colony with building material for many years to come. About 1200 acres of hardwood timber worth many thousands of dollars are also on the land and offer opportunities for the establishing of many industries. The timber is, beech, magnolia, white oak, cypress, walnut, post oak, red oak, sweet gum, and hickory. The trees are splendid ones, and this body of timber is not to be surpassed in quality.

A TOWN CAME WITH IT

When the purchase was first contemplated, and it was finally decided to buy the 16,000 acres near Leesville, it was found that the lumber hamlet of Stables stood on the property. This was acquired with the land. A hotel of 18 rooms, 27 habitable houses, 100 other small houses, one shed 130x300 feet, one shed 130x200 feet, one shed 80x100 feet, one store 30x90, one office 40x50, eight other sheds and structures. The lumber in these buildings, together with other lumber on the place, amounts to about 2 million feet. Ties for a railroad extend across the land. A concrete power house and 5 concrete drying kilns (cost to erect them, \$12,000) each kiln about 20x70 by 20 feet high, are also included. Stables is on the main line of the Kansas City Southern Railroad. This town will be occupied for a while, but later a more systematically laid out town will be built.

WHAT CAN BE PRODUCED ?

This is the first question asked. A careful investigation has been made. No chances of mistake were taken. It is found that a great variety of products do well here. Peanuts, sweet potatoes, melons of all kinds, corn, cotton, and sugar cane, will be the best producers and the best income-bringers. Vegetables of all kinds do well, and berries will yield great returns. This region is not sufficiently well developed for fruit to make detailed statements possible, but from a number of sources of undoubted reliability, assurance is given that figs, peaches, prunes, cherries, and similar fruits can be profitably grown. Cattle and sheep and goats can find forage during nearly the entire year, while the raising of hogs is profitable because of the abundance of corn that may be grown here.

PLAN OF DEVELOPMENT

Farming comes first. The Colony thoroughly realizes the responsibilities and the necessities put upon it. Efficiency is insisted on, and once each week foremen are required to attend efficiency classes. The remaining workers are also given instruction. Records are kept showing use of time, achievement, results, costs. There is a systematic and orderly organization being perfected. Land is being cleared and plow-

ed as rapidly as possible. With a complete understanding of the needs of agricultural production, every available man is put on the farm. This work takes precedence over all else. Every avenue of waste is being closed as fast as discovered. Elimination of useless work and reduction of only partly necessary tasks is insisted on. The aim of the Colony is not only to support itself the very first year, but to have an ample margin left over. This will take careful and systematic planning. Through this care and foresight, the new Colony will be able to take care of all of its residents, including increase. Housing is simplified by the number of houses acquired with the property.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

Because the new property is on the railroad, the hauling of goods and materials is much simplified. Lumber for whatever building is now required is found in abundance on the property, even without touching the timber that is growing there. Cars may be unloaded on the platform of the Colony's warehouse.

COLONY INDUSTRIES

The establishment of industries goes forward as rapidly as this can be achieved. These are at present secondary to food production. Land must be cleared, plowed, fenced, tilled. Later industries will be given attention. At present the hotel, dairy, printing department, livestock, etc., are the industries. Some machinery is on the ground which has not been set up and will not be until circumstances justify.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER

The Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony is organized as a stock company in order to secure the protection of the law to the fullest extent. Each member purchases two thousand shares at the par value of \$1 a share. One thousand is to be paid in cash or equivalent before the member becomes a resident of the colony. This furnishes the capital for financing until the colony lands are producing. The remaining thousand shares is worked out at the rate of \$1 a day credited on stock. In addition the member is paid a small cash wage, and credited with a bonus which brings the total amount to \$4 a day. Each member is furnished with a place to live and is guaranteed steady employment.

There is also the Instalment Member plan by which those who cannot make payments in full at once may take out a membership on which they may pay \$10 or more each month. Those interested in this plan are invited to write specially concerning it.

A change in the initial payments of memberships is soon to be made. Other changes are contemplated, and the statements herein made concerning memberships may not be in force after May 1, 1918.

AGENTS WANTED

Trustworthy agents are desired in different communities, and those who can furnish first-rate references are invited to correspond with the Membership Department concerning becoming our representative.

LAND FOR SALE

Many have inquired about buying land. The Llano Land Bureau will offer land close to the Colony for sale at reasonable prices and on reasonable terms.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

More detailed information is given in the "Gateway to Freedom" which outlines the idea of co-operative colonization, the reasons for it, and what is hoped may be achieved, together with the methods to be used. The folder "Llano's Plantation in the Highlands of Louisiana" goes into more detail concerning the new 16,000 acre tract.

The new colony in Louisiana can support a population of perhaps several thousand persons. It offers wonderful opportunities to all who join. You are invited to write to the Membership Department for full information about any point not made clear, and answers to questions you ask. Address

Membership Department

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY
Stables, Louisiana

The Western Comrade

"The Most Constructive Magazine for Socialism in America."

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The Western Comrade neither approves nor disapproves the sentiments expressed in contributions not signed by one of the editors.

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No. 11-12.

EDITORIAL

By Job Harriman

EVERY political contingency depends upon the conditions prevailing at the hour the policy is adopted.

Lenine insists upon peace at all cost. He thinks life is dearer than property or territory. He hates such peace as reigned at Warsaw. He prefers peace that leads to the living, to war that leads to the dead.

He knows that in this day of reading men cannot long be held in subjection. He knows that peace will bring greater rewards to living Russia than any war can bring to her dead. He knows that an intelligent peaceful man is more honorable than any brute that ever lived, however powerful. He knows that this war is worthy only of the disgust of thoughtful men, and he refuses to enter the mire.

He knows that compulsory military training is the open sesame to a still more terrible war.

He knows that Russia will not fight.

He knows that pacifism is right.

ALMOST all the conservative papers are maligning President Wilson ostensibly because he has not performed the impossible, but in reality because he does not believe in compulsory military training.

What is the impossible that he has not performed?

He has not caused sufficient ships to be built to land sufficient forces and munitions across the sea to crush the Kaiser.

Fighting such an enemy three thousand miles from one's seat of supplies is an impossible task and President Wilson should not be held entirely responsible for it. Especially should we sympathize with him when we see

him being condemned by the very element that opposed his election and forced this government into the war.

Now we are in and now the same element is still against this government on one vital point.

Secretary Baker is opposed to compulsory military training. Up to this point he speaks the sentiment of President Wilson. The capitalist papers of this country are practically all in favor of compulsory military training.

This is the real issue, and let none forget it.

Whatever may be the popular sentiment concerning this war, at least one thing is sure: every loyal American citizen should stand solidly against compulsory military training.

It is upon this rock that the Kaiser has built his kingdom.

It is upon this rock that capitalism hopes to build its government.

Compulsory military training is the devil's gateway to hell!

ALL EUROPE is in a tremendous civil turmoil. The Labor movement of England is laying hold of the powers of government. Already it has put forth the most constructive and far-reaching proclamation ever issued by any body of living men.

It is blazing the pathway for all modern civilization. The labor movement of the world is accepting it as its own.

Everywhere, all over the world, labor is recoiling from the war.

MASSES of human beings will not change their course either because of pain or reason.

The prevailing institutions impress themselves so indelibly upon, and weave themselves so intricately into, the mass psychology, that the vast majority of mankind accepts those institutions without question, and acts on blind impulse in line with them.

Reason unifies only the few, while it develops numberless isms among the many.

While under the complex and heterogeneous influences of a vast industrial and commercial system, it is impossible for the public mind to visualize, or unify upon, any undeveloped system.

One answerable reason for this fact is that no untried system can be forecasted with sufficient detail to be practicable. Just ahead are unforeseen mountains and chasms, pitfalls and precipices, forming sufficient obstacles to require new and other adaptabilities.

In the forecast, some see one, some another obstacle, all weaving themselves into an entangled web, from which the psychology of the mass cannot be extricated.

Is there, then, no hope?

No hope without suffering?

No reorganization without pain and distress?

Reorganization of the masses without thought on the part of the masses seems an impossible contradiction, and yet this is precisely what always takes place and what is taking place in the world at this hour.

A world famine, vampire-like, is creeping stealthily over the earth. Wherever its deadening blight reaches the masses of any people, it unifies them.

It does not unify their thought, but it does unify their action.

Create certain conditions, and a herd of cattle, without thought, will stampede in a given direction.

Create a certain condition about human beings—let that condition be hunger, and they will all stampede in the same direction, with one purpose, and without thought.

Whatsoever institution is adequate to provide food while the stampede is on will be the institution that will hold and shape the destiny of the stampeding force, in conformity with such institution.

Thus new social organisms are born, and new industrial systems are formed without thought on the part of the masses.

SOcial revolutions and their development are substantially like the development and the hatching of the fetus.

The forces impelling them move blindly and by impulse rather than by rational calculation.

THE moral standards of humanity vary with the character of its economic institutions. When these institutions are subjects of conquest, the easiest way to gain an existence, however heartless and brutal, even though it ravishes the tender lives of children, will be legalized and supported by judges, priests and laymen.

In terms of "justice," "equity" and "law," the judges will understand; in terms of "God's Will," the priests will explain; in terms of wealth and power the laymen will act; and in points of advantage the vast majority will live and have its being.

Dark and gloomy as is this legalized moral debauchery, in the midst of it all there are those who always give more than they receive—yet the streams of their lives flow ever fuller and sweeter.

They give their best thought and reap a harvest of growth.

They give their strength to help the weak and reap a thrill of keenest joy.

They think in terms of love and affection and are rewarded with increasing health.

They weep and mourn for the weak and weary and their very despair ripens into hope, and hope into profound happiness.

Their lives are shining lights in a benighted world. Follow them, and though the path seems thorny, it will be of roses.



DEMOCRACY means CONTROL BY THE PEOPLE, by the use of such measures as the initiative, the referendum, and the recall.

It does NOT mean MANAGEMENT by the people. The MANAGEMENT of a political or industrial enterprise must be performed by a competent EXECUTIVE, with the aid of competent SUBORDINATES selected by him.

Management by the people means that ALL the people pass upon ALL the details of an enterprise. This is impossible because conflicting opinions of the different people prevent an early and satisfactory decision on any matter. This does not mean that only one person is capable of so managing; it simply means that only one person at a time is capable of efficiently effecting a plan.

It is not a question of intelligence; it is a question of expedition—of efficiency. As long as the people have the CONTROL, they need not fear autocracy on the part of the executive. At any time that his inefficiency or corruption of management necessitates his dismissal, the people have the power to recall him.

THE Republican United States Senators voted against granting authority to President Wilson to take legal title to the German steamship piers at Hoboken, New Jersey.

These doughty, treasonable Senators had rather that German big business should own such sources of wealth than that the people of this country shall own them.

They feared that it would lead to public ownership of water transportation and for this reason they said they refused to vote such authority.

The people are paying for our new ships. They are financing them during the war and sustaining all losses. Why should they not own and operate them after the war and receive all benefits?

There is one reason and that is that big business in this country used these senators for the purpose of preventing such sources of wealth and power from passing from their grasp.

We have often said, and now repeat, that the patriotism of big business ends when its profits end.

Here is a case where these senators became traitors to this country and allies to the Central Powers, simply for the money there is in it.

The President should be supported in this step. Every senator that voted against that measure should be hurled from power for his diabolical treason and treachery. If it is treason to betray this government to the enemy, it is certainly high-treason to betray the people who make this government possible.



FROM all portions of the country, and more particularly from the West, have come press clippings and editorials which tell of the "failure of a Socialistic colony."

This is not a conspiracy, perhaps, but merely the reprinting of news which came from a common source. Learned editorials have been written on the failure of co-operation. These are sometimes set alongside a column of matter urging greater co-operation. The incongruity of it passes unnoticed.

For four years the press has hammered the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony. Persons believed to be spies have worked from within. Others, urged by the most selfish and grasping motives, have tried to break the colony to take the spoils for their own individual purposes. Untruths have been spread broadcast. Few stones have been left unturned that might work injury to the Colony.

The latest attacks have been swift and hard. Timid persons are being frightened. Impatient people are being made discouraged. Unthinking persons are being

made to believe untrue things. It will not occur to those who do not carefully analyze, that the reported failure of a colony is being given undue prominence.

But the colony has not failed. It stands today invincible because its members are firmly determined to make it succeed.

Greater shocks have been withstood in the past and Llano's wealth is the strength of its members, and the tested band who are pushing forward dauntlessly will not give up. The plots of self-seekers, the sneers of enemies, the hard circumstances imposed by Nature are not enough to make these pioneers give up.

The Llano Colonists are in the organization for a principle. They will not turn back on the path they have elected to tread. They foresaw that dissension would be sowed if possible, that their credit would be undermined when the opportunity offered, that the capitalistic press would herald their misfortunes but would never chronicle a success. They looked clear-eyed into the future then and they look into it now. They have given up good positions, security, and ease for a principle. It will take more than the obstacles imposed by an unfair press to deter them.

Today the colonists at Stables, Louisiana, are calling on their friends throughout the nation to stand firmly by them, not to be misled by the tales that are told, not to falter. The gibes and sneers, the downright falsehoods, the insinuations that are spread—these are circulated for a purpose. There is a menace in the triumph of co-operation, a menace that every capitalist sees and it is worth their while to attempt to stifle this menace.

If you are a friend of the Colony, now is the time to show it in as substantial manner as you can. Now is the time for actions, for deeds, for adherence to a purpose and a principle. If you are truly a friend of the Colony, show it today.

The Llano Colony is going on. It is making greater preparations than ever before, and greater progress. Your help is asked for the good of a cause. If you are willing to do your part, do it NOW! Circulate this magazine widely and help us to get the truth before the people.



"There shall be no more war" is the message of New Russia—the greatest nation in western civilization in point of population. "There shall be no more exploitation, nor more dying for the profits of the profiteers!" That, too, is the message of the workers of England, of the workers of Germany, of the democratic forces of France and Italy.

As Others See Us

"LLANO stands for a band of hardy pioneers who are ready to battle with the elements, delighting in hardships in the knowledge that they are leading the way to a better, cleaner life. Tell the comrades not to talk about the outside world as if they were an exclusive set. They are the center upon which we who are in the maelstrom of capitalism depend to prove the application of co-operative principles. Tell them that the workers on the outside are losing out. I tell you, comrades, the crust of capitalism is wearing very thin. Already there is a flux on the labor market. . . . Stick to it. There never was a movement of such vital importance to the workers as the Colony. Now is the appointed time. Measure up to your responsibilities, for they are great."

This is an excerpt from a letter written by a member who has been away for about a year. He left us without malice, but with some dissatisfaction with colony life. The call of the outside became once more strong within him, and its harassments dimmed in his mind. He forgot, in a measure, the annoyances and unpleasant things. Others have done the same. His is but one of many such letters received from those who have for one reason or another been compelled to leave the Colony. Community life where there are no conflicting private interests is a pleasant life, and though many come who bring with them the worries of the place they have left, and take on cares that are wholly unnecessary, yet none can gainsay the advantages of living in the Colony.

How the Colony impresses the visitor who comes to appraise, to criticise in a fair manner, and to go out expecting to advise those who ask questions is well presented in the report that Walter Huggins made of his February visit to the Llano Colony in Louisiana. Comrade Walter Huggins is known to every co-operative association within a radius of many miles of Chicago, and his home at 936 Le Clare Avenue, Chicago, is visited by scores of co-operators in quest of advice. His interest in co-operative colonization was demonstrated first by his visit to Llano, California, nearly two years ago. His thirty-six years of experience gives his views the authority of the expert in co-operative enterprises. Walter Huggins writes:

"I believe that the Llano Plantation in the Highlands of Western Louisiana is one of the greatest things ever attempted by any co-operative, and certainly the greatest any group of socialists ever attempted. I arrived at Stables, Louisiana, February 23 and stepped off the train directly on the Colony property. The weather was warm and pleasant. When I left Chicago the streets and alleys were covered to a depth of nearly four feet with snow, and had been for many weeks. During my stay at the Llano Plantation I went without my coat. Peach trees were in blossom and the ground was green with young grass. New leaves were putting out on the trees of the surrounding forests.

"When I stepped from the train I saw a large warehouse, near a railroad switch, an office building, and a store, with some other buildings not far off. I asked whose they were, and was surprised to learn that these buildings were a part of the colony property. The commissary was fairly well stocked and no doubt it will not be long before a big stock of articles suitable for a country store will be on the shelves. There are good prospects for a large trade with nearby neighbors. Goods are sold on a cost basis to colonists; outsiders must pay more.

"Back from the railroad about 200 yards and west of the small railroad station, is another great building. This is be-

ing remodeled into an industrial building to shelter a number of colony industries such as blacksmith shop, machine shop, planing mill, and others as they are required. This structure is 300 feet long and 130 feet wide. The warehouse nearest the railroad houses the colony print shop. Offices have been built adjoining the printshop in which are the membership department and the real estate bureau.

"I was commissioned by a number of comrades from the north to examine the soil and to make inquiries concerning its productivity. I made investigation among nearby farmers who have been there for many years. I learned from them that the land is good. These men have raised large families and I was surprised at the show of thrift, which is above the usual average of the South. These farmers told me that their gardens produce for them every month of the year. They especially mentioned the fact that chickens and poultry have returned them good cash benefits during the past few years.

"I was pleasantly surprised at the work done on the plantation. Clearing, plowing, and fencing have gone steadily forward. In five days posts were set for four miles of fence.

"The land is slightly rolling. This is the highest region of Louisiana, and is known as the Highlands, even though the highest point is only a few hundred feet above sea level. However, this elevation is sufficient to make this an extremely healthful region. This point is of supreme importance to persons expecting to make the colony their home.

"The colony has a tract of almost 20,000 acres. It is covered with brush in some places and stumps over the most of it, though there is quite an acreage of good timber land. The principal crops to be grown are sweet potatoes, peanuts, melons, corn, and cotton, with garden truck. The premium crops are melons, peanuts, and sweet potatoes. The yield is almost incredibly large. There are vast possibilities for fruit growing, particularly in fig production. Rice produces well enough to pay to grow it. Ribbon cane brings good profits. Oats, tobacco, velvet beans, and virtually all vegetables yield satisfactorily. Velvet beans, especially, thrive in a manner beyond belief. It is a standard stock feed and soil builder in the south.

"One of the things that particularly impressed me was the character of meals served at the hotel. The price, when I was there, was 12½c. They have been lower, but it is unlikely that the price will go higher. The meals are substantial, the quantity is sufficient, and the preparation of the food makes it palatable. Ribbon cane, which could not be bought in Chicago markets at any price when I left there, is served each meal, except on sweetless days. One of the greatest prospects the colony has is in the production of ribbon cane syrup for the northern markets.

"One of the colonists, who does not live at the hotel, told me his meals cost him 8½ cents each. He lives well and believes meals will cost less when the garden stuff begins to come in, which will be in March. I also understood that it was quite likely that meals would be reduced at the hotel at that time to ten cents.

"On Sunday, February 24, I stood in my shirt sleeves in the open air in front of the colony hotel and addressed a large audience of colonists. I was told I could have done that same thing a month previous. I sat up till two o'clock on Saturday night (or Sunday morning) without a fire. We sat with our coats off. Coming from Chicago where the thermometer had been hovering close to zero for many weeks, this was very pleasant to me.

"Co-operatives are not new to me and I went thoroughly

into the plans of the Llano Plantation. I find that a system of cost-accounting is in operation that fixes the prices of all inter-departmental work, and also fixes the prices of meals and services and commodities. Colonists are being paid a small wage. This is not large, but ample within the colony to sustain the workers. Children are paid on an eight-hour basis, permitting them to earn an education, the hours of pay including school time. They must come up to certain standards to be entitled to this wage. As soon as possible they will commence to prepare meals in their own clubhouse.

"The prospects for raising livestock are limitless. Feed is abundant during most of the year. Corn and hay are cheaply grown. Garden truck thrives and because of the long growing season will cut down living expense wonderfully. Producing its own meat and vegetables, as well as many other foods and food-products, the colony should be able to sustain its population with a minimum of outside purchases.

"Industries will be established, no doubt, as rapidly as circumstances permit and conditions justify. A cotton gin will be profitable. A small cane mill, a small grist mill, and other minor industries will take care of the colony needs. There is now a small hand laundry. Later machinery will be installed and outside business solicited. There is a splendid opportunity for the dairy. Abundant standing timber for colony uses suggests the manufacture of many articles; 1200 acres of hardwood timber are believed to be profitable for sawing.

"I cannot sum up what I saw and what I learned in a few words, but I can sum up my impression and the result of my investigation. I believe the Llano Plantation has magnificent opportunities, and it is my advice to every genuine co-operator and socialist to investigate it and to get in touch with the membership department for additional information with a view to becoming a member of the Llano community and enjoying the many advantages of co-operation at the Llano Plantation."

These are only a few of the good things that Walter Hugins had to say about us. He spent several days and was not idle a moment of the time he was on the Plantation. He came to get information along certain definite lines and he went away well pleased with his visit.

It will take time to eradicate from the minds of the multitude, the many mistaken ideas they have regarding health conditions in Western Louisiana and their erroneous impressions about the climate. But those who came from California are enthusiastic in their praise of the climate of Western Louisiana. Those who have lived in Central and Southern California for twenty years, or even more, are delighted with weather and health conditions at the Llano Plantation.

Those interested in the progress of the Llano Plantation write in asking for the latest information. Having told about the size and physical condition of the plantation, about the plans, the climate, the weather, the housing, the people, there is little left to tell until something new occurs. Progress only can be reported. Fencing, plowing, clearing, planting—all of these have already been told of in considerable detail.

WILL THE COLONY SELL LAND?

This question has been coming in for four years. Up to the present time the answer has been NO, without qualification.

NOW the answer is YES. The Colony is now able to sell land to those who wish to be among us but not of us. Those who buy land will be enabled to enjoy many of the advantages of the Colony, though not all of them. They will not

be permitted to live in the Colony city, nor will they have the privileges that those do who are willing to move into the Colony and work for the Colony and with the Colony for the benefit of the entire Colony.

Those who wish to buy land may do so. It will be offered them on as easy terms as the Colony is able to make. They will be given the opportunity to buy where they may associate with the Colony.

