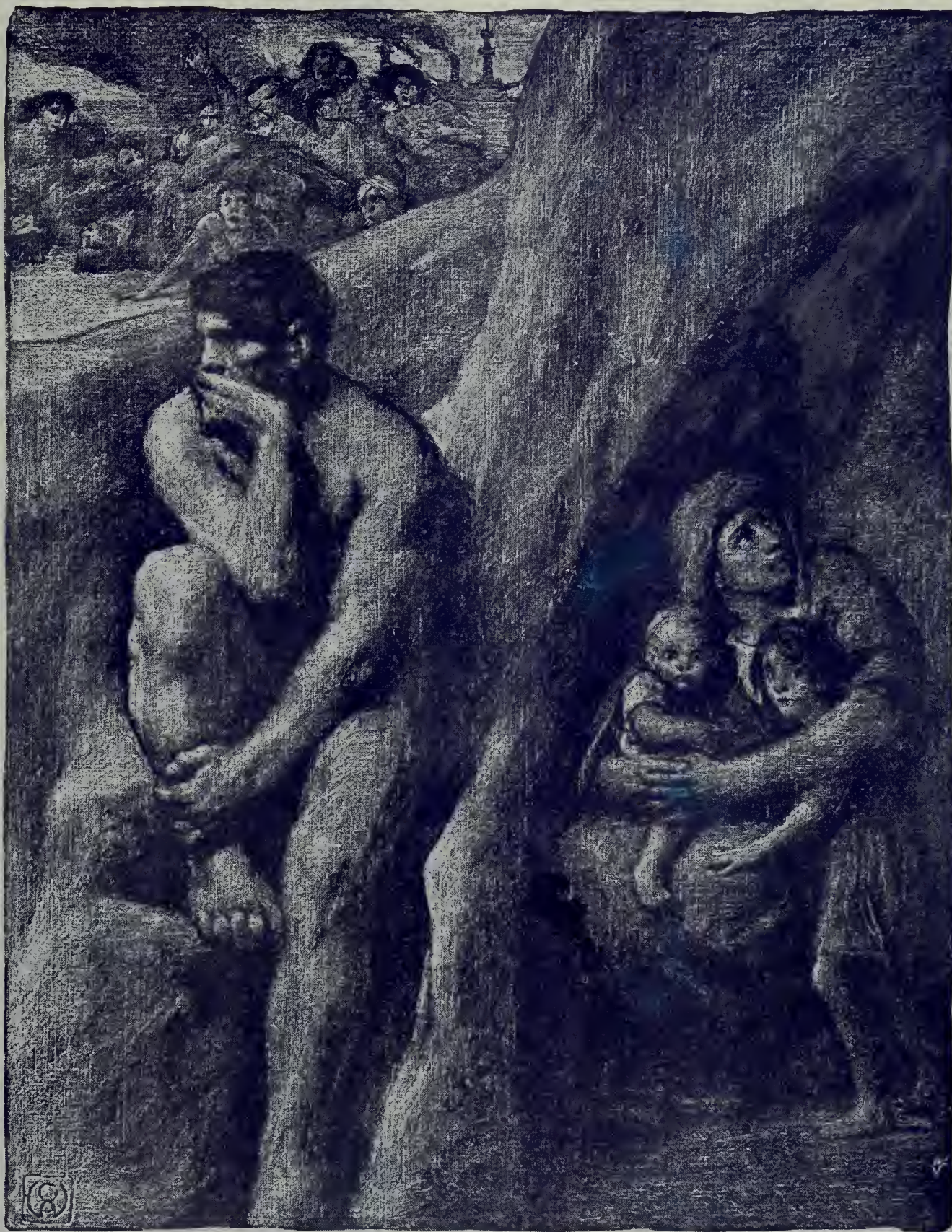


Vol. 2, Nos. 9-10

January-February, 1915

Ten Cents

The Western Comrade



*“And shall ye rule, O kings, O strong men? Nay!
Waste all ye will and gather all ye may,
Yet one thing is there that ye shall not slay—
Even Thought, that fire nor iron can affright.”*

—Swinburne



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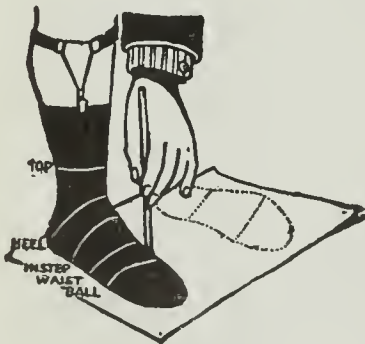
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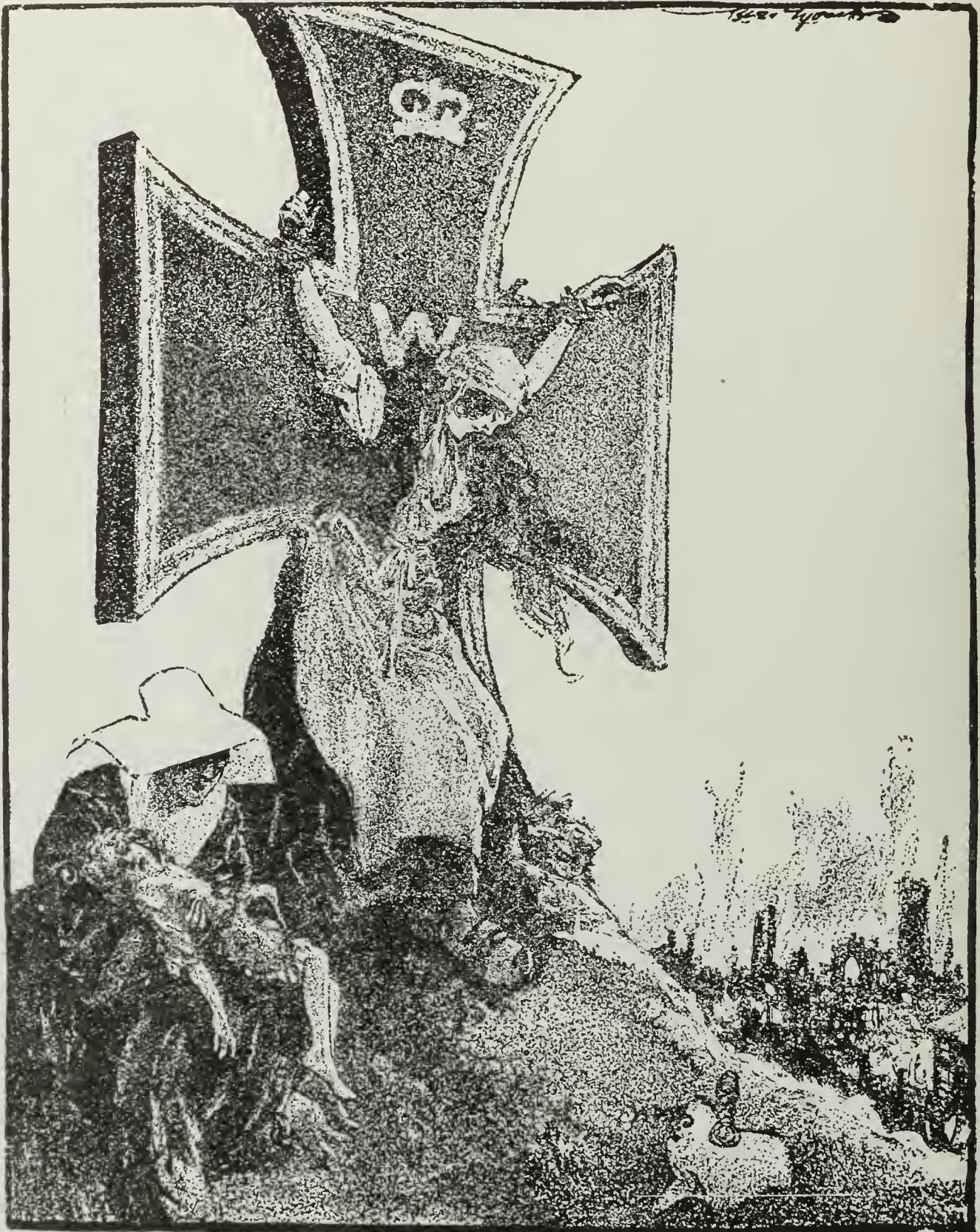
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The Iron Cross in Belgium

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. II

LOS ANGELES, CAL., JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1915

NUMBER 9-10



Valle Rio del Llano

Looking South From Dam Site on Big Rock Creek, Llano del Rio Colony

CURRENT COMMENT

By Frank E. Wolfe

WHILE the European war has occupied the down-stage position to the all but obliteration of other news, the fighting in Mexico again forces its way into the spotlight. Out of the garbled news in the daily newspapers one may pick from day to day grains of truth. Judging from these reports, there is no inclination on the part of Villa, who has long been the dominant factor in the struggle, to yield to any side-tracking issues. He holds the question of land monopoly paramount and for years he has led his hordes of "sandlefeet" into battle with the cry "Tierra y Libertad!"

These peons have learned their lesson well. They

have come to believe so profoundly in "land and liberty" that they are fighting upon that issue irrespective of military leaders and ambitious politicians who seek to divert their attention.

Carranza made no pretense of carrying out the program to free the land and he will go the way of his numerous predecessors who have failed either in courage or understanding.

In the meantime the average American reads the vapid newspaper comment on the Mexican struggle and smiles at the stupid cartoons, and goes his way as ignorant of the actual conditions of the cause of the revolt as he was three years ago.



A BEAUTIFUL conspiracy was thwarted when the European war swept millions of peasants out of their fields and rushed them into the trenches or into military camps of both warring and so-called peaceful powers. Steamship agents had been busily engaged for a year in selling, on the installment plan, tickets to California and other coast states, via the Panama Canal. Two hundred thousand immigrants were to reach California inside of the year. A million more were to follow in the next few years.

There are in California today 150,000 unemployed men. The number has been regularly rounded out by the closing down of seasonal industries. On a recent trip I saw in scores of roadside camps many hundreds of blanket stiffs who would eagerly go to work if given an opportunity. In Los Angeles they crowd together at the Municipal Employment Bureau and at other private agencies and block the streets and line the curbs all day long. A call for 500 jobbers at "six bits a day and cakes" to work in war and mob scenes for the motion picture producers usually cause a riot. Add to this a couple of hundred thousand of European peasants and a few thousand more ragheads and we will have a situation that at first will be very much to the liking of the Otis-Hearst outfit, but later will be likely to prove serious if not disastrous to the entire exploiting class.

That this immigration plot will be revived at the conclusion of the European conflict no one will question. Hordes of hungry and homeless men will flock to America and they will work for any wage. Exploiters of labor will welcome them to mill and ranch and Americans will be displaced.

In the meantime our wise statesmen are prattling about protection of cotton and steel and hogs. Any discussion of plans to free a few million acres of monopolized lands? Not yet. That would presuppose brain power, and there isn't any!



GRAND ADMIRAL VON TIRPITS is so elated over the success of the German submarines that he declares the plan to blockade England will be pushed with great vigor.

Conan Doyle first suggested the plan in a story

entitled "Danger" and it appears the admiral is willing to follow out the English author's suggestion. In the meantime, one after another of England's dreadnaughts is finding a berth with Davy Jones in the bottom of the sea.



HOW many persons realize the universal insolvency of the banks of the world? In England the disillusionment came when for more than a week prior to the declaration of war every British bank suspended payment and virtually acknowledged insolvency. This even included the Bank of England, "the Gibraltar of Threadneedle Street."

The helpless condition of British banks continued until the government came to the rescue with the only remedy, and the one that should be made permanent—that is, the substitution of the national credit for the unsound and illusive gold basis.

If the people of England and America had the sense to profit by this lesson and take advantage of it, the war, despite its wrong and its horror, will have done infinite good.

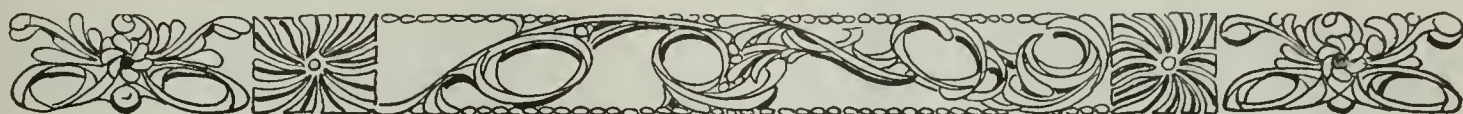


ALTHOUGH they are suffering terribly in the trenches, the German soldiers are sticking to their task with a doggedness that is perhaps characteristic of the Teuton. Slowed down, worn and weary, the men have lost the keen edge that characterized their first fierce onslaught, but they are more than holding their own in the east and west. Prussian militarism was a stronger machine than was supposed by the blithesome Britishers who went forth to destroy the army of the mad Kaiser. England must brace up and fight for her life. Conscription is inevitable, and conscription will start riots and untold troubles, but it must come. The colonies must send vast numbers to fill the ranks decimated by wounds, exposure and disease and death.

In the spring, when the Germans make the next onward rush, a great army will be needed to check them. Germany is as determined to crush England as the Britons are determined to destroy Prussian military power.

Up to this time Germany has had all the better of the struggle. Germany is fighting Russia, Eng-





land, France, Belgium, Servia, Portugal and Japan, and within a short time Italy will be conducting a vigorous campaign against Turkey, Germany's ally in the south.

After five months' struggle these combined powers have been unable to effect an invasion of Teuton territory. The Germans have occupied all Belgium and turned the Belgians out of their country; they hold a large portion of France; they have successfully invaded Russian Poland; they have created a greater rebellion in South Africa than the world has been allowed to know of; they are meeting with some success in starting revolt against British rule in Egypt and Persia; they have torpedoed half a dozen of England's dreadnaughts, even as far away as the north coast of Ireland; they have made a bold naval raid, bombarded English seacoast cities and escaped without harm; they are building Zeppelins with the frankly acknowledged purpose of bombarding London; their submarines and mines have sunk dozens of British fighting ships and, so far as their own safely interned fleet at Heligoland is concerned, there is not a ship damaged.

In the spring England must fight for her life.



WHEN war was declared by England the people were given some quick and simple lessons in the facility with which public utilities may be socialized. These institutions were taken over by the government so easily and naturally that the public heard of no opposition—if, indeed, there was any. Of course, military seizure is not socialization, but it shows how expedient is quick, powerful action.

The trams, the railways, docks, mines and, in fact, everything socially used, was put into the hands of the government. Of course the fact it was a war measure allayed the fears of the bourgeoisie. Then, again, to have protested would have been branded as unpatriotic and the protestant would have risked severe censure, if not social ostracism.

Now that England has put a ban on sugar importation there is a serious move on foot to have the government embark into beet-sugar production on a large scale. There is a phase to this proposition

that will strike terror to the hearts of the British land monopolists. They propose to seize large tracts of land for government use. Verily, war is more than Sherman dreamed!



ENGLAND'S system—or lack of system—of meeting the national obligation to her fighting men is growing to be a national disgrace. A. M. Thompson, writing in the Clarion, takes a sharp hack at the royal and noble cadgers who are raising funds by all the known methods save the right one. He says:

“The Duchess of Splash has a National Patriotic Fund to provide goloshes for consumptive aviators. The Hon. Miss Brandish is collecting funds to supply spats to ‘nutty’ artillerymen. Mrs. Fussory-Blazon wants money to furnish warming-pans to the crews of submarines. The Countess Pfumpfer-spitzel aspires to warm the legs of Highlanders with red flannel bloomers. The cackling clamour of these society advertisers is a disgrace to the nation.”

Thompson calls upon the government to supply everything that money can afford to ease the condition of the soldiers and sailors—including a living wage for combatants, pensions for the disabled and adequate provisions for the dependents of the killed. It's a big bill, he declares, but England must pay and the slackers must dig up if it costs them their all.

If this be not done, promptly, wholesale conscription will become necessary, for men will no longer enlist under present conditions.



THE WESTERN COMRADE is endeavoring to give in this issue all latitude to expression of thought of the leading Socialist writers of the world. George D. Herron's article and that of Thomas C. Hall are antipodal and both are printed with the intent of giving our readers an opportunity to get the viewpoint of these famous writers. We have no other policy than to further the cause of the workers of the world. We will not remain neutral when the hour arrives to strike a blow at Capitalism. Our chief aim is to educate and arouse the workers.





You of Little Faith

COLONISTS at Llano del Rio have a singleness of purpose and that is to do something toward the solution of our social problems. Our vision extends far beyond the boundaries of a single colony.

There are very few, if any, among us who would be in the least interested in merely establishing a co-operative colony only for the benefit of the few who might dwell therein.

It is our aim to develop one large successful community to deliver greater benefits both economical, moral, intellectual, and social to each and every one for less effort, than can be delivered under capitalism; to establish such a variety of industries that every individual may be occupied in what is to him the most desirable and congenial employment, and to provide for ourselves substantially all the comforts and necessities of life.

