Western Comrade

October 1917

Beginning In This Number

The Revolution in North Dakota
By H. G. Teigan

Current Problems
By Walter Thomas Mills

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Llano's Louisiana Purchase

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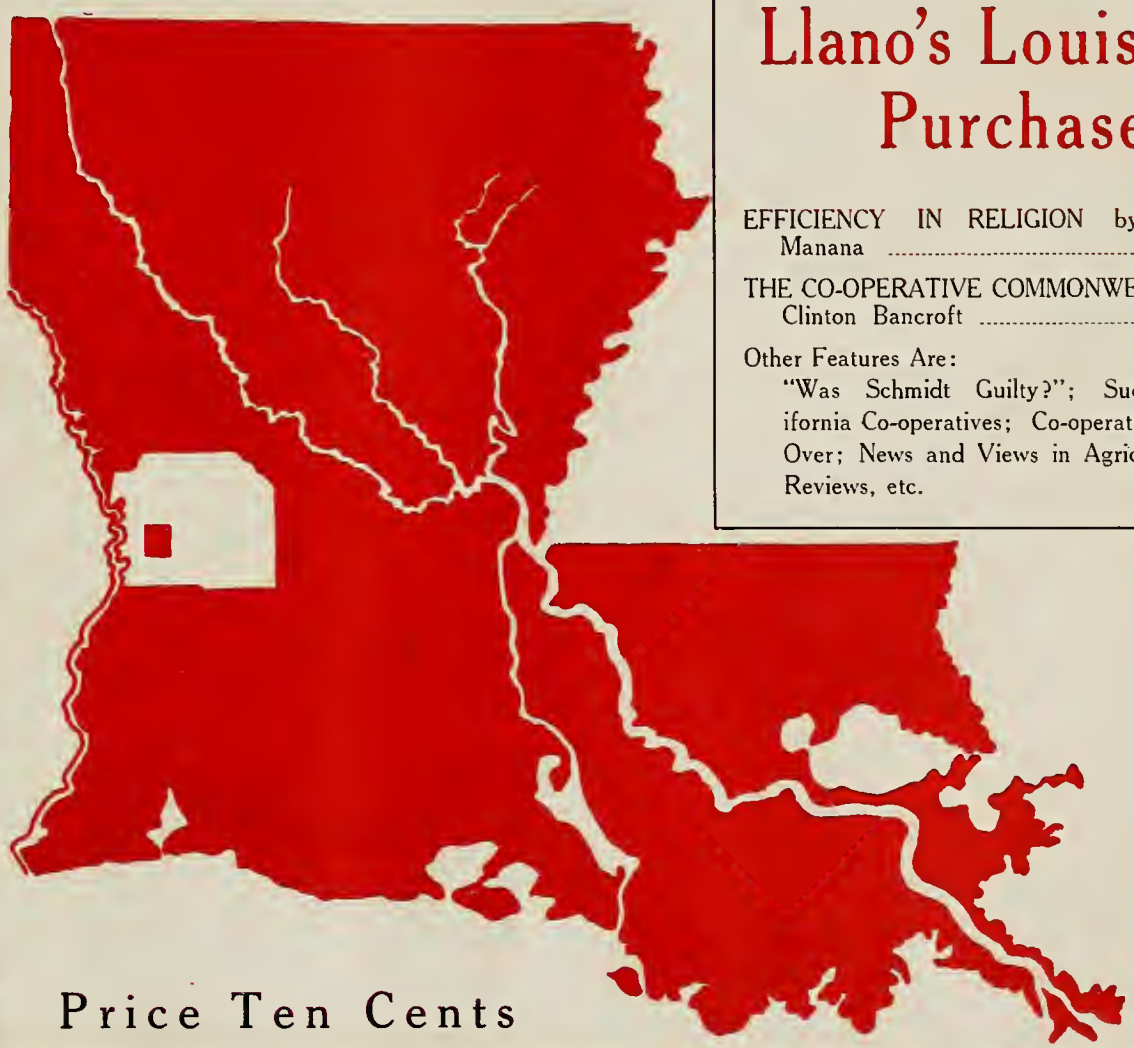
"Was Schmidt Guilty?"; Successful California Co-operatives; Co-operation the World Over; News and Views in Agriculture; Book Reviews, etc.



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The Western Comrade

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

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VOL. V. LLANO, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER, 1917. No. 6

Editorials

By Job Harriman

NEVER in the history of the world did a revolutionary movement show such vitality and determination as that of Russia. It is confronted with the all but irresistible German army; with the conservative, plutocratic rebellions of the empire; and with the infinitely complex and perplexing problems of reconstruction. Yet the new government is handling the situation with great skill and profound wisdom. Political and industrial democracy are growing in an orderly manner out of the tyranny and chaos that gave them birth.

The vitality of this new movement is due largely to the philosophy of Socialism, so thoroughly and generally understood by the Russian people. This movement was known as "underground Russia." It grew in spite of eternal vigilance of the universal secret service spy system, backed by a brutal police and an armed force of infantry and cossacks.

These humble but highly intelligent people contrived to publish their books, pamphlets, papers and leaflets, and to circulate them by the millions throughout the empire. Occasionally an unfortunate, courageous enthusiast became too bold, and, being detected, he was transported to the mines or prisons of Siberia and punished for life for the crime of uplifting and educating his fellowmen. It was these long years of persistent and relentless effort to teach the people their rights that prepared the Russian mind for the establishment of the foremost democracy of the world.

It was in the same manner and against similar obstacles that the German Socialists overcame the brutal Bismarckian laws, and were, before the war, moving irresistibly toward the overthrow of the Kaiser's government and the establishment of a social democracy.

The downfall of the Kaiser will yet be brought about, not by the Socialist forces from without, but by the Socialist forces from within. It will be done with order, precision and determination. Even greater discipline and more profound wisdom will be shown in Germany than was shown in Russia.

Whoever is acquainted with the German people and has observed the German mind must know that they will not make a move until they first know that they maintain perfect military discipline and sustain a solid front to their enemies when the Kaiser goes down. It is toward the fall of the Kaiser and the uplift of the people that the Socialists of Germany have been moving for the last half century. Their victory is as certain as the morrow is to come. The peaceful, educational methods of the Socialist movement will overcome and overthrow any government on earth that rests its power on oppression, sustained by brute force.

There is a profound reason for this. Every human being, like all other forms of energy, seeks the line of least resistance. When he is bearing burdens of tyranny and plutocracy, he is not moving in the line of least resistance. Every thought that tells him how to cast off his burden and make life more desirable is music to his ears and food for his soul.

There is yet another reason. Every conviction that leads to one's liberty of his fellows begets a social passion that is dearer than life, and for which millions have been, and, if necessary, will yet be crucified. But persecution and crucifixion and all the tortures of hell will not cause them to deny their convictions nor surrender their social passions.

Yet there is not and never has been a man in all the world so rich but that he would freely give his last dollar to save his life!

The social passion, the inborn desire to give aid and succor to humanity is born and lives and moves in the very depths of human impulses, while the getting of money is only a matter of superficial rational activity.

It is because of this fact that all governments founded on property rights constantly gather military power around them, but are from their inception doomed to go down before the tidal wave of more humane impulses, struggling for the general uplift and the welfare of the race.

THE headquarters of the Socialist Party in Chicago and various other cities are reported to have been raided by the government authorities.

We cannot believe this has been done with the sanction of President Wilson. The world cannot be made safe for democracy by such methods.

There is a very general misunderstanding of the Socialist on the part of many government and state officials.

The Socialist movement is international. The members

have been meeting together in international congresses for half a century. Their interests and philosophy are the same. They feel towards and treat each other as brothers. They are brothers, not only in theory but in deed. The thought of killing each other is unbearable and except when immediate necessity presses, they refuse to fight.

We believe, however, that none of them would refuse to work in any industry where conscription might call them, especially if that work were required to be done upon property conscripted for the same purpose.

Surely if men may be conscripted to work, property may also be conscripted for them to work with and upon.

Conscription of men, conscription of food, conscription of property, is as certain as tomorrow, if the war lasts.

If men, food, and property are conscripted they will not be unconscripted. "You cannot unscramble eggs." The power to conscript in times of war establishes the right to conscript in times of peace or war. Necessity knows no law but action, and such action is always in line with the power action, let that power be what it may.

It is up to the acting power to be wise, for if wisdom is lacking and the burdens imposed are too heavy, the result will be a revolution. That is what took place in Russia. That is what President Wilson demands of the German people; that is what will happen wherever the burdens are unbearable.

Conscription of men, foods, and property lead inevitably to state socialism; beyond that, and in sight, lies the long-sought Social Democracy.

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ENGLAND's war debt to date is upwards of $5,000,000,000; the war debt of the United States at the present moment is $20,000,000,000.

A fool and his money are soon parted.

—o—

CHEAP bread! Unfortunately, we do not have it; but it will soon come.

"The members of the price-fixing commission think that the new price will permit of a fourteen-ounce loaf of bread selling for five cents and allowing a fair profit both to the flour manufacturer and the baker," says the Literary Digest.

A profit, fair or unfair, is fixed in the minds of all. This fact is the fulcrum upon which the world war is turning. World cataclysms will continue as long as this fact remains. No man can make a profit off another and live in harmony with him. The bone and marrow of all war is the conflict of interest; and "profit" is the essence of the conflict.

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THE Pope's peace proposal is now being published by a Catholic publishing company and circulated in an artfully prepared paper that spouts flames of danger from every line.

The mighty organization of Catholicism is striving with all its might to re-establish the temporal power and absolutism of the Pope.

The following quotation will reveal the hand-writing on the wall. But the Pope will be the Belshazzer:

"In my opinion, Europe and the civilized world ought to institute at Rome a tribunal of arbitration presided over by the Pope, which should take cognizance of the difference between Christian princes. This tribunal, established over princes to direct and judge them, would bring us back to the golden age."

Golden age, indeed! It is a golden age now for the princes. Princes always have and always will, as long as princes exist, enjoy a golden age! What do we want with princes and their golden ages? Will someone tell? What was the American Revolution all about? We are not looking for a golden age for princes or Popes. They have had their innings. They have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Poverty, misery, ignorance and degradation have been man's lot under their sceptres. Away with their political power! They are partners in tyranny. It remains for the people to be partners in liberty and democracy.

Again we listen to the Pope: "We must find a new bond to unite us all. The Pope alone can form this bond. Only Rome can make her impartial and unprejudiced voice heard, for no one doubts for an instant the integrity of her judgement."

How about her impartial and unprejudiced judgment in the days of the Spanish inquisition? No, no one doubts. Everybody knows that the world has had enough of such impartial and unprejudiced judgment. None of it for us.

Again: "The interests of the human race require that there be a curb which will restrain sovereigns and protect the life of nations; this curb of religion might by universal consent have peen placed in the hands of the Pope."

Curbing! The people had better do their own curbing. The Pope curbs to the glory of the Pope. The people will curb to the glory of the people. A little abolition on the side might help some.

Again: "It is necessary that the present system of deciding international questions by a congress be abandoned and recourse be had to the supreme arbitration of the Pope."

The pages of history are smeared with the blood of religious persecutions. The hands of the Popes are black with human gore.

Swallow the Pope by choice and you will swallow his religion by force!

What is the matter with democracy?

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THE most remarkable fact in connection with the enormous cantonments now being built in the various parts of our country is the **permanency** of structures.

Concrete foundations of many buildings; water pipes encased in concrete; enormous substantial storage houses; and other durable structures;—all impress one with the idea that the foundation for militarism, rather than democracy, is being laid.

In all probability, those holding such political offices as enable them to temporarily direct the construction work, will honestly repudiate this idea, but their terms of office will soon expire, while the institutions that gave rise to their military camps will continue to live and the owners of those institutions

will direct the military force of the future as they direct the military power of today in every labor trouble.

The labor and reform movements will then stand face to face with an all but irresistible military force. Such a successful strike as the recent shipbuilders' strike in San Francisco will be a thing of the past.

Far be it from us to question the honesty of our high officials. But honesty does not remove danger. An honest man is far more dangerous than a hypocrite if he is in error. A hypocrite can be changed from his course by a show of power, but an honest man will die for his convictions, be they right or wrong.

So, also, are those honest who own the industries. And, strange as it may appear, every dollar of accumulated profit confirms the conviction of the man who believes that it is right to accumulate money by employing men for a wage less than the worth of their product. Comforts and luxuries are added in proportion to the wealth accumulated, and even doubtful opinions are transformed into convictions by the luxuries that are added. It is hard indeed for him to surrender his luxuries who kuows that he has employed wrong methods in accumulating them; but it is impossible for him to surrender them if he believes the methods employed to accumulate them were right.

Not only will the honest man die for this privilege; but, being in power, he will use the public force to protect himself and all others in the exercise of those privileges. In this fact lies all the elements of monarchy and of militarism. Militarism and monarchy are only different forms of the same thing. Their roots run down into, and are made up of, the private ownership of productive property. While this institution of private property lasts, our liberties are in danger, and democracy hangs by a thread.

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GOVERNOR FERGUSON, of Texas, has been impeached. Of course, he resigned his office but did not do so until the vote impeaching him was about to be taken. Not only is he impeached, but he is indicted for embezzlement and misappropriation of funds. Nor is he alone; he has plenty of company. Many officials in high places in that state are now before the grand jury and will be prosecuted for the same offence.

The condition in Texas is not very different from that in other states. The trouble in Texas seems to be that the machinery of the state got out of the hands of the machine.

The preachers of Texas have raised their voices at least an octave. It is not a sweet refrain that they are singing. The titles of their songs are "original sin," "the fall of man," and "total depravity," and their breaths are laden with the brimstone and sulphur.

They have forgotten that these men were born pure and sweet, and were those of whom Christ spoke when he said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Nor yet do these preachers see that the temptations laid before these men by the industrial and commercial system of which these very preachers are champions, is the cause of their downfall. The money power incident to office was a greater temptation than they could withstand.

Our political institutions are only a duplicate of our industrial institutions. The opportunity to get money without earning it is the curse of the age. Buying and selling and speculating and employing for profit—all lead to gambling and swindling and embezzling, and getting money by cunning.

The principle involved in both are the same.

Something for nothing is the curse of the age.

—o—

BRUTE force as a means of government is committing suicide. It is the law of death. Every race or species that adopts force as a rule of action ends in the tomb. The most peaceful races and the most peaceful animals have survived. Were force the law of life, the reverse would be true.

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JUDGE BURNS of Texas would murder all men who vote contrary to his views on the war question. He would crucify democracy in the name of the nation. He is mad with power and made insane by the law's restrictions. Our laws are made to bridle such beasts. No crime is too base for him who would deny the right of franchise to the American people. The right of suffrage was the fruit of the American Revolution. The blood of our forefathers was spilt for this right. Burns would wickedly spill the blood of our forefathers to maintain it.

Instructing the local grand jury, he said, "If I had a wish I would that you men had jurisdiction to return bills of indictment against those who sought to obtain votes at the expense of the nation's welfare. Such men should be placed against a stone wall and shot."

Judge Burns is guilty of treason. When accepting office he swore that he would support the Constitution. The right of free speech and unrestricted suffrage is the very heart of our constitution. His statement, if followed, would cut this heart out.

The people shed their blood for the privilege of voting for the alteration, the change and repeal of any law that they disapproved.

If Burns' advice were followed, another civil and terrible revolution would be upon us.

The policy of our people is and should be to support all laws while in force, but to change them when disapproved.

What else does democracy mean?

If the President's message means anything it means this. No one has a right to presume that he means otherwise until he says or acts to the contrary.

Violence to the right of franchise is treason in the first degree.

The robe of a judge can not conceal this treasonable act.

—o—

"PEACE without victory!" The hope of America!

This is the hope of the people of the world!

But this is not the hope of the aristocracy of the world. To this sentiment they say "Get thee behind me, Satan, I know thee not!" The aristocrats are ravenous beasts. They are ambitious for the spoils of war and for the world's dominion.

Llano's Louisiana Purchase

WHEN the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony was established at Llano, Los Angeles County, California, it was expected that it would be the first of what should ultimately be a large number of associated colonies scattered through many states, all to be correlated and to work in perfect harmony with one another.

Now the time has arrived when this intention is to be carried out.

The first attempt was made at Llano, and it has aroused widespread interest. From every English-speaking country come letters evincing the utmost sympathy, and expressing the desire to be with those who are pioneering in this work.

Llano, situated in the edge of the great Mojave Desert, in the part known as the Antelope Valley, is one of the finest pear-producing districts in the world. Apples and other fruits do well. Markets are not far distant, and every indication points to the Llano property eventually being worth millions of dollars if developed as a fruit growing district.

But in the meantime Llano cannot support a great population because trees do not begin to bear for several years. The pioneer work having been done, most of the people will either have to go into some industry or to go into some other colony.

About a year ago Comrade Harriman began a quiet investigation to determine the best place to begin the first colony extension work. His travel took him into many states and he considered many tracts of land. Finally he learned of a vast stretch of virgin soil in the cut-over pine district of western Louisiana. Without making known his intentions, he investigated fully, gathered an amazing quantity of accurate and detailed information, and reported to the Board of Directors. It was favorably considered by them and then the proposition was placed before the Colonists in a mass meeting. They became convinced of the splendid possibilities. A committee was at once appointed to verify the report of Comrade Harriman and to gather further information.

This committee left Llano the latter part of August. Stops were made at Minneola, Texas, for the big encampment there, and at other places. The comrades in Texas were wildly enthusiastic and immediately proffered aid of all sorts in making the first extension a grand success.

But like their comrades in Llano, they were very much opposed to the disposal of the California property. This has been advocated by some. The sentiment is not at all favorable to such a sale.

The foregoing brief explanation is intended to forestall misconceptions on the part of readers, and erroneous ideas as to why this move is to be made.

