February, 1918 Price Ten Cents

Western Comrade

(Plantation Woods and Scenes in the Colony)

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"BIRTH CONTROL" —by MARGARET SANGER

Beginning a Remarkable Series entitled "MODERN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS"

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TIMELY EDITORIALS —By JOB HARRIMAN

FICTION — POETRY — HUMOR

Your Gateway to Freedom

Llano's 16,000 Acre Plantation in the Highlands of Western Louisiana

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

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

16,000 FERTILE ACRES

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

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

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

A TOWN CAME WITH IT

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

WHAT CAN BE PRODUCED ?

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

PLAN OF DEVELOPMENT

Farming comes first. The Colony thoroughly realizes the responsibilities and the necessities put upon it. Efficiency is insisted on, and once each week foremen are required to attend efficiency classes. The remaining workers are also given instruction. Records are kept showing use of time, achievement, results, costs. There is a systematic and orderly organization being perfected. Land is being cleared and plowed as rapidly as possible. With a complete understanding of the needs of agricultural production, every available man is put on the farm. This work takes precedence over all else. very avenue of waste is being closed as fast as discovered. Elimination of useless work and reduction of only partly necessary tasks is insisted on. The aim of the Colony is not only to support itself the very first year, but to have an ample margin left over. This will take careful and systematic planning. Through this care and foresight, the new Colony will be able to take care of all of its residents, including increase. Housing is simplified by the number of houses acquired with the property.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

A hotel, dairy, range stock, small laundry, store, blacksmith and machine shop, vulcanizing plant, gardens, hot beds, herd of goats, some rabbits, some chickens, hogs, printing department, offices, doctors, warehouse and material shed, are established departments now in operation. Machinery for the shoe shop is here, but not installed. This is true of the saw mill. A moving picture machine is already purchased, with chairs, and benches for a theater. Plans are drawn and material ready for the new theatre and dance floor, these to be separate. The school is giving practical instruction in grammar school subjects. Tremendous progress is being made in every department, and the organizing of departments is increasing the efficiency of the entire plantation.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER

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

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

AGENTS WANTED

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

FOR MORE INFORMATION

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

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

Llano del Rio Colony, Stables, Louisiana

Membership Department

"No matter whose lips that speak. they must be free and ungagged. Let us believe that the whole truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue; and remember that in order to get the whole truth you must allow every man, right or wrong, freely to utter his conscience, and to protect him in so doing. Entire, unshackled freedom for every man's life, no matter what his doctrine —the safety of free discussion, no matter how wide its range. The community which dares not protect its humblest and most hated enemy in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves."

—Wendell Phillips.

Political Action Co-operation Socialism

The Western Comrade

"The Most Constructive Magazine for Socialism in America."

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JOB HARRIMAN.....Managing Editor ALANSON SESSIONS.....Associate Editor ERNEST S. WOOSTER....Business Manager

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Please do not send subscriptions, changes of address, complaints, etc., to individuals. Address ALL communications to the Llano Publications, Stables, La. This paper will not assume responsibility unless this rule is followed.
The Western Comrade neither approves nor disapproves the sentiments expressed in contributions not signed by one of the editors.

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EDITORIAL

By Job Harriman

Materialism

MATERIALISM is a composite of blind forces. These forces work alike in the mineral, vegetable and animal world. They seek the line of least resistance, regardless of the circumstances. Might is always right, with blind force. Water runs down hill in the easiest channel though it drowns a playing child. A bullet will not change its course though it pass through the heart of a baby. Energy is absorbed by capital from man, woman and child alike. There is no mercy in materialism. It is stern, ruthless, persistent, heartless, treacherous in friendships, with an eye only to advantage.

Materialism is a great body rolling down hill, increasing in momentum and in volume as it goes.

Materialism is an iron heel and the ruling powers are its exemplifiers.

Spirituality

SPIRITUALITY is a composite of intelligence and love. These mingled forces function only in the hearts of pure and noble men and women. They seek the avenues of service and sacrifice, always endeavoring to uplift. Their standard of right is measured by their ability to help others. They spare no energy to save endangered lives. They will change their course, at whatever cost, to save, protect, or increase, the happiness of others. They will give their own lives rather than absorb the lives of others. They are the embodiment of mercy.

Spirituality is kind, gentle, patient, long suffering, constant, enduring in friendship, persistent in sterling worth.

Spirituality is the mainspring of the heart, the inspiration of the world, the mother of hope, the savior of despair, the harbor of safety of a stricken world.

EFFICIENCY depends upon concentration of power. Concentration must center in one head. This one must be able to cope with the situation, otherwise efficiency is as effectually defeated as if the power were centered in a dozen heads who disagree upon policies and methods.

The Senate is making a fatal mistake by creating a war council having power to determine war policies.

There are but two questions for the Senate to decide:

First: Should we stay in the war?

Second: How large should the budget be?

These two questions settled, the rest should be left to Wilson and the staff he selects, if efficiency is to be attained.

No army was ever led to victory by a dozen generals, all vested with power to map out the campaign.

Concentration of power is necessary if the end desired is to be efficiently accomplished.

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TROTZKY is that Northern Star that shines in the vision of Tolstoy.

—o—

THE "Savanah News" is as blind as a bat, as stupid as a toad, and as mixed as scrambled eggs. Here is a specimen of its effusions:

"As operator of the railroads, the government may actually crystallize public opinion against government ownership. If this occurs, the president will have brought about a double benefaction to the country, for he will have caused more efficient use during the war, and taught the public that the solution of the railroad problem in times of peace is their operation in private hands."

That is to say: Efficiency will crystallize public opinion in favor of inefficiency!

A brilliant bit of reasoning, we confess—equal, if not superior in wisdom, to the brayings of Balaam's ass.

—o—

TROTZKY calls the social democrats of Germany to revolt.

There seems to be a strange hand at work in shaping the destiny of these warring nations.

Everywhere men cry for peace and still everywhere there is greater preparation for war.

The balance of power swings first to the Allies, then to the Central Powers, and every day brings doubted misgivings mingled now with hope and then with despair.

While Russia was fighting hard and the United States entered the war arena, the die seemed cast in favor of the Allies.

When the Czar went down before the Russian revolution, the scales swung back to the Central Powers.

When China and Japan opened their war chests, again Allied stock went up. When the truce arranged by the Russians and Germans, releasing from the east 1,500,000 soldiers, was consummated, the Central Powers again loomed up, and the Allies were stricken with fear.

Then came the call of Trotzky. It rang like a clarion throughout the world.

The labor movement of every country, especially the Socialists, responded, with a voice determined to throw off the yoke of oppression and to establish peace everywhere.

The labor movement of England gave Trotzky its support and pledged it determined assistance. Next came France, then Italy, then Spain. Later the social democrats of Germany came out boldly against Junkerdom and pledged their lives to tear it asunder. And last, but not least, president Wilson promises to the Russian program his unqualified support.

Thus the submerged class, that enormous bulk, that irresistible force, has been aroused and is rising from the social deep with Russia, its head, already well above water.

—o—

CLAUS SPRECKLES, a multimillionaire sugar king, is now fighting Hoover, as he is accustomed to fight the labor movement.

His clutches are upon his profits.

All intruders are his enemies.

High prices are his god.

Low prices are his devil.

To hell with Hoover and the workers.

"Let them eat grass!"

Now, for once, the government understands the viewpoint of the worker, and Shylock will lose his bond.

"All that glistens is not gold;
Gilded tombs do worms unfold."

—o—

CLOSE your eyes and give your imagination a bird's eye view of the world.

You will see every country, city, town and hamlet bristling with bayonets and smeared with human blood.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the peacemakers."

—o—

FOMENTING of groundless popular suspicion is the most dastardly deed of which a human being can be guilty.

A suspicious mind is dangerous not only to the general public but to the government itself.

Suspicion is a form of insanity. It is supported only by a belief in the statements of those in whom confi-

dence is reposed. False statements lead to the direst results, ofttimes to the murder of absolutely innocent people.

Men will act upon what they believe. Men will believe statements made by those in whom they confide.

A recent issue of the "Literary Digest" contains matter true and false, so mixed that by it suspicion is inflamed against the innocent, the consequences of which however terrible, the "Digest" will go scot free.

In this hour of trouble, when passion runs wild, all men in responsible positions should endeavor to harmonize and not to inflame public passion.

Credulity and suspicion go hand in hand.

—o—

ALL profits are illigitimate in times of peace as well as in times of war. Profits are always made at the sacrifice of human life.

In peace the lives are sacrificed in the factories, the industries, the marts of the world.

In war they are sacrificed in the trenches as well as in the factories and industries and marts.

The sacrifice of life in the trenches is so exceptional and terrible that all are shocked and horrified at the thought of it. But whoever has observed the unbearable conditions imposed upon men, women and children by the arrogant, greedy and ambitious owners of mines, factories and large industries, will have seen a sacrifice that will curdle his blood. The accumulated fortunes of the rich are measured by the blood and misery of the poor.

Every one is anxious that the war should end and the slaughter cease.

Now is the time for the government to end the slaughter and oppression in the factories and industries by putting an end at once to all profits by assuming control of all commercial and industrial affairs out of which profits and privileges arise.

Man is man. And no man should be permitted to devour another in times of war or peace, by means of profits or otherwise.

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MUCH is now being written of the brutalities and cruelties of the German soldiers. The statements, while doubtless true, are altogether misleading. If we but remember the cruelty of the Yankee soldiers in the South during the Civil war, and the cruelties by the Rebels committed in Libby prison, the cruelties of the English soldiers in South Africa, Egypt and India, the cruelties of our soldiers in the Philippines, we will not be at a loss to understand the cruelties of the German soldiers in foreign countries.

War makes brutes of soldiers, and brutes are brutal outside their native land. The soldiers of every country always have been and always will be brutal to the enemy.

This is war.

—o—

WE read in many magazines that the revolution of Russia was due to the corruption of the Royal family and the moral depravity induced by a peasant religious fanatic.

More astounding ignorance than this could not be displayed.

The revolution in Russia was brought on by the burdens that the aristocracy imposed upon the people of Russia. The rumblings of a general uprising have been increasingly heard for half a century.

The same fact is now operating in Germany, and indeed in almost all European countries.

Oppression is the mother of revolutions.

It was the cause of the French revolution; of the English revolution; of the American revolution against England; of almost, if not all, the revolutions of the world.

The oppressed know it too well.

The oppressor is blind to it. He is blinded by his luxury, his power and his greed. It is this fact that makes revolutions inevitable.

—o—

"The scheme of Socialism involves the complete control of the individual by government, thus sacrificing one's freedom for his economic welfare. For this, Socialism cannot be accepted by society as a solution for its ills."—Woodrow Wilson, The State.

May we ask the president whether the above-described condition, which certainly exists in this country today in an extreme form, is Socialism? And is he the president of a Socialist Republic?

Meals Twelve Cents

CO-OPERATION accomplishes many things, but the one that will most interest the average reader is the fact that the Llano Colony is serving meals at its hotel for twelve cents!

This despite the high cost of living; despite the fact that everything served on the table must be bought in the open market. When the gardens begin to produce; when the colony has its own hogs and cattle and sheep and rabbits and poultry; when there is sugar from the colony's sugar-cane patch and syrup from the same source; when the berries and the fruits are a part of each meal; when the rice fields are adding to the grains used, and the oats are a part of each breakfast; when the colony lands are producing for the colony table; then the colony meals will cost less.

There are horticulturists in the colony who long for a chance to demonstrate what this land will do. But necessity dictates that the fruit take second place this year in the efforts of the colonists. Next year, perhaps, some of the fruit men will have their chance. It is not because their value is not appreciated, but because the best crops for 1918 are cotton, corn, melons, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, and garden truck. They are safe and sure and high in price and profitable. They will produce an income this year. Therefore the farmers have decided to concentrate on them. The colony must provide food for itself this season. It will do so unless the unforseen intervenes.

"BETTER LAND THAN I THOUGHT"

"I thought I knew something about this land as I have lived in the South all of my life, but this land is better than I thought it was. I am working out there with the clearing crew and I have a first rate opportunity to get first hand information. I came here expecting that we would be able to do well. I read the colony literature and I thought the land must be very good. But it is better than I thought and I see no reason why we should not become independent if we use only ordinary good methods. If we do as we should, nothing can prevent us from becoming rich as a community."

These are the words of one of the comrades from Texarkana. The comrade who spoke is not an excitable enthusiast. He weighed carefully the chances of success of the colony before he decided to bring his family in. He knew that it would take work to secure results. He has not been accustomed to such work as grubbing, but he selected this work himself and is doing his part to make the farming end of the enterprise show a profit and a big one.

FIRST FEED THE COLONY

As told last month, agriculture has first place in the plan of things. The "New Orleans Picayune" of January 13, 1918, has the following story:

> "The rice, sugar, corn, cotton planters and farmers, and the producers of food in Louisiana are on a strike. They say that similar conditions exist in other states, and that some organized relief movement or some other agency must take hold or there will be a food famine.
>
> That the threat is not idle, they prove by pointing to the fact that despite the high prices obtained last year there is a decreased acreage of every food commodity. Even the acreage that has been planted was against the better judgment of the planters, and was a patriotic concession to the nation's plea. Unless something is done, and done soon, money will not be able to buy food, because there will not be enough labor to produce the food.
>
> The negro exodus from the agricultural districts began early last year. There had been similar hegiras in other years, and when harvest or grinding times came around the negroes returned in sufficient number. The expectation of like eventuality temporarily allayed alarm. The repopulation was also depended upon to replace the drain of the draft and the lure of government and other emergency work nearer home. But the negroes did not return, and gathering and finishing the crops became a struggle and a desperate chance. Many barely pulled through, and are convinced they could not repeat the race with as much prospect of success. For that reason nobody has attempted to plant even as much as last year, although the demands of the nation is for increased production of all foods.

There is more to it, but this will give a good idea of how independent agriculture is faring in the South when labor is being lured away to the factories. It is the strongest argument for co-operative effort that could be asked for. While the independent little farmers and even some of the big ones of the South are being forced to let some of their land go idle, the Llano Colony, through co-operation is able to put new land under the plow.

WHILE the various parts of the United States agitate or clamor for reforms or emergency legislation, or more efficient methods, the Colony is quietly putting many of them into operation.

For instance: while a Kansas City paper tells of an agitation for a six-day-a-week school, the colony has it.

While daylight saving is being agitated, the Colony has adopted the policy, and it has already been in operation.

Everywhere the cry is for increased agricultural production. The Colony is organized to achieve this, and is already carrying out its plans.

"Economy of distribution" is the phrase being widely used. The Colony has long applied this principle, and the reduction of costs is striking and enormous.

"Women in Industry" is attracting attention everywhere, but nowhere are they more sanely initiated into industry than at the Colony.

"Efficiency" is almost a fetish these days. Yet no community surpasses and few equal the community efficiency of everyday life in the Colony.

PAID TO GO TO SCHOOL

But the plans of the colony are more systematic than the plans of most communities. Putting 1000 acres of land under cultivation in six months is no mere child's play. It takes careful planning as well as hard work and it requires system. The capitalistic word "Efficiency" is the word heard oftenest in the colony. One of the ways of gaining efficiency is to offer some tangible reward for it. The children of the Colony are being offered that reward and it is succeeding.

The children are on an eight-hour basis for six-days of the week. They must account for forty-eight hours of the week. If they fail to do so, they fail to receive the amount of pay that the faithful ones do.

But the children are not kept in school for eight hours. Part of this time is employed in useful work. For instance, the boys (and many of the girls) have built perhaps a mile of board fence, surrounding garden patches to protect them from loose stock. Some of the girls work in the hotel, and it is one of the problems of the teachers that they must plan

An Important Announcement

¶ Beginning with an early issue, the Western Comrade will be known as

The Internationalist

The change of name will be a surprise to many of our readers, many of whom possibly will not understand why such a change has been made. We hope the following explanation will make this clear:

1. The Western Comrade is no longer "western." Sectionally speaking, it is "southern."

2. The time is now ripe for an advantageous change of name of the magazine.

The Western Comrade was first published in Los Angeles, California, by a handful of brilliant Socialists, including Emanuel Haldeman-Julius, Frank E. Wolfe, Stanley Wilson, Chester Wright, Rob Wagner and others. It immediately became famous in radical circles.

¶ In June, 1914, the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony took over the magazine, and has published it ever since. Its circulation has increased steadily and its constructive advocacy of co-operation and socialism is constantly making it more popular.

¶ It has been decided that the magazine has simply outgrown its name. It is no longer a sectional periodical. It has already assumed national significance. It is fast assuming INTERNATIONAL importance.

¶ The Socialist movement never possessed such international significance as it possesses at this moment. The Russian revolution is leading the working class into a United States of the World. The nation, as a historical factor, is passing rapidly into oblivion. Many men now living will see the federation of nations that must inevitably come.

¶ In the light of these facts, it is incongruous and narrow for us to preserve the name of the Western Comrade. The magazine is at this moment one of the few influential Socialist publications in the United States, or even in America. It is commanding the respect of every school of thought. Because of its broad position in supporting every movement making for the emancipation of labor—the Socialist party, the trades-union, the co-operative colony, consumer's co-operation—it will continue indefinitely to exert a tremendous influence in the solution of social and industrial problems.

The Internationalist

will continue to present the cream of the radical thought extant. The most brilliant writers in the Socialist and labor movements will contribute to our columns. In a short time the magazine will be increased again from forty to forty-eight pages—later to fifty-six pages.

¶ The is no limit to the possibilities for The Internationalist. The opportunity is here. The material is abundant. All that is needed is an enthusiastic army of Internationalists to spread the gospel of constructive Socialism.

¶ Remember that when you boost for The Internationalist, you are boosting directly for CO-OPERATION IN ACTION, for the "most constructive magazine for Socialism in America" is financed, edited and published by co-operative colonists.

¶ Are you going to help?

¶ The price of a year's subscription to The Internationalist will be advanced from 75 cents to $1.00 the first of May, 1918. Immediate subscriptions will mean a saving to you of 25 cents on the dollar.

Fraternally,

The Llano Publications.

the classes so that these girls can get out in time to set the tables. Some of the boys handle teams, others work in the industries, some in the offices, and all who wish can find work to do. There are few who are not industrious. Paying the children for going to school is a paying proposition for the colony.

INDEPENDENT CHILDREN

The children are making ambitions plans for the future. They are laying out what they want to do and they are going ahead to do it. First, in order to build the clubhouse, they had to get lumber. They found a building and got permission to wreck it. They hauled the lumber. They are building the clubhouse.

When it is done they expect to conduct their own eating establishment and will serve meals at cost. They will not do this alone. It will require instruction. It will mean competent direction. But they will do much of the work and will learn how to work with their hands, how to manage, and how to plan. They will be able to conduct this work because they will have the money to do it with. They are being paid wages. Why shouldn't they care for themselves?

But that is not all. The girls will want to learn to sew. They will learn in a practical manner by making garments. Already this work has been taken up to some extent. When they have their clubhouse they will be able to go still further into this industry.

The children will work in the gardens of course. They will be feeding themselves and preparing their own meals. They will be clothing themselves and making their own clothes. The children of the colony are thus made an asset instead of a liability, for their energies are being turned into practical channels.

Once in a while arises a voice which says: "Aren't you working those children too hard?" But ask the boys and girls. They will stoutly deny it. They enjoy the work. They are not put at disagreeable tasks that others do not like to do. They are put at the sort of work that appeals to them as being work. They are put at the work that is the same that the men and women of the plantation do. Therefore, they enjoy it. They realize that it is useful and they take a pride in it. They are not given tasks but work as a part of their schooling. The boys who go out under a competent instructor to build fences and drive teams and build and wreck buildings are learning more of practical things than they would if they were kept inside at books.