When we shall have been able to find every man at his post, and there by his own choice, and that because of the pleasure he takes in his work, and when we shall have been able to shorten our hours of labor, to take advantage of the joys of the game and the happiness afforded by intellectual pursuits, and yet shall feel free and safe from want; we shall know that we have done something toward the accomplishment of our aim.

We shall then lift our voices to those who are asking if "any good can come out of Nazareth," and tell them to "come and see."

We shall then endeavor to show our brothers beyond our borders how they, too, may live in joy when bound together by a common interest.

Does it seem singular that we should from time to time state the purpose of those gathering at Llano del Rio? Singular though it be, it seems necessary in order to disabuse the minds of many ardent Socialists who are throwing every possible obstacle in the way of the colony.

Only yesterday, the secretary of one of the largest Socialist locals in California said, "I hope the colony will fail. If it succeeds the members will no longer be Socialists." Will a little prosperity ruin these Socialists?

Oh, what a distorted view of human nature. How can you, Comrade Secretary, explain William Morris, the great poet, who died in his palace fighting for Socialism?

What explanation have you to offer for Singer, the German millionaire, who spent his fortune to further the movement?

How does your theory tally with Hyndman of England, who has spent his fortune and his life in the same struggle?

Did you, Comrade Secretary, ever know of a millionaire who died for his money? No, indeed; there is not one millionaire on earth who would not give his last cent for his life.

Did you ever know of a man who died for his convictions? Why, every great humanitarian movement is full of such characters!

A little prosperity will spoil these men of convictions at Llano del Rio? Far from it!

You, Comrade Secretary, will find many a treasure "Not dreamed of in your philosophy" if only you will look a little deeper into human nature.—J. H.

CAPITALIST newspapers are doing everything in their power to work up a war scare in the United States and the predictions are freely made that unless certain foreign powers meet with certain demands there will be a declaration by the Washington government. That the people of this country should be stampeded by the bombastic utterances of these jingoists seems incredible. This is the time to keep cool. The working class has nothing to do with this "hucksters' war." In a recent vote taken of several hundred capitalist newspapers a great majority of them voted in favor of the continuation of the export of war munitions. None favored a move toward starving the war and most declared for "making all we can out of it." This is the true expression of capitalism's greed.



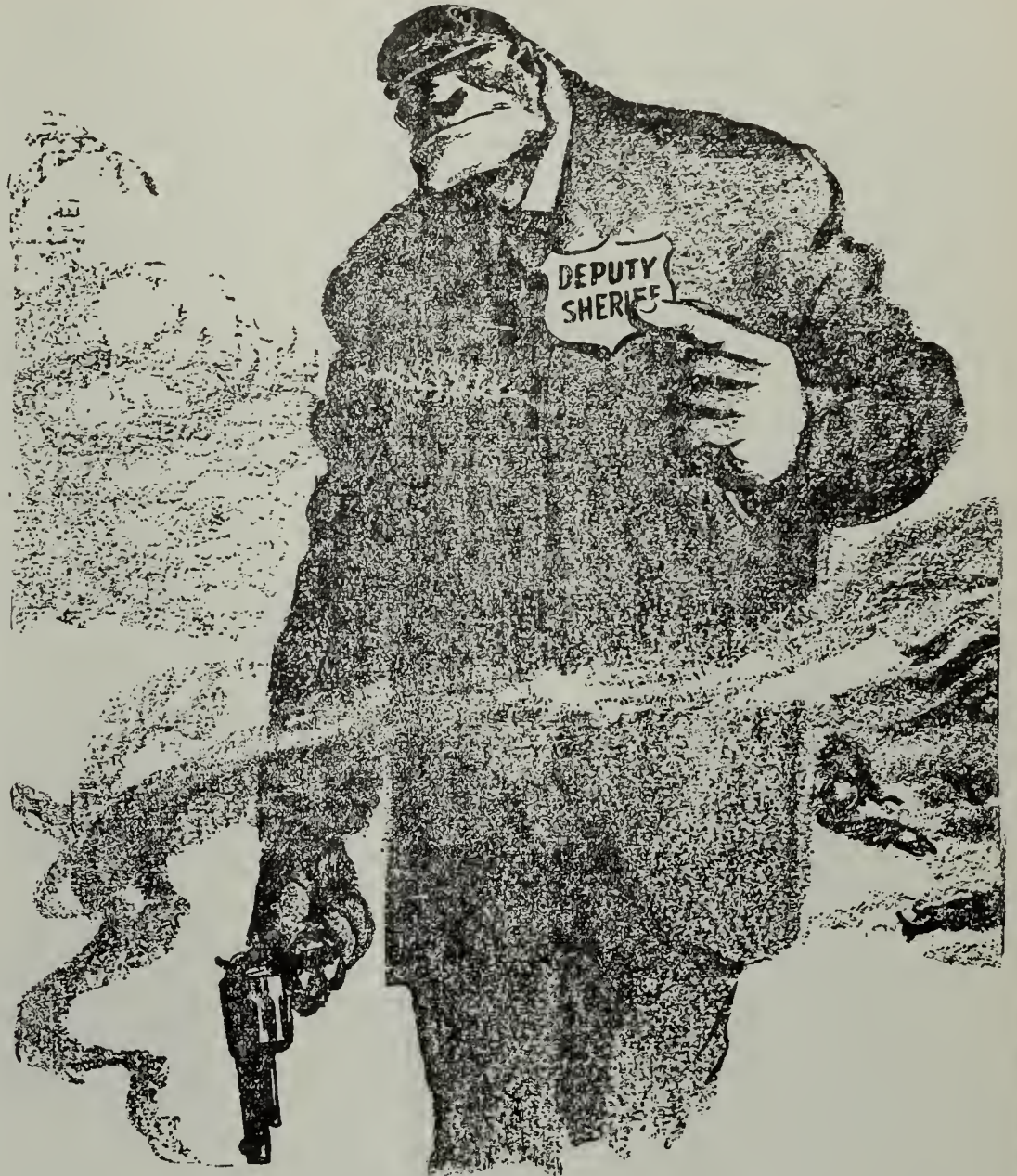
Duggan

By A. F. GANNON

I DO NOT know if Duggan be hero or villain. I shall merely set down the facts. Duggan was born in the slums of New York City—not an auspicious beginning, one must admit, for an heroic career. Be that as it may, by way of fist, stomach and heart he had at twenty-five lived life, after his light, to a fullness vouchsafed few. Foregathered with several of his ilk (a bit blase, and cynical as to the motives of all women and most men) one morning in a groggery in Avenue C, fate dealt our subject a new hand, in the person of a sleek stranger who entered confidently and put a sudden quietus to their underworld discussions. The newcomer's habiliments instantly aroused a mixture of hatred and fear in the bosoms of the gang. Instinctively the visitor singled out the swaggering Duggan as leader and after a few rounds of drinks took him aside for a chat.

The upshot was that the pair departed (after two more all-inclusive rounds) uptown to call on the Sleek One's "boss," who wanted some men for an adventure of high emprise. Duggan's command that the rest remain until his return met with sudden and vociferous acquiescence, engendered to a considerable extent by a goldpiece nonchalantly thrown on the bar by the Sleek One with instructions to the barkeep to entertain the boys therewith in the departed one's absence.

Duggan returned in an hour—full of his subject, and a superior brand of booze. Convened in a back room about a table laden with bottles and glasses the leader explained: A "bunch o' guineas" in St. Louis were trying to run the street car business in place of the owners. Duggan had bargained with the "boss," in the latter's sumptuous uptown offices, for the serv-



Twenty-six "deputy sheriffs" are under indictment in New Jersey charged with shooting down twenty-nine strikers who had revolted against abominable conditions in a fertilizing factory.

ices of himself and the gang to go down there and help to see that the "guineas" didn't pull the stunt. The "boss" was to arm them uniformly that night and start them south. The honorarium was to be "five bucks a day an' foun'," from the time they left New York till they got back.

In sixty days they were back, covered with glory. The "guineas" didn't pull the stunt. The God-given right of men to run their own business was once more upheld. By mutual agreement their stipends for the entire period were to be brought to the Avenue C headquarters by Duggan and the Sleek One and there distributed. All wants of the outer and inner man, food, clothing, courtplaster, liniment and, last but by no means least, liquor being furnished free by the trac-

tion company during their strenuous sojourn in the southern city, their wages were intact. The Sleek One made a neat little address, complimenting Duggan and his contingent particularly for their true patriotism and fealty to the laws and institutions of this great land of the free and the home of the brave. He also promised to soon give them further well-paid employment in their line.

A fortnight of sybaritic life for Duggan and his confreres ensued. The leader beamed as he basked in his followers' open adoration. Many new and capable recruits were added; and a score of successful sorties from the besieged citadel of Capital, in the course of time, added to their laurels.

In the middle of one of their well-earned revels a peremptory call came for their services. The "boss" himself dropped down to Avenue C in his French limousine and held private counsel with Duggan—who was now his trusted and high-salaried lieutenant on the field of action. Duggan was a bit under the weather, but steadied himself in his superior's presence and promised to arm and entrain himself and his worthies that night, bound for the conflict.

The scene of Duggan's exploits this time was to be a little Colorado town where "a bunch of bohunk miners were trying to run the government and the mines," the "boss" informed him. His mission was to "put the fear of Hell into 'em."

In due time, doubly vicious from train-confinement and a country-wide debauch, Duggan and his associates entered the mountain village and encamped on the property they were to "guard."

Hobnobbing with the militia, already there, they soon learned what had happened before their arrival, laughing or cursing immoderately as the incidents related struck their fancies. Women of the social netherworld were to be had at beck and call, a convenience much appreciated by Duggan's followers; but, curiously enough indeed it seemed to the latter, Duggan had himself eschewed this form of entertainment for a long time.

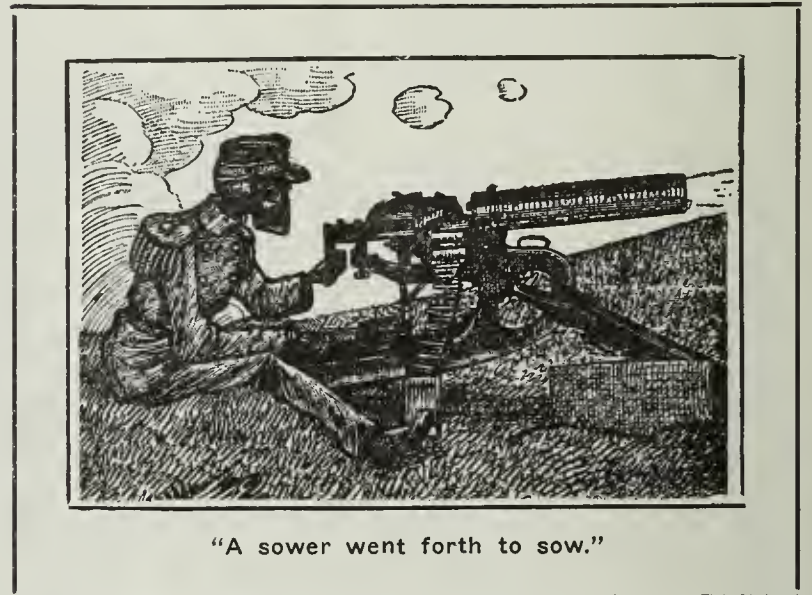
For many weary months the trouble went unended. What manner of "hunkies" were these who could only be subdued in death? Many guards and militiamen had been killed of late. A giant reprisal, an orgie of destruction and death, was in preparation. Getting wind of it the armed miners had taken to the mountain-side and there entrenched themselves for defense—leaving their women and children in the tent colony in the keeping of some crippled and a few able-bodied men who stayed to guard them.

Duggan, in the throes of a protracted drunk, was not present when the melee started, being foraging for whisky in town with a couple of boon companions. At

the first sound of the shooting they hurriedly started for camp. Nearing the scene on a run, Duggan suddenly swerved from the others and started toward the miner's colony, where men, women and children ran wildly about.

"Don't go that way y' damu fool!" one of the deserted pair yelled at the top of his hoarse voice, "they're firin' on the tents."

If Duggan heard he paid no heed. His bloodshot eyes had beheld a man with a child in his arms go suddenly to earth with half his head shot away. The baby, disengaged from the dead man's arms, toddled off laughing, thinking it some new sort of game. Duggan's hat was gone. He now discarded his coat, in either pocket the precious whisky for which an hour before he would have sold his soul. He intercepted the cowering, stumbling tot midway in a little clearing and gathering her hungrily up into his arms with a half-



"A sower went forth to sow."

drunken, breathless sob, whirled and started running back out of the danger zone. The baby threw her arms about his neck in the utter abandonment of mirth and pressed her velvety cheek against his two-week stubble of beard.

"God!" he panted.

A screaming woman ran after him but he was unaware of it. The widening swath of a rapid-fire gun overtook the woman and mowed her down. Above his head passed a screeching hail of bullets from the miners' stronghold on the hillside. Duggan weakly went to his knees with death close at his back, but instantly regained his feet with a curse, under the stimulus of baby laughter in his ears. He had only made a few strides, however, before the leaden stream reached him and riddled both. The big gorilla-like body of Duggan crushed the fragile frame of the dead babe into the soft ground. With howls and cries of demented beings, the gunmen and militia charged the tented

town and pouring oil on the flimsy shelters ignited them. Beneath some tents were pits where women and children cowered and shrieked before death silenced them by flame or suffocation.

Stealthily that night under cover of darkness a frantic miner searching for his child found her beneath the dead gunman. He spurned the khaki-trousered body of Duggan with his boot and picking up his bloodied and broken offspring stole away with hate in his heart and foreign oaths on his lips.

That same night in New York, in the bedroom of

a snug Harlem flat, a slender girl with a babe at her generous breasts, tossed restlessly and full of fear, wondering how long it would be before she saw her big, lovable bear of a man again, and trying to fathom the manner of his business that took him so far away and for so long a time.

Among many other things, two morals suggest themselves, one from the Bible:

"They who live by the sword shall die by the sword," and one from Bobby Burns:

"A man's a man for a' that."

The Madness of Capitalism

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

THE shuddering horror with which we read of battlefields whereon the dead lie piled in heaps, of torn and mangled youths shrieking with the torture of their wounds, of towns burned and peasants put to death, is only a part of the black night that has come upon us. Not only this year is dreadful but the years to come will be. For every shot that is fired and every march that is made the future must pay and pay again and there can be no payments of this bill except from the products of industry already bent to the ground under the burden of past follies.

Before the war began the economists had uttered solemn warnings against the heaping up of the debts of the nations. They pointed out that the interest charges on these debts were steadily mounting to a sum that could not be paid. They showed that because of their interest charges the poor were still further impoverished, ignorance and darkness were spread around the world, and want threatened the toilers in every land.

These were the results of the existing system, of the debts of former wars, and of the huge armaments that the nations maintained.

Think, then, that this war is costing these nations Sixty Million Dollars every day, that practically all of this staggering sum must take shape in national debts for succeeding years to pay, and that these debts and the crushing interest charges they will entail can be paid in no way except by the sweat of labor.

Before the prospect thus opened the mind sickens and hope dies.

We are paying today the expenses of the wars of Napoleon, a century old. Should the present system last, three centuries hence men will toil and children be reared in ignorance and insufficiency that the monstrous bill for this day's insanity may be paid.

From such a burden piled upon the debt burden

the world already bears could come but one result. Mankind would revert to savagery. Knowledge, progress, hope and light would be overwhelmed in one abysmal catastrophe.

Instinctively we cry out against this prospect. We declare that such a thing must not be. That this war must be stopped. That all war must be abolished.

Then, if we really mean what we say we must set ourselves to great and enduring changes.

We see now the certain results of the present system of Business founded upon grab and gain, the cut-throat system of competition, the deadly system of Business conducted for private profits.

A few made rich and the many poor; a few made powerful and the many made the battle-pawns of these; the resources of the world and the strength thereof controlled by a few for their own benefit and the rest obliged to go out and fight the wars engendered by the competitions, jealousies or maniac dreams of their masters.

Meantime, the masses sinking to lower levels of existence and the joys of life more and more restricted to the beneficiaries of the system.

All this for just these same two reasons, the Surviving Feudalism of Autocracy and the Surviving Savagery of Competition.

Let the competitive system survive, and whichever way the present war results it will assuredly breed other wars as gigantic or worse. From that conclusion there is no logical escape. The same causes will produce same results, always, automatically, irretrievably, as certain as night follows day, as certain as the stars travel their roads. No man may sow his field with any faith that he can reap it and no man can look forward to a year of peace. So stands the terrible fact that now confronts mankind. We can shut it from our minds if we are cowards, or try to forget it if we are fools; but refute it or deny it may no man living.

