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The Blanket Stiff

California's Vote

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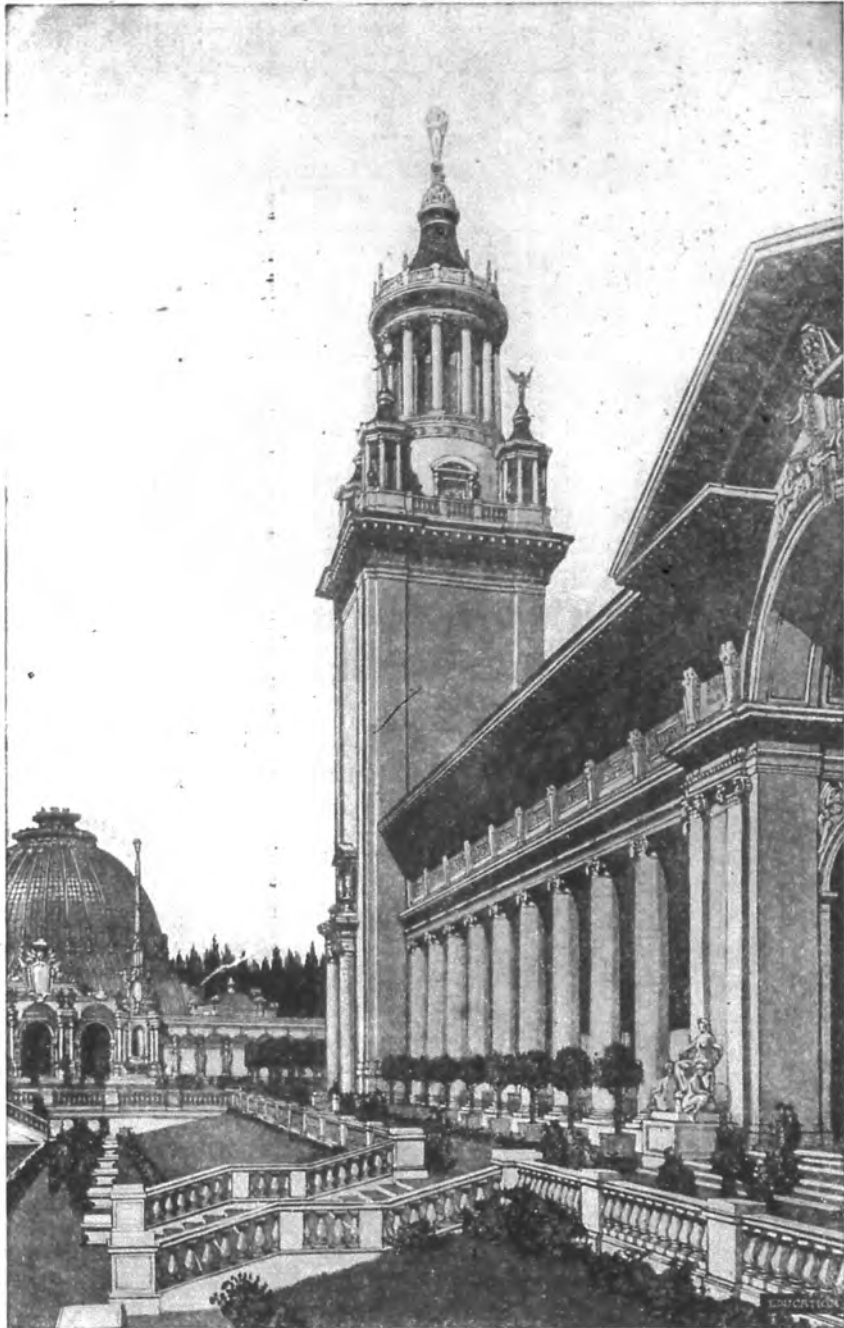
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SALES DEPARTMENT

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View at San Francisco Exposition

Palace of Education, Court of Palms, with Palace of Horticulture in
Background

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. II

LOS ANGELES, CAL., DECEMBER 1, 1914

NUMBER 8



Giant Yuccas, "Joshua" Trees
Taken in the Antelope Valley 20 Years Ago

TREND OF EVENTS

By Frank E. Wolfe

FRAUDS and shams rule mankind. Cowardice is shown on every hand. California workers vote to remain slaves, thus giving a powerful argument to those who declare political action futile.

Gold bricks bring fancy prices in the open light of the day. Mental lassitude and moral delinquency mark the attitude of those who have felt the lash and might be expected to awaken. Idiiotic fear—terror of a bogie man—stampedes the common herd to vote for things they do not want. Cowardice, indolence, and mentation like that of the lowly lobster, are the cause of half the misery of the world.

The working class of California is again bunkoed

because it has not yet come into possession of the use of its brain. The discovery of truth and the detection of error alike involves a laborious process of thought and it hurts some people to think. It's easy to take the other fellow's word for it. It is easier to read the baseball score and let the politicians play their own game. Let the masters work out their problems—then vote as they say.

* * * * *

The full returns of the election of Governor are not yet at hand, but there are enough figures available to reach some conclusions. The vote for N. A. Richardson, Socialist candidate for Governor, should



have reached the 120,000 mark. Tens of thousands of registered Socialists stampeded to the polls and voted for Hiram Johnson, not because of love or admiration of Johnson or what he represents, but because of a panic of fear that Fredericks might be elected.

N. A. Richardson has spent a large portion of his life working for Socialism. As a writer there is none in America clearer or more consistent than he. His pamphlets in the earlier days justly gained unprecedented circulation. He has spoken to hundreds of thousands and written for millions. No man ever merited greater consideration or more whole-hearted support—yet the so-called Socialists have failed again.

Dr. A. E. Briggs of Sacramento polled the highest vote on the Socialist ticket, lacking less than 100 votes of reaching the 100,000 mark.

G. W. Woodbey came second, a few thousand below the vote for Dr. Briggs. All the figures are not available at this hour, but it is likely the total vote for Socialist candidates for state legislature and congress ran above the 150,000 mark. But this is not the Socialist vote and it cannot be depended on. In fact the vote for Richardson will be the real, rock-bottom Socialist vote.

* * * * *

The election of George W. Downing and L. A. Spengler, both of Los Angeles, to the state assembly is a matter for congratulation for they are strong men, tried and true. They represent the true revolutionary spirit of Socialism, yet both are practical and constructive, and their influence is sure to be felt in the legislature.

* * * * *

A strong legislative committee has been selected by the State Executive Board and plans are under way for the introduction of a number of working class measures.

* * * * *

When we read in eastern publications the lists of Socialists elected to office we are inclined to doubt their authenticity and to wonder how many of them really were elected.

In the California column four assemblymen are credited to the Socialists when but two were elected. Comrades Kingsley and Lindsey were not elected, though there seems to be good grounds for a contest in the case of the latter where a "Progressive," who was admittedly ineligible to the office was, on the face of the returns, elected to the office. If there is any justice in the case Comrade Lindsey will be seated.

An analysis of the primary election vote of Los Angeles county will give some idea of the need of better organization, of education—of some means of spreading the simplest information about the candidates on the Socialist ticket.

The organized Socialists of Los Angeles county will be quick to disavow responsibility for the utter assininity shown on the face of the election returns on the Socialist ballot.

Some instances of the monumental stupidity are here given:

Los Angeles county Socialists nominated Thomas Lee Woolwine, a Democrat, for district attorney, and they spattered all over the ticket, even casting 451 votes for Joseph W. Ford, who was running as a Los Angeles Times candidate on his record as a labor hater in the office of district attorney.

These voters, registered as Socialists, with 2609 votes nominated Gavin Craig as presiding justice of the court of appeals, and gave Job Harriman 91. They cast 2742 votes for Paul Wedderin, Socialist, for sheriff, and 3349 for others and gave a large vote to a reactionary office holder. They actually nominated Walter Bordwell, a reactionary Republican, for chief justice of the supreme court of California by giving him 2037 votes. Six wrote in the name of Edward Tuttle, Socialist. Bordwell, who was defeated in the finals, made his race as a Times candidate on the strength of having, as Superior Judge, imposed sentence on the McNamara brothers.

In the third supervisorial district they nominated Barney Fry, an old-time Republican politician, who is reported to have been hobnobbing with certain Socialist party members and attending Socialist meetings. In this district the Socialists neglected to put up a candidate and they spilled all over every





capitalist office seeker on the ballot.

In the vote for Governor 1377 of those voting the Socialist ticket wrote in the name of Hiram Johnson and equally as stupid and incredible as it may seem 27 of them wrote in the name of John D. Fredericks. They wrote in other names that would indicate the need of a special lunacy board.

For superior judge these pure Marxians voted for 34 capitalist lawyers, some of them infamous

in their attitude toward labor. Only one Socialist, W. O. Morgan, succeeded in passing to the final election where, again, the Socialists, by their insistence in voting once for him and nine times against him, succeeded in defeating him.

Of course all this criminal stupidity must be laid at the door of the nons. No really, honest-to-God, red card member ever voted for a capitalist candidate.

Scotching Socialism

"SCOTCH the scarlet snake!" screams the Los Angeles Times in a headline over a story that tells of the organization of the "National Anti-Socialist League."

The league is to be incorporated in California and extended to all the other states. The aim of the organization is "to hold the stability, credit and good government of the nation against anarchical war and confiscation."

The organizer is N. M. Barragar, who is the president and who has "spent a lifetime in the study of comparative religion and social economy." Where this lifetime has been spent is not stated, nor are any of Barragar's antecedents given. William A. Barragar is the secretary and George D. Ball is the treasurer. Send remittances for contributions to the latter, care Chamber of Commerce building, Los Angeles.

Now, let us give thanks to whatever gods may be!

Here appears the man to start something in this day of gloom that will add to the gaiety, at least, of this nation!

This is, if the Times may be believed, an organization that openly advocates direct action—force—against political action!

Long and weary has been the day of waiting for some authorized agent openly to tell the truth about capitalism—that it will not yield to a peaceful solution of the industrial problem.