CO-OPERATIVE ACHIEVEMENT

Never before has the world talked so much of co-operation. Never before was co-operation so urgent as it is now. Dreamers dreamed of it as a principle that should bind men together. Practical men have had to come to it in many places because they found they could thus avoid exploitation to some extent. But between the dreamers who wished to co-

operate because there was a principle involved, and those practical, hard-headed men who co-operate to such degree as they were forced to, there has always existed quite a wide gulf. The dreamers failed to get the viewpoint of the practical men, the practical men viewed the dreamers with pity.

In the Llano Colony there is the fullest co-operation, and the practical men who see it are forced to follow the steps of the dreamers who saw it as a vision, and put it into practice.

The colony is progressing. The population is steadily increasing. The respect of the neighbors is being gained, for there is something different about the colony town and about other towns. One is the bustle of industry. Colonists work. They must work. Loafing is not tolerated. It is too expensive a luxury to be permitted. Therefore, there are no idle men and boys congregating in groups about the colony. There is too much work to be done. The colony can not afford to have idle men when there is work to be done.

There is the bakery for instance. The colony has been forced to buy bread. Butt now the bakery is almost ready to be accupied, and in a short time the Colony bakery will be selling bread instead of buying, will be making a profit instead of paying one. At the same time, the colonists will be buying bread at lower cost than even before. There has been so much work to do that it has been impossible to get at the bakery before. The bakery will not be in use before the first of March, but when it is ready, it will soon begin to pay for itself.

There was a cow barn and a milk house to be built. They are finished. Two great sheds have been entirely wrecked and are now stored away or the lumber used. The material shed keeps two men at work. Old lumber is sawed and stored in stacks. It is the Colony lumber yard. When the sawmill is started the supplies will be increased, but the tremendous quantities of old lumber makes it unnecessary to start the lumber industry for a while.

It is safe to say that farm work in the colony is further advanced than it is in most places in the South. With the colonists it is almost a religion that they must get in a large acreage this year. They are making big plans but they are making them carefully and they are going to keep on schedule.

How many acres are cleared? It is difficult to say with much hope of getting the information to readers authentically. Perhaps it is best to say that on February first about 400 acrees were cleared; the work is going forward at the rate of about seven acres a day. The reader can estimate the number of acres from these figures with considerable accuracy.

The plows follow the clearing as closely as is deemed necessary. The land is not being cleared as the word "clear" signifies in many places. The stumps are being left in the ground. They can be taken out at some future time. Many of them are being burned out, but still many are left. However, they do not interfere with planting, for the plows which are used get close up to the stumps. The rolling land of the colony stretches away in plowed acres from ridge to ridge, an inspiring sight to the visitor, a showing in which the colonists take great pride. It means independence to them.

Planting is late in the south this year. It is an unusual winter. There has been more cold weather than ever before. But while the north has been celebrating the winter with "heatless" days, the colonists have had an abundance of fuel. They have been having "sleetless" days instead. If wealth be measured in real things and not in money, then the Colony is rich, for it has been warm and well fed. But if wealth is to be measured in money then they are not rich, for they make no pretense of having money. Yet with a small wage paid to the members they are able to get along nicely. That is because there is no rent to be paid. There are no profits to go to non-workers. There are no useless costs and added burdens. The colonists are rich in the things they want, and their prospects of becoming richer are distinctly good. They have all the natural resources for building homes, for growing crops that will provide food and shelter. There are few things, essential things at any rate, that they can not produce from their own lands. They are not doing it now and will not for a year to come or for several years, but the day is surely coming when the Llano Colony will be self-supporting in virtually every particular.

And all of this contributes to "Meals Twelve Cents." The price will go down and down and down. It is a matter of time only. The meals are nourishing and palatcble. Yet the cost is only twelve cents. This includes labor as well. When summer comes and the garden crops are being harvested, this will go down still more. When, in another year, the dairy has been built up, the poultry yards are doing their part, and the beef herd is a source of revenue, costs will go down further and further.

The Llano Colony has a brilliant future. It has wealth, both present and potential. It has already developed efficiency, as a community characteristic, till it is far superior to the rest of the district, and will compare well with any part of the country. In a day of co-operation, the Llano Colony is taking the lead by pointing the way to the greatest results through the application of the principles of co-operation in the widest manner possible.

The Colony receives many letters from persons who claim to be socialists and who express some doubt of the genuine co-operative nature of the colony. Some of these letters are sarcastic, some are bitter, and some are written in the friendly spirit of inquiry .

The Llano del Rio Company of Nevada is incorporated under the laws of the State of Nevada. Copies of the charter, letters of incorporation and copies of the by-laws may be secured from the capitol of that state.

The Colony differs from other capitalistic concerns in one particular—the shareholders are working members right here on the ground. They share equally in the surplus, if any. It is up to the working members to create this surplus. The mere stockholder receives nothing unless he works.

This Colony has the referendum, initiative and recall. Any one in position of trust or authority may be dealt with through this triple power. So far it has never been used. The incompetent man never fights successfully to hold power.

Three hundred and fifty of us are now here working under the above-mentioned charter and by-laws, and enjoy it. We all feel secure and perfectly protected.

We are pioneering. Conditions are comparatively rough, and still there will continue to be hardships. Are you strong enough to stand disappointments, misunderstandings and personal discomfort? Are you willing to grub roots, to plow, to harrow, to do carpenter work, to haul, or to do anything else necessary to make the work on the ranch go ahead? If so, you have the genuine co-operative spirit and you will make a splendid colonist.

Many people write us puzzling letters. They put us in the attitude of doing something for them. Why should we guarantee a complete and heavenly haven of refuge for those desiring admittance? The question is: What are YOU willing to do to make life safe and pleasant for the MAJORITY in the Colony? If a person is not willing to give more than he expects to get, he will be disappointed here, and he had better stay away.

Are you willing to take things as they are and not be disappointed if they do not turn out fully as you expected?

Birth Control

By Margaret Sanger

BIRTH Control is a new philosophy of social relations which has recently arisen in this country, the basis of which is prevention of conception. It differs from other social philosophies in that it goes at once to the heart of the social problems of our times and applies to nearly every individual.

In my work in the nursing field I came in daily contact with various aspects of social conditions, as they exist today. I was confronted with two classes of society. In the first class, where wealth, leisure, education are enjoyed, prevention of conception is known and practiced. The problems of the day do not come from this class. While on the other side, where prevention of conception is not known, we have poverty, disease, prostitution, drunkenness, vagrancy, unemployment, infant and maternal mortality, and the alarming increase in abortions.

Margaret Sanger

I found that the mothers of this class are kept in ignorance, but are anxious and desirous of the knowledge which will prevent their bringing children into world to die of poverty. I found that they would face death through abortions rather than bring children into the world and compel them to spend their childhood days toiling in mills and factories. I found that the great average woman, living on the average workingman's wage of $12 a week, does not want a large family, but is forced to endure the pains of childbirth because of her ignorance to prevent conception. The United States is forcing undesired motherhood upon millions of its women victims.

And I claim that the state has no more right to ravish a woman against her will by keeping her in ignorance than a man has through brute force.

The women of today do not desire to spend the whole of their adult lives in bringing children into the world, and refuse to be mere child-bearing machines. The state has not accorded woman the dignity of freedom so long as her body remains the slave of ignorance, for no woman can call herself free who cannot choose the time to be a mother or not, as she sees fit. Out of this desire for voluntary motherhood has arisen this great struggle for woman's liberty, for the freedom of her own body, for its release from the domination of ignorance enforced by church and state. Out of this rebellion has risen the birth control movement in the United States.

The astounding fact is, and statistics bear out the facts, that though there is a larger expenditure yearly in this country on charities, philanthropies and decadent institutions, such as penitentiaries, feeble-minded institutions, insane asylums, poor houses, reform schools, and the like, that these great funds do nothing but alleviate, they do not touch the root of the cause, which is as agreed by all social workers and prominent medical and sociological authorities of the day throughout the world, the over-production of the poor, diseased and unfit population.

Our social problems increase on all sides and can never be solved until those who are working for racial social betterment are free to discuss and to provide these victims of ignorance with knowledge and means to prevent conception.

Our problems of war will never be solved until the birth rate is controlled by the people themselves. Birth control is practiced among the advanced and educated people of all countries. In Holland, France, and New Zealand it is quite generally practiced by the common people. The results of 30 years work in Holland should be known to all. The fact that during these years, with the fall of the birth rate, the death rate has fallen so perceptibly that the population has accelerated, is proof against the loud-mouthed orators who say that birth control means race suicide.

Birth control means race improvement: it means fewer babies, but it also means less sickly and dead babies. It means fewer children to toil in factories and mills, but it means more babies playing in the open sunshine in the fields and playgrounds. It also means early marriage, free from the diseases which late marriage and promiscuous living bring. It means a wanted children born in love, reared in comfort. It means a freer womanhood: a healthier manhood. It means unltimately an emancipated race.

—o—

MAKING DEMOCRACY

"Don't stick the bayonet in more than six inches, because it will be hard to pull out. If you get the point stuck in a bone, shoot it loose. Make short, quick jabs. Most of your bayonet fighting will be at night, so be careful not to stab your fellow soldiers. Stick to kill! If you're too close to stick straight out, turn the gun upside down, grab the top of the barrel and stick it up through his chin."—From Bayonet Instructions in Fort Snelling Training Camp.

Freedom of Speech and Democracy

By Theron P. Cooper

THE most serious and idealistic Russian revolutionists said, when the difference between "free speech" and "license" was explained to them, "Well, what we want is license." They understood how bad a thing it is for the possessor of foolish, wild, ignorant, or actually vicious ideas to keep lonely and resentful company with such thoughts. Like psychologists, they knew that the most terrifying theories have some human meaning. And lastly, they had that eager intellectual humility which craves knowledge from any source and is yet proudly confident of its ability to distinguish the true from the false.

This attitude is, in the end, the one thing which will produce a people fit for democracy and self-rule; no one of them incapable of independent judgment and none willing to accept an opinion, a social convention, an economic or political system, or a command upon the bare word of authority.

We are very far from the understanding which these simple peasants (and some of the world's greatest men who thought like them) have had of the nature of the human mind and the only means by which it can grow to power. Freedom of speech means that we must permit anyone, at any time or place, to express whatever opinion he holds and we must do so without either thought, desire or impulse to punish him for anything he says.

Like democracy, freedom of speech is three-fold—social, economic and political. We have political, economic, or social freedom of speech, but until the three come together we will not have complete freedom of opinion: nor until then will we have complete democracy. At present social institutions and economic maladjustment have an influence in curbing free opinion which so stultifies the minds of ninety-five out of a hundred men and women that before maturity they become actually incapable of forming sound judgments on public issues and have no desire to do so.

> FREEDOM of speech means that we must permit anybody, at any time and place, to express whatever opinion he holds and to use to the full such powers of persuasion as he may possess; and that we must do so without either thought, desire or impulse to punish him for anything he says.

In our social system suppression of free speech commences with the child, under parental authority. In our nurseries we begin the discouragement of intellectual curiosity and the substitution of ready-made opinions, which we, who do not know how to end wars or poverty or even to elect a good mayor, guarantee as true. Church, school, college and social conventions continue the process; and when we have dumped in enough class and racial prejudice and encouraged an earnest enthusiasm for the trivial, the young man or woman is unconscious except in rare moments of depression of the void left by the non-development of his powers of thought.

Our economic system controls opinion even more severely. In business and industry free expression of thought by any young woman or man would become an insurmountable barrier to success. Cruel, wasteful, dishonest, irrational and blundering as the economic system is, no one may say so publicly who has a job to lose and a family to feed. Labor leaders have had a keen consciousness of this for years before our political freedom of speech appeared to be threatened.

Actually in the mass of mankind very little eager and active intelligence survives the social and economic discipline to be applied to the momentous problems of mature life. Hence great ideas and inspiring thoughts have so little influence and get buried so deeply in public libraries. Hence, too, political freedom of speech is not by any means the boon to humanity which it might be.

Yet vast as is the sum of stupidity, dishonesty, cowardice, and apathy created by social and economic repression of thought, political freedom of speech, press and assembly have in so many instances routed tyranny, corruption and dishonesty that they are deeply endeared to the inactive mass of mankind. A wise ruler would not dare, would not wish, to suppress them, because he knows that the instant suppression starts, suspicion and distrust, however unjust in themselves, will awake.

Freedom of speech always depends either upon the absense of coercive power or upon conscious restraint in its use. Where you find a person speaking in undertones, or lying, or afraid to venture an opinion, you will not have far to look for some person or institution which would punish him in some tangible way for his opinion. On the other hand, where you do find freedom of speech you will find that the persons who would like to translate disapproval in terms of force are by some means held in check. As an instance, take the Australian ballot which is a singularly effective free speech measure because by complete secrecy it protects each man from the coercive displeasure of those of contrary opinion.

In friendship and in love there is always an implicit promise that nothing which is said will be conveyed to hostile ears. So here, too, opinion can be expressed without fear or favor. How often do we stop to reflect that the great value which these intimate relations have in the intellectual development and happiness of all of us is a direct result of the free expression of questions and beliefs which they allow?

But secrecy, which is so effective at the polling place and between friends, is not applicable to all the issues of life. Moreover, it evades the issue. Instead of hiding a man from coercive power, democracy must take from rulers and favored classes the power to withhold bread and freedom from others, before freedom of speech and intelligence can become general.

The inevitable conclusion which a study of freedom of speech brings us to, is the pity that men do not take it for themslves, and permit it for others. If we had intelligence we would scrupulously guarantee that we would never threaten or injure another for any expression of opinion, however what he says may pain or insult the things we hold dearest. If we had courage, we would never refrain from speech because ruin, imprisonment or death is threatened.

What is true of free speech in times of peace is true during war. Merely because the issues are greater the penalties are more severe. It remains true that the most honest government takes a long step towards misunderstanding, dissension, suspicion, and its own corruption when it will not trust its case to free discussion. And it is not true that because the tyranny is brief, it will do no harm. Is it no harm that more than twenty men in different parts of the country have been taken during the past month by masked cowards and flogged until

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Modern Religious Movements:

Latter Day Saint-ism—Its Essence and Purpose

By Elder Jos. E. Robinson, President California Mission (Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints).

[This article begins a series by a number of prominent authorities explaining the substance of modern systems of religion and ethical thought. The next article will be on Catholicism. Readers are invited to express their opinions to the editor.]

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, "Mormonism," (so-called because of their belief in the Book of Mormon), is essentially a practical religion, being the revealed Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is founded not alone on the scriptures given to us by the Jews in the Old and New Testaments, but it is amplified by the American volume of scripture, the Book of Mormon, and revelations and authority from God to His prophets of the nineteenth century.

The principal mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is the salvation in the world to come, but here in this world TODAY and NOW. It is founded upon the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz., apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, etc., and has all other officers named in the New Testament scripture such as patriarchs, high priests, seventies, elders, bishops, and deacons.

In its organization it has given ample opportunity for the initiative and executive capabilities of all its male members and a goodly number of its female. Every male upwards of twelve years, who shows an appreciation for his faith and integrity in observing the same, is clothed upon with some degree of priestly authority, and "without money or price" is called to service. Because of this and other helps in government, the entire membership of the Church is looked after individually and its condition, spiritually and temporally, husbanded, and where necessary, reported to the proper official for direction or help, spiritually and materially, as conditions warrant. It is so complete in its organization that it is often referred to as the most perfect in the world. This excellency has been obtained because of co-operation. Poverty stricken, without money or means of exchange (except the products of the soil) they built their roads, bridges, public buildings, schools, factories, and their great mercantile institutions by co-operative labor and investment. They were the first to introduce and husband the sugar beet industry which has become such an important factor in the commercial world of the intermountain district.

Its "helps in government" consist of a Woman's Relief society embracing 45,000 women of mature years who are affiliated with the National Council of Women and whose particular field of ministry is among the sick and poor. Their report for 1916 shows their resources as $608,750.12, with a liability of less than $3000. Long ago they were admonished to gather wheat for "a time of scarcity" and have 215,393 bushels in insured storage.. They spent 25,985 days with the sick, and made 88,140 special visits to the afflicted; gave aid to 6,803 families; prepared 2,193 bodies for burial and assisted missionaries' families in the sum of $2,735. 53. Theirs is a service without cost for it is voluntary. Every cent collected finds its legitimate end in charity work.

The Mutual Improvement association of young men and women looks after the activities of more than 75,000 young people, not only in a social and religious sense, but in an economic. "The making of a citizen" being one of the chief thoughts entertained, it teaches the principles of citizenship, banking, railroading, manufacturing, mining, agriculture, art, music and domestic science. Men and women who have specialized in these fields, travel at large among the people, teaching them, and books treating of these particular questions are to be found in all the libraries of the Mutual Improvement associations. In each little community a practical man has been chosen, aside from the officers of the local institution, who is looked upon as a "vocational director." His business is to win the regard and confidence of young men in particular and help determine for them their professional career and direct them in all vocational activities.

The Sabboth schools, Religion classes and Primary associations, each in turn take care of the youth and children of the Mormon families, according to their environment and years. In the Sabboth school is a particular class designed for and called the "Parent's class," in which men and women of experience teach those who are younger the art of home government, and discuss the social and civil problems of the hour in each community. Any question about public institutions, taxation, civic improvements, prohibition, etc., are discussed freely in these classes and instruction given, by competent and experienced members, to shape the destiny of the community.

As early as October, 1849, scarcely more than two years after the Saints entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake (July 24, 1847), the little handful of people in that valley, fighting the crickets, Indians, and hard conditions, organized what was termed a "Perpetual Emigration Fund" which obtained until the funds of the company were escheated by the United States government in 1887. During the period of its perpetuity, hundreds of select, courageous, God-fearing men, women and children were emigrated from the old world where they were the "prisoners of walled-up streets" and the slaves of the market or mine, and brought to the Great West and made free land owners in the open and "under the sun," no longer subject to the call of the whistle and bell. Those who lived, through good fortune, industry and frugality, reimbursed this fund to the amount advanced them for emigration, but some were unable to do this. An interesting item is found in the history of the Mormon Church, April 6, 1880, fifty years after its organization, when in consequence with the spirit of the old Hebrew law to forgive the debtor his debts on the year of Jubilee, the people voted to "remit $802,000 of indebtedness to this fund, in favor of the worthy poor, and to distribute 1,000 cows and 5,000 sheep among the needy." It is needless to say that such examples of care for the living proves conclusively that the Mormon Church is providing for the souls of men NOW, as well as preparing them for the future. In fact the work which is done in their Temple is an altruistic one, they firmly believing that they can "act for and in behalf of" those who are dead and stand for them in ordinances initiating them in the fold of Christ by proxy, a work the dead cannot do for themselves. This is a doctrine of the old scriptures as evidenced in Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians (1 Cor. 15:29), "Else what shall they do which are baptised for the dead if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptised for the dead?"

The renowned Dr. Milner, in his wonderful book, "The End of All Religious Controversy," admits that the Catholic church neither by the tradition of the fathers, nor their early writings, is able to make an exposition of this principle of vicarious work, which seems to have been so well understood by the Saints in the days of the Apostles. The making of prayers and doing of penance for the dead is an evidence today that some idea of freeing them from purgatory, still obtains. The Latter Day Saint believes that those who have died without a knowledge of Christ, from Adam until the last shall be born in the earth, as well as honest souls who have died without a

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Moonlight

By Marian Miller

A YELLOW evening glow covered the prairies with its mellow mystery. The old pond rippled its surface, primrose from the west, in the same breeze that lifted heavy brown curls on the girl's forehead. She drew in a full breath of the dewey air—rich with the cool, faint perfume of willows and of wild roses.

Wild roses always brought thoughts of Joe! They were his favorites. "I like 'em because they're like you," he had once said, and the simple sincerity of his compliment had left its glow in her heart, and it always warmed anew at the fragrance of that dainty flower.