This is a new departure from the policy that has been adhered to in the past. It does not, however, mean any change in plans. The development of the Colony will go ahead as originally planned, with perhaps some modifications in details, but none in the general plan. There will be the city, with the collective farming of a great tract, and the development of industries.

The new departure of land selling is made possible by conditions that were not present when the colony was established in California. A Land Bureau has been established in connection with the membership department. It will handle land sales. It will also list land for sale, the farms and homes of those living in different parts of the country who wish to come into the Colony.

As the development of the enterprise goes ahead, it is quite likely that memberships may be advanced. This is already contemplated, in fact.

In the estimation of those who have been longest with the Colony it is in a better position today in every respect than before. Though it has before it a long period of pioneer work, yet it will reap results more rapidly than ever before and its position is more secure in every way. The Colony is nearing its fourth birthday, and it is expected that on May First announcements can be made that will surprise even the most optimistic.

A WORD ABOUT LLANO, CALIFORNIA

The capitalistic press, ever ready to record anything detrimental to socialism or co-operation, has recently been reporting most gleefully what it terms "the failure of communism." This refers to Llano, California. It took the press four months to learn that the colonists had decided to migrate to Louisiana. The plain statement of facts—that the Louisiana property offers prospect of more rapid development, that the California property is suited almost exclusively to fruit growing and therefore will require but a small number of persons—does not interest the press.

The colony land in California will be developed to fruit as first planned. About 9000 trees will be planted this year. They are now being put into the ground. The water situation looks more promising than it did two months ago. California was threatened with a dry year, but since the first of February there has been enough rain to bring the total up to the annual average, or even beyond it. The mountains are covered with snow.

As has been previously stated, only a few people will be required to carry on the development work of the California colony. The necessity of food production brought about by the war has changed plans everywhere, and the colony is no exception. In Louisiana food can be produced abundantly. The crops are annual crops. But to produce pears means to spend several years bringing trees into bearing.

Letters are received complaining that there is little said about the California colony. In the light of the above facts, it is easily seen that there is little to say, for with only a comparatively few persons there and just the general routine of ranch work being done, nothing of special interest can be reported.

The Story of American Socialism

By Lincoln Phifer, Editor "The New World."

Chapter I.

THE WHY OF THINGS

WHAT WAS "IN" THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA?

THE DISCOVERY of America was cataclysmic in its results. It was as though a literal new world had been dumped on the knowledge of Europeans. It gave them new ideas. It sent them forth on adventure bent. First, the nobles came. They abandoned their feudal holdings or sold them to the serfs in order to get money to come. This created many so-called "free cities" in Europe—cities that till this day pay their way from the cultivation of lands which they own as cities—a thing that has been heralded as being socialization in action. The new ideas that the discovery of America gave to an awakened people were manifested in many ways. In religion they led to the Reformation; in art to the Renaissance; in politics to the Magna Charta in England and a breaking up of the feudal system over all Europe; in literature to the printing press.

The one thing that stands out, however, is that it brought an age of commercialism. Exploitation meant that. Trading in furs meant that. The search for gold meant that. It is "in" commerce to find things, to put people into trade relationship to each other. Therefore, the commercial idea carries with it the social idea as well. It is perfectly logical that chattel slavery should have come as a means of promoting commerce; logical that piracy should appear in the struggle to determine which of the nations should lead in commerce; logical that steam should come as a means of promoting commerce; logical that all the machinery which has marked the centuries since the discovery of America should be invented as aids to commerce; and it is equally logical that the revolutionary war should be fought in order to forward the expression of the common people; that the French revolution should have succeeded it; that the colony movement should have developed; that the struggle of labor for better working conditions should have been precipitated; and that socialism should have appeared both as theories and movements. They were all natural outgrowths of the development of the idea that was involved in the discovery of America.

The constitution adopted by the new republic was, as Woodrow Wilson points out, anything but democratic in nature. It was modeled after the private government that had been in vogue in Virginia when the lords-proprietors ruled. Then, the owning company appointed the presiding officer and selected the upper house and the judges, the colonists having only the election of the lower house, with a veto placed on its acts by the president, the upper house and the judges. It is easy to trace the same general thought in the new constitution. But, though the rising democracy was well under control, conditions compelled the institution of socialization on the new government. It was essential to the nation's very life that there be intercourse between the divergent sections. Therefore congress instituted, with the consent of President Washington, a public mail service, and Benjamin Franklin was made the first postmaster-general. Franklin, in his memoirs, shows how the private owners of roads held up the mail service with tolls at frequent intervals, until he was forced to buy roads and thus create the first public or socialized roads in America. The beginning of socialization in America, therefore, was under Washington and Franklin, in the postoffice and the roads—which was the first socialization of any kind in the modern

world. The idea had forced itself into recognition, because it was wrapped up in the commercial idea.

The whole history of the past five centuries is a story of the developing social consciousness making demands on the privileged, and of the struggle of privilege to maintain itself. Often the fight was long and bitter; but the people have always won. One of the first manifestations of the commercial idea, operating, individually for the benefit of the privileged, was license to piracy. One of the first acts of the American government was to openly combat piracy and put an end to it forever. Throughout the ages the privileged had imprisoned the unfortunate for debt. Jesus makes allusion to the practice in one of his parables. Charles Dickens, well in the nineteenth century, wrote about it. But the awakening social consciousness put a stop to the outrage. Walter Scott shows that at one time the court was a private institution, and the owner-judge employed the ordeal as a means of determining guilt. The early American colonies had private judges; but in the course of time the public or partly socialized judge superceded them completely. There was a time, even under the United States government, when white people were held as "indentured servants" or slaves during specified periods, being subject to fugitive slave laws and imprisonment and beating for offenses against their masters; but the growing social consciousness ended that in the early days of the republic. In colonial days the American worker was required to labor twelve or fourteen hours a day. The growing social consciousness fought this through bitter years until the ten hour day came, and then the eight.

All these struggles were, on the one side, for the breaking of bond on the worker, and, on the other, for the retention of special privilege. They were waged in America and Europe almost simultaneously—but in America as truly as in Europe. We are not accustomed to think of them as socialist fights, and, according to dogmatic definitions, they were not; yet all of them were for further popular liberty and therefore were social in nature, and all were closely related, leading in an unbroken chain down to the demand for scientific socialism. We err when we isolate in our minds these fights as separate things, or imagine them to be peculiar to one country and having no place in another country. The commercial thought made the world one; and the social element in the commercial idea precipitated all these struggles..

Chapter II.

WHY THE COLONIZING MOVEMENT CAME

The discovery of America meant the opening of a tremendous tract of land to the peoples of Europe. But two centuries elapsed before there was a serious effort to use the land. Then it was complacently given away by European kings and pontiffs to nobles and court favorites, as though it was their's to bestow, and as though none but the mighty deserved land. But we need not be surprised at this. It was a logical outgrowth of the feudal idea that had prevailed in Europe, a system that was based primarily on the land. When these lords and nobles undertook the settlement of America, they brought workers with them, but they did not give land to the workers. It required a revolt to gain land for them, both in Virginia and Massachusetts. And when they did get land, it was three acres in one of the states and five in another; and, beside, the worker had to give five days to the lords-proprietors in order to get one day in which he might cultivate his own land. But the spirit of revolt grew. It finally cul-

minated in the revolutionary war. After it was won by America, the possibility of going beyond the Alleghenies and seizing Indian land as their very own appealed to the workers, and the adventurous souls went forth, this time with the sanction of the government; for in getting land of their own they were pushing the frontier further on and so strengthening the government. Everybody thought of land. It was the one hope of the workers of the world. There was so much of it in America that the vision of land for the occupying of it, spread over the known earth. They dreamed of it in Europe. They fancied that the spirits wished to use land—blessed land—as a means of freeing the toiler so long enslaved. It was the most natural thing in the world that colonization schemes should be organized at this time.

Chapter III

EARLY RELIGIOUS COLONIES

While the old colony movement did not embrace the demands of modern socialism, it is generally conceded that it represents a feature of the development of the socialist movement. It consisted of five waves, four of which began in Europe and swept to America. If you please to put it in another way, it represented five acts of a very romantic social play that was staged in the wilderness of America by European peoples. America was selected for the experiments after careful consideration, because at that time there was so much cheap land that it was deemed easier to begin the reconstruction of society on a more humane basis (and that was precisely the purpose of the colony movement) in America than on any other portion of the globe.

It may seem strange to some to be told that the beginning of the movement claimed to be under spirit direction; the command, according to the claim, coming to various persons, in more than one country, to thus begin the regeneration of society. If you choose to apply the rational view to it, it merely means that the movement began as an altruistic or religious impulse, which naturally preceded the intellectual or scientific development. Incidentally, it is worthy of note that fragments of this movement remain to this day, while other movements long since perished from the earth, as if to show that in the altruistic or religious impulse lies the greater permanence. The experience of each of these movements constitutes a great poem of experiment and endeavor.

* * *

Oldest of the religious communities are the Shakers. They were founded by Mother Ann Lee, an illiterate English woman, who with a few followers fled to America in 1774 to escape persecution. Several communities were established, the membership at its greatest height reaching 5,000. The Shaker church (officially the Millennium church), included three classes of membership: The Novitate, who lived outside communities in private control of wealth, yet were members of the church; the Juniors, who lived in the communities with the privilege of holding private property and leaving colonies at will; and the Seniors, who were strict communists and ultra-religious. Seniors of the Shakers do not marry, a provision that doubtless has contributed toward reducing their numbers. They believe in spirit communion, and have published twenty or more volumes that were supposed to have been revealed from the spirit world.

The Harmony societies were founded by George Rapp and his followers in Pennsylvania about 1804. These people too were spiritualists, and claimed to have left Germany, after enduring persecution for their beliefs, under direct spirit guidance. After awhile, they sold their Pennsylvania possessions

and re-established their colonies on 30,000 acres of land in Posey county, Indiana. Though at the start permitting marriage, later on celibacy became the rule, and the colony began to fail. It was officially dissolved in 1904, just a century after its inception. It had in many respects been a success.

A colony was established by Separatists from Germany under Joseph Baumeler, at Zoar, Ohio, in 1817. At first they held property individually, but afterward went to the community system. At first they were celibacists, but after many years suits were entered to dissolve the community and divide the property. There were several contests from 1861 to 1898, when the colony was finally dissolved by the courts.

The Anna society was established by The True Inspiration Society, coming from Germany, in 1842, by Christian Metz and Barbara Heynemann, on 18,000 acres of land in Iowa. Though not established with common property, this feature soon came into existence. The communities still persist, with five villages and a great deal of wealth. There is no poverty among the Amanians. Marriage is not prohibited, but it is discouraged.

Dr. Kiel, a German, established two colonies, one in Shelby county, Mo., and the other near Portland, Ore., in 1844, and 1855. All things were held in common, though finally the land was parcelled out to families. The community encouraged family life. Dr. Kiel died in 1877, and the communities were dissolved in 1881.

* * *

It will be noticed that the religious colonies, the inspired movement, while constituting only one act of the colony drama, was a drama within itself, written in five great acts. It will also be remarked that, so far from making a failure, this movement persisted until very recent times, many communities being in existence even to this day. The people are prosperous, moral, reliable. They may have peculiarities that remove them from free intercourse with their neighbors, but these very peculiarities have been in a way a protection from the storms that have assailed many in the open ways of the world.

(To be continued in April number)

Evils of Military Training

By Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus, Harvard University

My present opinion about military training for school boys is, first, that what is called military drill is not a good form of physical exercise for boys between fourteen and eighteen; secondly, that the useful part of such military drill as is now given in a few private and public schools is the "setting-up" drill, and that this "setting-up" drill ought to be given to every boy during his school life, but in the form of calisthenic exercises, having no military purpose in view; and thirdly, that training in the real work of a soldier, that is, marching under a heavy load, digging as rapidly as possible in the ground, and using effectively rifles, machine guns, hand grenades, bayonets, short swords, heavy and light artillery, and motor vehicles, including aeroplanes, should not be begun before the twentieth year.

The Swiss, who know as well as any people in Europe how to organize and maintain an effective army, do not begin real military training until the twentieth year, except that they encourage practice with the rifle for boys and young men organized into rifle clubs, and provided by the government with ammunition and ranges.

For these reasons, I am opposed to military training for school boys.

Our Glass House

Let us not forget that in the United States—

Two percent of the people own sixty percent of the national wealth.
Sixty-five percent own less than five percent.

There are forty-four families with incomes equal to the wages of 100,000 workmen.

Farm tenantry is increasing and consequently landlordism is, also.
Half of the wage-earning fathers get but \$500 a year.

Two-thirds of adult male workers get less than \$15 a week.

Half of the women workers get less than \$6 a week.

In basic industries workers are unemployed one-fifth of the time.
Three or more persons occupy every sleeping room in thirty-seven percent of the worker's homes.

Thirty-seven percent of the wives and mothers of workmen are forced to work to help out the family income.

Babies of the poor die three times as fast as those of the rich.

Nearly twenty percent of the school children are underfed and undernourished.

Poverty prevents two-thirds of the school children from going through the grammar school.

—and that if we really want democracy in the world, we don't have to cross the water to begin establishing it.—A. S.

* * *

No Compulsion

The great menace to democratic institutions in this country is not physical war, but the movement for compulsory military service. Democracy means, if it means anything in political life, the freedom of the individual. Government is justified only as it contributes toward the establishment of this right. If we wish to set up an autocracy, a plutocracy, or an oligarchy, compulsion will be an inevitable part; but if we are to continue the great American experiment of a government of, by, and for the people, individual freedom must be preserved.

Though a majority in a democracy may vote war, it has no right to vote the minority into the army. If it be a just and necessary war there will be no lack of volunteers; if it be unjust and unnecessary it should not be supported. And who in a democracy should decide for each individual whether he is to contribute his life to the war, his neighbors, or himself?

The difference between a volunteer army and an army of conscripts lies in the fact that volunteers fight when they wish; whereas, conscripts must fight when their leaders wish. It marks the difference between a democracy and an autocracy. A volunteer army will never be used against free institutions. A conscript army begins by denying the prime essential to free institutions, individual liberty, and ends with the subjugation of all democracy.

Let the government make such preparation for defense as the people, after full and fair discussion, may decide. Let it provide for such an army and navy as may be thought best. But let it be manned by volunteers. There is a natural impulse to serve one's country. In youth and early manhood there is a pronounced willingness to fight. Such men will gladly take the necessary training for volunteer service if the army and navy be put on a rational basis. Our trouble has come from attempting to graft an autocratic practice upon a democratic institution. Wipe out this relic of European privilege, humanize the military service by making all enlist as privates and work their way up, and there will soon develop the sympathy and efficiency that mark commercial life.

No majority nor any number of citizens has any more right to compel a man to enter the army than to force him to be a minister, or a merchant, or a chauffeur, or a policeman. They may appeal to the citizen to become a soldier, as they may ask him to become a policeman; but they should

offer sufficient inducement in the one case as in the other. It is no more the duty of one man to be a policeman or a soldier than another; nor does it square with democracy to require all men to become soldiers. For by the very act of compulsion the foundation of liberty is undermined, and free institutions will hasten to their end. Compulsory military service is incompatible with democracy.

—STOUGHTON COOLEY.

* * *

Ssh—!

"A business man can stand up and afford to be a little bit chesty, for at last his profession has been glorified—the great est war in all history is being fought largely for business reasons. For, after all has been said and then said over again, the fact remains that business expansion and trade are really at the bottom of the whole business."—J. B. Powell, in October "Judicious Advertising."

"Judicious Advertising" should be suppressed for printing such false statements. We challenge any of our readers to show one instance in history in which nations engaged in war were not fighting for liberty and democracy.—A. S.

* * *

Abolish the Term "Huns"

William Hard is one of our most brilliant political writers. He is not a socialist. He is not a pacifist. As far as the war is concerned, he is a bitter-ender.

Willam Hard recently proposed that the word "Traitor" be abolished.

Let us also abolish the word "Huns".

These two words best represent the intolerance and irrationality that accompany the war spirit.

To our own militarists the world, outside of themselves, is made up of two classes of people: Traitors and Huns.

And yet, if loyalty to the broad ideals of President Wilson constitutes patriotism, those who sweepingly denounce the German people as savages are immeasurably more open to the charge of treason than the most fervent pacifist.

No man has larger or more accurate sources of information from which to draw than President Wilson. No man is in a better position than he to judge the truth or falsity of the hideous charges that have been made against the German people.

And yet, in all of the president's messages and speeches, there is scarcely a reproach, and not a touch of bitterness, for the people of Germany.

The president has insisted, again and again, that our fight is with the German government, and not with the German people; that our feeling toward the German people is one of sympathy, and even of friendship.

Throughout all history, the ability of rulers to sow the seeds of suspicion and hatred among the plain people of the earth has kept the world in turmoil, and enabled them to work out their own sinister purposes.

The sacrifices of this war will certainly be vain if the peace of the world is not made secure. And if peace is to be made secure, nothing is more important than that the peoples of the world regard each other, not as inveterate enemies, but as natural friends.

—ALEC WATKINS.

* * *

Lincoln, Webster, Clay, Sumner—these famous Americans asserted that it was the right and patriotic duty of all American citizens to discuss the issues of war, to criticize the policies employed, and to work for the election of representatives opposed to prolonging war.—A. S.

Municipal Ownership in The United States

By Evans Clark

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP to many people means a peculiarity of German "kultur" or British human nature which is as foreign to our American life as the invasion of neutral territory (or the curse of imperialism).

"Of course," they will say, "it may work well in Germany, where the individual is just a cog in the machinery of the state; but we Americans won't stand for any such paternalism."

As a matter of fact, there are in these United States literally thousands of cities, towns and villages practising this form of collectivism every day in the year.

Out of 195 cities with a population of 30,000 people, 150 own and operate their own water-supply business. There are no less than 1,455 publicly owned and operated electric light and power plants, 125 gas works, some 20 asphalt paving plants, not to mention hundreds of isolated examples of municipally owned and operated markets, docks, garages, heating plants, public halls, cemeteries, ferries and street railways. There is even a case on record of a municipal organ, a liquor agency and a newspaper.

By far the greatest advances have been made in the field of water-supply. In 1800 there were 16 waterworks in the country. Of these 15 were in private hands—all but one of which (Morristown) it is interesting to note, have since been taken over by the public.

In 1912 there were 56 cities with a population of 100,000 or over. Of these, 48 owned and operated their waterworks.

The latest figures available show (1915) 204 cities of over 30,000 population and but 49 private plants. Of these, 7 are in cities of between 100,000 and 300,000 population, 16 in those of 50,000 to 100,000 and 26 in cities of 30,000 to 50,000. **NO CHANGES IN OWNERSHIP FROM PUBLIC TO PRIVATE HANDS HAVE BEEN NOTED.**

It looks as if the private promoter had captured the big prizes in the electrical field. Other figures bear this out. In 1902, no less than 82 percent of the municipal electric light plants were in cities of less than 5,000 population, while only 73 percent of private plants were so located. In 1904, there were but four municipal plants in the 39 cities of over 100,000 population. And in 1912 there were only seven in the 56 cities of the same population.

A survey of the gas business reveals a somewhat similar situation.

The telephone business, it is needless to say, is entirely in the hands of private capital, although its service in all its essentials is similar to these other utilities.

The question arises: Why has municipal ownership triumphed both in number and size of plants in the water business, while it has never even been attempted in the telephone business; has achieved but moderate prominence in gas, and electricity, in spite of a remarkable increase, has failed to enter the biggest cities?

No one has, to my knowledge, however, gathered sufficient material of facts and figures to build an answer that will stand completely on its own foundation. Whatever theory we hold must inevitably be buttressed by our own personal desires and prejudices—a poor prop at best.

But I should like to suggest a tentative hypothesis: We, the people of this country, are accustomed to allow a small group of investors to reap huge personal profits from bartering our indispensable public necessities. It is only when our bodily security is threatened that we call a halt. And to this hy-

pothesis there is a significant corollary: when the public need carries with it no large promise of profit, private capital steers clear and public ownership is Hobson's choice.

We have municipal ownership of our police and fire protection because we know enough not to entrust the safety of ourselves and our family silver to seekers after profit. We have learned to take it for granted that the supply of this public utility is a "governmental function," as we put it: that it would be "contrary to the public interest" for it to be the subject of stock-jobbing commercialism. Such a state of things would endanger our bodily safety.

Municipal ownership has dominated the water business primarily for the same reason. We will entrust our light, heat, and transportation, but not our lives, to the mercies of a money-making concern—to an organization whose interest in our welfare is divided by dividends. Water is one of the chief carriers of disease and has consequently become gradually bound up in our minds with the "public function" of health and sanitation. Political and social sagacity has developed among us at least to this extent: we are beginning to realize that our health (like our security from thieves and fire) is not a matter for the haggling, money-grabbing and stock-watering of a business transaction. Public utilities that bear directly on our health are now being looked upon as legitimate fields for government interference and even ownership.

If we only washed in water and did not drink it, maybe public ownership would have made comparatively little progress in this field.

The one great cause that has induced the conservative American public to swallow this extraordinary dose of collectivism is the germ they might drink at their breakfast tables.

The one central feature of all Socialist agitation is government ownership. It is true that there is no Socialism without the control of the government by the working people and the democratic management, in one form or another, of all industry. But if government ownership under the present political control is a failure, then the keystone of the arch of Socialist argument would be shot through with a fatal flaw. This first and most crucial test of the essential practicality of Socialism has been successfully met by cities in every part of the United States.

If the function of the Socialist is anything in our contemporary American life it is to proclaim in season and out this lesson that we as a people must some day learn and apply. If we refuse to permit a private fire department to make money out of our necessity for protection from fire, we must in the end see the folly of permitting ourselves to be threatened in a thousand subtler ways by the turning of our other necessities into profit.

Municipal plants, like private ones, have succeeded and failed. No one will ever know the relative proportion of each. But at least this much is proved by the records of municipal ownership we have at hand: There have been many successful examples of the fundamental Socialist principle in our cities; the performance of such undertakings has been, on the whole, more favorable from every point of view than similar private ventures, and, finally, the private investor, backed by an ignorant public, has never given public ownership half a chance to prove its worth except in the field of water-supply, where its success is assumed on all sides.

This is, for the Socialist, a vindication and a challenge!