The Truth About Louisiana

The Gulf Lumber Company owned a 16,000 acre tract of land in Vernon Parish, Louisiana, one portion of it is within one mile of Leesville, the Parish seat of Vernon Parish, being to the south and west, and about 12 miles from the Sabine River. It is perhaps 45 miles from Alexandria, 100 miles from Shreveport, and about 200 miles from New Orleans.

So much misunderstanding exists concerning Louisiana, and so much misinformation has been spread broadcast, that it is necessary to correct, right on the start, some of these erronous impressions.

Louisiana has been considered a state of swamps, alligators, yellow fever, malaria, and people of little education. Of course a portion of this is true; otherwise the wrong stories would never have been told and re-told. But the truth about Louisiana is that it is like many other states—some of it is good and some is not so good. There are swamps along the coast. In these swamps there are mosquitoes and in them diseases menace the health.

But these swamps are only a comparatively small part of the area of the state. The rest of Louisiana is a treasure house of potential wealth. Its soil is wondrously rich. Its people are probably as well educated. Though it has had overwhelming odds to contend with, Louisiana has made progress. Without advertising, and therefore without having attracted wide-spread attention, Louisiana nevertheless has forged ahead.

One of the best portions of Louisiana is Vernon Parish, which has been covered with heavy forests of pine timber, this being the chief long leaf pine district. Some of the greatest saw mills in the world are here. The most recent figures give 666,000 acres of timber land out of the nine hundred and eighty thousand acres comprising the total acreage of the county. Residents are few, there being but 20,000 in the Parish. Leesville, the county seat, has but 2,500 people. It is a modern little city, and a pretty one, with good schools and modern conveniences.

The Highlands of Vernon Parish are fertile and productive. Moreover, these piney highlands are healthful. There are no mosquitoes, no malaria, no fevers. The people are healthy. A letter from Dr. Oscar Dowling, to the WESTERN COMRADE in answer to questions concerning the health conditions of Vernon Parish, brought the following answer:

New Orleans, La.
Sept. 7, 1917.

Llano Publications:
Llano, Cal.
Gentlemen:

Your inquiry concerning Vernon Parish received and it is a pleasure to state that health conditions in the entire state of Louisiana will compare favorably with those of any other Southern state . . .

As State Health Officer, I travel over the state—even to the remote rural districts—many times every year. I have been in Vernon during the last seven years a number of times. The citizens there are very healthful in appearance, and the schools are running over. Both of these I consider most excellent indications of good conditions.

An adequate supply of potable water may be had in any section of Vernon, and if the residents are reasonably careful as to their sanitary environs . . . they need not fear sickness any more than in any other part of the country.

Very truly yours,

OSCAR DOWLING, President

The weather conditions are also favorable. Though there is no weather bureau station in Vernon Parish, there is one at Sugartown just a few miles south and one at Robeline, a few miles north of the Colony property. Precipitation for Robeline is given at 45 inches for the year, for Sugartown at 53 for the year. Mean temperature for the year is highest at both stations during July and August, and stands at between 81 and 82. Lowest mean temperature is given at Robeline at 47 in December and January, and at Sugartown at 50 and 51 for December, January and February. These figures are taken from records covering a number of places. Thus it will be seen that there is ample rainfall, and very little cold weather, giving a growing season of at least eight months.

The Commission of Agriculture and Immigration has this to say regarding Vernon Parish:

"This Parish is situated in the western part of the state, and contains 986,600 acres of land. The formation is chiefly pine hills, with a little prairie and alluvial lands. The Kansas City Southern railroad runs north and south through this parish. It is drained by the Sabine and Calcasieu rivers, and by bayous Comrade, Castor, Ana-

coco, and numerous small streams. Water is abundant and of good quality.

"Leesville, on the Kansas City Southern railroad, is the Parish seat. Cotton is the chief crop product, and corn and hay, oats, peas, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, and sorghum are grown. The fruits and nuts are peaches, pears, pecans, apples, figs, pomegranates, plums, and grapes. Livestock comprises cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses. Game consists of deer, squirrels, coons, opossums, rabbits, beaver, wild turkeys, wild ducks, partridges, woodcock, pheasant, becasine snipe, plover and rice birds. There are fine varieties of fish found in the streams, among them trout, pike, bar fish, and bass. The timber is pine, oak, elm, gum, willow, hickory, and cottonwood. Extensive areas of long leaf pine exist."

The crop report for the year 1916 gives the following data regarding crops produced in Vernon Parish.

Cotton	1598 bales	Sweet potatoes	100,000 bu.
Corn	240,000 bushels	Irish potatoes	10,000 bu.
Syrup	4,500 barrels	Hay	700 tons
Peanuts	1,000 bushels	Oats	7,000 bushels

Among the live stock listed are 15,075 head of cattle, 5,864 hogs, besides sheep, goats, horses, mules, etc., proving convincingly that this is an ideal stock country.

Forage crops grow splendidly, and Louisiana can boast of many varieties of grasses. In these piney highlands, which are 240 feet above sea level, rolling, well-drained, with rich soil and healthful environment, many kinds of forage grasses grow and as a stock country it is so good that this promises to become one of the greatest meat producing regions of North America. Here the livestock of the Colony can be pastured through most of the year, and made ready for market at little cost.

What The Committee Reported

When the committee was selected by the Colonists to view, investigate, and report, it went with a full sense of the tremendous responsibility resting on it, and its report is given with all due care for accuracy. The committee consisted of President Job Harriman and Secretary W. A. Engle of the Llano del Rio Company of Nevada, and Robert E. White, assistant superintendent of the ranch. The report is given here.

"The state of Louisiana is a rich and beautiful but sadly neglected state. It has not yet completely recovered from the blow dealt it during the Civil War. This is one of the reasons why its land has not been taken up before and why it is possible for the Colony to secure this vast, rich territory. Even yet there are old plantations which have never been touched since the war, the buildings long since fallen into decay, the lands grown again with pines, some almost large enough to be made into lumber.

"The stream of emigration has been westward, and Louisiana, neglecting to advertise her wonderful resources, has been overlooked. Even those from the South, westward bound, passed through Louisiana without stopping, and have gone on into Texas.

"But this year there is drouth in Texas. There are vast districts as barren as the desert, the cattle and other stock driven off in search of pasturage, the fields mere dry wastes. No rain has fallen for many months, and what was once a productive land is now being deserted. The people are leaving, and the stream of emigration is this time eastward again, east into the heretofore neglected and overlooked Mississippi states, where this year the corn and cotton crops are large, for this land does not have drouth. The rains never fail.

"The land for which the Colony has bargained, an immense tract of 16,000 acres, is southwest of Leesville. On it are perhaps 1200 acres of the finest of hardwood timber, comparable with the best to be found anywhere in the Mississippi Valley. Its estimated value runs up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. These trees are of several kinds, among them being beech, magnolia, white oak, cypress, walnut, post oak, red oak, sweet gum, hickory. The trees are very large, magnificent specimens of their kind. There is also much good pine, though the trees are scattered in small groups. It will, however, serve to supply the Colony with all of its needs for many years to come.

"Among the first questions asked are: What will the land produce? What kind of soil is it? Is it easily worked?

"The soil is a gray sand, underlaid with a deep red subsoil. It is easily worked, but it must be remembered that this tract is almost entirely covered with stumps, and these must be taken out, although it is possible to farm with them in the land for a while. The trees were cut off about fifteen years ago.

"The land is highly productive and good results can be secured for the labor applied, but it means work and lots of it. On the land are several small farms, and inquiries were made to ascertain what is grown and what the production is. Special attention was given to learning whether the land would produce the very first year, and also whether it would retain its fertility. It was found, by questioning there, that the land will produce from the first, and that the variety of crops is extensive. Moreover, it will retain its fertility, though of course the rotation of crops, rational methods, and the application of fertilizer crops or fertilizers are quite as essential for big results as they are anywhere else. One of these farms had been farmed for fifteen years and is a paying proposition.

"The land will produce many crops. There is no finer fig district anywhere. This will surprise those who had considered California the finest fig growing state. Cotton and corn and sugar cane are the big paying crops. Melons of all kinds produce wonderfully. This is in the pecan district. Oats are profitably grown here. Peaches, plums, prunes, cherries are all profitable, as are berries of nearly every variety. Not far away, in this same general district, the growing of strawberries is a special industry. Raspberries, blackberries, and dew berries grow wild. With the exception of citrus fruits, there are practically no fruits but what can be produced here, not only for home use, but also commercially, and made to pay. Vegetables of all kinds do exceptionally well. There will be no difficulty in producing everything for our own use, and having a great abundance to dispose of. We should be able to market a large quantity of corn, cotton, melons, potatoes, cane and peanuts the first season.

"On this land are a number of small cottages which can be utilized by having just a little work done on them. Lumber is easily secured, and the building of other houses is a matter of comparatively little expense. On an adjoining piece of land is a saw mill, and it is possible that we will be able to secure this mill for Colony uses at less cost than one could be taken from Llano.

"One of the advantages we will enjoy is being close to the railroad, so that transportation will not be a serious problem. Leesville, close by, has a good high school and good grammar schools. Our educational problem will not be a serious one.

"There is no disease, except such as is found in any district anywhere in almost any country. The environment is good and the health conditions are excellent. There are no mosquitoes. Though we were there in the early part of September, the heat was not oppressive, and we slept under blankets every night. This condition did not exist in other parts of Louisiana even at that time. The people are alert, progressive, and of the kind that it is a pleasure to be among.

"Water in the wells is clear as crystal, and as pure as water can be. In the streams, however, the water is discolored by the leaves and vegetation, though not impure. Fish live in it. Large ones are caught in the stream which flows through

this property. About twelve miles away is the Sabine River, which is full of fish of several varieties.

"No liquor is sold in Louisiana. It is a dry state. It is a place to make a home and to want to live. The need of Louisiana has been men and money, and her resources have been largely untouched. Only about twenty per cent of the arable land is under cultivation. Vast fertile tracts are not producing. Just recently have efforts been made to develop the agricultural resources as they should be. In Vernon Parish the land has been covered with timber, which has, of course, prevented agricultural development, but as this is being rapidly cut off, the time is close when it will all be under cultivation."

"This report is not by any means complete, but it will give a good idea of what to expect. The land is rich, but it requires work to make it produce. We investigated every phase of it we could think of, and we believe that no place we have ever seen combines so many advantages.

"A summary of what is secured with the new Colony possessions will give a more adequate idea of the wonderful possibilities and the ease with which it may be developed and made to become productive.

16,000 acres of land in all;
1,200 acres of hardwood timber;
27 good habitable houses;
One 18-room hotel, in fairly good condition;
100 cheap houses;
One shed 130x300 feet;
One shed 130x200 feet;
One shed 80x100 feet;
One store 30x90 feet, fixtures in good shape;
1 concrete power house;
One office 40x50 feet, iron safe included;
Eight other sheds and structures;
2 million feet of lumber in these wooden buildings.
5 concrete drying kilns, each about 20x70 and 20 feet high, cost $12,000;
Railroad bed with ties (no rails) through the middle of the tract, connecting with railroad on each side.

"The value of the above, aside from the labor put into them, is quite a consideration, and will save a vast amount of time and work. Besides housing the first families who go there, the industries can also be well housed and no time will be lost in providing for them.

"Very little work will be required to put the buildings into condition so that they may be used at once.

"This is indeed the most wonderful opportunity, and nothing can hinder the progress of the Colony. There is every reason to believe that within a short time the Llano Colony in Louisiana will be a producing, thriving, growing concern, a source of interest to all, a means of livlihood and more to those within it."

Some idea of the vastness of a 16,000 acre tract of land may be secured by remembering that if 16,000 acres were laid out in one long narrow strip, one mile wide, it would extend for 25 miles. Just imagine some point 25 miles away and think how immense this is! Or, if we were in a more nearly square shape, which it is, it would be 5 miles in length and 5 miles in width.

So well impressed were the people of Texas and Oklahoma, that they gave substantial pledges of their intention of becoming members immediately the tract is ready to receive members. Before the deal was fully closed, thirty families were ready to become residents of the New Llano. This is the kind of recommendation that the people who know Western Louisiana are giving. One comrade from Texas writes that there will be 75 to 100 ready to come in by December first. And this means that the first extension work of the Llano Colony will be a gigantic success from the very first.

In spite of war and high prices and mistakes and hardships and disappointment and attacks by those who cannot or will not understand, the co-operative colony movement is going ahead and the wonderful work attempted by the Llano del Rio Colony has just really commenced.

Inquiries made in the Llano Colony indicate that a majority of the people here will desire to go to Louisiana to give the new Colony a start. Not all, of course, will go, for there are many so enamored of the climate and the wonderful views that they will not leave. Others came here, drawn largely because of the healthful conditions, the dryness of this climate being the particular quality that attracted them. These persons will not want to go. They are here to stay.

But many of the people of Llano naturally have the desire to change environment. It is of their chief characteristics. They are venturesome by nature. The idea of extending the work of the Llano Colony, of invading the Solid South with the ideas of co-operation applied, appeals to them.

So the likelihood is that a majority will want to go to Louisiana. They wil pack up their household utensils and goods. The industries will be taken down, some of them, and moved to the new center of activity. The temporary tent houses will be razed to the ground, the canvas converted into many purposes, the frame work made into other articles and used in building.

It is to be a titanic task, this one of moving a city. It means incessant activity. It means securing many cars, perhaps a whole train. The road will be lined with loads of goods bound for Palmdale.

$185,000 has been spent in hard-surfacing the roads in Vernon Parish. Further Improvements are being made yearly.

Of course, this does not mean the abandonment of Llano, California. It merely means expansion. Those who are left will carry on the enterprise. They will develop the water, put it on the land, distribute it through the ditches to the points where it is most needed. They will plant the orchards and care for them. Theirs will be the task of carrying out the plans which have been made.

Llano Socialists have come, have worked out their theories, and have demonstrated them. They have stripped theory of its non-essentials and have reduced it to a practice. They KNOW their Socialism. Theirs is not mere theory, untried. Theirs is the experience born of three years of worthy effort, of genuine constructive work, of pioneering where man and nature frowned, where powerful enemies oppressed, where ignorance cast its obstacles in their path, and where the faint-hearted quit and the doubters left.

But it has made its place. It has everything in its favor. Llano the Second is born, and by the time this reaches the readers, it will already be a lusty youngster, anxious to conquer and subjugate the 16,000 acres before it.

[The November WESTERN COMRADE will tell about the plans being made for handling and developing the new Colony.]

The Devil's Punch Bowl

SOUTH of Llano, tucked away in the surrounding hills, and scarce visible from the road unless special attention is directed toward it, lies a huge mass of conglomerate rock, worn and eroded, seared by time and storm, perforated by innumerable little caves, carved into deep canyons and ravines. Uplifted masses rear themselves above the general level. A precarious trail winds along cliffs that look down hundreds of feet into the chasms below. It is a weird and picturesque spot, little visited, rich in scenic wonders, a small reproduction of some of the wonders seen in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

The Devil's Punch Bowl it is called. It is perhaps a mile in width and two miles or more in length, paralleling the ranges of the Sierra Madres. Almost devoid of vegetation, yet circled by more or less verdant hills the spot is one to long be remembered.

Visitors are not taken to the Devil's Punch Bowl when they visit Llano. Some go to the timber where the logging camp is, where pretty, though diminutive, Jackson's Lake is a cool and inviting spot; some go to the Fish Hatchery where the cienegas, flowing from the dry bed of a seasonal creek, unite to form the Big Rock, and these visitors marvel at the springs thus bursting forth.

But the Devil's Punch Bowl is not Llano property and it is not easily accessible. There is a way to reach it by automobile. That is by way of the Pallet Valley, a valley high above the Antelope Valley, snuggled up close to the highest southern mountain range visible from Llano, in the protected coves and arroyes of which are small farms. But the road from Llano to the Pallet Valley is neither direct nor good, and those who make the trip once do not care to make it again unless it is necessary.

There is another way and a direct one. That is to go through the beautiful Valyermo ranch, perhaps five miles south of Llano. The road to this place is excellent. But the rest of the trip to the Bowl must be made afoot. However, the trail is good, and it is easily followed.

Standing sentinel guard over the North Portal of the Bowl is a giant mass of red rock. A narrow defile through the hills which mask the Punch Bowl widens rapidly and the vast upheavals of grayish rock are piled higher and higher.

Trickling out through the south gap is a little stream. It does not get far, soon being absorbed by the thirsty sand, licked up by the ardent sun, and drunk by the roots of the alders that line the little stream. A splendid camp ground, long known and reached by a short trail branching off from the main one, with plenty of wood, with clear, cold, pure water in abundance makes this a delightful place to remain. The source of the little rivulet is about 200 yards above this spot, where it emerges from beneath the foot of a cliff. Early in the morning there is a generous flow; by night it has dwindled to a mere trickle, but it is unfailing throughout the year. Why it should be so low in the evening is not fully explained by absorption, by the amount taken in by tree roots, and that which is evaporated. The interesting explanation has been advanced that the mass of rock in the cliff becomes heated during the day, expands, and in this expansion closes the crevice until only a small dribble comes out of the earthquake fault, just as one might shut off a faucet.

Leaving camp, and again taking to the trail, one is soon high up toward the crest of the formations, for the trail disdains the valley and holds to the ridge. It is an old and wellworn one, probably used when these mountains were prospected over.

On every side are deep clefts, while rising higher than the trail and off to the west are still higher peaks. Many are quite rugged, and some are almost sponge-like in appearance, being honey-combed with deep, narrow caves which reach into the dark interior of the peaks.

Some of these caves are quite large, and one which is easily accessible, though not visible from the trail and perhaps 500 yards west of it, is large enough to shelter a dozen men. Bees are occupants of many small fissures and holes in the cliffs. High up on some of the crests can be seen dark openings about which buzzards wheel and sail, and in which are probably their nests.

With exception of the trees along the rivulet before mentioned, and a clump of pine trees near the trail in another place where a depression has permitted soil to collect enough to nourish some hardy pines, there is little vegetation with exception of some manzanita and greasewood that clings to the steep, rocky walls, their roots prenetrating the crevices of the rocks and finding in some mysterious manner, food and water on which to survive.