The Outlook in Europe

By GEORGE D. HERRON

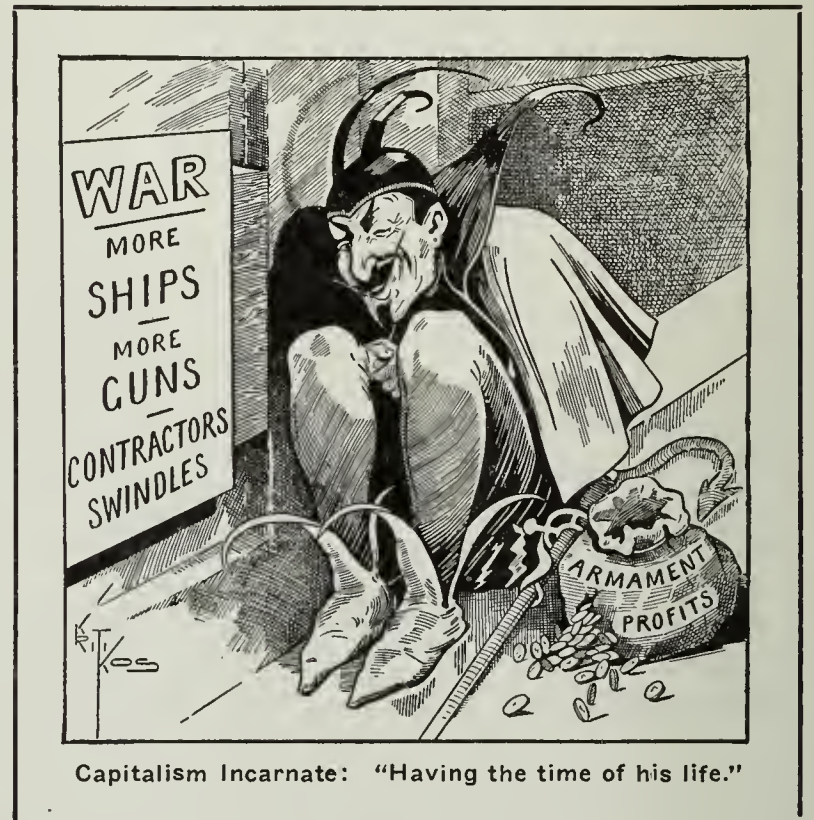


THE existing Socialist Parties may be destroyed by the European war, but not the international work of Socialism. Even if the worst that is feared should come to pass; if the duration and devastating effects of the war should so exhaust both governments and peoples that, under the strain, they should give way, and chaos follow; if out of this chaos should rise new tyrants and tyrannies; still the seed of Socialism, so deeply and patiently sown in the human soil, will ultimately bear its promised fruit.

The co-operative world—in which all children shall be born the equal heirs of social wealth and freedom and opportunity—will certainly come. It does not matter under what name it comes; its coming is no less a universal necessity. The world cannot go on otherwise. No matter how great the catastrophe through which mankind is now passing, beyond that catastrophe waits the universal communism that is the only condition of human sanity and continuity. Human brotherhood, solidarity of the people, will perchance become reality after the present conflict?

Human brotherhood may be a speedy result of the present conflict. That will depend largely on the conflict's intensity and duration. It seems a terrible thing to say, but it is no less true, that the great danger to the working class, to the peoples internationally, lies in a too-early peace being concluded by the rulers and diplomats. Now that the catastrophe has come, for the sake of the workers it should be complete and final. It should continue until the peoples, looking out over a Europe that has become a graveyard, looking out over their weed-grown fields and ruined homes, and reflecting on their shattered lives, shall resolve to make an end of mere political government forever; and to take the ordering of life and labor into their own hands, and to put the same and brotherly administration of industry and society in the place of political and military organization. The danger of the present catastrophe is, that the rulers and politicians may become apprehensive, and for their own self-preservation conclude a too-early peace. It is not at all impossible that, threatened with social revolution from within, Germany and England and Russia and France may compromise their issues through secret diplomacy, and conclude a peace that shall be merely a truce, leaving Europe, industrially and socially speaking, just where it was.

German Social-Democracy has proved itself a traitor to Socialism, to labor, to freedom and democracy, and should be outlawed by the International Socialist Movement. Indeed, judged by the present conduct of that party, we may say that there is no Socialist Movement in Germany. There is only an immense political party that represents a certain number of votes and



Capitalism Incarnate: "Having the time of his life."

nothing more. The conduct of that party is without excuse, and its leaders know it. English or American Socialists also know that the conduct of their so-called German comrades is inexcusable. They may try to say that the German Social-Democracy will be found true when the time for the action comes. The time for action has come and gone, and the Socialist Party of Germany has not acted. It has only proved how destitute it is of courage, of sincerity, of Socialist principle. And it has proved its utter lack of moral force as well as its lack of fidelity to freedom and to international Socialism. The Social-Democratic Party of Germany could have prevented this world-catastrophe if it had had the manhood in it to do so. If the four million men who vote for Socialist candidates had so decided, and their leaders had so ordered, every wheel in German factories or on German railroads would have ceased to turn the moment Germany declared war. This would have involved insurrection, and would have

resulted in Socialists being shot. But it is the business of Socialists to be shot when a great crisis arrives. If there had been enough men in Germany ready to give their lives for the cause they profess, they could have changed the face of the world. * * *

When the Socialist Movement does become powerful in Russia, it will be a Socialism that is real, that has purpose and spiritual force within itself, and that will have some sense of humanity in its doctrines and procedures. Russia today is immeasurably nearer freedom than Germany, and its leaders are vastly profounder and more spiritual in their culture than the German leaders. Yes, if it is a choice between the Cossack and the Teuton, then give me the Cossack. He is nearer the co-operative commonwealth, is potentially a more human and spiritual being than the Teuton. * * *

The German Socialists seem to utterly ignore the fact that it was Germany who declared war on Russia, and not Russia on Germany. This whole catastrophe is brought about by the Kaiser's Germany, to which the German Social-Democracy cravenly submitted. It is Germany that has brought this catastrophe upon the world. If Russian Socialists are in the Russian army, they are fighting in a war of defence. The Belgian Socialists, under the leadership of Vandervelde, are fighting for their very existence as Socialists, as well as for their nation and their homes. The French Socialists are also fighting for Socialism when they fight for French national existence. When such revolutionary Socialists as Jules Guesde, Vaillant and Anatole France summon the call to arms then surely the Socialists of France are fighting righteously.

It is true that England declared war on Germany. And while I am the last to have any sympathy with the English ruling class, in this case England is fighting for the world's freedom. She is fighting for the preservation of all that is worth while in civilization. She is fighting for such public morality and social freedom as we have been able to gain in the last two thousand years. * * * What we call civilization is largely a hideous phantasmagoria. But judged by even our low and hypocritical standards, Germany has proved herself not a civilized, but a barbarous—yes, a savage nation.

I deeply hope that Italy will maintain the absolute neutrality that the Socialist Party has demanded. If Italy, in the beginning of the war, had joined with England in the defense of Belgium's neutrality, she would have acted with reason, and the action would have been courageous, and have won the approval of mankind; but that time and opportunity have passed. Or if Germany should now attack the neutrality of

Switzerland, as she is threatening to do, then Italy would do well to go to the defense of Switzerland. Otherwise Italy should maintain her neutrality. To attack Austria now would not only be a breaking of her treaty, but it would lay Italy open to the charge of cowardice, in view of the fact that Austria is now practically a finished quantity, so far as the war is concerned. If the Hapsburg dynasty dissolves, as every man who cares for freedom prays it may, then Italy would be right in occupying Trieste and the Italian provinces yet unredeemed. But that need not involve war any more than the Roumanian occupation of Transylvania, in case of the dissolution of the Austrian Empire, need involve war.

I wish Italian statesmanship were wise enough, and had the courageous initiative, at this moment to form a



league of all the neutral powers—Switzerland, Spain, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. She should take the leadership of such a league, and be in a position to mould the European future, and mould it democratically and ethically.

Let me say, in conclusion, that I think the rebuke of the Italian Socialists to the German Socialist Committee—the committee that came to Rome to defend

the action of the German Socialists regarding the war—is one of the noblest things in the history of Socialism. The reply and rebuke are brave and wise and true. It has made me proud of the friends I have among Italian

Socialists. It enables me to say to my American comrades that there is at least one Socialist Movement in the world that really stands for Socialism—the Socialist Party of Italy.

Who Are the Ignorant Laborers?

By MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

THERE are but two classes of persons industrially—capitalists and laborers. Yet, strange to say, more than half the people are not consciously in either class.

It is too apparent to most of us that we are not capitalists and yet we patronizingly talk of the “laboring classes,” quite unconscious that we belong in that group. Every one who depends on another for employment, whether it be for large pay or small, with head or with hand, is a laborer in every true sense of the word.

“But some working people are so ignorant, it is not fair to class all together,” it is objected.

True, some workers are ignorant. Indeed, most of them are so ignorant they do not even know that they are laborers. They are too ignorant to unite with men and women of their own class to improve the conditions under which they must labor.

The engineer as he looks out of his engine is grimy and disheveled; the clerk in the railroad office looks at him, rejoicing that he is not a “laboring man.” Yet the man in the iron monster draws wages which would make the clerk’s “salary” appear pinched and weazened.

The teacher passes a stone mason, and patronizingly moralizes on the man’s “honest toil,” while the man who knows he is a laborer would scorn to work for what the teacher is glad to get; to him such pay would be even worse than the “scab” scale.

The men who are conscious of their class not only gain great practical good from union and the assertion of class rights, but they have an immeasurable moral advantage in the sympathies, ideals and heroism fostered by class loyalty.

The labor union men know what universal brotherhood means; they know the importance of strengthening the weakest link; they have left behind the standard “every man for himself.”

It has been long since men seriously sacrificed for religious faith. Tolerance leaves no room for martyrdom.

Politics and commerce have taken the luster even from the glories of war.

Is the Heroism, for which Ruskin so yearned that his peace-loving soul could even tolerate war to secure it, vanished from off the earth?

Ask the nation which looks on all too calmly while men risk “the means whereby they do sustain their lives” in a strike, not for larger crusts only, but for principle.

The heroisms of any strike are magnificent, but when the risk is borne and the ideals held and the self-control maintained by “ignorant foreigners” for a principle of justice, we may well recoup our reverence for human nature.

The cause of all labor has been defended by these noble brothers of ours for months, yet how many of us have said, “They are fighting my battle for me”?

Alas, not a fragment of those whose cause has been at stake.

What a pity not to be alive in one’s own generation!

What shame not to stand up and be counted with the army of the world’s workers!

What blindness not to know oneself as one of that army!

The dignity of the man who knows that he is a laborer is immeasurably greater than that of those who, equally dependent, yet ignore the fact, sympathizing more with capital than with labor, and refuse to unite, or are too ignorant to unite, with other workers of their own class and thereby secure benefits impossible without this union.

Not only do they miss the dignity belonging to the conscious worker, but they also lose the highest pleasure that life contains for this generation. A great cause has been the chief blessing conferred upon mortals in every age. The cause of labor has never been excelled in worth or in magnitude by any which at any time commanded the devout allegiance of the heroic.

The triumph of Labor is the victory of the race.

What Labor wins for itself, it wins for all.

Best of all, in the cause of Labor there are no individual triumphs. The individual represents a class, and the class represents humanity.

It is a glorious thing to know oneself a part of a great stream whose current sets toward equality, brotherhood and liberated labor.

Surely one who feels this even in dim, instinctive groping, is wiser than the school-fed ignoramus whose own scantily feathered nest bounds his utmost horizon.

Strangling By the State

IN less than one week the people of California have murdered three men, one of whom was convicted on merely circumstantial evidence. Our "palaces of justice" have been the scene of two more struggles where victims fought for life before juries composed of men who were only admitted under confession they believed in capital punishment. Thousands of people pleaded to deaf ears for the life of one of them—a mere youth—who was proven to be mentally defective. But "justice" decided in favor of the gibbet.

By CLARENCE DARROW



BACK of all punishment the real reason is vengeance and nothing else. Many who have done a little thinking will disagree with me. They will say it is for the prevention of crime, or what they call crime, for the world has never known what crime is except the breaking of some human law.

They say hanging is good for two reasons: Because it keeps the man from committing murder the second time, and because it keeps other men from murdering. If you hang Tom Smith then Tom Jones won't murder anyone. As to the first: Hanging is useless and barbarous. A murderer can be kept from repeating his crime by shutting him up.

The other theory is that you will make the rest of the world good through fear. So they believe in hanging to keep other people from murder.

You want to hang a man so other men won't murder. You want a powerful penalty so, as to frighten people into being good. In olden times, when men had the courage of their convictions, they used to burn men in oil, which had a deterrent effect, or they burned their victims at the stake, as men still do if their victim happens to be an African. If we would substitute burning at the stake instead of hanging it would perhaps have a more deterrent effect than hanging. Then why not restore the stake and the rack and the thumb-screw?

If it is torture you want and if it is fear you are after and nothing else is to be considered by the community, then why not make it as horrible as possible? We are not logical. We are not willing to follow our convictions to the end. We don't like the looks of blood. If we were logical we'd invent something that would frighten more than hanging and make all people good.

"You can't touch the human heart in this way. You can't reach the human soul in this way. You can't change the human mind. You can only scare them in this way, and if scaring is good for them, then you ought to have a good scare while you are about it.

There are many things that even an intelligent legislature does not know. I used to be a member of one.

The chief business of a legislature is repealing natural laws and passing laws God forgot to make. They forget man is as much a product of natural law as the rest of the universe.

If a doctor were called in to treat an epidemic of malaria he would order the draining of the swamps and the extermination of the mosquitoes. But if you called in a lawyer he would hang every man who had malaria.

There never was a crime committed that could not be traced to a cause if we were wise enough. Most crimes grow out of property. Crimes of violence, like murder, are not so easily classified. A large percentage of them can be traced to property reasons. Burglary begins with boys in adolescence, boys whose beards are just beginning to grow and who feel strange powers and impulses they do not understand. There is no one to tell them the truth, because that is the last thing people like to tell. In the big cities these boys have no place to play, no way to relieve their animal spirits, and they turn as easily to burglary as other boys to baseball.

Most crimes can be cured, not by killing boys, but by changing conditions so boys can have a chance.

We claim to be civilized, yet the larger our cities the more jails. And we do nothing to remove the cause.

Most of our punishing involves human judgments. Twelve men try to determine how much better they are than the man who is being tried. We all have feelings that move the basest criminal, and we all have feelings that move the highest legislator. If we are to judge we'd say: "Have you done more good than bad?" not "What have you done?" If the All-Wise Judge ever judges us he will judge by striking a balance and not by individual acts. And yet twelve men, hiding a smile, if they realize what it is they do, try to determine, not how good a man is, but how bad he is, and if he has done some particular act.

There are men wise men, great men, who have found that crime increases in the same proportion as the rise in the price of bread. In the East where we have a cold winter there are more people go to jail in winter than in summer. They go there to keep warm. They haven't any other place to go. It depends

entirely upon the food supply. For man is as much subject to natural laws as the muskrat.

Probably the greatest cause of murder is involved with sex relations. A man becomes mad with jealousy, or husband and wife quarrel. Do hangings prevent jealousy? Do they prevent a man from killing his wife if he grows to hate her? Society must find some way of letting them live apart and do something in that way to get at the cause.

Any person who has studied it in the most careless way can't come to any conclusion other than that hangings are wrong—wrong to the victim and a wrong to society. This example of brutality by the state breeds murder. It does not prevent murders. They finally abolish public hangings. How many of you would vote to hold hangings on some high place in your vicinity and to bring the people up there free to see them? If not, hanging should be abolished. The only excuse for it is as an example to make people refrain. Suppose we kill men privately and secretly, then does it furnish an example or is it pure vengeance by the state? We don't like to see it. It is too horrible to contemplate. So we have a man taken to the penitentiary, bind him and put him on a scaffold with only a dozen witnesses.

Is there any way of telling what the effect is on tens of thousands of children? In some states they don't let the newspapers report it. That means society says to a poor unfortunate being who has murdered somebody:

"We'll try you in silence and we'll hang you in silence, and then no one will know you are dead."

What do you do then? You simply kill a human being in violence and hatred and revenge, and no humane person could believe in it. You can't make an argument for it.

It's the old theory of government by fear. Now, fear never makes men better. Of all things in this world, fear is the first thing that should be banished. The first thing a child should be taught is to banish fear. It causes more suffering and misery than anything else in the world, and yet we seek to prevent crime by fear instead of trying to find the causes.

Some day we'll really learn you can't change men by fear; that the only course that will reap benefit to the human race is the law of love. You can't reach the heart of a child except by the law of love, and you can't make a penal code to control men. Teach them to love their fellow-men, and if you do that you won't need your statutes.

Deadwood

By EDGCUMB PINCHON
In Everyman

You dull, unhallowed mass of stunted souls!
You terrible progeny of a million crawling years!
You bloodless, sightless, soulless Things!
You blight upon the Tree of Life!
You choking pall upon the spirit's energy!

Yet there is That in you which is not so;
The Living Flame is lurking in you—
Ready to make of you (despite your heritage)
—great souls, great gallant souls—
—the warriors of humanity!

Despite your heritage—I say, but not despite yourselves.

The Dawn's at hand! Come make your choice!
See here a Hell deeper than reverend pagan's naive
imaginings can paint you!