Circumstantial Evidence

By Emanuel Haldeman-Julius

FLYNN, better known as "Porky" Flynn —was found guilty of murder.

The jury had listened patiently to the evidence, had retired to debate on the merits of the testimony, had reviewed the murder of wealthy, aged, J. Albert Sewell, from every possible angle, and reported its belief that "Porky" fired the fatal shot, and that death should be his punishment.

The judge thanked the twelve men for their work and told them they could go to their homes. Turning to the prisoner, the court announced:

"You have been given a fair trial and have been convicted. Step forward and say why sentence should not be pronounced."

Flynn, pale and trembling, arose from his seat, and almost staggered to the bar before the judge's bench. The jury's verdict had paralyzed him and left him nearly speechless. His brain seemed clouded and unable to comprehend the meaning of it all. Nervously, he cried:

"I didn't do it, judge. So help me God, I never done that job. I know I'm just a measly, low-down dog of a crook, judge"—tears blinded him—"I know I've done a lot of rotten things"—his voice rose to a high, hysterical falsetto—"I know I've served a bunch of terms in prison for things I've done, judge; but I never killed that man, I swear, judge. I never killed him that night and may God strike me dead if I ain't telling you what's the truth!"

Flynn broke down and wept like a child, his shoulders heaving violently as long, painful sobs came from the depths of his chest. The judge waited until the wretch could control his feelings enough to continue his plea.

"I didn't kill that man, judge—" Flynn became incoherent. Here and there, he repeated, "I never done it," apparently leaving the judge unconvinced.

"This is a sad case," said the judge, slowly, emphasizing each syllable, "and I feel for you; but never have I known a man's guilt to be so clearly indicated by circumstantial evidence as in this instance. I have always dreaded circumstantial evidence, especially when a human life stands at stake, but here you are absolutely proven to be the actual murderer of J. Albert Sewell —"

"I never done it, I never done it!" Flynn moaned.

"Your mere denials avail you nothing," exclaimed the court. "To merely repeat again and again that you are innocent does not wipe away the overwhelming facts against you. First of all, you confess you are a professional burglar—you have served more than fifteen years in penitentiaries throughout the country. Your record is as black as any criminal I have ever known. All your life you have preyed upon society, all your life you have broken laws and robbed right and left. This you do not deny, for you know denials are worthless. On the night of the tragedy, you went to the home of J. Albert Sewell for no other purpose than to commit burglary. Is that the truth?"

"Yes, it's so—I went there to break in, and I did get into his house—but I never killed that man," Flynn answered.

The court continued:

"A policeman heard a shot and ran to the Sewell home and caught you running from the place. A minute later the police officer found the body of J. Albert Sewell. Your revolver was found near his remains; one of its chambers contained an empty shell. The bullet extracted from Sewell's body is of the same caliber as the others in your revolver—that is convincing to say the least. The evidence establishes

the motive, which was robbery; you were caught on the scene of the crime. Your revolver was the weapon used. That, to any reasonable person, proves you to be the murderer."

The judge gazed steadily, for a while, at the condemned man's face and there, to his own mind, found further proof of guilt. Flynn's knotted figure, heavy, brutal face, glassy eyes almost lost in their sockets, huge, crooked nose and wild brows, together with a powerful, vicious jaw, seemed, in the judge's opinion, to help spell his guilt.

"I never done it!" cried Flynn.

"You have been found guilty," said the judge, assuming a cold, uncompromising attitude. "I am convinced there has been no error and I can do nothing but pronounce sentence!"

* * *

Seven weeks later, the shadow of what was once a man lay chained to the stone floor of the death cell. Often, he mumbled, "I never done it," but his words fell on ears as hard and deaf as the wall about him. A few hours before dawn, Flynn was given enough whiskey to intoxicate him. He drank long draughts of the liquid, for its numbing effect drove away the fear of death that was freezing his heart. And while in a drunken state, unable to understand what was soon in store for him, with a priest reading passages of scripture, imploring God to save his soul, Flynn was led down the gloomy corridor to the death chamber, where he was strapped to a chair and shocked with murderous volts of fire until his life was no more. And then, the state records in its books of justice that a fearful crime had been avenged, that Flynn had paid the penalty and that the last chapter in the Sewell murder had been written.

* * *

About three months before Flynn was electrocuted—or rather on the night of his arrest—Henry Purvis and Mrs. Jeanette Sewell were seated in the dimly lighted library of J. Albert Sewell's home. They were alone and gazed at each other, anxiety written on their faces.

Purvis was a man of about forty; so evenly featured was he as to leave his countenance almost characterless. Every line and wrinkle had been carefully massaged out of him, leaving him expressionless. But his glittering eyes showed him to be possessed of a quick, shrewd brain and a will always striving for control. He was one who lived by his wits; a man-of-the-world ever ready to risk anything to obtain what he was striving for, a temperament thirsty for adventure.

He and Jennie, as he called her, had long been intimate, and had, for almost ten years, formed a team that looked upon the world as their oyster and who used their wits as an opener. And the many oysters they had opened were not commonplace oysters; they invariably were pearls.

For the past year, since Jeanette had wormed her way into the elder Sewell's confidence and had become his wife, Purvis had posed as her brother, the "old man" as they called him, never suspecting that they were, in fact, lovers. Their scheme was to get his money, of which he had plenty. That they got none of his wealth was a fact painful to confess, but true, nevertheless.

Sewell held fast to his money, even taking upon himself the task of paying what expenses were met from day to day, refusing steadfastly to give her sums of money which she tried to obtain. And that, to the pair of schemers, was a very distressing state of affairs.

"At any time," said Purvis, almost angrily, "the old fool is likely to learn the truth about us."

"Yes," agreed Jeanette, "you can't pose as his brother-in-law indefinitely. Some day he'll learn the truth and then you'll see your picture in the papers—another handsome correspondent. That would be a fine how-do-you-do, wouldn't it?"

"I wouldn't mind that so much if we could only get his money. That's what we're after, and I'm tired of this long wait. I expected to wait six months, but here is almost a year and we haven't progressed very much. I tell you, you must make the old fool loosen up or I'll do it for you."

"How?" inquired the woman.

"Oh, there are a thousand ways, and one is as good as another. It's a question which is the best at this time. One thing is certain, we must get that money."

The woman nodded her head slowly.

"It's too bad," she commented. "I never knew so old a man with such good health."

"Yes, hang him, he hasn't even got rheumatism."

"Well, there's nothing to be done except to wait for our chance. It will surely come sooner or later. Have patience, my dear, have patience."

"If I had him here I'd ring his neck," Purvis blurted with an oath.

He glanced across the dim room, a look of disgust on his face. Suddenly he turned deathly pale and felt his heart spring into his throat, for there to his utter astonishment and bewilderment, stood—yes, there in the doorway, agitated beyond description, stood the object of his schemes—J. Albert Sewell!

Jeanette also turned and saw what had driven terror into Purvis' heart; but she was not the kind that flinched when forced to "face the music." She laughed quickly; it was more of a chuckle than a laugh.

"Well, well," she exclaimed in mock seriousness; "just look who's here."

"He has heard all," was the thought that flashed through Purvis' mind. "He caught us napping."

Her laugh and air of indifference restored Purvis' nerve.

He quickly assumed a blase air and snickered.

"Good evening, Mr. Sewell; dropped in rather suddenly, didn't you?"

The man at the door did not answer. Coming forward, he shook his head slowly and looked at the pair, hardly able to believe his eyes or admit the truth of what his ears had heard.

"You looked worried, darling," said Jeanette, eyeing him coquettishly.

"So this is what has been in store for me," Mr. Sewell frowned. "I married the partner of a thief, brought both into my house, and here they are scheming to rob me."

Mr. Sewell's anger rose rapidly, his blood boiled and flushed his face a deep crimson, his hands clenched spasmodically. Swallowing hard and almost panting for breath, he yelled:

"You are robbers, both of you!"

Without warning, he sprang at Purvis and struck him on the side of his head, felling him.

Purvis, in a second, was on his feet again; and whipping out a revolver, he aimed it towards the other.

Mr. Sewell stood, transfixed. Later, with a gasp, he sank into a chair. The revolver was unloaded, Purvis well knew, but he continued to aim it at the aged man, announcing, as a warning:

"If you move out of that chair I'll kill you on the spot. I mean business, so you had better think twice before you attempt anything."

The revolver levelled at Mr. Sewell, the woman standing near the table, Purvis leaning anxiously forward, and the third seated in a chair, presented a picture that was striking.

For a full minute, a heavy silence hung, like a blanket, over them. No one stirred. Not a word was uttered. Purvis was

thinking rapidly. Something, he concluded, must be done. This, he admitted, was the moment for action; to waver would mean the loss of everything.

But what could he do? The revolver was unloaded—and then he did not relish the idea of committing a crime that might result in—he shuddered. He was in a quandary. For another minute, silence continued.

The quiet was broken by a noise that came from another room.

"Someone has entered this house," Purvis whispered hoarsely. "There must be a burglar here."

Mr. Sewell, his head between his hands, did not seem to hear what was happening.

Purvis ran into the other room, which was pitch dark, and quietly tip-toed his way to the bottom of the stairway. There he discerned the form of the intruder. With a rush, he sprang upon the burglar, who hastily drew his revolver. Purvis immediately disarmed him. With a lurch, the burglar drew back, freeing himself. A second later he was making his escape, leaving Purvis with a loaded revolver in his hand.

Mr. Sewell and the woman, having heard the commotion, came hurrying down the stairs.

"What is it? What is it?" a man's voice inquired.

"A burglar," said Purvis, peering through the dark. When he perceived the figure of the aged man, he fired. Without even a groan, Mr. Sewell fell to the landing.

Purvis thought quickly and instantly came to a conclusion.

"Up to your room! Quick!" he commanded. "Undress and get into your night clothes. I'll do the same in my room. Quick!"

In a second they were off.

* * *

While Purvis was peeling off his clothes, he heard the noise of another struggle. This time, the noise came from the street.

Still undressing, he ran to the window and looked down.

There he saw the burglar in the arms of a policeman, struggling for his freedom. By the time the burglar was overpowered, Purvis was in his night clothes. He then hurried down, soon followed by the woman.

Opening the door, he let the policeman drag the almost unconscious form of the burglar into the hall.

"He fired a shot," said the policeman. "We'd better search around!"

"My God! Here is his victim!" said Purvis. "Mr. Sewell has been killed!"

"And I have caught the murderer red-handed," said the policeman.

Comrades, Are We Going To Help Kate?

Are we going to let Kate O'Hare, the indefatigable worker, the noble mother, the tried and true friend of the working class, the inspiring Socialist orator—are we going to let this wonderful lovable and loving woman rot in prison, while we fold our hands supinely in selfish ease?

A thousand times—NO!

Phil Wagner and the brave group of comrades with the "Social Revolution" are trying to win an appeal for Kate O'Hare, who has been sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Jefferson penitentiary.

Send in your subscription immediately to "Social Revolution, 703 Pontiac Bldg., (five subs at 40c each) and help circulate this appeal.

THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT IS GETTING INTO A DEPLORABLE AND CONTEMPTIBLE CONDITION, IF WE CAN'T AROUSE ENOUGH OPPOSITION TO MAKE KATE O'HARE'S INCARCERATION IMPOSSIBLE!

Socialism Triumphant

By R. A. Dague

UNDER the caption, The Growth of Socialism, the "New England Leader" of Boston, says:

"Charles the Fifth once said that the sun never set on his empire. We Socialists may apply these words to our movement, and say that the sun never sets on the countries in which our banner floats.

"With these words the eloquent Belgian deputy, Emile Vandervelde, opened the International Socialist Congress held in Stuttgart in 1907. It was not an empty boast. The Socialist movement is as wide as the world. In Europe its power is felt alike in the highly civilized central and northern countries, in once autocratic Russia, in apathetic Spain and in the backward Balkan kingdoms. It has invaded the Celestial empire, Persia and Japan; Transvaal and the Australian colonies; the South American republics and the Dominion of Canada. The United States is fast becoming a stronghold of the new doctrine.

"The gospel of Socialism is preached in more than sixty tongues. Its creed is accepted by 30,000,000 persons.

"A movement of such magnitude and universality could not spring up without a cause, or continue without a mission. To scoff at it is futile. To ignore it is folly. It must be faced. It should be understood.

"And Socialism can be understood very readily. Despite all assertions to the contrary, the mainsprings of the movement are quite obvious, its philosophy is exceedingly simple, and its program is very definite."

Yes; Socialism is easily defined:

Worcester's Dictionary says: "Socialism is a science of reconstructing society on an entirely new basis by substituting the principle of association for that of competition in every branch of industry."

The Dictionary of Political Economy says: "Socialism requires that the process of production and distribution should be regulated not by competition with self interest for its moving principle but by society as a whole for the good of society."

The fundamental doctrine of Socialism is that all of nature's crude or raw materials necessary for all humanity to use, should be owned by all the people collectively, such as land, water, oils, fuel, air, light, electricity and other public necessities and utilities. None of these should be owned by individuals for private profit. Nature furnishes mankind the raw materials and pushes him into the world naked and tells

him to work or starve. Socialism says that all adults should perform some useful service and receive the full value of their labor and individually own the finished products of their toil. Such is the reasonable, honest, fair and just proposition of Socialism. It would seem that no intelligent man, not a thief, or a selfish human hog, could oppose so just a movement. Truly does the "New England Leader" say "to scoff at it is futile—to ignore it is folly." Yet this great and good movement that is preached in more than sixty languages is scoffed at, ignored and misunderstood.

While Socialism deals exclusively with industrial and political propositions, degenerate priests, preachers, bogus statesmen and a prostituted press working for tainted money, iterate and reiterate the lie that Socialism is atheistic, anarchistic, and is working to destroy religion and the home, and establish free love and race suicide. In all the past every movement started to benefit humanity, has been misrepresented and persecuted. Jesus was denounced and crucified as a "seditious fellow." Martin Luther was assailed as a vile wretch. Our own revolutionary forefathers were anathematized as heretics and traitors and Abraham Lincoln was called a "baboon who wanted to marry a nigger." Well, a wise man has said: "Ever the right comes uppermost and ever is justice done." Socialism is coming. It is the next step of humanity toward a higher and better civilization. No human power can stop it because its four cornerstones are, universal brotherhood, universal peace, justice and reciprocity, and its slogan is, An Injury to One Is the Concern of All. It will abandon the existing competitive system of industrialism whose god is profits and the fruits of which are strife, selfishness, injustice and war, and establish in its stead a cooperative commonwealth—a pure democracy in which the people will govern themselves by direct legislation and the recall. All disputes between nations will be peacefully settled in international courts of arbitration. No permanent civilization can be maintained founded on greed, profits, speculation, injustice and war, whose motto is, Everyone for Himself—to the Victor Belongs the Spoils. Socialism must triumph because it says: "God, or nature, has so interwoven the well being and destiny of all humanity into one inseparable bond of unity and interdependence that what injures one injures all, and what is good for one is good for all."

The Socialist movement is the best movement that has been launched into this sad world in the last twenty centuries.

A Life of Love and Service

By David Bobspa

THE noble soul of Senator Robert Addison Dague has at last struggled free from the encasing mold of mortality.

Comrade Dague's weary body is at rest. For forty years he has been one of the most conspicuous figures in the American propaganda field.

My last letter from him was late in January. A few days later a note came from the family stating that Comrade Dague was too ill to attend to correspondence. Today a letter from Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader of Chicago, editor of "The Progressive Thinker," tells me of his completion of this day's lesson and the passing forward of the spirit.

For ten years past Comrade Dague had been bed-ridden, a helpless paralytic. But he continued his work until a few days of his death. The closing of his mortal eyes had no fear for this grand old warrior for Socialism and Spiritualism.

Not a phase of either cause but has been illuminated by the

clear thinking of R. A. Dague—editor, speaker, law-maker, and novelist.

His most enduring monument—aside from the heritage of a perfect life of brotherhood and unselfishness—is his swan song, "The Twentieth Century Bible." This clearly ranks among the inspired works of the ages.

Comrade Dague has been for many years an inspiration to ten thousand men and women, and when the pathway of life has seemed rough and hard scores of times for me, his example has been an inspiration and kept me moving forward in the movement.

I do not mourn for Robert Addison Dague. He is not dead. The worn, tired body will be laid away. The work of the soul is being felt throughout America today. His soul will co-operate with the people for all time in its warfare for liberation.

What Thinkers Think

Gems of Comment From Current Periodicals

In nine months, the military establishment of the United States has grown from a force of 100,000 men to 1,500,000.—George Creel, "The Independent."

An acre of German beets produces more sugar than an acre of Louisiana cane.—Edwin E. Slossom, "The Independent."

The English are the most chauvinistic nation on earth, without knowing it.—Leon Trotzky, "Class Struggle."

I charge that Theodore Roosevelt is the most potent and willing friend of the Kaiser in America.—Senator Stone, "Congressional Record."

Our American imperialists who favor universal military training are afraid that the government will win the war on such terms that no army will be necessary afterward.—Dr. Stephen S. Wise, "The New World."

August Bebel's utterances are first hand evidence that the Socialist movement in Germany is at heart unpatriotic in the sense of imperial patriotism.—Louis Wallis, "The Public."

The system which condemns men to slavery; women to prostitution, children to poverty and ignorance, and all to hopeless, barren, joyless lives, must be uprooted and destroyed before men may know the meaning of morality, walk the highlands of humanity, and breathe the vitalizing air of freedom and fellowship.—Eugene V. Debs, "The Call Magazine."

The whole system of international relationship grows out of the economic necessity of capitalist investment abroad. Diplomacy, imperialism and exploitation of peoples in other countries rest on the whole system of capitalist production of commodities.—James O'Neal, "Call Magazine."

The private ownership of the coal fields is an economic barrier. It prevents the people of the United States from enjoying the full measure of liberty that might be theirs.—Scott Nearing, "People's Council Bulletin."

Man has to be freed from the intolerable burden of being a producer of profits for others.—"The Producer," England.

Spiritualistic seances are no longer in the parlor-game stage. The phenomena underlying them are shaping a well-defined system of practical religion.—Robert Mountsier, "The Bookman."

If we allies cannot bring about a revolution in Germany—then we have not achieved our war aim, and the whole struggle will have been a ghastly loss.—H. G. Wells, "The New Republic."

If we allies are honest, then if a revolution started in Germany today, we should, if anything, lower the price of peace to Germany.—H. G. Wells, "The New Republic."

One of the enormous advantages of being a man instead of a woman is that when you are going out in the evening, you never have to think what you will wear.—Bernard Shaw, "The New Republic."

Italian biologists find that tea and coffee increase the power of resistance to cold without raising the normal temperature of the body.—"Bulletin of Pharmacy."

Onions are laxative, sedative, break up a cold, cure insomnia, are easily digested and nourished, stimulate the appetite and soothe the nerves.—"Critic and Guide."

If Socialism prevails, competition in trade and business will be destroyed, and thus the business of advertising will perish.—Henry T. Rainey, "Printer's Ink."

The tuberculosis germ kills more than 125,000 people every year in the United States alone and causes a greater loss to the cattle industry than any other one thing.—Dr. N. S. Mayo, "The Breeder's Gazette."

The German junker succeeding the robber baron is not substantially different from the English or American captain of industry.—N. O. Nelson, "Canadian Co-operator."

Maine, Rhode Island, Minnesota and Michigan have abolished the death penalty, and Wisconsin never had it, yet the rate per thousand of homicides in those states is lower than in neighboring states that inflict capital punishment.—"American Journal of Education."

What is this marvelous business efficiency that we are asked to install in the high places of our government at Washington? It is a pet American fetish, concocted of superstition, and hero-worship, and admirably adapted to play hob with any enterprise committed to its control.—"The Public."

One fair-sized sugar beet, when soaked in water twenty minutes and boiled on the kitchen stove, will make a cup of thick syrup which can be used in cooking, for seasoning, and sweetening.—"Des Moines Capital."

Uncle Sam now has the supervision of approximately 260,000 miles of single track, an investment of over \$16,000,000,000 and the employment of 1,700,000 persons.—Charles F. Speare, "Review of Reviews."

Theodore Roosevelt has arrived at the sad condition of a public man whose too active espousal of any cause is enough to damn it.—"The Public."

How different is the version of conscription of wealth from the conscription of men! Not only is there no conscription of actual capital, but the man with the million dollar factory retains his factory and still gains a very substantial income!—Joseph L. Cohen, "The Public."

We want to fight abroad with our allies so that we shall not have to fight at home without our allies.—Theodore Roosevelt, "Kansas City Star."

The National Security league is stirring up class-bitterness. It is the tool of sinister interests which would halt all progress and reform.—"Non Partisan Leader."

The French 75 mm. gun will shoot as many as 16 shells a minute and there are guns which have fired 2000 shells a day. It requires the labor of 4000 to 5000 men to provide the shells for eight of such guns.—"Scientific American."

The deepest mine in the world is the St. John del Rey copper mine in Brazil, which has a depth of 6000 feet.—"Scientific American."

The U-boats of Germany will destroy as much tonnage this year as the United States and Great Britain together can build and launch.—Bainbridge Colby, "Literary Digest."

The time is coming when the men of the working classes, the men without property, will control the destinies of the world.—Charles M. Schwab, Bethlehem Steel Corp., in "New York World."

We stand for violence against all exploiters. We are the first government in the world that openly declares it is carrying on civil war and we pledge ourselves to carry this war to a finish.—Lenine in London "Daily Chronicle."

This is an American workingman's war, conducted for American workingmen, by American workingmen.—Prof. John R. Commons, "Union Labor Bulletin."

It is the perpetual shame of the Church that it did not prevent this war; it is an equal shame that it has not long ago ended it.—John Haynes Holmes, "The Forum."

Negroes own and edit more than four hundred newspapers and magazines in the United States.—Ray Stannard Baker, "The World's Work."

The war of nations is merging into the war of class.—Frederick Harrison, "Fortnightly Review."

When a man loves his work it is almost impossible for him not to flourish in it.—Harrington Emerson, "The Independent."

Harold Bell Wright has sold 7,000,000 copies of his novels in fifteen years, and is still young and healthy.—"Montgomery Advertiser."

The government should immediately commandeer all industries where strikes occur; the primary cause of strikes is the greed of government contractors who are making huge profits with labor.—"Non Partisan Leader."