This whole, upheaved rocky mass lies in strata, the lines of which are visible at considerable distances. Great uptilted ledges, pointing at angles of 45 degrees toward the north, each perfectly parallel with its neighbors, lean like multiplied towers of Pisa, vast and mysterious and enticing.

In this land of the Devil's Punch Bowl, barren of vegetation, nearly, there's a charm and a beauty that is difficult to describe. Deep clefts have been worn by tiny streams of water which have persistently cut away at the soft rock till they have worn their way through. Through these gateways, V-shaped, inverted pyramids of space cut deep into the rock, are glimpsed enchanting views of the far-off, low-lying hills, and the still further, vast stretches of the Antelope Valley, rimmed in the blue distance by the pale Tehachapi mountains, misty and uncertain on the northern horizon.

There's nothing of value, but there's much of beauty in the Devil's Punch Bowl, and those who leave Southern California to visit better advertised regions could spend wonderful days here and never be more than 100 miles from Los Angeles, within 50 miles in a direct line.

It is one of the wonderful things of this wonderful spot on the edge of the Antelope Valley, part of the Mojave Desert. It is one of the surprises; and comparatively few even of those living in the Colony, have ever visited the Devil's Punch Bowl and viewed its rugged crags, its deep chasms, its caves, its peaks, its perpendicular cliffs of conglomerate. Some day its charm will be appreciated and commercialized, and together with other points of interest here, neglected and appraised at but a fraction of their value will be the haunt of tourists and visitors, in summer because of the delightfulness of the mountains at that season and because it is vacation time; in winter because residents of Southern California can vary the monotony of the winter days by quick, easy trips to scenes of snow. And those from the East, pining for a glimpse of snow and the bite of frost again, can enjoy it till the novelty wears off, returning home again, all within a day, for the Devil's Punch Bowl is 4000 feet above sea level and there's plenty of snow there in the winter time. It is probably more beautiful then, even, than it is in the summer. But seen summer or winter, only those lacking in a perception of the beauties of Nature or those surfeited with scenes of grandeur can fail to be impressed with the beauties of the rugged, rocky pocket hidden among the narrow range of hills that divides the Antelope Valley from the smaller Pallet Valley. It can never become a popular place, but it merits a journey of many miles, and well repays the effort.

The Revolution In North Dakota

By H. G. Teigan

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

[This is the first of three articles by H. G. Teigan, telling the story of the Nonpartisan League of North Dakota.]

NORTH DAKOTA is an agricultural state, and wheat is its chief product. It is, in fact, the greatest wheat producing state in the Union.

But while North Dakota has produced such an abundance of wheat that it has become known as the "bread basket" of the world, the fact remains that the finished product—flour—is not made in North Dakota, but in Minneapolis. At Minneapolis, in Minnesota, are the great flour mills of the country. These mills grind into flour the wheat produced on the fields of North Dakota.

Early in the history of the Northwest, a group of shrewd and far-seeing men saw the opportunity of establishing at Minneapolis a permanent gouge in the form of flour mills and a grain buying agency. This grain buying agency became known as the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. In 1881 a law was passed by the Minnesota legislature conferring upon the Chamber of Commerce the exclusive right to establish the rules governing its operations. The courts were ousted of all jurisdiction in regulating its rules. Only the legislature has power to set these rules aside, and so long as the big millers and grain gamblers control the legislature, it is not likely that the rules will in any way be interfered with. It might be of some interest to know that the Governor of Minnesota, when this law was passed, was none other than John S. Pillsbury, the founder of the Pillsbury Flour Mills.

Now to understand the pernicious character of the Chamber of Commerce in its relation to the farmers of the Northwest, it is important to have a fair understanding of how this institution controls prices. The Chamber of Commerce not only buys and sells real grain, but it also buys and sells fictitious grain—"futures"— that is never delivered or intended to be delivered. By these gambling methods of the Chamber, it is an easy matter to force prices down at certain times of the year, and in like manner compel them to rise at other times of the year.

At a hearing before the committee of the Minnesota legislature in 1913, these highly important facts were established:

1. Future sales in the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce alone has totalled not less than the stupendous sum of $10,000,000 a year. Prices paid to farmers by millers for real wheat are fixed by the prices made by the operations of the pit gamblers.

2. Of the three hundred eighteen specified memberships, one hundred thirty-five were held by line elevators; fifty by millers; thirty-nine by terminal elevators; and two hundred by commission houses. The remainder of the members were feed men, shippers, manufacturers, linseed oil men, and others. (In this testimony of John G. McHugh, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, there is evidently a duplication in the enumeration of the owners of memberships.)

3. Much testimony was brought out showing how commission houses owned subsidiary companies, sold grain to their own subsidiaries and bought it from them.

4. According to Mr. McHugh, "there are commission charges for buying as well as selling, and for future transactions" and the rules permitting these multiple commissions are established by the very men who pocket the commissions.

5. Methods of manipulation are such as to force the farmer to accept an inadequate price for his wheat, and to boost the price to the consumers after the traders have obtained control of the market.

6. Mr. McHugh contended that the Chamber was a "private corporation" and was, therefore, in no way obliged to publish its affairs.

7. It was shown at this investigation that the Chamber of Commerce robbed the farmers out of millions of dollars by a false system of grading. Between September 1, 1910, and August 31, 1912, the terminal elevators (owned by the Chamber of Commerce) of Minneapolis, received 15,571,575 bushels of No. 1 Northern wheat; but during the same period these same elevators shipped out 19,978,777 bushels of the same grade. Yet they had no wheat of this grade on hand at the beginning of the period, and 114,454 bushels at the end of the period. A like condition was true of No. 2 Northern, but the reverse was true of the lower grades. This merely goes to prove that the Chamber of Commerce bought the farmers' wheat at grades far too low. Now it must be borne in mind that there is considerable difference in the prices of the high and low grades of wheat. There are other minor steals that I could discuss, but the above will suffice to show what sort of a proposition the wheat farmers are up against. (See "Facts for the Farmer," published by National Nonpartisan League.)

But the Chamber of Commerce and the big mills have not been the only exploiters of the farmer. The banks have been equally bad. It frequently happens that the farmers of the Northwest do not harvest a large crop, and, with low prices for their grain, it becomes incumbent upon them to borrow money at the banks. Often, too, in former years, the homesteader was compelled to borrow money to buy machinery, horses, a few cows, and other things necessary in farming. Invariably the banker charged an interest rate of at least twelve per cent on these loans. Only on real estate could a slightly lower rate be obtained. With the Chamber of Commerce pounding down the price of wheat in the fall, and the banks at that very time demanding payment of interest and principal, the farmer was caught "a-comin' and a-goin'."

The effect that this double skinning game had on the farmers can be seen from the following report of the Census:

> In 1910 the total number of farms owned in whole or in part by the operators was 63,212. Of this number 30,651 were reported as free from mortgage; 31,728 were reported as mortgaged, and for 833 no report relative to mortgage indebtedness was obtained. The number of mortgaged farms constituted 50.9 per cent of the total number of owned farms, exclusive of those for which no mortgage report was obtained. In 1900 such farms constituted 31.4 per cent, and in 1890, 48.7 per cent. It may be noted that the per centages given for the three censuses are comparable, but that the number of mortgages and unmortgaged farms reported in 1890 is not entirely comparable with the numbers reported at the later censuses, because at the census of 1890 the farms for which no reports were secured were distributed betweeen the two classes of mortgaged and unmortgaged farms. It is evident, however, that the number of mortgaged farms decreased slightly from 1890 to 1900, but increased greatly from 1900 to 1910.

Since that time the mortgage indebtedness has increased at an enormous rate. It has been estimated that at least seventy-five per cent of the farms of North Dakota are now plastered with one or more mortgages.

This condition of things was primarily responsible for the revolt of the farmers that took place in 1915. Of course

there were other more immediate causes. Two of these I shall here briefly mention:

1. The work of the State Union of the American Society of Equity.

2. The work of the Socialist party.

The work of the Equity Society was confined very largely to a specific agitation for the inauguration of changes in the grain grading system and the establishment of a state-owned terminal elevator either in Minnesota or Wisconsin, or within the state.

It may be of some interest to know that as early as 1893 a law was passed appropriating $100,000 for the establishment of a state elevator at Duluth, Minnesota, or at Superior, Wisconsin. Nothing was done to establish this elevator, and as a matter of fact, nothing could be done, inasmuch as the law was in violation of the state constitution. The framers of the state constitution four years before had seen to it that the gambling game of the Chamber of Commerce should in no way be interfered with. Thus it was that the Equity Society commenced a new agitation for the establishment of a state-owned elevator, about 1908.

In 1909 the legislature was induced to pass a resolution for a constitutional amendment authorizing the state to establish a state-owned terminal elevator, and with the passage of the same resolution by the 1911 legislature, the proposed amendment went to the people for approval in the fall of 1912. The amendment was ratified by an overwhelming vote. The 1913 legislature, however, practically refused to obey the mandate of the voters as expressed in the vote on the constitutional amendment. The 1915 legislature also ignored the expressed demand of the people and even went so far as to repeal the law passed by the previous legislature appropriating a small amount for an elevator fund.

During the same period that the Equity Society was agitating for the establishment of a state-owned terminal elevator, the Socialist party was also carrying on a vigorous campaign throughout the state. Its propaganda was confined very largely to the "immediate demands," viz.: for establishment of state-owned terminal elevators, flour mills, packing houses, cold storage plants, exemption of farm improvements from taxation and such other measures as would be of benefit to the farmer in controlling the marketing of his products. In short, it was a farmer propaganda.

Thus it was that in the spring of 1915 the farmers of the state were seething with revolt. The only thing necessary was a means of crytallizing the revolutionary sentiment. Here a man of remarkable genius as an organizer appeared on the scene and commenced the work of active organization. This man was A. C. Townley. In order to fully appreciate the story of the early development of the Nonpartisan League, I wish to quote from one of his speeches delivered at Grand Forks, March 31st, 1917, two years after the founding of the League. The following is Mr. Townley's own story:

"Most of the farmers in this state do not know how the Nonpartisan League started. They don't know anything about this Movement in the early months of its development; this thing that is big enough now so that it attracts the attention of all the people of the United States. You and they want to know about it, so I am going to tell you, that just a little more than two years ago, out here in the county of McHenry, at Deering, North Dakota (most of you know where it is) I met Mr. Wood here—Howard Wood—you see him in the corner there—and his father, Mr. F. B. Wood. I had met them down at Bismarck at that legislative session. I had talked with them and with Mr. Bowen and two or three others, about a plan to organize the farmers of the state and capture the government of the state.

"We had an idea, just an idea, and on the first day of March or the last day of February, I came out to Mr. Howard Wood's place at Deering. I called him up over the phone. I had told Mr. Wood about my plan to build the Nonpartisan League; but he did not expect me to come there in the winter when there was snow on the ground. But he knew what I meant when I phoned all right. And he met me on the sidewalk. I will never forget how he looked the day and the hour and the minute that he looked at me and shook hands.

"He said to me (because he knew what I was there for): 'What the devil are you out here at this time of the year for?'

"He thought I was coming in the summer, and there I was in the middle of winter with plans, as he knew, to organize all the farmers of the state.

"No we didn't have any of the funds that are back of the Republican party or the Democratic party. We didn't have any money to build this organization. All we had was just the idea. And the story to tell.

"You know I have got a reputation of having gone broke. I want to plead guilty to that. I don't need to emphasize that very much here. You all know that as a farmer I was not much more successful than the average farmer. I want to tell you that there is not very much difference between myself and a good many other farmers except that I went broke and found it out, where a good many fellows go broke and don't know it. That is all the difference. (Laughter and applause).

"And when I found out that to farm under the conditions that you farmers have to live under, made it impossible for a man ever to hope to win an honest competence, I simply quit and said: THERE IS ANOTHER WAY OUT. I am going to cut out this. I know a different way.

"So I roamed around about the prairies of North Dakota for about a year and a half, talking to the farmers. I used to walk thirty miles a day sometimes and talk to the different farmers as I came to them. I thought I understood the matter. I went from one to the other and I talked to them, hours, and discussed things with them, sometimes an hour, sometimes two, to see whether there was not something that could be done.

"You may think it was peculiar, a funny thing, that I would tramp back and forth in that way talking to farmers. But I thought that an organization could be built. I did not know—I was not sure. So I went on and on, and talked to farmers, discussed things with them. And we would come to the conclusion that SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE, or there was not any use staying on the farm. And so I got that idea and that experience.

"Mr. Howard Wood and his father knew I had gone broke as a farmer, and I was discredited. My neighbors and all people knew that I was out hollering against conditions; and when I came to Mr. Wood without any money—my wife at that time was sick in St. Paul, and I was without any money—with nothing but a PLAN to organize the farmers of North Dakota in one summer—when I came to his house when the snow was still on the ground, asking him to help me do that, you can readily understand what he meant when he said: 'What the devil are you doing out here at this time of the year?'

"Mr. Wood had been in the state eight or ten years, and had given about half of his time to trying to build an organization and had not got very far. And he had friends! And here I came to Wood's place without any money, without any friends, with NOTHING BUT A STORY! You begin to get some idea of the situation. I wonder how many men there are in this room that I could have got to get out a team and go with me to see a neighbor with a proposition like that? Of course, if I had had a good reputation, like Jerry Bacon here (Bacon is the owner and editor of an Anti-League sheet at

(Continued on page 30)

The New Socialism

By Alec Watkins

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

WHERE is the Socialist Party today?

It's activities in many directions have practically ceased. Part of its press has been suppressed and the rest of it muzzled. Some of its members are in prison, and more are likely to be. Others, more or less prominent in the counsels of the party in the past, have deserted the ranks and are now dividing their time between firing long-distance broadsides at the Kaiser and hurling verbal stink-pots at their former comrades. The majority remains true to their organization, but their organization is utterly unable to afford them a means of doing effective work.

Before the war the Socialist Party was like a ship at sea, without chart or compass, and headed for nowhere but the horizon. And the storm came and wrecked it.

Can the Socialist Party make any progress in its present shape? It cannot. No organization can do anything without power; and the Socialist Party has none. It was impotent in time of peace; it cannot expect to be otherwise in time of war. It failed to prepare for war in time of peace.

It is useless to blind ourselves to facts. We have been powerless in the past, we are powerless now, and we will continue to be powerless as long as we cling to the methods that have rendered our labors futile in the years that have gone.

The situation is not entirely hopeless. Let us hope that when the Federal authorities entered the National office of the Social Party a few days ago they destroyed the dogmatism and fanaticism that bound the movement hand and foot and killed the growth.

When the war ends, it will be necessary to re-build the party. How shall we do it? In the past we built it on argumentation, debates, pamphlets, lectures, words without end. In the future we must lay its foundations deep in our economic institutions.

> WE must understand that a man is not of necessity a fool or a knave because of his inability to recite the Communist Manifesto backwards. We must learn to utilize the forces that may not be consciously socialistic, but whose progress inevitably leads in the direction of Socialism. We must make co-operation not only an ideal to be realized in the distant future, but the immediate policy of our party.

In the past we have preached the Class Struggle; in the future we must get into it—that we may finally end it.

We must remake our party, reshape its policy, and reverse our mental attitude.

We have been narrow, fanatical, dogmatic. Dogmatism inevitably breeds suspicion, intolerance, bitterness. We have been disgustingly, childishly suspicious of all who could not subscribe to our infallible creed.

Let us make no mistake. Bitter though it will be to the dogmatist and the doctrinaire, we must be prepared to take to our bosom many whose souls are still scarlet with the sins of capitalism, many to whose minds the theories of Marx are unknown. And we must be constantly ready to co-operate with organizations whose feet do not always tread the path we would have them tread.

Fusion! This is heresy, of course. We have but one alternative; we can repeat the performance of the past. We can stand by ourselves apart, viewing the struggle from the dizzy heights of our own creedal perfection, refusing to soil our skirts by contact with the multitude who are still unwashed in our own superior brand of holy water.

No doubt our company would be select, and certainly it would be exclusive; but the world would continue to groan under the burden of Capitalism, and we could do nothing to set it free.

Nothing should be more obvious than that if the Co-operative Commonwealth is to await the time when the majority of men are able to comprehend the Class Struggle in all its ramifications, the reign of Capitalism is secure for a long time to come.

Our first need is Power. Where are we to get it?

From whence does any political party derive its power? It should not be necessary to repeat the answer, but our creed-loving Marxian friends seem to be singularly incapable of grasping it. Any power that a political party may possess is drawn from the economic group whose interests it represents.

Why was the late Progressive Party a dismal failure? It had the support of able and influential men, men experienced in politics, men who held the confidence of a large part of the people. But they were held together only by an emotional idealism which found expression in the demand for certain mildly-benificent reforms. The Progressive Party failed because the business interests of the country were already attached to one or the other of the principal parties.

It will be a source of satisfaction to some Socialists to know that the independent Socialist Party, that it is proposed to form of the Socialists who have left the party since we entered the war, would also collapse for the same fundamental reason—unless they sieze upon the opportunity which we have neglected. A group of idealists may exercise a limited usefulness as an educational force, but no matter how eloquent or able its members, it can acquire no power while it remains dissociated from the everyday concerns of the interests upon whose behalf it essays to speak.

The reason that our rigid Marxians fail to realize this elemental fact is perhaps because, like all dogmatists, they attach importance to the letter rather than to the spirit of the teachings of their master. They passionately affirm allegiance to all the theories enunciated by Marx, some of them hastily and imperfectly conceived, but ignore the severely practical spirit that characterized his entire work. No one did more than Marx in his time to rescue the sanguine souls who, pinning all their faith in the potency of persuasion, believed that the Social Commonwealth would suddenly and miraculously spring from man's natural goodness of heart.

The Socialist Party must definitely identify itself with every economic organization whose progress lies in the direction of Socialism.