See here a Death—the crawling corpse is fair
beside it!

This living Hell is you—unbrotherly!

This living Death is you—unsavory!

Yes!—you—who rot in life,—who never caught
the vision of a choiring earth,

—who never quivered with a thrill of fellowship,
—who never strove to right the mighty Wrong
of Inequality,

Who bow to Baal,

What chant Success,

And never in the great loathsome paunch of plutocrat
divined—

The scrawny bodies of a hundred starveling babes.

Awake! Awake! Awake!

The fast-rotting carion of your dead selves cries
out for burial!

To wake is painful?

Yea, the birth of soul is more terrible, more splendid
than birth of babe!

But better die like medieval monk beneath unpitying
self-flagellations:

Better to die—brute food for cannon in a huckster's
war:

Better never to have known the womb

Than live ignobly—

Live like you.

Organized Capital Seeks Control

By GEORGE W. DOWNING

PERHAPS the boldest recent act of organized capital is the sending out of marked copies of some of their most subservient sheets to each legislator with a view to keep the latter from voting for labor laws. The reason offered is that to vote for labor legislation would mean defeat at the next election.

To prove their point they cited the defeat of labor candidates at the last election and even went so far as to boast of the election of Penrose in Pennsylvania. Again and again in the three-column articles did they repeat that labor legislation was unpopular, and that all who favored such measures were doomed to defeat.

Let us see how unpopular labor laws are. Twenty-five years ago there was no labor legislation worthy of the name in the United States. Today we find labor laws on every statute book. Backward nations have no such measures. The mark of rank in nations is the amount and quality of labor legislation.

Practically all the laws that make for a wider democracy were first advocated by the forces of labor. For instance, workers had a demand for the initiative, referendum and recall when the forces of organized capital thought the initiative was something that grew in the garden. A well-known capitalist paper today calls the initiative and referendum the "banner with the strange device."

So popular are all great democratic measures and laws inaugurated by organized labor, that when such measures are gained, the parties vie with each other in claiming the credit of securing them.

Legislators need have no fear of popular approval

on this score. Re-election is not the highest motive for determining one's votes. It may be the only ground known to some papers and to organized capital, but a legislator should have the public good as his test.

To test the measures of organized labor and organized capital we have but to compare:

First—Labor asks for safety appliances in the work because it would save life and limb.

Capital opposes safety appliances because it takes from the profits.

Second—Labor asks for the abolition of child labor; it saves the children of the poor and leaves the work of the world to be done by adults.

Capital employs the labor of children; it is cheaper and means more profits.

Third—Labor asks for shorter hours; this means more humane living for the workers and safety for the public.

Capital asks for long hours; it means bigger dividends.

Fourth—Labor asks for increased wages; then wife and children would not be forced out to work.

Capital again opposes this for profits.

One might go through the whole list of labor legislation; it is all for the benefit of labor, but the demands are so humane, so reasonable, so far-reaching in beneficent results, that it comes to be human rather than class legislation. The thoughtful legislator must vote for such measures, not because they are advocated by organized labor, but because the interests of organized labor are at one with the best interests of society.

In the Day of Reckoning

CAPITALISM is a system, but it is sustained by men, by living human entities. There are individuals who are responsible for many modern atrocities. It may be very well to talk abstractly of "the system" but MEN are to blame and upon their heads will come the wrath that is gathering at this hour.

Men are breeding hunger, and hunger breeds rage, and out of that will grow the horror of the reckoning to come and not so very far away. In the hour of the bursting wrath men blind and maddened, will wreak a terrible vengeance, not upon a system but upon MEN and the blood of men will flow.

Socialists everywhere have ever decried violence, have preached against it and have sought to prevent

what they have called its abortive action while they spread their propaganda of peaceful revolution. They have been met and will be met with resistance from men, individuals, who ought to know and do know, but who reject the truth of Socialist teachings.

These men are exploiters of the people; landlords, employers, capitalists and parasites who will cling, leechlike, until the last. But they will pay the toll when the storm shall break.

In every city and town there stand forth individuals, preeminent in their notoriety as oppressors and exploiters—political and commercial pirates. These men have bred hatred and rage and they will be marked in the day of wrath and tears.—F. E. W.

Socialism and War

By MORRIS HILLQUIT

IN every civil war waged by an oppressed class of the population against their compatriot-oppressors or carried on for the cause of liberty or progress, the Socialists range themselves on the side of the oppressed and of progress.

Thus in our own Civil War the sympathies of the young Socialist Movement were emphatically with the Union army. The ranks of the Socialist organizations in the United States at that time composed largely of German immigrants, were almost entirely depleted on account of the numerous enlistments of their members, and many leading Socialists of that day, such as August Willich, Robert Rosa and Joseph Weydemeyer, gained high distinction in the Union army.

In London the newly organized International Workingmen's Association enthusiastically endorsed the cause of the North in an address to President Lincoln, drafted by Karl Marx. "From the beginning of the titanic American strife the workingmen of Europe have instinctively felt that the Star-Spangled Banner carried the destiny of their class," reads the historic document, and again: "When an oligarchy of 300,000 slave holders, for the first time in the annals of the world, dared to inscribe 'Slavery' on the banner of armed revolt; when on the very spot where hardly a century ago the idea of one great democratic republic had first sprung up, whence the first declaration of the Rights of Man was issued, and the first impulse given to the European revolution of the eighteenth century, when on that very spot the counter-revolution . . . cynically proclaimed property in man to be 'the cornerstone of the new edifice'—then the working classes of Europe understood at once . . . that the slaveholders' rebellion was to sound the tocsin for a general holy war of property against labor, and

that for the men of labor, with their hopes for the future, even their past conquests were at stake in that tremendous conflict on the other side of the Atlantic."

It is possible that our Civil War may yet be re-enacted on a larger scale and even over more vital issues. The world-wide struggles between capital and labor, between plutocracy and the people may be determined by armed conflict in one or more of the modern countries. Whenever and wherever that should occur, the Socialists of all countries will undoubtedly be found fighting on the side of labor.

The wars which thus invite the support rather than the condemnation of Socialists have not even always been restricted to national or popular struggles for liberation or emancipation. Socialists have even been known to favor certain wars of invasion under circumstances which led them to believe that they would serve the cause of progress and civilization. Such wars are in the nature of crusades or "Holy wars" in the name of liberty. Thus in 1848, the youthful founders of the modern Socialist philosophy, Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, called for "A general war of revolutionary Europe against the great stronghold of European reaction—Russia." But as the Socialist and labor movement of each country grew in strength and numbers the notion of bestowing political liberty on any people by the intervention of foreign powers gradually subsided, and today it may be said to have been entirely abandoned. The modern Socialist doctrine is that the people of each country must conquer their own political and economic emancipation, and that while the workers of all countries can and should help one another in their respective struggles, no nation can depend for its salvation entirely on another nation.—The Metropolitan.

Starve Which War?

STARVE THE WAR?

How will America do it? Also when? Also which war?

Beef cattle are being shipped out the country in vast numbers. Horses and mules are going in great shiploads to become victims of the war. These animals are needed here in agricultural pursuits to produce food.

American capitalists will reap a quick, temporary harvest. Then will come a winter with a greater number of disemployed than ever before known in America. This will be followed by demonstrations and food riots.

Hungry men and women will raid storehouses and their sons and brothers in the uniform of militia will shoot them in the streets.

Gunmen will use the sawed-off shotgun with deadly effect on the unarmed throng!

Mercier-Bennett guns—capable of firing 600 shots a minute—and these will be the dum-dum bullets shown in the windows of a Los Angeles gunstore—will be brought into action.

There will be war in America and it will not be stopped by starvation. Starvation will merely start it.—E. d'O.

Red Ink Uxtra Bunk

ANOTHER great naval victory! Glory and undying fame were won in a sea battle off (or on) the West African "theater of war."

Picture a fleet of battleships and cruisers grimly patrolling a stern and rockbound coast. The commander eagerly awaits the news that's slow in coming as his squadron spreads out in a great crescent off the estuary of a small river. High above the fleecy clouds an aeroplane circles and hovers over a spot far inland. Then comes a signal and in a flash there is a great activity on all the ships. Shrill whistles pipe on all hands to battle quarters. The lifeboats are nested and thrown overboard. Spars are cast into the sea. All deck gear is jettisoned, every gun is manned. "Cast loose and provide" is the order to the gunner and the gunner's mate. Soon the roar of great sea artillery makes the heavens resound. Tons of great projectiles are thrown—enough, rightly placed, to sink the channel fleet. Then after an hour's terrific bombardment it is all over. The victory is won. The "far-flung battle line" is the conqueror. Britannia rules the waves! Burn the cable with the news. Let the evening journals open five barrels of fresh red ink and cut the throat of the sixth latest uxtry!

But, what victory? Why the destroying of the Koenigsburg, a measly little German cruiser of scarce three thousand tons that had run as far up a river as it could climb.

And, in the meantime: A sneaking, wet-nosed, slimy, skulking Austrian submarine slips down to the heel of Italy and sinks the Courbet, a 23,000 ton French battleship, and put another of a similar type out of commission.

German prowlers of the undersea world have sent



more British dreadnaughts to the bottom, and again incarnardined great Neptune's ocean with the blood of thousands of working men. All this murder, suffering, sham and fraud is perpetrated for more profits for the exploiters—and the fooled, betrayed and blinded workers that form the great public, stupidly fall for it again.—G. E. B.

Who's Fighting and Why!

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

WHO are fighting in this war that has become all but world-wide?

Well, there's the Englishman, the Ghurka, the Frenchman, the Egyptian fellaheen, the Cossack, the Canadian, the German, the Boer, the Portuguese, the Sengelese Arab, the Servian, the Malagasy, the Austrian, the Turk, the Irishman, the Pole, the Belgian, the Japanese, the Scot, the Persian, the South Sea Islander, the Hindu, the Chinese and a dozen other nationalities and a hundred tribes.

What are they fighting about?

That's easy! England is fighting because Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium. If you don't believe it ask any Englishman. Germany went to war because Russia insisted on mobilizing—declared war on the Cossack and bludgeoned Belgium out of existence.

France went to war because Germany did. The Ghurkas joined the French and don't know where they are or whom they are fighting. The Egyptian is fighting both for and against Great Britain. The Russians have violated the neutrality of Persia and Eng-

land doesn't know it. The Canucks are fighting because H. R. M. King George (God bless 'im!) wants them to. The Portuguese are fighting to hold their African possessions and they are aided by the Boola Boola tribesmen.

The Austrians are fighting because a madman slew an absurd parasitical prince. The Servians are fighting to keep the Austrians from swallowing them alive.

The Boers are fighting as a winter sport and because Englishmen are not popular with the real red-blooded men of that conquered but unassimilated country.

The Arabs are fighting because the green sherif is

thrown to the breeze and someone carelessly has left a few cases of cartridges lying around loose. Allah, il Allah!

The Irishman doesn't have to have a reason. He just fights.

The Boola Boola boys are fighting for beads, booze and bibles.

The Japs are fighting to free the Chinese Empire from the foreign (Caucasian) invaders and incidentally open the ports for his Imperial Majesty's commerce. Ko ko! and chu chu!

As for the others your guess is as good as mine and we probably are both wrong.

Our Revolutionary Recruits

COMRADE THEODORE ROOSEVELT is disappointing. In his initial article in that brilliant Socialist magazine, the Metropolitan, this new recruit to our ranks disavows all responsibility for the snappy little revolution in Panama in 1902, during which the United States made a bold and successful grab and secured the Canal Zone. Comrade Roosevelt denounced Secretary Bryan and President Wilson for the proposal to pay Colombia \$25,000,000 for what he calls "the Blackmail treaty."

Theodore is right. Why should we, at this late hour, admit that we stole the C. Z.? We got it, didn't we? We also have it. Colombia isn't big enough to make us pay—therefore we shouldn't do it. It would be, as the writer says, "grossly improper." Let us be proper at any cost.

There is sense and logic in the statement that we couldn't have acquired the land by any other method than that pursued by the United States. Undoubtedly the "Covenant ran with the land"—we were to protect what we grabbed and we have protected it from everything but the fortnightly slides in Culebra cut.

When Bryan reads the article he will realize a fire has been built beneath him. A short and royal road out of his difficulty will be to accept this clever young Socialist writer's suggestion and give the \$25,000,000 to the Belgians. That will relieve England and France of much of their obligations and leave them more funds to provide kanonenfutter for the Kaiser's howitzers. Capital idea!

It's now up to Bryan and Wilson. We Socialists have done our part.—F. E. W.

The Purpose of Socialism

By CARL D. THOMPSON

LET us consider what the changes proposed by Socialism would mean.

It would mean that all the wages of the workers would be progressively increased until they received, as nearly as possible, the full products of their toil.

It would reduce the cost of living for everyone. The trusts being publicly owned and operated without profit—the cost of the necessities of life would be reduced.

Exploitation—or the power of man or set of men to live off the labor of another man or set of men—would be at an end.

No one being able to live off the labor of another, all would be compelled to work—to render some useful service. All who were able to work and refused to do so, if there should be such under Socialism, would receive what they produced—nothing if they produced

nothing. The bible says: "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat."

There would be no unemployed—no hungry, weary, hopeless, disheartened men tramping the city streets and country roads begging for work and unable to find it. The state, controlling all natural resources and public utilities, would find work for all.

Every young man and woman being able easily to earn a living, marriage would be promoted, the home saved, and prostitution and vice robbed of their victims.

Every adult—father or mother—receiving the full product of their toil, there would be no need of child labor, which forthwith would cease.

The fear of want and poverty would be removed; all children would be given an equal opportunity for an education; and the aged and disabled would be pensioned and protected.

The workers, receiving their full and just dues, strikes and lockouts would end. Henceforth industrial peace would prevail.

Socialism would establish peace upon the earth. There would be no need to fight for foreign markets. The economic reason for wars would be removed.

And finally, many of the devoted believers in the golden rule, the brotherhood of man and the spiritual

ideals of religion, have discovered that Socialism is the program by which their hopes may be realized.

To some these claims may seem too big to be possible of realization. And the question naturally arises: By what means does Socialism propose to accomplish these things?

That question we shall answer in subsequent articles, as fully and as satisfactorily as space will permit.

The Sentence

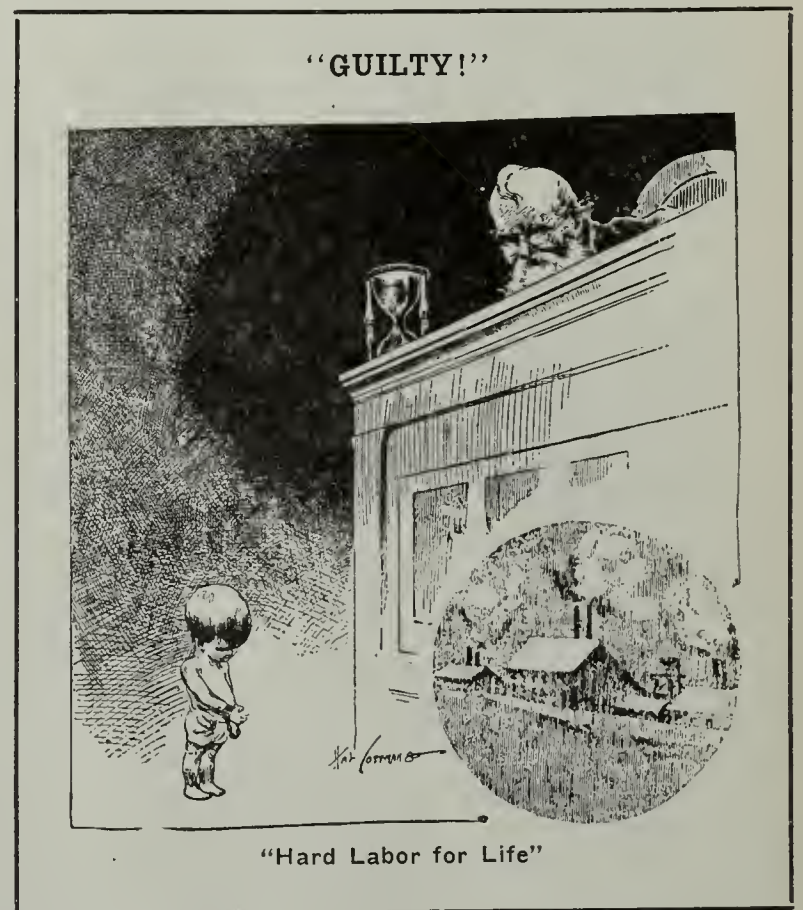
By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

THE court was open. It was always open. The judges worked overtime and were never through with the docket, the criminals came in so fast. They came and came steadily, swiftly, in a continuous procession, now faster, now slower, but always about so many every day; dozens and scores and hundreds of them.