She closed her eyes, breathing deeply for a while. The scented air was full of memories. She let her bosom fall naturally, and the sigh that followed seemed to express more than weariness. And then the moonlight on her uplifted face showed that she was smiling, a little faintly, a little whimsically.

"Old Moon," she half whispered, "how can you make me feel that way? Because you have practiced all these years and years on all the lovers of the world? Did they feel like this? Could you make their hearts hurt, too? Mine never felt quite like this before." She raised her arms in an unconscious gesture—she could not have told why—as to the moon, but it trailed on unheeding. Somehow, she could not bear its brightness longer, and turning her back to it, she leaned over the pasture gate, obscured by the shadows of the drooping elms, so that she could scarcely have been seen from the road. She hung over the wheezing old gate, moving it monotonously back and forth; its sleepy creaking seemed almost musical, and fitted into her mood.

What memories it revived! Recollections of happy hours with Joe, in the days before the responsibility of reasoning had been thrust upon her by the story of her mother's love—the story that had cast its heaviness over the last two years—two years of college and travel—to "forget." How slowly that time had passed—yet here she was, home again at last—home in the out-of-doors of her childhood! A week had passed—a week of exploring the once familiar creek, of picking wild strawberries, hunting for hens' nests in the weedy orchard, of climbing trees, of doing the hundred things of her tom-boy days.

But after the first enthusiasm passed, her explorations became restless and aimless. There seemed to be nothing to do. As for Joe—she had not dared to ask about him for the story of her mother had left its impress. Her eyes filled with the tears that the thought always brought. These two years had been shadowed by the resentment of that desertion. It was a subject her father never mentioned. Only once had he talked about it—that evening two years ago, just before he had sent her off to college. The memory of that evening was indelibly fixed on her mind. She had lived it over and over, and tonight she felt it coming again. At college she had thrust it back—but tonight, with that breeze now laughing, now wailing in the elms above her—tonight, with the alternate dark and moonlight, and the breath of the roses—Joe's wild roses!—she had to live it all over again. She could see it all—not a detail escaped her.

She remembered how she had crept out to the wide porch, where her father was having his evening smoke. It was a peaceful August evening with a sky of stars. She had gone to her father wistfully, shyly, with the intuition of the growing woman in her telling her not to disturb his reverie. But she was terribly, terribly lonely.

She had settled herself on the step beside him, and snuggled against his shoulder. For a long time she was quiet, and then, pulling his grizzly face down against her cool, smooth cheek, she had said, "Daddy—daddy, please don't send me away tomorrow." He had dropped his pipe with a clatter, and his arms tightened about her, holding her close, close for a while, crushing his face against her hair. At last he said:

"Jimmie, you're the only boy I've got, but you're gettin' to be almost a man now, so I reckon you're old enough to—to know."

His voice broke then, in spite of his attempt to be playful, and of his use of the old endearments.

Then he had straightened, thrusting her almost roughly from his arms, and after lighting his pipe with shaking fingers, he had puffed viciously for a while.

"Jimmie," he said, "I've called you Jimmie since you was a little tike, partly 'cause I wanted a boy then and I sorter got the habit before I learned to be glad you were a girl, and partly 'cause I haint cared much for wimmen folks since—since" he gulped, and started again.

"When it all happened, I moved out where nobuddy knowed me, and when you got big enough to ask questions, I told you your mother was dead. Well, Jim, she is dead as far as you and me is concerned, but, dead—she ain't!"

She still remembered the cold horror that had seized her then.

"I never told you, Jim, because your mother was a good woman—and for your sake— well, I couldn't. I guess I wouldn't be tellin' this now if it wasn't for you and Joe"—She could still feel how her already fluttering heart pounded at this, while breathlessly she waited.

"And I thought that, maybe, tellin' you this, would keep you from makin' the mistake we made."

He pulled his old blue handkerchief out, blew his nose vilently, and puffed meditatively for a while. His voice, when he spoke, had a far-away sound.

"The first time I seen your mother was one night when we was invited to a party at old man Brema's—that was in Pennsylvania, still. The party was a surprise on his girl, who had just come back from school. They had the biggest place in the litttle cove, and was pretty well fixed, but people them days was always neighborly and at any blow-out the whole neighborhood was asked. The whole family, from the baby to the grandmother, and the hired hands, too, went. I was a bashful hulin' feller, but when I saw that pretty girl in white, butted right in, and asked to take her to supper, and hung around all evening. After that, I waited on her steady. I don't know why she had anything to do with me—she was so little and dainty and lively-like, and all the dudes from the Seminary used to come out to see her. She liked them all, but somehow, when they'd begin to make fun of me, she'd flare up and say—"He's as good as you are, if he's not so stylish!" He had stopped smoking now. "Her folks didn't want her to go with me, much, because she was so much above me. She was a clever woman, your mother was."

"Well, one night we got married and run off to Ohio. I had borrowed some money, and we got a little farm. But in them early days we didn't have much. We lived away out from town, with the nearest neighbors two miles away. Your mother was a plucky little thing, but it was not life for her, when she was used to so much. She missed her piano, and we didn't have no books—nothin' but the country paper. I was gone a lot, and when I was there, I wasn't the kind of a man

for her, I guess. She was too fine for me." His voice had quavered again, but with sudden determination, he went on.

"Before you was born, she took gloomy spells, and would hardly talk for weeks at a time. When you come, that settled things for a while. But there was more hard times, and the winter you was two years old, you took sick, and we needed money for the doctor. And so we boarded the school-teacher. He was one of the fellers from the Seminary that your mother used to know in Pennsylvania." His form had grown tenser, and his hands opened and clenched. But he had forced himself to go on.

"That seemed to be what she needed—someone who could talk Dickens and Pope and all them. I never had time to read much. He had a fiddle, too, that he used to play. She would be absentminded-like, and sometimes I'd come in and find her cryin' over your cradle. I didn't think so much about it, till one night——" again he choked.

"Daddy—don't!" she had cried.

"I got to, Jimmie. Well, I knowed then she cared more for him than she did for me. She was always too good for me, anyhow. She was gritty and she said she'd see it out, for there was you. But I said—there was him, too. She said there would be a terrible scandal—for such things was uncommen them days—and she would stay for our sake and not ruin our lives. But I figured they was pretty well ruined already. It was hard to decide about you. I didn't want to take you away from your mother—and yet—I hated to give you up. So she settled it. She said she'd taken enough from me already—she'd leave you, and take what she wanted most. It wasn't that she didn't want you. I'll never forget that night she parted from you—but it was me——"

For a while it had seemed that he could not continue. At length he began more hastily.

"It took a good while to get a divorce—of course, I had to blacken myself to do it, but I didn't care then. Afterwards I took you, and come to Kansas—got a claim. It was hard work, with the droughts and grasshoppers, and lookin' after you. But I kept on, for I wanted you to grow up to be a fine lady, so's you could meet fine fellers and never marry a common plug like your mother did."

"Daddy!—dont say that! Your'e the best man in the world," she had cried between sobs.

"No, Jimmie, a man that haint got no education can't be the same to a woman as these college fellers. He's too rough, and he don't know what to do to a woman. He's li'ble to get careless-like, and he can't say such nice things as them dandies." A bitter twinge in his voice hurt her, and she could only put out her hand and say, "Daddy!" again.

"I done my best to raise you like a boy, so's you could see things a man's way. But I didn't notice you was growin' up so . . . even after you had been to High school and run around with the boys week-ends. I was glad you and Joe had grown up like brother and sister, for Joe's father was my pard—the only man who knew—and I wanted you to play with boys. But somehow I didn't notice you and Joe had—had—"

Her hand tightened on his and the thrill of her pulse filled her with something that softened tragedy.

"Well, Jimmie, you know what I mean—and that's why I told you. Joe's a good boy, and all that, but he's something like I was—he don't know much, or how to act—or—"

"But, Daddy—he's the best fellow! So big and good."

"I know, Jimmie, but that ain't it. You're young now, and in a couple of years, you won't think or talk the things Joe does. You'll live in a sort of a different world. He ain't good enough—"

"But he's as good as I am!" she had stormed. And he's polite, and does everything for me."

"But that ain't it, Jim! He says 'ain't,' and his clothes don't fit like them other fellers does, and—"

"But Joe is better than any of them! He reads a lot and sometime he wants to go to school, too. He likes the same things I do—and he's not like the other country fellows. He can understand things—everything—"

"Yes, Jim, I know he's good, but that's not enough for a woman forever, Jim. You'd get tired of his rough ways and forget him, and it ain't square to him, or you, either."

"I couldn't forget him, Daddy; he's too good, and he has such a nice laugh—and why, he—"

"I guess that was about the way your mother felt about me, Jim. No doubt her folks told her the things I'm a'tellin' you now. But she couldn't see it then. That's why I want you to go off to college this year before you do too much to yourself—and Joe. You'll see a lot of fine, smart fellers there more your kind. And remember it ain't fair to Joe to treat him like——"

He stopped suddenly. They sat in silence for a long time. Those few minutes had been an eternity, while her bosom heaved and her mind was whirling. Finally, she had bent near—

"I'll do it, Daddy, for Joe's sake."

The rest seemed confused. She could recall nothing, except that she had promised not to write to Joe, and her father had promised she could come back to him, if, after two years of college, she felt the same. Finally, she had stolen away, for they both had their sorrow—a sorrow that had to be borne alone. She had run to her room, stumbling up the stairs, and creeping into her bed, she had cried and cried, it seemed, all night. Finally her sobs died down and she slept from sheer exhaustion.

* * *

The gate gave a sudden creak, and the girl who had been swinging it, realized that she was again sobbing with the memory of that night. She had gone back two years, but now she had recovered them. All that had been, two years ago! And now Joe—what of Joe? She had heard of him only indirectly and occasionally, for she had kept her promise. She had met other boys—and more boys—at school, for they were always coming around. And she had welcomed them, seeking to drown that story of her mother, and the memory of Joe. She had made many friends, and sometimes one would be so absorbing that she was sure that she had forgotten Joe, some mannerism, some voice that reminded her of his, suddenly took her back to the old days, and she knew that the quickening of her heart, the sudden flooding warmth, was for Joe!

But she had tried to reason, and these two years had changed her viewpoint. At school she was given a senior room-mate, who was specializing in sociology, and who had guided her reading into serious channels. She had found herself changing from the careless, happy school girl to a student with an analytical mind, weighing everything she read or thought of. She became absorbed in the study of feminism; of the reasons for the relationship of man and woman. And her basis for concrete application had been herself and Joe.

As her father had prophesied, she had learned to see things differently. She had studied all the arguments "for and against" Joe. His mind, suited to solving the problems of everyday life, would never attempt abstract reasoning; he was humorous, patient, honest, kind, and a natural-born gentleman; but she would never find in him the wit, subtlety, reasoning power, and broad interests of the older men of the little circle in which her room-mate moved; indeed, these were lacking in the average college boy, and how could she expect to measuure Joe by such a standard?

And yet, Joe possessed much that the others had not. He

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In Funny Land

The Best of Humor Clipped Here and There

Hospitality.

"Will you allow me to sleep in the ten-acre lot back of the house?" pleaded the tramp who had been refused shelter in the barn.

"Certainly,' responded the kind-hearted woman, "and here are a couple of matches, in case you should feel chilled before morning."

Grown Up to Short Dresses

Hub (meeting wife down town)—"What makes you so late?"

Wife—"I stopt to shorten one of daughter's dresses for the party she's going to tonight. I can hardly realize that she's quite grown up now."—New York American.

A Nature Study

"What is that noise?" asked little James,
Out walking in the park;
"That noise you hear," his father said,
"Is but the dogwood's bark."

"And tell me why the dogwoods bark,"
He urged, "with such to-do!"
"I think," his father said, " they hear
The pussy-willows mew."

—Cleveland Leader.

Self Evident Fact

"Please lady," begged the very dirty tramp at the back door, "can you help a poor man that lost his job three weeks ago and ain't been able to find no work since?"

"What sort of a job was it?" asked the lady.

"I was working in a soap factory."

"Well, it is plain to be seen that you were not discharged for dishonesty."—New York World.

How He Helped

"I venture to assert," said the lecturer, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest-looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.—Boston Transcript.

Foreign Lady in Pharmacy

"I vant some powder."

"Mennen's?"

"No, vimmen's."

"Scented?"

"No, I vill take it mit me."

The Noble Weaker Sex

The weaker sex
Is that portion
Of the human race
Who goes down town
In zero weather
In a half-masted lace waist
And pumps
To buy a muffler
And woolen socks
For her husband
So he can go to work.

—Arkansas Gazette.

At the Colored Cabaret

"Mandy, am yoah program full?"

"Lawdy, no, Mr. Applewhite, it takes mo' dan two sandwiches an' a cup ob tea to fill mah program."—Longhorn.

"Knocked" on Wood

"See here, waiter," exclaimed the indignant customer, "here's a piece of wood in my sausage!"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "but I'm sure—er——"

"Sure nothing! I don't mind eating the dog, but I'll be hanged if I'm going to eat the kennel too!"

Ruth rode in my new cycle-car
In the seat in back of me;
I took a bump at fifty-five
And drove on Ruthlessly.—Ex.

A Futile Experiment

William Williams hated nicknames. He used to say that most fine given names were ruined by abbreviations, which was a sin and a shame. "I myself," he said, "am one of six brothers. We were all given good, old-fashioned Christian names, but all those names were shortened into meaningless or feeble monosyllables by our friends. I shall name my children so that it will be impracticable to curtail their names."

The Williams family, in the course of time, was blessed with five children, all boys. The eldest was named after the father—William. Of course, that would be shortened to "Will" or enfeebled o "Willie"—but wait! A second son came and was christened Willard. "Aha!" chuckled Mr. Williams. "Now everybody will have to speak the full names of each of these boys to distinguish them."

In pursuance of this scheme the next three sons were named Wilbert, Wilfred, and Wilmont.

They are all big boys nows. And they are respectively know to their intimates as Bill, Skinny, Butch, Chuck, and Kid.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Undoubtedly

Miss Wilcox had been giving the class an elementary talk on architecture.

"Now," said she, "can anyone in the class tell me what a buttress is?"

Little Walter arose, his face beaming with a quick flash of intelligence.

"I know," he shouted, "a buttress is a nanny goat."

On Time

Floorwalker.—"Hurry out, madam, the store's afire.

Mrs. Bargains.—"Oh, is it? Then I'll just wait for the fire sale."

Just Works

"Is your son engaged in any manual occupation?"

"Oh, no; nothing so high-brow as that. He jest works by the day."—"Baltimore American."

A Fairy Tale

Dear little Maudie awoke about 2 o'clock the other morning, and asked mama to tell her a fairy tale.

"It's too late, darling," mama replied. "Dada will be in shortly, and he'll tell us both one."—Life.

Eoded the Good Time.

"A general good time was had by all until about eleven o'clock when fruit salad and cake were served by the B. B. E. Club."—Prescott, Ia., paper

When will they teach cooking in the public schools?—St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."

The Wores Half Still

He had to quote Kipling to hold his own with this bright young lady. So he lightly did so:

"As Kipling says, my dear, 'Woman is a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair!"

"And man," she smiled sweetly, "is a jag, a drone, and a tank of air."

Which served very nicely to change the subject.

Disappointing.

He gazed into her lovely eyes
With some concern.
A love affair, so you surmise.
Read on and learn.

He gazed away, but not with bliss,
We heard him wheeze,
"You have astigmatism, miss,
Ten dollars, please."

—Kansas City Star.

Involved Vociferosity

"Gentlemen of the jury," declaimed the attorney for the plaintiff, addressing the twelve Missouri peers who were sitting in judgment and on their respective shoulder blades in a damage suit against a grasping corporation for killing a cow, "if the train had been running as slow as it should have been ran, if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or the whistle had been blowed as it ought to have been blew, none of which was did, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

Mark Twain's Prize Joke

The New York Bookman says that at a spiritualist demonstration held recently Mark Twain appeared and lictated a short story to a lady. After the dictation of the story was completed the typist remarked, "It's pretty short for a book," There came this reply:

"Did you ever know about my prize joke? One day I went to church heard a missionary sermon, was carried away—to the extent of a hundred dollars. The preacher kept talking. I reduced my ante to fifty dollars. He talked on. I came down to twenty-five, to ten, to five, and after he had said al he had in him, I stole a nickel from the basket. Reason for yourselves."

What Thinkers Think

Gems of Comment from Current Periodicals

Americans do not want life in their literature. In real life they hate the lies of convention. But in their novels they want a hero 100 per cent pure, and he must win out—or the book is a failure.—Abraham Cahan, "Kansan City Star."

Since the war began, the losses of Germany have been an average of more than 1200 men actually killed every day throughout the three years of war.—David Starr Jordan, "The Public."

When the program now under way is completed, we will have the largest number of modern destroyers of any nation in the world.—Edwin Wildman, "The Forum."

It has been estimated that in the period of thirty years between the twenty-fifth and fifty-fifth year of manhood, one individual will produce the prodigious number of 339,385,500,000 spermatozoa.—William J. Robinson, "Critic and Guide."

The diet of the average person in the United States is obtained from the following sources: 39 percent animal; 31 percent cereal; 25 percent fruits and vegetables; and 5 percent sugar and condiments.—Charles J. Brand, United States Food Bureau, "The Forum."

It is the irony of history that the official "pacifism" of Wilson, as well as the "oppositional pacifism" of Bryan, should be the chief instruments for the accomplishment of this task: THE EDUCATION OF THE MASSES TO MILITARY IDEALS.—Leon Trotzky, "Class Struggle."

No effort was ever made to discover whether the American people favored conscription. No nation ever made such an effort with the exception of Australia, and there it was twice overwhelmingly defeated.—Scott Nearing, "The Call Magazine."

This war threatens the very essence of the Russian revolution, its democracy. An early peace is, therefore, indispensable for the success of the Russian revolution.—Karl Kautsky, "Class Struggle."

Our working class is distrustful and suspicious of certain of the labor leaders who have come closest to the government.—Ordway Tead, "Century."

Our French cathedrals are superior to the English and German ones by the greater sculptural expression displayed in them. The German Gothic is characteristically hard.—August Rodin, "North American Review."

In this world strike against autocracy, the German is a scab. As a Socialist, my duty is to help defeat that scab.—Rose Pastor Stokes, "Century."

Statistics show that four-fifths of the greatest biological, sociological, psychological and physical scientists in the world do not believe in a God.—J. E. Remsberg, "Truth Seeker."

After the war, there will be much outspoken atheism and anti-religion —H. G. Wells, "London Guide."

The American censorship, which should be the fairest and best in existence, is actually the worst in existence.—Wythe Williams, "New York Times."

One million American working men have left their work for shorter or longer intervals on strike during the last six months.—Burton J. Hendrick, "Collier's."

If India is going to cease to be an international menace, she must obtain her independence, or at least, her autonomy, and enter the council of nations as an equal.—Lajpat Rai, "Intercollegiate Socialist."

After the war, Henry Ford hopes to sell for $250 a tractor that will plow an acre per hour.—Joseph Brinker, "Collier's."

The flesh of lizards, the iguana particularly, is delicious, the flavor resembling that of chicken.—Professor A. M. Reese, "Scientific Monthly."

Defects of vision have now been found to be associated with deviations from the normal in the shape of the eyeball, which ought to be a perfect sphere.—Mary Dudderidge, "Scientific American."

Daylight diplomacy is no more a reality in Washington than it is in Berlin.—Scott Nearing, "The Call Magazine."

He, who at this hour, wants to discuss the rightfulness or wrongfulness of this war, is an unwise, if not unpatriotic, citizen.—Vice-President Thomas H. Marshall, "The Forum."

The man who now works for peace, while Germany is unconquered, is the worst enemy of peace and harmony.—Theodore Roosevelt, "Kansas City Star."

The masses are convinced that the newspapers with heavy capital investments are "capitalistic" and opposed to their interests.—Oswald Garrison Villard, "Atlantic Monthly."