The political Socialist must become an active unionist, and the unions must go into politics. This means a struggle in the unions, but it is useless to evade the issue; it is inevitable. It is not necessary to make academic socialists of the members of the unions; it is only necessary to convince them that they suffer a loss of power through limiting their organized activity to the industrial field. It is not necessary to fill the union halls with socialist oratory; but it is necessary that the

(Continued on page 30)

My Californian

By D. Bobspa

STURDY little native son
Of four,
In nightie, ready to sail
The dream ship journey
To the Sandman's palace,
Gazed intent at colored map.

"This is Cal'fornia,
Where I was borned,"
In triumphant announcement;
And then,
"Was you, Daddy, and Muvver
Borned in Cal'fornia too?"

Just Hoosier-born,
We had to confess
Our position
Outside the pale of the elect.

A puzzled look on
That eager, earnest face.
Then a smile.
"But I had you, Daddy and Muvver,
In Indiana."

Confession once again
To that little
California lad.
In Love's young honeymoon
On banks of
"The Wabash far away,"
Full fruition had not come
To consecrate our altar.

Undaunted, undismayed,
Our California sunbeam
Quickly flashed
Triumphant answer,
"But I wanted you,
Daddy and Muvver,
An' I cwied an' cwied,
An' you tame
Across the desert
An' the mountains
To get me in Cal'fornia."

One of the wonderful views looking through a cleft in the Devil's Punch Bowl toward the north. The garden spot seen below is the Valyermo Ranch; across the range of hills beyond it lies Llano. There are other views which surpass this one, but they are not so easily represented on paper. This one is looking north across the Punch Bowl, and further off across the Antelope Valley can be seen the Lovejoy Buttes and the Tehachapi mountains.

Was Schmidt Guilty?

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

NOW let me call your attention to the boat in which the dynamite is alleged to have been carried. You will remember Howard Baxter. He was one of the owners of the boat. His partner swore that the men who hired the boat were to pay two hundred and fifty dollars, but Mr. Baxter demanded five hundred dollars deposit. The deposit and practically the entire transaction was conducted with Mr. Baxter. After the men used the boat one of them went back to Mr. Baxter. The transaction was closed, Baxter wrote him a check deducting the rental and the man went his way. They had probably spent an hour together conversing partially concerning the business at hand and partially on general topics. Not withstanding this prolonged conversation, the most Mr. Baxter could say was that the defendant resembled the man but that he could not say that he was the man.

Mr. Scott a relative of Mr. Baxter cashed the check given by Mr. Baxter. He said, "In my judgement he is the man, but I would not say positively."

Mr. Burroughs, the partner of Mr. Baxter, said that Schmidt was not the man. Hold for one moment the image of witness Bryson in your mind. The man was much fleshier than the defendant; Bryson was much fleshier. He had a much fuller face; Bryson had a much fuller face. He was much broader in the shoulders; Bryson was much broader in the shoulders. He saw him, talked to him about the boat, instructed him how to run the engine, was with him an hour and a half, was down to the engine room with him, saw him face to face and was close to him, as close to him as you are to each other for one hour and a half. He says, "I know that Schmidt is not the man." What are you going to do with his testimony? He talked to him more than all the other witnesses put together. He had been near to him and looked him straight in the face. He dealt with him both before and after the boat was used. "HE KNOWS HE IS NOT THE MAN." He was subpoenaed by the state and should have been examined by the fair prosecutor, whose sacred duty is to be as fair to this defendant as to the state, but he sent him away without putting him on the stand.

Mr. Keyes—"We did not send him away."

Mr. Harriman—"You subpoenaed him?"

Mr. Keyes—"Yes."

Mr. Harriman—"You did not put him on the stand?"

Mr. Keyes—"No."

Mr. Harriman—"Oh, you let him go back. You did not send him. Yes, he knew the way home and you in your fairness knew enough to keep him from telling the truth."

You knew, Mr. Keyes, that he had been with Perry for one hour and a half, that he had dealt with him, showed him the boat, explained the engine, showed him how to run it, and you knew that he would say on oath that this defendant is not the man.

I do not know just what idea of fairness thirteen years as prosecutor developes in an aspirant to office, but I do know that a number of fair and honorable men have been prevented from taking the stand because they would not testify as the fair prosecutor would have them testify.

Mr. Schmidt did not buy the "Peerless" letters. Mr. Nutter sold the word "Peerless" to two men. He says Schmidt resembles one man, but that man was stouter. He could not identify Schmidt. The man had a round face with a droop in his left eye. Mr. Schmidt's face is not round and his eye does not droop. That is a strange co-incidence. No one thinks Bryson was guilty, but the man was stouter, much fleshier, had a much rounder face, had a droop in his eye. It is by far a better description of Bryson than it is of Schmidt. This all come from the mouth of witnesses for the prosecution.

But listen, the witness says he had a light complexion and sandy hair. Look at it. Look at Schmidt. Remember Bryson. Neither of them has a light complexion, and neither has sandy hair.

How rapidly they ride over the high places. They emphasize the statement that one witness said that Schmidt resembled him, or that a man said that Schmidt was the man, but they fail to tell you what were the points of identification. The gist of the matter does not lie in the fact that one man says that this is the man or that he resembles him; but it lies in the fact that the cheek bone was crushed, that his eye was all right, that his hair was sandy, that his face was round, that he was fleshier, that he was short and broad shouldered. You must hold in your mind the facts pertaining to his description, and not the mere statement that this is or is not the man.

Again the man enters the store where he buys the letters. The witness stated that two men came in and asked for letters. He resembles the type of man. Why did not the prosecuting attorney in all his "sacred fairness" read to you that the witness said he resembled the type of man. "I could not say positively Schmidt resembles the man, not the eye; he had a peculiar look in his face, not in his eye." Schmidt has nothing peculiar in his face, but his eye is faulty. "Not his eye," but something peculiar about his face. Here is the crushed cheek bone coming to the front again. But Schmidt's cheek bone is not crushed.

Schmidt did not go to the cafe Miramar. Steuprich said, "I just glanced at him. I only saw him in the dining room. That is not the man—does not look to me like the man. There was something the matter with the left side of his face." This is the fourth witness that noticed the crushed bone. Some say the bone was crushed and the eye was all right. Some say the left side of his face was affected, not the eye. Others say there was something peculiar with the left side of the face.

Mr. Steuprich said, "He ain't the man I seen." The prosecuting attorney laughs at his ignorance and his pronunciation. His lack of education surely will not dicredit him. That is his misfortune and should elicit our sympathy and not our ridicule. He has suffered enough for want of joys that education brings. Far be it from me to question a man's integrity because his education was neglected. "He is not the man, he resembles him certainly. I just passed him by. About my size. I could see him face to face, just about my height." There is an essential fact in the description. There is another cheek bone fact. Thinking they would catch him, the District Attorney had Schmidt step around to compare his height with Steuprich. He never would have done it if he had known that Schmidt was a head taller. Steuprich was broad shouldered and looked to be as tall as Schmidt. With all this testimony can you believe that Schmidt was the man?

Mr. Brown, the man at the Howard Street dock said, "He looked like he had been hit with a hammer." This is the fifth man who noticed the crushed cheek bone.

Mr. McCall was one of the five. He defined the crushed cheek bone with the greatest particularity. He defined his own state of mind, and that he wondered how the man could

have received such a blow without leaving a scar. But he said also that the eye was all right. This defect was observed by five different men, all strangers to each other. There can be no question but that man who purchased the dynamite, and hired the boat, and bought the letters for the word "Peerless" and tied the boat to the Howard Street wharf "had an all right eye" and a "crushed cheek bone." The physical defect that attracted the eyes of so many does not mar the face of this defendant. This fact alone will open the prison doors and let the defendant go free, with his sister to their home.

The two women who saw the parties unload the dynamite at the cottage in which it was stored say this defendant is not the man. They did not observe him critically but they were near him and they were positive that they would be able to identify the man they saw.

Now let us consider the testimony of Mr. Phillips, the man who was in charge of the powder works when the dynamite was delivered on the boat "Peerless." I shall not dwell long with this witness, but leave the analysis of his testimony to Mr. Coghlan who examined him.

He testified before the Grand Jury some five years ago. He stated to the Grand Jury that he did not take particular notice of the man, that he only got a side view of his face and that he was there where the powder was being loaded only about two minutes and had no reason for suspicion. But on this stand he stated that he saw the man square in the face and was there twenty minutes; that he helped load the boat and let the boxes down from the wharf with a rope; that he was suspicious of the men. Can such a man be believed?

The man's anxiety to convict this defendant had no bounds. He was an advocate and not an impartial witness. You will remember how nervous and excited he was when he went out of his way and and began to argue saying, "It must have been true or J. B. McNamara would not have confessed."

Mr. Phillip stated that after the boxes were let down from the wharf he said to the men, "You won't have much room for ten boxes on your boat." They replied that they were going to load them on the skiff that was behind. Before the Grand Jury he stated that he was there two minutes and went before the powder was loaded and that when he said, "You won't have much room for ten boxes," he departed. At this trial he stated that he was there twenty minutes and went after the boxes were loaded. The quesion is whether he went before or after the dynamite was loaded. Determine the fact and you will know whether he is a true or a false witness. The fact is already settled by the very sentence he uttered. Listen, "You won't have much room for the ten boxes." Was that sentence uttered before or after the boxes were in the boat? Had the boxes already been in the boat he would have said, "You have not much room for ten boxes." When he spoke that sentence the boxes were still on the wharf, and he said, "You won't have much room," when you place them there, is the thought. But immediately upon making this statement he departed. Such is his testimony before the Grand Jury. It was then fresh in his mind and he was free from his great anxiety to convict any one. He was merely telling his best recollection.

He told the Grand Jury that he was not suspicious; that he only had a side view; that he did not notice particularly; that he was only there two minutes; but now he states that he was there twenty minutes; that he helped load the boat; that he saw him square in the face; and that he was suspicious of them. Would you take a man's life or liberty on the testimony of such a man. Have you not been told by the prosecuting attorney that when you find a man false in one thing that you should mistrust him in all. The court in the instructions will tell you the same thing. A still higher authority, your own minds and consciences command you to do the same thing.

Human life and liberty are too sacred to be taken by the word of one who is so anxious to convict that he cannot refrain from argument while serving as witness. Such a witness is either consciously or unconsciously false and his testimony is unworthy of belief and should be altogether discarded.

So much for the question of identification. Were either of you being tried instead of M. A. Schmidt you would feel that in all fairness and justice such an identification is altogether insufficient. Your heart and conscience could not help insisting that at least the physical defects and marks upon the face and the color of the hair should be the same. You would feel that it would be nothing less than a crime to convict a man of dark complexion when the real criminal's hair was sandy or to convict a man whose cheek bones were perfect when the criminal's cheek bone was crushed; or to convict a man whose left eye was out when the real criminal's eye was all right; or to convict a man who stood five feet eleven when the real criminal was about five feet seven or eight; and your feelings in such a case would be righteous and holy.

Now let us go with this defendant from San Francisco to Los Angeles. With all their effort and all their thousands of dollars at their command and with an unlimited number of detectives, they could find no trace of him in the South under the name of Perry. Only one witness testified that he saw him at Venice. This witness was contradicted by three witnesses who testified that the defendant was never there under the name of Perry.

Was Schmidt in Los Angeles? Yes, certainly he was. When? He came in July and returned in the early part of August. He was here under the name of M. A. Schmidt. He so testified. We again open the door to the prosecution, but they were afraid to enter. Not a question did they ask him in regard to the whys and wherefores and his whereabouts in Southern California. Again they were silent and their only response was, "No questions."

Every one of you where disappointed when the District Attorney failed to cross-question Schmidt. You expected it. We courted it. They failed to do so. They failed because they knew that he could satisfactorily explain every detail of any question they might put to him.

Why did he come to Los Angeles? Why does every one who visits the Coast come to Los Angeles if possible? He who fails to see Los Angeles fails to see one of the gems of the Pacific Coast. He had decided to return East and came to visit the South before he departed.

One witness only could be found who testified that she knew him by the name of Perry, and that she met him in Venice at Mr. Johanson's house. She was contradicted by three witnesses beside the testimony of Schmidt himself.

The failure to identify Schmidt as the purchaser of the dynamite breaks all connection between J. B. Brice and the movement on the Pacific Coast, and especially between him and the Los Angeles strike of 1910.

That Brice was connected with the Eastern movement there is no question. Nor is there any question as to his being in Los Angeles. But that he was not directly or indirectly connected with the Los Angeles movement is absolutely certain. The methods pursued in the East by the McNamaras were directly opposite to the methods employed here. In this one fact lies the proof that the Los Angeles movement could not have had a hand in this disaster. Theirs was a movement of violence. The Los Angeles movement was political and peaceful in character.

["Was Schmidt Guilty" began in the May issue. Back numbers ten cents a copy.]

Creek on Llan
Louisiana land
Cotton Field c
adjoining prop
erty to Llan
lands; Lon
Leaf Pine Fore
in the Highlanc
of Louisiana.

A Sweet Potato Field in Louisiana Highland District.

Soy Beans grown in L

Oat Field located in Louisiana Highland District.

Corn Field in
Highlands of
Louisiana near
Colony lands;
Corn produces
well on the cut-
over pine lands.

Alfalfa Hay Field not far from the property purchased by Llano Colony in the Highlands of western Louisiana.

Dairy Cattle raised in Louisiana Highland District.

na Highland District.

Threshing Oats in Louisiana Highland District.

Cattle grazing on cut-over pine lands of Highland District of Louisiana; the cattle industry promises great profits.

Current Problems

By Walter Thomas Mills

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

The Greatest Problem of Them All

IT was seen last month that effective dealing with the current economic and political problems, requires the joint action of the organized unions, farmers and co-operative societies.

Any political movement in behalf of labor which is not directly related to these organizations and responsible to the workers through these organizations, cannot hope to deal effectively with the problems of labor.

But how does it happen that there are such problems?

Provision is made for the common welfare by the joint use of (1) the natural resources, of (2) industrial equipment including a system of credits, of (3) organization and management, and of (4) labor.

The natural resources are abundant. There are no problems in connection with their production. All social problems relating to natural resources have to do with the opportunity to use them, not with any efforts to produce them.

The industrial equipment and the possibilities of credit, representing goods in transit or in process of production, present no real difficulties in the matter of efficiency.

The same is true of labor and hence the earth is rich enough in natural resources and the machinery of production is effective enough and labor numerous enough, skillful enough and willing enough to produce enough for all human needs and to spare.

For this reason, it follows that there are no serious problems as related to the productive possibilities of natural resources, industrial equipment or labor.

The one remaining factor involved in provision for the common welfare is that of organization and management. It is in this field where all the problems in economics and in politics arise.

It is not a matter of the creation of more natural resources. It is a matter of the organization and management of natural resources already and abundantly provided by the gift of nature.

It is not a matter of the necessary production of new machinery in production, transportation, manufacture, storage or exchange. In all these matters, the machinery provided is so effective that the real problem is not one of producing better machinery but of providing the organization and management which is indispensable to its proper use.

It is not a matter of providing additional labor. It is a matter of such organization and management as shall provide useful employment all the year around for all able-bodied people, and all these workers should be made skilled workers, should be equipped with the best possible machinery, should be provided with free access to the natural resources and should be given for their own use the net total products of their own labor.

But all this is a matter, not of providing more labor, but of better organization and management.

Is it not perfectly evident that the great social and political problems are altogether questions of organization and management? And hence, the greatest problem of all, is how to provide this organization and management.

It was said above that all workers should be given the total product of their labor but of all forms of labor at this time, the labor which is most sorely needed, is the particular labor required in organization and management.

With this work effectively done, all other work is easy. With this management once provided, all other social problems vanish.

Such a management must be made answerable to all those whose interests are involved. The fruits of the services rendered by them for the common welfare, must be made available for the common need.

Now, the authority to manage rests on the ability to invest. This ability to invest does not rest on the capacity or the disposition to serve the common good, but entirely upon the private monopoly control, by a few, of the common needs of all.

> THE greatest social problem is one of organization and management, and the greatest problem in organization and management is how to relate the personal interests of the manager to the common good, so that he shall become in very truth, "the greatest servant of all."

For this reason, the task set for every manager is not one of service for the common good of all, but of service to the few who monopolize the natural resources and industrial equipments upon which the life of all depends, and necessarily to the disadvantage of the many who are dependent, and to the unearned and undeserved advantage of the few who are masters. Under current conditions, the more capable and effective the management, the more serious the social disaster. The manager is not now employed to serve the common good of all, but to serve the special interests of the few as against the most vital needs of all.

The greatest social problem is one of organization and management, and the greatest problem in organization and management is how to relate the personal interests of the manager to the common good so that he shall become, in very truth, "the greatest servant of all."

Now the greatest managerial ability is chained to the necessity of serving the interests of those who render no service but who live as parasites on the civic body, and all its energies are required to further the interests of the parasites at the expense of the common good.

How different would be the situation were the manager to come to his place by promotion, not for efficiency in serving the parasite, but for efficiency in promoting the common good.

How different the situation if the tenure of his position rested, not on what he could get out of the workers for the benefit of the masters, but on what he could devise and contrive for the benefit of all.

The organizations of the labor unions, of the farmers and of the co-operative societies, are, at least, the beginnings of forms of organization in the processes of primary production, manufacture, storage and delivery.

These organizations can succeed only as efficiency in their management shall be developed and finally, as they shall be

(Continued on page 30)

The Socialist Movement in Japan

By S. Katayama

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

THE Social Democratic Party of Japan was organized and its manifesto published on the twentieth of May, 1901. Six hundred members, including the writer, were associated with the organization. This party was suppressed by the government on the day of its birth. But the Socialist propaganda was unrestricted, so that, in spite of the suppression of the party, the philosophy spread rapidly throughout Japan. The Socialists made a great fight during the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5, and made many sympathizers.