Most of them came unwillingly, making feeble efforts of resistance, and crying out; but they were brought in just the same. They all looked strangely alike, having no distinction in costume, and they behaved in much the same way so that one wondered that the judges knew how to discriminate among them, and deal out their sentences so swiftly. Some divine instinct of justice must have inspired them, for they handed down their opinions and decisions without losing a meal or a night's sleep. Yet one would think the severity of the sentences in the majority of cases would have touched their hearts.

A very few of those before them were set free, and given great rewards; other few were given comparatively light punishments; but to the vast majority of these criminals the weary judges, with business like swiftness and calm severity, meted out the same sentence—life imprisonment with hard labor. By dozens, by scores, by hundreds daily, they went to their punishment; by accumulating thousands upon thousands they bore it.

I was curious enough to follow, to inquire, to satisfy myself if this terrible sentence was carried out. I found that on account of the immense number of the criminals, they were allowed considerable liberty of motion in going from their cells to their work; but that there was no possible escape from the prison limits—except by suicide—a way often chosen. Their cells were small, dark and unclean; their food poor and scanty, their clothing ugly and incomplete; and there was much sickness among them, owing to these conditions and their long hours of exhausting toil in surroundings which made health impossible.



Confinement with hard labor for life—a heavy sentence! And they were so young when they received it—only just born!

That was their offense.

Willing and Eager

England fears to reopen the London Stock Exchange because German and Austrian capitalists are likely to throw securities they hold into the market and the money secured by this liquidation be used to finance the war against her. American brokers are under suspicion of being "willing to forward dividends to Berlin." Well said—only the word "eager" might be substituted for "willing." Anything to start some "trading" and get some commission.

Why Andrew is Merry

LET us now praise great men:

Andrew Carnegie, who once said it was a disgrace to die rich, is determined to deserve disgrace and achieve it even though he might merit something better.

Carnegie demands—and gets—his five per cent dividend on three hundred millions of steel bonds. A brief mental calculation will convince you that Andrew is drawing down a snug bit like a million and a quarter a month. Don't figure it any further, Henry, it may jolt you into thinking deeper. It might give you pause to understand that Andrew sits and smiles and absorbs over \$48,000 a day, \$6,000 an hour, and if he smiles 26 working days, eight hours a day, he receives over \$100 a minute for the effort. It ought not be an effort to smile at that rate.

One time Andrew attended prayer meeting in a small but select gathering of God's chosen. At a point in the proceedings the bible beater, who was acting as announcer at ringside, with a voice as soft as the sprinkling of hyssop, and proper unction and antiphon,

said: "Brother Carnegie will now lead us in prayer."

Andrew was sitting near the door smiling at the rate of a gilder and nineteen kopeks per second and, naturally, he didn't want to stop so he simply arose and tiptoed out while every head was bowed. The hat had not yet been passed. The pulpit pounder reckoned his loss at ten centavos Mex.

There is in Los Angeles a newspaper man who once wrote a book under the nom de plume, "Andrew Carnegie," and Andrew gained much fame and glory as an author, albeit he wrote not a line.

As for the real author—did he gain gold galore? No, Henrietta, he received no plethora of piasters. Rather keenly he felt the paucity of praise and the pinch of penury while his fellow type-whackers subjected him to much ribald laughter and coarse jest.

Andrew is the rarest humorist of the ages. Nothing more wonderful or funnier than Andrew's smile has been known since the birth of the Tychonic star—no, not since the mountains skipped like rams and the little hills like the lambs of the flock.—E. d'O.

Folly of the Fixed Idea

MAN, your head is haunted; you have wheels in your head! You imagine great things, and depict yourself a whole world of gods that has an existence for you, a spirit-realm to which you suppose yourself to be called, an ideal that beckons to you. You have a fixed idea!

Do not think that I am jesting or speaking figuratively when I regard those persons who cling to the Higher, and (because the vast majority belongs under this head) almost the whole world of men, as veritable fools, fools in a madhouse. What is it, then, that is called a "fixed idea"? An idea that has subjected the man to itself. When you recognize, with regard to such a fixed idea, that it is a folly, you shut its slave up in an asylum. And is the truth of the faith, say, which we are not to doubt; the majesty of (e. g.) the

people, which we are not to strike at (he who does is guilty of—lese majesty); virtue, against which the censor is not to let a word pass, that morality may be kept pure; etc.—are these not "fixed ideas"?

Is not most all the stupid chatter of (e. g.) most of our newspapers the babble of fools who suffer from the fixed idea of morality, legality, Christianity, etc., and only seem to go about free because the madhouse in which they walk takes in so broad a space? Touch the fixed idea of such a god, and you will at once have to guard your back against the lunatic's stealthy malice. For these great lunatics are like the little so-called lunatics in this point too—that they assail by stealth him who touches their fixed idea. They first steal his weapon, steal free speech from him, and then they fall upon him with their nails.—Max Stirner.

When the End Comes

EUROPE is a seething inferno. Ten thousand grain fields are bloody shambles. Pastures are foul with rotten carrion of what was men.

Millions are tearing at each others' throats, and none knows why he fights.

Only the masters, the overlords, the priests and the kings know.

As long as there are masters and pietistic sooth-

sayers, kings and priests, there will be wars and legalized murders, because of the man-made gods and man-made laws.

Was it a brutal time in the days of the French revolution? Yes, but the truth was the truth then, as now, and it was and is true that "the world will have no rest 'till the last king is hanged with the guts of the last priest."—H. C.

To Be Kind is to Die

SOcialists are opposed to murder. Socialism is the only organized movement in the world that opposes all kinds of murder. It is opposed to individual murder in all forms and especially to the industrial murders of capitalism. We oppose legal murders under the cloak of the law and collective, glorified murder under the guise of war.

If war is hell Capitalism in America has demanded a modicum of hell on an average of every 22 years since our existence as a Christian nation began 132 years ago. We have financed all those wars with gold coin bearing the lying legend, "In God we trust." In what God do we trust? The Jehovah of the Jews? If so it is eminently proper for he is or was, a god of war.

In the murderous system under which the so-called civilized nations exist we are continually surrounded by war, by legalized murder, by judicial murder, industrial murder and deliberate, cold-blooded slaughter by the gunmen of capitalism.

We live under a system where to be kind is to die. Every man's hand is against his brother, not because he is naturally bad or depraved, but because the struggle for existence is so fierce that we must kill, and murder is war.

When they tell me that war is hell I am profoundly sorry that there is no real Christian-Hebrew, orthodox hell because it would be such a perfectly splendid place to send the kings and their rulers, the captains of capitalism who give us each day our daily hell.

We are making more guns, calculated to kill miles away, more bayonets calculated to eviscerate humans at arms length, more intricate instruments of murder than ever before in the history of the world. Here in the United States where everybody is pleading for peace we are establishing more armed camps, training

more children in the sweet and gentle art of murder, fostering Boy Scout movements and arming more gunmen, thugs and "operatives" than at any time during our existence.

To stop war we must stop the causes of war. We must put an end to the murderous, malicious, cut-throat competitive system; stop war in our streets, in



the mills and the mines; stop murdering the hundreds of thousands in the industries; stop starving and freezing and driving to death in the industrial world. Abolish the outgrown and outworn capitalist system. Free the land and free all the other sources of life. Put the disemployed worker and the idle exploiter at useful work. Begin the work of restoration and begin it now!—G. E. B.

The Breadline

The breadline stiffs, with hungry maw, are waiting for the pious paw

That hands out grub to every dub
That's down and out and under;

The fly-cop swings his come-along and eyes the guys that bum along,

The engine hoots, the auto toots,
The news boys pause and wonder;

The lady in the tooting car, the merchant in the buffet bar,

And Hinky Dink and Bath-House Gink
All have their quip at Hobo!

But when they're through with "Weary Will" and "Tired Tim" and "Lazy Lil,"

Their talk's a bluff that's old enough
For prehistoric Dodo;

Your Weary Will and Tired Tim may read no text and sing no hymn,

May nest with fleas and smell of grease
And tramp without a kettle.

But Tim and Will have turned at bay, they're dragged along a judgment day

And never fear but it's right here
And now you've got to settle!

S.H.

Seven Months' Progress

Co-operative Colony Shows Remarkable



WORKERS at the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony are making such rapid progress in so many departments that it is difficult to keep up with them. Since the adoption of the department plan there has been greater enthusiasm and activity than ever before.

The system of departmentization is called the "Organization Rules." Under this plan there are six departments: (a) Agriculture, (b) Building and Engineering, (c) Commerce, (d) Industry, (e) Education, (f) Finance.

A manager of each department is appointed by the board of directors. The manager of department A acts as superintendent and has the control of the working of all ranch departments. This manager was first appointed and the remaining appointments were made on his recommendation and with his approval.



Growing Rows of Temporary Houses

Each manager serves subject to a recall by two-thirds majority of the workers in his department and at the will of the board of directors. Vacancies in the departments are filled by the directors on advice of the superintendent. Departments are divided into divisions with foremen appointed by the manager of a department and removable by him.

Weekly time cards are made out by each worker and these pass through managers to the superintendent and the accounting department. Weekly reports are made by foremen and these go through the same channel and to the directors. A monthly report is made by the manager of the financial department showing number of workers employed, total number of hours



Bessie and Babe, Jerseys

worked, expenses of departments and covering all other phases of industry.

Provisions are made for the amicable settlement of differences that may arise. The superintendent and managers keep certain regular office hours and these are set during the evening. Managers may not make or initiate rules or regulations without the sanction of the board of directors.

Upon entering the colony members are assigned to a department subject to transfer at the direction of the superintendent.

The agricultural department covers farming, horticulture, irrigation and stockraising. Managers of departments are responsible for the work done in their departments, and they are held accountable for all implements and material assets of the department.

The manager of the educational department has within certain restrictions charge of the social welfare of the colony and is ex-officio president of the Social Welfare organization.

The foregoing is a brief outline of the working plan. Since it has been in operation it has proven an excellent working system.

W. S. Anderson, a rancher of several years' experience, who knows California ranching in all its phases, took charge as superintendent January 1. He has department A and his method of handling men and affairs has created a favorable impression on everyone.

The colony started May, 1914, with no members

Success at Llano del Rio

The Growth in Numbers and Prosperity

and no assets. Before the end of the month there were five members—working men. They possessed 4 horses, 1 cow and 16 hogs. Now there are more than 150 persons in Llano and nearly 300 members, many of whom will go to the colony in the spring. Applications are coming from all parts of the United States, and the correspondence shows “prospects” from every English-speaking country. California ranchers predominate in number.

The lonely milk cow has been joined by 100 of her kind. A herd of fine Jersey and Holstein dairy cows, numbering about 85, forms one of the important features of the colony. There are over 110 hogs in pen and pasture and there should be more than that number of brood sows in the spring.

The first half-dozen hens are a small part of the poultry department, as there are now 600 laying hens—white leghorns—and several hundred pullets and fowls. There are a number of blue-ribbon geese and some turkeys of excellent stock. The colony boasts the champion tom turkey of Southern California and will make a specialty of turkeys. There are about 800 Belgian hares in the rabbitry and they are the most remarkable multipliers.

The apiary department, as all other divisions, is in the charge of an expert. B. G. Burdick will hence-



Four Generations of Colonists

forth supply honey for the colonists and ultimately run the number of stands of bees up to the thousands.

Two experienced gardeners are in charge of the garden department and they are preparing to plant 60 acres in a short time.

The colony's giant tractor is plowing every day,



Mountain Pastures Produce Superior Dairy Products

and a large crew is sowing grain and doing other planting. Within a few weeks the tractor will return to the work of clearing the new land, preparing 160 acres for an apple orchard and about the same amount for additional pear orchards. There are 7,000 additional trees on the way to the land. A nursery will be established on the colony land. This will be under the care of an expert horticulturist. Fifty thousand grape cuttings have been planted. These will be used as table grapes and to manufacture grape juice.

The new dairy building is of stone and concrete construction, 150 feet long and is of the latest model and will make the colony dairy one of the best equipped in the state. The dairy products are all contracted for and are bringing good prices. The Llano del Rio creamery butter has already gained the reputation of being the best in the great valley.

Two of the new chicken coops are finished. These are 60 by 18 feet and each have a capacity of 500 hens.



Where the New Lime Cement Kiln Is Being Constructed

To these will be added others of a similar type designed along the latest scientific lines.

In the various stacks the colony still has 500 tons of alfalfa with which to feed the stock, and the output of alfalfa next year will be considerably increased. The grain now planted will be sufficient for all purposes.

It is expected that by midsummer the colony will be producing 90 per cent of all the food it consumes.

By the use of the tractor, two men can plow 30 acres a day. This machine, pulling a large lister plow, digs ditches at a rate that makes it do the work of 100 men in that sort of construction. This machine has dug a ditch two feet deep, two feet wide, and thrown the dirt three feet, for a distance of half a mile and completed it in twenty minutes.

A complete modern steam laundry is being set up at the colony and with it there will be steam for the

dairy, the laundry and a power plant to generate electricity to light the houses and supply power for the printing plant, the planing mill, window, sash and door mill, the shoe machinery and all other appliances on the spot, all of which have been awaiting the power.

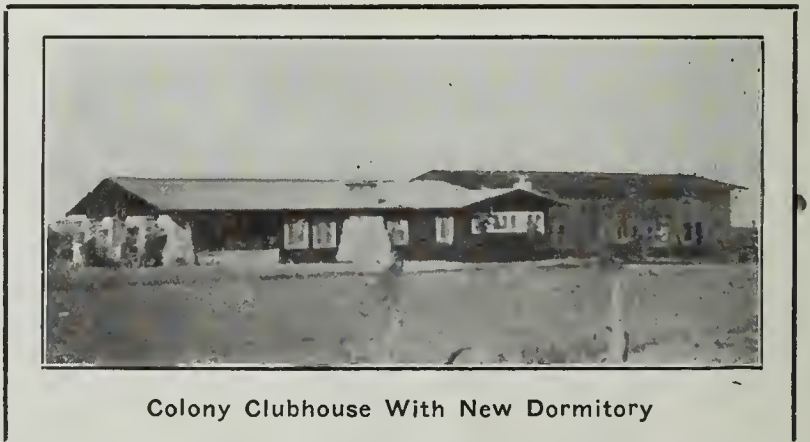
One lime kiln is running and another of a more modern type is in the course of construction. These are furnishing material for the brick machine and the power mixer. With the white Roman cement bricks made at this plant on the colony land, the permanent houses in the colony will be built, including the large administration building that is projected.

Eighty thousand feet of lumber have been shipped to the colony and 50,000 will go within two weeks. Later it is expected the colony will secure its timber from the United States forest department and mill it at a point near the proposed hydro-electric generating plant in the Rio del Llano canyon. This will enable the colonists to produce nearly all their own building material.

The colonists have built a large clubhouse—50x150 feet, and in this building most of the single men are housed. Families are housed in small wooden bungalows and California tent houses and at ranch houses where ranches have been purchased. The building of the beautiful white bungalow with red and green tiles will relieve the situation and enable the colonists to more comfortably house the incoming members.

The clubhouse forms the civic and social center at this time. In the large assembly hall, 50x50 feet square, the dances are held and here the children have their dancing classes.

The school has over 40 pupils and more are being added each week. It would require much space to tell of the school plans. Two teachers are having all they can do to handle the school at present. A woman



Colony Clubhouse With New Dormitory

of wide experience and considerable renown is likely to join the colony within a few weeks and establish a Montessori department. This, with the day nursery department, will take charge of children of almost any age and relieve mothers of much of the strain of care of large households.



Group of Llana del Rio Colonists, Christmas, 1914

The first year in high school work has been begun. The school has received over \$100 worth of supplies from the county. A reference library is supplied by the county. The school furniture is made by colonist cabinet makers and they keep up with the steadily increasing demand. Vocational classes will soon be established. The upper-grade pupils have organized a literary society and a debating team will quickly be developed.

In the recreation department there are two crack baseball teams and two or three senior basket ball teams and numerous groups of youngsters. Tennis was most popular on a cement court until a building was erected on the floor. Since that time dirt courts have been resorted to. A new basket ball court is proving popular. In the summer, swimming and hunting were among the popular sports and pastimes among the younger men.

The Saturday night dances attract young people from all over the valley and have done much to popularize the colony with the younger set of the district.

The school has grown from nothing to its present size and importance in four months, and it is still growing and is considered by all as the most important feature of the colony life.

Night schools are planned and some classes have already been started. Men and women of all ages will attend these classes and lectures. Technical training is proving most popular. There will be classes in engineering and other professions.

The United States Government has recognized the importance of the colony and Llano postoffice has been allowed and Gentry P. McCorkle, secretary of the Llano del Rio Company, has been appointed postmaster.

The Big Rock Creek Irrigation District has been established and at an election of the district recently held five members of the colony were elected directors and two other members were elected tax assessor and tax collector. Thus the first election held in that part of the valley saw a clean sweep for the Socialists, who elected every officer on the ticket.

When the school district was established three Socialist members of the colony were appointed to the position of trustees. The regular election will come in April.