If Barragar and his comrades do not prove a miserable flash-in-the-pan there are stirring times ahead.

Barragar is quoted as saying:

"If the theory of the Socialist is right that he

will use the ballot as a weapon to take a man's property from him, is there anyone so silly as to believe that any man or woman will sit idly by and watch confiscation? **IT WILL BE RESISTED WITH FORCE!** This resistance means war—and that is what we are coming to if Socialism shall prevail. I do not want my boys to grow up into anything of the sort."

There you are: If the majority of the people of any state, or the nation, shall, by means of the ballot (political action) elect men who will enact laws, or if the people by use of the ballot, shall adopt measures to restore the stolen, confiscated wealth of the nation, these men will meet that peaceful action by force and violence.

There is a growing belief among many Socialists that capitalism will not yield to peaceful measures; that violence will be quickly precipitated by the group that has so hypocritically defied violence; that restoration may be brought about and that exploitation and industrial murders may be brought to an end by evolutionary steps is a delusion. This belief will be greatly strengthened if the Barragar propaganda is given any considerable support and encouragement by capitalists.

That such a move will give a powerful impetus to the I. W. W. and all other "direct action" organizations cannot be doubted for an instant. It will not, however, retard the work of education and organization among the Socialists who are close students of contemporaneous history.

Within a year a movement is likely to be started in America that will draw to it all the radicals on





the continent. This movement will be able to write its program on a postcard and in so writing will inscribe the most important document since the Declaration of Independence or the Magna Charta.

If Barragar, with the support and assistance of the Times and similar institutions, can get enough action he will greatly assist and accelerate this movement.

Comment on the War

AS A prophet, a war prophet, I am not a failure. I am even, in a measure, a success. As for honor—no true prophet cares for that in his own or other lands.

My war predictions did not bring any bouquets but they brought a few bricks—not as many as I expected, but a few.

The most amusing phase of the comment and criticism of my prediction of the downfall of the European Empires, the temporary victory of Teuton and Slav, the passing of British power, has been the attitude of my British friends.

One Englishman, whom I hold in the highest esteem, politely asked me if I was not of German descent. I explained that as far as is known my ancestors had been chased out of Ireland, Scotland and England because of a low strain of fighting blood and a fatal tendency to be on the losing side in the rebellion.

Another English friend spent half an hour telling me of the horrors of German militarism and the need of putting an end to it forever. I agreed so thoroughly with him that I think he doubted my sincerity.

An English author of some renown and one who is certain to make a large place for himself among the authors of the world has written me a letter saying he agrees with me and, saddening as it is, he believes the Germans and Russians will conquer all Europe.

"We may as well view it now as we certainly shall be forced to view it a year or so hence. There is nothing in the universe that pledges the success of British arms. Certainly saying 'Britain MUST win' does not settle the case." writes this loyal son of England.

On the other hand my German comrades are not as enthusiastic as might have been expected. In

fact one of them picked me to pieces, doubted my honesty and said The Western Comrade had spoken brutally about the Kaiser and the German army.

One German said I was right in predicting the fall of Paris and the permanent conquest of Belgium but he declared the Prussians would not compromise with the Czar's government nor would the Kaiser consent to the overrunning of Southern Europe by Russian troops.

This lesson teaches us how difficult it is to please all sides in predicting.

In the meantime as the shuttle passes through the loom and the warp and the woof of war is dyed with the blood of over a million men, the daily news brings stories of the sinking of cruiser and dreadnaught; of the impotency of the great maritime engines of war when a nameless, sneaking submarine comes into play far below the waves which Britannia rules so bravely—in song.

Germany's fleet still declines to "come out and fight" in the waters off Helgoland. There is a better game in waiting.

In the first insignificant naval battle off the South American coast the Germans had all the better of the fight. Presently this small fleet will be overtaken by a vastly larger and overwhelming squadron sent out by England and then we shall see some flaring headlines indicating a great sea victory.*

As the war progresses figures are printed showing the increasing war debt mounts into the millions daily. Germany subscribes for immense loans, according to official dispatches. England had no great difficulty in raising \$1,750,000,000.

Everything indicates a prolonged struggle, though the Lloyds profess to take a cheerful view of the matter if one may believe the dispatches from London. Kitchener says 18 months and the Germans prepare for several years' contest.



*This paragraph was written ten days before the British fleet met and destroyed the German cruisers Scharnhorst, Leipzig and Gneissau off the east coast of South America.

Abolishing the Blanket Stiff

By GEORGIA KOTSCH



BUNDLE stick and a flat wheel," quoth my friend down near "Second-'n-Los," adding with infinite disgust for things-as-they-are, "and not more than seventeen, I'll bet."

A young blanket stiff was limping by. Thus early does "the system" parody the Galilean's command, "Take up your bed and walk."

My friend himself is a blanket stiff upon occasion. Once he came near being the principal in an impromptu necktie party because he was not carrying a bundle. But, in the language of Kipling, that is another story. People are great sticklers for custom and fashion.

He can tell you where all the good water holes are up the coast and the present status of amenities between the stiff and the brakeman. He can tell you much more—of literature, science, art and especially of sociology, while his seraphic smile charms you—O, yes, I am still talking about a blanket stiff—and his clear blue eyes look through you and beyond you, seeing the forces which made you what you are. He could tell you, but he won't, of the little wife "back East with her folks" and whom he is eating his heart out to see.

This just to impress upon us that the blanket stiff is not another species. If he only were! How it would simplify him. But he is flesh of our flesh, spirit of our spirit. The mischief is that just the things any red-blooded person would do in his place he is doing and is going to do.

The world is not his friend nor the world's laws. His ethics are not the ethics of the housed and fed. How could they be? The star-loft which roofs him and the distances which are his walls do not press in the small caution, the timidity, the stifled soul of the steam-heated. Writing of the Blanket Stiff of Galilee, Bouck White says, "Property rights require peace and order and carefulness; human rights require genius and freedom."

Why does not my friend, if he is so well-informed; go to work and secure the comforts of life?

He is informed, but not conformed. Believing in human rights outspokenly, the clash is always imminent between him and his boss who must believe in property rights. He has the upstanding independence of a man and cannot disguise it.

Here is an element in the unemployed situation

which it is convenient to understand. In the vocabulary of property it is resented as shiftlessness. It is the free spirit which does not fit into the money-grubbing groove, the only virtuous groove in present society. The cornered post of individuality will not slide into the round hole of do-as-you-are-bid. The principle of variation, so important in the evolution of the natural world, must not operate here, for property shivers at change.

So he must be an outcast, a pariah as often as not of refinement and culture and radiant personality, a relief from the conventionally molded, a living refutation of the hope that the education and the train-



A different type has appeared in the groups of disemployed that eagerly crowd around the bulletins at the employment agencies. The clerk and bookkeeper and counter salesman with white collar and johnny hat, rubs elbows with he of the bundle stick and flat wheel.

ing of the schools can solve his problem. Despite adverse evidence, his passion for cleanliness bubbles up in the suds wherewith he scrubs his shirts and socks and handkerchiefs when he finds a berth in a camp. He is the Great Unsubmissive. He has no vote with which to protest his misery—not even a vote by mail—and it is the least of his troubles, for he has no faith in the vote as a condition-changer. He is young and the compelling life-tides surge through him and nature's laws mock at man's. Even so, were he otherwise, machinery has sloughed him off and were he and all people vocationally trained and submissive, the pertinence of his question and answer in his much-prized "Hallelujah Bum" song would be the same:

"O, why don't you work like the other men do?"
"How in hell can I work when there's no work to do?"

Still, beyond that is the fact that his lungs are not adapted to a slave atmosphere. With the scarcity

of jobs has come the necessity for subservience to hold one, and that is foreign to him. He is the element which has heretofore creamed off from effete civilizations into new countries and has become the stock of a more stalwart race.

With no new worlds to conquer, what will he do now? Is he to be merely flotsam and jetsam, only a trench-filler for us to walk over to a higher civilization, or is he the Soldier of the Ultimate Good? Is he the un-couth Robert of "The Servant in the House?"



It's a Long Way to Tipperary or Any Other Point
Where There Is a Job for This
Weary Blanket Stiff

who is to clean the carrion from under our reeking superstructure?

In "The Rise of the American Proletarian," Austin Lewis says, "Anything which tends to obscure the antithesis existing in a social organization, to hide the contradiction, is an obstacle in the path of progress." To the blanket stiff the contradiction is stripped bare. He knows.

And O, beware! He sings.

Loria tells how the Troubadours came and went with the feudal epoch, of the corresponding poesy of all periods of change: how language is modified by oppressed classes during times of social decomposition.

Now the blanket stiff has scratched his songs in his own language on the walls of the Spokane jail. Later he has collected and printed them. In the long shadows at the edge of forests, in the white wastes of the Northern camps, in the cheer of burning railroad ties, in vision stroking the ole sab-cat he teaches his rebel philosophy and sings. His little red song-book is sacred to him, and the sacred things of paunched plenty are his jest and by-word.

"But what would we do without him?" I said, harking back to him of the flat wheel.

"He does add picturesqueness to the landscape," said my friend. "His tin cans and the remnants of his chow decorate the by-paths contiguous to railroad yards, his dangling coffee pot, the exerescence upon his back"—

"I don't mean that."

"O, well, we all know the capitalist mode of production cannot get along without him. It must have its masses of unemployed shifting here and there with which to club down wages"—

"That is all banal—except the clubbing. He was Friday Morning Clubbed last winter, but it has not become common yet. It is in his role as philanthropist that he is indispensable. How would people know they had officials to protect them if they couldn't throw a scare through the papers now and then about the descent of lawless hordes upon our fair city? There are really intelligent persons in the upper classes who are bored to extinction in society and with culture for culture's sake in the clubs. What a boon for My Lady of the Uplift when the dear Unemployed furnishes her with an outlet for her ennui. He also furnishes our Socialist friends with endless material for resolutions, manifestoes, fiery oratory and an excuse to go to the Legislature; and the newspapers—you must admit that they said some real plain things last winter about poor people being lured here, the wickedness of it!"