The Bolsheviki are not and never have been pro-German. I have been in Russia for four months, and I never saw better order in Petrograd for six months as I saw then.—Col. W. B. Thompson, "New Republic."

The decisive battle of the war will be fought in the air.—"Paris Matin."

Any hope that Russia will fight again has little basis in the facts.—Arthur Ruhl, "Collier's"

White women who have born a child to a black man are said, if they bear children afterwards to white men, to have retained enough impressions from the first mate to show an effect on the subsequent children.—Paul Bartels, "Critic and Guide."

The experiments of physiological chemists have shown that an average-sized adult can get along on 118 grams of protein, 500 grams of carbohydrate, and 50 grams of fat a day, which dietary yields approximately 3000 calories.—"Medical Record."

In time of war, the laborer who lays down his tools and walks out is quite like the soldier who throws down his gun and deserts.—John Bruce Mitchell, "The Forum."

Competent syphilologists maintain that there are twenty million cases of syphilis in the United States today.—John H. Quayle, "Physical Culture."

Pure communism was the economic and social gospel of Jesus Christ, and every act and utterance which may properly be ascribed to him, affirms it.—Eugene V. Debs, "Social Revolution."

A republic is nothing: the United States is a republic. We want a democracy.—Russian Council of Workmen and Soldiers, "Novy Mir."

The American plutocracy is magnified, deified and consecrated to the task of making the world safe for democracy.—Scott Nearing, "The Call Magazine."

Three percent of the population own all the land values in the United States.—Luke North, "Everyman."

Throughout the United States today, the school children are being militarized in as thoroughgoing a manner as the children of Germany were militarized before the war,—Scott Nearing, "The Call Magazine."

The same historical forces which have welded the thirteen colonies into the nation of the United States of America are welding the shattered fragments of the civilized world into the United States of the World.—Louis Boudin, "Class Struggle."

Thomas Paine said that every individual is mad once in twenty-four hours, for were he to act in the day as he dreams at night, he would be confined for a lunatic.—W. M. Van der Weyde, "The Truthseeker."

A meat, potato and white bread diet is one of the most constipating that can be had.—"What to Eat."

In India, more than one-fourth of the revenues are spent for military purposes and less than one-twentieth on education.—Lajpat Rai, "Intercollgiate Socialist."

We must be prapared to expect the day when the Englishman and the American can no longer freely converse, each speaking his native tongue. —C. Jefferson Weber, "North American Review."

Spaniards desire to remain neutral in the Great War because the majority of them are Germanophiles, or, rather, because they are thorough enemies of England and France as well as the United States.—T. H. Pardo De Tavera, "Century."

2,867 colored men have been lynched and burned and tortured during the last thirty years.—Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, "Intercollegiate Socialist."

The Swedish are blaming America for their food shortage; they think our altruistic talk is only a hypocritical method of starving them into the war.—Arthur Ruhl, "Collier's"

The Russian democracy showed Woodrow Wilson and other Allied statesmen how much better it is to talk democracy into a nation than to shoot it into a people.—Louis P. Lochner, "People's Council Bulletin."

I am surprised to hear the same people assure me that compulsory religion, such as required attendance at college chapel, is the foe to the spirit, but that compulsory military service is the sure and sufficient guarantee of patriotism, unselfishness and what not.—Norman M. Thomas, "Intercollegiate Socialist."

The plain people of all the warring countries were always opposed to this war.—Robert La Follette, "La Follete's Magazine."

Louisiana-ing un-de Luxe

By Robert K. Williams

(Concluded from the January-February Western Comrade)

JOHN VAN NULAND well described it when he said the first seven days' traveling could all be seen in any valley on any of the great deserts. What struck me was the wilderness of waste. Far, far away mountains shimmered in the sunlight, and between lay miles upon miles of level sage. Viewed from mountain sides, these vast valleys of 50 and 100 miles in width looked like floors of gray. The play of light and mirages appearing ever and anon, made these solitudes an abode of mystery possessing a wierdness awesome in magnitude.

We camped at Amboy. This place is remarkable. Not a spear of grass, not a drop of water, save that which was hauled fifty miles or so. The most impressive thing about Amboy was the hardness of the rock. I made a quick inspection for a place to make beds. There were 700,000 acres in this valley, and I am satisfied I picked the hardest spot of all. Babb, Bruel and Kenney dispute this. Enoc Irwin evidently tried to get the hardest for himself, and probably got a mound of volcanic slag, as he inquired long before of Dr. Jewett if the latter had anything good for bedsores.

Somebody must raise coyotes around Amboy. It seemed as if a phalanx had come down from the distant mountain to bark their welcome. A blood-curdling yell broke the pulsating quiet and out of the blackness came wails, yells, groans and screams. I am convinced that one of them came within three inches of my ear and yelled, although Babb said it was Bruel answering them. I know it was a coyote, for Bruel's voice is much louder and deeper.

Early in the evening we were entertained by a traveling man who said he had just been to Stables, Louisiana, and knew the land well. He said the finest watermelons grew there, not to mention the sweet potatoes and other vegetables. He waxed enthusiastic, and when he left, the delicious memory of the described edibles, mingled with Enoc's stew and our odoriferous bologna, tore us between conflicting emotions.

We left Amboy early in the morning and traveled over roads composed of volcanic slag and granite. Our cars would stretch apart like rubber string, come together again, and repeat the process. The even hum of the motors made us all feel secure and confident. We offered up thanks that Henry Ford's mechanical mind made it possible to penetrate wilds such as this.

We then thought of the early pioneers who trod these trackless wastes, inspired and led on by the lure of gold. In retrospect, we lived their lives and braved their perils and suffered their hardships. We thought of the long, long days, and cold, comfortless nights, and we dreamed with them their dreams of a roseate future when their journey's end was reached. We looked into haggard faces and saw gaunt forms wearily trudging beside the oxen or the mules and we saw them lie down never to rise. The ruminating mystery of these great stretches of hopeless and appalling solitudes mulls over the tragedies of countless hundreds who dared the forbidden wastes and the white bones of caravans are silently lying beneath shifting sands and gone down to the "tongueless silence of the dreamless dust," their dreams but memories in the heavens, which at times comes out of the heights and stirs the hopes again of a new age.

Marvelous was the energy and strong was the purpose that animated these trail-breakers who wended their way toward the setting sun. Their paths still wind but today the saucy little car travels these terror-stricken spaces with ease and safety.

Toward evening we arrived in a hilly country. We climbed for several hours, and as we descended, the gloom of night deepened. Imagine our delight when about 9 o'clock we beheld a cheerful fire! With a chorus of yells, we greeted the crowd around the blaze, and were immediately asked to join them. After eating supper, Fred Allen got out his violin and began playing. An impromptu concert was given our stranger friends, and after the vocal and string efforts were over, we conversed over the camp fire. The strangers said that they were musicians from Globe on their way to Los Angeles, where they hoped to find work in a cabaret. They said that business in Globe was slack, that a musician led a dog's life there.

There was one young man, handsome as a picture, enwrapped in music. He had a very lovely young wife who was enwrapped in him and together they were much enwrapped and happy. At least she said so. She said more nice things about Harry than I ever heard any woman say. She would say: "Now Harry, you are the best pianist in Globe, aren't you, Harry?" Harry would say he supposed he was but that there might be others. "No, no," she would say, "You are the best musician in the world," and patting his cheek with her dirty, little, symmetrical hand, she made a picture too nice for words in the flickering light of the camp fire. Harry, of course, finally succumbed and laid down on a pile of blankets at her feet. She leaned over toward me and said that Harry was really the best musician in Globe. When she saw that I was impressed, also John Suhre, who was in a receptive mood beside me, she gave us much domestic news. She said they left Globe with $30 in their pockets and were hoping to work their way to Los Angeles. Then, seeing that John and I were intensely interested, she began to give us an organ recital. She had been to a hospital where several doctors had toyed with this organ till now she didn't have an organ that was worth a "darn." They had all been meddled with and nicked here and there, so that she had the funniest feeling in the chest and thought she might have consumption. And finding out that we had doctors with us, asked: "Do you think I have consumption?"

Looking at her plump, rosy face, and perfectly delightful profile, we didn't have the hardihood or cruelty to confirm her suspicions. I was tender hearted and allowed John to answer. John, ever dealing with concrete things, he being a plasterer by trade, said: "Why, lady, you haven't the remotest sign of consumption." John couldn't see her any better than I, yet he spoke right up and gave her assurance. It made her feel much better. She then told us that in addition to a distressing organ, some of her bones were misplaced and she asked us what we thought was the cause of the big lump on the back of her neck. I was going to pass this by without an explanation when Suhre blurted out a lot of gratuitous information about me being the finest bone doctor in the country. In fact, he said, I was a much better bone doctor than Harry was a musician, and if she wanted to know anything about bones she was to ask me. John always did like me and I thanked him and turned toward this young lady, for she was charming and lisped enough to make her seem younger than she was. So we gave her a learned dissertation on bones, winding up with the information that, contrary to anatomy, it was discovered that there was but one bone in the heads of ninety per cent of the people. She was surprised at this and then the conversation became general.

The people who had not entered the conversation began to tell of miracles of bonesetters and the rapid recovery of many people. Then gila-monsters, centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions,

bugs, reptiles, and every known poisonous insect and serpent came in for discussion. Enoc said for us not to be worried as only blunt-headed reptiles were poisonous and we could easily distinguish the difference.

We left our good friends and rolled into bed with a feeling that Enoc's information about blunt-headed reptiles wasn't very consoling. Someone suggested putting a rope around our beds as no self-respecting snake would cross a rope because the fuzz on the rope would tickle his stomach. This seemed foolish to us but we kinked up a rope and encircled our beds.

A small rock came rolling down and made me open my eyes, and by the flickering camp fire queer shadows were thrown on the rock beside me. Someone had carelessly thrown a bed-rope on that rock. That fool rope curled around and twisted and swayed under the wavering light more than any snake you ever saw. I would close my eyes and then open them quickly, but still the rope kept moving. Being unable to stand the eerie sight, I got up and moved the rope.

At this moment someone was in the midst of choking to death. He would take in great gobs of air, saw it awhile in his sawmill arrangement, and then blow it out of an exhaust entirely too small. The noise was ferocious but protecting. It is a good thing the concert continued in our camp, for not one of us was bitten or disturbed by any sort of animal.

In the strangers' camp, however, where they had no such protection, a bug, ambling about in the dark, discovered our little friend of the nice complexion and disarranged bones, and crawled into her ear. With a scream that shook the shadows of the canyon, she jumped up and raced to John Van Nuland, who was making the breakfast fire. Every man jack of us raised up on our elbows and gave advice. John grasped her firmly and held her ear toward the fire, hoping the bug would come out. Then Enoc came along and said that was no way to do, but to get coal oil. Tearing the young lady from Van's strong arms, he nursed her for a while and directed John to call the doctor and get some oil. Dr. Jewett suggested sweet oil and warm water. With one shoe on, the young woman's husband appeared and assisted in holding her. The bug still refused to come out. He wasn't hurting much, but messing around in the center of her head and making all sorts of noises. She cried and kept saying the bug was killing her. Enoc insisted that she would live, and continued to fool with her ear. John Van Nuland noisily fell over rocks trying to find oil, and Anton Van Nuland spilled the water he was attempting to warm. Finally, through Enoc's mechanical skill, the bug was removed. And really the bug was a big one, almost as big as a pea. To have left that bug in her head would have disturbed her for a long time.

At Needles, we bought oil, gas and tires, and filled up with water. Enoc had been having amazing luck with his tires. So to fortify himself against future trouble, he bought two new tires, puting one on and reserving the other. We rolled out of the picturesque town and started over serpentine roads on the crest of a draw, Enoc leading, making fast time. We suddenly stopped—the new tire blew out!!! I never knew the inefficacy of the English language before. He repeated the words over and over again. It was astonishing to note his limitaton. However, with all his handicap he got the tire off and a new one on. .

Much of the country we passed through contained mines. We saw evidences of prospecting here and there, and a good sized mining village some twelve miles west of Wendon, where we camped. The country is barren of anything green, save the giant cactus, towering twenty and forty feet in the air. I've often heard how the faint and wearied traveler, staggering up to this life-saving plant and gashing a hole in its thorny hide, thrust his face in it and revived under the influence of the gushing waters. I tried it and recommend it only to the extremely thirsty. I chewed a portion of the thing and even now can taste it. We ate breakfast and left the town so early that we couldn't see it—Enoc and Monahan taking one road, Babb and Jess Morris taking the other, both roads leading to Phoenix.

On the way, Babb had me snap a picture of him as he leaned his sturdy hand on one of those cacti trees. It was a fake picture. He protected his hand with a lot of sage brush twigs—no man with impunity can fondle one of these thorny vegetables.

We camped at Buckeye and arrived at Phoenix before noon. At the Ford agency we found Enoc and Monahan. Monahan's car was in distress and it was reported he would be ready at one o'clock.

After replacing a truss rod which had been broken by the violent wrenching of the car, we felt free to look about the town. We found a delightful, up-to-date city of 30,000, which was bustling with people.

Leaving Phoenix late, the afternoon quickly passed. Fields of alfalfa were passed and great irrigation systems crossed. Droves of cattle on the roads held us up while grazing herds filled fields. Cottonwood trees lined the roads and the country showed signs of prosperity. After traveling hundreds of miles through wastes of sage and mountain country, the bit of green and water and trees thoroughly rested the soul.

We halted for the night at Chandler. After a supper of mulligan stew, Fred Allen got his violin and soon the warm air was pulsating with strains of Llano's old favorites. He struck up "Shadowland" which seemed so appropriate. All joined in and made the night musical.

Camp was broken early and we struck a fast clip. About nine o'clock we came to Agua Fria, river. A problem confronted us. Evidences of struggle showed all about the crossing. The river was 100 feet wide, swift and cold, as its name would indicate. An Indian, with his family, was on the opposite side, pulling and tugging at his wagon which was half-buried in the sand and water.

We all got out at the top of the descent and started Babb on his plunge. He struck the water with a splash, and rushed ahead, water shooting up on either side of the car as from a geiser. Midway he sank into a hole, the engine coughed asthmatically a time or two and then died.

The prospect of taking a bath in that cold water caused gooseflesh to rise on us. However, there was nothing to do but to wade in and help him out. We pushed and pulled, to no purpose, while the water was chilling us to the bone.

Finally the Indian was induced to pull us out on promise to help him. By this time Jess drove up and De Boer, Allen and Ginsberg aided materially. Soon we had the Indian over and he went on his way happily. Jess got over without mishap. We helped several cars across.

We soon saw that if we didn't hurry our job would be a continuous one. Putting on our shoes, we rushed away towards Tucson, arriving there at 4:20 in the afternoon.

The ninth day from Llano, Nov. 24th, saw us on our way to Deming. We passed through a vast grazing country. The roads were excellent. Rodeo, N. M., was reached early in the morning. Here we saw the first saloon since leaving California. Whiskey was $3 a pint which was not conducive to copius consumption. Rodeo is an ancient looking place. The many adobe buildings gave it an aged appearance. The day was delightful and the country beautiful. Hills rounded and covered with dry grass gave the appearance of an ocean. There was not much variety to the scenery. The roads were good and we rolled in Deming, N. M., after dusk. We went to the Ford agency and inquired for the others; they had not appeared, but as we were talking, Enoc drove in. After his

(Continued on Page 36)

Mad!

By Job Harriman

THE "North American Review" is the champion of autocracy in America.

The editor and his staff possess all the instincts of real capitalists without knowing the source of their thoughts. They are linguists but not scholars. With the most brilliant language, they persuade themselves that they are students of the hour, while, as a matter of fact, they are only uncovering the crimes and debaucheries of their own minds.

They evince no understanding of the processes at work in this world war, but finendishly cry for the wholesale murder of all who disapprove their blind and vicious impulses.

Listen:

"If we went to war to make the world safe for democracy, then clearly in the long catalog of immoral and wanton wars that blackens the page of history, there would be no war more immoral or more wanton than this. We are NOT FIGHTING TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY, BUT TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR US."

And again:

"The wickedness of the German people is in their blood; it is the corruption and poison of their blood that have made the German people a nation of savages. You can no more separate the German government from the German people than you can separate the bite of a mad dog from his blood."

Continuing:

"IT IS OUR DUTY TO KILL GERMANS."

"Lenine and Trotzky looted the government;" "Lenine and Trotzky are Hunish puppets;" "International Socialists are the predestined betrayers of nations."

All this and more in face of the fact that this most terrible of all wars broke out between the capitalist governments of the world, while the international Socialists were crying peace to all the people of the world! The Socialists are now chanting the songs of brotherhood. They are calling to the working men and soldiers to retreat, while crowns fall and thrones decay. They see the downfall and dissolution of capitalist governments and the rise of a world parliament. They are leading in the formation of a new world federation. They see the world of capitalism dissolving and a new image of brotherhood forming on the panoramic screen of nations. They see that the sword and the spear must be beaten into plowshares and pruning hooks. They see that the literal fulfillment of the vision must be; that implements of war must be converted into agricultural implements, or the people will starve. They see that Lenine and Trotzky are but the voices of millions crying in a world wilderness.

The see the wiping out of national debts; the fall of colossal fortunes; thet passing away of ambition, tyranny and greed; the coming of peace and plenty for those who work.

If this be the betrayal of nations, THEN BLESSED BE HE WHO BETRAYS!

Pierre

By Paul Eldridge

PIERRE was the scape-goat of R——, in the south of France, for every town, particularly small ones, must have scape-goats. People, like tiny godlets, will have some one to mock, to laugh over, to sermonize about, to spit upon. And Pierre was a fine specimen: He was a hunchback, he dragged one leg after him as though it had been a strange limb badly attached to his body, and his face was pockmarked. Besides, his life depended upon their charity. From day to day, the people of R—— could say, "Pierre shall continue to live tomorrow, or he shall die!" With the quick cynicism of one who has seen the depths of the hearts of men, Pierre understood, and thought: "Let them feed me. They need me." And he never attempted to do the slightest labor. Like some animated and mutilated sphinx, he looked upon the world, expecting her scorn as well as her tribute.

Pierre had no definite age. He lived, one might say, in eternity. Everybody at R—— seemed to have always known him. In prehistoric days, he might have been considered the founder, the patron-saint, of the town. Even now, there was something like a sub-conscious awe about his presence.

Pierre had achieved the pinnacle of fame. He could boast were he a gentle poetaster or a pompous politician, that never a minute passed in the town of R—— but his name was pronounced, and his personality discussed. Mothers would threaten their little children, "If you don't stop crying, Pierre shall eat you!' And immediately the children would hush, while their bodies continued to convulse in dumb protest. The older children were threatened with Pierre's leg, or Pierre's face, if they would not study, and the greatest laggard would not hazard such a challenge. To emphasize their lover's beauty, the young women would say, "Look at my own Pierre!" And all would laugh, and the lovers would exult in their vanity. Whenever any citizen would die in his youth, all would shake their heads, and lament,—"And Pierre still here!"

Wherever Pierre walked, wherever he sat, a crowd was about him, laughing at him, nodding their heads in sorrow and pity, turning their faces in disgust. The people never tired of this, and Pierre like some hideous Chinese divinity, heard and saw and was silent. Only the pregnant women would shun him and hide their faces at his sight, and talk of a hundred incoherent things, that they might not conceive a child resembling him.

War was declared, and all the men of R—— that could bear arms or be of service to the government, were called away. The town became still, save for the sudden piercing cry of some woman who had received evil news, or the stifled sobbings of old men who hid their bearded faces on their chests. Pierre saw and understood, and he thought, "They shall feed me. They need me!" And he was fed, and the eyes of the women were more tender as they looked at him, for, they thought, "Who knows what they have done to mine," or, "If mine should come back at least this way."