The foregoing is but a brief outline of the achievements of seven months. Such progress is being made in all departments and divisions that news grows stale in the printing. Colonists are joining daily and it is

believed the thousand memberships will be taken before the end of the year. The white city will be the most unique and beautiful in the world. It will house 6,000 persons.

If you think this is an exaggeration in any way, that a miracle has not been wrought in this valley, the colonists will do their best to convince you. You

are invited to be their guest and to see for yourself.

Can the colony succeed? Can co-operation be made a fact? Can any good come out of Nazareth. Come to Llano del Rio and see. The colonists invite you to come and see. After that it will be a matter as to whether you can qualify to become a member. The invitation is extended to all comrades.

Hypocrisy and the War

By W. J. GHENT

IS there anything in history quite comparable with this general howl against the Socialists because they did not prevent the war? Has hypocrisy ever shown itself on so universal a scale?

This howl of complaint and detraction is raised by those who have always fought the Socialist party—who have striven to keep it small in numbers and impotent to obstruct a war.

By those bourgeois anti-militarists who have always ignored or minimized the work of the Socialist Party for peace, and who now profess to find that party all-powerful in its ability to prevent the use of arms.

By priests and parsons who conveniently ignore the utter failure of Christianity to exert the slightest influence for peace.

By those who know that the Socialists are not in a majority in any national representative body.

By those who know that the Socialists have less than one-third of the membership of the Reichstag.

By those who in past times have labored to show that the Reichstag is without power, and that even if the Socialists controlled it they would be helpless against the monarchy.

By those who know full well that a general strike in the face of a mobilized army of millions would be sheer madness.

By those who know that the war was hurried on by the ruling powers faster than any human agency could organize to resist it.

By those so soft and timid that they shrink from a policeman and who yet declare that the Socialists in Europe should have stood up to be shot rather than go to war.

By those who shout for Old Glory but who denounce the nationalism of other men.

By those who themselves nurse the pride and prejudice of race feeling but who censure it in men of other races.

By so-called Socialists who have persistently antagonized the party organization here and elsewhere and whose verdict would be sure to be adverse, whatever the facts.

By those who, under like circumstances, would have done exactly what the men in Europe are doing.

By Syndicalists and so-called "direct actionists" who declare that parliamentarism is at fault, in the face of the fact that their European comrades of like faith are fighting quite as resolutely as are any of the others in the ranks.

By those fomenters of anti-Socialist feeling to whom any charge against the Socialists is good and servicable so long as it supplies the moment's need.

And lastly by those idle-brained persons who do not think for themselves but who merely shout what they are told to shout.

Surely in all recorded history there has been no such universal outburst of hypocrisy as now vents itself against the Socialist Party.

The Paths of Glory

WHAT an ennobling thing war is!

An English newspaper gives this account of the Scots Greys, in a sword attack on a troop of German cavalry:

"They went right through the Uhlans, except in two or three cases where the horses go stuck together and two or three men were slashing away at one another and then bursting free. I don't know how they

did it, but they were stark mad.

"They all go mad at a charge like that. You'd see the queerest thing—like one of the Greys sticking his man and a German sticking him on the other side, and another Grey sticking the German—and the whole thing like a flash. Then they clear away or all go down and leave a dozen dead or mortally wounded, writhing, cursing and praying there on the ground."

War Brides

By SAMUEL C. MEYERSON

“THE war brides were cheered with enthusiasm and the churches were crowded when the large wedding parties spoke the ceremony in concert.”—
Press clipping.

War brides! Breeding machines for Mammon! What a mockery of all that is beautiful and sacred! Savior of your country, indeed. Your country that bids you bear children so that they can send your flesh and blood to the carrion fields.

Mothers, what admirable fertilizer these boys of yours make. Boys whom you have watched over so tenderly and reared; boys whom you have clasped to your loving hearts, for whom you have toiled endlessly without murmur, without complaint, finding your reward in the innocent smile, in the cuddling forms of your dear ones, in the puny hands seeking for the breast; boys for whom you have stinted and starved, worried and fretted—for what end?

And you, sweet maidens, now that they have taken your brothers and fathers and sweethearts, become War Brides. Do your duty, yes, breed, multiply, for the cannon are waiting and the devil must be fed!

What matters it if you are left to suffer alone in your labor, to watch and wait for the flickering life which is already doomed? What matters it if you have conceived without love and will give birth to your child in tears and agony? What matters it that your boy will be born an orphan, or will have nothing better for a father than a maimed wreck, a wholesale murderer? What does it all matter when your country bids you breed! Oh, glorious patriotism!

Women, I suppose you were consulted when war was declared. No? So it was not you who sanctioned the death agony of your dear ones, the bleeding, fevered, dying shadows of what once were human beings? Then do not condone it by being War Brides.

Reichstag Rebellion

FROM the meager news that is allowed to leak out from the storm center in Berlin, the indications are the German Socialists in the Reichstag are not so docile as the world has been led to believe.

Liebknrecht's open rebellion against appropriating further funds is finding strong support among his comrades. The bombastic speech of Finance Minister Lentze made no impression on the Socialists. The silence that followed Lentze's statements about the war encouraged the Socialists.

The finance minister said: “Russia, England and France attacked us for the purpose of destroying us. Never was a peaceful people more outrageously attacked, so also never have our enemies made such a profound miscalculation.”

He did not mention the case of Belgium.

Dr. Heydbrand, a conservative leader, said the Prussians demand unity of the entire people in regard to the war and declared that that unity would endure “As in the first hour.” This statement was promptly challenged by Liebknrecht, who declared the speaker had no right to speak in the name of the people.

American Socialists have been harsh in their criticism of their German comrades and much of this is due to the false and misleading statements given out by the government and the subsidized and censored press. We may well await developments and rest assured Socialists of Germany and of all Europe are alert and will be ready for the hour of their opportunity.—

G. E. B.

Sam is Safe

SAMUEL GOMPERS says there will be trouble when the authorities start taking the homes away from the Danbury workers on the \$252,130 boycott damage verdict against the members of the United Hatters.

If this prediction should come true and there be any disturbance, it won't be the blood of Samuel or any of the politicians of the executive council that will be shed in the streets of Danbury.

Gompers and his cohorts vote and work for the perpetuation of a system that not only robs and ex-

ploits the workers, but maintains the militia that will shoot down the union hatters if they dare attempt resistance.

Evidently Lincoln's famous utterance about not fooling all the people all of the time does not apply to the average craft unionist who supports the idle parasitic “leaders.”

Is it not time for the workers to awaken to the truth? Why deery political unity for the toilers and incite them to a hopeless violence?

Poems of the Revolt

“Guerre a la Guerre”

By FREDERICK FRYE RICKWELL

Around the war-spent world's wide rim,
Beneath the cannon-shaken skies,
Once more the battle-lines are flung,
Once more the bugle's lip has sung
Hands to the harvest, futile, grim,
'E're all war dies.

Once more the lean and singing sword,
Flooding the world with death and flame;
A king's hurt pride—the traders' gold—
Some vision of empire—as of old!
Murder and rapine, stalking, gaunt, abroad,
In the Lord's name.

And after them Disease, with lips
That writhe, and Famine, starved and stark
The flower of manhood mown, while grain
Wastes down and rots beneath the rain,
And fields grow rich with blood that drips
And clots.—But hark!

Across the night a new star rings!
The measured tread of unarmed men
Comes down the mind in every land
Till granite cities shake like sand.
Against the words and swords of kings
The mightier pen.

Against the bankers' greed of gold,
Against the needs of trade and gain,
The silent Meek's conspiracy,
Resistless as the rising sea;
Till swords are rust and scepters mould,
And wealth's power 's vain.

To arms! oh toilers of the world,
Workers with hand and tool and brain,
To arms against the common foe;
Strike for yourselves the bloodless blow
That shall one world-wide flag unfurl!
You have the world to gain!

Voice of the City

By GERTRUDE WEIL KLEIN

When midnight has hung her mantle of stars,
Across the limitless sky,
And the moon reigns supreme in her domain wide,
There floats a somnambulant sigh.

Light as the zepthers that flirt with the trees,
Soft as the falling snow,
This is the Voice of the city of gold,
That speaks to the few who know.

Always I wait for its eerie approach,
By shuddering fear oppressed,
Lest I should be counted unfit to hear,
The city voicing its quest.

Each time I have heard its ominous wail,
That rises on white-winged steed,
The breath of the city's inhabitants,
With its message of “Speed,” ever “Speed.”

Thus speaks the Voice of the city of gold,
At night when the speeders sleep,
“Hurry, now hurry, there's no time to dream,
Or think of life's wonders deep.”

For each moment that flies is more precious than gold
In our wasteful, speed-crazed life,
The whip of oppression unceasingly speeds,
The toil-ridden sons of strife.

If War is Right

By PARKE FARLEY

If war is right, then God is might
And every prayer is vain:
Go raze your temples from the hills—
Red death is in the plain.

If war is right, then God is might,
And every prayer is vain:
Look not for Christ upon the hills—
He lies among the slain.

Among the Red Guns

By CARL SANDBURG

Among the red guns,
In the hearts of soldiers
Running free blood
In the long, long campaign:
Dreams go on.

Among the leather saddles,
In the heads of soldiers
Heavy in the wracks and kills
Of all straight fighting:
Dreams go on.

Among the hot muzzles,
In the hands of soldiers
Brought from flesh-folds of women—
Soft amid the blood and crying—
In all your hearts and heads
Among the guns and saddles and muzzles:
Dreams,
Dreams go on,
Out of the dead on their backs,
Broken and no use any more:
Dreams of the way and the end go on.

Equanimity

By A. F. GANNON

Babies whimpering for milk or bread—
Be calm.
Women wasting in the clutch of dread—
Be calm.
Men asking justice and receiving lead—
Be calm.
Gunmen, squatted, shooting from a trench—
Be calm.
Strikers rotting with a nasty stench—
Be calm.
Justice, owl-like, robed upon the bench—
Be calm.
Children striving in the mill and mine—
Be calm.
Idlers sipping at ambrosial wine—

Be calm.
Workers shuffling in the long bread line—
Be calm.
Papers lying as they have of yore—
Be calm.
Writers toiling like the boughten whore—
Be calm.
Government gangrened at its very core—
Be calm.
Preachers droning out without a qualm—
“Be calm,
Brethren, dear, in Gilead is Balm—
Be calm.”
I say to you, and to your cursed calm:
“Oh, damn!”

The White Slave

Again I wake, as from the beds of Hell,
That sleepeth with the viper on my breast,
That lieth down with strange and loathed face,
To rise debauched by lusts that never rest.
Or to the trembling arms of leering age,
Wasted in all but frenzied, ghouls' desire,
That feeds on me, on me, alas, that struck
The match that flames the imperishable fire.
Am I not I, the clutched of every hand,
The kissed of every wine-besodden lip?
Am I not I, the spurned of early morn
That runs at even before the slaver's whip?
A woman I, or ranked among the beasts
That range among the jungle's grewsome deep?

If such am I—that I might to the wild
In she-wolf's lair to lay me down and sleep.
The hand that pours my liquor rules the town,
And sell the creeping drug that soothes my brain;
Ye men; that boast so loud in every cup!
Can ye be men that dance to such a strain?
You bed of straw where I was given birth!
You poverty; my midwife and my nurse!
No girlhood; never youth; just child and hag,
What was there left to add to such a curse?
Awaits you then that calm dead-reckoning day,
That's writ upon the angel's silent face,
I, that was fed to dogs, my flesh will speak,
Accuse you yet, you mocking human race!

Need of the Hour

By JOSHUA WANHOPE

THERE have already been a thousand million words of all sorts written about the war, and there will be ten thousand million more written afterward.

And if they were multiplied ten thousand million times again, they would not save the working-class one single pang of suffering from it, and they would not have the slightest effect in preventing war from occurring again. And we Socialists add our quota to the immense outpouring. We over and over again insist that the fundamental cause of the war lies in the economic system, in the capitalist mode of production.

And we say that if the people understood this, there would have been no war. That is quite true, but saying it is of no particular value by itself.

The capitalist system produced the war, but unless the majority know it, and know it sufficiently well to act upon the knowledge, the knowledge itself is of no use.

But to know that, is to know Socialism. If a hundred million people had known Socialism and known it well enough to act upon it, there would have been no war.

True again. And if they know it after this, there will be no war to follow this one. That will be the end of all wars.

All this may seem trite, but it leads up to the question we want to ask. What do YOU know about Socialism?

Do you know enough about it, so that if all people were like you, there would be no more war? Are you quite sure you do? If you are, then what is your first duty?

Why, to teach others what you know, so that all may learn how to make war impossible.

And if you don't know enough, what then? Why then, your first duty is to know more about Socialism.

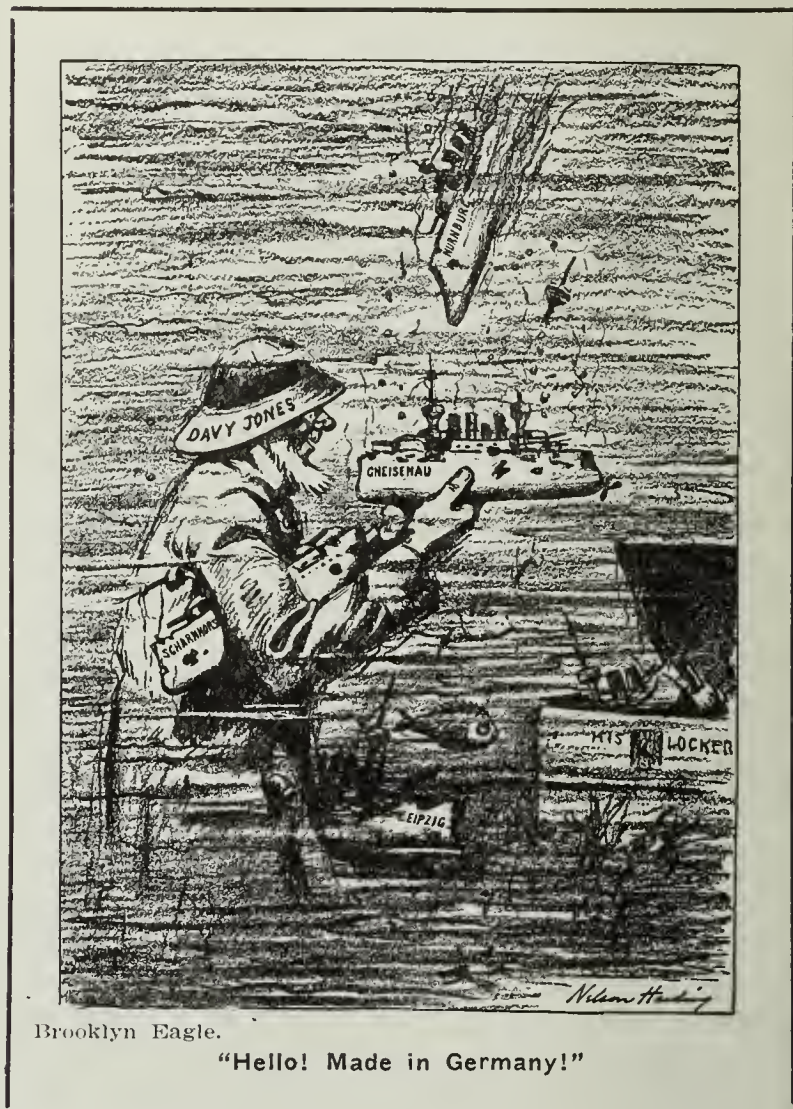
That is what we wanted to say. The great, the pressing need for all of us, is to know Socialism; to educate ourselves; to keep on learning, for there is no limit to knowledge. Never was that need greater than now.

You can talk from now until doomsday about the war; you can argue and wrangle with your neighbor about it until the crack of doom. You may take any side or no side or all sides, but it will make no difference. The war will continue. And there will be other wars after it ceases.

The thing to do right now is to learn all you can,

and do what in you lies to teach others all you have learned, and to do that, you will need ever to learn more.

If there is one thing more certain than another, it is that this war has demonstrated clearly how little the mass of us, after all, know about Socialism. We can



throw bricks at the Germans, the English and others, but they are boomerangs that come back and hit ourselves. We may think we know what we would have done had we been in their places, but that is after all, only conceit. It is doubtful if we know one whit more about Socialism than they do.

So while the war proceeds, the one great and pressing duty of the occasion is to learn all we can about Socialism—we can never learn too much—so that when next the capitalists attempt to turn their hell-blast loose, it shall not fall upon us, as it assuredly will if we lack the knowledge—which is power—to frustrate it.

The Menace of Child Labor

IN a speech on child labor Miss Whiting, representing the Child Labor Committee of New York State, said that every year there are on an average about 15,000 children leaving school to seek 5000 vacant positions and that this average shows how vast a number have to wander about the streets looking for work which they are unable to find.

"Pupils who leave school before graduating," she continued, "especially those under the ages of 16, usually enter the field of unskilled labor at low wages and remain there the rest of their life. This is due to lack of mental training and sometimes to improper physical development. They often

wander from one job to another because they are unable to stick to one long enough to make any headway.