"Salve. The unemployed is not a local difficulty, not a creature of geography, but of the wages system. What matter if he is in Los Angeles, New York or Chicago? HE IS, and he is in all these places. He is ubiquitous."

"Still it is a distinct gain when the public press lays the blame where it belongs and castigates the Chamber of Commerce and Big Business for causing people to come where there is no work for them. You know the great power of publicity. I see this year the police are going to chase them out of town."

"The Chamber of Commerce?"

"No, the unemployed."

"Well, we did have a perfectly lovely exciting time last winter. First they were in the River Bed—"

"Lovely for the men shivering in the rain in the River Bed."

"They were soon taken to jail. And certainly there was one splendid thing which came out of the interest in the unemployed aroused here last year. The Municipal Employment Bureau—"

"Which connects the jobs and the jobless."

"Don't be sarcastic, please. Even a Bureau cannot perform miracles and connect the jobless that is with the job that isn't. But it has provided one place where the unemployed can sit on the curb without being told to move on. And, as you say about picturesqueness, looking down Franklin street with the men strung along like blackbirds on a telegraph wire,

it really gives a foreign touch, and when we get the Belgian widows—"

"Did it ever occur to you why the well-fed do all these wonderful things for the unemployed? Loria says, 'It is the voice of egoism that advises the dominant class to relieve the sufferings it has caused in order to avoid the danger of possible retaliation. . . . Under such conditions the egoistic sentiment would never succeed in establishing perfect moral relations.'"

"You do not think, then, that we shall abolish our blanket stiff?"

"What if he shall abolish you?"

"Ah-h-h!"

Lunacy

By A. F. GANNON



LEMUEL P. BARRON is a hard-headed son of the soil; a safe, sane and average citizen of the type known as the "backbone" of the country. It is notable that his kind is never accused of being the "heart" or the "soul," attributes not held in common with cold-blooded fishes and creeping reptiles.

After coercing what he considered a competence from the soil, and mortgages, of a Middle-Western state, he came to abide in Los Angeles. At an outing of a state society in Eastlake Park we renewed a boyhood-acquaintance that had lapsed since one night many years before when I had folded my tent and silently stolen away to the intellectual vantage-point of New York.

From the world's way of looking at things, and his own, "Lem" was a success. One of his two daughters was attending a famous Eastern girl's college, and the second, a pretty miss of 17, was in a local high school. Mrs. Barron was exactly as I had pictured her metamorphosis from the buxomly inclined girl I knew in youth. Beaming with pride in "pa," whom she considered second only to William Jennings Bryan in sagacity, she made me welcome in their home, where I afterward visited frequently.

Lemuel's patriotism is both voluble and vehement. His "we" plays a prominent part in our many disputations anent international events that seem likely to embroil the nation. When I, after my fashion, strip the flesh of fallacy and fabrication from each successive "scare" and show him the skeleton of Profit from the closet of Capitalism, he takes sputtering refuge in the platitudes about changing human nature. His is the cleverly inculcated and nurtured common

conviction that war will continue until some subtle change, emanating from a vague source, probably The Hague Tribunal, comes over humanity and makes it "good." Until then, it is his belief, we should bear with its hero-producing and business-stimulating horrors, and after each convulsion prepare to avoid the next—much as if a small boy laid in a supply of unripe apples to avoid an attack of cholera morbus.

The lumbering manner in which Barron conducted his arguments often left an opening of which I was not slow to take advantage occasionally, more for the fun of noting his wry grimace on taking a cropper than in any hope of shattering his opinionativeness.

"You're as crazy as Clay Breckenridge!" was his usual rejoinder when cornered in contention, or when I laid open for his inspection, with the scalpel of Socialistic reasoning, an especially tender and deep-seated plutocratic fester in the body social.

I remembered Clay Breckenridge as a not robust-witted boy who loitered about the country newspaper office where I was employed as "devil"—and right here, to digress, let me suggest that "ministering angel" would be a far more descriptive and appropriate designation of this humble Hermes of the types.

When I was graduated to the heights of newsgathering, Clay fell heir to the position I vacated. Later, when my dream of literary dominance drove me to New York, and a decade of ultra-instantaneous lunches, he slowly faded into the mist at the back of memory. Recalled suddenly to mind again the first time my friend used the odd phrase with its ugly intimation, my eager inquiry elicited the facts from him and his wife in a joint recital.

From the story the Barrons related, it seems that Clay Breckenridge, for all his incipient mania, had the

forethought to desert journalism for an apprenticeship in a local machine shop, from whence, in due time, he emerged a competent journeyman. At 23 he married the girl of his heart.

Happy in the possession of their own little cottage, the Breckenridges, with their two children, a girl born at about the same time as Barron's oldest daughter, and a boy two years younger, were respected by all and envied by some less ideally mated couples.

Of a bookish turn of mind, and exceptional mechanical ability along inventive lines, his mind was never idle, so the growth of his mental discrepancy could not be ascribed to that fruitful source of phantasy.

Barron received his first intimation that all was not right in the Breckenridge household, although he attached no significance to it at the time, from his oldest girl, Mary, then a tot of 9. One evening on returning from school, in a burst of childish confidence, she exclaimed:

"Alice Breckenridge asked me for a piece of bread, today, pa." On the following afternoon a similar admission was made by the child, supplemented by the additional information that "she didn't eat it—she gave it to her little brother, Jimmie, to eat."

This set Barron to thinking, and later to discussing the odd occurrence with his wife. They decided to question the child more closely upon her return from school that day. Their inquisition netted them knowledge which determined them to investigate further. Mrs. Barron called at the Breckenridge cottage on the following day. After a constrained greeting and invitation to enter, Mrs. Breckenridge explained that Clay was off to work, and then lapsed into a half-sullen and unusual silence upon the plea of headache. The subterfuge did not fool the kindly Mrs. Barron, nor did a brief outburst of temper a bit later deter her, now that her intuition prompted her to action. In half an hour the slender, tear-wracked girl was sobbing out her secret on the ample, sympathetic bosom of her interlocutor.

For a year past, Clay Breckenridge, in every other respect, sane, was queer on the subject of weapons. On the walls of what he termed his "armory," a locked room vacant for all else, to which the young wife admitted her astounded visitor, were hundreds of them, from the brass knuckles and black-jack of the thug to the modern high-powered and high-priced rifles. Sick at heart she viewed the gruesome collection into which Clay had put every available cent.

As his mania for arming developed, his wife explained, he grew to care less and less for the needs of her and their children and more for his growing array of murderous implements. They seemed to fill

his every thought in waking moments, and though as yet he had shown no desire to use them, she feared for him since of late he had taken to carrying some of the smaller varieties about his pockets. For months she had fought valiantly by prayer and argument to drive the encroaching horror from his mind, but to no avail. Impervious to threats or entreaties when his children first began to suffer for clothing and finally for food, he rode his hobby. Only that very morning he had detailed to her the advantages of having a Maxim rapid-fire gun mounted at the window of his "armory" to command the front gate, in the event of an attack from that quarter. Old Emmons, the hardware dealer, she had taken into her confidence some months since, returning to him many weapons sold by him a few hours before and having its purchase price refunded. Constantly fearing that his employer or the public would come to learn the truth and destroy her hopes of effecting a secret cure of his hallucination, she strove for many heart-breaking months. Clay, lately, noting the disappearance of some of his most costly and cherished treasures, had broken with Emmons, after a stormy interview, and was dealing directly with a large mail-order house, so she was now deeply discouraged and on the point of giving up the task as hopeless. The one thing she dreaded most was the stigma that would attach to the children in the event that she did; but the horror of their present existence now almost equalled that dread.

Mrs. Barron assured her of sympathy and material assistance, but counseled her to have Clay examined, with a view to commitment and cure.

On the next day, while at work on a lathe in the Acme Machine Works, Breckenridge was arrested for carrying concealed weapons. "Lem" Barron and the sheriff, in searching his street clothing, found two loaded revolvers, and in the hip pocket of the overalls he was wearing, a deadly little Colt automatic. His arrest and detention for examination as to his sanity was the sensation of the little town for many a day. Much sympathy and real assistance was heaped upon his wife and children.

Clay's clever presentation of his "peace" theory to the alienists, summoned from the metropolis to pass upon his case, was of no avail. His point that "the true way to avoid trouble is to be at all times abundantly prepared to meet and cope with it" fell upon unsympathetic ears.

Devoid of technical jargon, the doctors' verdict was "Lunacy."

"Plum nutty." was the inelegant conclusion of the average citizen of the community—along whose spinal

(Continued on Page 25)

Who Are the Socialists?

By ALBERT A. JAMES

WE ARE often asked the question: Who is a Socialist? In these times of reformism we find men who call themselves Socialists voting for a "good man" for fear a "bad man" will be elected.

Is it possible that some of our former comrades are tired of being the dynamite that must blast out the rocks of capitalism? Is it true they want to join the steam-shovel brigade?

What could the mushy leaders of Progressivism do toward establishing direct legislation if it were not for the dynamite of economic truth as proclaimed by the revolutionary Socialist?

How far would the Hiram Johnsons get with their state insurance if it were not for the demand of the "undesirables" for the WHOLE LOAF?

When the oil trust and big land grabbers wanted to throw the working men of America at the throats of the workers of Mexico, what caused them to hesitate? Was it the "good men" or was it the old revolutionary wheelhorses who proclaim the universal brotherhood?

When a public service corporation meets in secret session with a city council, what power do they discuss? Is it a Progressive railroad commission or is it an initiatory law in the hands of a revolutionary So-

cialist who has not bowed the knee to capitalistic "respectability."

When the food trust of America is trying to determine the highest point to which they can boost the price of the necessities of life, do they consider law or Interstate Commerce Commission or any of the so-called Progressive means of controlling commercialism; or do they first think of the revolutionary cry:

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS!"

To that comrade who is thinking of voting for a man, either good or bad, we would remind you that a man may go wrong—a principal never does.