Labor should never, in war or peace, give up its right to strike.—"Wheeling Majority."

Why should labor leaders think more of winning this war for the capitalists than of winning better living conditions for the American working class?—"Milwaukee Leader."

The coal shortage was indirectly caused by the German U-boats, even as the food shortage in Germany is caused by the allied blockade.—Harrington Emerson, "Review of Reviews."

Organized labor has proclaimed its loyalty from the housetops, and the number of strikes and of men involved since April 6 has been unexampled in our history. It is a disappointing and un-American picture.—"New York Tribune."

Only a peace without indemnities and annexations can save us, and the hour has come when you must raise your voice for such a peace. The German people must manifest its will to end the war.—Wilhelm Dittman, Socialist member of Reichstag.

Modern Religious Movements: No. 2

The Essence of Catholicism

By Thomas F. Coakley, D. D., St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa.

CATHOLICITY MEANS AUTHORITY IN RELIGION

WHEN our Divine Lord established His church, He did not ordain that the truths for which He came into the world and suffered and died should be brought to the knowledge of men by the mere circulation of the Bible. Rather, it was the living voice of His own Apostles and disciples that He chose to be the instruments whereby His gospel was to be carried to all the earth.

The authority of the one true Church founded by Christ, the teaching office of the Church, its duty of preaching the gospel, and of the necessity of the faithful listening to and obeying the commands of the Church, are truths everywhere insisted upon in Holy Writ. The Catholic Church recognizes the inspired Word of God in itself, and independent of the living voice and divinely authorized interpretation of the Church, cannot be a safe guide to eternal life. Nowhere in Holy Scripture is the claim put forward that the Bible contains all of the Word of God in its fullness: on the contrary there are several express statements to the very opposite. St. John boldly states that Christ did and said many things which are not recorded in Holy Writ (John xxi:15). Moreover, in another place in His Gospel, the 'beloved disciple declares that the whole world would not be able to contain the books that should be written if all the sayings and doings of Christ were accurately and fully recorded (John xx:31). Furthermore, we find in the Bible other references to some of the writings of the Apostles having perished. One Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians (I Cor. v:9) and one to the Laodiceans are known to be lost (Cor. iv:16).

Hence the necessity for admitting the authority of the Church in religious matters over and above that of the Bible. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of Christ," says St. Paul to the Romans (Rom. x:14). "And the things which thou hast heard of Me by many witnesses, the same commend to faithful men, who shall be fit to teach others also" (II Tim. ii:2). "Hold fast after what manner I preached to you" (I Cor. xv:2).

Hence hearing the Church, listening to its voice, obeying its mandates, submitting to its divinely constituted authority, is the very test of Christianity and distinguishes it from all individualism, from all independent, private and unauthorized interpretation of God's Law.

Christ founded a Church, a perfect, living, visible, permanent society, self-sufficient, self-governing and containing within itself all that is necessary for its existence. Christ exercises His power through earthly representatives. He selected twelve Apostles and charged them in His name to teach all nations (Matt. xxviii:20) to offer sacrifice (Luke xxii:19) and to govern His flock (Matt. xviii:18; John xxi:17). The Apostles used the authority committed to them while they lived and before their death they took measures for the perpetuation of this principle of government in the Church by establishing a hierarchy in the Christian communities founded by them, centuries before the world ever had the Bible. The authority vested in the Church is from Almighty God, and not from the members of the Church. "The Holy Ghost," says St. Luke (Acts xx:28), "hath placed you Bishops to rule the Church of God." The Church derives her power directly from Christ, through Apostolic succession, and not from the body of the faithful. The Pope, Bishops and priests have their power and authority from the Shepherd, not from the sheep.

CATHOLICITY MEANS CERTAINTY IN RELIGION

The doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church are clean cut, precise, well-defined, sure and certain; there is no quibbling or ambiguity; you always know exactly where she stands on every one of the fundamental and eternal verities. "I shall be with you all days, even to the consummation of the world," Christ said to her (Matt. xxiii:20) and the abiding presence of Christ takes away all doubt. He sent the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, upon the Roman Catholic Church, making it possible for Catholics to know precisely and without the possibility of error just what Christ did actually teach.

CATHOLICITY MEANS THE ALL THAT CHRIST TAUGHT

We cannot minimize Christian doctrine. We cannot pursue an elective course in religion. We cannot believe what we choose and reject all else, and still call ourselves Christians. To be a Christian means that we must believe all that Christ taught, not merely a portion of His teachings. Christ tells us so Himself, for He sent His Apostles "to teach things whatsoever He had commanded." (Matt. xxviii:20). There is absolutely no qualification here; no opportunity to spurn, reject, despise, condone, or smooth over things that we do not like. And in looking over the world today, or any day during the last nineteen centuries, we are forced to say that the Roman Catholic Church is the only institution in existence that teaches in its fullness and in its completeness every single doctrine taught by Christ. We have but to run up and down the pages of history to obtain corroboration of this great fact. To be deep in history is at once to embrace the Catholic faith. No man can read history thoroughly and remain outside the Church of Rome. This is substantially the verdict of no less an authority than the great Protestant historian, Macaulay, in his celebrated essay on Von Ranke. Non-Catholic denominations, taken in their entirety have swept away every great truth for which Christ gave up His life, so that the world outside the Catholic Church no longer stands for integrity of Christianity. Open denial of the divinity of Christ, of His miracles, of His resurrection, of His miraculous birth, by the ministers and professors of non-Catholic denominations has ceased to startle the non-Catholic world, until today the one, single, solitary, majestic witness to the entirety of divine revelation is the Roman Catholic Church.

Making the United States Safe for Plutocracy

Just as we predicted a year ago, the American plutocracy is taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the country's concentration on the war, to plunder labor.

Basil Manly, formerly a statistician for the Industrial Relations Commission, reports that while in 1915, 2 percent of the people owned 60 percent of the wealth, today 2 percent own 70 percent of the wealth. He further shows that since the beginning of the European war, the number of millionaires and multi-millionaires in the United States has doubled. And the obverse is true: the condition of the working class has become increasingly unbearable.

Uncle Sam has yet to see that he has a more evil thing to deal with at home—the American plutocracy—than he has in the person of a certain paranoiac kaiser.—A. S.

Children: Quantity or Quality?

By Alanson Sessions

As usual, when some new reform is agitated, the vast majority of people express strenuous objections to its adoption. And usually, their objections are based on a misunderstanding of the thing they attack. It is a tragic thing that almost invariably humanity attacks the principal innovations which will greatly help it to endure the burdens of life.

These statements are particularly true with reference to the agitation of the birth control problem for the last generation. A hundred and one objections have arisen in the popular mind, sincere and otherwise, against family limitation. They are founded on misconception of the true aims of those advocating birth control, on ignorance, on malicious hypocrisy.

Will Family Limitation Lead to Race Suicide? We might answer this question in the following manner: Are women who use preventives childless? The facts show that such is not the case. It is estimated that hundreds of thousands of families now use preventives, very few of them being without children. These families have from one to four children, but they regulate the number of children in accordance with the family income. It is foolish to fear that the use of contraceptives will bring about the destruction of the race. When we think of the infinite worry and trouble to which women will go in order to have children, we certainly need not apprehend a dying out of the race. No artificial device will ever destroy the world-old instinct in woman of perpetuating the species. Moreover, in Holland, where contraceptives are in most general use, the population has not decreased but actually increased, due to the better economic and social conditions prevailing there as a result of birth control.

Will The Knowledge of Birth Control Measures Lead to Immorality? It is said that if the knowledge of contraceptives is made general, the young will taste the forbidden fruit of illicit sexual intercourse. Granted that this may occur occasionally. Even so, the benefits derived from a diminution of venereal diseases resulting from earlier marriages, the fewer and healthier offspring, the prevention of the procreation of the underfed, the tuberculous, the alcoholics, the degenerate, the feeble-minded and the insane would more than outweigh the isolated instances of sexual intercourse prior to marriage. And suppose some women ARE bound to have illicit relations? As a writer has said, "Is it not better that they should know the use of a harmless preventive than that they should become pregnant, disgracing and ostracizing themselves and their families, or that they should subject themselves to the risks of an abortion, or, failing in this, to take carbolic acid, or bichloride, or jump into the river, or throw themselves under the wheels of a running train?" The fear of pregnancy does not keep girls pure and chaste; it is the social training, the education that they receive, combined with the monogamous tendency that practically every girl inherits.

Are The Means of Prevention Absolutely Sure? It is often remarked that contraceptives often fail to prevent conception. While this may be true in some cases, it is also true that this failure is most often attributable to the carelessness or ignorance of those using the methods. Statistics show that the various methods of control are from 98 to 99 percent infallible. When the laws prohibiting the dissemination

of such information are repealed, men and women can discuss the subject in public and thus entirely eradicate the other one or two percent of failure. To the secrecy of the use of preventives and the working out of their formulas, is due, to a large extent, the failures that occasionally result. In Berlin, in 1876, the birth rate was 240 per annum per thousand of married women; in 1912, the birth rate had fallen to 90 per thousand married women. This and other examples show the marvelous effectiveness of contraceptive measures.

Will Birth Control Lead to Excess in Married Life? It will not. The facts show that during the time of pregnancy occurs the greatest frequency of intercourse in families not using contraceptives. This period is the greatest temptation to excess. Birth control will regulate this, prevent excesses, and establish moderation.

Is Birth Control Immoral? Immoral is something that is injurious to the community. If birth control makes for mental and moral improvement, how can it be said to be immoral? To those who contend that the woman who uses preventives is nothing but a monogamous prostitute, we can only reply that the author of the argument is a drooling imbecile. The simple and irrefutable fact remains that all children born into the world should be desired and lovingly created.

Dr. Robinson says: "A working man should not have more than two children. Every child after the second, and particularly after the third, is individually and racially a calamity. It means that the mother's health is being exhausted. It means that she cannot attend as properly as she should to her first children. It means that the succeeding children are taking away a part of the indispensable food and clothing from the first children. It means that the first children will not be able to get the necessary bringing up and education that they otherwise would. It means that they will be sent to work earlier than they otherwise would. It means glutting the labor market with wage slaves. In short, too many children in other than well-to-do families is a crime. It is a crime against every member of the individual family, a crime against the father, a crime against the succeeding children, and a crime against society."

The day is rapidly approaching when a woman can go to a health station to get instructions for preventing an undesired pregnancy just as she goes at the present time to secure a formula for modifying her baby's milk. Before this can be accomplished, however, much remains to be done.

Our physicians will have to throw overboard some of their so-called professional ethics—and join with the liberals and radicals of our time in besieging the legislatures of every state with the demand to repeal the infamous law which makes giving such information an offense punishable by five year's imprisonment.

Readers are respectfully invited to correspond with the Associate Editor of the Llano Publications and to co-operate with him in every manner possible in getting people interested in and working for this propaganda.

WOMEN WISHING INFORMATION ON BIRTH CONTROL SHOULD WRITE TO MARGARET SANGER, 104 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY. Mention the Western Comrade when you do so.

Does God Exist?

By Henry M. Tichenor

I AM requested by the Western Comrade to write an article entitled, "Does God Exist?" I think a better caption would be, "Do the Gods Exist?"

There are so many of them, scattered in various parts of the globe, and all of them, though bearing different titles, appear so much alike—exhibit so much evidence of a similar source of origin—that the same argument that would prove the existence of one would prove the existence of all, or vice versa.

All the Gods in use today are hoary with age. Their pedigree dates back into remote antiquity. Sacred traditions trace them through barbarism and savagery, and even into the age of the cave-dwellers, and there is lost. True, their characters have undergone changes in the long journey of the centuries, and, to their credit be it said, somewhat, as a general rule, for the better; but the same gods that the ancients worshiped are worshiped still; and this applies to the heathens as well as the Christians.

No Gods have been originated, or discovered, in modern times. Jesus, and Budda, and others of the rejected prophets of brotherhood and peace, may have had visions of a more humane and justice-loving God than those accepted by the professors of the various religions, but they never became popular enough to endure. Nobody, save a few undesirables, seemed to want them. They passed away for lack of encouragement to stay with us. The Gods of the fathers of the stone age were good enough for the sons.

I remarked that the characters of the Gods had somewhat improved. Not much, but a little. They do not require the sacrificing of cattle these days to appease their wrath. That helps some. The immense quantity of meat that once went up in burnt offerings, that, says Genesis viii:21, and Exodus xxix:18, was a sweet savor to Jehovah's nostril's would, if required today, upset all the food conservation figures. Jehovah might have to conscript the meat trust in order to get a smell. So it's a good thing we are saved this religious performance in order to save our souls. As a matter of economy it is well that the Christians today are washing away their sins in Jesus' blood, instead of depending upon a daily wholesale slaughter of calves and lambs, as once took place in Jerusalem. Let us be thankful for this.

It is also a good thing that no God, these days, butchers the first-born of man or beast in a midnight orgy, as Jehovah once did in Egypt. It's bad enough the way we slowly kill the children in the cotton mills; and the price of beef and mutton and bacon is soaring high enough without any God bulling the market. So it is well that the Gods are somewhat better, or at least quieter, than they used to be, even though mankind appears at times as heartless and cruel as of old. We hope, some good day, to pound some sense into mankind; but what could we hope to do if an all-powerful, invisible God was getting our goat whenever he took a notion?

Another improvement, or rather a relief, that can be noted on the part of the Gods these days, is that they pay no attention to prayer. If they did the kaiser, or even T. Roosevelt, might have eaten up the last human being before this, and they themselves be the only remaining specimens of the species. It is really a splendid thing that prayers are not answered any more. If they were the world would be a worse bedlam than it is. It used to be that a holy man of God could say a prayer, and a pack of she-bears would rush out of the woods and tear little children to pieces. It is well that Nat-

ural Law, and not prayer, is running things now.

And the thought naturally arises, in answer to the question propounded in this article: has not Natural Law, and not the Gods, always existed?

What are the ancient and original conceptions of the Gods, save supernatural creatures, made in the likeness of man, or some other animal?

Jehovah is described in various parts of the bible as having hands and feet, eyes and ears, and a mouth and nose out of which flew sparks. Moses (so says Genesis xxxiii, verse 23) had the good fortune to hide in the cleft of a rock and view his back parts as he passed by. If you believe this, Jehovah must exist. Cotton Mather is said to have witnessed an old woman astraddle a broomstick sailing over the moon. If you believe this, then witches must exist.

The Gods of old swam the seas, prowled the jungles, and floated through the air. The God of the Christians, who once wandered everywhere, is now stationary. He sits in silence on a gold throne somewhere in the skies. Once he was frequently seen and talked to by the priests that started the story of his existence.

As I do not believe the stories of the priests, I do not believe in the existence of their Gods. I believe the Gods were first conceived in the murky minds of our ancestors, the anthropoid apes. That conception was inherited and enlarged upon in the still murky minds of their progeny, the first savage humans. They knew nothing of Nature and Nature's Laws. All phenomena were the miraculous workings of unseen creatures, bigger and greater than themselves. The terrific tempest, the thunder and lightning, were the manifestations of an angry God. The savage fled to his cave in terror. The law of economic determinism—which is so admirably described by Oscar Ameringer as "the thing that makes a man get a hustle on himself towards the spot where he hears the jingle of easy money"—was already at work. A priest-class early came into existence, professing not only a personal acquaintance with the Gods, but also sufficient power of persuasion to keep them in good humor. The priest was furnished a living in exchange for the prayers he said. He also dined on the choicest cuts of the animals offered in sacrifice. Naturally the priest and the tribal chief soon became bosom friends. Their interests were identical. One lived by ruling the brains, the other by ruling the bodies of the people. The priest predicted all sorts of dire calamities to overtake those that rebelled against the authority of the chief or himself. He even finally invented an everlasting hell. And to the Gods, born in the murky minds of the anthropoid apes, have been preserved in every age as an invaluable asset to hold the workers in subjection to the classes that live by expropriating their products.

In the New Society, the Gods, like the governments of the exploiters, will be found to have been nothing but superstitions. In that society, Service will be the only savior, and Labor the only prayer. In that society, Man will arise from his knees—will not kiss the dust in fear of lord of earth or sky. And, if in Nature, our Mother, there is a sentient soul, she will greet with gladness her children, begotten in the night when the world was young, that have at last evolved to the full stature of Humanity.

—o—

Curst greed of gold, what crimes thy tyrant power has caused!—Virgil.

A Plea for Sensible Propaganda

Now that the scope of our criticism of others is restricted, we socialists may gain something by criticising ourselves.

For instance, consider our propaganda.

We scold too much. People who are socialists, and know it, are still greatly in the minority. We need the help of many who are not yet socialists. But often we treat these people as if they were our inveterate enemies, instead of prospective co-workers. We expect too much from them. We imagine that forming a belief is a very simple matter. At least, in practice, we under-estimate the power of personal inclination, of training, and of association in determining opinion. We assume that it is as easy to choose between socialism and capitalism as between good apples and bad ones. And because he does not at once see as we see, we dub a man a fool who, in a general way, may be vastly more intelligent than we ourselves. Our own classic literature, revealing as it does, the slow and painful progress of the race, should make us more patient; and if it does not, our own experience must.

We too often allow discussion to degenerate into argument—a very human failing. An argument is a fight—a verbal brawl. And truth does not thrive in the atmosphere of fight; indeed, when the fight is most acute, as in the case of a great war, lying becomes a virtue, and truth-telling a vice. An argument is an exchange of blows, and its purpose is to administer a personal defeat, to win a barren victory; a discussion is an exchange of ideas, and its purpose is to establish the truth.

We denounce too much; or rather, too crudely. Our voice is too shrill. We use too many adjectives, make too many gestures. Our antics turn tragedy into comedy. True, any number of the strongest adjectives may fall far short of describing the situation; the occasion may justify our most violent denunciations—but the results do not. We can best make others feel as we feel, not by giving vent to our feelings, but by simply relating the circumstances that make us feel as we do. Whether the appeal is to the intellect or to the emotions, simplicity and due restraint will strengthen it. There is great power in the plain, unvarnished tale.

Fight? Certainly. But we have fought with words too long. We have tried to make the vocal organs do the work of the whole body. We must fight by doing, instead of by talking. On the industrial battlefield, action is what counts. And our propaganda will be a most useful auxiliary to our politico-industrial fighting machine when we substitute vigor for bombast.

—ALEC WATKINS

The Bolsheviks

The friendly and sympathetic tone in which President Wilson referred to the present rulers of Russia in his "Peace Terms" speech was a severe rebuke to the purveyors of the fanciful falsehoods that have been circulated so widely in our press concerning the Bolsheviks.

Day by day the Russian government has operated the wireless at Petrograd tirelessly in an effort to keep the world informed as to what was going on. The messages sent out have but rarely appeared in the American press. Instead, our newspapers have given us nothing but incomplete and contradictory reports which, in most cases, were plainly untrue.

Now that the president has spoken, however, a change is already noticeable. It has become plain that the Bolsheviks are neither the agents nor the dupes of the kaiser. The charge that Lenin and Trotsky are in the pay of Germany

is utterly discredited. The wild rumors of a Russia in chaos have been shown to be without foundation. Only recently, no less a person than Sir George Buchanan, who was British Ambassador at Petrograd, explained that the Bolsheviks are securely in control as long as they continue on the same principle. In England, the Bolsheviks have found support in several quarters. Two of England's most powerful newspapers, the London Daily News and the Manchester Guardian, are outspoken in their praise. And quite lately the new British Labor Party issued a strong endorsement of the Peace Terms of New Russia.

Even if one disapproved of Russia's action in regard to the war, one could not fairly view the achievements of the Bolsheviks without admiration. They have maintained a remarkable degree of order in spite of the desperate scheming of the reactionaries and the open opposition of dissenting socialists. They have met boldly the innumerable problems that inevitably arise from the sudden change from an autocratic monarchy to a free republic, problems that vitally affect the daily lives of a population nearly twice as large as that of the United States. They have taken definite steps to establish, not only political freedom, but also an economic freedom far in advance of that of any other country. They have matched their wits with remarkable success against the best-trained diplomats of the world. They have carried on a peace propaganda among the soldiers of the German army. They have fired the liberal elements of Germany with a new hope and a new courage. They have given to the world a basis for peace, the spirit of which has been echoed by President Wilson, and the substance of which is meeting the approval of the progressive sections of every country at war. And they have done all this at a time when every day gives birth to a new crisis.

The future of the Bolsheviks is, perhaps, a matter of doubt. A professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, who has just returned from Russia, gives them two years more of power. Should they lose control, it will more likely be as a result of an inability to break through their own stubborn dogmatism than the operation of outside political forces alone. Nevertheless, the entire incident has demonstrated once again the utter unreliability, not only of our newspapers, but also of our diplomacy and the incompetence of our diplomats. And it has demonstrated in a very remarkable fashion the hollowness of the claim of the ruling classes that to them alone is given the ability of performing the functions of government.

—ALEC WATKINS

THE DOOM OF EMPIRES

The traveler standing amid the ruins of ancient cities and empires, seeing on every side the fallen pillar and the prostrate wall, asks why did these cities fall, why did these empires crumble? And the Ghost of the Past, the wisdom of ages, answers: These temples, these palaces, these cities, the ruins of which you stand upon, were built by tyranny and injustice. The hands that built them were unpaid. The backs that bore the burdens also bore the marks of the lash. They were built by slaves to satisfy the vanity and ambition of thieves and robbers. For these reasons they are dust. Their civilization was a lie. Their laws merely regulated robbery and established theft. They bought and sold the bodies and souls of men, and the mournful wind of desolation, sighing amid their crumbling ruins, is a voice of prophetic warning to those who would repeat the infamous experiment, uttering the great truth, that no nation founded upon slavery, EITHER OF BODY OR MIND, can stand.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Peace And Its Meaning

By Upton Sinclair

This address, published exclusively by the Western Comrade was delivered by Comrade Sinclair before the Commercial Board of Los Angeles, California, February 4th, 1918.

THIS afternoon I realize that I am really in America, the home of business. The joy of selling things is an excitement I understand a little myself because I once published a book. The president of the United States undertook to advertise it, thus making it easy to sell, and I had the wonderful thrill of seeing goods go out and checks come in. I can appreciate the attitude that most Americans take in such a situation. Somehow or other, though, the joy of selling things doesn't seem to be an entirely satisfactory solution of all the problems of existence. There is something wrong somewhere. Some of the people make a fuss about it and make trouble—Socialists they call themselves, and naturally we don't like them, put them in jail and give them as uncomfortable a time as we can.