In the summer of 1906, the Socialist Party of Japan was reorganized in Tokyo, and in a few months several hundred members were enrolled, and all indications pointed to a movement of growth and activity. The party had a Socialist daily in Tokyo in the spring of 1907, but it was quickly suppressed by the authorities. Since that time the Socialist Party legally was never permitted to exist until the present time.

Socialists in Japan have had hard, discouraging living the last ten years. Many have suffered prison life. Twelve have served life-terms for their agitation of revolutionary doctrines. Six have died in prison. Twelve have been hung. There are many in prison at the present moment for persisting in Socialist propaganda. Probably the treatment of the Socialists has been harsher and more cruel than that in any other country on earth. Notwithstanding this constant suprpession, oppression, intimidation and rigorous punishment, however, scattered throughout Japan there are some seven thousands of Socialists. Many of these once active in the cause, quit for the sake of living. The remainder are true martyrs and bravely face all persecution that may be directed against them.

At the time of the last parliamentary election, the Socialists ran a candidate. Comrade Toshihiko Sakai assumed the responsibility in initiating this move. Five campaign meetings were held but all were broken up by the forces of the brutal police. Following this, the Socialists were entirely suppressed, although the constitution guarantees them the right of liberty and freedom of speech. Moreover, in spite of the specific provision in the election law which allows candidates to hold campaign meetings during the two months previous to the day of election, the platform and manifesto of the Party were suppressed. Even then, Comrade Sakai received twenty-five votes.

There are about one and a half million voters in Japan out of a population of seventy million souls. This number is restricted by property qualifications and educational tests, so that the proletarians are utterly excluded from the franchise. To get twenty-five votes under such circumstances shows a very promising future for the Socialist movement in Japan. From the viewpoint of the government, the Socialist is nothing but a traitor, and he is so treated by the authorities. For one to vote for a "traitor" candidate is, indeed, an act of courage and determination.

Why is the Japanese government so severe on the Socialists, and why does it treat them so cruelly? The answer is that it is to subject the growing proletariat. The government is afraid of the increasing power of labor and of the Socialist movement. It desires to sacrifice every national interest to imperialism and militarism. Imperialism is the enemy of labor and Socialism. A victory in war with a foreign nation means a military despotism at home.

Japan twice won a victory over China and Russia. The result has been a powerful class of military bureaucrats who sacrifice every sacred interest of the nation to commercial expansion. The government has been trying to increase the size of the army and navy, until at the present moment its people and resources are staggering under the burden of supporting them. The imperialism of Japan ignores the welfare of the proletariat and exploits it as much as possible. This is the chief reason why the government so bitterly opposes the growth of the Socialist movement in Japan.

The present ministry of Count Terauchichi is the most imperialistic and autocratic Japan has ever had since the promulgation of the constitution. This ministry is extremely afraid of the Socialists, as it is its prime object to subject the proletariat as long as possible.

Thus, in spite of the oppression, the Socialists are trying admirably to make as much headway with their agitation as is possible under the unfavorable circumstances. Their work must necessarily be of a more or less clandestine nature, as they are not allowed to agitate openly among the workers. The fact remains, however, that in spite of the popularity of the Socialist philosophy and the extreme difficulty of gaining the ear of the public, the Socialists are growing in numbers.

There is a marked sign of the awakening of the workers in Japan since the beginning of the European war. Frequently strikes in the various industries within Japan and the inspiring lesson of the Russian Revolution have made a profound impression on the workers, thus showing that there will doubtless soon occur some changes for the better. The pressure from the outside is so great, that further resistance is futile. The lot of the proletariat under the greedy exploitation of modern capitalism, will continue to improve until the workers en masse will rise and throw off the heavy burden laid upon them for generations.

PROVING that the inevitable trend of industrial development is toward Socialism, the story of the Socialist movement in Japan is of unusual interest just at this time when the paramount question is: "What Will Japan Do?" Everywhere people are turning toward the Socialists for solution of the world's troubles. What the Socialists of Japan are striving to do is of utmost importance.

* * *

KINDLY GIVE US CREDIT

We observe that many magazines are lifting copy bodily from our publications, some without giving us credit for the same. We are glad to have our matter copied, but as we secure much of our stuff at the cost of considerable time and labor, not to say money, we deem it only fair that contemporaries credit us with all matter that they reprint from our publications. LLANO PUBLICATIONS.

A Nice Girl

By Mary Allen

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

DAVID BOLTON was considered "queer" by the neighboring ranchers. In the first place it was rumored that he was a "Free Thinker," and while none could have told just what a "Free Thinker" is, still all would have agreed that it is something particularly mysterious and deadly; in the second place he kept a heathen Chinaman to do his housework and help care for his motherless boy; in the third, he received through the mails certain literature which set the village postmistress to whispering; and in the fourth, his three-room frame house, instead of being lined with paper was lined with books.

But the Prewitts, who lived on the ranch adjoining, found a good neighbor in him, always ready to help in irrigating or other emergencies, and in return Mrs. Prewitt did what motherly favors she could for the small boy David. In this way Nancy Prewitt and David had become playmates when the little girl still had baby dimples in her bare knees and elbows.

The particular delight of the children was a certain pasture of filaree, malva weed and wild mustard, which became in the summer a mass of swaying yellow, the most enchanting place in the world for games of hide-and-seek, wild Indian, Bluebeard's castle and heaven knows what not. Sometimes David's father would come and play with them and suggest fascinating new games and tell them wonderful stories of the rocks, the stars, and the plants. Even a tiny wild mustard seed became a thing to tremble and weep over when Mr. Bolton spun a story around it. And best of all, when Nancy in hushed voice would say, "And is it all true? Every word?" David's father would answer, "Every word!" And David would add, "All Dad's stories are true!"

Then Nancy began to grow. She became a long, slim, spindling thing, with no sign of a dimple or a curve, save in her cheeks. Her mother began to tell her a great many things that nice girls must not do. When Nancy would ask why, her mother would answer, "Nice girls don't ask why. They do as they are told!"

Now Nancy had always wanted above all things to be a nice girl, first because she had been told in that way little girls would some time get to heaven, and later for a more definite reason. She had surpassing love for babies and she felt sure if she were good enough God would send her some of her own when she was a woman. She never expressed this desire. It was one of the things nice girls must not talk about.

It was hard to remember all the things nice girls must not do, especially as it seemed every day there was a new rule to be learned. Nancy's teacher had a hook on the side of her desk upon which she hung a note of things she must remember to do. Nancy had an imaginary hook of the same kind, a sort of mental file upon which she hung each new rule of conduct as it was told her. But there was a difference. Her teacher, when she had done the duty, could remove the note, while Nancy could not take a single rule off her hook! She must keep adding and adding and adding until she wondered if in time a poor girl's brain might not burst.

One day—she was nine then and David ten—she came into the kitchen with her sunbonnet hanging on the back of her neck and daubs of something, probably watermelon and dust, around her lips. She dropped, panting, into a chair.

"Gracious, Nancy!" said her mother, "Where have you been?"

"Over in the mustard field, playing with David." She lifted her dress and untied a wet blue cotton handkerchief which bound her knee.

"I fell down and skinned my knee," she explained, blowing upon it to relieve the smart. "It hurt awful, but David wet his handkerchief in the ditch and wrapped it up."

"Go put your stockings on," her mother ordered abruptly, "You're too big a girl to go barefooted any more. Nice girls don't show their knees."

"What's an old skinned knee?" was Nancy's thought. But if a girl's knee shouldn't be shown, wild horses couldn't make Nancy show hers! She searched until she found her longest pair of everyday stockings.

A few days later she blew into the kitchen like a gale. Sprays of yellow mustard were fastened in her dark hair and down the back of her blue gingham dress.

"My goodness, Nancy!" said her mother, "You look like a wild Indian!"

"I am," Nancy replied, folding her arms and strutting. "I'm Sitting Bull's squaw and these are my feathers. David says squaws don't wear feathers, but I wouldn't be his squaw unless I could wear them too, so he had to put them on me!" She laughed gleefully. "They stay in my dress better than they do in his suspenders!"

Her mother frowned. "You stay away from the Bolton pasture after this. You're too big a girl to play there with David all this time."

Nancy's eyes filled with tears. It was going to hurt to give up David and her magic playground in the pasture. But if being a nice girl demanded it, she would do it. Yes, she would do it! But she wondered what harm her little playmate could do her.

After that her skirts gradually crept down to her ankles. She remained more and more in the house when school was over, helping her mother and sewing for herself and little brother, Dan. The dimples of babyhood began to return. Mysterious curves were busily at work supplanting the old gangliness, strange new processes that at times left her flushed and tremulous. It was a painful lonely task, this becoming a woman. Still when she looked at herself shyly in the mirror she decided there were compensations.

She wanted doubly to be a nice girl now. Her teacher had given her a small framed copy of Raphael's Madonna as a prize for perfect attendance, and she hoped that some day God might send her a baby like this picture of the Child Jesus. Of course she must get married first. Nice girls never had babies before they were married. Then it would be granted her. She did not know how. That was one of the things nice girls did not talk about.

David was slower in maturing. When he was fifteen he announced that he was through with school and was going to work on his father's ranch.

"'Dad's going to teach me at home now, out of his books," he told Nancy. "He has some bully books."

Sometimes when Nancy was late getting home from high school, she would take the short path across the mustard field, where she often met David as he went after the cow. Her demure ways always prompted him to mischief. Snatching her books he would dodge with them just enough to keep out of her reach, or sometimes he would take out his big knife and pretend he was going to cut off one of the little curls at the back of her neck.

These strange encounters sent a strange glow through Nancy, a delightful and quite incomprehensible inner warmth; and sometimes when her eyes would meet David's her heart would give a great leap and flutter, just as when a little girl

she swung high in the schoolyard swing. She wondered why,

One evening she was unusually late. She was hurrying through the pasture, vaguely regretful at not meeting David, when suddenly he jumped at her from out the high yellow mustard with a ferocious "Boo!"

Girl-like she screamed and dropped her books. He gathered them up and held them high above his head.

"What'll you give me for them?" he teased as he backed away from her outstretched hands.

"Please don't, David," she coaxed, reaching for them. "Mother'll be mad, I'm so late."

He stretched his arm its utmost length. He had grown into a tall slender youth with a trace of dark down on his cheeks and chin. He laughed into her uplifted face.

"Please, David!" she coaxed. Again that incomprehensible glow and pang!

"Please David!" this time she barely whispered.

It was the last thing in the world he intended doing. He let the books fall, and stooping, kissed her, an awkward experiment the first time, a finished product the next. And Nancy, with innocent girlish abandon, her soul in her lips, returned it.

Picking up her scattered books he placed them in her hands. He took her by the shoulders and shook her playfully.

"There'll come a time some day," he hummed. "Now you scoot home! It's late!"

Nancy fled.

David took his way across the field, his face very sober for a time. Then it brightened and as he drove old Brindle through the gate and proceeded with the milking, he began to sing in a deep uncertain bass.

"Dad," he said that evening as he sat in front of the fireplace with a book before him, and with his brain whirling with visions, "Nan's a peach of a girl. I'm going to marry her as soon as I'm old enough."

"All right, son," his father answered. "The day you're twenty-one I'm going to deed you the east ten acres, so you better begin planting it to oranges."

"Oh, gee!" was all David could reply, quite overcome by so many stupendous events.

As David studied the fire, his father all unbeknown, studied him.

In the meantime Nancy, too, had gone home. Her mother scolded her for being late and little Dan laughed because she put salt on her pudding instead of sugar. Nancy smiled, patted his hand, and dazedly ate the pudding.

It was not until she reached her room and her eyes fell upon the Madonna that she began to consider what she had done. Had she been nice? Had she? Never in all her life had she felt so much like a nice girl as in that moment when she had kissed David. Still, from what she had read and heard, there was no rule on the hook—but a girl must be so careful—

Eyes on the Madonna, she stood and pondered. David's soft hum kept repeating itself over and over in her mind—"There'll come a time some day." He had meant that when they were old enough they might be married. Her face brightened. That was it! They loved each other! And when people loved each other it was nice to kiss!

Relieved, she took the Madonna from the wall, and looked deep into her eyes. They were a little alike—Nancy and the Madonna—the same oval face and eyes set wide apart. There was something she would have liked to ask the Madonna about the baby in her arms. Of course, Jesus was different from earthly children. He had only a heavenly father. Perhaps—perhaps—Mary had been kissed by an angel, and in that moment of perfect joy the heavenly infant had begun to blossom within her. It was very easy to understand after all! And perhaps—perhaps—if the Holy birth took place that way, perhaps an earthly baby was born of the kiss of a man and woman who loved each other! Yes, it must be so! How simple, how natural, how beautiful it was! It would be far stranger, far more of a miracle when two souls met and united in love as she and David had done, if a little soul did not take root and begin to grow, and make a mother and father. But—

Her eyes dilated and the picture slid from her lap.

But nice girls must be married before that happened! That rule had been on the hook ever since Jennie Warren had drowned herself and everybody had said it was a good thing she did! She had read in the newspaper of another girl who had taken poison and given her baby poison. Well, she—Nancy—could'nt do that, poison her baby. She would not wait till everyone knew of her disgrace. She would pretend she fell in the reservoir. Then no one would ever know. She would do it in the morning. She wished that she had not let the Madonna fall, for now the glass was broken. But after all it did not make any difference—the water in the reservoir was so terribly muddy at this time of the year—to think she wasn't a nice girl after all—to think—

Her brain whirled on and on.

"Are you sick, Nancy?" her mother asked at the breakfast table.

"Just a headache," she replied. "I think I'll go out and get a little fresh air."

She lingered a moment, looking wistfully into the kitchen.

"All right," her mother said absent-mindedly.

When she reached the corner where she turned into the mustard field she began to run. Her curls neatly tied back with a brown ribbon bobbed up and down girlishly.

"I must hurry or I can never do it," she kept whispering.

She did not stop running until fairly in the water with the mud oozing and sucking around her shoes. She gasped when the water struck her but kept steadily on.

"Nan!" There came a shout. It was David.

"Nan!" he called, "Nan!" He seized her hand and jerked her back on the grass.

"What's the matter? Are you crazy?"

At the sight of him she was filled with anger. "It isn't fair," she burst out, "that I have to kill myself and you don't."

He stared, mouth open. "You're crazy," he said, with conviction.

Her need of comfort was greater than her anger. "Oh, David! What shall I do? I can't face it! The disgrace."

The boy stood, puzzled. Then light dawned in his eyes. "Why, Nan! You haven't—— Has somebody—— Why, Nan!" Then, collecting himself, "Come! We'll go to Dad. He'll know what to do."

She sobbed convulsively. "I—I wanted to be a nice girl. I tried to be."

"Sure you did!" He squeezed her hand and patted it, trying to choke back his own hurt tears. "And you are, too, the nicest girl on earth! Don't cry. Father'll help us."

But he was only sixteen, and hurt to the quick. There was something that must be explained. "Did you like that—that—him so much better than you do me?"

"Him? Him?" she cried incoherently. "You are him!"

He stared. It took a long time to digest this. Then he said gently, "Nan, did you think what we did would disgrace you?"

Face in her hands, she nodded.

"Didn't your mother ever tell you anything?"

She shook her head.

"Well, of all the——. Say, don't you know **anything?**"

Again she shook her head.

"Well, say, Dad has a bully book. I'll get it for you to

(Continued on page 31)

Business Efficiency in Religion

By Myrtle Manana

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

IT is a long way from the little country church where the underpaid parson exhorts his flocks to be content with their humble lot and to follow the golden rule; it is a long way from that simple religion to the high-pressure, wonderfully efficient, business-managed, quick-results religion of William Asher Sunday, who is styled by himself as the "walking delegate for Jesus Christ."

Billy Sunday has been accused of being dishonest, of being insincere, and of using religion as merely a vehicle for his own aggrandizement and material gain. Others, those of religious conviction, believe that Billy Sunday is all that he claims to be. This is not an attempt to prove either contention. It is merely an attempt to show that the principles used in making Big Business and Big Industry can also be used to make Big Religion. Also, it might be shown that the application of these same principles of efficiency might make a Big Socialism if they were intelligently applied.

Whether Billy Sunday is right or wrong, honest or dishonest, crook or inspired evangelist, is not the point. The fact is that he is getting RESULTS, and in the philosophy of modern business the thing to be considered is just this one magic word—RESULTS. This assertion that he is getting results may be doubted, but the proof of it is that business men of acumen and leaders of industry who measure everything by results are the ones who pay the way and make the arrangements, and you may be perfectly sure that they know Mr. Sunday is able to deliver the goods or they would not back him. It is the best proof of his success.

> TEN thousand people daily hear Billy Sunday in the city of Los Angeles, California. Think of the tremendous power of this evangelist who can attract the attention of entire cities for months at a time with his gospel of orthodox Christianity!
>
> Rev. Billy Sunday has systematized religious revivals, put them on a business basis, and is being liberally paid for his ability.

William Sunday was born in Indiana in 1862, which makes him fifty-five years old. He does not look it. He is alert, clean-limbed, active, quick, muscular, athletic. He is in perfect condition. He began his career as a baseball player in Marshalltown, Iowa, where he journeyed when offered a job there if he would make that city his place of residence and play on the baseball team. The job was not found for him as promised, but his baseball playing improved and he made good at it. He eventually secured employment without the aid of those who had made him the glittering promises. Through good fortune, he came in contact with "Pop" Anson, famous baseball character, and within a short time was given the opportunity to try out with the Chicago White Sox. He made good—so good that he was one of the supreme baseball stars of the day, liked by his comrades, and his services were desired by other baseball clubs.

Sunday was careful, prudent, saving. He worked during the winter and saved his money. He did not drink or gamble.

But his was no sudden conversion to religion. From his earliest infancy he had been taught a sublime faith in Jesus Christ. His was the religion that takes the Bible implicitly. On the diamond he played the game according to the rules and his own skill and judgment, but he united with this, prayers for greater success. He prayed for results and expected them. Moreover, he expected immediate manifestations.