Every month the crippled returned to R——, hideous remnants, faceless, legless, armless, blind, deaf, insane. It seemed the earth was getting peopled with monstrous beings. And Pierre was becoming indistinct in this new humanity. No one would dare mention his name as a warning, as a rebuke, as a jest, while always was staring the multitude of mutilated ones.

The town became accustomed to the new mankind, and learned to laugh again. And those who were still able to work, re-taught themselves their trades, or learned new ones which suited their present bodies.

The people forgot Pierre. He wandered about as a stranger. He who was accustomed to receive the tribute of food and clothes upon stretching out his hand, now implored in vain.

(Continued on Page 37)

The Vice of Eating Meat

By Emil Edward Kusel

WHEN one evolves to the plane of humanitarianism (not faddism, not crankism, not cynicism, not extemism, if you please, but HUMANITARIANISM) the one awful defect in Nature's handiwork that can be seen is His masterpiece, man. When viewed from the heights man is only above the beast in craft, graft, theology, science and art. Man is verily an insignificant false alarm, so to speak, when it comes to spiritual things. With all his advancement, fully realizing that spirituality is dependent upon clean hands, clean heart and clean conscience, he has wrongfully retained the selfish idea that nothing has its place in the world save for him to utilize and that he has a right to demolish whatever he desires. Man, the intellectual masterpiece, professing to have a God, heartlessly destroys all lower sentient life, contending that the economy of Nature and civilization necessitates man's inhumanity.

After having seen the wounding of wild and domestic animals and birds, and their subsequent suffering, fear and pleading, one can rightly estimate the small calibre of the religionist standing behind his Bible telling of the saving power of his imaginary Saviour when he (this deity) stands in the background with no mercy to protect an innocent dumb creature from the brutality of a host of bloodthirsty, enlightened and civilized humans, or the cruelty of one beast preying upon the other.

Slaying a sentient sensitive creature for food, like the slaying of the intelligent seal for furs, or the heron for aigrettes, or the death penalty in reparation for human murder, or the cruel steel-trapping of wild animals, or the inhuman pastime of bull-fighting or vivisection in any form is ethically and esthetically indefensible, because conscience allows no man a license to injure, or to kill and devour a sentient, life - loving creature. Conscience prompts us to live according to the Golden Rule, thereby treating every creature as we ourselves want to be treated. Conscience will not allow an honest man to hold to the paganistic piffle contained throughout the scriptures, nor will conscience allow an honest man to respect the so-called religion of the flesh-eating Bible-believer. As the Rev. Porteous has said: "Unless we are as hypocrites we had better give up our foolish talk and Christian prayers about gentleness and love while we lay blood-stained hands and ravenous lips upon God's creatures."

BUTCHERY is positive evidence of man's depravity, because it proves beyond question the inhumanity of the human family. All killing causes horror and suffering and could not possibly be allowable in the sight of a humane Creator. The poor dumb brute we slaughter is helpless to defend itself, and man takes its life-blood and feeds upon its carcass.

Butchery is positive evidence of man's depravity, because it proves beyond question the inhumanity of the human family. All killing causes horror and suffering and could not possibly be allowable in the sight of a humane Creator. The poor dumb brute we slaughter is helpless to defend itself, and man takes its life-blood and feeds upon its carcass.

The butcher cuts the throat of the lamb (what horrible inhumanity) and delivers its little body to the cafeterias of the Bible Institute, the Y. M. C. A., the Trinity Church and the Y. W. C. A., and every hallucinated pharisee connected with these Babylonian institutions devours a portion of these carcasses as a vulture would devour carrion. And then, after having committed their cannibalistic inhumanity, they have the effrontery to prate about the works of the devil and the sin of Adam. This pharisaical element advise better people than themselves (the infidel, the atheist, the agnostic) to come to the Nazarene and "get saved!" The very fact that their anthropomorphic god has no feeling for his creatures proves to anyone but a hypocrite that there is no LOVE, no HUMANITY, no TRUTH in their religion.

It is an utter impossibility to find a human being who can conscientiously contend in favor of slaying animals; he may "bluff" to please his lower nature, but he cannot pull the blinds over the eyes of conscience to satisfy a perverted palate. He full well knows that pain, suffering and death inflicted upon a brother creature is not a part of man's evolution to a higher life. He may ask for what purpose were they created, but the thought of his own purpose in life will answer the question.

The adherents of Christian Science, Roman Catholicism, Judaism, Protestantism, Theosophy, Spiritualism, New Thought, Esoteric Christianity and all other so-called religions, scientific religions, or religious sciences, are minus the very essence of God principle, from the very fact that they do not consider the lower life-loving creatures under God's mercy. All these religionists are fraudulent.

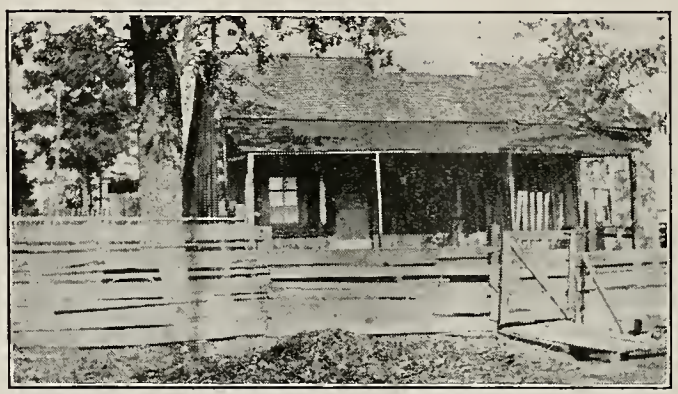
You will find may individuals who profess to be inveterate readers and scientific students confronting the Vegetarian with the apparent loophole that vegetation has life when they positively know there is a vast difference between cellular life and sentient life; they know of no discovery that vegetation has a nervous system; they know the plant life does not move about, nor quiver, nor shriek, nor groan with pain when broken from the body, and they know the line should be drawn at the destruction of life wherever such an act is repellant to higher self, and they know the animal unlike the plant, would defend itself were it not powerless while under the dominion of the human carnivora. Whenever mankind upholds slaughter by comparing animal life with cellular plant life, owing to the fact that both require air and water, rest assured that that man relishes flesh food and his lower nature, like the lower nature of the carnivorous religionist, is controlled through a perverted (inhuman) palate, thus accounting for his selfish, unscientific hypothesis.

For the high principle of ethical vegetarianism there should be no stone left unturned; there should be a veritable Waterloo against old-time carnivorous piety, and every man should have the courage of his convictions in all advanced thought movements. Every individual should prove himself an indispensable warrior in this great and noble cause, and yet the Humanitarian should recognize all men according to their intelligence and moral development, and consider that each individual is as he is because he cannot or will not be otherwise at this time (a temporary condition-. With a few application of TRUTH, the uninformed, deluded masses (slow of growth) will eventually evolve out of external religion to a sublime heretodox philosophy that shall stand the test of REASON, paving the way to the grandest, noblest and most beautiful life upon earth as well as hypothetically beyond the grave.

Co-operation and Efficiency Assure

Children in their morning calisthenics. This is the first order of the school day and begins at 8:45.

Another view of the same children. These exercises are given by an experienced physical director.



One of the small houses which came with the purchase of the Llano Plantation used for temporary housing.

This great 300x130 feet shed
There is another

The immense amount of old lumber is of great value to the Colony, and is worth many thousands of dollars.

These high plank walks contain hundreds of thousands of feet of lumber, much of it still good for building purposes.

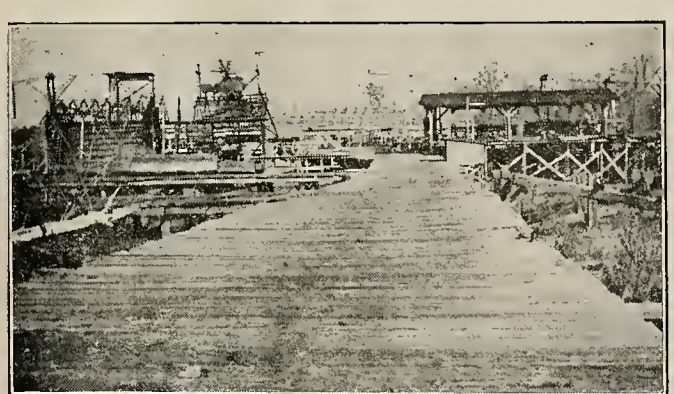
Success of Llano Colonists In Louisiana

Looking across some of the newly turned ground where the men are clearing for this year's crops.

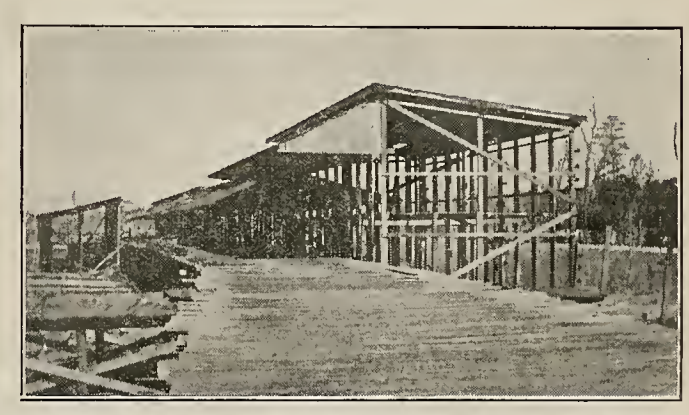
One of the placid creeks near Stables. This is on the edge of the Llano Plantation

being remodeled for industrial uses.
ned almost as large.

Another little cabin. There are perhaps fifty or sixty of about this type. New temporary houses are now being built.



The foreground shows a platform which extended from the old saw-mill to a shed. There are many such platforms.



One of the great lumber sheds which has been dismantled and the lumber used for other construction.

Are Socialists Anarchists?

By Alanson Sessions

DID YOU favor the war?

If not, you are an anarchist, no matter what political creed you profess to follow.

At least, that is what we Socialists are told during these troublesome times. It is said that true Socialism presupposes the right of majority rule, and that if the Socialists oppose this war and refuse to take part in it, they are not Socialists, but anarchists.

It is assured in this criticism, first, that the American people clamored for this war; and second, that only declared anarchists have the right to protest against the misrule of the majority. Let us investigate.

What is anarchy?

Anarchy is that philosophy that consists of a disrespect for law—law which places the preservation of the State paramount to the preservation of the individual, and of an opposition to centralization of government control. The ideal of the most radical school of anarchy is the absence of compulsory law, and, in the case of collective effort, the substitution of voluntary association.

The ideal of the Socialist is the existing system of government of representative control, shorn of many of its archaically cumbersome and undemocratic appendages. In addition, he would utilize the same system—with essential alterations—in the realm of industry.

The Socialist sympathizes with the idyllic dreams of the anarchist but realizes that a system of law must be continued many generations yet in order to obviate industrial and political chaos and indecision.

Again, although believing that minorities are entitled to a much fairer representation in the councils of government that they now possess, the Socialist heartily concurs in the elements of majority rule.

However, the Socialist is no crank on the subject of state management, per se. He believes in government operation and control, only in so far as it promotes the happiness of the greatest number and safeguards the liberties of men. Socialism has enlisted the forces of progress on the side of the State, and the rigors of war are completing what the inevitability of industrial evolution and the ceaseless agitation of the Socialists, began. The Socialist is fundamentally as individualistic as the philosophical anarchist, but he believes that only by public ownership of the government and industry can an environment be so arranged whereby every person may be enabled rationally and naturally to express his individuality. So when the state arrogates to itself the prerogative of telling men and women what to eat and drink, and, far more important, what opinions to profess and express, the Socialist is not contradicting his philosophy by registering vigorous public disapproval.

Says Woodrow Wilson: "We have forgotten the very principle of our origin, if we have forgotten how to object, how to resist, how to agitate, how to pull down and build up, even to the extent of revolutionary practices, if it be necessary to readjust matters." (School Review, Vol. 7, p. 604).

The Socialist also recognizes the fact that were it not for the rebel and the right of the people to kick and protest, society must of necessity become stagnant. The church for centuries tried to stamp out the freedom of the individual, and thousands of cases of rebellion and martyrdom were necessary in order that the world might be made free for expression. And among the most revered and venerated men whose names now gleam in the galaxy of the immortals, are those who fought and suffered for that principle.

At the present moment, it is not the church, but the STATE, whose tyranny threatens to destroy individuality and progress. The church used dogma; the State uses modern militarism. To scoff at the methods of the church was to be burnt at the stake; to scoff at the methods of the State is to invite more humane treatment—to be shot.

Bertrand Russell, unquestionably the clearest thinker on social problems in the world today, says that the "state" in an autocracy or in a "democracy" is not an impersonal institution as many sincere but deluded people suppose. Certain elderly gentlemen, of "ripe" judgment, are in control, whether elected or appointed. Nearly all of these men are below the average level of the community, says Russell, as the habit of power tends to make men autocratic and tyrannous, and, as a rule, this power is secured by means not wholly creditable. As James Bryce pointed out in his excellent and popular work on "The American Commonwealth," the most valuable and greatest men in our republic have not held the political offices. These gentlemen—elderly and mature—naturally do not view war as it is viewed by those who do the fighting. The pugnacious instinct, asserts Russell, is by no means extinct in our great statesmen. It crops out frequently, although it is invariably clothed in such lofty phraseology as a "fight for right" or "to make the world safe for Democracy."

Continues Russell: "Victory is always highly desired by those who share the least burdens and who receive the most glory. And these are always the statesmen and the generals. It is largely for these reasons that the people who hand themselves over to the unlimited control of the State are directing their power toward ends more bloodthirsty than they would otherwise have chosen themselves."

Socialists realize this. And it is one of the more important reasons why they are demanding—not inconsistently—the right of the individual to judge for himself whether he will engage in destruction "at the command of men less humane than himself, or whether he will preserve inviolate the claim that a man's own estimate of right and wrong should be the ultimate arbiter of his own conduct."

Socialists favor democracy in government and in industry.

Is conscription, in its present form, democratic? Is it the will of the majority? Do a majority of the people want it? Does conscription—which is and must be arbitrary and compulsory—contain the elements of majority decision? Does the fact that at the time all the men in our country were asked to register for military service—does the fact that four out of every five claim exemption prove that conscription was desired? If not, were Socialists inconsistent in opposing conscription? Has conscription been submitted to referendum vote? Have the common people expressed a desire that our officials shall take the reigns in their own hands and drive the chariot of militarism in any direction they wish?

Another thing: As only those between the ages of 21 and 31 were affected by the draft law, is it democratic to allow others to decide whether those affected shall be compelled to serve in the war?

Was the war democratically declared?

Says Max Eastman: "The entrance of the United States into the European War was not decided by majority rule. The people in this country have felt secure in their geographical location, and, divided in their reminiscent patriotisms, have abhorred the idea of carrying war into Europe. So universal was this abhorrence that every tradition and prediction of political history was overthrown last fall, and WOODROW WILSON ELECTED TO THE WHITE HOUSE AS A PEACE

PRESIDENT IN THE FACE OF STALWART REPUBLICANISM, ROOSEVELTISM, AND WALL STREET UNITED IN SOLID COMPACT TO BEAT HIM." The universal Wilson slogan—the one which elected Woodrow Wilson, was, "HE KEPT US OUT OF WAR."

President Wilson, failing to secure a volunteer army of 500,000, forced on Congress the principle of the draft. Is it not a historical fact that when this principle of military service was adopted within the boundaries of the United States, and for the very defense of the Union, and by ABRAHAM LINCOLN, it was met with violent resistance? And in the present war, has the principle of the draft not been forced on the people for a war of offense, to be fought entirely on the continent of Europe and on the high seas?

In the light of these facts, is the Socialist undergoing an anarchist conversion because he strenuously objects to what he believes constitutes a violation of his elementary liberties?

President Wilson uttered the following in an address a year ago, which was reported in the "New York World":

"It has been our pride and our boast that, unlike the monarchies of the old world, our government has never been compelled to resort to a conscription of its citizens or the employment of foreign mercenaries. It is an hereditary, and, therefore, HONORED TRADITION OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE THAT EXEMPTION FROM EXTORTED MILITARY SERVICE IS ONE OF THE PECULIAR PRIVILEGES OF FREEMEN."

Socialists agree with Wilson, yet they have not revolted.

In 1916, President Wilson said: "This war was brought on by rulers, not by peoples, and I THANK GOD THERE IS NO MAN IN AMERICA WHO HAS THE AUTHORITY TO BRING ON WAR WITHOUT THE **ABSOLUTE** CONSENT OF THE PEOPLE."

Socialists are asking, with Art Young, this question: Is ONE capitalist government or country so much worse than other capitalist countries that the laboring classes and Socialists must join with the capitalists to defeat that one?

Socialists find it difficult to believe that the entrance of the United States into the European war is the most efficient way of abolishing Prussian autocracy. It has been said that every American pacifist is worth a whole company of American soldiers in France. The supporters of this theory offer the following argument:

"There is a pacifist force in Germany, which, once or twice, has come close to compelling a German peace without victory.

"The one weapon which the German autocrat holds against this force is the cry that Germany's enemies seek her destruction. The one weapon which the German pacifist holds against the autocrat is the realization that liberal forces in enemy countries will not permit her destruction. If the German people know they can have a peace without victory, they will not fight another week. If they believe that it is "victory or annihilation" they will fight like a beast to the death.

"The Allied 'peace terms' of last winter, combined with the Lloyd George 'knock-out' interview, did more to re-rally the German people than all of Hindenburg's victories.

"The German autocrat desires nothing so much as the power to convince the German people of the 'annihilation' bugaboo. An aggressive United States might give aid and comfort to him. He fears nothing so much as the knowledge on the part of the German people that forces across the sea will unite with them in demanding a reasonable peace. A liberal America robs him of his chief weapon.

"If the German pacifists can know that their fight for international understanding is not hopeless, they will detach all liberal Germany from the support of the autocrats.

"Thus the pacifist concludes that the American Socialist or pacifist is a howitzer shell fired against German autocracy."

The official organ of the Navy League, "The Seven Seas Magazine," a magazine read and maintained by those who fathered the preparedness movement, by special privilege, printed this statement shortly before the war was declared: "While the United States is in no danger of becoming a militaristic nation like Germany, **still an execellent lesson can be taken from her...** While her policies are to be deplored, HER METHODS ARE TO BE COMMENDED. THE FACT REMAINS THAT WORLD-EMPIRE, AND THE AVAILABILITY OF MARKETS THE WORLD OVER, MUST BE THE GOAL OF THE UNITED STATES."

Achille Loria, the Italian economist, shows that since ancient history, of the 286 most prominent wars that have been fought, 258 of them were attributed to the common desire for trade monopolies.

General Ulysses S. Grant asserted in emphatic and indignant language that Mexico, in 1848, was grossly mistreated by the United States, and that that miserable war was started by the cupidity of Southern property holders.

Many of the most respectable citizens of our country—disclaiming any socialist connections whatever—declare that the Spanish-American war was the culmination of the trade-desires of a handful of powerful men.

In the light of these revelations, must we term the socialists undesirable citizens when they inquire why those interested in world trade opposed Wilson's peace policy and forced the country into the war?

The charge that Socialists who disapprove the war policy of our government are pro-German is fatuous. Socialists are anti-capitalistic and anti-national. They oppose autocracy everywhere—in any form in which it may exist. They oppose it in Germany as they oppose it in every other country. The accusation that the majority socialists are tools of enemy governments is ridiculously false and stupid.

We hear a lot these days about the Germanization of the Socialist party, and, as a matter of fact, most of this talk is a result of our strained relations with the Kaiser. It is to be expected, and we Socialists have expected it. John Spargo rants very amusingly about the Germanization of the Socialist party. But his prejudice is easily explained by his ineradicable Anglicization. In other words, Mr. Spargo has not been thoroughly Americanized.