Now I am one those Socialists that happen to be out of jail, and I came here to tell you a little about what we think is wrong with the joy and excitement of selling things and making money. This has been going on for a long time in the world. It is a habit that is very strong not only in America, but in every other country as well. They tell us over in Europe that we are the original dollar-chasers. But I have traveled in most of the countries of Europe, and I have had more lead quarters offered to me in a week over there than I have seen in America in my whole lifetime.

I am going to tell you a little of the Socialist's view of our present system, and why it has lead the world into the present calamity. It is the system of private industry, of production for profit. It keeps the vast majority of the people upon what is called a competitive wage, which is the very lowest amount they can exist on while they work, and the surplus product goes in one way or another to the owners of the machinery of production. It may be rent, it may be just profits, but whatever you call it, it goes to the administering class. Now, the administering class has the most brains, because they can afford to hire them. Any man has a chance to become a millionaire if he is sharp enough, and is not troubling too much with his neighbor's troubles. The wealth being under the control of the administering class, this class combines to regulate prices, and at the same time forces the competitive system on the working class.

So the greater part of the selling of the world is done at prices which are fixed. The greater part of the labor of the world works for wages that are made in the open market. Wages do not rise along with prices of the products, but real wages actually diminish. Before the war, in ten years, the cost of living increased 40 percent, according to Government statistics, and wages increased about 15 percent, and so at the end of the ten years those persons working for wages were 25 percent poorer without being aware of it. The result was that with constantly increasing momentum the wealth of the world was thrown into the hands of one class, while the other, the working class, the producers, were not able to buy what they produced.

Government statistics have shown that by modern methods we produce from ten to one hundred times as much by machinery as we used to produce by hand. The consequence is that we are producing goods that our population hasn't the money to buy. The goods are heaping up at one end, while the people really need them at the other.

The cry of the community before the war was hard times, which meant that the goods were piling up and not being consumed. And that is a condition which the private profit system caused in our community. Consumption did not balance production, and there was a surplus profit; there were panics and men out of work; and when they asked why, the answer was "overproduction." A man's wife must go in rags because he has produced too much cloth; he could not buy shoes for his children because he had produced too much wealth for the capitalists. An this condition of overproduction was continually increasing. Also the Socialist vote was increasing year by year. In Germany you could see that vote rise like a thermometer. If you watch a thermometer, you know that when it has risen so far, if it goes one degree farther, something is going to break. In precisely the same way you could say of the Socialist vote in Germany that if it increased any further, the ruling class would lose control of the country and rather than abdicate this class would drive the country into war to bring about a condition of renewed prosperity.

We are told that this is a war for democracy. Some of us have different ideas of democracy. We think that democracy really counts in the important things of life, which are where you get your food, under what conditions you get it. We believe that democracy means that in the industrial life of the world the people should have control of their own destinies. I know that is disturbing to all business men. The business man is now the master, and the workers must obey. But I look forward to a regime of industrial democracy, in which the workers will control their industries, and will give themselves the full value of their product. Of course, we have, for example, our public schools. It would seem quite preposterous if any one would suggest leaving the handling of our mail to be cared for by private corporations. But, on the other hand, the agent of the Salt Lake Railroad here beside me hopes that the government will give him back his line some day. What I look forward to is to see him duly established as the head of a certain department of the United States Railways, running them for the people of the United States. I think he would be quite as happy, and we might be able to pay him quite as large a salary. I am sure he would agree that if a group of private owners did not have a claim to a large part of his profits, he could handle our freight and passengers much more cheaply than he can at present.

I have been predicting a social revolution for America for twenty years and all my friends have been laughing at me; now I am getting ready to have my laugh. You know that saying about he who laughs last.

The Russian people have suffered under a double condition of servitude, and we all wished them luck when they threw off their yoke of czarism. But the Russian people were not satisfied to overthrow the czar only; they have proceeded to overthrow their land owners and capitalists, and to confiscate the banks and factories. What this means is that the revolutionists of the modern world say the peace which is coming to the world must be a peace of industrial as well as of political democracy.

We have to do our part in understanding this—everybody in America, because we all help to make public sentiment. We have to do our part in deciding how this war is to be

(Continued on Page 37)

The Menace of Military Training

By Norman Thomas

THE most extraordinary aspect of "this war to end war," this struggle "to make the world safe for democracy," is the powerful and elaborately organized effort in the United States to take advantage of the situation "to put across" (in the words of ex-president Taft) universal military training and service. Reasonable men must wonder with a kind of despair why it should be necessary to argue that the way NEVER to end war or to make the world safe for democracy is to fasten a policy of universal conscription upon the country. The Bolsheviki, the British Labor party, President Wilson, even Lloyd George, with varying degrees of emphasis have declared for a world organization which rests upon the cornerstone of disarmament. Is universal military training and service the way to disarm? The whole world condemns Germany as chiefly responsible for the present tragedy. Do we want to share a like burden of guilt in the future years? Nothing else will be our fate if we, the richest and potentially the most powerful of the nations, should now institute universal military training and service as a national policy, not because of the present need but to make ourselves strong for the future. Every nation would feel obliged to follow our lead. Let us not deceive ourselves. The foe is not German militarism but militarism. What that institution did to the fellow-countrymen of Kant and Goethe it will do to the fellow-countrymen of Abraham Lincoln.

It is worth our while to examine somewhat more closely the effects of militarism.

INTERNATIONALISM

Compulsory military training and service means the perpetuation of great establishments for the manufacture of arms. If these are under private or public control it means that some man or nation has a monetary stake in weapons of destruction. It means that a group of officers is interested in increasing the diabolical efficiency of weapons of destruction. It means the old race in armaments which constitute an actual physical barrier to the free intercourse of peoples. More than that it means the erection of spiritual barriers. If America is to be thus armed she must have an enemy to hate or some imperialistic ambitions to fulfill. In no other way can a nation be persuaded to bear the burdens of conscription. We know what our economic imperialists are planning. They will deflect our minds from our own problems by filling us with fear of Japan or some other power and use our armies to back up their own games of economic aggrandizement among the weaker nations of the earth. Under these circumstances any league of the peoples of earth will become economically and psychologically impossible. You could not have a United States of America if each state drilled all its youth in the philosophy and practice of war, magnified in its text books its own greatness, and directed the minds of its growing boys to fear the power of its neighbors. Neither can you possibly have any league of nations worthy of the name under these conditions. We will simply return to the old system of international anarchy, of a world composed of armed and suspicious nations ready to fight at the word of a general staff. Are we to learn nothing from this tragedy?

CONSCRIPTION AND DEMOCRACY

Universal service is the arch foe of democracy, not its friend. The insidious danger of the plan of our security leagues is that they present their wolf in sheep's clothing;

their devil in the robes of an angel of light. They claim that militarism will encourage democracy and erase class lines. Surely the workers of America know that the way to remove class lines, is to remove classes by instituting industrial democracy. Democracy is more than enforced comradeship in a dog tent. Actually, military training and service means the inevitable creation of an officer caste and the addition of military distinctions to those already in our country. It means the drilling of men at the impressionable age of their lives in that system of automatic obedience which is the chief enemy of the reflective self-government which democracy requires of its citizens. Militarism cannot block the final triumph of democracy in America but it can build a dam across the river of our democratic hopes. Temporarily it can stop the stream and at last instead of flowing through their channels as a river of life the waters may break as by a destructive flood. Will intelligent Americans tolerate this danger? Will they permit a capitalist class to prolong the period of its own power by the militaristic system?

CONSCRIPTION AND INDIVIDUAL WELLBEING

The final effort of the militarist is to prove that military training is somehow or other good for the individual. The argument runs like this: We want no more wars; but military training is good for the character, for the body, mind and soul. I have heard militaristic speakers tell how many million Americans had defective teeth and adenoids and argue that therefore we need military training. Is rifle drill a cure for bad teeth? Is bayonet practice a remedy for adenoids? Much of our national ill health is due to insufficient nourishment. In New York 21 percent of the school children are undernourished. Are we to cure this disease by taking young men to military camps or are we going instead to use that money to give the children a chance? By all means we need physical training but well-informed doctors have successfully demonstrated that there are better forms of physical training than you can possibly get in military drill. We want the best, not a dangerous substitute.

President Wilson closed his stinging letter to Senator Chamberlain in these words: "I am bound to infer that your statement sprang out of opposition to the administration's whole policy rather than out of any serious intention to reform its practice." That is to say, Senator Chamberlain's enthusiasm for universal military training and service was the chief reason for his denunciation of the Secretary of War who had been brave enough to point out the inconsistency of such a program with all America's professions as voiced by Mr. Wilson. In this case we who are bitterly opposed to a permanent policy of conscription are standing behind the president, and not only behind the president but behind all liberals in every country who look for a new world.

LET THE PEOPLE VOTE ON WAR

Each voter should sign his or her name to the ballot that is voted. In counting, the ballots for war should be kept apart from the ballots against war. In event of more than half of the population voting for war, those who voted for war should be sent to the front in the order in which they appeared at their respective polling places. Nobody who voted against war should be called to serve until everybody who voted for war had been sent to the front.—ALLAN L. BENSON.

Boudin's War Analysis

By Ida Crouch - Hazlett

IN view of the fact that the war was undoubtedly the issue in the late nation-wide, electoral campaign; that there is even at this date great confusion in the minds of the socialists of this country (and their psychology is not unique) regarding a correct interpretation of the war, and its relation to capitalist society, and a pragmatic program of the proletariat; that the charge has been made of a right-about-face change of attitude in the midst of the mayoralty campaign; the incipient division of the party on the war issue; the formation of the National party; the apparent subservient, flunkyized position of American labor towards the war; the pendulum-like vibration of National versus International feeling; and, finally, the sad and discouraging phenomenon of the disintegration of the Second International; in view of these facts, the scientific ability to reason out from the chaos of facts to a lucid and logical conclusion is a prime, indispensable necessity towards formulating a plan of action for the working class, that will be effective, that will not make us ridiculous, that will be a lever with which to pry the capitalist monster and send him toppling a notch or two towards his inevitable downfall.

As a material assistance in this direction I wish to call some attention to Louis B. Boudin's remarkable volume on "Socialism and the War."

The lectures herein reproduced were delivered in 1914. Their publication in book form was delayed until 1915. The author asserts that nothing happened during the intervening year to throw any additional light upon his views, and the matter was printed without change.

Comrade Boudin for many years has been known to American socialists, and the international movement as well, through his scholarly "Theoretical System of Karl Marx," in which he refutes the critics who assert that the theories of Marx are now out of date, in a masterly manner. He has taken time from his profession as a lawyer to add to the education of the American movement by constant contributions to its press, by a brilliant brochure on "Government by Judiciary"; while he conscientiously continues his lectures on the elucidation of whatever concerns the welfare of the working class.

Comrade Boudin is now one of the editors of the "Class Struggle," a new magazine with a standard that immediately ranks it at the front of socialist publications in America—something of the nature of the old "International Socialist Review" at the time when Comrade A. M. Simons was the Editor.

EXHAUSTIVE ANALYSIS

Boudin's analysis is by far the most exhaustive that has been presented on the subject of the war. Wells, in "Italy, France, and Britain at War"; Steinmetz, in "America and the New Epoch"; Arthur Bullard in the "Diplomacy of the Great War"; Frederick C. Howe in "Why War?" "Iron and Steel" and many other sources that could be mentioned all contribute some valuable information on the great social catastrophe.

The value of Boudin's book is that he has the Marxian interpretation of international commercial relations, secret diplomacy, foreign investments, capitalist inadequacy, and economic necessity.

In the beginning he presents two questions—1. Who or what caused the war? 2. What is it all about?

AUSTRO-HUNGARY ULTIMATUM

On July 23rd the Austro-Hungarian government sent an ultimatum to Servia to punish those guilty of the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand and to stop a propaganda that threatened to disrupt the empire. Little Servia's defiance must have had backing no less than Russia; and there must have been strong reasons why a government that had suffered so much from regicides should back up regicides. The Kaiser urges upon his Russian cousins their common interest in punishing regicides; and finally pronounces the ukase that if Austria cannot have her way with Servia, Germany will go to war with Russia and her allies.

There would have been no fight if Germany had stayed out. She must have had vital interests to assert or defend. France did not enter in revenge for the war and indemnity of 1870. She was poorly prepared. England was no party to the original quarrel. Her sudden and inexplicable benevolence in claiming to be the protector of small nations is like Russia's protection of the Slavs. Why the desire to maintain Belgian neutrality and not that of Luxemburg? Why did Belgium allow herself to be crucified on the altar of the neutrality principle when a peaceful passage would have left her intact?

VARIOUS THEORIES

The lectures from which the book is made are six in number. They are entitled: "Clearing the Ground"; "The Economic Causes of the War"; "The Ideologic Causes of the War"; "The Immediate Causes of the War and the Stakes Involved"; "The War and the Socialists"; "Socialist vs. Bourgeois Theories."

Comrade Boudin says that principally all writers, and even most socialist writers, have said that economic conditions were not the cause of the war. Among the various alleged reasons are: militarism, czarism, kaiserism, England's jealousy of Germany's growing trade, "autocratic institutions," "the ruling classes," to crush the oncoming revolution.

He refers to Joshua Wanhope, editor of the "Call", who puts it up squarely to Rothschild; with which conclusion Herman Cahn, American socialism's distinguished exponent of financial economics, to some extent, at least, agrees. The absurdity of the kaiser theory is shown in the face of the Materialistic Conception of History; the czar theory is the same; militarism is not a first cause. The blaming of Sir Edward Grey—England's jealousy—is no better. England was making great concessions to Germany at this time with a view to keeping out of war.

England and France are ancient enemies. Their recent contest over Fashoda and the territory of the upper Nile is still fresh.

The capitalist class in both the alliance and entente countries is suffering from tremendous destruction of property, and yet it is backing the war with money and life, and in all countries the capitalists are enthusiastic for it. Some stupendous capitalist interests must be involved.

The "autocracy or democracy" fetish is ridiculous; otherwise the kaiser and czar should have been fighting together.

The theory of the ruling class stampede is the only one that shows any appreciation of the law of cause and effect. But methods employed do not sustain the idea of a sham battle for destroying the revolutionary efficiency of the working class. Wars may be called the mother of revolutions as well as their grave. Unpopular war hastens impending revolutions.

ECONOMIC CAUSES

The author then presents very carefully the economic causes contributing to the war, to prove that they have not suspended operation in the universe. He does not deal with hackneyed general formulas, but with complicated, concrete problems. Capitalism is not particularly warlike; it prefers peace for profits. The nineteenth century, the period of the greatest development of capitalism, was a distinctly peaceful century. There has been no general war since the close of the Napoleonic wars; no great war since the Franco-Prussian war.

Capitalism has three epochs, one peaceful, and two warlike. It is combative in its youth, as Germany waged the Franco-Prussian war to assert itself. When it becomes full-grown, capitalism wishes to give attention to business—as England and America have been doing. When past its zenith and on the downward grade capitalism starts wars furiously to maintain its existence. England waged war continuously for two hundred years from the accession of Elizabeth through the Seven Years' war, and established her position as the leading commercial country of the world. She has been pacific since. Her imperialistic character has been established without great wars. When the second Boer war came, the period of imperialism had set in. England's dominant interests had changed from Manchester to Birmingham; and the real power in present day politics is found in the market reports on iron and steel. When Chamberlain, of Birmingham, passed the other cabinet offices till he reached the Colonial Secretaryship at the bottom, it meant that the era of world politics had come.

Imperialism means that iron and steel have taken the place of textiles as the leading industry of capitalism. And imperialism means war. Textiles, therefore, mean peace—and iron and steel mean war.

IRON AND STEEL POLICIES

The recent developments of the economics of capitalism call for very different political policies when the surplus to be disposed of is steel and iron in the place of personal consumable goods, as textiles. A market not only must be found that can use, but a market that can pay. Iron and steel are costly, and the capitalist world must stimulate demand by "civilizing" backward countries through "improvements" such as railroads, canals, etc. Hence the "exportation of capital" to create markets. There is also a change in the process of distribution—the more developed parts of capitalism produce mainly the means of production, while the less developed produce means of consumption.

THE CHANGE FROM TEXTILES TO IRON AND STEEL IS THE REAL CAUSE OF THE CHANGE IN CAPITALISM FROM A PEACEFUL TO A WARLIKE MOOD WHICH HAS BROUGHT ABOUT THE IMPERIALISTIC ERA, AND IS THE REAL CAUSE OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Investors want dividends; backward countries do not furnish them; "concessions" must be granted which is a mode of payment for the iron and steel. Forced loans are made on backward countries. All these interests must be protected by the home government.

Governments must protect their colonies from outside investors; they must seek new territory for future investment. This is imperialism.

IMMEDIATE CAUSES

Germany has led the world in disseminating this "super" creed to its people; its mission to spread its "Culture" among inferior nations. This leadership has made it the aggressor in the war. But this does not deny the guilt of the other

nations. Germany was merely *primum inter pares*. The reason is not racial but marvelous economic development. She has become the largest producer of iron and steel in the world. In 1910 she produced twice as much iron and steel as England, her nearest competitor.

Two wars are really being waged; the war of Russia and Servia against Austria and Germany in the East; and Germany against England and France in the West. The war in the East represents the first warlike period of capitalism; that in the West the third and last stage of capitalism. That in the East is part of the march of the nations to the sea. Peter the Great started Russia to the sea. Constantinople is the lock between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean and the great Ocean beyond. The other powers have kept the Turk in place to keep Russia out. The Bosphorus and Dardanelles hold the same vantage point in the East that Gibraltar does in the West. The Bosphorus can be bridged and trains run from Europe to Asia.

Servia and Austria are competitors for the western coastline of the Balkan Peninsula.

Pan-Germanism is the political expression of Germany's economic aspirations—a dream of world empire with the old Roman empire as a model—beginning at the Atlantic, from the Strait of Dover to the Scandinavian mainland, running southeasterly, including Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Balkans, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, India, reaching the Pacific at the Indian Ocean; welded by railroad lines traversing the entire length. This would destroy England's carrier trade and deprive her of India. She must therefore fight.

The Bagdad railway was the first practical step in this direction. England balked this by shutting Germany from Koweit, the terminal on the Gulf of Persia. In the contest of the powers in Morocco, England drove the German warship "Panther," from the harbor of Agadir.

War, instead of beginning August 1, 1914, began October 7, 1908, when Austria announced that she had annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. Servia must be an Austrian dependency for the Pan-German success. The blow was struck under the stimulus of an enormous production of iron and steel; but in the name of German culture.

And the blow was struck back in the name of liberty and independence, but really to protect the great interests which the nations have at stake. Belgium wants to keep for her own capitalists the lucrative trade of Antwerp which Germany wishes to transfer to German capitalists.

THE WAR AND THE SOCIALISTS

In this chapter, the fifth, discussing the various doctrines of peace, the cold militarist idea of necessity, and the humanitarian view, which looks on war as only hideous butchery and criminal waste, the author holds to the belief that war, while abhorrent in itself, may nevertheless, become an engine of human progress. It depends on the point of view and the stage in evolution of any particular race.

Russia and Servia are on their march to the sea, and are fighting for independent economic existence.

International socialists have shown widely divergent views since the present conflict. The test of war which Marx made was: Was the war making for human progress?

The German bourgeoisie, coming upon the historic stage later than its western neighbors, passed from one warlike period into another without the intervening peaceful period. It now must fight its rivals on one hand and its working class with the other. The time when the bourgeoisie could go to war for liberty and progress is past. The guardianship

(Continued on Page 36)

Dead Leaves

By Paul Eldridge

THE old woman lay outstretched in the unpolished coffin. She seemed straight now, and tall, although when alive two days ago, she was tiny and bent, her head always scanning the earth, disproving thus man's majesty, that he alone of all animals looks directly into God's million eyes, the stars. Her face showed unpleasantly the contour of her skull; indeed, it was already a skeleton, but covered with thin yellow leather not to hurt the sight of the living, and there was nothing about her toothless lips to indicate that divine smile generally accorded to the dead.

The room was still very neat. The old woman had always been a fine housekeeper. She would raise her bony, bent body as some thin dog that stands on his hind legs, and would clean every speck upon the walls and the humble furniture. When she lay dying on her bed, her eyes, which were sharp and far-sighted, noticed some unclean spot upon the ceiling. She raised her hand feebly, and made a motion as though cleaning the place; her old husband and an aged neighbor who was there, whispered to each other that she probably saw the Angel of Death coming down upon her, and she tried to drive him off. It was then that they knew in all certainty that she was dying. Now her poor closed eyes rested forever from the annoyance of this muddy planet, and a few flies felt at liberty to buzz undaunted about the room, even at times touching their dead enemy's eyelids or sharp almost needle-like nose.

Within an hour or two the undertaker was to come, and remove the corpse. Meanwhile two old women, next door neighbors, were sitting at the window, whispering to each other.

"Yes, she was a good soul, and cleaner than any woman I've ever known."

"I remember when I was sick last year, she kept her own house and mine, and never seemed tired out."

"She had a wonderful constitution. You know, I thought many times 'this crippled little body will outlive another generation of strong people.' And now, here she is dead." And she sighed a long sigh that fills the lungs to the apex, and cheers one.

"I should not be surprised to see her get off, and begin clean around."

The husband of the diseased sat in a dark corner of the room, a yellow-faced man, bald to the neck, and shaking incessantly his head, as if to say to all things "No, no." His eyes were widely open, but he saw nothing at all. Of all the seventy-five years that he had lived, it seemed nothing had remained. A mocking wind had blown away the debris of memory immaculate, as mocking autumn winds whirl around the dried, twisted leaves of withering trees, and whistle them far off, leaving the ground spotless.

For more than a half-century that little body in the coffin had been his faithful wife; for more than a half-century they loved each other, first passionately, then, as the years passed on, quietly as brother and sister. It was a fire that burst forth in long tongues of flame, then gradually subsided, covered itself with a hillock of ashes, but never died out, and always kept warm. They had a little son, who died many years before; they had friends, who were all buried; they had money which was lost; they had laughter, and tears and hopes and disillusion, but all these things, this kaleidoscope of life, had been washed off the screen, and the screen crumpled up and thrown away. And the old man sat huddled

up in the large chair, the straw of which was coming out of its heavy belly, and saw nothing, knew nothing of seventy-five years.