It was in the height of his success that he decided to abandon his career as baseball player and take up religious work. He worked in Y. M. C. A.'s and missions. It is true that his attention was directed solely into religious channels by the exhortation of those working in a Chicago mission, but the religious conviction had always been his, and it required but the crystallization of this conviction to give strength to a resolution made then and there to abandon baseball for the pulpit.

And at that time he had just been offered a contract of $3500 for the season! He says that when his family was in need and he was being paid a salary of $18 a week—when it was paid at all—he was receiving telegrams asking him to return to baseball at any salary he would name. At least he cannot be honestly accused of insincerity in his religion.

For three years, 1894, 1895 and 1896, he worked with an evangelist famous at that time—J. Wilbur Chapman. When this organization was disbanded, Sunday was asked to go to a little city in Iowa to conduct a religious revival. His efforts were an unbounded success. He had at last entered on the career that has made him perhaps the most famous and successful of all evangelists of the day.

He has followed the methods of the old-time evangelists but he has improved on them. Just as he was a good baseball player because he used his head and studied the game, so has he become the world's greatest evangelist by studying his profession and getting the most out of it by putting the most into it. He has succeeded because he has applied the rules of efficiency to it. He has succeeded for the same reasons that successful business men succeed. This does not mean that he has decended to shady transactions at all. It means that he has studied his business, lopped off leakages, applied the most efficient machinery of the day, advertised, systematized,, and put the whole thing on a sound business basis. It is nothing to his discredit that he has done so. It is merely one of the secrets of his success. He is a man of ability who has capitalized his ability.

He opened his tabernacle in Los Angeles recently. The tabernacle is a huge wooden affair, built specially for the purpose for which it is used. For weeks arrangements had been under way. Nothing is left to chance any more than a railroad leaves the shipping of freight to chance or the dispatching of trains to good luck. Every move is prearranged. Careful planning has wrought results.

The seating arrangement is excellent. Trained ushers, each with a small section of seats, place the huge audience in short time and without confusion. Each usher has a seat, marked with a star, reserved for himself. Each usher is expected to perform certain duties and he does so. When it comes time to take up the collection, he uses a receptacle which is always placed near him, and collects from his own section of the great tabernacle. In just a few minutes hundreds of dollars are taken from the thousands of people who have gathered. There is no confusion. The dropping of pennies and nickels and dimes and quarters and larger coins patters over the great auditorium like the din of hail on a tin roof. In a surprisingly short time the coins have all been collected and have been taken to the business office of the revival.

Marvelously efficient is the organization throughout. When one reaches Twelfth and Grand, the first thing seen is the Billy Sunday Cafeteria. Just more plain commonsense. Booths purveying meals are bound to spring up about any great gathering of people. Why allow this profitable business to go to unbelievers? Why have it unsystematically handled? It is just plain commonsense to establish a cafeteria and to provide what the crowds want in a cleanly and efficient manner. And that is what is done. As a business proposition, if the crowds are brought together by Sundays' organization, then this same organization should profit by whatever business enterprises are thereby created.

Back of the pulpit, which is an ample platform to allow free range for the athletic gesturing that goes with the Billy Sunday speeches, is a huge choir of thousands of trained voices. A special section is set aside for ministers, and on the opposite side of the stage or pulpit is another section for the members of the press.

Homer Rodeheaver, leader of the choir, and organizer of rare ability, takes charge of the musical part of the work. He is a trombone player. He is a rough and ready talker who takes the audience into his confidence, speaks on the spur of the moment, apparently, and pits section against section of the huge auditorium crowd in a sort of singing contest, stirring up the curious, awakening the laggards. First the great choir sings the song. Then the outside sections along the left sing one verse. This is repeated by the sections along the right; then by the last ten rows and those standing in the rear; lastly by those in the middle. It is a good way of introducing the element of contest. It is just subtle efficiency.

Song books are sold, so that all may sing. The audiences are told repeatedly not to move about, and during one intermission are admonished to make themselves comfortable that they will be able to remain quiet during Mr. Sunday's talk.

It might be remarked that there are no disturbances during the Billy Sunday meetings. During twenty years in which he has studied his calling as a business is studied, ways have been found to prevent such things without friction.

BILLY SUNDAY is a power! Whether you believe in him or not, there is little doubt that he is perfectly sincere. Billy Sunday is a man who is able to arouse interest in religion when the tendency of the day is quite the other way.

Business principles and modern efficiency have been applied to religious proselyting and they have won results.

USING THE PRESS

One of the secrets of success—if it can be referred to as a secret—is the extensive advertising. Nothing is left undone that can direct attention, in a quiet, dignified manner, to the Billy Sunday revival. The newspapers without exception grant columns to Billy Sunday, even running huge heads across seven or eight columns. He is pictured in every conceivable pose. Hundreds of dollars worth of advertising space is given to the William Sunday propaganda. It is not graft. It is business. The revival of religion as conducted by the Sunday organization is on a business basis, and the channels by which private business is expanded are used to expand the business of saving souls as conducted by Sunday.

Press agents and reporters write columns of impressionistic matter that, whatever may be the opinions of the unbelievers, gets before thousands of persons daily and undoubtedly stands the test of getting results, else it would not be continued.

Neither are the methods of the genuine press agent overlooked. Billy Sunday meets the stars of the motion picture world and this is duly chronicled. Mary Pickford writes of her impressions and they are told in a leading daily paper. Douglas Fairbanks, movie idol, challenges Billy Sunday to captain a baseball team and Billy Sunday accepts. The proceeds are used to purchase sporting goods for the soldiers. Such press agent stuff has always paid big dividends. Theatrical stars have used it with utmost success, and one of the greatest actresses in the world is chiefly remembered by many people because an adroit press agent managed to get the papers filled with stories of her famous "milk baths." But it is legitimate, and if Billy Sunday can keep his name before the public and appeal to those who are interested in sport, he believes it is justifiable—which it undoubtedly is.

The slang that is a part of Sunday's talk is just the slang that the average man uses. Here is another evidence of the commonsense and business ability of the man. He is using in religion the words and phrases that the people he is appealing to use in their daily lives.

Billy Sunday believes in big business and all other kinds of business. Why shouldn't he? It is business that has made his work successful. We are all economically determined in most things, whether we wish to be or not, and our sincerest conviction and the things we honestly do are usually traceable to things economic.

Billy Sunday believes the world is engaged in a righteous war. He has nothing good to say of the Germans, and nothing evil to say of the Allies. He urges men to go into the trenches and fight. There is no doubt that he honestly believes that he is doing right.

Sunday has even announced that he is seriously considering going to France to conduct religious work there. Those who sneer at Sunday believe this is merely more press agent stuff; those who believe in Sunday cannot be convinced that he does not mean to do so.

He is bitter in his denunciation of those he terms "traitors" and makes some extreme statements regarding the proximity of lamp posts and the uses of ropes about necks and attached to the lamp posts. It is the logical position for Sunday to assume, for as an admirer of Big Business he could not do otherwise than to uphold the position that the newspapers, Big Business, and the magazines of the country have taken. That he accuses those who believe there are methods other than those of war of settling difficulties, of being traitors; and that he is somewhat ambiguous in his gathering together of pacificists, slackers, Germans, and others and classifying all of them as "traitors" is not to be wondered at, for his is not the type of mind that analyzes. It is more in his line to vigorously denounce than to meditate carefully.

He has made nearly half a million converts. Many have back-slidden, of course, but if he is able to arouse the feelings of the people as he is doing; if he is able to become, even temporarily, a power in Los Angeles and in other cities; if he is able by his powerful personality, by his organization, and the prestige he has established and the press that multiplies by thousands the numbers who are reached by every word he utters, to influence so many people, then he is able to influence tens of thousands. If his influence is thrown out to that many in his tirades against booze, then he will be a powerful factor in the ever-recurring wet and dry elections in California. If his influence is used to back the vigorous prosecution of the war in which we are now taking so prominent a part, then he is one of the most powerful agents at work for the Allies.

Decentralization of Industries

By Clinton Bancroft

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

ODON POR, a writer of international reputation, in an article published some years ago in "Wilshire's Magazine" showing how "Italian workmen beat the glass trust," said:

"We are hypnotized by the formidable proportions of the trusts; they inspire us with awe, and somehow we feel unable to say how we shall proceed to a direct and practical attack upon these fortresses of capitalism. How will Socialism manage to expropriate, keep up and perfect these tremendous organizations? This is the most vital problem before us; all others are conditioned by it, and are therefore of secondary importance."

Modern dictionaries define "ism" as "a doctrine or system; a suffix used to denote condition." Socialism then is not a cause but will be a result, a condition of society existing at some time in the future by virtue of certain industrial, political and social development. It is imminent rather than transcendental. It is not a power that can effect the expropriation of trust-controlled industries (tremendous organizations) at the dictum of a political party. That great work will be accomplished before Socialism becomes the common order of the day, and the doing of it will establish a new social order or condition—Socialism. Such result may be effected largely through political action, no doubt of that, but that does not alter the truth of the statement. The political function of society is only one of many powers that will be called into action in effecting the transition from private to public ownership of large labor-employing industries, and it will not necessarily be the first. Educational and industrial organization will precede and clear the way for the free exercise of the law-making powers of the people by the people. Today their law-making powers are largely suppressed and practically thwarted by tradition and blind confidence in, and absolute surrender to, irresponsible political masters.

The Co-operative Commonwealth (the Socialist ideal) will be an industrial organization taking its place and performing its functions under capitalism for the very sufficient reason there is no other place in which is can be developed or established. And when the four social functions, educational, industrial, political and exchange, begin working together in production and distribution, there may then be witnessed the birth of a new system of government operated and controlled by the workers which will destroy the paralyzing power of parasitic capital and displace by natural process a decadent political system usurped and operated and controlled by the exploiters of labor. And when the workers shall thus have gained complete control of production and distribution, of banking and exchange, and of the channels of education and information and fixed their status firmly and permanently through political action, when liberty, fraternity and equality regulate all the industrial relations of men, the condition then existing will be called Socialism.

The expropriation of these powerful organizations, which Odon Por says, "inspire us with awe," will be effected largely by the process of decentralization of such trust-controlled industries as one by one come into contact and competition with organized co-operative industries; or, to be more explicit, instead of expending their energies to determine "how we shall proceed to a direct and practical attack upon these fortresses of capitalism," the first task of the industrial co-operators should be to acquire ownership and control of small industries:

(a) Those which may be operated with the simplest and most easily constructed machinery.

(b) Those which are patronized largely by the working class.

(c) Those in which under capitalism large numbers of unskilled, low paid, drudging workers are employed.

(d) Those, the product of which from its nature and purpose becomes the "raw material" of a more highly organized and specialized industry operating more intricate and expensive machinery and yet absolutely dependent upon such so-called "raw material."

(e) Those in which the disemployed victims of private ownership may be guaranteed a respectable and comfortable maintenance employment at all times.

Instead of reaching out in a vain effort to pull down a wrongly built structure which "inspires us with awe," industrial Socialists should direct their energies wholly to the work of building up within the old state of capitalism a state founded upon their declared principles of social economy and justice to labor.

Capitalism has usurped the powers and functions of the people's government and appears to be a mighty, impregnable structure of "formidable proportions"; but when the workers control the use of their own money through a system of co-operative banking and exchange, when they organize production and distribution of many of the necessaries of life under their own control, when the forces of industrial revolution pledge their patronage to their own co-operative institutions, and capital-ownership in that degree gradually loses the support of the wage-profit system, it will be found to be not so mighty and impregnable.

There are very many industries which might be organized and operated by the co-operative workers now. Then why wait year after year for political power so doubtful of acquiring for this purpose and, as yet, so disappointing when acquired? The day has not yet come when capitalism may be dethroned by the political Socialists by party resolution. When the time comes, these apparently formidable combinations no longer supported by an adequate supply of labor, deprived of a patronage already discounted and over-capitalized, and undermined by co-operative industrial organization and its lawful competition will gradually relinquish their control; not everywhere and all at once will this be effected, but one by one, here and there, their industries failing to return the dividends for which they operate them will close down and be absorbed by the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The process of decentralization of trust-controlled and monopolized industries has already begun in a somewhat vague, and unrecognized way; that is, it was not begun with that purpose clearly in view, nevertheless, is has begun and is making some progress; and private ownership in its greed for profit is helping it along to its own undoing, although capital's part in the process has not yet attracted the attention of its economists to the danger which threatens parasitic capital should decentralization of monopolized industries and elimination of dividends from the present profit system become an organized and supervised national movement.

Industrial monopoly in its mad race and lust for power and mastership will gradually lose its grasp upon those industries over which the co-operative workers determine to acquire control. Logically therefore, it is not the "formidable trusts and fortresses of capitalism," but the smaller and weaker industries producing the immediate necessaries of life and the "raw material" upon which the manufacturing trusts depend, against which a "direct and practical attack" should be waged by the co-operative workers of the world.

Successful California Co-operatives

Written Specially For the Western Comrade. Those Copying Please Give Credit.

THE CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION

By C. Thorpe, Manager

THE walnut industry in California gained commercial prominence about the year 1893. For several years thereafter the growers through lack of organization were at the mercy of a few large buyers whose operations were quite speculative, and whose interest, of course, was to beat down the market to the producer and advance it all possible to the consumer. Many of the wholesale dealers made tremendous sums from their walnut operations. During this stage of the industry the business became so profitable to the producer that it was a mooted question as to whether the speculators would be eliminated or the walnut growers uprooted.

About the year 1900 several local co-operative associations were formed by walnut growers in different districts of Southern California. These local organizations proved of benefit to the industry to some extent but were still far from solving the walnut growers' problems, as the local associations still dealt with the large private walnut dealers in the marketing of their product. It was not until four years ago that the California Walnut Growers' Association was formed as a co-operative marketing organization for the fifteen local walnut growers associations then in existence. Plans were then promptly perfected for marketing the greatly increasing California walnut crop by the California Walnut Growers' Association direct to the wholesale grocery trade, thus eliminating the handsome profits which the several unnecessary middlemen had been leeching from the growers. Since this central marketing agency has been established the selling expenses have been cut in half, and more satisfactory relations established between the buyer and seller.

In 1916 twenty-two hundred four growers were members of the Association and in that year it shipped 17,655,000 pounds of walnuts, the proceeds from sales being nearly three million dollars. The walnuts were marketed according to grades at prices ranging from 12½c to 19c, nearly twice as much as had been received in the early stages of the industry when the crops had been marketed by private concerns, and this great benefit to the industry has been accomplished without materially raising the price to the consumer, for the consumers' price for first class walnuts is now about the same as it was ten or even fifteen years ago. The Association has enlarged its market by judicious advertising and sells a large part of its product in bright clean cartons, thus assuring the consumer of a choice unmixed article, a method of packing never before used by commercial shippers.

Co-operation rescued the industry, gave the producer the full value of his product, injured nobody, and helped everybody.

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THE CALIFORNIA ALMOND GROWERS' EXCHANGE

By Geo. W. Pierce, President.

THE California Almond Grower's Exchange was organized in the spring of 1910 as a non-profit co-operative association. Its purpose was to market the almonds of its members at cost, maintain prices, attain just and equitable freight rates and widen the market demand for almonds. Today the Exchange can truthfully say that all this has been accomplished—and through co-operation. Starting business with a borrowed capital of $1000, the organization today has a number of investments aggregating $100,000, does not owe a single dollar, and its credit is in the first class. It is composed of twenty-one sub-associations, representing on June 1st, 1917, 1352 growers, controlling approximately three-fourths of the crop.

The Exchange is represented by brokers in every important market of the United States, and is also represented in England and Canada. Its largest single sale has been about $50,000, and the largest amount sold to one customer in one season is over $100,000.

The Exchange has its motto: "Modern civilization is based upon confidence and co-operation. Confidence is the foundation upon which all modern business rests; co-operation, the keystone that unites the separate units and gives strength to the whole structure. The progress and advancement of a certain article, together with its trade prestige or superiorities, are usually found in exactly that degree that its producers may have co-operated to that end."

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THE CALIFORNIA PEACH GROWERS, INC.

By F. H. Wilson, President

FOR years the peach growers of the San Joaquin Valley were forced to sell their product below cost

At the same time, speculators were receiving large undeserved profits. Ruin stared the dried and canned-peach industry in the face.

In January, 1916, the growers co-operated to form the California Peach Growers, Inc., opening the head office in Fresno. Nearly a million dollars were subscribed by growers and business men to launch the new organization, and business began on a permanent basis May 1st, 1916.

The result? Six thousand growers are members of the organization and are receiving satisfactory living prices for their product. The producers are receiving the benefit of a market widened by increased consumption, created by a systematized selling campaign. Consumers are buying peaches of better and more standardized quality at no greater cost, and are being educated to a realization of the food value and wholesome character of evaporated peaches. The growers direct the sale of practically the entire dried peach crop of the state. handling over 25,000 tons.

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WHY CO-OPERATION?

THERE are, perhaps, more farmers' co-operatives in the state of California than there are in any other state in the Union. The Agrarian co-operative movement in California numbers some of the most powerful and influential organizations in the world. Among these are the California Associated Raisin Company, the California Walnut Growers' Association, the California Almond Growers' Association, the California Peach Growers, the California Fruit Exchange, the Mutual Fruit Distributors, the Tulare Poultry Association, and others. The development of these co-operative organizations has been a result almost invariably of the necessity for protection from the miserable exploitation of the farmer in the market. Conditions among California farmers became so unbearable a few years ago that it soon became a question as to whether the farmers should hang together or hang sep-

(Continued on Page 31)

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

New Baden Co-operative Society

The New Baden Co-operative Society was started by the United Mine Workers local members, Union No. 297.

After a few meetings were held and co-operation thoroughly discussed, about thirteen members signed up for $25 each. It took but a short time when sixty-six members had subscribed, that being our present membership.