While the father of scientific socialism—Karl Marx—was a German, and while his theories were very materially influenced by the German philosophers, Hegel and Kant, he nevertheless was no German patriot. Marx spent several years in prison for his furious opposition to the policies of the German Imperialistic government. His famous work "Das Kapital," was written and the data for that famous work was largely gathered from British libraries and authorities.

It is interesting to note that so bitter was Marx's hatred of Prussianism and the Imperialistic policies of the German Empire that he was driven into England, when he desired the quiet and rest necessary to write the three volumes that have fixed his immortality.

While American Socialism is greatly influenced by the theories of Marx—the class struggle, surplus value, the economic interpretation of history, the labor theory of value, etc.—still the socialism of America is essentially opportunistic, as one can readily see by observing any of the Socialist political platforms. There is nothing in our national or state platforms that can be interpreted as "un-American." All the planks are based on actual social and industrial conditions, and that, in my estimation, is the acid test of the Americanism of any political movement. We favor public ownership, old age pensions, woman suffrage, social insurance, mothers pensions, etc., not only because they are good for the world, but be-

(Continued on Page 30)

The Painted Pigeon

By Rob Wagner

TWO beautiful Belgian guards carried Andrew Carnegie into his private boudoir and laid him on a blue velour ostermoor, where he dissolved in tears. Congressman Berthold threw his hat so high in the air that it went through the skylight and never came down. The Kaiser kissed the President of the French Republic and Teddy clinched with Taft. The great Temple of Peace shook with the hurrahs, banzias, and hochs of the assembled multitude. Bands played, whistles blew and newsboys shouted the glad tidings that universal peace had come.

It was a picture no artist can paint, but I've done my best to post-impress you with its symbolism. Peace! Real peace! After all those red years of struggle! But it all goes to show what money can do when intelligently directed. For it was all the fruit of Andrew's endowments of temples and peace propaganda. At last the world had been educated to the horrible effects of war. And now his patient years of waiting were to see the culmination of his hopes and aspirations. Do you wonder that Andrew dissolved in tears? It was some triumph, I tell you. From the profits of the armor plate he had made he had so ordained events that now there should be no more use for armor plate. Such self-abnegation was bound to result in dissolution.

The day of this great event opened auspiciously. The sun shone, the bands played, and the streets were alive with the picturesque presence of international diplomats, attaches, and newspaper men. The Hague had had many peace conferences, but this one was pregnant with a great meaning, for everybody believed that a notable event in the epoc of human progress was about to be enacted. The great war started in the Balkans, had left Europe prostrate and the world was sick of war. Yes, the time had arrived for lasting peace. So, Nicholas, William, George and Andrew had called this parliament together.

Because of his unique position and his noble peace medals, T. R. was elected president. He presided with a large stick that made the rafters rattle. His dental personality immediately dominated the great assembly. They were all given evidence that the best way to obtain peace was to be prepared for war, and T. R. was prepared. He told them all where to head in.

He began by forbidding England to build more Dreadnaughts; Germany, Zepplelins; France, submarines, and America, aeroplanes. He told Germany she must get out of Alsace, Japan out of Manchuria, England out of Egypt and America out of the Philippines. He promised Greece the return of the Elgin marbles; Paris, the return of the bronze horses from the Arc de Triumph and said that France must send back the Venus de Milo and Madam Toussand return Napoleon's hat and coat. He promised Venezuela that America would return her asphalt, though it meant tearing up half the streets in that country. The Morgan group was given sixty days in which to re-distribute among the rightful owners the plunderings of its naughty trusts. (The good trusts were to be left undisturbed.) Each nation arose in turn and amid great applause agreed to return its thefts.

And though, he said, he preached the soft heart, he did not preach the soft head. He told them that now that they had squared off the causes of most of their quarrels and jealousies they would go forth and do battle with the instruments of civilization. From now on it was to be a war of wits instead of Winchesters. He forced them to settle boundaries, pay old debts and clear the slate generally—so that the world would begin all over again and go forth in peace and concord. It was all accomplished very quickly amid stupendous applause, and as the last nation signed the compact a vast roar of approval went up from the assemblage. Strong men with beards wept like women.

They sang and cried and whooped and yelled very much as I described in the first paragraph.

But in the midst of their pandemonium and before the signature of the last delegate was dry, a curious thing happened.

Directly over the head of the speaker was a large allegorical mural painting by Wilhelm II representing the nations of the world with arms uplifted to a white dove of peacee, and to the amazement of the crowd the dove began to move.

It had come to life and was trying to free itself from the canvas. Finally, with a tremendous coo it burst forth—flew three times about the great hall, and with noisy flapping alighted on the end of the Speaker's stick.

The Congress, awed by such a phenomenon, sat spellbound, and in the great silence that fell, the bird spoke.

"Gentlemen," it said (it spoke a sort of pigeon English), "I thank you for what you have done. For years I have been aborning. Up to today I have been nothing but a painted pigeon decorating the halls and letter heads of peace societies, appearing stuffed at weddings or lowly reliefed on tomb-stones. But now I live!

"My mother was a wish, and you, gentlemen, have from that wish brought forth my living presence. Therefore, you are my father. I shall do my utmost to honor you—for it is not every bird that has such a large and distinguished father. You shall never regret your fatherhood, and now let's give three cheers for me!"

The noise was deafening and for a moment the poor bird was frightened, but her attention was arrested by the Swedish delegate who was asking the Speaker if he did not think the Carnegie Temple in which they had met and brought forth their child would be a fitting abode for the dove.

But the bird interrupted him and holding up her claw for silence, thus delivered herself:

"I thank you, father, but I ask you not to confine me to this or any other temple. I've been here long enough in that old picture. Besides, I have a mission to fulfill. Through you, fathers, I have the blood of messenger-boys in my veins. I must carry this message of peace to all the world. I feel that I am a natural-born carrier. Call me Carrie—Carrie Pax!"

In the confusion that followed the wonderful pun that this opportunity afforded the British delegate the bird up and flew out of the high window and was soon lost to view.

After their amazement had subsided a permanent organization was effected with Teddy as its president. The Hague was neutralized and Teddy was to make it his permanent home. A palace was ordered built for him and his large family to be surrounded by an immense park in which he could keep pogsnoggles, cheetahs, dik diks, and others of his jungle favorites.

* * *

The world basked in the Pax Carnegieism—

But:

One day a huge steamer called the Biggeranania was thirty miles of Cherburg when the heat at noon became most uncomfortable—an unusual thing at this time of the year.

Aft, under a large awning, sat a group of delegates returning from The Hague. They were exulting in the triumphs of international one moment and cursing the uniced drinks of the

British bartender the next.

With the setting of the sun came no respite, for at 7 p. m. the thermometer stod at 89. At midnight it had risen to 93. No one could sleep and everyone's nerves were on edge. A great storm seemed impending—except that the barometer showed no such indication.

Toward morning the vessel ran into a hot fog—almost like steam. Thermometer readings of the water ran nearly to the boiling point.

The condition of the passengers had become alarming, but it was difficult to know in what direction to turn as there was no way of telling where the disturbance was.

Fortunately at sunset a red glow was observed far to the south. Though it was uncomfortably hot everyone was immensely relieved that danger had been averted.

There was now no doubt that a submarine eruption had occurred. Because of such an unusual phenomenon the captain felt warranted in "laying to" for the night and taking observations. The next day was spent in circling the disturbance and its volcanic origin was clearly indicated by the dead fish, seaweed and cinders.

No other vessels were reported and at 5 p. m. the big leviathan proceeded on her course. The greatest excitement and interest prevailed and the wireless was busy reporting to both shores.

A New York newspaper correspondent returning from the peace conference had been aloft all day with a pair of powerful glasses. After the boat was well on its course he descended and sent twenty-two words in cipher to his paper. He had seen something no one else had noticed and he would scoop the world on the biggest story yet.

Next morning there appeared on the streets of New York a most sensational newspaper splash of a great submarine earthquake that had thrown up an island in mid-Atlantic.

As soon as other vessels reported the truth the boats were dispatched from all directions to make scientific reports on the seismic phenomenon.

While most of the world was interested only in the scientific aspect of this amazing occurrence, a few hard-headed old anarchs sitting around the mahogany in a directors' room on lower Wall street, turned loose their brains on how to make even an earthquake profitable. Now, when brains like these are scrambled the omelet is liable to pay twenty percent—and of course, that's worth cherishing. So they come to a magnificent conclusion and it was this: When that island cooled off, standing as it did midway between four continents, it would dominate the trade of the world. And the first nation to get a flag on it would be its possessor. They immediately got the Admiralty on long distance and had a real little heart-to-heart talk with the High Boys there. Their argument was an economic one and it convinced the department that its usefulness would no doubt be discontinued if it had nothing to do and the ranks of the unemployed would be largely augmented by former admirals. The argument rang the bell and pretty soon there were great stirrings in the navy yards.

Now you may think that these industrial captains were amazingly shrewd, but bless your heart, they were not so stupendously original, for all over the world twenty percenters think in the same terms. Thus it happened that similar schemes hatched around many foreign mahoganies.

* * *

When the Bunkton, Captain Spevans commanding, arrived several days after the above-mentioned conference, he found that he could not approach within six miles of the island, so he decided to circumnavigate the whole disturbed area, but was very much chagrined to find an English and a German cruiser doing the same thing. It now became a waiting game—waiting for the island to cool off enough to get a flag on it.

Spevans, however, was resourceful and had no intention of waiting. He wired the situation to Washington and immediately they dispatched the June Bug 32, carrying two men besides Lieutenant Glenwright. Their mission was to fly over the island and drop an anchor with an asbestos flag attached right on the highest point of the molten mass. Then would the place belong to America by right of discovery. The June Bug arrived early the next morning and to the amazement of the intrepid pilot he discovered high to the east the approach of two huge dirigibles, one flying the English and the other the German flag. He suspected this motive and hurried straight for the island, but the hot air rising from the lava caused the air currents to whirl in all kinds of eccentric circles and, to the horror of all, the biplane turned turtle and shot straight for the water and he was soon lost to view. The captains of the big airships witnessed this with their binoculars and were chuckling over the fiasco of their aeroplatonic friend when two fearful explosions rent the air and both the huge dirigibles succumbed to the strange gases.

At almost the same instant a shot was heard and an immense projectile flew over the ship. It seemed to come from the direction of the German cruiser and landed too accurately close to be accidental.

In a few minutes the Bunkton was under full steam, headed for an explanation. As the vessel turned toward the south it passed between the British ship Inevitable and the island. With the glass could be seen much agitation aboard the English vessel, and no wonder, for with a loud report a great hole was torn in the bow of the Bunkton by a British torpedo.

Explanations were not needed now. It was too obvious. Spevans let go both batteries—one at the Germans and the other at the English. The Germans returned their fire to the English ship—which was puzzling.

Pretty soon there was the prettiest three-cornered fight you ever saw. Toward evening the three vessels were still afloat, but badly used up. They were all glad of a chance to eat and rest and send news back home.

This incident shows how easy it is to start trouble, for had Captain Spevans known the truth a terrible catastrophe would have been averted.

Like M. and M.'s, captains usually think in the same terms. Each had determined to outwit the others and get his flag up first.

Captain Schmitsberger of the armored cruiser Whosahollerin had rigged up a flag fastened to a projectile that he fired at the top of the hot mountain. Unfortunately it went high, just missed the U. S . S. Bunkton, and was most uncharitably interpreted.

Aboard H. M. S. Inevitable, Captain John Stoke-Pogis, V. C., was equally alert and had had made an asbestos Union Jack that he determined to send ashore in a slow-going torpedo.

The only trouble was that in the excitement of dispatching it they forgot to pull the war plug from the cap in its nose and the American ship accidentally intercepted it on its triumphant trip to the hot shore.

When the facts were known many hoped that each nation would see the futility of the brawl and call off the dogs of war, but the percenters called in their newspaper publishers and told them to whoop it up for patriotism and play up the flag stuff strong. National honor! the Stars and Stripes! and all that. Of course, they obeyed. One great publisher admitted that he had made fortunes off of wars and earthquakes. And so the conflict waxed.

As the news of the terrible losses to the three countries became known, nations that had suffered for centuries in silence became bold, and pretty soon in Europe and Asia the lesser

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Does Co-operation Pay?

By **Ralph E. Cheney**, Co-operative League of America.

DOES consumer's co-operation pay?

The other day, a Scotchman stepped into the office of the Co-operative League of America in order to obtain assistance and advice from the league in starting a new co-operative store. In the course of the conversation, he told how he had not long ago had to return to Scotland to settle up the estate of his parents. When he had first come to America, many years past, he had left his family in almost utter destitution and he had since found it almost impossible to send them over more than a very little money indeed. Consequently he expected to find a sad state of affairs. But he had one ground for hope; thirty years before his mother had joined the local co-operative society. Imagine his surprise, then, when he discovered on his return that his mother had $5000 invested in the cooperative store on which she drew an interest of about 5 percent! This sum represented the dividends on purchases which she had thriftily and shrewdly refused to withdraw, but had always left in the store to accumulate. This is but one of hundreds of tales we might tell, all answering pretty plainly the question: Does Co-operation Pay?

"Co-operation," says Holyoake, "is an invention for acquiring money without saving it, or working for it, or stealing it, or borrowing it, or begging it." Such an invention must surely be as welcome as it is unusual! "The ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul," Lord Verulam says succinctly and truly enough. And the great Italian poet, Dante, in his "The Convivio," writes, "I affirm that gain is precisely that which comes oftener to the bad than to the good; for illegitimate gains never come to the good at all, because they reject them. And lawful gains rarely come to the good, because, since much anxious care is needful thereto, and the anxious care of the good man is directed to weightier matters, rarely does the good man give sufficient attention thereto."

> CO-OPERATION as a means of acquiring gain, consists chiefly in not allowing yourself or your associates to be robbed by tradesmen. Certainly no heavy moral guilt rests upon the traveler who robs his own watch back from the footpad. Co-operators resolutely refuse to let themselves be robbed.

But co-operation as a means of acquiring gain, is not foul, nor does it require undue attention. It consists chiefly in not allowing yourself or your associates to be robbed by tradesmen. Certainly no heavy moral guilt rests upon the traveler who robs his own watch back from the footpad. Co-operators do not even do that much. They merely resolutely refuse to let themselves be robbed. Nor is the attention that co-operation demands burdensome. It is not so much work, as it is the cheapest and most genuine education.

The census of 1911 showed that state and municipal appropriations for higher education in the United States for that year amounted to $14,707,243. Devoting all or the best part of their time to instruction in our colleges and universities are over 21,813 men and 2,854 women. But the vast majority of the American people cannot afford to indulge in higher education. And we confidently state, without fear of successful contradiction, that a great deal more genuine and necessary education and training for the average man or woman is furnished by co-operation in the conduct of a store than by any amount of studying higher mathematics, dead languages, economics from a capitalist viewpoint, or any other course or combination of courses in any college. Yet, far from costing the community or the individual a cent, consumer's co-operation pays.

Consumer's co-operation does not, financially, merely consist of diverting money from the pockets of exploiters into the pockets of the exploited. It does not merely abolish profit. It does abolish profit, and it would be a great movement if it did that and that alone. But it does more. The co-operative store realizes many economies of business organization which are impossible to the non-co-operative store. A less expensive site is possible. Window dressings need not be so elaborate. The delivery system can be much simpler or can be done away with altogether. In fact, all the varied forms of show and advertisement that are so tremendously influential in the success or failure of a private capitalist store and that form so gigantic a part of its expenses, can be largely or wholly dispensed with in a co-operative store. Consider the millons of dollars spent monthly in the United States on advertisments of stores in newspapers, magazines, street cars, wooden signs along railroad tracks, and handbills alone! Consider, then, the count less other direct and indirect forms of advertising! If one begins to realize the amount of energy and money spent on advertising, one is swept by a sense of the saving which co-operation, without need of advertisement, means.

When one has a glimpse of how expensive a commodity "the good will of the trade" is, and how much private dealers are willing to pay for it, one perceives how great an advantage it is to start business with an unlimited supply of it and to be able to draw upon this supply at all times with but little fear of depleting it. The private dealer can only hazard a guess at the wants of his customers. He cannot guarantee to himself the keeping of their custom, unless he manages to get them into his debt. If he does succeed in getting them into his debt by extending credit to them, it means booking expenses, risk of loss, and a lack of ready money for the market. And an uncertain custom means the necessity of a margin for the risk of goods sold at a loss or not sold at all. The whole crux of the situation of the private store is this: All the custom of a private store is voluntary; and voluntary custom cannot be counted on, but must be cheated or coaxed. A co-operative store can rely upon voluntary custom and to some extent it should, but it need not. Co-operators come to the co-operative store because it is their own store, because it is to their interest that they should patronize it. No advertisements are needed to tickle their fancies and inform or remind them of the existence of their store. Consumers' co-operation means a near approach to the scientific ascertainment of the wants of needs of a community. In other words, it means less waste, less risk of unsold goods, an implicit guarantee that a certain amount of certain goods will be required and purchased. There will be no need of credit in a co-operative store; custom will not need to be cheated into staying. No credit means less booking expenses, and no risk of loss and plenty of ready money for more advantageous buying. The whole of the situation of the co-operative store is this: The co-operative store is based upon good will, good will means commanded,

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Comment and Criticism

By Alec Watkins

A QUESTION OF HONOR

Those who, previous to our entrance into the European war, urged us to attack Mexico, and who will probably renew their efforts when times are more propitious, declared that our government should protect American lives wherever they might be. The strange feature about this tender concern for the safety of Americans abroad is that those who are most deeply stirred by it usually manifest but little practical interest in the welfare of Americans at home.

England, more than any other country, has prided herself that Englishmen all over the world were secure in the protection afforded by the Home government. Even now we hear retold the story of the Englishman who was imprisoned by the king of Abysynnia, a half-century ago. The British government demanded his release. The demand was ignored. After a delay of two years, 12,000 British troops marched across the desert, met and defeated the Abysynnians in battle, set the captive free, and drove the native king to suicide. It is an inspiring story. It makes a vivid appeal to the imagination.

But reflection tends to mitigate our enthusiasm. In normal times, there are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen within walking distance of the Houses of Parliament who are serving life-sentences in the prison house of poverty. Yet, as Sidney Webb points out, even great liberal statesmen like Harcourt and Gladstone were in the habit of telling the nation that "it could not afford to give its children decent schooling, that to house its laborers as well as its horses was quite beyond its means, that the cost of sanitation which would keep its children from needless disease was a burden impossible to be borne." We are further reminded that, as we learn from the life of Sir Chas. Dilke "on the preparation of each successive budget it was quite the customary thing for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whoever he was, to threaten to resign merely because the estimates would go up." And yet, the British government could afford to arm and equip ready for battle 12,000 men, and send them to a far-off land to rescue a captive Englishman whose predicament was due either to the carelessnesss of the government or to his own wrong-doing.

It is a peculiar state of mind that conceives the nation's honor to be basely attacked when an American in Mexico on his own business or in pursuit of his own pleasure finds himself in danger, but regards its honor as in no wise touched when innocent American workingmen are condemned to the gallows within our own borders. Our Roosevelts and our Hearsts must be taught that our workers at home are entitled to at least as much consideration as our adventurers abroad.

THE NEW PARTY

A matter of some interest is the formation of a new political party. Its prime mover, apparently, is John Spargo, and it is composed of the socialists who withdrew from the regular socialist party last Spring, and various other unhitched political elements.

Its platform, in many respects, is an excellent document. It declares the purpose of the party to be the attainment of democracy in government, in industry, and in international relations, and it proceeds to specify the measures believed to be necessary in order to make its attainment possible. It urges many drastic changes in both domestic and international political procedure. Few socialists, however, would be willing to endorse all that is said as to democracy in industry. It reads like a hazy epitome of Woodrow Wilson's "New Freedom," tinged with socialism. The sureness of touch with which the subject of political democracy is treated is not in evidence in the treatment of the subject of industrial democracy. There is too great an effort to disclaim any revolutionary intent. The measures proposed fall far short of being socialism, undoubtedly out of regard for the non-socialist members of the party.