"I don't know why people want to live many years," whispered one of the old women to the other.

"I suppose it's because they've never known what it is to be old. Now, what do you think her old man will do without her?"

"She was a wonderful wife to him."

"He was never so easy to get along with—very irritable."

"I suppose he'll be taken care of by the charities."

"The charities!" exclaimed the other, and laughed like the nerve racking tearing of fuzzy cloth, showing two long yellow teeth, one in either jaw, "don't you know what the charities are?"

"I don't think he has any relatives. I never saw any come up."

"No, it was rather a mysterious couple—never talked of themselves."

"Who knows what their life has been?"

Then each woman's mind painted on a swiftly turning canvass a life for the silent corpse and her silent husband. These were in general unpleasant lives, suspicious, vulgar, obscene, crowded with pain and disillusion, lives that old disappointed women, like old disappointed gods, could create.

"You can never tell who people are."

"Yes, it's true—you can't."

"When is the undertaker supposed to come?"

"Should be here by this time."

"I am getting chilled. I should like to go in and make me a cup of warm coffee."

"I guess we better wait, anyhow. He seems all upset today."

Then there was silence again. The old woman lay eternally still in her coffin, her old husband, weary, fell asleep in the large chair, whose straw was dripping slowly, the flies buzzed dreamily about the corpse, the old women were looking out of the window and thinking of their kitchens, of warm clothes, of coffee, of dead old women, and poor old men.

The undertaker came, the coffin was sealed, and carried out. The old women followed, shedding a few cold tears. The door was closed with a bang. The old man deep in his chair was forgotten. He was not supposed to follow the hearse, anyway. He had heard no noise, and was sleeping on. Then he awoke and looked about him. It seemed to him that something strange had taken place; he tried to recollect for a few minutes, but the canvass of life was being washed incessantly clean of all the pictures. He arose, walked to the cupboard, took some coffee, that his wife had made, for she made coffee for a week at a time, warmed it, and drank, while his little head bald to the neck, shook and shook, saying to all things, "No, no."

The wind, the master piper, whistled his eternal *te deum* through the chimney.

The Why of War

The only way to save our empires from the encroachment of the people is to engage in war, and thus substitute national passions for social aspirations.—Catherine II of Russia.

If my soldiers were to begin to think, not one of them would remain in the ranks.—Frederick the Great of Prussia.

Page of Poems

YOU ARE MY BROTHER

You thrust a poisoned dagger in my breast—
But I could not hate you.

You bound me with cruel thongs
And struck me in the face—
But in my eyes there was only sorrow.

You pursued me like a beast
And caged me in dark places—
But I knew that the light would break for you—
Some day!

You builded me a cross and a scaffold,
You killed me many times—
But still I loved you.
YOU ARE MY BROTHER!

—RUTH LE PRADE

TWO HEROES

Two mothers there were in two lands far apart,
And each had an only son shrined in her heart,
Two laddies, as merry as merry could be,
The angels laughed with them, so pure was their glee.

One lad said his prayers with a guttural burr,
And one lisped the words with a soft Southern slur;
But each curly head at each fond mother's knee
Bowed to the one Father of all who may be.

They went, both sincerely, both cheered and approved
By teachers and preachers they revered and loved,
To batter down cities, to maim and to kill,
And each one was told he was doing God's will.

They stood face to face on the edge of a dell,
That others, just like them, had turned to a hell,
And fury swept over them both like a flood
As they went down in one common welter of blood.

The bloody muck swallowed them ere life was gone;
The eyes that with heaven's own beauty had shone,
The lips many dear ones had clingingly pressed,
The locks mother hands had but lately caressed.

And good men applauded that orgy of hate,
Praised each as a brave lad for killing his mate,
Grieved only each could not have killed without loss,
And dared to compare them to Christ on the Cross.

Two mothers there were in two lands far apart,
A hero son shrined in each desolate heart;
With this consolation, that each hero son
Had murdered the other before he was done.

—ROBERT WHITAKER

PRESS ON!

There comes the voice of many women weeping
Like times of old,
While reason is dethroned and justice sleeping,
'Neath cross of gold;
And near our door the shadow's evet creeping
Of grief untold.

From out the depth we hear new voices calling,
To win the fight;
The mist back from the mountain top is falling,
Before the light,
And greed must loosen soon her chains enthralling,
And bide by right.

From out the east the first faint light is stealing,
Have hope—push on!
A silver bell in rare clear tones is pealing,
Press on—hope on!
For labor shall no more in chains be kneeling,
Hope on—fight on!

—J. C. CONE

SOMEWHERE—AFTER THE WAR

They sat on a bench in a village park,
Fighting old battles o'er.
One was fair, and one was dark;
And—there were many more.

One held a crutch, and wore one shoe,
And one had a withered hand;
Each bore traces of things he knew
But did not understand.

In the golden sunset of the west
One saw wide fields of grain;
A low farm-house upon the crest—
He blinked, and looked again.

One looked where the eastern shadows rise,
And shifted his lonely shoe—
He plumbed for deeps in the vaulted skies,
Because her eyes were blue.

Then each one rose and went his way,
With a sigh for the unfulfilled;
For it was the close of a perfect day—
After the guns were stilled.

—WARREN M'COLLOCH

The Song of the Hangman

By Luke North

I am the hangman—

Paid to strangle boys, men, women—
Whoever is caught in the snarled meshes
Of the Big Net
Threaded in the vengeful penal code,
Woven by detectives, judges, and lawyers
On the warp of Poverty.

I am the hangman—

Hired by the Ladies and Gentlemen
Of wealth, piety, position, and culture
To suffocate their brothers and sisters—
Because ten thousand years ago
Marauding herders imposed "the law"
On conquered peasants.

I am the Hangman—

Who throttles the victims of the Net
In an obscure corner of a
Gloomy room in the state prison
Where the moans and curses
Will be hushed
From the delicate ears
Of wives and mothers.

But they hear and feel me!

Ill-fed mothers embrace me;
Their unborn babes are mine
When chance calls;
In the womb I stamp them.
Vain is your hiding of me—
All the fearsome and weak are mine,
Whose passions outrun their mentalities,
Whose spleens are more developed
Than their brains!

For I am the lethal god—

Whose face is hidden in
Clouds of passion. I am
The god of the abnormal.
I obsess the weak of will.
Into every open ear I whisper
"Murder!" I am
The color red that turns to black—
And while I live
No soul evades me!

I am the public Hangman—

Focus of the world's cruelty,
Cumulus of its hate,
Sum total of its fear and ignorance.
My days and ways and dreams
Are of blood.
For I am he who kills, kills—
For a monthly wage
Paid by the State.

I am the Hangman—

Mercenary descendant
Of old Judge Lynch,
Whose ways were quick, crude, merciful—
And I, more often than he did,
Hang the wrong man.
My ways are refined. I am
Cold and mechanical—the paid ghoul
With critical eye for the long tortures
Of those who wait in the Death Cell.

I am the State's Hangman—

The conscience of every voter,
His malice and savagery.
I am bolder than he, for
I do what he dare not do.
My ferocity is his—
My courage is my own.

I am the Hangman—

The State's hired butcher of men.
I am the avatar
From dungeons of the Inquisition,
And ye are the mob that gloated.
Long live the lust of blood!
When my trade is gone
Men will cease to kill each other.

I am the Hangman—

Who does the work the judge
Orders but has not the "sand"
To perform.
I am the sign of the incapacity
Of modern people to treat
The crime of murder intelligently.
I am the ignorance and stupidity
Of the Christian mob.

The Captain of His Soul

By Mary Allen

RUTH had just slipped four big loaves and a pan of light rolls into the oven when her father opened the kitchen door.

"Ruth," he said, "you'll have to look after the store for an hour or so. Mother just phoned that Sid's car broke down, and he can't bring her home. She says the Ladies' Aid meets this afternoon and she has to be here to help plan for the social. I guess I'll have to fetch her."

"All right, Daddy," Ruth replied, "I'm all through in here anyway, except baking the bread. I can manage."

It had been a busy morning for Ruth, her mother gone, and baking day at that. But Ruth was always calmly equal to any domestic emergency. And she was accustomed to helping her father in the store. The Woodington home was merely an addition to the larger store building, the two being connected by a short arbor covered with honeysuckle and morning glory.

Ruth turned the stove damper at the proper angle, removed her kitchen apron, fluffed her hair before the bedroom window, smiled at the delicate prettiness she saw reflected there, frowned because she had been vain enough to smile; then hastily betook herself to her clerical duties.

Now and then, between measuring percales and gingham and counting eggs for various customers, she scurried into the kitchen to take a peep at the bread. Finally she turned it onto a clean towel and buttered the crisp brown top and sides. It sent out a delicious fragrance that permeated the whole room.

Returning after this final excursion, she found a young man leaning against the counter.

At her approach he straightened and removed his cap. He was a stranger, perhaps a workman from the construction camp, she thought, where the old bridge was being rebuilt. Then her glance rested upon a bundle of blankets at his feet. She stopped short. No one carried blankets but hoboes, and hoboes in her neighborhood were considered unsafe to meet alone. Not that any specific crime had been laid at their door, but on the general principle that only bad men would wander about the country.

When Ruth was moved for any reason, her lips had a way of quivering slightly. They did so now. The young man noted it, and his friendly smile of greeting changed to one of more reserve.

"Good morning," he said. "Can you tell me if there is any work to be had in this neighborhood?"

Ruth reflected a moment. "There might be something at the construction camp, and Mr. Staufchek is looking for a milker at his dairy."

Her fear vanished. She noted that although his shoes and clothes were dusty and travel-stained, his face was clean-shaven and his dark hair shorn and sleekly parted.

He shook his head. "I don't want a permanent job—just some way to earn a few dollars before I go on."

She stiffened at this speech—so like a hobo. "Very well," she began, "if you—"

She got no further. Suddenly the man shut his eyes.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. And again—"Oh—h—h!" faintly. Then to Ruth's horror he sat down on a keg, and dropping his head on the counter, quietly fainted.

While Ruth might be calmly equal to any domestic emergency, in other decisive moments she was like a young bird dropped from the nest. When she found herself she had lifted the stranger's head and it was resting in the curve of

her arm. He opened his eyes. He did not offer to move, and Ruth not knowing whether he could or would not, began to tremble with nervousness and fear. Then he straightened at once.

"I'm all right now," he said. "It was the smell of the bread. I've been walking since four this morning. The sun's pretty hot and I haven't eaten since yesterday morning. I'd have been all right if I hadn't smelled the bread. Oh—h."

His voice died away as another fragrant whiff was borne in through the open door. Here was an emergency that Ruth could understand.

"Your'e hungry! Actually hungry! Wait a minute."

She flew to the kitchen and soon returned with a plate heaped with bread and butter, and a glass of milk.

"We never turn anyone away from our door hungry. Would you like me to wrap the bread in a piece of paper?"

He had reached impulsively for the bread, but at her words he recoiled. He rose to his feet, a trifle shakily.

"I am very sorry," he said in his peculiarly soft slurring voice, "but I cannot do you this favor."

"Do ME this favor?" cried Ruth, astonished. "What favor?"

"Of taking your bread that you may enjoy your charity."

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way! Please take the bread. You're faint. I cannot bear to see anyone suffer."

"I see. It's for the sake of your too tender heart. You wish to shield yourself from the pain it causes you. No; I cannot do you this favor either."

Ruth, the very essence of gentleness and sweetness, was not accustomed to rebukes. He turned at her silence and instantly his stilted, offended dignity turned to boyish contortion.

"Oh, don't look like that! I'm sorry. But a dog-and-bone, cast-your-bread-upon-the-waters hand-out always makes me furious. I'll starve before I'll eat them. But heavens! How I want that bread!"

He approached iteagerly. "I have a plan! Here! Eat a piece with me!"

"Oh no!" Ruth drew back.

"Why?"

"I couldn't. A—a stranger——"

"It can't be wrong for a man and woman to eat bread and butter together. Surely not."

Put that way it did not seem wrong. Ruth dimpled, broke off a small piece, handing him the rest. He ate with an intense and sober satisfaction, then drank the milk.

"It's a good omen, our eating bread together. I've changed my mind. I'm going to stay here. Where does Mr.—what's his name—live?"

"Staufchek? I'm so glad," she said earnestly, "that you are going to settle down to steady work and make a man of yourself."

"Oh! Make a man of myself! I thought I—. Yes. I've resolved to make a man of myself, milking cows for Mr. Staufchck. I must hurry or Mr. Staufchek might begin making a man of some one else before I get there. Many thanks, dear lady, for your kindness in receiving a stranger as your guest."

The little hostess looked after her self-styled guest with some misgivings. Had she been too familiar with this strange young man—a hobo at that?

"I wish he wasn't a hobo! But at least I had some good influence with him."

II

He opened his campaign the first time he found her alone in the store. He had just bought a quantity of cigarette papers and tobacco.

"I've learned to milk," he volunteered hopefully, as she wrapped them up.

No reply.

"I'd be real happy if it wasn't for Sister."

"Sister?" she asked involuntarily. She bit her tongue to punish it.

"Yes. Sister always tries to put her foot in the pail."

"Oh!"

"I named her Sister before I milked. She has such a mild face. But she'll like me better when she comes to know me."

"Fifty cents, please," was Ruth's reply to that.

He reached in his pocket and accidentally drew out the exact change. Hastily he thrust it back and proffered her a dollar.

"People usually like me better when they come to know me." His soft voice turned the words into a plaintive question.

"They would like you better," Ruth replied, "If you would be better."

"Better? Do you mean the hoboing? I don't have to do that. I was on a sightseeing trip. I have a trade. See." He drew from his pocket a red card which stated that he was a paid-up member of a New York branch of the Stone Cutters' Union.

"That makes it all the worse," said Ruth. "And it doesn't explain this." She pointed to the package. "It's unhealthy."

"Do I look unhealthy?"

"No, but you will in time. And besides it's bad to smoke—it's immoral."

Then with deep and wily intuition, he fired his big gun—a deep and painful sigh.

"What difference does it make? Nobody cares for me." He gloomed at the counter, then fired again. "What a man needs is a good woman's influence. I think I'll take to the road again."

"No, you mustn't go back to that wicked life."

"Yes, it's a terrible life—awful! Such temptation for a young man! But who cares? Thank you for your kindness to me. Goodbye——" His soft voice broke pathetically on the words.

Ruth melted. Was it not her plain Christian duty to help this struggling soul to a better life? Her very mother would say so. She held out her hand.

"You mustn't go. I'm your friend. I'm sure there is a great deal of good in you."

"Do you really think so?" He held her hand fervently. "And will you help me and encourage me?"

"Yes." In his eagerness he seemed to have forgotten to return her hand. She tried to withdraw it.

"Perhaps with your help I'll be a man yet. May I——"

"You're holding my hand."

"Oh, was I? Forgive me. May I come to see you?"

She pondered over it. "Not yet. First you must show that you really want to be better. And besides, Mother wouldn't like it. The first thing you must do is to go to church."

"Church Me!"

"Mother will never trust you unless you do." Then, ashamed of this too temporal reason—"And, besides, it will do you good. It isn't much to ask, is it?"

"I guess not—for you."

She pointed to a steeple seen through the open door. "That's the church I go to—the Methodist."

"Methodist!" he gazed at her with a look, half laughter, half dismay. "A dear sweet, prim little Methodist!" Then observing her quick displeasure—"I was speaking of the church—the—uh—architecture. I'll be there Sunday evening. Goodbye——" he halted questioningly.

"Ruth Masters," she supplied.

"Goodbye, R—Miss Masters, till Sunday."

* * * * *

III

He was there the following Sunday. Arms folded, quietly attentive, he sat through the long service, and at its end Ruth rewarded him with a smile. The next Sunday found him in the same place, and the next. In the little town of Tillburt, the church was the social center, the open road to the good graces of the village housewives, and in a short time he was received at socials and other church festivities, and, what he so dearly desired—into Ruth's home.

After a time he strolled home with her every Sunday evening and it grew to be the custom for the two to pass other evenings together on the Masters' front porch, or sitting on the bench beneath the honeysuckle in the arbor, or with Ruth playing the piano in the parlor, while he watched and listened from the depths of a big arm chair. He made no secret of his infatuation. Naturally audacious and warmly impulsive, it was a hard game he was playing. But Ruth could be wooed in her own way only. It was hard, but he set himself to the task. He had established a regular proposing time—nine-thirty o'clock every Sunday evening. She as regularly declined, but each time it was a less positive denial.

"Wait just a little while longer," she would say, and finally one night——

"It isn't that I don't want to, but, after all, you're almost a stranger to me."

"You aren't a stranger to me. I know every little nerve and fibre of you. You've known me as long as I have you. Why am I a stranger? I've told you all about myself."

"That's what has made you seem a stranger. You're so different from me. It makes me afraid to—to——"

"To love me? Why are you so shy of that word? Why am I different? Because my parents were Italian and yours American? Because my hair's black and your's is yellow? Because my eyes are black and your's are blue?"

"No, but your ways are different—you're calling me a Puritan and laughing at our minister and church customs——"

"If that's all, I'll never do it again. I was only in fun. I'll never do it if it hurts you."

"And the way you dress. I suppose even while we were being m—married you'd wear those soft collars and corduroys."

"How would you like me to dress?"

"Of course it's all right while you're working, but when you go to other places, especially when you go to see a girl, I should think you would——" She lost courage here.

But his feelings were not injured. He actually laughed. "Wear those stiff collars and a Hart Schaffner and Marx. I understand."

"Why don't you?"

"I'm a working man, a laborer. Why should I turn myself into a cheap imitation of another class? I'm too proud of my own. But it's a small matter. I'll do it for you."

In the pride of her victory she was about to ask for another and vital concession, his tobacco, when he added carelessly:

"I used to wear them, but another girl made fun of them. I saw she was right."

"And I am wrong," Ruth said stiffly. All thought of correcting his shortcomings vanished. She wanted to know more about the other girl.

"I think so, dear. But it's a small matter. I like to do things for you."

"And for her?"

"Yes. Anything I could."

"You must care for her a great deal."

"I love her."

"Just now you said you—cared for me."

"No I didn't, I said I loved you. Good heavens, can't a man love two women? She's the best friend I have in the world. And you're my sweetheart. Don't you see?"

Ruth did not see.

"She taught me something that changed my whole life, or that made me change my life."

"What?"

"That I am master of my fate."

"No, that isn't true."

"Not true?" He sighed ruefully. "No. I guess it isn't. I guess you're the master of my fate now, the captain of my soul. Take good care of it, Captain."

"You know I don't mean that."

"I see. You meant your God. This is what Netta taught me:

'Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from Pole to Pole,
I thank whatever Gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.'

'In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.'

'It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.'

"That poem has helped me over many a rough piece of road. My head's been bloody a good many times since then, but it's never been bowed, nor never will be."

Ruth had scarcely heard the poem.

"Her name is Netta?"

"Yet. She is a nurse in a hospital when she isn't soap-boxing."

"Soap-boxing! Where did you meet her?"

"I was cutting letters on the front of a new office building and I fell off the scaffold and hurt my knee. They took me to the hospital and Netta was my nurse."

"Oh!" was the reply Ruth made.

"She asked me how I came to fall and I told her it just my luck. I'd always been unlucky. 'Luck!' she said, 'Luck! A big husky like you talking about his luck!'"

"Oh!" this time with the coldest disapproval.

"Then she wormed out of me what I hadn't realized myself. I'd been out the night before, four of us fellows together, and we'd drunk four dozen bottles of beer."

"Oh!" this time in a tone of horror.

"I got in at four in the morning and went to work at seven. So she showed me that if it was my luck that made me fall off the scaffold, I'd made the luck. Then she asked me what I spent an evening like that for and I told her that if she'd chopped stone year in and year out from seven in the morning till five at night, she'd get soused too. It's darn monotonous. She said, 'I wouldn't. I work twelve hours a day and longer and when I get a few hours to myself, I do something there's real joy in.' I asked her what, and she said, 'Reading and scheming and planning how to make that twelve hours shorter for every one that has to work, and trying to

put life into dead men like you!' And she said, 'Oh, you working men! How can you be so sodden when the whole world is yours for the taking!'

"Then I begun to tell her about the hard time I'd had all my life and she interrupted me, said she didn't want to hear anything about it, that she couldn't endure a man that was conquered before he'd fairly started out—I was only twenty then, that was three years ago—and she wound up by calling me a coward, and then said, 'Listen!' And I listened while she said that poem. Then I begun to see myself as she saw me. I WAS a coward. And when I got better I went to hear her talk, and she gave me books to read and had me study grammar and English and got me interested in the stars and evolution and biology and Walt Whitman and Karl Marx and Socialist and Labor movement and—oh well, she opened a wonderful new world to me."

"Is she—pretty?"

"Not to others, perhaps. She's beautiful to me. She is coming to California soon. Then I want you to see her and know her and like each other."

"Never!" cried Ruth vehemently. "Dear—" she leaned toward him with her prettiest caressing gesture.

His heart went out to meet the endearment. "Darling!"

"Socialists are bad people. Couldn't you give up all for me if I would promise—"

"There are some things a man mustn't be asked to do, Ruth. Don't ask it. It's living in this town that has given you such a warped idea. Sometime you'll feel different about it."

"But if I say y—yes, at least you will—"

"Oh Ruth! Not now! Give yourself to me! Don't make me buy you. Say yes just because you want to say it!"

"Y—yes."

* * * * *

IV

Ruth had learned the power of a tremulous lip and a coaxing smile. Now she learned of a deeper power.

"You Anglo-Saxons are so cold," he grumbled one evening, "so afraid of love and kisses. There you go! Tucking down your head so all I ever get is a dab on top of your head or the side of your ear! You've never kissed me yet."

"I'd rather not, till we're married," she whispered, all shyness as always. Then she sensed an opportunity. "Perhaps I might, if you would do something for me," she said in her gentle coaxing voice.

"What an old-fashioned little girl you are!"

"Old-fashioned?"