Then again, this world is governed by ideals, not men. Today it is ruled by ideal of commercial cannibalism which forces your so-called "good man" to devour the living of his fellow.

The revolutionary Socialist votes and works for the complete overthrow of a system of industry that breeds hatred and war, and for the establishment of a co-operative system of industry in harmony with the new ideal of brotherhood.

It seems that it would be impossible for one who has caught a vision of the great suffering of the mass caused by our present system, to forget their welfare and give a thing so sacred as a ballot to one man, a helpless man.

The Poisoners

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

LOS ANGELES is plagued with a twilight journal that in its tiresome toadyism and sickening sychophancy is usually merely boresome. There are times, however, when its mephitic odors are so all-pervading the creature itself attracts attention.

This painted prostitute is an illegitimate daughter of a notorious mesalliance begotten in shame and whelped in the slimy alley of redlight journalism.

Always fawning on the big-bellied bourgeoisie of the Los Angeles throng of nuveau riche, this bedizened harlot has become distinguished as the champion lick-spittle of all the journalistic Doll Tearsheets that disgrace California.

The sheet is a cheap and gaudy imitation of the other kept ladies in the yellow kid seraglio. Its pages, up to the space it can spare after placing all the delectable advertising with headlines such as "Sick, Sour and Gassy Stomach" and "Baby's Head a Solid

Scab," are largely given to the usual pabulum of prize fights, scandals and a vulgar and reverential flaunting of the news of the wives of the oil kings and beet barons.

Other newspapers of this stripe in more favored cities are notoriously lush with grossness, sensation, brutality, debauching incitements and brazen lies. This evening squawk tags along and does her best to keep in the drawing room with the older and more experienced Laluns of the brothel.

An example of the methods of the local Fannie Hill is shown in an item under date line of New York, November 14, in which a doubtful yarn is spun about the alleged finding of a bomb in a New York police court. After telling of the heroism of an inspector the item winds up with the gratuitous statement.

"Magistrate Campbell, several months ago, sentenced Bouck White to Blackwell's Island. Yesterday

the magistrate received a threatening letter."

Simple and easy, isn't it?

Two and two make four!

Magistrate sends White to prison!

Magistrate receives threatening letter! (From whom not stated, but the inference is perfectly plain.)

Bomb is found in magistrate's court!

Now doesn't it follow that the warden of Blackwells gave Bouck White leave of absence to run down to the Tombs and place a nifty little bomb in the court room under a seat—not under the judge's bench, but under a spectator's seat—and then scamper back to jail.

This news item was good enough to catch a top column position, page 1, column 6.

From the pen of the primal pimp in New York to the pencil and paste pot of the pusillanimous pup on the local copy chopper's desk the insidious poison was injected into the item.

Bouck White was sent to Blackwells because he thought to find Christianity in a New York church. Christ would have received the same sentence—only it might have been Mattewan!

Are they again framing something against Bouck White? Looks that way.

Nice, Green Money!

WELL, the emergency currency is in circulation. Now don't grow facetious and pretend to be surprised and say that none of it has reached you yet. It is a solemn occasion.

This new money, they say, is printed on nice crinkly paper with bright green ink and, if you can get hold of any of it, it will buy potatoes and pork.

Your great government has issued many millions of this new money. The big idea was to make it easier for you to meet your obligations. No plan was worked out as to how the hundreds of thousands of unemployed and the continuously growing number of disemployed were to get hold of any of this printed money to meet the serious obligation of keeping alive.

That is your problem and the government is too

busy to worry over problems that disturb the working class.

This emergency currency scheme is working out beautifully—for the banker. The banker gets the money at a low rate of interest. Then, if you have good and sufficient security you may borrow this money from the banker at from 7 to 9 per cent!

Bring prosperity? Relieve stress? Surest thing in the world! This measure will go a long way toward ameliorating the deplorable condition of the rich bankers in California!

But the Dubb family, large and thriving, is fond of this sort of thing. Witness the fact that Henry and Henrietta of California elected an encrusted, indurated reactionary plutocrat to the United States Senate.

Historic Utterances

"THE public be damned! I'm not running this road for the benefit of the public. I'm running it for my own benefit."—Cornelius Vanderbilt of the New York Central.

* * *

"The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for, not by labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country."—George M. Baer, mine owner, during the coal strike of 1902.

* * *

"I see no solution for the problem until hunger compels capitulation."—Charles L. Eidlitz, president of the New York Building Trades Employers' Association, during the lockout in July, 1903.

* * *

"The club is mightier than the constitution."—Inspector Schmittberger of the New York police force in the police riot in Union Square on March 28, 1908.

"To hell with the constitution!"—Major McClelland, commanding the state militia (paid by the mine owners' association) during the Colorado miners' strike and lockout in 1904.

* * *

"Habeas corpus be damned! We'll give them post-mortems instead."—Adjutant General Sherman Bell of the Colorado militia, defying the orders of the civil courts.

* * *

"I'm working for my own pocket all the time."—Richard Croker of Tammany Hall, under whose regime Schmittberger became a power in the police.

* * *

"Strike! They (the American workingmen) have no jobs now. We do not want to take up work again now. So what can they do? They will have to submit or they will starve."—J. Pierpont Morgan, February, 1908.

The Hero

By JOHN RUSSELL McCARTHY

From Poetry for November

BOMB and hail and shell
Had done their work so well
That, after many weeks,
The city fell.
(To save the women, so the burghers said.)

Then with red-dripping sword,
We, the enemy, poured
Down through the streets
To know what spoils the city might afford.
(What are the spoils of war?)

A corporal, nameless, with a little troop
Of nameless men, has stopped before a stoop
Whose door's ajar.
The corporal laughs. "Ha! Note the family group!"
(A man and wife, three daughters—and a dog.)

Ten of the soldiers enter. "Seize the goat.
No, no, don't shoot him—cut the villain's throat.
That's right, a little blood. Don't splatter so, you
fool, before the ladies.
What, not dead yet? You've bled a quart, you
bloat!"
(A corporal must have his joke, you know.)

"Well, let him die. There's tastier business now.
Here, you two nearest, strip me that old sow.
Too fat by far—but get those rags off, boys—
That's it. Now tie her up so she can see the row."
(What are the spoils of war?)

"Now for the ninnies. Three to each, and quick!
Hell!—what a form. She'd make a queen look sick!
She's mine. You take the others,
And when you're through, a butt'll do the trick."
(A rifle butt is a handy thing, they say.)

An hour later: "Stretch them in a row.

The old sow's fainted. Didn't like the show,
Perhaps. Fat—ugh! Better unburden her belly—
That's it—a twist of the sword. Well, bring the
dog, and off we go!"
(A mascot's good to keep the spirits up.)

* * * * *
Again the howl of war;
Again the roar
Of cannon, and the rain
Of bombs from ships that soar.
(And we must win, for God is on our side!)

The devilish enemy
Force onward, sullenly.
We are turned, driven, routed—
Drop everything, and flee.
(Why does not God uphold the right?)

But see! The flag is raised
And waved aloft! Amazed,
But ready to be led, we turn about.
'Tis the work of the very God we praised.
(Men can do worse than follow a flag.)

And there in the mighty din
We win,
And turn to see who bore the colors back.
We gather round and hem the hero in—
(A nameless corporal, now to be named forever.)

* * * * *
Mark where the hero stands,
A banner in his hands;
Banner of bronze in hands of bronze!
Bronze on granite forever he stands.
(Was he not chosen of God?)

The Tales of a Traveler

THOSE who have not been following the "Tales of a Traveller," running in EVERYMAN, have missed one of the keenest pieces of satire that has been printed in modern times. A stranger from a distant planet visits Acirema (spell it backwards) and makes an investigation of conditions there. Upon his return to his home the traveller has an almost incredible story to tell. The weird customs of the strange land are described in language that is direct and convincing. The stories ruthlessly tear aside our mask of hypocrisy and sham and show up our so-called civilization in all its hideousness. Luke North has handled this in his usual admirable way, but his style in this is new, crisp and delightful. It is hoped that this clever series may be reproduced in book form.

Co-operative Colony

Socialists Making History in C



WHEN the sun rises over the Three Sisters buttes, it tints the snowcaps on the Sierra Madres with a ruddy glow that grows into golden glory and becomes a dazzling white background to the foothills of the Llano del Rio.

Down in the valley the rushing streams flow between rows of cottonwood, and spread out over the broad green alfalfa fields and the growing orchards.

Members of the co-operative colony who are spending their first winter on the llano declare the climate ideal for there is a nip and tang to the morning air.

For two weeks at frequent intervals, heavy banks of clouds have veiled the face of the mountains and lain in heavy folds over the foothills, pouring out floods of rain and snow in the high range while the valley below and to the northward has been bathed in sunshine and the middle part of the days have been warm and pleasant.

Colony activities have been unabated and no time has been lost on account of the light showers that have fallen in the valleys.

Thanksgiving dinner at the colony was the occasion for the most notable gathering since the colony has been established.

One hundred and thirty-four persons sat down to dinner in the big assembly room at the Club House and sixteen of their comrades were the volunteer waiters.

Good eats galore had been provided and over a score of fat and well garnished turkeys formed the piece de resistance at the tables. While there was no formal program, George Heffner, who is chairman of the welfare committee, presided and speeches were made by Job Harriman, Frank P. McMahon, W. A. Engle, D. J. Wilson, and L. A. Cooke of the board of directors. At night a dance was given under the auspices of the entertainment committee, of which Miss Florence Cedarstrom, Mrs. Sara Richards and Bert Engle are the leaders. The children's dancing class gave an exhibition minuet and danced the Virginia reel.

The Saturday night dance has grown to be a popular fixture and the social life in the colony has devel-



Colonists starting to the polling place on election day

oped rapidly as new members have been recruited.

Hot rivalry exists between the two leading baseball organizations which go under the names of "Headquarters" and "Hotel" teams. Their Sunday games are largely attended and new talent is eagerly sought. New recruits are frequently described in some such manner as "Mr. Blank is a plumber, single, 22 years of age, plays the slide trombone and third base."