But the real weakness of the new party lies not in making its creed to broad, but in making its creed the foundation upon which the organization is built. In this particular, it is merely repeating the mistake of the American Socialist Party. It is largely a waste of time to gather together into a political party people whose only bond is the similarity of their respective political faiths. Not identity of opinion, but identity of economic interest should be the basis of our organized activity.

RESPONSIBLE MINISTRIES

The desire of President Wilson to deal with a ministry responsible to the people of Germany rather than with the present autocratic government raises a question that has an interest for Americans aside from the war.

In both France and England the national administration is more directly responsible to the people and more closely in touch with their representatives than in the United States. In England, for instance, the chief executive, and each member of the cabinet has a seat in parliament. And day by day there is an alloted time during which members of Parliament may question cabinet officers as to the work of their various departments. In addition to this every member of the cabinet having a seat in the House of Commons must first be elected to parliament directly by the people.

In our own country, however, there is no such direct touch between the people and the administration.

The executive department of our government is supposed to exist for the purpose of putting into effect the decisions of the legislative department. But often the legislature is quite in the dark as to what the executive is doing. Often, indeed, the executive instead of performing the will of the people as expressed through the law-making body, assumes the role of dictator. Instead of taking orders, the executive issues them.

Naturally, this tendency is more evident in war times than in peace time. La Follette's famous speech in the Senate last October was largely a protest against the assumption by the president of functions that rightfully belong to Congress regarding the declaration of the purposes of the war. It is true that the president, personally, is vastly better able to pronounce war aims and to work out peace terms than the average congressman. The intellectual stature of most legislators is notoriously small. A discussion on any vital subject in Congress amply demonstrates the pitiful lack of vision of most of its members. Yet La Follette was plainly right; in fact, no one has yet attempted to reply to his contention. And if the members of congress, in accordance with the constitution, were compelled to shoulder their proper responsibility in the matter of war aims and peace terms, their lack of understanding would be largely overcome by the pressure of their more enlightened constituents.

The gulf between the people and their government is widening. In no adequate sense have we a responsible ministry. It is not the president's fault. It is the fault of the system. Our governmental structure is such that a president, particularly at a crisis, is almost compelled to choose between being either a useless appendage or a dictator.

Was Schmidt Guilty?

[This is the conclusion of Job Harriman's address before the jury which tried Schmidt. Back numbers, 10c.]

BUT, you ask, how about the wall that was blown in? Ah, this is a figment of his imagination. That never happened. You will remember that Mr—— testified that he ran from the east end of the basement and looked through the door, which Mr. Mulholland thought was blown down. The door casement was intact. You must remember that Mr. Mulholland only gave his opinion, but unfortunately his opinion is contradicted by the facts.

Listen, Mr. Mulholland said that the beams to which he referred supported about twenty eight feet of the alley floor, and that in his opinion, the entire twenty eight feet of the alley floor must have fallen instantly. He supported his opinion by saying that this alley floor fell and was lying upon the clean basement floor below.

Again the facts, and also witnesses, contradict Mr. Mulholland. Directly under this floor, and within eight feet of where the dynamite was supposed to have been, there were standing three men. Two of those men got out of the building without a scratch. They both testified that the ceiling was intact when they left, and that it did not fall at the time of the explosion. Bauee and Doughterty both stood under the supposed point of explosion, and escaped. The Scott brothers both testify that the ceiling was intact, and that the North wall of the alley still stood.

Hagherty, the man who was killed, was found eight feet South of the South wall of the alley. When the explosion ocurred he was standing under the alley with Mr. Dougherty. Mr. Dougherty had his hand on Haggerty's shoulder. They both ran away. Hagerty was found more than twelve feet from where he stood when the explosion occurred.

If the ceiling had been blown instantly, or if there had been a charge of dynamite almost directly over these men, only eight feet from their heads, all of them would have been found dead in their tracks, with the alley floor upon them.

The fact is, the explosion was caused by gas. It shot up through the building and roof, as gas always does, and for the time being the floor of Ink Alley was left practically intact. The men in the basement under the alley escaped and later the falling machinery and cornice crushed it in. This is the gist of the testimony given by the State to prove that the explosion was caused by dynamite. They have fallen short of this duty, and it therefore becomes your bounden duty to acquit.

Now let me direct your attention to the dynamite planted at the houses of Messrs. Otis, and Zeehandelar.

They found a valise containing dynamite at about one or two o'clock p. m. on the first of October. It was not concealed. It sat by some bushes near the house. It is supposed to have sat there during a part of the night, and all the forenoon. It was in the open so that any one could see it. Immediately after the explosion at about 1 a. m., a watchman was sent to the Otis residence and remained there until the crowd of investigators arrived at one o'clock p. m. Then they found this valise. The watchman had walked around the house and through the yard, time and again, from the time of his arrival, looking for suspicious looking objects. Yet he did not discover this valise, which was near the house, in full view of all comers. Finally the hour came. The stage was set. The autos filled with special witnesses drove up, and beheld the suitcase. Rico grabbed it, took it hurriedly to the street, cut one side out, and ran away. Mr. Adams swore that he saw smoke come out of the valise as Rico ran. Smoke? Does an electric battery smoke? There is no more smoke in an electric battery than there is in an iceberg. The fact that it was smoking proves beyond a doubt that the dynamite was not ignited by an electric spark and a clock. It was exploded by a fuse. A fuse will smoke precisely as Adams described. But no fuse had been burning in that valise for more than twelve hours. It did not burn and smoke for all these hours. There is but one reasonable explanation, and that is that the watchman knew when the witnesses were to arrive, and as they drove up, he lighted the fuse, and closed the valise. Rico grabbed the valise and immediately ran with it to the street, cut it open and found his safety in flight, while the fuse burned on until it reached the dynamite.

But what did Rico say? He tells us that he cut the side of the valise open. Is such a proceedure likely with an infernal machine? He tells you that as soon as he cut it open he heard the buzz and ran; that he got a hundred and fifty yards away before the explosion came. Mr. Adams testified that when he saw the smoke he ran to the machine, cranked it, and jumped in and drove a block away before it exploded. The statement of Adams is true. The statement of Rico is false. If dynamite had been detonated by an electric battery and clock, Rico would not have been here to tell the story. It would not take two seconds for the clock to turn one quarter around and Rico could not have jumped up and got out of the range of the blow. This infernal machine was planted there by some one known to those who found it. This is another example of the fairness of the prosecution. To hang a man with the facts is a terrible thing. To hang him with perjury is a dastardly crime.

But there was another plant at Zeehandelar's. It was in a valise this time. It was wrapped in Los Angeles papers. It sat out in front of the house in full view. It was found about ten oclock by the girl. Mr. Henderson also saw it. Do you remember Mr. Henderson? He is the man who says he saw the man in the basement of the Times building, trying to escape at the North window. The flames were roaring and gradually engulfing him. Henderson made no effort to assist the man from this burning tomb, but told him to go back into the flames while he (Henderson) went around to the fire department and watched them put out the fire. He did nothing and said nothing to release the unfortunate man from his terrible position. It was this man Henderson, who unwrapped the Zeehandelar infernal machine. He had seen them "just before in Chicago." Doubtless he had made them. He was familiar with them, and knew how to put them together. Perhaps he had prepared this one. The clock was wound too tight. Yet they turned it while they were there. They tinkered with it, and examined it, and fixed it, and then turned it over to the police. The dynamite had no stamp upon it. Not one of all the witnesses saw the eighty percent stamp upon it until after it was taken to the jail. Everyone was asked the question, "Did you see the eight percent dynamite stamp there?" Every one answered, "No." One is found to believe that the dynamite was shifted and that the stuff they claimed was dynamite was placed in the package with eighty percent wrappers upon it.

Come, let us see how far one could run while the clock is turning round. One—two seconds. Could Rico run half a block in two seconds? Was he on his knees when the clock began to turn? Did he get a block away in two seconds? Or is that a lie? They would have you believe that there were sixteen pounds of eighty percent dynamite in that valise, and that it would blow twelve inch steel beams out of their sockets

twenty-eight feet away and that he escaped without injury.

The fact is that no clock was in the Otis valise. That package was exploded by a fuse.

The fact is that the wrappers in the Zeehandelar package were exchanged for other wrappers marked eighty percent.

The fact is that the Times building was not exploded by dynamite, but by gas.

The fact is that the six inch beam was not broken by dynamite, but by the falling machinery.

The fact is that the south end of the tank was not caved in by a blow from dynamite, but by a falling lathe.

The fact is that the twelve-inch iron beams were not driven from their sockets by dynamite, but by the falling cornice from the top of the five-story brick wall on the south side of the alley.

The fact is that the hole was not driven through the wall nor the arch blown down.

The fact is that Mr. Haggerty looked through the door and the arch and wall were intact.

The fact is that the floor of the alley was not blown down into the cellar by the explosion.

The fact is that the men under the floor were not injured by the falling floor nor by the explosion.

The fact is that Haggerty moved eighteen feet and was then struck by some object and killed.

The fact is that dynamite will not ignite oil, and will not shoot upwards, but strikes a blow with equal force in every direction.

The fact is that gas exploded and shot upthrough the roof and burned the building.

The fact is that the stuff in San Francisco was never brought to Los Angeles, and played no part in this calamity.

Now listen! O'Brian, the man who found the dynamite in San Francisco, states that it was marked Giant powder. Mr. Ryan, who doubtless would likewise have testified, having been brought by the prosecution, was not put on the stand. He is an officer of the San Francisco police courts. We brought him, and when put on the stand, he said that the box was full of eighty percent Giant powder. Remember the box was full. During that night only one man was there. The next time the box was examined the eighty percent Giant powder had been removed and replaced by forty percent powder.

The stuff in Los Angeles was in the police station. It was under guard acording to the testimony of the officers. It was taken to the Grand Jury, under guard, and examined. Thence it was taken back to the police station. Thence it was taken in a box out to a quarry and there it has been kept ever since. Mr. Davidson swore that he knew absolutely that it was not exchanged for other material.

Where is this stuff? Where is the stuff that was found in San Francisco? All the boxes in San Francisco were taken back to the Giant Powder company for safe keeping.

After this defendant was arrested, Mr. Keyes, and others, went to San Francisco and caused the powder to be destroyed. They knew it was not the same stuff that had been brought from Zeehandelar's.

They sent one stick to the Giant Powder company for analysis. The chemist testified before the Grand Jury that one of the sticks examined was Dupont powder.

All the stuff that they so carefully guarded before and after it was submitted to the Grand Jury, was taken to Mr. Home, as he swore, and put under the care of Mr. Davidson in the magazine at the quarry.

What has become of this dynamite? Have they saved it for evidence? Did they save the San Francisco stuff for evidence? No. All the San Francisco stuff was destroyed. They said it was too dangerous to keep. They had kept it five years, but now it was too dangerous to hold longer. Schmidt was arrested. In a few months he would come to trial. But the dynamite was too dangerous to keep. It was not dangerous as dynamite, but it was dangerous as evidence.

They did not dare to compare it with the dynamite at the quarry. It was not the same stuff. If it were shown to be different it would let the innocent go free and convict the guilty.

What was done with the stuff at the quarry? It, too, was destroyed. It, too, was dangerous. Terribly dangerous, this stuff.

Every man who took the stand and swore that they destroyed it because it was dangerous, perjured himself to hang an innocent man. It was not dangerous. They knew it was not dangerous. Davidson and Ford knew it was no more dangerous than a lump of mud. They knew it was not dynamite. They knew it would not explode. They knew it could not be exploded. They were hiding evidence that would free the innocent and expose the guilty. Davidson let the cat out of the bag when he testified that, "We took ten sticks, divided them into blocks of two sticks each, and then put a fresh stick of forty percent with each two sticks to detonate the (dangerous) eighty percent dynamite."

What an explosion of dangerous dynamite! Why divide it into five piles of two sticks each? Why five explosions? Why put one forty percent stick with two eighty percent sticks? If the eighty percent stuff was dangerous, could it not be exploded? Would it be less dangerous by adding a stick of forty percent stuff?

Is the criminal lie not glaring in every statement of these men? One stick of forty percent stuff was placed there to deceive the witnesses. Ten sticks in a pile would do great havoc, but two sticks would not do much, and the witnesses were deceived by dividing the stuff into small lots and exploding it with one forty percent stick.

The fact is that the two sticks of eighty percent were not eighty percent. They were not dynamite at all. They were a "plant" placed at Zeehandelar's. They knew what it was. They knew it looked like dynamite but they knew it was not dynamite. They thought it could be concealed. They undertook to deceive you and to hang this man with a lie. Ford knew it was a lie. Davidson knew it was a lie. Woolwine knew it was a lie. You may hang a man with a rope, but do not hang him with a lie.

Listen! Mr. Miller the city chemist was taken to the quarry to examine this dangerous stuff. He reported to the District Attorney that is was not dynamite.

Woolwine had this same chemist in his office just before these men testified and Mr. Miller said it was not dynamite and would not explode. Mr. Miller was able to produce his tests, but Mr. Woolwine turned his back upon the truth and brought forth perjured testimony.

He would not put Mr. Miller on the stand. By a strange coincidence we found Mr. Miller. We put him on the stand. He produced his tests. He is a competent chemist. He is good enough for this great city when the health of its citizens is at stake, but not mean enough to conceal the crimes of its District Attorney. He is the city chemist of Los Angeles.

What did Miller say? He said there was no dynamite in this stuff. He said it would not explode. This is the stuff found at Zeehandelar's. This is the stuff that was dangerous. This is the lie that is to disgrace union labor and hang an innocent man.

Will you hang him with this lie? No, you will not do it. But you will believe this defendant.

You will know he told the truth when he said he met J. B.

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Humanism

By Dr. Franz Marne

"HUMANISM," the new and rapidly-prevailing philosophy, started about a generation ago by Professor Pierce of Harvard, as "Pragmatism," left undeveloped by him, and given to the world by Professor William James, of Harvard, not many years ago, in "Pragmatism," "The Will to Believe," "Varieties of Religious Experience," and a host of articles in technical magazines, is now, as for ten or more years since Professor James' death, propounded, explained and defended by E. C. S. Schiller, of Oxford University. It is winning its way very swiftly in all civilized nations.

Humanism denies any value whatever to the ancient and present philosophies as in any way sources of truth and demands a radically new logic in philosophy. The old philosophies are all built upon certain alleged "intuitions," "postulates," or assumed "universal truths," differing with each philosophy, all of which Humanism denies to be more than guesses and of no value as foundation for a system of "truth." They—the old systems—pretend to be results of "pure reason," human "reason" divorced entirely from other parts of human nature, and working strictly according to the old "formal logic;" as Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." Humanism says that "pure reason" is pure nonsense, human reasoning being always guided chiefly by human emotions and wills; and the "formal logic" of "pure reason" is formal nonsense, our reason never working in accordance with its "laws," but always swayed by desires, hatreds, fears, and wills.

Humanism denies that there are any universal, intuitive, or revealed "truths," humanity slowly working out all such notions in its slow evolution. "Truth is that which works"—hence "Pragmatism" as the method of the new Humanism; "Practicalism" it means; truth recognized and proved out only by testing, experimenting; as in modern science, so in every region of human thought and effort. Hence "truth" is never more than a working hypothesis to be tested by experiment, to be dropped the moment it is replaced by truer "truth." All long-cherished beliefs are to be received not as 'truths" enduring, but as human attempts to find out truth, and to be tested each in turn. Modern science must be the firmest basis we can yet find for foundation "truths," because its pragmatic method is the only sound one. It is basal only in so far as it confines its statements of "truth" to its own physical sphere; and then Metaphysics may come in to build on science foundations such probable "truths" about invisible things or beings as human desires, thinking and will-to-believe make probable enough to lead one to active faith. So that "religion is betting one's life that there is a God," and the religion of Jesus is betting one's life that God is the loving Father of Jesus, and acting as nearly as possible accordingly, just as Buddhism is betting one's life on the divine inspiration of Mohammed, Christian Science betting one's life on the divine inspiration of Mrs. Eddy, etc., etc.

In a study of Humanism for practical purposes—which every thinking person should make—one may read first Professor Schiller's "Humanism." One should give a first rapid reading, not trying to work it all out critically, to understand everything, but just to get the run and feel of it; for Schiller is a lineal successor to William James in his incomparable lucidity, freedom from technical terms (to an extent unknown by other philosophers), and engaging and illuminating humor, and his drift and argument can mostly be thus appreciated by the unaccustomed lay reader. HE HAS WON OXFORD, the ancient stronghold of the old philosophies and formal logic, so that William James had a great hearing there and its rigidity of centuries is now breaking up to let in this new light—upon which indeed the whole world, excepting professional philosophers, has heretofore moved—of Humanism.

Schiller's latest book is "Studies In Humanism," being replies to critics of "Humanism," and might be taken next.

His earliest book, published anonymously years ago, "Riddles of the Sphinx," is two-thirds a refutation of the older philosophies by their own impossible inconsistencies and errors and differences, and one-third the outline of Humanism.

His "Axioms As Postulates" is a single article in Henry Sturt's "Personal Idealism," and shows the foolishness of building on any other assumed "truth" but that of modern science.

His "Formal Logic" riddles the old formal logic of "Pure Reason," and shows the way to the real human laws and ways of thought.

The books are expensive—now $3.25 each—but will have to be in libraries of the future until they may be replaced by better later expositions by disciples of Humanism. Dr. John Dewey is a thorough-going Humanist, but his writings are too technical for any but specialists who read up to the hour in technical philosophical writings.

The final chapter of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" is confessedly built on the basis of Pragmatism, as is, of course, also the whole of Mr. Wells' "God, The Invisible King"; but it must be remembered in reading those pages that Mr. Wells is a new disciple, an amateur, a tyro in philosophy, and the real significance of Humanism must not be judged from his writings.

Are Socialists Anarchists?

(Continued from Page 23)

cause the United States needs them. We opposed preparedness because we believed that it was un-American and opposed to the dictum of that unquestionable patriot—George Washington—who, in his famous Farewell Address, solemnly warned the American people never to become involved in the diplomatic entanglements of European countries.

All of the candidates for president and vice-president of the Socialist party have been thorough Americans. Gene Debs, born in Indiana; Job Harriman, born in Indiana; Ben Hanford, Allan L. Benson, who traces his parentage to the "May flower"—these men, while internationalists and social revolutionists, are at heart thorough Americans, and have every national interest of America at heart.

The absurd charges of anarchism hurled at Socialists who opposed the war have no foundation in fact. Most of them have been the result of the insanity of patriotism to which most of our critics are now subject .

Patriotism most often, as somebody has aptly said, is the negation of the results of mental processes. It is the result of the instinct of herd-union—an inheritance of all gregarious animals. There is a natural craving for the expression of this instinct. And war provides an opportunity for men to flock together for a drink of this nectar of emotional patriotism. Men are then perfectly willing to be dead, provided they may be dead in a pile.

There are a few of us who believe that the grave national and international problems that press upon us for solution can be solved only by an unadulterated application of reason and commonsense. We have a deep distrust of the instinct of patriotism as a means of arriving at logical conclusions, and I do not believe that such a procedure proves that we are anarchists.

Do you?

Co-operation the World Over

Notes About the Chief Co-operatives Gleaned from Many Sources

The Strength of British Co-operation

The co-operative societies of Great Britain distribute nearly $1,000,000,000 worth of commodities to their members annually. The "profit," or more properly speaking, the savings to their members amount to $100,000,000 a year. Of this amount $65,000,000 are returned in cash to the members in the form of "dividends." The British Wholesale society supplies 1200 societies. It owns its own steamships. It has thirteen great warehouses. It gave $100,000 toward the construction of the Manchester Ship canal along which are its great flour mills. It is the largest purchaser of Canadian wheat. Its eight flour mills are the largest in Great Britain. These mills turn out 35 tons of flour every hour for the people who own the mills.—James Peter Warbasse

* * *

Co-operation—The Ideal

Who is so blind that he cannot see the establishment of "a state within a state", as Lord Rosebery has defined consumer's co-operation, a state without boundaries except the limits of the earth itself, without trade wars, without industrial autocracy, without hunger or poverty?