"Yes, it's going out of fashion for a woman to put a price on her charms, making a man pay for every privilege because he must have what only she can give. Well, Captain," with a sigh, "what do you want now?"

"You know I never ask for anything for myself. It's for your good. Don't you know there's something you do that is bad for you?"

"Yes, Ruth, you've told me often enough."

"But still you smoke, in spite of what I say."

"I roll about twenty-five a day, but it's seldom I smoke that many."

"It's a bad habit."

"I suppose so."

"Won't you stop?" She leaned closer. Her arms in their short sleeves crept round his neck. She brushed their delicate inner surface softly against his cheek. She had learned the power of that little movement one time by chance, when she wonderingly had seen it leave him faint of voice, strangely shaken and easy of persuasion.

"If you will promise me this and close your eyes tight, I

might——” The curve of her arm brushed his cheek softly.

“I promise——” he whispered huskily.

“There!” She sprang away. “Remember! You’ve promised! No more cigarettes!”

* * * * *

V

So Ruth learned the power of soft arms and moist lips.

“But I will never use my power except for his good,” she would soberly tell herself. “Always for his good.”

He had begun to have queer moods of late—“the jumps” he called them or sometimes “the blues.” Often of evenings after he had left Ruth he would walk for miles out into the open country; at other times sit silent and listless, staring out across the bare brown beet fields that separated Tillburt from the rest of the world.

“Ruth,” he burst out suddenly one evening, “I can’t live like this! Come away somewhere with me, won’t you? To San Francisco or even to Los Angeles, anywhere where there’s some life and action!”

Ruth shook her head. Sometime perhaps, but not yet. “Besides I couldn’t possibly be ready before Christmas. And at Christmas when we’re married, you know Father is to take you in the store.”

“I’ll loathe store-keeping. I want to work at my trade. I want to be with other working men and women. Oh, I have such wonderful plans, Ruth! I want to talk them over with others, in a certain room I know, all full of clouds of tobacco smoke! I want the city, the faces on the street, the night lights and the God-blessed city noise! If those frogs in the marsh don’t stop their croaking, I’ll go mad!”

“Poor boy!” Ruth gently soothed him. “I suppose it’s doing without cigarettes that makes you so irritable. Please try to be patient, and you’ll come out all right. I’ll help you.”

“You’re an angel—no less—to put up with my bad humors. Oh, Ruth! If you won’t go away with me, marry me right now! I’m growing deadly sick living on crumbs!”

But Ruth could not. She was not quite ready. She soothed him and coaxed him into a mood by fluffing his hair with her small fingers till it stood up in a waving pompadour. She had persuaded him to let it grow long because, she said, it made him look so dark and distinguished. Gradually the lines in his face relaxed.

“Perhaps,” she said softly, as her fingers busied themselves, “I will go to the city some day——”

“Oh Ruth, if you only would!”

“When you have done the one thing I so much want.”

“We’ve gone into that so many times. Won’t you please drop it?” He stirred restlessly, his face growing taut again.

Ruth sighed. In some such way he had always answered her when she pleaded for “this one thing”—the surrender of his socialistic aims, his avowed revolutionary purposes, his friendship with Netta. Soft, coaxing arms and moist lips had so far failed to move him. But as Ruth, when discouraged, sometimes told herself, “constant dripping would wear away stone,” and her lover was not stone. Besides during her engagement she had grown wise as to the strange way of men, and she felt that she had keen, untried weapons with which to wear him down, could she bring herself to use them. That was the trouble—she could not bring herself to use them.

One evening he rushed eagerly into the little arbor where Ruth was waiting for him.

“Ruth, what do you think? Netta is to come to Los Angeles on a speaking tour! I’ve just had a letter. Now you can know each other. You’ll go with me to hear her, won’t you?”

Ruth began to tremble. The crisis had come.

“Sit down and we’ll talk about it,” she parried. She sat down close to him with the little nestling motion she knew he

loved. “I’m cold.”

He drew her close at that.

“Would you mind getting my shawl? It’s in the hammock on the porch.”

Obediently he brought the shawl.

“Thank you. You’re such a good boy. What shall I do to pay you?”

“Go to Los Angeles with me,” he said eagerly.

Her arms entwined his neck, their delicate inner surface brushing his cheeks.

“Ask something else first, something——” her voice was almost inaudible—“I can—do—right—now.”

“Do you mean that?” She could feel his body grow tense.

“I will” speaking breathlessly, “be your fairy godmother tonight—and you’ll make one request—and it will be yours.”

“Anything?”

“Yes!” she gasped.

“There are so many precious things I might ask,” he said, speaking slowly and carefully, “that I must think before I decide.”

He was very still for a few minutes. “Godmother,” he said finally, “There’s a girl that I love. If she would let me, for just a little while, put my hand on her heart and feel it beat—I’d ask that. Will she?”

She was motionless, as speechless as stone.

“There my darling. Is it so terrible to look love in the face? Such a warm, tender little heart! It could not bear to see me hungry. How fast it beats! What a strange, lovely piece of work a girl is!”

Still no answer.

“I appreciate it, dear, your giving me this little taste of heaven. And I won’t abuse your kindness. You’re like a delicate flower to me, I wouldn’t bruise the least little petal.”

She lifted her drooped head.

“If you really mean what you say, you will do what I ask.”

“Oh Ruth! How can you—now!”

“Don’t go to Los Angeles! Give it up for me! Give it up!”

“Hush, dear? Don’t you see you’re trying to steal my manhood?”

“Hold me close—closer—and promise to give it up—Netta and all the rest.”

“No—you torture me.”

“Will you say no when I kiss you—like this—and this——”

“Oh, my little love!”

“Promise, if you love me!”

“Don’t do that Ruth! I can’t endure it!”

“Promise dear, and I will reward you.”

“Yes—yes, I promise—now reward—me—— My God! What am I saying? I won’t promise! Take them away—your lips!”

He thrust out his arms in his agony and pushed her from him. All unexpected, it came. She tried to catch herself, slipped, and fell to the ground, her head striking the corner of the bench.

“Ruth! I’ve hurt you! I was rough! Did it cut your cheek? Let me see.”

She arose slowly and backed away from him.

“Don’t touch me!” she whispered, wiping a little spot of oozing blood from her cheek.

“You’re hurt! I’ve hurt you!”

“Don’t come near me, you—brute!”

He stood silent and transfixed.

“My instinct always told me you were bad, but I wouldn’t listen. Now I know.”

“Ruth, you can’t mean it! You can’t! Why, we’ve just been to the door of heaven together!”

(Continued on Page 38)

Poverty and The Single Tax

By Samuel Danziger, Associate Editor "The Public."

IN August of 1913 a Boston artist, Mr. Joseph Knowles, undertook a singular experiment. Naked and empty-handed, he entered the wilderness of northern Maine, stayed there two months without getting in touch with a single human being, and then emerged in sound health, fully clothed in skins of animals and carrying a supply of the rude tools and weapons he had made and used. He had demonstrated the possibility of a modern civilized man earning his living among primitive conditions. Whatever his financial condition in civilized society may have been, the condition in which he entered the woods was one of absolute destitution. He had not as much material wealth available as the poorest tramp or pauper. But he had what is denied to workers in civilization, an opportunity to apply his labor to natural resources without payment of an exorbitant price for the privilege.

Let us suppose now, that Mr. Knowles had tried something more; that instead of going naked and alone into the wilderness he had gone accompanied by a group of workers, fully clothed, and carrying supplies and machinery needed to develop whatever possibilities that particular wilderness may hold. What would have been the result? Although the region is a wilderness, in practically the same condition as when Columbus made his first voyage, it is private property. The owners who had no objection to Mr. Knowles' lonely experiment would have been less hospitable to this one. The party would have been served with notice to leave under penalty of prosecution for trespass. If they had tried to compromise by offering to buy or rent they would have received demands, compliance with which would have deprived them of all the benefits of their enterprise. Private ownership of land makes civilized workers poorer than an absolutely naked man alone on land he is free to use.

Let us suppose again. What if for some reason or other the owners had to consider it inadvisable to interfere? The work of developing the wilderness could then have proceeded. The settlers would have had an independent living of some kind. Workers in the factories of Maine and other parts of New England would have looked on with interest. Some would have become restless enough to leave their work and cast in their lot with the pioneers. Others would not have gone so far; but the knowledge of the existence of the opportunity would have made them more independent. Dread of loss of jobs would have diminished or disappeared and the condition of workers generally would have improved. Moreover, men with idle capital would have noted the chance to employ it productively and profitably. There would have been a further increase of demand for workers with further improvement of economic conditions. In this way abolition of land monopoly throughout the United States could make the emancipation of American labor a fact.

Taxation of labor products tends to discourage and restrict production. Taxation of dogs restricts the number of dogs in a community. Taxation of saloons keeps down the number of saloons. Must not taxation of houses, factories and other things that we want have a similar restrictive effect? But taxation of land values works otherwise. The amount of land is fixed. There can never be more or less than there is now. Taxation of it makes it harder to hold unused. It tends to drive the owner either to use it himself or to let others do so. Unlike taxes on labor products, taxation of land values stimulates production of wealth and increases demand for labor.

When unemployment and poverty abound in a country

where natural resources are potentially productive enough to supply the wants of the world, it is evident that an obstacle stands between labor and the earth. When people suffer for food in such a country there must be food-producing jobs somewhere waiting for workers. If there are workers looking for such jobs there must be an artificial obstruction awaiting removal. When people are forced into tenements in cities where are enough vacant lots to furnish sites for comfortable homes for all there must be house-producing jobs awaiting workers, and jobs for production of all the things that enter into the building of houses. When there is a single human want of any kind unsupplied there is a job calling for a laborer. But to produce all these things and to produce tools and materials needed in further production, access to land is the first requirement. The man who owns the land is in control of the source of supply, and existing laws make it frequently more to his interest to keep workers out of jobs than to let them work.

The late Joseph Fels used to illustrate this phase with an account of a personal matter. Said he:

"I own an eleven acre tract in West Philadelphia. I paid \$30,000 for it some years ago. I recently refused an offer of \$120,000. I believe that it is worth more than that now, and will still further increase in value. Now why did the party whose \$120,000 offer I refused want to give me that money? Because he was so anxious to employ builders to put up houses that he preferred that privilege to having that sum in bank. Why did I refuse it? Because I am sure that in a short time some one will be even more anxious to use the land and offer me more. Then perhaps I will graciously step aside and let work begin. While I am engaged in obstructing industry in this way, thousands of other landowners in Philadelphia and elsewhere are doing the same thing. While we are doing this, men who might be employed in improving our land are walking the streets looking in vain for employment. Why won't I and other vacant landowners improve our land ourselves? Because the state will punish us if we do. If I should hire a lot of men to build on my land the assessor would swoop down on me and raise my taxes. The more men I would employ, the better the building I would put on the land, the higher the taxes would go. So I prefer to wait until some one else wants the land badly enough to pay my price and pay the assessor too. The other landowners feel the same way."

One of the tragedies of the present day is the fact that while some beneficiaries of the prevailing economic system, such as Joseph Fels or Tom L. Johnson, devoted money and effort to put an end to the source of their unearned wealth, they received so little co-operation and assistance from the great mass of their fellow citizens in whose interest they worked. However, it is encouraging to note that there is a steady growth of the demand to free the earth from the grasp of private monopoly. One indication is that in 1916 there were cast in California 260,000 votes for such a proposition and at the same time 43,000 Oregon voters made the same demand. It is more than probable that a similar showing could be made in other states were the opportunity given. Considering that in the year 1890, throughout the United States a single tax petition to Congress received no more than 100,000 signatures, the vote cast in a single state a year ago marks such progress in public sentiment as to make certain that the abolition of poverty and the economic freedom will be witnessed by many living today who are no longer young.

BOOKS and READING

By D. Bobspa

"Upton Sinclair's": For a Clean Peace and The Internation

There is room and a hearty welcome in the radical field for "Upton Sinclair's", a monthly magazine "for a clean peace and the internation." It is far better than the prospective notices sent out. Last week I said I would be glad to see the magazine. I am, and so will you be. It does not deal with ghosts in its attack upon the institutionalized religious fetishes; and its treatment of economics is forward-looking and constructive. Whether you and I agree with all of the points in either department is of small moment. Many of the Socialists who left the party because of its war stand became petty defamers of the organization and everything it has stood for. No such charges can be made against Upton Sinclair. This week he is bending every energy in trying to secure justice for one of the pacifists in the Los Angeles jail. His fidelity to the workingclass principles cannot be challenged, no matter how much individuals may disagree with his views on tactics.

Read in the first number of "Upton Sinclair's" his re-printing of "War: A Manifesto Against It," internationally circulated a decade ago. It shows the breadth of vision and interpretative understanding of Comrade Sinclair. We must all get together and discuss the plans of immediate and ultimate settlement of the war. Sinclair's plan of the Internation may not be the way out of the difficulty. Give it a hearing.

Sinclair approaches the church question from the right angle which disarms prejudice created by the ordinary rationalist attacks. Sinclair is not attacking the religious spirit of mankind, but its exploitation by the priestly parasites through the organized church. The opening chapter of his book "The Profits of Religion," appears in his new magazine and subsequent chapters will appear regularly.

The creator of those fourteen novels—"The Jungle," "King Coal," etc. with the other prolific contributions of Sinclair is worthy of a wide hearing. He is a thinker, a loyal comrade, and a literary master. (Upton Sinclair's, 1513 Sunset avenue, Pasadena, Cal.)

Hauptmann's -Dramatic Works

The publication during the past few years of the standard American edition of the dramatic works of Gerhart Hauptmann has been one of the important contributions of B. W. Huebsch. The seventh volume, uniform with its predecessors, contains plays over a wide range of Hauptmann's creative activity. It contains his "Commemoration Masque," (Festspiel in deutschen Reimen), translated by Bayard Quincy Morgan; "The Bow of Odysseus" and "Elga," translated by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn of Ohio State University, editor of the American edition; and two fragments, "Helios" and "Pastoral," (Das Hirtenlied), translated by the editor.

"The Commonwealth Masque" is the work which celebrated the centenary of the Wars of Liberation, 1813-15. It proved so offensive to the Crown Prince at its premiere in Breslau that its withdrawal was necessary. The seven volumes now appearing in the Huebsch edition practically complete Hauptmann's dramatic works, so far as written. Volume VII contains two of his later productions and others belong to his earlier career. Of "The Bow of Odysseus," Dr. Lewisohn says: "In Hauptmann's hands the ancient story loses its tinge of sunset romance, its golden and marble statuesqueness; it becomes wilder, more primitive, more human; the stone trembles into life. Odysseus is not the symbolic farer and aspirer of Tennyson, but the wily, much-experienced man of the Homeric world."

The wide esteem in which Hauptmann is held in this country will be extended by the new volume of translations. (B. W. Huebsch, New York).

For a Better Race

Speaking from twenty years' experience, F. Matthias Alexander, of London, presents some new educational theories in "Man's Supreme Inheritance: Conscious Guidance and Control in Relation to Human Evolution in Civilization," with an introduction to the American edition by Professor John Dewey. Dr. Alexander's basic ideas seem good from the start, when he says: "Bacteriology reveals a few of the agents active in disease, but it says nothing about the conditions which permit

these agents to become active. Therefore I look to that wonderful instrument, the human body, for the true solution of the difficulty, an instrument so imitatively adaptable, so full of marvelous potentialities of resistance and recuperation, that it is able, when properly used, to overcome all the forces of disease which may be arrayed against it."

It is held that man has not sufficiently adapted himself to modern conditions of civilized life; that he wastes too much energy in responses to unconscious, instinctive actions; that he must learn consciously to react to his environment. Hence, it is argued, a process of re-education is essential. Professor Dewey, one of our best recognized educational experts, says of these ideas: "No one, it seems to me, has grasped the meaning, dangers, and possibilities of this change (from savagery to civilization) more lucidly and completely than Mr. Alexander. His account of the crises which have ensued upon this evolution is a contribution to a better understanding of every phase of contemporary life. Mr. Alexander exposes the fundamental error in the empirical and palliative methods. The ingeniously inclined will have little difficulty in paralleling Mr. Alexander's criticism of 'psychical culture methods' within any field of our economic and political life. In his criticism of return or relapse to the simpler forms from which civilized man has departed, Mr. Alexander's philosophy appears in its essential features. The pitfalls into which references to the unconscious and subconscious usually fall have no existence in Mr. Alexander's treatment. He gives these terms a definite and real meaning."

Such interesting features as "Race Culture and the Training of Children," prevention of physical disorders, the maintenance of adequate activity of the vital processes which command health, indicate something of the scope of the volume. A special section of the book is devoted to the theory and practice of "A New Method of Respiratory Re-education" based on twenty years of experience, and especially thirteen years in London. I cannot pass upon the merits of the theories advanced by Mr. Alexander, but they have the distinction of coming from empirical knowledge. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York).

Magazines for Thinkers

At last, it seems, the powers have succeeded in "getting" the "International Socialist Review." The government has ordered the comrades not to send out any magazines by mail or express. This will compel an educational campaign by pamphlet and book. Mary E. Marcy writes me that the Charles H. Kerr Co. will very soon issue a "Labor Scrap Book." It will sell in bundles at 6c. It is to be a real booklet, one full of pep and power. A new book on the Marxian law of value in relation to the crumbling monetary systems of the world will be printed in part in "The Labor Scrap Book." Comrade Marcy's letters of late are bubbling over with enthusiasm. She is right. This is no hour for anything but optimism. We have gone through hell and will see more of darkness—but it will be comparatively brief—and then cometh the sunrise of Humanism. Rejoice, oh comrades! Order big bundles of "The Labor Scrap Book" at once (Chas. H. Kerr Co., Chicago).

* * *

Of course you are keeping in touch with Pearsons Magazine. Mine for March just came to hand today and I haven't had time to read it, but it looks interesting. It's never any other way. Instructive, too. Padriac Colum contributes a story of the Sinn Fein movement.

* * *

I wonder how many Methodist preachers would dare to read from their prostituted pulpits the last "Social Service Bulletin" issued by the National Methodist Federation for Social Service? Dr. Harry F. Ward, the secretary, has made a complete and impartial study of the I. W. W. situation. He presents a valuable summary of the results in the Bulletin, quoting "The Public," I. W. W. Defense Committee, "International Socialist Review," etc., as authorities for his statement. This is a fair presentation of the I. W. W. situation and a rebuke to the newspaper-created boggy charges. This bulletin should be widely circulated, since it gives a vindication of our boys "in there" from a source outside the labor movement which is almost solidly opposed to the social and economic justice at the basis of the Carpenter whose teachings they have betrayed—Jesus the I. W. W. agitator of his time. (32 Vernon street, Boston, Mass.)

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

Recognition of the Value of Co-operation

The British government has appointed the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society as its sole buyer of bacon, ham and lard on the American continent.

This splendid recognition of the greatest co-operative mercantile establishment in the world—an organization which has been in existence for 70 years and has for the past 44 years maintained a branch office in New York which has done the buying for its numerous retail establishments across the water—deserves special mention.

We of America are apt to look upon co-operative organizations as something new—in the nature of an experiment—but the tremendous transactions which are carried on by co-operative societies in the old world have proved the value of the system and illustrates the possibilities in well conducted co-operative organizations.

Governments in the old countries have evidently recognized the value of these societies and the appointment of the Scottish Society as Britain's buying agency for the commodities mentioned is a striking illustration of the difference between the system of doing business in Great Britain and our own recently established food administration—which has drawn its active workers almost exclusively from the class of exploiters who have grown rich by fleecing the people.—"The Co-operator's Herald."

A Formidable Empire

By HARRY LAIDLER

Nothing, perhaps, indicates more vividly not only the wonderful growth and efficiency of this "industrial republic" of working class consumers, but also its power for usefulness to the workers in their struggle for higher wages, than does the part played by the co-operative movement in the strike of the Irish dockers of Dublin in 1913.

The unskilled workers of that city, 30,000 of them, had entered upon a long-drawn-out struggle for better conditions. They were holding out bravely, but were sorely in need of food. At the instigation of Larkin, the Parliamentary Committee of the British Trades Union Congress investigated conditions and decided to give \$25,000 toward food for their Irish brethren. They tried to obtain a loan for that amount on a promissory note from respected English bankers, but were promptly refused aid.

"Will you supply 30,000 starving Irish workers with food on the guarantee of our note?" This question they then put up to the English Wholesale Co-operative Society in Manchester a few hours later on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 24th. The reply this time was a prompt affirmative.

"Within 48 hours," the manager declared, "60,000 packages of food-stuffs will be on board chartered steamship in the harbor."

Presto! The order was executed. 30,000 packages, each containing two pounds of jams, and as much of sugar, one pound of canned fish and quantities of butter and tea, and an additional 30,000 packages of potatoes weighing some ten pounds, were on the good ship Hare, ready for the trip by Friday night.—"Pearson's."

\$1,000,000 Fund for Co-operative Department Store

The greatest single co-operative enterprise probably ever planned in the United States has just been organized in New York City.

The Consumers' Co-operative Department Store Association, Inc., is now making a drive for a million dollar fund for the purpose of conducting a co-operative department store which will sell coal and ice, and have a large mail-order department. Dr. James P. Warbasse, president of the Co-operative League of America; Peter Hamilton and Joseph D. Cannon, of the executive committee of the Co-operative League; A. W. Ricker, of Pearson's; J. H. Callahan, Joseph L. Sagar, and D. R. Tanner, are its directors.

The constitution and by-laws of the organization follow the one man one vote and rebate pro rata on purchases of the Rochdale system. One million dollars will be raised by selling 200,000 shares at \$5.25 each, the 25c to be spent on organization. As soon as \$200,000 has been paid in by subscribers to the treasury of the organization, the store will open. In common with the 1,000 other co-operative stores in this country, this co-operative department store will be run by the consumers themselves for their own benefit. It will be an experiment in genuine industrial democracy. No one will make a penny of profit out of it. The middle-man will be eliminated with all of his extortions. The H. C. of L. will

be fought, not boosted by it. It will be as much an institution of, by, and for the workers as any labor union.