A glimpse at some of the temporary houses at Llano del Rio

The state election was an occasion to test the solidarity of colonists. It was made the occasion for an outing and all of the registered voters were taken to Palmdale to vote. A big truck with a trailer was the means of transportation. The racks were filled with alfalfa, covered with blankets, lunches provided, and the merry crowd of voters started on their journey which was made the occasion for a delightful outing.

Shows Rapid Growth

California Community Enterprise

They voted the straight Socialist ticket and let the "good men" and "bad men" on the Capitalist ticket go their way.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Mes-cal Company was held in the assembly hall and was the occasion for an enthusiastic rally. The officers for the ensuing year are: Job Harriman, president; F. P. McMahon and A. F. Snell, vice-presidents; W. A. Engle, secretary; G. P. McCorkle, treasurer. These and the following compose the board of directors: David Cederstrom, L. C. Dawson. The latter two are new directors and take the places of A. J. Mooney and F. D. Howell, who resigned some weeks ago. Perfect harmony prevailed and the result of the election was satisfactory to all.

Before January 1, four departments of the colony are expected to receive a tremendous impetus by the addition of stock and new heads to the division. Probably the most important of these will be the acquisition of a new herd of dairy cattle, Jerseys and Holsteins.

W. S. Anderson, formerly of Ontario, will have charge of the live stock and dairy department. He is one of the best equipped ranchers in California and a valuable acquisition to the colony. Good progress has been made with the new buildings for the dairy. This department is expected to be a success from the opening day.

Another important addition will be the poultry division under the direction of D. C. Copley, formerly of Bellflower, Cal. He takes nearly one thousand white leghorn hens and pullets to the colony. Under the directions of the expert, George Reeslund has drawn plans for the latest and most scientific poultry house. Mr. Copley expects to have nine thousand birds in his pens by next spring. He is particularly proud of his champion first prize tom turkey, the winner of the blue ribbon for the best bird at the Southern California Breeders' Show. He says the llano is the most ideal turkey raising country. The Toulouse and Emden geese in the colony pens are also prize winners at the same exhibition.

B. G. Burdick, formerly of Redlands, for several years of the Beekeepers' Association of California, has taken charge of the apiary department and is complet-



Waterfall a short distance above Luckel's camp. The ice cold stream will be diverted and used in the trout fishery a few hundred yards below.

ing arrangements to take several hundred stands of bees to the colony. He expects to have several thousand stands of bees and to make this one of the best paying departments in the enterprise.

James N. Stevens, of Bellflower, has joined the colony and will remove several hundred pure blood Belgian hares to the colony as soon as the new houses are completed.

George T. Collins, formerly of Portland, Oregon, and Madison, Wis., an expert accountant, has joined the colony and has been appointed auditor. He will take charge of the accounting and will "expert" every department of the colony. Collins as a student and an athlete, became instantly popular. He is a pitcher with a red hot twister that makes him in great demand. In the accounting department he will be expected to show heads of departments how to charge a hen with each grain of kaffir corn and credit her with each egg. He looks with dismay at the prospects from time to time of taking the census of the Belgian hares.

Miss Elinor Richards has made wonderful progress

with the school. She has about thirty-five youngsters. New recruits arrive every week. Many of the children have never seen such magnificent distances as the valley shows, and the altitude is conducive to a strange exhilaration that must make the new comers difficult to handle in the confines of the schoolroom.

The new brick machine has arrived at the llano, and soon the snow white Roman bricks will be turned out at the rate of several thousand a day. Then will come the day of ascendancy for the bricklayers. L. A. Cooke, chief architect, declares when he gets his crews working he can turn out houses at the rate of five a week. These houses will be of white brick and red and green tile and will contain all the modern conveniences and luxuries. The smallest of them will have a dining room 12x25, kitchen, dressing room, bath, pantries, closets, and three additional rooms, any of which may be used as bed chambers.

Horace and Frank Farmer broke their own records



View of the Llano club house just before completion.

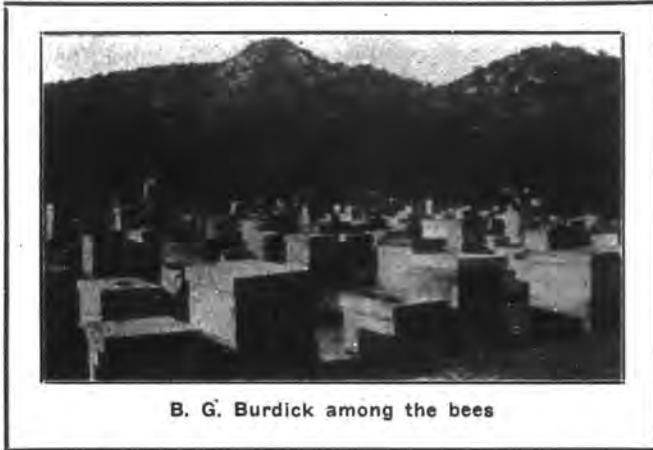
by clearing eighty acres of land in five days by the use of the giant tractor. Two men follow them and keep the pace by burning brush and gleaning behind the big machine.

Enough apple trees have been purchased to plant 160 acres additional orchards. These will soon be put into some of the land recently cleared.

The Colony Apiary

BEES have been described as the most perfect Socialists. Certainly no more wonderful team work could be imagined than that of a colony of honey makers.

On the broad plateau of the southern part of the



B. G. Burdick among the bees

Antelope Valley is found an ideal place for a number of apiaries with a total of several thousand "stands" of bees and it is the intention of the Llano del Rio colony to establish this extensive industry there.

B. G. Burdick of Redlands, for several years president of the California Bee Keepers' Association and president of the San Bernardino Bee Keepers' Club, has taken out his membership in the co-operative colony and will transport from Redlands to Llano about 150 two-story hives of bees.

Probably no bee keeper in California knows more

about modern scientific methods of handling bees than Mr. Burdick, who for the past year has devoted himself to the production of queens. He has met with wonderful success in raising Italian queens, Leather, Golden and Carniolian queens.

Mr. Burdick made but one visit to the Llano del Rio Colony. He spent two days looking over the various projects and immediately cast his lot with the comrades in the colony.

Among the vocational classes of the future will be one of scientific bee raising with special attention given to the production of queens.

With myriad wild flowers in the spring, a steady growth of sage and the proximity of the colony orchards, and hundreds of acres of blooming alfalfa, the llano is an ideal location for the business of production



Trucking honey to market

of honey. Mr. Burdick says he is certain he will have plenty of efficient and experienced assistants among the colonists.

"A small person who uses his head is worth more than a ton of 'beef' in the bee yard. A liberal supply of both brain and muscle is the ideal combination and I am certain to find plenty of this sort of men among

the colonists," said the queen maker in talking over the plans for future apiary activities at Llano. "Women will find ideal occupation in queen rearing. The work is light and women take to it very aptly. They learn quickly and like the work. I see no reason why women should not take a large part in this department of industry."

Nothing to Live For

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN

THERE is a boy in our town—a clean, husky lad with a fighting arm and chin. He works 12 hours a day in a sugar factory, and spends a great deal of his spare time with the girl he would marry if he only had the money. But he always finds an hour or two to read a little history or adventure.

"It's no fun living these days," he constantly grumbles. "No punch to life, just drudge, drudge, drudge. Now if a fellow had something worth while to fight for between jobs he wouldn't mind the work so much. I wish I had lived when there was something doing. I wish I had been in the French Revolution. I wish I had been my great grandfather and fought the British soldiers here in America. Gee, that was some cause."

He flexes his big arm. "But everybody's free in

America, nowadays. Nothing to think about and nothing to do but slave!"

At some future time there will be another boy in our town—a clean, husky lad with a fighting arm and chin. He too will thirst for romance and adventure and something big and fine to live for.

"What tame times these are," he will grumble, as he flexes his 'big' arm sadly. "Everybody is comfortable nowadays. If I only had a great cause to fight for! If I had only lived back in the beginning of the twentieth century!" His eyes will glow. "Those were the stirring times, when the workers were fighting for freedom. What songs they had, what writers, what orators and poets, and best of all, what fighters and what martyrs! 'Workers of the World Unite!' Ah, there was a cause to work and live and die for!"

Making More Heroes

LET us now praise heroic deeds! At last the German cruiser Emden, scourge of the Indian Seas, has been destroyed.

Great credit to the mighty British Navy? Not at all.

An archaic, undersized, poorly equipped cruiser of an inferior class has been driven ashore and burned. The victory, the V. C. and such glory as will be taken goes to the officers of an Australian cruiser of speed and guns.

Before it was destroyed the Emden roved the South-

ern Seas and captured or sunk twenty-two ships, mostly unarmed steamers of commerce, flying the British flag. These acts of legalized piracy also will be chronicled as heroic and brave.

Now that the Emden's bones bleach on the coral reefs of Cocos, the whole performance stands out in all its ghastly, sickening sordidness.

Victory? Glory?

It all reeks of capitalism's putrescence and smells of a dead and decaying system.—F. H. W.

Our Final Aim

THE final aim of Socialism—its ultimate purpose and goal—is as follows:

The free democracy, with equal economic and political rights: the free society with associative labor. The welfare of all is for us the one end of the state and society.

We seek justice and fight injustice.

We seek free labor and attack wage slavery.

We seek the prosperity of all and struggle against misery.

We seek the education of all and fight ignorance and barbarism.

We seek peace and order and combat the murder of people, the class war and social anarchy.

We seek the Socialist people's state and attack the despotic class state.

Whoever desires these things and struggles for them, let him unite with us and work with all his strength for our cause—for the cause of Socialism—for the cause of humanity, whose victory is assured.

Might is Right



HERE is positively no such thing as right. Nowhere in this world, or out of it, can man place his finger upon any one item and call it right, and proceed to prove his assertion. Infinitely less can he show where this patent commodity, abstract right, has its domicile.

Man has talked about right, fought for right, preached about right, sung about it; taken up collections for it, paid for it, but he has never owned any, for the mature reason that there's none in the market.