"But not only does going to work impede progress in business, it often impairs the health. The death rate among the workers is far greater than among the nonworkers—the chief cause being consumption.

"Worse than all is the bad effect on the morals of the child. More working children go wrong than nonworkers. More working children are arrested and brought before the Children's Court than school children. This is largely due to the bad associations formed."



Disinherited Childhood

Last Line of Defense

By WILLIAM E. BOHN

BORDER towns are being taken and retaken. A few yards of trenches are fought over till they are covered with dead again and again. First the Russians drive westward and then the Germans drive eastward. Hundreds of thousands fall and nothing is gained for either side.

But this is not what a Socialist has his eye on. What we are watching for now is the reaction against war. And it is coming faster than victory for either side.

The last line of defense is made up of those who are doing the work at home. No hymns written to them, but they bear the brunt of work and woe. In Paris women are working for a franc a day. Children are exploited as they have not been for fifty years. In France the government seems to be doing less than elsewhere to keep conditions tolerable. Their soldiers are sent to do work for which civilians would receive

real wages. But everywhere men and women are unemployed in tremendous numbers. In London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Lodz the tale is the same. And everywhere wages are being forced down. The Germans, as usual, show superior power of organization. German employers' associations have shown wonderful efficiency in the ease and speed with which they have changed their methods and products to suit the war conditions. But the cost of living is going up and the wages are going down.

There is a story going the rounds of an Irish regiment that went on strike because pay was withheld and food was not up to the requirements. And a German union man writes home that a good many of his Socialist comrades are with him. They are carrying on a ceaseless propaganda, he says, and many new Socialists will come out of the war

Fear of Russian Invasion

By THOMAS C. HALL, D. D.



THE war in Europe breaks in upon many visions of both the Christian and the Socialist. Immediately the question arises: Did German Socialists give up their international character; surrender their doctrine of the class struggle, and their visions of a democratic state, when they joined hands with feudalism and the bourgeoisie in defense of their particular country? To answer this question we must try and look at the war as it appears to the German Socialist in the beginning of the struggle.

No Socialist is committed to any doctrine of absolute non-resistance. Karl Marx would have gladly embroiled Germany in a war with Russia when Russia was struggling with her autocracy, in order to free Russia from that feudal tyranny. Today, as Socialism has no such following as would enable co-operation among Socialists to paralyze the military machinery of all the struggling nations, a passive revolt in Germany when the war broke out would simply have resulted, so far as successful, in the land being overrun by Russian cossacks. To the last the German Socialists raised their voices against all war, and a strong minority blamed the bad diplomacy that, they claimed, bound them to Austria without power to efficiently control the conduct of Austria. Dr. Leibknecht is understood to still take that position; but for them the real enemy was Russia. No party in Germany did really desire war at this time. Germany's alliances were in bad working order, and from the naval point of view enough ships were not ready (they never are!). It is safe to say, we repeat, that for one reason or another, some good, some less so, **no political party in Germany wanted war at this time.**

What then happened? It was the irresistible proof of the intentions of the Russian oligarchy that decided every German Socialist to a man to support the Emperor until war was over. They surrendered not one of their principles, proclaiming them to the last; but simply saying as over against the triumph of a brutal, individualistic Asiatic oligarchy, the social organization of Germany cannot be sacrificed. Social Democracy has no quarrel with the Russia of Tolstoy or with the Russian peasantry. But the Jew baiting, dishonest and corrupt oligarchy that holds down every honest aspiration for religious and political freedom and does it in the name of an alleged Christian Church, is the worst enemy that the Russian people have, and the triumph of the "Allies" would be the salvation of the

Autocracy from the revolution otherwise inevitable.

Nor has the entry of England into the war done aught but confirm the wisdom of this action. England openly fights Germany, according to the really national defenders of her policy, on the ground of capitalistic terror of a commercial competitor. The hypocritical pretences about Belgian neutrality is merely "Colonial dope," as it is called in London clubs. * * *

Not at present is Social Democracy facing any difficult decision. Life and death are at stake, and military discipline, like all discipline, even a Party discipline, demands some sacrifices. But the trust the Social Democracy bestowed upon the Government has been repaid by a new attitude of the governing classes to Social Democracy. After the war many questions will await a settlement, and struggle for political power will again begin, but Social Democracy will have gained a hearing that cannot easily again be lost, and the life of Germany will be increasingly democratic after the war. Modern warfare weakens the possessing class out of all proportion to its numbers, and all lands will see a turning to the proletariat for recuperation. The State Socialism of today in Germany is not democratic Socialism, but in efficiency it is a long way ahead of the anarchic competition for the food supply which it is displacing. And never will any community that has entered upon social organization in such a bold manner and with such success turn again to capitalistic competitive chaos.

One of the reasons the vulgar rich of America are bitterly anti-German is that this social organization is a success and is a menace to private monopoly. State ownership, for instance, of railways is not social democracy, but they think it is, and know that it is a success in Germany, and that its measure of success threatens their monopoly.

The Socialists of Belgium complain bitterly of what they regard as their betrayal of their Socialist comrades in Germany. But one of the things that convinced the Socialists that they were fighting a conspiracy against Germany was the overwhelming proof that since 1906 Belgium and France have secretly conspired with England against Germany. Had Belgium and England gone openly to Germany and said, "Here are our plans if you attack us; will you enter with us on similar military plans should France attack you?" then Germany would have felt safe as in 1870. But the plans were secret jug-handled military measures which exposed Germany at any moment to a flank attack on her most vulnerable side.

Moreover, Belgium has been steadily incited against Germany for some time. Only a year ago a wealthy German told me he had stopped going to the Belgian coast where he had gone for years because of the growing hostility to the Germans. The French press carried on a distinct campaign of abuse and misrepresentation. Belgium feared Germany. The old individualistic household industry still maintained itself in Belgian districts. And in these districts Germany's wholesale factory competition was seriously felt; and this bred ill-feeling and jealousy. Men born in Antwerp, and well-known there, but of German blood, were murdered and their houses wrecked upon the opening of the war.

The Socialism also of both France and Belgium, like that of Italy, has never cleared itself of the individualistic element that find better expression in anarchy. And the feeling for country and group, however dominant in all parties, is in Germany far more of an organizing factor in its life. It is doubtful if Social Democracy in

Germany would have gone into the war had it only been with France and England. But for Germany the war was from the beginning the outcome of the Russian aristocracy's long cherished plan to attack Austria and Germany just as soon as she thought she had a good chance for success. The hour struck, and, realizing the issue, Social Democracy to a man entered upon the war as one of national self-defense against autocratic feudalism and commercial capitalism. And the Socialist majority still hold this position.

Moreover, England and France are not democratic

or even socially advanced countries. They cannot be while despotically ruling great colonial empires. England exploits India and as long as colonies are exploited democracy is a farce. With Ireland at her doors and on her conscience, England cannot claim to be the divine protector of "small nationalities." Italy is engendering crude and anarchistic type of Socialism

by pandering to colonial expansion. She has no right to lecture German "militarism" or to view Germany's army as less democratic than her own. And all talk about pacific France is moonshine. France has linked herself with the worst elements in Russian life when she sold out to the Autocracy and financed the repression of the Revolution, and the establishment of capitalistic exploitation. It is all vain to say Socialist currents are running in the life of Russia. A triumphant autocracy with a victorious army will dam those streams for years to come and distract the proletariat by visions of conquest in Persia, India and Asia



"My beloved subjects! I am reminding you of the many and great blessings that you have received from me. I expect that you will obey the call to arms with rapture."

Lustige Blätter.

Minor. Even since the war broke out the Autocracy has trampled on the last liberties of Finland, in spite of all protestations and promises, and is even now carrying on persecution of Jews and patriots in the Ukraine. With a triumphant English capitalism exploiting the seas and mastering the commerce of the world without a rival; and Russian autocracy mastering Europe and exploiting Asia, Socialism, though sure one day to come, would be postponed for generations. Russian autocracy would prevent the spread of education and propaganda and prevent the awakening of the workers.

Original Sin

By LUKE NORTH

ATTEMPTS merely to reform, rearrange any of the existing institutions of christendom are futile, because each of them is based on the concept of Original Sin. The child comes into the world as the result of deadly sin and in a foul, unclean manner. Thus is it written in the old church books, not so very old either—and all the judges, lawyers, detectives, clergy with their gallows, chains, dungeons, and whips are the outgrowth, the development, the amplification and refinement of the peculiarly christian tenet that the second impulse in sentient nature is shameful and depraved and all its fruit inherently evil—until sanctified by the soceries of the church—or governed by statute.

Detectives, judges, hangmen, and clergymen are maintained by and for the exploiters of human life—to keep wages down—but they would not follow their fiendish occupations, nor would the exploited millions submit to their tortures were it not for this basic concept of Original Sin which is pounded into the consciousness of every christian child, so that it has become a fixed mental mold through which is run, quite auto-

matically, all the thought that flows through the mind—to which is subjected all the impulses that result in self-consciousness or awareness.

So long as this concept of Original Sin remains in the popular comprehension it will reflect itself in those christian institutions of state, church, gallows, and militarism any reformation of which will amount to nothing more than intensification of their inherent cruelties.

Only the big truth—and for this era the most important truth—that Man is God, the only God, each his own God; inherently and potentially self-sufficient, by nature more kind than unkind, instinctively gregarious and religious; his native impulses trending upward toward the light, toward an ever increasing refinement; all his elements and their functions neither good nor evil, but natural and necessary—

Only as this truth permeates human consciousness and drives out the deadening christian dogmas of external deity (authority) and original sin, is there reasonable hope for a decenter and kinder world.—Everyman.

The Great Socialist

By MAX EASTMAN

THE solitary vote of Karl Liebknecht in the German Reichstag against the war credits is to me the greatest event of the war. He was denied the privilege of speaking upon his vote or of having a statement printed in the official record, or published in the German press. But it was published in a Dutch Socialist daily, and has been translated into English. I quote from the New York Call:

“My vote against the war credit is based upon the following considerations:

“This war, which none of the peoples engaged therein has wished, is not caused in the interest of the prosperity of the German or any other nation. This is an imperialistic war, a war for the domination of the world market, for the political domination over important fields of operation for industrial and bank capital. On the part of the competition in armaments this is a war mutually fostered by German and Austrian war parties in the darkness of half absolutism and secret diplomacy in order to steal a march on the adversary.

“At the same time this war is a Bonapartist effort to blot out the growing labor movement. This has

been demonstrated with ever-increasing plainness in the past few months, in spite of a deliberate purpose to confuse the heads.

“The German motto, ‘Against Czarism’ as well as the present English and French cries, ‘Against Militarism,’ have the deliberate purpose of bringing into play in behalf of race hatred the noblest inclinations and the revolutionary feelings and ideals of the people. To Germany, the accomplice of Czarism, an example of political backwardness down to the present day, does not belong the calling of the liberator of nations. The liberation of the Russian as well as the German people should be their own task.

“This war is not a German defense war. Its historical character and its development thus far make it impossible to trust the assertion of a capitalistic government that the purpose for which credits are asked is the defense of the fatherland.

“The credits for sueor have my approval, with the understanding that the asked amount seems far from being sufficient. Not less eagerly do I vote for everything that will alleviate the hard lot of our brothers in the field, as well as that of the wounded and the

sick, for whom I have the deepest sympathy. But I do vote against the demanded war credits, under protest against the war and against those who are responsible for it and have caused it, against the capitalistic purposes for which it is being used, against the annexation plans, against the violation of the Belgian and Luxemburg neutrality, against the unlimited authority of rulers of war and against the neglect of social and political duties of which the government and the ruling classes stand convicted.

“KARL LIEBKNECHT.

“Berlin, December 2, 1914.”

With so many millions acting from mere instinct and social suggestion, we can only greet these solitary evidences of intelligent judgment with a sad reverence.

Intelligence and the knowledge of truth do survive in a few hearts, and when the time comes, when all these millions of animal activities have spent and wrecked themselves—in the quietness of devastation, they will issue forth and begin their sacred work again.

But in our tribute to Karl Liebknecht must lie also a tribute to thousands of German citizens who stand with him. They are few at this hour, by comparison with the mass, and perhaps their function for a while is to store and preserve the truth—“unto the day”—rather than fight for it.

And yet who knows? We may see the rebellion of Liebknecht's followers in spring, or when the summer levies and the new campaign begin. Are we ready to do our part?—The Masses.

What is Socialism?

By JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN, Ph. D.

THE world is getting so full of arguments for and against Socialism and of expositions concerning various phases of the subject, that it is well for the student to have at his tongue's end the simple facts as to what Socialism is.

To begin with fairly well-known negatives, Socialism does not stand for “dividing up,” for equality of income, for anarchism, for hostility to religion, the family, or the flag, for violence or for an impossible transformation of human nature.

Furthermore, Socialism is not a creed, a sentiment, or a code of personal ethics, and it is something more than a philosophy, an ideal, or a party. It is a movement, primarily a political movement, though closely allied to the economic struggle of the unions; a movement of the working class, though in it are numbered many individuals from the capitalist class who have chosen to range themselves on the side of labor.

The Socialist Movement is founded upon the philosophy of Marx and Engels, which teaches that economic relationships are fundamental in society; that when these relations outgrow the social forms that are based upon them, a revolution, peaceful or otherwise, is inevitable; that such a revolution is now maturing on the one hand, through the conscious struggle of the working class to obtain the whole product of their labor,

and on the other by the automatic concentration of industry which can end only in social ownership.

The aim of Socialism, therefore, is to work in harmony with these social forces for the establishment of a new commonwealth, of which this shall be the essential characteristic—the ownership by society of the principal means of production and distribution and their democratic management with a view to the abolition of exploitation. He who consciously promotes this aim is a Socialist, whether or not he accepts the philosophy upon which it is based. It is recognized, however, that the realization of the ideal must come, not all at once, but only as the outcome of economic development, and that a transition period, whether long or short, must needs intervene.

The movement is international, as well as political, existing in every civilized country as an organized party, seeking to capture the control of society through the ballot. In the United States the Socialist Party, with the now negligible Socialist Labor Party, is the accredited representative of the international movement on the political field. It has banded the working class into a permanent organization, distinct from all other political parties, which, while others have risen, fallen and divided, has continued its uninterrupted growth until it has become a force to be reckoned with.

A New Doctor General

GENERAL VON HINDENBURG has received the degree of Doctor of Divinity by the Prussian University of Königsberg, because he has “Taught the youth of East Prussia that the God of Battle still lives.”

Some of the youths of East Prussia have not survived the general's teaching. In fact, over 100,000 of

them are beyond reach of their distinguished teacher.

This new and eminent divine might well be given an A.B. by some packing house university. He has splendidly qualified as a butcher. His record of 140,000 Russians killed in one month, at the expense of 100,000 Prussians, seems to eminently fit him for this honor.

Crisis of the Hour

By A. M. SIMONS

THE Socialist Movement of America, and of the world, is passing through by far the greatest crisis in its history. On the way that situation is met depends the answer to the question of whether it shall be a crisis preceding a collapse and complete reorganization, or whether it shall be an opportunity risen to and seized by which Socialism shall become infinitely stronger in the immediate future.

In this country the combined effect of the war, widespread unemployment, high prices, the flat collapse of progressivism and general triumph of reaction over radicalism, has created a situation which must end with a mighty impulse toward Socialism. Whether the Socialist Party will be the political expression of that impulse depends upon what we do during the next few weeks.

* * *

The war has been the touchstone that has brought all our weaknesses into prominence. One of those weaknesses has been shown to be a cowardly tendency to apologize for our own mistakes. We once boasted of our "self criticism," and it was our strongest security against error. Now we are inclined to believe in our own infallibility and as a result are much less infallible.

The war has shown that wherever we made a compromise with capitalism, we inoculated our movement with an infection that is now developing into a serious weakness. We made friends with nationalism and patriotism and are now washing out the sin in oceans of blood. We compromised with the beast of militarism and he is now devouring us by hundreds of thousands.

We collected votes as we collected dues and now dues and votes are both slipping away. We tried to swap principles for popularity and, like the dog crossing the stream, lost both the substance and the shadow.

The first thing to do is to recognize these facts and quit being cowards. "The Lord hates a coward" is an old Yankee saying and in this regard the voice of the people is certainly the voice of God, for the masses

will never give support to a man or a party that is afraid to face the truth.

A young party, a growing party, a minority party, a party that cannot offer political plums, must be a crusading party—a party with a mission that arouses enthusiasm and personal devotion. We had this once. We must gain it once more or disappear.

* * *

The world is ready for a crusade against militarism and capitalism and the patriotism that ends in murder for greed. Socialism must be the inspiration of that crusade.

The Socialist Party can have the splendid mission of organizing and leading that movement if it dares now to stand as it stood when it was a crusading force in American life.

This does not mean the adoption of "impossibilism," "syndicalism," "I. W. W.'ism" or even the acceptance of the sort of "smart Aleck" criticism of certain supposedly intellectual literateurs, whose antics have been partly responsible for the reaction that has led us to reject even what was good in their criticism.