British Co-operators Enter Politics

The platform of the four million British Co-operators who have just decided to enter politics includes: Safeguarding of the interests of voluntary co-operation; eventual direction by the state of processes of production, distribution and exchange; elimination by legislative action of profiteers and other speculators; compulsory housing reform; an educational system affording equal opportunity for higher education for all; effective parliamentary control of foreign policy; abolition of food taxes; scientific development of agriculture; establishment of a state bank and a national credit bank; and gradual demobilization corresponding with the needs of employment. For the first time, we believe, in the history of the world, a co-operator is running for election on a straight co-operative ticket. H. J. May, secretary of the International Co-operative Alliance, and of the Joint Parliamentary Committee of the Co-operative Congress, of England, is contesting the seat of Prestwich with coalition candidate, Lieutenant Cawley, for member of Parliament.

Co-operation In Cleveland, Ohio

Co-operation is making great progress in Cleveland. At present there are four co-operative organizations: The Workingmen's Co-operative Company, with two stores; the Slovenian Co-operative Company; The Cleveland Co-operative Bakery Company; and the Co-operators Company.

The first organization started business in 1912 and has been paying four percent rebate to its stockholders on their purchases since that time, as well as four percent interest on the stock issued. The Slovenian Co-operative Company has been doing business for four years. It has allowed its earnings to accumulate during that period, adding the profits to the value of the stock. The stock which was sold at \$2.00 per share is now worth \$59.00, which shows a profit of nearly 200 percent on its capital during the four years of operation. The co-operative bakery began business early in November. It is turning out five thousand loaves of bread and 20,000 biscuits weekly. It has 2,500 stockholders. The Co-operators' Company has no store, but has an automobile delivery which makes the circuit of the city one a week and sells direct to its stockholders. Its sales amount to about \$1200 per month. All of these societies are offshoots from the Socialist party.

Fresno, Cal., Starting Store

A group of earnest co-operators in Fresno, California, have been investigating co-operative trading for several months past. At present in this connection a bread route is operated with considerable ability and success. The group is affiliated with the Pacific Co-operative League and is known as the Universal Brotherhood. A novel fraternal feature is part of the plan of organization.

The Fresno comrades have in view a minimum membership of 100 and have decided to start a co-operative store. The Pacific Co-operative League has been officially requested to attend to the organization work and to establish a branch League store in Fresno. The membership will cost \$35. The work will start at once and it is hoped to have the store in operation before summer.

Consumers' Co-operation In Illinois

Ten new co-operatives have just been started in Illinois. Pana, Marseilles, Bloomington, Pawnee, Carlinville, Collinsville, Alton, Granite City, Freeburg and Coulterville. All have flourishing young co-operative stores now. The store at Bloomington started with \$4,000 in cash on hand. The store at Staunton, Ill., owned by the Miners' Union of that city has been changed to a strictly Rochdale store. The total sales for the last quarter of the extremely successful co-operative society of Springfield, Ill., were \$30,697 as contrasted to \$22,993 of the quarter ending September 30th. The expenditures were \$4,309 as compared with \$3,726. The net profits were \$1,898 as compared with \$1,422. The sum of \$1,415 was distributed in six percent dividends.

* * *

According to the fifth quarterly report of the Lincoln Co-operative Store of Lincoln, Ill., covering the quarter from October 1st to December 29th, the total sales of the store were \$7,123; the total net profits were \$549; and \$403 was distributed in six percent dividends.

The Pioneer

By Ernest S. Wooster

'Tis not the warrior's daring takes
The finer courage of the soul;
Nor yet that recklessness which makes
The headlong dash for desperate goal.
There is a stoutness of the heart,
Unflinched, repelling every fear,—
The quiet, stalwart, fearlessness
That marks the hardy pioneer.

Be he the uncouth plainsman bold,
He who explores 'neath tropic sun,
Or he who faces Arctic cold,
There's valor in them, every one.
Yet not their courage more refined
Nor they the bravest of the brave,
The truest test is of the mind
That toils obscure, a world to save.

The sane, sweet, kindly hero who,
Obscurely, and to fame unknown,
Works on for what he knows is true
For principle and truth alone,—
His life and effort to impress
The heedless with a thought new-born,
With none to praise at his success,
And at his failures none to mourn.

He's strong, this hero pioneer
Undaunted by unkind attack;
He'll ever onward persevere,
His not the spirit to turn back;
This pioneer in mind! He leads
In courage as he leads in thought
His valor of the soul succeeds,
Without it all the world were nought!

Powerine is equal to gasoline at 5c a gallon; salesmen and agents wanted; exclusive territory granted. **POWERINE** is guaranteed to be harmless, to remove and prevent carbon, doubling the life of all gasoline motors, saving repairs, adding snap, speed and power. An amount equal to 20 gallons of gasoline will be sent to any address in the U. S., charges prepaid, for \$1.00.

W. PORTER BARNES, SANTA ROSA, CAL. Dept 2H

ABSENT MEMBERS INSTALMENT MEMBERS WHERE ARE YOU?

We want to get the address of every instalment member and every absent member of the Llano del Rio Colony.

Many have not kept us informed of their whereabouts. We have information of importance for every instalment member, and absent member.

Readers of this notice are asked to assist us in getting in touch with these persons. We want to communicate with them at once.

Membership Department:

LLANO DEL RIO COLONY
Stables, Louisiana

My Country

By Robert Whitaker

My country is the world; I count
No son of man my foe,
Whether the warm life-currents mount
And mantle brows like snow
Or red or yellow, brown or black,
The face that into mine looks back.

My native land is Mother Earth,
And all men are my kin,
Whether of rude or gentle birth,
However steeped in sin;
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
I count them brothers, one and all.

My birthplace is no spot apart,
I claim no town nor state;
Love hath a shrine in every heart,
And wheresoe'r men mate
To do the right and say the truth,
Love evermore renews her youth.

My flag is the star-spangled sky,
Woven without a seam,
Where dawn and sunset colors lie,
Fair as an angel's dream;
The flag that still, unstained, untorn,
Floats over all of mortal born.

My party is all human-kind,
My platform brotherhood;
I count all men of honest mind
Who work for human good,
And for the hope that gleams afar,
My comrades in this holy war.

My heroes are the great and good
Of every age and clime,
Too often mocked, misunderstood,
And murdered in their time
But in spite of ignorance and hate
Known and exalted soon or late.

My country is the world; I scorn
No lesser love than mine,
But calmly wait that happy morn,
When all shall own this sign,
And love of country as of clan,
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IF OUR RAZORS DON'T MAKE GOOD, WE WILL.

The Tyranny of the Press

By David Bobspa

"We can never hope to gain our freedom until we first capture and control the newspapers for the working class." So spoke Charles T. Sprading to a little group of us recently. Truer words were never spoken. How many comrades feel the grossness of the evil of the capitalist press—and then spend ten times as much money for the vile vomit of the prostituted press as they do on working class periodicals. I had to take the choice between giving up the capitalist newspaper game and relinquishing my manhood. One can not keep both. Nor can we support a corrupted press without paying the price of bondage.

Comrade Sprading has written a splendid little pamphlet, "Ruled by the Press," that tells the story of our real masters. His opinion of these "peddlers of piffle" is based on facts every intelligent individual can easily verify. "No thinker," he says, "from Thomas Jefferson to the present day has had any respect for the metropolitan press. Our great free press!

It is free from facts. It is free from truth. It is free from justice. It is free from ideals. It is free from principles." The dirty tricks by which the newspapers accomplish their poisonous work are detailed by Comrade Sprading.

A remedy is pointed out—through common ownership of the press or a portion of it; co-operative ownership of a paper in each center; patronage of the fairest paper in each city or town. Sprading is right—the workers must adopt some one or more of these plans if the goal of democracy is ever to be reached. I hope his pamphlet will be widely circulated and that it will lead to an elimination of the capitalist press so far as workers are concerned. If you will give your own press one-half the support you give that of the enemy within our borders—"the malefactors of great wealth"—your press will give you all the features you find in your present pig-trough organs of untruth—and you will have a ready friend instead of an active enemy sheet struck from the press. If you don't want freedom badly enough to begin by supporting your papers, you won't get very far.

Published by George Rissman, 322 Story Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. Ten cents; special prices in quantities. Order through your paper.

Real Estate Bargains

The following properties are among those that have been listed for sale or trade with the Llano Land Bureau. Many of these are exceptional bargains. As more and more property is listed, it becomes possible to offer a variety in all portions of the country. Those who wish to sell or trade or buy, or knowing of others who wish to buy are invited to correspond with the Llano Land Bureau. No commissions are charged those expecting to come to the Colony.

- \$450—two lots Stockton, California
- \$3250—House and lot in San Francisco
- \$3500—Thirty-acre farm, mountains of California; \$2000 for farm without stock. This is an excellent location and good property.
- \$500 for ten acres in Florida, suitable for oranges and vegetables.
- \$2217 for good business in Iowa town, plumbing and heating.
- Florida land—10 acres, partly improved, house and buildings.
- 160 acres—Kansas, unimproved land, \$2000, sell or trade.
- 320 acres unimproved Kansas land, \$3200.
- 240 acres in Texas, 95 in cultivation, two houses, \$20 an acre.
- \$2500 for good place in Mississippi.—vle
- 40 acres in Texas, good improvements, \$75 an acre. Sell or trade. Terms.
- 200 acres Arkansas land, improvements, orchard and house, stock, tools, implements included; all for \$6000. Sell or trade. Terms.—tc
- 165 acres Texas for \$10,000. Terms.
- 160 acres Texas, unimproved good rice or fig land. \$25 an acre.—acc
- 40 acres Idaho, good improvements, \$10,000. Liberal terms.
- 20 acres Idaho, \$225 an acre. Liberal Terms.—jcc
- \$300 for lot in thriving Alabama town. Sell or trade.
- \$400 for 40 acres southern Alabama, unimproved.
- \$1600 for 40 acres in Florida. Liberal terms.—alc
- \$1500 for house and lot in Grand Rapids, Mich. Rents for \$17.50.

Llano Land Bureau
Stables, Louisiana

Can I Afford It?

How many times a day do you have to stop and ask that question? You would like a nice house to live in; you would like good clothes to wear; you would like good food to eat; you would like to travel; you would like to have some pleasure in life. You want all these things, but continually we of the working class who produce all these things must stop and ask: "Can we afford it?"

And ninety-nine times out of a hundred the answer is, "No, we cannot afford it." So we either go without or we live in a hovel, wear shoddy clothes, eat cheap food, travel on foot, and sneak an occasional dime for a picture show. And why? The workers made it all. We build the houses, grow the wheat, feed the cattle, weave the cloth. We have made all of the things which we cannot afford to buy. Did you ever stop and ask why? Why don't you stop and ask why? Wouldn't you like to know? It is because we have power and don't know how to use it.

Never was a wiser word said than J. A. Wayland's statement: "To remain ignorant is to remain a slave." There is just one thing you cannot afford to do without, and that is an education. When the workers KNOW and realize their power, they will live in the houses they have built, wear the clothes they have woven, eat the food they have prepared. If you want to help yourself to all of these things, begin today to complete your education. The People's College belongs to the working class. Let us help you get that education. Clip the coupon below and mail it to us today. Put a cross before the course you are interested in.

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Boudin's War Analysis

(Continued from Page 23)

of democratic ideas has passed to the working class.

In the Bebel-Kautsky debate at the Essen Congress, Kautsky insisted that the needs of the working class should be the only guide for socialists to follow in times of war or peace; a position squarely in opposition to all nationalistic theories.

Comrade Boudin lays special stress on the resolution adopted by the Stuttgart Congress of 1917, and reaffirmed at Copenhagen in 1910, and at Basle in 1912:

"In event that war should break, notwithstanding the efforts of socialists to prevent it, then it becomes the duty of socialists to work for its speedy termination, and to use all the powers at their command, utilizing the political and economic crises produced by the war, in an effort to arouse the discontent of the people so as to hasten the abolition of the rule of the capitalist class."

The theory of the class struggle is in absolute and irreconcilable opposition to the nationalistic theory of patriotism. Races are merely at different stages in their evolution. Our goal is internationalism; when all national cultural differences will be merged in a higher culture. The fundamental division of the human species is not along racial or national lines but along class lines, based on private property.

The working class of the world has an interest only in the defense of the nation whose independence and liberty are attacked. And whatever decision it makes concerning any war, it must be controlled exclusively by considerations of the results upon the international working class and its struggle for emancipation.



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Stables, Louisiana

Peace and Its Meaning

(Continued from Page 20)

settled, and it is the most important question that we will ever have in our lives. No matter who you are or what you want to be or do in this world, or what you want your children to be or do, it all depends on the settlement we get out of this war.

What we want is CLEAN PEACE; and that is a beautiful phrase which comes from England. We ought to take it up and understand what it means. It means justice for everyone and injustice for no one. There never has been such a thing. Every peace council has settled things on the basis that they shall take who have the power and they shall keep who can, and all the ruling class interests want to settle this war on that basis. There are imperialists in every country, not merely in Germany.

The Russians say self-determination for all peoples, and they demand that all the people of the disputed territories shall vote.

As far back as human memory goes, the populations of despoiled lands have been beaten, jailed and hanged and shot; now the idea is that they shall settle their own destinies by vote. But I say that voting and elections in those territories today would simply produce a thousand wars instead of one war.

The imperialists would settle it by saying: "I will give you six square miles in Alsace-Lorraine for ten thousand miles in Africa. I will give you a hundred thousand Belgians for ten thousand Persians, and maybe I will throw in five thousand of the people of Trieste." And all this without any regard to the rights of the people concerned. You can not settle it that way either, for that would mean that all these people would get ready for another war. Their countrymen over the border could get ready to help them, and a new war would come as soon as the materials could be accumulated.

The only thing to do is to take every one of the territories which is legitimately in dispute, and make them independent communities. Let the people who live there govern themselves. They will not need armies; they will not have to fight because their independence will be guaranteed by the English, the Russians, the Italians, the Germans, the Americans, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindus and all the rest of the world.

What I am getting at is this: Make them independent, under an international guarantee. Fix it so that France and Germany cannot get at each other even if they want to fight. Make independent states of Armenia and Mesopotamia; put Central Africa under an international commission; make Trieste an independent port, also Constantinople, and all other places for which rival interests are struggling. By this plan you do justice to all the people who live there. You set up buffer states between the quarelling countries and you solve all the questions without hurting anybody's feelings. Also you entirely discredit the war. Nobody has gained anything, and the chances of the ruling classes being thrown out of their jobs are increased many hundred percent. Moreover, you make absolutely necessary and inevitable the establishment of a new world government.

We had a lot of colonies when we got through driving out England, and for a time we didn't know whether New York and Massachusetts were going to fight each other or not, but we finally decided that instead of being a lot of warring states, there would be one Federal government of the United States. We want now a world federation.

President Wilson has come pretty near to planning a pro-

gram for a Clean Peace. But our newspapers are ruled by class interests, and they are hampering him. Think of the stand the New York Times takes in regard to the working-man! It makes use of every acrimonious word in the dictionary in its editorials about labor unions. We have got to educate the whole people to the idea of supporting a Clean Peace and a Real Democracy. If President Wilson could get the allied interests at the present minute definitely to adopt that program of a Clean Peace, the spring fighting might never have begun. When the German people once realize that a just settlement is offered, they would find some way to make their rulers accept it.

Think this over, gentlemen, and realize that there are several million lives at stake over the issue as to whether the ruling classes of Europe shall get enough prestige out of the war to enable them to hold their power; or whether, on the other hand, the people of Europe shall be delivered from tyranny and slavery and allowed to dispose of their own destinies, living in peace with one another.

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THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS
Stables, Louisiana

NEW ETHICS

The things we disapprove in others, we are likely to do ourselves. Our disapproval is a subconscious way we have of defending ourselves from like guilt; but we must not forget that the same thing that caused the sin of the other is in us, and very likely we are doing it in another way.

Official judgment is bad—private, worse. The monition "Judge not" is as clear, sharp and insistent as "Thou shalt not steal" or "Thou shalt not kill."

We avoid the more dramatic methods of stealing and killing for self-protection and other minor selfish motives, but the legal and customary methods, most all practice. Stealing is the getting of the product of another's toil without his free consent. When I take too much profit to pay too small wages, taking advantage of the necessities of the weak, I am stealing. When I get credit for what another man has done; when I injure another person by misjudgment, I am a thief of the most cowardly kind. Yet these habits are virtuously indulged in by the best.

Most virtues are tainted. Whenever a good quality becomes conscious to the possessor, it becomes vicious, because it turns one into a judge, gives him a holier-than-thou attitude—which is hypocrisy. If we could change the vicious feeling that we are better than any other into the recognition that we are hypocrites, unjust, merciless, we could work a moral reform in ourselves of real value.

It is equally bad to think we are worse than others. This is slavery. The whole of autocracy grows out of the feeling, abnormal, that somebody has thought that he is better, and the whole of slavery out of the feeling that he is worse.

Would it not be well for each of us to look within, find our tyrannical emotions and eradicate them? Man cannot become virtuous by cussing kaiserism. —S. W. CALDWELL

The Captain of His Soul

(Continued from Page 30)

"Do you think I enjoyed doing what I did? I loathed it! It was only to coax you away from your terrible ideas—to make a man of you that I humiliated myself. And you struck me away from you!"

"It was an accident, Ruth!"

"It was my punishment for trusting a hobo. Don't ever come near me again! Go to Netta—she'll let you—. Oh, I could die of shame!"

With that she was gone.

He sat down heavily. The frogs sent up their melancholy chorus from the marshes.

"Croak! Croak! Croak!" they went. "Croak! Croak! Croak!" It was the death song of his love—of the joy he had tasted from a leaking cup.

It was his first deep passion and he was only twenty-three. Tears welled through his fingers and he sobbed—one and again. Then across his numbed mind the words came whispering—

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul!"

He rose, squaring his shoulders and buttoning his coat.

To be captain of one's soul! Greater than any pain was that, greater than any love! He was His Own once more—His to Will—to Do!

All that night a light burned in the little room which was his lodging. Just as the sky grew pink, he emerged. Head well up, eyes on the northern horizon where lay Los Angeles, he strode sturdily.

Loyal Supporters Enthusiastic Over "The Internationalist"

BEGINNING with the May number, the Western Comrade shall raise its subscription price to \$1.00. There are good reasons for this, but chief among them is the general increase in prices of paper and supplies. As the Western Comrade does not rely to any extent upon advertising as a source of income, it is compelled to increase its subscription price.

Also beginning with the May number, the magazine shall make its first appearance as

The Internationalist

It will be very attractive and shall carry an artistic and permanent cover design. Already many comrades have written us felicitating us on our choice of the name—THE INTERNATIONALIST. Here is what some of them say:

Your decision to change the name to The Internationalist is a wise one and will add to your power. I am enthusiastic over your plans.—ALEC WATKINS, Fresno, Cal.

It's great new that you are to call yourself The Internationalist. The world is sick to dying of the virus of nationalism, and hungers for a fraternal spirit that knows neither bounds nor creeds. The name Internationalist should presage a virile growth.—ELEANOR WENTWORTH, Perrine, Florida.

I want sincerely to congratulate all of you concerned with the Western Comrade for the strides you have made in keeping up strong, clean and progressive journalism. . . . I also like the name of The Internationalist. No sectional name is as good as one taking in all of Humanity. I shall be interested in seeing the Comrade in its new dress. I am glad that you are making your policies widened and not narrowed to any particular movement or organization.—DAVID BOBSPA, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE INTERNATIONALIST will have a well-defined editorial policy, and, while continuing to publish articles of general interest, will make the achievement of international Socialism and co-operation its goal. It will wage a ceaseless and energetic fight against all those obstacles to internationalism such as militarism, compulsory military training, conscription, tariff walls, secret diplomacy, diplomatic entanglements, the Monroe Doctrine, imperialism, language barriers, race differences, and religious differences. It will publish the cream of American radical thought. It will give its active and enthusiastic support to the American Socialist party, and shall support the workers in their struggles with the capitalist class. Its objective is the Co-operative Commonwealth, but it will not be narrow or sectional. It recognizes in the birth control movement a splendid and direly needed propaganda and shall give it its unreserved support.

THE INTERNATIONALIST has a big future ahead of it. It has an unlimited field in which to work.

Are you going to enlist in our ARMY of INTERNATIONALISTS? Are you going to get subscriptions? Are you interested enough in the ideal of internationalism to call on your neighbors and get them to subscribe to the INTERNATIONALIST?

Let us hear from YOU. Tell us what you think of the Magazine.

And in the meantime, if you like this number, why not send us Ten Cents and have us mail a copy to your friend? Fraternally,

The Editor.

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1917—27,000	1917—14,903
Cleveland	Rochester
1915— 6,000	1916—1,450
1917—27,000	1917—8,200

On To Washington!

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BEGINNING MAY FIRST, several changes will be made in the selling of memberships.

1. Initial payments on memberships will be advanced on a sliding scale, with minimum payments at \$1000 and a graduated scale based on the number of persons coming on the membership.

2. Cash payments only will be given consideration.

3. The acceptance of members will be made provisional.

Details of the new plan of selling memberships are not ready yet, but will be announced, probably, in the next issue of the magazine. With the growth of the Colony, the value of membership becomes enhanced. Those who come in now have the benefit of the work and plans of those who have gone before.

Increased cost of living and materials of all kinds have so greatly decreased the purchasing power of a dollar, that the increased rate becomes necessary. Those who put \$1000 today into the Colony are putting in no more in actual value than those who put in \$500 when the Colony was first established.

The community interest in which the member participates becomes greater from day to day.

The Old Rate Applies to Those Who Get Instalment Memberships Now!

Those who have taken out memberships in the past according to agreements made then will, of course, come in on the plan that was in operation when they subscribed.

Those who have been corresponding with a view to taking out memberships, should their applications be taken out and approved before the increase, will, of course, be accepted on whatever terms may be agreed upon before the contemplated change takes place.

The Llano del Rio Colony reserves the right to reject any applications it may deem not desirable, as it has always done.

The details of the sliding scale of memberships will be announced later. The provisional acceptance of memberships will also be explained, but it is sufficient here to say that the rights of the individual will be carefully safeguarded, as well as those of the Colony. Cash payments will be a rule except on such articles as are in immediate demand and on which prices and quality are standardized.

Attention is directed to the Llano Land Bureau, established for the purpose of aiding in sales and exchanges of land as well as assisting those who expect to purchase property.

Llano del Rio Company of Nevada
Stables, Louisiana