People, in moments of aberration, have touchingly informed us that the laws of nature are right. But it is perfectly natural for a man to get drunk, set his mother-in-law on fire, and then commit suicide. At the inquest they express horror at this triple act of nature, and the priest refuses to the departed brother, and son of nature, a Christian burial, because of the fact that he didn't do just right.

They tell us that the laws of God are right, and when we ask what they are, they refer us to the Bible. Turn us loose in the Bible and we find all kinds of things going on, commanded by God and continually practiced by His servants. These things may be right, but we put men in jail for doing some of them now. Amongst them is war. For practicing private war we jail men, while some of our leading citizens and international "lights" are trying to abolish international war, maintaining that it isn't right.

Almost every kind of sex-relationship has been right, somewhere along the line. Polygamy, polyandry, and monogamy have each been proved to be both right and wrong. Prostitution has been a sacred rite and accounted holy in some religions, and even the Japanese government appears to look upon it as a lawful and natural institution. This of course does not prove that it isn't wrong, but the point is not what is wrong, but what is right.

When a nation, such as the Tartars, the Turks, or the Goths, ceases to care for its old-time stamping ground it looks around it. What next? Why the next thing is—move onto someone else's stamping ground. And what becomes of someone else, poor fellow? Why, he just becomes, that's all; he fades off the landscape into a seascape somewhere and they forget about him. Then the nation that stays on the film proceeds to establish property "rights" in the new territory. It becomes bad form to interfere with these rights and strictly irreligious.

Thus Tamarlane the Mongol, Othman the Turk, and

Theodoric the Goth acquired rights which powerful churches have since shown to be divine.

Kings rule by divine law! This is true. Every Socialist does or should recognize it, and every Socialist should hurry and recognize it before the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth—else what right have we to have a commonwealth?

Charles, by the grace of God, Rex, and Defender of the Faith, discovered the divine right of Kings, and the Socialist Party National Committee, Rex, should endorse him.

The king had the power to disjoin heads from shoulders, and therefore he had the right. Then Oliver Cromwell had something happen to the king's head, equally right. Then nature (who had the power) had something happen to Oliver, and that was wrong; he wouldn't have let it if he could have helped it—he would have lived longer if he could. Did we say that nature was wrong? We meant to say right; it was a little mistake.

Things are, because they have the power to be. Nature makes us suffer because she has the power to. Therefore she is right. But we wouldn't let her if we could prevent it, and when we can stop her we do. Therefore we are right.

The Dago, pick and shoveling Wall Street to lay wires or drains, may only annex two dollars a day, but he annexes it by might, otherwise he wouldn't have it. He'd be something else, or nothing, or fertilizer,—it's nobody's business. And the capitalist, in the same business metaphorically speaking, boosts the price of water and keeps out of the penitentiary as easily as you and I eat a billfysundae at the soda fountain. He has the divine right.

I have in my possession a title-deed to a few acres of land situated in an abandoned military post in Texas. The title is signed by William Howard Taft, now a college professor. Will someone in the audience please explain to the chair (a chair might be able to get it) by what right one, Taft, sells land in Texas?

The Indians once owned Texas. Why do they not punish this naughty Taft man for giving their land away? I'll tell you, Archie,—they haven't the power! If they had, me and Taft would both go to the same jail. They certainly have the right under the Constitution, for between us we have stolen their property. But we also have the right to stay out of the penitentiary as long as we are able to, although I'm not saying how long that may be.

If it came to a show down the Supreme Court in upholding the ex-President and myself would probably

hand down (happy expression) a decision that it was those wicked Spanish Dons who stole Texas and not Mr. Taft. Anyway, the Texas Indians wouldn't get their land back. Our Supreme Court knows what's right and it's not afraid. If anything goes in italics, Mr. Printer, let it be the latter part of that sentence rather than the former.

But that's true what the Court got off about those Spaniards. They did annex the Indians' land, and the Indians' wives and daughters and whatever else they had room for. And as for the Indians themselves, they roasted them if they weren't quick enough in acquiring the Nicene Theology, and dropped them into Hell if they didn't acquire it at all. The Spaniard came over here to annex someone else's money or otherwise he wouldn't have come at all.

The Mexicans stole that piece of land from the divine King of Spain. As to who owns Mexico just now and by what right I leave Mr. Taft's successor and his cheerful chauntauqua Secretary of State to guess. The Secretary is well up in Divinity.

Then the Texans stole it from the Mexicans. Their right is founded on two unimpeachable, impregnable, inviolable bases of human right—they wanted it; they got it. That'll do now!

Then the United States eagle flaps cheerily down from the north and annexes Texas. Hymn number 427; 32 in the old book! (It has a number in all previous books since the world began.) "Come ye needy!"

Finally Wm. H. Taft, representing you, gives me that piece of land, and I defy every law shark and

every law troglodyte on earth to break the title. Why? Because the army and navy, the church, the stock exchange, Big Business and little business and no business, the courts, the police, and every dollar in America is behind that title and others like it. If it breaks somebody has to admit that somebody was **wrong** about something, and that is what nobody has ever done and it can never happen. All nations are quite sure that they are always right—and so they are.

Now when the working class of America gets around to annexing the United States it will have to take the United States away from the Standard Oil Company. God has given America to Mr. Rockefeller, otherwise Mr. Rockefeller couldn't have got it away from God. Therefore the Standard has a divine right to America, and the working class has a divine right not to own America until it gets it. When that hour strikes, be the victory by ballots or that other thing, it will be force that will win and without force the Standard Oil will remain God's vicegerent on earth.

God rules because He has the power. If he hadn't He wouldn't be on the throne ten minutes. Because He has the power what He says is right; and it changes every day. If God hadn't the power "Satan" would rule and his right would be right. Then the servants of "Satan" would claim that they were the right, as they do now—does not the Senator, the grafter, the white slaver, the child exploiter claim to be right in the commission of his "crimes"?

Let the working class take a lesson some Fourth of July and get by heart how things are done—and then go and do likewise!
S. H.

And "Born With a Job!"

LOS ANGELES newspapers are making much ado about a girl who says she lives on \$1.75 a week.

For the benefit of working girls, department store employes and others, who are earnest students of modern methods of subsisting a fraction above the dead line, the newspapers print the following expense list for one week's food:

Coffee—1½ cents daily.
Bread—2½ cents daily.
Beans—3 cents.
Potatoes—3½ cents.
Meat—10 cents.
Tea—1½ cents.
Miscellaneous—3 cents. Total 25 cents.
Total for one week—\$1.75.

This was clipped from a column opposite a big spread on prosperity, an increased bank clearings boost, a story that France had placed a \$1,000,000 order with an American auto-truck firm and the statement that Charles M. Schwab had closed deals in Europe for \$50,000,000 worth of steel.

There will be some criticism on the expenditure of three cents a day for miscellaneous food. This should be itemized.

Then, again: why the extravagance in buying 10 cents worth of cat meat?

This girl is out of work and looking for a job. There are thousands in the same predicament. Where will they get the \$1.75 plus room rent? Perhaps the editor doesn't know, but the juvenile court officials know. So does the coroner.—G. E. B.

Montreal bond houses are urging "definite news of victories by the allies" so that they can start trading in securities. Sound the bugles for a charge! Kill a few thousand Germans and stimulate stock gambling in Canada. That's what the Henry Dubbs of war are really good for.

Social Evolution and Social Economy

By JAMES C. CRAWFORD



MAN'S evolution through the various industries is comprehensively exemplified in the classification of exhibits at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. They are divided into eleven different departments—Fine Arts, Education, Social Economy, Liberal Arts, Manufactures, Machinery, Transportation, Agriculture, Live Stock, Horticulture and Mines and Metallurgy—and those departments, taken in the order of their naming, afford a wonderful economic interpretation of human progress since the earliest age.

Art, primitive and rude, was man's first essential education. By scratching on rocks the caveman communicated with his fellows when oral communication could not be accomplished, and having learned to give and receive graven messages he learned to think and thus became possessed of a greater number of symbols to convey his thoughts. When able to standardize the observation he had so acquired he was enabled to teach the young. Thus came education.

As man became better educated he also became imbued with a sense of his responsibility and dependence upon his fellows—to realize that relations of mutual helpfulness existed between himself and species—and social economy had its beginning.

When man began to form communities the results of whatever culture they had acquired found expression in liberal arts. Then they commenced to manufacture, at first in a crude way, and gradually machinery was developed. With it came transportation, and mechanical facilities to transport made it possible to profitably cultivate the soil's products in distant places. Thus came agriculture, naturally followed by live stock and horticulture, and when man explored beneath the soil mines and metallurgy resulted.

In every one of the great exhibition palaces at San Francisco there will be much to interest and instruct the student of industrial progress since this old world was very young, for the Exposition is to be an epitome of human accomplishment throughout the ages. But while examples of early civilization will be shown for purposes of comparison and education, the results of latter-day achievement are to be most elaborately exploited. That the Exposition will have a beneficial and lasting effect upon the industrial relationships in this and all other countries is a foregone conclusion, for it will inadvertently teach how the conditions of living can be bettered for all people.

Perhaps in no other department of the Exposition

will both employer and employe find more to mutually interest than in the Palace of Education and Social Economy. The exhibits in this magnificent structure will show what has been developed along educational and sociological lines during the last decade, and by specializing on prominent movements and reforms will aim to forecast the education of tomorrow.

In the Department of Education there will be a comparative exhibit of the educational system employed by each participating nation and a graphic demonstration of educational work in all of its phases in the United States, from kindergarten to university, including a model school-room and moving picture hall with



Half Done Court of Four Seasons

model appliances. The latter will be the first exhibition of its kind offered by an international exposition, but since the last one was held the "movies" have become a mighty factor in public instruction, and that the Panama-Pacific directory appreciates their potency is shown by its expenditure of \$1,500,000 for educational films which will show all that has thus far been similarly shown and much that has not yet been exhibited in this country's institutions of learning. To describe all the subjects that are to be animatedly depicted in the Department of Education would consume vast space.