It does mean that we should recognize that the main function of the Socialist Party today, and for several days yet to come, is vigorously to criticize capitalism and hold up a standard to be attained when we shall really enjoy power. It means that we should quit asking for votes on the ground of our superior administrative ability (which we do not possess), of our greater anxiety to lower taxes (which it would be a bad thing to possess), of our nationalistic patriotism (of which we should be ashamed) or of any of the other vices we have adopted from capitalism.

It means that we should not be afraid to draw the lessons of this war frankly, openly and unreservedly, and should prepare to change our tactics nationally and internationally to accord with the lessons we may learn.

These are largely generalities. I can be as specific as desired. So can most of us. It is not knowledge we lack, but courage.—American Socialist.

The Cost of a Rich Man

AT the smallest average for the making of a single rich man we make a thousand whose life-long is one flood of misery. The charnel houses of poverty are in the shadow of the palace, and as one is splendid, so is the other dark, poisonous, degraded.

How can a man grow rich except on the spoils of another's labor? His boasted prudence and economy, what is it but the most skillful availing himself of their necessities, most resolutely closing up his heart against their cries to him for help?—Froude.

The Poor Savage of Civilization

THE poor ignorant savage ventured to put a few questions to the pious missionary who wished to save him from his benighted condition, and to confer upon him the benefits of civilization.

"You say that I should work?"

"Yes, certainly, my good brother. Satan finds evil for idle hands to do!"

"Who is Satan?"

"He is the devil."

"Does he live in your country, then?"

"Alas, my sinful friends, he lives everywhere," said the Good Man.

"Well, he's never done me any harm," said the savage, "so I think I'd better stay as I am."

"No, no," cried the Good Man.

"Your life of idleness is wicked."

"Do all the people work in your country?" asked the savage.

"Yes."

"Work hard?"

"Um, e, most of them."

"And are all those who work hard quite happy?"

"Er, no," replied the missionary, hesitatingly.

"Why is that?"

"Well, you see, there is a great deal of poverty," the Good Man explained.

"What! Among those who work hard?" asked the poor savage in surprise.

"Yes, it is indeed so," admitted the Good Man.

"Then I suppose those who do no work at all have an awfully bad time?"

"Well, no. As a matter of fact, they are so rich that they need not work."

The savage mused in silence for a time.

"What do you mean by poverty?" he asked.

"Not having enough to eat nor good houses to live in," the missionary explained.

"Why is that? Is there a scarcity of food in your land?"

"N—o," said the Good Man, slowly; "there is plenty of food, but don't you understand, they are poor, and have little money, so, of course, cannot buy much food, nor afford nice houses."

"But I think you said they worked very hard," said the poor savage with patience at the other's stupidity.

"Yes, that is so."

"Why do they work so hard?"

"To get money to buy food," replied the missionary with a touch of impatience at the other's stupidity.

"Well, why don't they buy the food?" said the savage. "Do they like being hungry?"

"Of course not, but they don't earn enough."

"And yet they work as hard as they can, I suppose?"



The Uplift

Chicago News.

"Yes."

The savage pondered before he spoke again. "On this island," he said, "I do not have to work to any extent, and when I'm hungry I take my food from the trees or the sea. By the way, what do you call your country?"

"Civilization," replied the Good Man, blushing slightly.

"I don't think it would be good for me if your customs were introduced here," said the poor savage thoughtfully. "You will pardon me, sir, if I say that I think that your country is a fool of a place. Good afternoon. Mind the snake."—Brisbane Worker.

Buriden, the scholastic, said that if a hungry donkey was placed between two bundles of hay of the same size and equal distance apart in every respect and equally distant from him, he would starve, not being able to decide between them. How long will the working class continue in the attitude of Buriden's ass? How long will the hungry waver between direct action and political action and take no action?

EXTRA—"Thirty-five thousand killed in battle"—that's glory!

LATEST—"Eighteen-year-old boy hanged for killing chum"—he was a murderer!

Worship Up to Date

By UPTON SINCLAIR

“SHERIFF MAX GRIFENHAGEN has been appealed to by several clergymen for protection against any possible bomb outrages, and in response to these appeals he has already enrolled the head ushers of six churches as special deputy sheriffs, with the right to carry arms while on duty in the churches to which they are attached. The churches whose ushers have obtained deputy sheriff’s badges are St. Stephen’s, on East Twenty-eighth street; St. Patrick’s Cathedral, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Rivington Street Synagogue, the Church of the Incarnation, and the Church of St. Stanislaus.”—New York World.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
 (Wonder if my pistol shows!)
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 (Sticking out behind my clothes!)
 While the nearer waters roll,
 (Coat-tails hanging in the way!)
 And the tempest still is high.
 (Couldn’t get it quick in play!)
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 (Wonder if that chap’s Bouck White!)
 Till the storm of life is past:
 (He got out of jail last night!)
 Safe into Thy haven guide—
 (If that fellow tries to speak)

O receive my soul at last!
 (Throw him out upon his beak!)
 Other refuge have I none—
 (Six detectives in the choir!)
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 (Police Headquarters on the wire!)
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
 (See that chap in red necktie!)
 Still support and comfort me.
 (Glad that copper’s standing by!)

All my trust in Thee is stayed,
 (Could that hand-bag hold a gun?)
 All my help from Thee I bring:
 (Gee! This ushering’s no fun!)
 Cover my defenseless head
 (God Almighty! What was that?)
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
 (Feather in a woman’s hat!)

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
 (Jesus Christ! A bomb at last!)
 Wilt Thou not regard my prayer?
 (No, it was a subway blast!)
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
 (Damn all anarchists to hell—er—)
 Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
 (Good morning—Mr. Rockefeller!)

A Christian Audience

AT THE initial exhibition of a twelve-reel feature motion picture in a Los Angeles theater the three thousand persons present wildly applauded the character portraying the part of the assassin who presently slew an atrociously made up Abraham Lincoln. They applauded all the murders and a brutal lynching scene came in for cheers and shouts of approval. When the mutilated body of a negro was thrown on a doorstep there was a demon-

stration of joy. The group murders were met with expressions of satisfaction and admiration. The people who packed the auditorium were similar to any other American theater-going group. In fact they were representatives of the ordinary “refined” cultured Christian people.

We know they were good people because they applauded God when he appeared in a “melt-in-and-melt-out” in the last part of the picture.

Fine For the Secretary

CONGRESS has appropriated money to purchase for the use of the honorable the Secretary of Labor several automobiles, including one brougham, one cabriolet, one opera bus and one touring car. Now if Congressman Mann will put over another one providing

one steam yacht, a ninety-foot sailing sloop and a couple of speed launches Secretary Wilson will be able to uphold the dignity of his position as protector of the poor proletarian. What labor really needs is the dignity and poise that these things bring.

One Born Each Minute

THURSDAY, Friday, Saturday the newspapers flare forth with stories of the discovery of ledges of platinum and palladium—"Worth three times as much as gold" in the wonderful field just discovered in Nevada.

Sunday's papers come out with a big smash and add to the list copper, iron, lead, zinc and cinnabar. Every variety of sucker bait known to fakers. Right on the same page comes the real estate grafter selling town lots for \$50 each. Thousands of victims will be trimmed and polished to a hard-oil finish. Verily there is one born every minute.

The Punitive Expedition

THE Servian troops have been hammering the Hungarian army into a disorganized pulp and as a consequence the threatened invasion of the Czar's hordes has caused great alarm in Budapest. The cry is going up from Hungary that the Germans and Austrians have deserted them. Hungarian newspapers voice their protests, and one of them at least openly accuses the Kaiser with draining the country of troops to defend Prussia and Silesia.

The article winds up with the rather naive sentence: "People of neutral countries believe that we are too weak and too enervated to fight our own battles even against the Servians, although the expedition we undertook against them was to have been a punitive one."

There you are! There is one reason for the fight. Somebody had to be punished for something. It doesn't always work out that way, these days, and when the Cossacks shall ride into the beautiful halls of Budapest all thought of punitive forays will disappear from Hungarian minds.

Intentions Were Good

Billie, who had been having trouble with his older cousin Ralph, came into the house. His mother, knowing nothing of the trouble, said:

"Billie, what would you like to give your cousin Ralph for his birthday?"

"I know what I'd like to give him," said Billie savagely, "but I ain't big enough."

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~ ~ ~

Georgia Kotsch says:

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

~ ~ ~

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43

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Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. II. Jan.-Feb., 1915 No. 9-10

Meinself und Moses!

BIBLES are issued to the Kaiser's soldiers in the field and the German people are urged to read God's book to the exclusion of all other printed matter.

Good idea! The soldier who searches assiduously will find plenty of justification for slaughter. Divine precedent will encourage him to greater action. Bestiality of invasion will find a strong support and Moses will give the conqueror valuable tips about treatment of women in the subdued domain.

Belgians may well look with alarm on this new move of the Kaiser to doubly arm his fighting hosts.

Anyway, Seine Majestaet, der Deutsche Kaiser, er lebe hoch, hoch, hoch!—G. E. B.

The Wrong Rooster!

Uncle Josh was comfortably lighting his pipe in the living-room one evening when Aunt Maria glanced up from her knitting.

"Josh," softly remarked the good woman, "do you know that next Sunday will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding?"

"Ye don't say so, Maria!" responded Uncle Josh, pulling vigorously on his corncob pipe. "What about it?"

"Nothing," answered Aunt Maria, "only I thought maybe we ought to kill them two Rhode Island Red chickens."

"Say, Maria," impressively demanded Uncle Josh, "how can you blame them two Rhode Island Red chickens fer what happened twenty-five years ago?"

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Humor from Yuma

“ARIZONA is getting hep to the society stuff,” a salesman who travels in that state tells us.

“I was at a hotel last month,” he said, “and an old chap was sitting at a table with his son. Somebody called Son a liar. The kid didn’t pull a gun, the way they do in picture shows. He just grabbed a table knife and started after his detractor.

“There was no tragedy, though. That boy’s dad grabbed him by the collar and forced him into a seat in less time than it takes to tell it.

“‘Ain’t ye got no manners?’ hissed his pa. ‘What have I learned ye?’

“‘He called me a liar!’ yelled the struggling son.

“‘What if he did? They’s strangers from the East in this room. You shame me! Drop that knife an’ use yer fork, like ettiket says!’”

Soft for the Orphans

Here is a story of a small boy, a mother and a barrel of apples, and a moral which does not have to be told in words:

The windows of an orphan asylum overlooked the backyard of the house where the boy, the barrel of apples, and the boy’s mother lived. Now the apples that were in the barrel disappeared at a famous rate, and the mother being a knowing woman as a matter of course, made inquiry of her son. Yes, he had eaten the apples, but, “Mamma,” he said, “I have to; the orphans want so many cores.”

Lesson on Form

The teacher was examining the class in physiology.

“Mary, you tell us,” she said, “what is the function of the stomach.”

“The function of the stomach,” the little girl answered, “is to hold up the petticoat.”

The Fox Trot?

“I understand your husband is learning to dance!”

“No,” replied Mrs. McFizzle. “That report was started by some neighbors who happened to be looking through our basement window just after he had dropped a hot cinder on his foot.”

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Too Late

LITTLE Bobby's father was a doctor, and Bobby liked nothing better than to take his father's case in one hand, his overcoat in the other, and go down the street for a block or two to some imaginary patient. One winter's day, when he started out he forgot to close the door.

"Bobby," called mother's voice, sweetly, "please close the door." But Bobby was in a hurry and went on.

"Robert," came father's sterner voice, "close that door."

Bobby returned and closed the door. Some time later he came in quietly, put up the case and overcoat and started upstairs.

"Bobby," said mother, ingratiatingly, "how's your patient?"

"Dead," was the laconic answer. "Gone dead while I was shutting that old door."

Not Worth the Pain

Jean longed for a kitten with all her heart, but mother was not fond of cats, so her eager pleadings were unrewarded until illness made it necessary for Jean to go to the hospital.

"I will make a bargain with you, Jean," said her mother. "If you will be a brave little girl about having your operation, you shall have the nicest kitten I can find."

Jean took the ether without a struggle. But later, as she came out from under the anesthetic, she realized how very sick and wretched she felt. The nurse leaned over to catch her first spoken word.

"What a bum way to get a cat!" moaned the child.

Not An Ally

"Of course, doctor, German measles are seldom serious?"

"I never met but one fatal case."

"Fatal!"

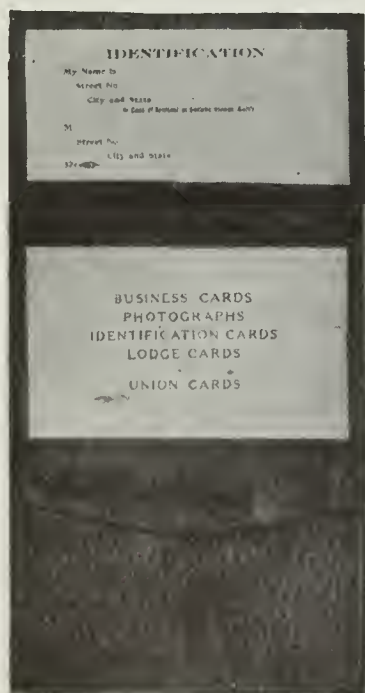
"Yes; it was a Frenchman, and when he discovered it was German measles that he had, mortification set in."

All Aboard!

"Artie, where are we going on our honeymoon?"

"Around the world, darling. They are going to give it in seven reels at the corner picture show."

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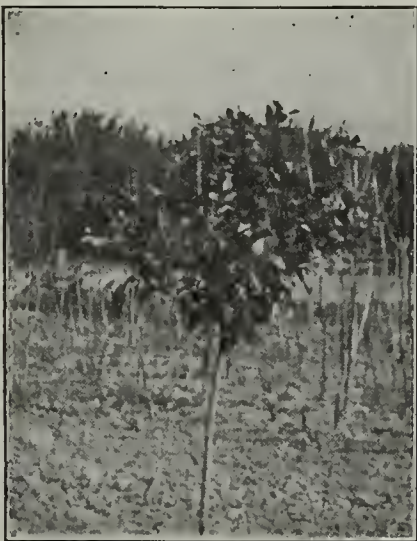
Dear Sir: Last year we were having considerable trouble with our nursery on account of poor soil. . . . These soils have been treated in accordance with your prescription with very good results. In fact, at this time we are having no trouble at all with the soil in the nursery.

Very truly yours,

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

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



WITHOUT SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

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

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

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



RECEIVED SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

Height5 feet, 1 inch.
Breadth of top.....3 feet, 11 inches.
Circumference of trunk at ground.....5½ inches
Circumference of trunk at lower branches3¼ inches

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Only in Self-Defense

"Begorra, thim's six fine sons ye have there, Casey," said Dennis Flaherty to his friend.

"They do be that, Flaherty," replied Casey.

"Do yez have any trouble with thim?" inquired Dennis.

"Trouble?" repeated Casey. "I've niver had to raise my hand to one of thim, except in self-defince!"

High Cost of Living

Since October, 1913, the high cost of living has declined .4690, according to experts who claim to be keeping tabs. Unversed in the wonderful alchemy of the professional statistician, the average working man might be forgiven if he substituted the word advanced for declined, and misplaced the decimal point.

Kidding the Kidder

A prominent and popular Llano colonist, who has a beautiful head of hair when in Los Angeles and none at all to mention while on the ranch, was taking a bit of good-natured kidding as he knelt beside a running brook laving his classic forehead.

"The chief drawback to being bald is this: When I wash myself I have to keep my hat on so I can tell where my face stops."

Poultry Department

Fine music and fine poultry were two things of which little Ella's father was very fond. Recently he bought a talking machine, and among other records was one of a very brilliant aria by a great coloratura soprano. The baby listened closely to the runs of the bewildering music until the singer struck some high arpeggios and trills at the close, when she exclaimed:

"Daddy, listen! She's laid an egg!"

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Somnolent

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, speaking of the auto bus, says editorially: "It is hard to say why the latter should be virtually unknown outside of New York City, and not very extensively used there, unless generally bad pavements furnish the answer."

Can you beat that for indurated, encrusted and mossbacked provincialism?

Bad pavements! This from the notoriously poorest paved large American city!

Think of an editor who doesn't know that millions of Americans in almost every city and town in the country are riding in auto busses!

In Los Angeles the street car companies complain that the auto busses have diverted half a million dollars a year from them in local traffic. Interurban bus lines are paying well and being extended.

The Saturday Evening Post is slumbering in its chimney corner of 1728. It doubtless will come in for the profound consideration of its distinguished contemporary, The Jitney Journal, of Seattle.

Crescendo Por Yahno

There was a young lady who'd sneeze

At the sight of musical keeze.

One day on the llano

She sat at the pliano

And sneezed at the A's and the G'eeze.

Jack Doesn't Get His

"But your fiance has such a small salary, how are you going to live?"

"Oh, we're going to economize. We're going to do without a lot of things that Jaek needs."

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And again Gen. Otis says:

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

"It is disturbing to mental stability."

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

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