Other merchants in town give two per cent on all cash purchases. The Shareholders of this society receive five per cent in dividends, thus saving three per cent on all money spent for daily necessities in three months.

The society is composed of miners mostly, although doctors, saloon men and teachers are also present stockholders.

Co-operation is mostly beneficial to the working class whose wages have not been advanced according to the present high cost of living standards. Every time the workingman gets a ten per cent raise the cost of living goes up twenty to thirty per cent. The advantages of the workingman under co-operation are numerous. To have a part ownership in an institution and to have some voice in its management gives him a feeling of security that is never experienced when he buys from stores in which he has no personal interest. This feeling can best be described as the satisfaction of ownership.

Imagine the prices that might be charged by private concerns selling postage stamps as a result of the war if the postoffice were not owned by the people! Co-operation is the economic organization of the people and does away with competition. Beginning with the store, the co-operative movement will spread until it embraces every department of industrial activity.—Edward Kitsch, Manager.

The Need of Co-operation

"At present in the United States the mercantile spirit, or mercantilism, has obtained a dangerously dominant position. Ex-president White, of Cornell University, has called attention to this as an evil which threatens our future. The program of co-operation as laid down affords an escape from this danger. It offers a field for the highest talent in the public service and at the same time leaves a vast field open for the free play of individualism, but that does not mean isolation. Isolation is barbarism. Co-operation seeks the highest perfection of all our faculties that we may work with and through others for the good of all.

"No one should, however, venture to begin any co-operative enterprise without the assistance of some person of practical business capacity. It requires care, prudence, foresight and self-sacrifice to make a beginning. By all means should prospective co-operators gain from the experience of others so as to profit by their mistakes."—Dr. Richard T. Ely.

Twin Sisters

"I say that every trade unionist who knows that under the present conditions his life is one long struggle until the period of universal and industrial peace prevails, should remember the possibilities of having to live for weeks without the accustomed wage, and the co-operative system is the only one I know that will enable him in so simple manner to provide against such a condition of things. That is why I say that trade- unionists should by all means join the co-operative stores. It is not necessary for your trade union leaders to tell you to co-operate. Go ahead and do it for yourselves. We find members of trade unions, conspicuous men in the unions, equally conspicuous in the co-operative world, because they recognize the fact that co-operation and trade unionism are twin sisters."—E. F. Forrest, M. A., England.

Co-operative Experience

Twenty-eight poor weavers of Rochdale, England, in the year 1884, conceived the idea of reducing the cost of living, because they had failed to increase their scanty income in a previous strike, by agreeing to contribute two-pence a week toward a common fund with which to co-operatively buy the necessaries of life. This was the origin of what has since come to be known as the world famous "Rochdale" plan of the people owning their own stores.

From this humble beginning the movement has spread and grown immensely popular, until at the present time in Europe alone, there are 20,000 societies with an annual turn-over of goods amounting to over $700,000,000, with a net profit of over $75,000,000, besides two of the largest wholesale mercantile establishments in the world, on this plan of equitably distributing the earnings of this vast amount of business among 7,000,000 members and their families who create it by their trade.

Every article used or consumed by man can now be obtained in England and Scotland on the co-operative principle.—E. M. Tousley.

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The modern bakery of the Co-operative Vooruit in Belgium sends out 100,000 loaves of bread and millions of biscuits every week. Seventy bakers and twenty bread deliverers are engaged in the work of making and distributing the bread.

What to Read on Co-operation

GENERAL.—"Co-operation at Home and Abroad," C. R. Fay, (Macmillan, 1908). "Co-operation" J. Clayton (Dodge, The People's Books). "Les Societes Co-operatives de Consommation," Charles Gide, (Recueil Sirey, 1917, Paris).

ENGLAND.—"The Co-operative Movement in Great Britain" Beatrice Potter(Mrs. Sidney Webb), (Swan, Sonnenschein, London, 1904). "Industrial Co-operation" Catherine Webb (Co-operative Union, Manchester). "The Co-operative Movement Today" G. J. Holyoake (Unwin, London, 1908).

UNITED STATES.—"Co-operation in the United States," C. W. Perky, (Co-operative League of America, New York, 1917). "Co-operation in New England" James Ford (Survey Associates, New York, 1913).

AGRICULTURAL CO-OPERATION.—"Co-operation in Agriculture," H. W. Wolff (London, 1912). "Co-operation in Agriculture U. S.), G. H. Powell (Macmillan, 1913).

War Booms Co-operation

Co-operative stores have a new chance in this country, thanks to the food control legislation and the sharp demands of the small consumers that this law be made to serve their needs.

The wholesale grocers and butchers will no longer be permitted to shut off supplies from the small co-operative store.

This makes a change in the conditions of success for consumers' co-operative enterprises, which may mean brilliant success for thousands of groups of working class buyers, where, up to this time, failure was the usual portion.

Carl Vrooman, assistant secretary of agriculture, and an ardent advocate of the "community store" idea, is said to be responsible for the making of this pledge to Herbert Hoover, food administrator.

Vrooman has made some sharp attacks on the food profiteers in the retail business, and since his entrance into the fight the word has gone forth from Hoover's office that the wholesaler who attempts to shut off goods from a co-operative group will be given severe treatment.

Discrimination of this sort was the cause of the failure of the Civil Service co-operative concern in New York some years ago, wholesalers announcing that they were unable to supply it with groceries, meats, bread, etc., "because of complaints from other customers."

The co-operative might possibly have invoked the anti-trust law and spent all its funds on lawyers, but it realized that it was up against a hopeless struggle.

The same story is told of thousands of other similar attempts in every part of the country. Small merchants and their bankers everywhere combined to choke off the supplies of goods by which the co-operative store lives, and without which it must die.

Now along comes the threatened famine in the whole world. Food must be saved, and the cost of food must be reduced everywhere and by every means. True, the Hoover organization has avoided saying anything for the co-operative system which has done so much for the masses in Europe in past years. The food administration has no legal authority to send out men to organize people into co-operative societies. But at least it has the power to prevent restraint of trade in food, and it can, by a mere word, safeguard the co-operative stores of the whole country from the long-accustomed persecutions of the capitalist competitors, the wholesalers and the banks. Hoover has given assurance that co-operatives shall be protected in the right to buy food as freely as are ordinary privately owned stores.

If Hoover reduces the retail price of foods sufficiently at the corner groceries of America, the co-operative movement will move slowly for a while, but if he fails to bring down low prices, then there may come a real stampede of the small buyer to get into the groups that can buy in large amounts, handle without a big overhead charge, and build up the credit of the buyer as they go along. This will mark an entering wedge into the era of large-scale co-operation.—New York Call.

News and Views in Agriculture

Bermuda Grass

Bermuda grass is the most important perennial grass in the Southern States. It was introduced into the United States at least as early as 1806.

Besides the common Bermuda grass, there are several varieties, the most important of which are the Giant, characterized by a very large growth, and St. Lucie grass, similar to ordinary Bermuda grass, but lacking underground rootstocks.

Bermuda grass grows well mixed with lespedeza for a summer crop. Bur clover, black medic, and hairy vetch as winter crops alternate well with it.

The best Bermuda grass pastures of the South will usually carry two head of cattle per acre for eight months of the year. On poor soils the carrying capacity is not more than one cow per acre.

On rich bottom land Bermuda grass grows tall enough to cut for hay. Under exceptional circumstances three or more cuttings may be secured in a season, giving total yields of from 6 to 10 tons of hay per acre. It will grow well on soils so alkaline that most other field crops, as well as fruits, will fail.

The feeding value of Bermuda grass hay compares closely with that of timothy hay.

Bermuda grass frequently is used to bind levees and to prevent hillsides from washing. The grass usually can be eradicated by growing two smother crops, a winter one of oats or rye, followed by a summer crop of cowpeas or velvet beans.—Farmer's Bulletin.

Boll-Weevil Control

There is no cure-all or "easy way" to control boll-weevils. Only a combination of measures, or an anti-boll-weevil system of farming, practiced the year round, will enable farmers to produce the most profitable crops of cotton under weevil conditions. Reporting studies of the habits and control of this pest covering many years of experimentation, W. D. Hunter, a specialist in the Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, in Farmers' Bulletin 848, "The Boll-Weevil Problem," describes this control system. It contains the formula for growing larger war crops of cotton.—U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Selection of Seed-Corn

If you have ever been caught in the spring without a supply of corn that was fit for seed, do not be caught that way again. The best insurance is to gather your own seed at ripening time this fall when the best quality is most plentiful. Pick the seed by hand in the field, says the U. S. Department of Agriculture., from the most productive stalks. An ear on the stalk is worth a dozen from the bin when it comes to selecting seed corn. On a productive stalk you know its parentage; from the bin it may look good but be a worthless mongrel as far as seed value is concerned.

Sweet Clover

The cultivation of sweet clover should be preceded by a thorough knowledge of the requirements for obtaining a stand.

The white species comprises a very large percentage of the present acreage of sweet clover.

Annual yellow sweet clover should be sown in no portion of the United States except the South and Southwest, and then only as a cover or green manure crop.

Sweet clover is being cultivated in practically every State in the Union. At the present time the largest acreage is found in the western North-Central States and in the Mountain States.

Sweet clover is adapted to a wider range of climate conditions than any of the true clovers, and possibly alfalfa.

Sweet clover will grow on practically all soil types to be found in this country, provided the soil is not acid and is well innoculated.

Sweet clover is more drought resistant than alfalfa or red clover. It is quite resistant to alkali.

The lime requirement of sweet clover is as high as that of red clover or alfalfa. Maximum growth is obtained only on soils that are not acid.

Sweet clover usually will respond to applications of fertilizers and manure.

In the more humid sections of the country good stands usually are obtained by seeding with a nurse crop.

Only seed which germinates 75 per cent or more should be sown in the spring of the year unless the rate of seedlings is increased to make up for poor germination.

Sweet clover does best when seeded on a well-firmed seed bed which has only sufficient loose soil on the surface to cover the seed.

It is very essential that inoculation be provided in some form if success is to be expected.

The large number of failures in obtaining a stand of sweet clover are due primarily to acid soils, lack of inoculation, and seed which germinates poorly.

Spring seedings in general are satisfactory, but in the South excellent stands are obtained from midwinter seedings also. Fall seedings are usually successful south of the latitude of southern Ohio.—Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station.

Fighting Cattle Tick

I have lived for several years in the country badly infested with ticks and have succeeded in keeping my cattle comparatively free from them. There are three things which I have found very helpful. The first is sulphur. When I notice that the ticks are getting on my cows, I give them a teaspoonful of sulphur in their feed once a week. I do this in fair weather. I have been told that sulphur should not be fed to cows in rainy weather and I have never tried it.

I find that a flock of poultry will destroy a great many ticks. Encourage the cattle to lie about where the chickens run. Always let the poultry out in the morning before the cattle leave for the pasture. Some hens will go where the cattle are lying down and look them over as if determined to have every tick in sight.

Changing pastures is the third. The ticks will starve and die in a few months if there are no cattle for them to work on. I turned my cattle into a pasture where there had been no cattle the year before, and for a long time there would be only occasional ticks on them. Of course, I could never keep them entirely free from the ticks as there were always other cattle just across the fence that had ticks—some animals fairly loaded with them.—Alvin G. Fellows, Texas, in Farm Journal.

Storing Sweet Potatoes

Every potato grower and every municipality interested in the problem of storing our war crops of white and sweet potatoes should write to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for the following free publications:

Farmers' Bulletin 852, "Management of Common Storage Houses for Apples in the Pacific Northwest"; Farmers' Bulletin 847—just published—"Potato Storage and Storage Houses." Also write to the Agricultural Extension Service, Raleigh, North Carolina, for a copy of Extension Circular No. 30, "Storage of Sweet Potatoes."

To Assist Bureau of Markets

The Secretary of Agriculture has secured the services, for a temporary period, of Prof. William F. Gephart, of Washington University, and Prof. Charles S. Potts, of the University of Texas. They will assist the Bureau of Markets in attacking problems affecting the handling and distribution of agricultural food supplies.

Dr. Gephart is dean of the college of commerce and finance of Washington University, and has served as professor of economics of the Ohio State University and of Washington University for several years. He has made a lifelong study of problems affecting the handling and distribution of agricultural products, and is the author of several publications on economic subjects. Prof. Potts is assistant dean of the law school and professor of government at the University of Texas, and has published much material relative to economics and sociology.

Alfalfa in a Peach Orchard

A new Jersey peach grower asks our opinion of alfalfa as a cover crop among peaches. Few peach growers advocate its use. Peach trees, above all other kinds of fruit, appreciate clean cultivation. In many cases the most economical way of building up the fertility of land in a young peach orchard is to plant annual cover crops in midsummer following clean cultivation in the spring. On land that is already in a fairly good state of fertility a cheap way of developing a peach orchard is to grow cultivated crops between the rows for several years or until the trees need all the space.—U. S. Dept. Agriculture.

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Sod land to be used for corn next year should be plowed immediately after haying and cultivated deeply the rest of the summer to reduce the number of wireworms.

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Arsenate of lime may be used in place of the more expensive arsenate of lead, but should not be used on plants with delicate foliage, such as stone fruits.

Reviews of Recent Readable Books

By D. Bobspa

"The Day of Wisdom" by Mrs. L. D. Balliett.

Mrs. L. D. Balliett, principle of the School of Psychology and Physical Culture of Private Pupils, of Atlantic City, New Jersey, adds to her laurels in her latest book "The Day of Wisdom According to Number Vibration." This book is the result of the author's concentrated and independent thought put into action through scientific number vibration.

This science is based on the system of numbers and letters as taught by Pythagoras. Mrs. Balliett has taken the lead among American students in this interesting realm of research and published a number of books which have had a wide sale in this country and in Europe. Teachers all over the country use her text books. The aim of the present volume is to explain "the cause of why so many earnest souls, many who endeavor by so-called 'right thinking' find themselves filled with unrest and failure. Much of the fault lies in the lack of conscious connection with nature—with that force that was present and assisted at their birth and through its power made for them the tie to Nature's realm. This birth force returns about three times each month and these are the days of wisdom—they show the natural plan of life made plain and simple."

It was through Dr. Walter J. Mitchell and Dr. G. W. Hess of Los Angeles that my attention was called to the science of vibrations. My studies have thus far led me only into the edge of the subject, but the glimpse caught is sufficient to demonstrate that a great fundamental truth is embodied in the ideas set forth by its teachers. Mrs. Balliett's book is the most thorough I have found on the subject, and a careful study of its pages will disarm the skepticism that is so natural in the present stage of thinking of most men and women.

"You can prove to your satisfaction the basic principles of the One Source of all colors, sounds, and all things the eye sees, the ear hears, and the desire of the heart longs for by the analysis of its mental structure," says the preface. "Each separate thing will speak to you and tell you its message if you will learn its universal language."

The subject is a deep one that will require study of more than a superficial sort. But we should not neglect these signposts on the highway of life. Pioneers have gone before, blazing the way for us to follow. The world trembles in the throes of a new awakening to old truths that have been obscured in the maze of "civilization" and lost in the unbalanced development of intellectuality. It is now our duty to become babes in research—and this the world today is doing—the most wondrous epoch in all history, and one full of significance to those attuned to catch its message. "The Day of Wisdom" is a key to much that is transpiring on this little old planet in this day of regeneration. —(Sold by the author, Atlantic City, N. J.)

"The Coming Democracy" by Herman Fernau.

If I were in Germany with my library I would be shot for treason, because I happen to possess a significant little book "Because I am a German," written by Herman Fernau of Germany. The conscience of Germany found a voice in Mr. Fernau. The book was a direct attack on Prussianism. Within three weeks after publication in Germany every copy of the work was confiscated by the police, and today, the possession of a copy is punishable by death.

A second book has been written from the stronghold of Switzerland's neutrality. A German edition of this volume "The Coming Democracy," was published in Berne and shortly after an American edition brought out. The author says: "What does this book contain? . . . It contains a demand for reforms which in all the civilized countries of the world have for decades past appeared to the dullest peasant an understood thing. In fact, what I here demand for Germany has been possessed by the English, French, Americans, and Swiss for the past 150 years . . . Onward to democracy! This will and must tomorrow be the battlecry of Europe in general and of Germany in particular. . . . Away from Bismarck. Germany for the Germans!"

Again: "Let us take up again the threads of classic Germanism. Let us remember our intellectual heroes of the age of Schiller and Goethe, of our democratic national poets of the 'forties of the last century.' Only with their help, and only in their spirit, can the German problem be finally solved to the blessing of Germany and the world.

"Let us break with the development of the last century. The world war signifies the collapse of a system and a spirit of culture that were thoroughly un-German, that is, thoroughly Prussian. Let us join hands with the other civilized nations of the world as peaceable, equally privileged and equally efficient laborers in the field of culture."

The main general problems dealt with in "The Coming Democracy" are: "Some Problems for the Future German Historians," "On Dynasties in General and the German Imperial Constitution in Particular," "The Basis of the Dynamic Power," "The Principles of German Policy," "The German Dynasty and the German Notion of Culture," "The German's Fatherland," "The Origin and Meaning of the War," "Onward, to Democracy.,'

Herman Fernau is opposed to the materialistic conception of history and accounts for the war on other theories. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York).

"My Wife" by Edward Burke

Edward Burke is hailed as a funny man in his new book "My Wife." The publishers are responsible for the assertion that Mr. Burke writes "in manner that suggests Jerome K. Jerome, but with more refined and subtle humor." Personally, I wouldn't consider that much of a recommendation, for I know of no professional humorist more uninteresting and tiresome than Jerome K. Jerome. Burke does bear some resemblance in his output.

"My Wife" is the small boy type of humor, and to an age which lauds Charlie Chaplin and buys more of Harold Bell Wright's books than those of any other author in America this effusion of poor taste may be popular. Haven't you heard with disgust so many married couples coming into a group and begin a raillery that smacks too much of reality—references to personal defects and eccentricities better left untouched? That is how I feel about "My Wife." The book is tiresome—to me. Maybe it won't be to you. Besides it seems that Mr. Burke realizes all the way through that he is a humorist. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York).