New York has spent \$35,000 on her educational exhibit, which chiefly aims to show the benefits resulting from her system of public school supervision. By means of an extensive relief map will be illustrated how every school in the state is directly and constantly controlled from the Capitol at Albany, and the lesson thus conveyed may be of advantage to more than one commonwealth whose school system needs concentration of management.

Ohio specializes on her unequalled work in agricultural and horticultural schools, and the exhibit is both elaborate and costly. Massachusetts devotes \$23,000 to showing the success attained by her vocational and textile schools. Wisconsin makes a specialty of her

university extension work, Oregon's rural school system is to be especially exploited—in brief, every state in the union is contributing what it considers its most distinctive educational feature, and the entire exhibition will be the greatest of its kind ever held.

By tremendous labor intelligently applied the Department of Social Economy has succeeded in assuring a comprehensive collection of exhibits illustrative of the conditions and necessities of man considered as a member of organized society and government, together with displays showing the agencies or means employed for his well-being and suggesting how it would be even more improved. Wherever possible, operating examples of these agencies will be given.

All labor problems involving working conditions and standards, welfare and efficiency, and including domestic science and woman's vocations, have been exhaustively studied and will be compared by means of exhibits in this department. No exhibit of this kind will attract more attention from all classes of visitors than the one contributed by Henry Ford, the philanthropist manufacturer of automobiles, whose profit-sharing with his fifteen hundred employes has won him universal fame. How the system is conducted and what its results are will be practically illustrated for the enlightenment of people interested in the problem of strengthening amity between wage-earners and wage-payers—and that means at least ninety-five per cent of this country's population.

In this connection it may not be amiss to hope that the exhibit will also explain how the Ford philanthropy came to be exercised in that particular direction, inasmuch as the credit for conceiving it is not unanimously awarded to Mr. Ford, but is given to his wife by many people, especially of the gentler sex, and neither he nor she has seen fit to settle the mooted question. The story which femininity prefers to believe—and repeat—is that Mr. and Mrs. Ford, being plain folk, were somewhat embarrassed by their rapid piling up of wealth until the lady devised the means of relief which her husband put into execution by allowing each of his workmen a liberal percentage of the factory's profits after all wages and other expenses are paid, and that the recipients of the extra compensation know to whom they are primarily indebted for it and have manifested their appreciation by turning out better machines and more of them



Palace of Varied Industries

than ever before, thus augmenting the profits to be divided between their employer and themselves.

Another feature in the Department of Social Economy that will receive more than cursory notice from workingfolk is a great model of the human eye through which may be seen how different degrees of illumination in a factory affect the optics of operatives. This device, which cost \$5000, is intended to convey an object lesson in the proper lighting of work-room interiors, and may be the means of preventing much ocular defectiveness in people who toil.

There will also be models of restrooms, lunchrooms, billiard-rooms and other chambers which every well-regulated factory has for the comfort or convenience of its daily occupants. To adequately describe all the exhibits that will tend to improve the conditions of working people would consume vast space.

Such matters as finance in its relation to the public welfare and in connection with banks and provident associations and modern credit systems will be elaborately illustrated for the instruction of the masses, and business men will be especially interested in the exhibits pertaining to commerce in the way of the distribution of goods and existing and proposed business standards and systems. The latest discoveries in hygiene, methods of missionary work, international and universal peace institutions—whose efficacy is now being sorely tried—all these will receive a broad and sympathetic treatment by means of exhibitional studies in this great department of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Babes Bred For War

By MARY FIELD

In Everyman



ALL military governments, that is all Christian governments, depend for their perpetuation and extension upon fruitful and obedient women. Given millions of docile women to breed armies, given cunning priests to extol fruitfulness, and kaisers and kings and Krupps will flourish forever.

Said Prince Bismarek with a shrug of his shoulder to a comment on the great number of men killed in one of the Franco-Prussian battles, "Oh well, we will have another crop in twenty years!"

It is crops of men that governments depend upon. At the outbreak of the war, the military nations of Europe took immediate steps to provide for the next crop of soldiers. Before the ranks mobilized the seed of warriors was sown. In Germany all soldiers were urged to marry before leaving for the front, a brief furlough even being granted in order that there might be time for impregnation. In many churches hundreds of couples were married simultaneously that not time might be lost. One of the emperor's own sons set the example which thousands of marriageable men immediately followed. In some villages "holy matrimony" was recognized as the equivalent of an engagement. Everywhere throughout the fatherland distinctions between legitimate and illegitimate have become indistinct. An illegitimate son receives the support of the government. To bear children for the fatherland is of greater virtue than that they shall be born of wedlock, for thrones are greater than altars and exigencies greater than ceremonies.

In England, marriage fees were cut in half, and later all fees were removed in order that there might not be a half crown's reason for delaying the crop. Clergymen married soldiers in depots, in open lots, anywhere, anyhow that the crop of human beings might not fail, that soldiers might not be lacking twenty years hence.

This wholesale breeding the military governments of Europe deliberately encouraged with the full knowledge that for years to come the spectres of pestilence, of starvation, of cold, of despair, of insanity and disease would haunt the steps of these babes from their cradles to the training camps. In twenty years if another war breaks out, one-fifth and more of the seeds which these governments now sow, will be murdered. And thus today in the wombs of hundreds of English brides are the embryos that in twenty years, as state-

owned warriors, will march forth to disembowel the German youths that now sleep in the quiet darkness under their mother's hearts. Babes bred for murder, bred by a state that prohibits and punishes murder!

Bred, what for? Bred that the colonies of England may be held for English commerce. Bred that Germany may expand her trade, stamp with the word "German" the products of the world; bred that Russia "may sit in the sun."

Empires need soldiers and soldiers must come through the bodies of women. Thus it is that in every country dedicated to commercialism, maintained by Christian teaching and the sword, all forms of murder except that legalized by the state and called "war" are punished. And especially must women be held accountable for the life which it is their duty to bring into the world. In times of peace the kings of industry need men for the factories, mines, mills and fields. In times of war, kings need men for the defense or the extension of their power. For kings and commercial lords and aristocrats women must breed, and no mother may say unto her own body "thou shalt not increase," nor say unto the unconscious life within her, "thou shalt not live." It matters not that she sees the unborn child shadowed by disease, driven by hunger, lashed by fear through his entire life. Only the king shall kill! Only the kaiser shall have power over the fruit of her body! She belongs to the state.

In all Christian countries the law is that abortion and even the spreading of the knowledge of means of prevention is punished with severity. The law means that no child can be killed until he is twenty-one—and even then, the state alone, the state which punishes the mother for a remotely similar crime, may take his life.

It is not because of the preciousness of life that there are laws against abortion, against the spreading of knowledge of controlling birth. Nothing but commerce is precious to the state. It is in times of war that the real reason for laws against abortion flash forth with vivid clearness. In the red glare of the camp fires, women read the meaning of the law. In letters of blood women see the real meaning of their lives to the state, read that they are but breeding-machines for soldiers, that their bodies and their children belong no more to themselves than do the pigs in the stockyards.

Will this war make women think? Will it make them act. What if after this war, and yet another and still another, there were to come to women a great awakening? What if silently and secretly there were

to take place in the minds and bodies of women a tremendous revolution so fundamental that it would rock thrones and decide the orbit of nations? What if women were to refuse to marry soldiers, to procreate soldiers, were to demand, that inasmuch as the state finally killed their offspring, they too, had the right to take life before it knew consciousness? What if they demanded that they and not kings be the arbiter of the fate of their children, they who gave them birth?

The birth force, the sex force is a tremendous power. It pulses through every atom of the universe. In our solar system are tremendous forces which man gradually learns to isolate and command. For thousands, yes millions of years, electricity flashed its presence across the sky before man's uncomprehending eyes. For eons of time the hills spoke no word to shivering mankind of the stores of coal which lay deep below the surface. Earth and air and water yet hold forces undiscovered. Much of life is still written in cryptic forms. And greatest of unexplored forces is the mind of man and of woman. Woman, especially, still covers her eyes with her hands before the burning face of Science.

But all things change—shape and form and content and direction—and the minds of women. Thus in the dim centuries to come women may learn to control the life force, demanding that it be their right to swing back the gates of life, deciding that it is even more heroic to strike at the unborn child than years later to plunge a bayonet through his quivering breast.

And meanwhile? The war has raised the question in the minds of thinking women, what is this man-made state that fixes the laws of abortion and prevention? By what right does society make divorce well nigh impossible, and compel women to breed whether they will or no? Why do kaisers decide these matters and not nature? Do you say that were the mother to decide and not Law, the race would not continue? Look to Nature, you of little faith. Look in the hearts of women, you blind men, who believe in force. The love of children is the very tissue of woman's mind. There is not a woman in all the wide world, married or unmarried, who would take the life of the germ-child that was conceived in love, born to sure protection and loving support, born to a heritage of health and opportunity.

The difference between the act of the state and that of the mother is just this: The state when it kills has only its own aggrandizement in view; its motive is selfish; its object, financial gain, territory, power; whereas the motive of the mother in denying life is love of the child, unwillingness that it shall suffer. Perhaps poverty, shame, disease, struggle wait like ugly gray hags at the gates of birth for the unwelcome child. None of these things matters to the state. From these the mother would save her child. It is the inhumanity

of man, the beastly inhumanity of war, that has commanded fruitfulness, fruitfulness not of quality but of quantity, vast numbers that ranks and divisions and companies and regiments and trenches and coffers may be filled.

Well may women question the laws which deny them the right to give or seek information on the subject of prevention, that deny the right to abort. In the light of the bargain-sale marriages in England, of the wholesale marriages of Germany and Austria and Russia, of the bonuses and premiums and bribes for the illegitimate, well may women say to their military governments—give us first peace, give us food, give us opportunity, give us the land, give us strong bodies before you punish us for destroying life. You insist that life shall live, at least until it is twenty-one, then give us the conditions that make for life, under which we best can breed and continue the human race. But until these conditions are granted we will continue to question your man-made law, we will continue to disobey your soldier-breeding mandates, disobey in secret as we have done for ages, your kaisers and priests, until we have the courage of our emotions and shall openly and brazenly, and for the love of humanity, defy the laws of the land, stupid laws which forbid us to take life in order that life may be taken by the state.