"Newsboy Service" by Mrs. Anna Y. Reed

How does the newsboy's work affect his progress in school? What effect does it have on his morals and with his ideas of right and wrong? Does starting as a newsboy help or hinder a young American in his future business career? These are a few of the questions Mrs. Anna Y. Reed has answered in "Newsboy Service," the first study in vocational and educational guidance to be made under the Smith-Hughes act, passed in February, 1917. Mrs. Reed studied her subject at first hand among the newsboys of Seattle, and the result of her investigations is a model contribution to the literature of practical sociology. The book is primarily for superintendents and teachers of schools and members of boards of education, but it is so full of human interest that general readers will find it well worth reading.

Many will gain from its pages for the first time a definite idea of the relative importance of a vocational progress will welcome the appearance of this intensive study. Best of all, results good for the boys and for schools of the whole country are bound to follow its publication. There is a prefatory note by W. Carson Ryan, Jr., editor United States Bureau of Education. (World Book Co., New York.)

"The Heart's Kingdom" by Marie Thompson Davies

"The Heart's Kingdom" brings Marie Thompson Davies before us again, with a tale more entrancing even than "Daredevil." She has interpreted the awakening spiritual development of the world in a novel that abounds in life. There is a warm spontaneous sprinkling of humor in every chapter. It is unstudied and natural. The whole book is natural. I wish Miss Davies would write another novel, now, telling of the bigger spiritual unfoldment that is going to break outside the narrow confines of Christianity into the spirit of Humanism. But with the characters she selected she couldn't handle them any other way. They are "getting warm" but the goal is still ahead of them. (Reilly and Briton, Chicago.)

"Jean Jaures: Socialist and Humanitarian" by Margaret Pease

"Jean Jaures: Socialist and Humanitarian," is a splendid little book by Margaret Pease, with an introduction by J. Ramsey Macdonald of the British parliament. We are pleased to welcome this tribute to the first martyr of the world murder-fest, the Lincoln type of French hero who has been justly called "the greatest democratic personal force in Europe—even in the world." The author deals with "A Short Sketch of the Man and His Career," "Socialism," "Jaures and the Dreyfus Case," "Socialist Methods," "The New Army," "International Peace."

The book is not designed as an exhaustive study of the great Frenchman, but "its object is merely to give English readers some acquaintance with that force, at once harmonizing and progressive, that was in Jaures, and so help to preserve his influence from being lost."

Here is a tribute to the man: "Jaures beyond and above all men stood for freedom, the freedom of the unprivileged, the freedom of all men. He stood for the whole nation against a class, and for the whole humanity against predominating nations. He wanted a living society, each man in it sacred, free, all banded together for social ends, making up free nations also banded together for social ends, each respecting the other, each secure from tyranny. . . . The death of Jaures was the first effort of the blind, brute force. It crushed out the most vigorous son of man that it

could find, the most living, loving, ardent soul, the clearest brain, the warmest heart, the one most conscious of the whole trend of things." And again: "Jaures was a man of very great gifts which were never used for his own advancement but devoted to the service of the people." You will like this little tribute to the comrade "martyr to his faith in humanity." (B. W. Huebsch, New York.)

"The Mexican Problem" by Clarence W. Barron

Clarence W. Barron, manager of the Wall Street Journal, Boston News Bureau and Philadelphia News Bureau, author of "The Mexican Problem," "The Audacious War," and "Twenty-Eight Essays on the Federal Reserve Act," presents a new volume, "The Mexican Problem." As could be guessed, it is written from the standpoint of "the business man." In the words of Mr. Barron: "This is the need of Mexico today— opportunity to labor, opportunity for the family, opportunity for food, clothing, better shelter, and better social conditions. And this is exactly what American and European capital and organizations have brought to Tampico, attracted by its underground wealth, and this is what will ultimately redeem Mexico and forward her people by industrial opportunity."

The book is based on first-hand information, but workers will hardly enthuse over the eulogy of Mr. Doheny, American oil king, whose guest Mr. Barron has frequently been. The book presents an interesting view— the work of a faithful servant of the master class. (Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston.)

"YOUR Part in Poverty" by George Lansbury

Clear-cut and conclusive is the message written by George Lansbury, editor of the Herald (London) and former member of parliament, in his recent book, "YOUR Part in Poverty." Edward Winton, bishop of Winchester, though professing a disbelief in most of the views of Comrade Lansbury, grudgingly consented to write a preface to the volume, urging the necessity on the part of churchmen and others to give the author a hearing. Following a general introductory chapter setting forth the situation in England, Mr. Lansbury addresses himself directly to workmen, to women and children, to business, to the churches; and concludes with suggestions as to "what we must do."

He concludes his book with faith in the people: "I have faith in the common people. There has been plenty of disillusionment in my lifetime, but, in the main, I, like every other man and woman who is working amongst the people, know quite well that, given the chance, the mass of people respond always to the best that is put before them. It is not a bit true that human nature is necessarily ugly and brutal or destitute of idealism."

"During the present war there has been great talk," writes Mr. Lansbury, "about the breakdown of class distinctions. . . . Those acquainted with the facts of everyday life know that this unity has been to a very large extent superficial. At home luxury and wealth, poverty and misery still abound. High profits and dividends are still being accumulated." All through the author points out the contrast between the wealth of the favored classes and the poverty of the workers, never failing to indicate the underlying causes. He pricks the bubble of the wealthy "ladies" who work beside the mill girl and then go home to give expensive dinners that would cost more than their wages in the mill would amount to in months. "Victory is defeat if the price is human rights. If burdens are unequally distributed in war times, if some profit while others pay, if workmen's liberty, children's education and women's rights are sacrificed to gain military triumphs, success is but a hollow mockery." There are many lessons for America in this analysis of England's labor problems. (B. W. Huebsch, New York.)

Our Editor Friends

Phil Wagner's "The Melting Pot" has a new editor at the helm, Comrade Frank M. Eastwood, who attracted attention as the "Question Box" editor of "The Appeal to Reason" and other editorial capacities. He resigned as editor of "The Menace" to take charge of "The Melting Pot." He contributed to the September number and with the October issue will assume full charge. Walter Hurt, of the Wagner staff, will be one of the contributors. With Eastwood and Hurt as the leading actors in an all-star cast, the good little magazine cannot help going right along with a whizz. The price has been reduced to the old rate of fifty cents a year.

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Says Dr. G. Henri Bogart of Shelbyville, Illinois, in "The Medical Fortnightly": "The unlettered unconsciously cling to the 'fetish' idea of medicine, ascribing disease to a malevolent something to be exorcised by some other equally mysterious something." Dr. Bogart is a graduate of the allopathic and eclectic schools of medicine, but instead of grafting on the people by the chicanery of the "profession," has tried for years to humanize the sharks of the medical trust. The August "Medical Summary" of Philadelphia featured his brochure on "War, Morals, Health— the Future."

ANNOUNCEMENT!

Beginning in the near future, the WESTERN COMRADE plans to conduct an OPEN FORUM. This department will publish letters discussing all conceivable subjects pertaining to Socialism and the Socialist Party. The question of Socialist tactics will be given prominent place in the Forum. Communications must not be over 750 words in length. Diatribes against individuals are prohibited. Criticism of the acts of certain persons, provided it is fair and cool, is perfectly permissible. The editors reserve the privilege of not publishing certain letters for reasons obvious to them, and also to expurgate sentences and paragraphs which they consider inadvisable to print. Letters will not be returned to correspondents.

Writers are asked to date their letters, and sign them with full name, giving complete address. Correspondents are urged to send in their communications at once.

The Revolution in North Dakota

(Continued from page 11)

Grand Forks) and lots of money, it might have been a little bit different. (Laughter). But I was an "undesirable citizen"; a discredited man; an outcast. A man with an idea, but without friends.

"Well, I spent a couple of days talking with Mr. Wood and his father; about what should be done. At last I began to get them a little bit excited. I can not account for it in any other way. I don't think that I had convinced them of anything. I guess I must have got them 'off the trolley.' They were not 'normal' as our opposition friends call it, after I got after them for two or three days, any more than you farmers were 'normal' when you built the Nonpartisan League. You are an abnormal bunch of people.

"Well, finally Howard hitched up a team and we went and saw a neighbor, and I 'put him on' and got his $6. Well it began to look like something real! So the next morning he hitched up again, and this time we went in another direction with a buggy, and tackled another man and got his $6.

"And we found out that over there were a couple or three townships without any snow on the ground. By this time Howard was beginning to get a little more excited, and when we heard about this he said: 'I have got a little old Ford, and we will take that, and go and see some of those fellows.

"The old gentleman was not so much excited. He had his head with him yet. What I wanted was to get him in the car. But his standing with the farmers was too good. He didn't go. He had more farmers' stores to take care of those two weeks than any other man in the state! I am not criticizing the old gentleman for that. I give him credit for good judgment. But Howard got excited better than the old fellow.

"Well, we started out next morning with the Ford. We took along a couple of shovels; and by shoveling and pushing and cranking, we got over to where there was not any snow. And I painted a picture to those farmers that made every one of them see the Nonpartisan League better than you see it now. Some of them were very doubtful whether they would ever get any value for their money, but they thought it was worth trying anyway and some of them said: 'It is worth $6 to hear that fellow talk!'"

By the fall of 1915 more than 20,000 farmers of North Dakota had considered it worth $6 to hear Mr. Townley and other League organizers talk. The movement had become so strong that the old political machines were panic-stricken. The sheets of the Plunderbund and especially those reflecting the interests of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, became bitter and vituperative in their abuse of the new movement. Mr. Townley was subjected to all sorts of abuse. If he had been so disposed, he could have brought several editors to account for libel, but his determination to direct the League to a successful victory prevented him from bringing the farmers' enemies to the bar of justice.

In September, 1915, a weekly paper, the "Nonpartisan Leader," was started. Every member of the League became a subscriber. When the League was started, there was no official publication, and the only promise made to the new member was that he should receive the "official paper" and Pearson's Magazine "not later than December 1, 1915."

The fact that 20,000 farmers would pay over to an unknown organization, and in many cases to an unknown solicitor, a membership fee of $6 bears ample testimoy of the farmer revolt that was brewing.

(The next article will deal with the campaign of 1916).

The New Socialism

(Continued from Page 12)

organized workers be made to see that they will never get anything from their legislatures unless the members of the legislatures are their own men, chosen by them at their own councils, and elected by them at the polls.

The co-operative movement in this country is far behind the movement in Europe, but it is growing rapidly. It takes various forms—producers' co-operatives, buying co-operatives, and co-operative communities. The object of all is to enable the producer to retain or get back more of what he produces than he would otherwise have. Their fight is our fight—but in taking up their fight we would be merely helping ourselves. By making the co-operative movement our own we would be developing a source of power the extent of which it would be difficult to over-estimate.

By consolidating these forces, by making the Socialist Party the direct, active agent of the organized worker, we will be able to build an efficient, well-knit machine capable of producing tangible results.

And we will need every spark of power that we can generate. Our battle will begin in earnest when the war ends. We have faith in the future; but our confidence must not rest on an optimism that is not justified by facts. The war may work in our favor in one direction; it is bound to militate against us in another. As a result of military necessity, state control of industry will probably increase, but democracy, which is quite as essential to our program, has already lost ground enormously. The end of the war may find the industrial autocrats more securely enthroned than ever. The movement for the extension of our foreign trade, the program of imperialism, will be in full swing. A gigantic military establishment, so necessary to the purposes of imperialism, will be ready at hand. And when peace comes, our financial masters will use every possible weapon to hold the ground they have won during the war.

We must be prepared to fight to retain whatever the movement may have gained and to regain everything it has lost.

The keenness of the struggle will divide the classes in this country more sharply than ever before. It will result in driving a vast number of people into our camp—if we but have brains enough to take them in.

Here, then, is our opportunity. It would be criminal not to take advantage of it. Let us profit by the mistakes of the past, or all our work and all our sacrifices will be in vain. We must discard our intellectual snobbery, our slavish devotion to creed. We must mix with publicans and sinners, and take pleasure in doing so. We must understand that a man is not of necessity a fool or a knave because of his inability to recite the Communist Manifesto backwards. We must learn to utilize forces that may not be consciously socialistic, but whose progress inevitably leads in the direction of socialism. We must make co-operation, not only an ideal to be realized in the distant future, but the immediate policy of our party.

We must liberalize ourselves.

Current Problems

Continued from page 18

related to each other and, at last, embody in their activities, ample provision for the common good of all as against the private interests of any.

In the effort to advance this work, it will be found at every step that the real difficulties are in organization and management.

Next month, this problem of management will be considered as related to the natural resources.

A Nice Girl

Continued from page 21

read. And you must dry your feet so nobody'll ever know. Come on!"

He pulled her toward the house, and into the living room with its book-lined walls.

"Dad," he said to his father, who sat reading in front of the fireplace, "here's Nan. She got her feet wet and has to dry them."

He seated Nancy by the fire and began running his fingers over the books on the shelves. "Say, where's that book, 'The History of Reproduction?'"

"On the second shelf there to your right." One keen look took in the girl's tear-stained face and muddy shoes. He appeared to be absorbed in his book. "Make yourself at home, Nancy," he said, and returned to its pages.

The boy found the book and handed it to Nancy. "You can read it while I clean the mud off your shoes. It's a peach of a book."

He stooped and began to unlace Nancy's shoes. And his father's eyes, at once shrewd and benignant, rested for a moment upon the forlorn girlish figure, timidly, trustingly opening the book; then dropped to the dark, down-bent head of his boy.

"Well done, David Bolton," he softly whispered to himself.

Successful California Co-operatives

Continued from Page 25

arately. Remonstration with the middleman and with the speculator were of no avail. These parasites continued merrily with their game of exploitation. The result was an almost universal and simultaneous movement of co-operation for the purpose of marketing fruit products.

Practically all the co-operative organizations in California are formed for the sole purpose of marketing fruit products. With the exception of the Pacific Co-operative League of San Francisco, which is a wholesale co-operative store, this is the only variety of co-operation. Many of these co-operatives are capitalized at a million dollars and handle an enormous amount of products.

It is interesting to note that in every instance, the farmers were not EDUCATED but DRIVEN to the acceptance of co-operation as a remedy for poverty and exploitation.

There's a Home Waiting for You In The Sunny South

Down where the weather is always mild, where cotton pays big, and corn crops never fail, the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony has just bought an immense tract of rich, productive land. It is in one of the most healthful, most delightful spots in the great South, a spot that has been out of the way of the westward migration, passed by by the homeseekers. It is in the vast pine forests of the Vernon Parish Highlands.

As rapidly as possible this tract is to be settled up on the plan heretofore followed by the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony. It is the first step in the policy of expansion that has been the aim from the very first.

Transportation is excellent, the land is well-drained, there are neither mosquitoes or malaria. The most authentic health reports show that there is no more likelihood of disease in this district than there is in any other state.

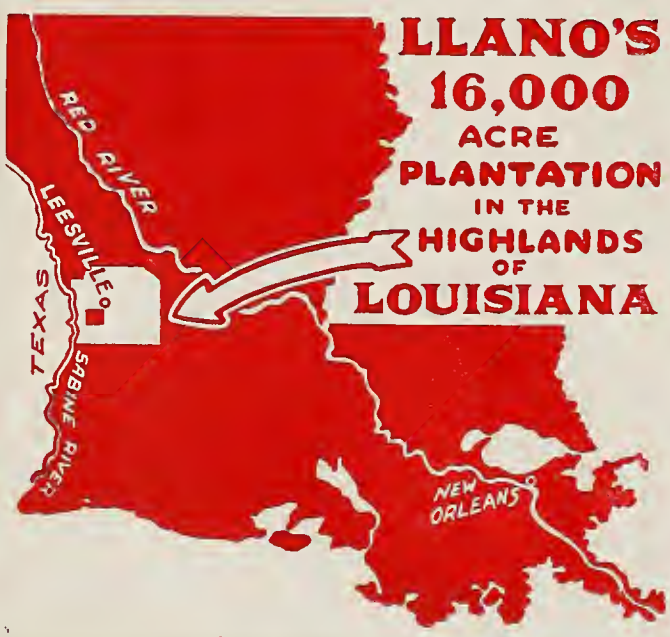
Weather reports over a period of 12 to 17 years give authoritative information regarding weather conditions. There has never been a drouth in that time. Neither is it excessively hot in the summer. Winters are mild and not unpleasant.

16,000 Acres—The New Llano Colony In the Rich Highlands of Louisiana

This is in the HIGHLANDS of Louisiana, and the fearsome stories you may have heard concerning pestilential swamps, and fevers, do not apply here any more than they apply in the healthful highlands of other states where there are no disease-breeding conditions.

Think what an immense tract this is! It means home for many hundreds of people. It means security for them, and under the plan of the Llano Colony it means getting the complete product of their own toil. It means relief from the worries of unemployment, and it means that the benefits of a co-operative organization on broad lines will be theirs.

The pine-covered Highlands of Louisiana are just beginning to command attention. Within a year, more than 1000 persons will be located on this great tract, tilling the soil, establishing the auxiliary industries that will be carried along with agriculture and horticulture and livestock raising, and the minor industries that are a part of every town.



The Land of Cotton

and corn, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, peanuts, vegetables of every kind, peaches, figs, apples, berries, pecans, sugar cane. Nearly every crop that can be grown in any part of the South can be grown on the new Colony property, with the exception of citrus fruits, and the production is enormous. This is rich land, and a thorough investigation has been made by a special committee selected by resident stockholders of the Llano del Rio Colony. It will commence yielding good returns from the very first.

Send for the free new descriptive illustrated folder, "Llano's Plantation in the Highlands of Louisiana."

WRITE AT ONCE FOR FULL INFORMATION ABOUT THIS LLANO EXTENSION COLONY

The Llano del Rio Colony Stables, Louisiana.