When you say abortion is a crime let us look at Europe. "Hell in the field, rape in the towns and villages, plunder in the cities, blood and tears and sorrow everywhere, and around its edges a panic of terror." Life is sacred! Murder roars from a million guns, murder and rivers of blood, fields soaked with the blood of women's sons!

Abortion a crime! Women who hate war should demand it as a right, as a blessing. Abortion a crime! That law makes gargoyles grin. And that law is going to make women think—slowly think, whose shall be the right to take human life.

Lunacy

(Continued from Page 12)

column "Fleet Maneuvers at Hampton Roads," via the movies, sends patriotic self-complacent quivers.

"Insanity!" shrilly piped "The Clarion," after Editor Severn had aired his erudition by exhausting literature on the subject—two columns off from a "patent inside" article, inspired by the Peace-With-Profit League, bemoaning the shocking defenselessness of "Our Fleetless Pacific Coast."

Send in your renewal today. You can't afford to miss a number of the WESTERN COMRADE.

Woman

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

The Worker

LIKE the grandeur of mountains is her beauty—
calm, steadfast, enduring.

Wherever her spirit breathes, lillies of goodness and kindness spring up.

To give is her greatest desire; it is the wellspring from which flow her heart's treasures of labor and patience, healing the world's grievous wounds.

Her presence sheds a radiance upon those about her. Whether she be in the vanguard or the rear of the aspiring army of humanity, she bears her burdens lightly and sings her song of comfort to the footsore and the weary.

Though she be bent with burdens and weary with labor, she still has strength to help those who trudge beside her.

Sympathy is never denied those who come to her.

Day by day and year by year, she gives gifts to the world, asking in return but the strength and the desire to give more.

Her faith in her people never wavers. Their hopes

are hers. Upheld by her courage, they surmount many difficulties.

Labor, endurance, and motherhood have made her wise and the world receives good counsel from her.

She builds the mount of the future with the souls of little children, whose voices ring about her ever in a sweet chorus.

As the flowers grow out of the moist, black earth after a spring rain, so under the touch of her hand, there grow in the human being hopes and aspirations that reach far into the sky of the Tomorrow.

Wherever there is a nation enriched with her spirit, there is a nation striving to achieve the ideal of universal freedom. Whatever nation is blessed by her presence blossoms forth in material wealth and intellectual strength, meeting the tides of Time with dauntless courage.

Though she often goes unsung, she but smiles for her joy is in the doing.

None are more highly rewarded than she.

The Parasite

LIKE the opium weed, she is a deadly poison, but pleasing to the senses.

She is strong as the desire for drink in the drunkard. Yet is she weak as the tree whose roots are buried in polluted soil.

To take is her one great impulse; it is a fire that turns inward—the fire of selfishness—burning up the halls of her soul and all that is in them, so that though she takes the world's dearest treasures unto herself day after day, she never possesses anything.

Though she lives in the midst of a striving humanity, she has never heard the thrilling, powerful, holy song of human endeavor.

She surrounds herself with the marvelous beauties of the world, created at the cost of much suffering and labor and she defiles them; for she uses them only as a lure to passion.

Each look, each touch, each movement, each tone she uses to beguile—as there are always men awaiting beguilement.

Soft laces, rings, bracelets, seductive robes she hangs upon her body—her foul body that has never known the cleansing balm of labor.

She constantly absorbs the beauties of the world; yet they never spring to seed in her soul, for she is barren.

In mind she is impotent, never having gained the strength that comes from suffering.

She weeps for a lover lost, but not for her children unborn.

She abuses the power that has been given to women by Nature and influences men for evil instead of for good.

All women's duties she neglects. All men's weaknesses she plays upon.

Her appearance forbodes the downfall of nations. Where her shadow falls, men become weak in body and vicious in mind; laws become tyrannical and industries stagnate; citizens become demoralized and rulers debauched. Wherever she becomes a power, society rots from within and crumbles to ruin.

Created by fools, she becomes an overmastering impetus that drives them and their helpless dependents still faster down the road to an inevitable destruction.

Though she cringe beneath it, upon her rests the curse of all the ages.

Saintly Journalism

"YOU have a sick, sour and gassy stomach!"

"Baby's head a solid scab!"

"Girls, Girls, Girls, you Must Try this!"

"Get Back Your old time Vim!" (This one is said to make an old man "Feel like a young colt that won't stand still without hitchin!")

"Ouch! Back Ache? Know what causes it?"

"You need this! Take Ambition Pills!"

"Nothing Better for Weak Women!"

"Are you kept awake with itching and Burning?"

These are some head lines, in regular news type, gleaned one day from the columns of a moral and religious daily printed in Los Angeles. This newspaper is so sure that all is well with the world that it will not print the words "killed" or "died." People don't die in its sacred columns—they are lulled to rest or pass away.

Here is the style:

Patrick Riley, a structural iron worker, fell from the twelfth floor of the magnificent new three million dollar office building the Steenth National Bank and Trust Company is erecting at Nth and Spring Streets. This is one of the many great edifices now being erected as a mark of the splendid prosperity and growth of Los Angeles. Riley struck a pile of steel in his fall and he gently was lulled to rest.

Or something like this:

Jesus Ramirez, a track laborer, fell beneath a switch engine in the Southern Pacific yards last night and was ground beneath the wheels of nineteen Pullman cars that were being shunted into the Arcade station. The train bore hundreds of wealthy tourists who are flocking to Los Angeles by the thousands, where they will enjoy the glorious and incomparable climate of the Southland, where peace, plenty and prosperity reign.

When the coroner's assistants had swept together the decentralized fragments of the unfortunate Mexican, it was found that he peacefully had passed away.

The marvel is that the readers of the pietistic journals escape that sick, sour and gassy stomach—or do they?

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NEW REVIEW

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Nietzsche on Women *

DO you like something bitter or very sour after you are cloyed with sweets?

Try a little Nietzsche!

You will, if you are normal and have fairly happy hours, enjoy a little of the mad philosopher.

If you have loved and blundered and lost you will find keen enjoyment in some of the maxims of "Count Nietsky" as he called himself in his youth. Take some of his causticisms on love and marriage:

The same emotions are in man and in woman, but in a different tempo; on that account man and woman never cease to misunderstand each other.

Women can enter into friendship with a man perfectly well; but in order to maintain it the aid of a

little physical antipathy is perhaps required.

Man thinks woman profound—why? Because he can never fathom her depths. Woman is not even shallow.

A soul that knows that it is loved, but does not itself love, betrays its sediment; its dregs come up.

Some husbands have sighed over the elopement of their wives; the greater number, however, have sighed because nobody would elope with theirs.

When there is neither love nor hatred in the game, woman's play is mediocre.

In revenge and in love woman is more barbarous than man.

Would you go to woman, take your whip!

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Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. II. December, 1914 No. 8.

Ora Pro Nobis

WHAT a sweetly solemn thought comes to one when pondering o'er the hour of prayer in Europe—Christian Europe. How from the rich, full throat of the French priest must roll the litany when he reaches the "vouchsafes," especially in the devotion of the forty hours.

"Ut regibus et principibus Christianis, pacem et veram concordiam domare digneris."

and

"Ut Turcarum, et haeticorum conatus, reprimere et ad nihilum redigere digneris."

(That Thou would vouchsafe to give peace and true concord to Christian Kings and Princes;

That Thou would vouchsafe to defeat the attempts of Turks and heretics, and bring them to nought.)

Now that the Moslems are aiding the Christian Kaiser in his attempt to kill a few million Christian subjects of the Christian Czar, is the latter vouchsafe politely omitted?

Naturally Would

"When I was shipwrecked in South America," said Captain Bowsprit, "I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."

"Mercy!" cried one of his listeners of the fair sex. How could they talk?"

"They couldn't," grinned the old salt. "That's what made 'em wild."

The Bible Society has distributed one million Bibles, printed in nine languages, to Christian soldiers fighting in the European war. Thus the killers have a ready handbook and guide to use in the art of collective murder.

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Vincent in Danger

EXTRA! Stop the press a minute for this hot one the A. P. carries:

Vincent Astor is serving on a committee to investigate recreation facilities in the Chelsea neighborhood and a union man is on the same committee.

Now if someone can get Vincent into his own tract where hundreds of thousands of les miserables are huddled in unspeakable warrens and make him believe the property belongs to some other landlord, a Christmas joke may lighten a million hearts.

Joys of the Author

Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, was talking on criticism.

"I like pointed criticism," he said, "criticism such as I heard in the lobby of a theater the other night at the end of the play.

"The critic was an old gentleman. His criticism which was for his wife's ears alone, consisted of these words:

"Well, you would come!"

Political Sabotage

If you really want to know what sabotage means read the history of what the city council of Los Angeles did when they refused to submit charter amendments to the people at an election. The lone Socialist councilman fought a courageous but uphill fight against the incivism of a bunch of cheap, narrow and stupid office holders.

Those Maladroit Men

"But, Captain," said pretty Miss Plute coquettishly, "will you love me when I grow old and ugly?"

"My dear Miss Plute," answered the Captain gallantly, "you may grow older but you will never grow uglier."

And he wondered why their friendship waned so suddenly.

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Evening

By Charlotte Wilson

Go, little Sorrows! From the evening
wood
Faint odors rise, that touch the heart like
tears
With inarticulate comfort. Lo, she bears
A weary load—small cares that drug the
blood,
Small envies, sick desires for lesser
good—
All day, till now the evening reappears,
Then drop away, and she with wonder
rears
Her aching height from needless servi-
tude.
The tree-tops are all music; light and
soft
The brook's small feet go tinkling fo-
ward the sea
Bearing the little day's distress afar;
While yonder, in the stillness set aloft,
My one great grief, still glimmering down
on me,
Smiles tremulous as a bereaved star.

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