—E. Ralph Cheyney.

* * *

The California Fruit Exchange

Up to within a few years ago, fruit-marketing conditions in the state of California were wretched and the income of the fruit-grower an exceedingly precarious one. "Trimmed" by the questionable tactics of Eastern dealers, and driven to desperation by the dropping of selling prices to the lowest possible limits, a group of eighty growers assembled in January, 1901, in the city of Sacramento, and organized the "California Fresh Fruit Exchange." In 1907, a reorganization was affected and the name "California Fruit Exchange" was adopted.

The California Fruit Exchange is an organization controlled, operated and owned exclusively by friut growers. At the present time it is marketing for 1800 fruit growers. of California about 3000 carloads of fruit per year. By eliminating the wastes of competitive marketing, the highest possible net returns have been secured for the growers. The Traffic department of the Exchange has collected from transportation and refrigerating companies over $350,000 damages for its members. The Exchange also acts as a purchasing agent for the growers, buying at the lowest possible cost practically everything a grower needs to grow fruit.

So successful and so powerful has the Exchange become that it now considers the whole of America its selling field, and is extending its marketing facilities to Cuba and South America.

—GEORGE H. CUTTERN, President.

* * *

"I look upon co-operators as the salt of the working men."—Charles Kingsley.

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

* * *

Kalamazoo Co-operative Society

Our organization was started early in the Spring by a few people who have given the matter much thought and study for several years, and after acquainting themselves thoroughly with the plans which proved most successful in England. It seemed a psychological time for starting such an enterprise when all the necessities of life were steadily advancing.

Subscription cards were circulated calling for payment only when 300 shares had been subscribed (at $10 per share) and 200 members secured, the desire being to secure a membership large and loyal enough to support the store from the start by their purchases, so that we should not depend very largely upon transient trade.

A store was secured centrally located in the up-town district and a progressive manager hired who was experienced in the retail grocery business. The store was opened for business on April 16th, and for the balance of the month did a business of a little less than $2000. The total business for the first quarter or ten weeks (not counting the first two weeks in April) was in excess of $17,000, the June sales alone being more than $9000, and the stock of goods being turned over about five times in that period of ten weeks.

Our present membership is something over 300 and we are adding about seven to ten new ones each week, practically all of the soliciting being done in the store. We are doing a business of about $2000 a week.

Our plan of selling at the regular market prices, and then returning dividends on the purchases, is adopted from the English rules which have proven wonderfully successful in that and other European countries, and which rules we have followed very closely in formulating our organization. We pay 5 percent on our share capital or stock, which is 2 percent better than the local banks are paying.

Our dividends for the first quarter were 5 percent on purchases to members, and 2½ percent to non-members. We expect this will be considerably increased the second quarter ending September 30th.

Other co-operative stores are being organized in neighboring cities, and we believe our organization is founded upon such sound principles, with a working plan so complete that we shall become a nucleous around which will gather many successful organizations, whose growth will develop wholesale possibilities, as well as manufacturing and farming enterprises and distribution systems that will lift many of the burdens carried with so much difficulty by those who live by their labor.

Thanking you for the opportunity to have expression through your publication, and with very kind regards, I am, sincerely yours,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Manager.

* * *

Co-operatives Save Russia from Anarchy

The co-operative movement which has played the role of a decisive factor in the latest crisis wil be felt as the most powerful constructive force in all the further developments of the Russian revolution. This is force in al the further developments of the Russian revolution. This is the only social movement which reaches almost every Russian village and represents the real spirit of the country. Not long ago the Russian co-operative movement celebrated its fifty years anniversary, and it was calculated that at that moment there were over 35,000 co-operative organizations in Russia, with a membership of almost 12,000,000.

Co-operation is most prevalent among the peasants and every member of a co-operative organization represents a whole family.

We cannot but accept the estimate offered by the present Secretary of Supplies, Mr. Prokopovitch, who is a recognized authority on the Russian co-operative movement, that the total actual membership of the Russian co-operative organizations approaches 60,000,000. Modern armies, which are numerically much smaller than the above figure, are often, and quite justly, spoken of as an "armed people." What shall we say then about the army of the Russian co-operative movement, which numbers in its ranks about one-third of the great country's total population!

The recent Russian elections resulted in practically complete victory for the liberal Socialist element, with the elimination of radicals of both reactionary and revolutionary tendencies. One phenomenon of the election, however, was the selection of a vast number of officials wtihout any party affiliation and their influence will be great in shaping affairs in the new republic.—Seattle "Union Record."

BOOKS and READING

By D. Bobspa

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF SOCIALISM

By Robert Addison Dague

I. Thou shalt not own for profit the crude or raw materials provided by Nature such as lands, water, fuel, minerals, air, sunlight, electricity, and other public necessities and utilities, which all the people must use to live. These should be owned by the people collectively.

II. Six days shalt thou labor at some useful occupation, with head or hands, and receive the full value of thy toil; and thou shalt not steal from others the rewards of their labor by means of speculation, monopoly, stock-watering, interest, rent, or profits.

III. Thou shalt not worship PROFITS as thy God (because profits is the getting of values from others without rendering an equivalent therefor). Thy God shall be Infinite Intelligence, whose attributes are justice, wisdom and love.

IV. Thou shalt keep seven days of each week holy by dealing justly with thy fellowmen and doing unto all others as thou wouldst that they should do unto thee.

V. Thou shalt honor thy father and mother, also all men and women and shall provide pensions for all whose age exceeds sixty years, sufficient for their support the remaining years of their life.

VI. Thou shalt provide maternity homes for all prospective mothers. . . . . .

VII. Thou shalt not require children to work in shops, mines, or mills, or other industries, but shall send them to school, where they may be educated free of expense to themselves.

VIII. Thou shalt promote and maintain the equal social, political, and religious rights and privileges of men and women alike.

IX. Thou shalt have unrestricted liberty to enjoy such religion as thy conscience approves (if it is not detrimental to the public welfare) and thou shalt defend the right of all others to the same privilege; and thou shalt at all times defend the people's right to freedom of speech, free assemblage, a free press, free public schools, and religious liberty.

X. Thou shalt by thy ballot and by all other legal means at thy command, do all thou canst do to abolish the competitive system of industrialism, under which, for profit, men compete, contend, cheat, fight, rob, and kill . . . . .

THIS GOOD COMRADE DAGUE

The above commandments are a part of the newest book from that grand old fighter for Socialism and Spiritualism, R. A. Dague. Comrade Dague, for ten years hopelessly bed-ridden, shut-in, is as optimistic and enthusiastic at seventy-seven as he was forty years ago, when he began a national career as a Spiritualist writer.

These Ten Commandments of Socialism are from his vital book, "The Twentieth Century Bible." Get it, comrades. It is published by The Progressive Thinker Publishing House, 106 Loomis Street, Chicago, Ill. The price is 75 cents, postpaid. The little book can be carried in the pocket, and it will pay all comrades to have it close at hand to study often.

There have been many bibles, none of them final or infallible. Dr. Dague, scholar, lawyer, writer, lawmaker, editor, and comrade, standing at the apex of a long, active and useful career, has felt the fires of inspiration in writing this Twentieth Century Bible. It is one of the truly significant books of the age.

Senator Dague is one of the rarest comrades of our times, like Debs and Phifer, a forerunner of he better day. For the past few years I have been trying to bring before the Socialist, labor and radical forces the spiritual message of the new era of Humanism. This is the work these men have been doing. Comrades will do well to examine the stirring appeals of Eugene V. Debs in this light; to get in touch with the work of Lincoln Phifer in his magazine, "The New World"; and by all means to study, to own and cherish, R. A. Dague's Twentieth Century Bible.

Comrade Dague writes me that his religion is Socialism; that Spiritualism is a science. Many of the world's clearest thinkers have felt and freely expressed this idea—Lincoln, Wallace, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Greeley, William Lloyd Garrison, and hundreds upon hundreds more of their type. His Twentieth Century Bible gives the ten commandments of Spiritualism; contains the modern beatitudes of the twin forces of Socialism and Spiritualism.

There is a lofty, inspired tone to the chapters of this volume; a beauty and simplicity of language; and the sincerity of a noble soul. The writer has produced his masterpiece here. It is distinctly a book for ALL people. None but would profit by its study. The simple faith—knowledge based upon scientific demonstration, the result of a life of service for humanity; the cumulative knowledge of a figure cast in heroic mold is here condensed into inspired paragraphs of a message devotional, practical and prophetic.

MAGAZINE TALK

"The Dead Line" for January begins the second lap of its career with a bang-up style that is most satisfying to the newspaper profession and the writing fraternity in general. But it is worth while for general circulation as an educative journal. If you want an intimate view of the men who write your papers, magazines and books—views penned by themselves—you can get it nowhere outside ot "The Dead Line."

De Lysle Ferree Cass is big chief of the enterprise and without him we who write would be without this friendly organ. Cass is 100 percent there. There with both feet, willing to live an ideal and with the grit and brains to make good at it. I have been asked to accept a place on the advisory board of this magazine. Glad to accept, for a man like Cass and a magazine like "The Dead Line" is worthy of any man's most earnest support. It is a magazine deluxe. But it's on solid earth. (189 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.)

* * *

Two suppressed essays of David Hume, to be found only in a small edition of 1773, are reprinted in the December number of "The Open Court." Dr. Paul Carus, editor, secured a book from the Yale University Library to copy these long-suppressed essays on "Suicide" and "On the Immortality of the Soul." Another interesting contribution along similar lines is General Von Moltke's dissertation, "Consoling Thoughts on Earthly Existence and Confidence in an Eternal Life." The religious views of this stern old German officer are somewhat of a surprise. Taken with Hume's essay, we have the opposing sides of an important topic, as viewed by the past generation. The same issue of "The Open Court" contains an illustrated article on the rubber industry, showing the gathering of the rubber from the trees; also a valuable paper, "Speculation in Science and Philosophy," by John Wright Buckham. The magazine sells at ten cents a copy.

* * *

"The Little Review" for December lies on my desk. I have read all of it. It "isn't always so bad as it sometimes is" and the absence of pictures is a welcome relief. Even my benighed brain is able to extract some pleasure from some of the selections, but, as low in the scale of intelligence to me. But I'll not knock any more. I like to read the magazine, for there is more than enough stimulation in it to pay for it. Some original as it may brand me, I have yet to see anything in Ezra Pound that appeals musical criticisms by Margaret Anderson, contributions from Ezra Pound, May Sinclair, Wyndham Lewis, Louis Gilmore, Hart Crane and Israel Solon; and some translations from the Chinese poet, Po Chu I, are included inside the brilliant covers. I have no quarrel with those who like the esoteric in modern art.

MORE "KIDBOOKS"

Bob has had me read his "Kidbooks" this week; has listened to them from his mother; called upon his auntie to read them, and still demands a rehearing of the case. These two little books are really splendid stories for children—"Nixie Bunny in Faraway Lands" and "The Teenie Weenies."

In "Nixie Bunny" many interesting facts are learned of foreign peoples and other lands. The Bunny gentleman and his following of rabbits catch and hold the attention of the child. As supplementary readers in school or for individual children in the home, the "Nixie Bunny" series are among the best to be found. They are written by Joseph C. Sindelar.

A close second in interest is William Donahey's "The Teenie Weenies." Seventy color pictures and a few verses help to make the doings of the wee bit folks of interest. The Teenies do what most children do.

Both these books sell for 45 cents each. They are clean, wholesome, educational and entertaining material. (Beckley-Cardy Co., 312 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.)

Moonlight

(Continued from Page 13)

had an open honesty, and his kindness permitted no satire. His humor and spontaneity were always bubbling up and sparking in grey-blue eyes that had a clean, young look. His voice was free and firm, of the out-doors, with a freshness untouched by cynicism; a happy voice always—and sometimes so tender! His whole face was good to look upon. There was not a line in it to tell of an unclean deed or thought. His skin had a glow that proclaimed regular habits, and his hair was crisp and virile, and yet boyishly soft. And he was tall, broad, well-knit, powerful—his tenderness being the more tender because it came from strength.

But looking it all over dispassionately, she saw that her father was right. Joe was as good as far as he went—only he didn't go far enough. At school, she had learned to require more depth in a man. Yet, no one else she had met could supply the thrill that Joe's presence had always given. No one else by his absence could give her that sense of emptiness, nor could the approach of anybody else send the blood to her creeks, the gladness through her veins. Must she admit to herself, that what she had considered "love" two years before, was only physical attraction? She shuddered. The thought was disgusting. Such an emotion was henceforth to be ruled out of her life—so she had decreed after she had understood the matter from her reading.

And yet, as she stood there in the wonder of the evening, in her was surging the world-old call of love. Was it physical love? Or the esthetic love of the nature-world about her? She could not know. She looked about her again at the dewey beauty of a night, glorified by the rising moon. The same moon that had given her the same feeling two years before! In the magic of that moon, she could surrender as gladly as she had surrendered, in those days before she had gained the knowledge that left her knowing as little as she had before.

The sweetness of those days came rushing back to her. How much meant the old pasture gate with its overhanging elms? How often she had met him there in the summer evenings on a Sunday, when he came down from his home a mile away! Sometimes he would be walking—sometimes riding. She liked the riding best. It was romantic to hear the clope, clope of horses' hoofs, pounding at a dead run for a long way up the road. She could tell just when he would slow down, dismount, come over to the gate. She would always be hiding behind the tree, and he would always pretend to wait for her, as though he did not know she was there!

But the dearest secret had been the letters, in the crack of the old weathered gate post. Every evening he would leave a note there, and every morning, gathering fresh flowers for the house she would pass, get it, and hide a letter there for him. No matter how hard he worked all day, how late at night he had to come, she never failed to find a message. How faithful he had been then! Was he now? And did he think of her—of her "love that would never die?"

The moon swam out of a cloud, and the golden light gave more reality to the scene. The hedges opposite, along the road, shimmered in silver, and the gray fence posts glowed until they were lost in the distance. The breeze stirred uneasily in the elms. It had been just like this the last night they were together here—the night before her father told her the story. They had talked of her leaving for college next year, and even the thought of losing him then had filled her with a strange foreboding. She lived over that scene again, and she clung to the old gate, just as she had clung to him that night. She seemed to feel again the tender strength of his arms—the warmth of his cheek. "Joe—Joe" she murmured again and again.

A sound in the distance roused her. She smiled at her own foolishness at a sudden fancy, but she permitted her fingers to stray down the crack of the old post. She felt something stiff. She started, hastily withdrawing her hand. Then, feeling again, her incredulous fingers produceed to view in the moonlight—an envelope.

She burned, and her heart pounded away—it seemed as loud as horses' hoofs in the distance. She paused, listening, her fingers crushing the paper nervously.

It was the sound of hoofs!

Nearer and nearer it came. She slipped behind the trunk of the old elm. Nearer, faster—as fast as Joe used to come. She almost expected the rider to slow up, just behind the curve in the road as Joe had. He was slowing up. Again she felt her pulses pounding. She shrank back further in terror, as she heard the horse fall into a trot, then walk, then stop in front of the gate. Someone was getting off.

Cold fear held her breath. At night—out of call of the house! Footsteps approached the gate and stopped. She heard a fumbling.

A suppressed voice muttered, "Fool! Someone might find that."

A moment of silence. Then the voice: "Gone!" The expression was one of dismayed surprise, repeated blankly, almost a question.

She heard the gate creak. The chain was being unfastened. A man's figure came inside and leaned over the post She could see the outlines in the moonlight.

Her heart had quite stopped now. The man stood still with bowed head. At last he said in scarcely audible tones:

"Jim, you don't know you're here to night, but you are."

Suddenly he wheeled around, for a cry had escaped the girl. She came out of the shadow and stood before him. He head whirled, and the words he heard seemed unreal:

"Joe! Joe! You didn't know I was here tonight, but I am."

For a moment they stood, trying to believe their senses. For a moment the moon seemed to shine more brightly on their faces, lighting them beyond doubt. The shadows of the leaves wavered uncertainly.

And the light faded, as the shadows of the figures blended into each other.

—o—

To Our Readers

WHAT FEATURES IN THE WESTERN COMRADE AND IN THE LLANO COLONIST DO YOU LIKE TO READ BEST?

What one thing in each of the Llano Publications appeals to you most? Which do you first wish to read when you pick up the magazine or the newspaper? Is it fiction? Is it the articles on some phase of the Socialist movement? Is it the contributions of general and non-Socialist interest? Is it the monthly article describing the activities of the Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony? Is it the notes on co-operation, the reviews of books, or Comrade Harriman's editorials?

Write at once. Tell us the three kinds of matter which you like most in the WESTERN COMRADE, in the order of what you consider their importance.

While we have, we believe, a fair idea of what our readers like, we wish to proceed upon more definite and accurate information.

Let us hear from you as soon as possible.

—THE LLANO PUBLICATIONS.

—o—

A Possible Exception

Teacher.—"Now children, if you want to learn anything well you must begin at the bottom.

Boy (at the foot of class)—"How about swimming, teacher?"

Towards Autocracy

Consider these quotations:

"There are men in all countries who get their living by war and by keeping up the quarrels of nations, is as shocking as it is true; but when those who are concerned in the government of a country make it their study to sow discord and cultivate prejudices between nations, it becomes the more unpardonable.

"There are thousands who live by war; it is their harvest, and the clamor which these people keep up in the newspapers and conversation passes unsuspiciously for the voice of the people, and it is not until the mischief is done that the deception is discovered."

The above statements are not culled from current Socialist literature. The were written more than a century ago by the man who was the first to urge American independence, who was later banished from England for his defence of the Rights of Man, and who was then elected a member of the French Convention in recognition of his services to humanity—Thomas Paine. His wide experience in international affairs invests his utterances on such a matter with authority.

Though written upwards of a hundred years ago, Paine's observations apply with even greater force today. The hope had been nurtured that the present war would produce so strong a feeling of revulsion among the people's of Europe and America that in the future they would utterly reject everything that made for war. But instead, here in America military schemes so reactionary that three years ago no man in public life could afford frankly to espouse them, are being gravely discussed by our great newspapers and pompous statesmen as the future law of the land.

We already have war-time conscription. We now have the prospective introduction into Congress of a bill designed to establish a comprehensive system of compulsory military service. In a land that we are credibly informed was "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the propostion that all men are credited equal," we are in danger of being stampeded ito adopting a system that would make liberty a distant hope, and would transform the semblance of democracy that we enjoy into something more than a semblance of oligarchy.

The creation of tremendous armies perpetually training to destroy each other! The pyschological effect of such a condition in engendering national antagonisms would be difficult to over-estimate.

Conscription is the friend of princes, not people's. It is the natural enemy of liberty. Its songs are the songs of hate. It plays into the hands of the forces of reaction. Its end is not peace, but war.

Fervently praying for peace, we feverishly work for war.

It is like longing for a sight of the pastures of peace, yet insisting on boarding a train that is bound for the city of strife.

—ALEC W. WATKINS

* * *

Some Hat—At That

With a wild sweep the wind torearound a sudden corner and removed the hat rrom the head of a respectable and nera-sighted citizen who chanced to be passing.

Peering wildly round, the man thouhgt he saw his hat in a yard, behind a high fence. Hastily climbing over, he started to chase it, but each time he thaught he had caught it, it got yet another move on.

Then a woman's angry voice broke on his ears.

"What are you doing there?" she demanded shrilly.

He explained mildly that he was only trying to retrieve his hat. Whereupon the woman said, in wonder:

"Your hat? Well, I don't know where it is, but that's our little black hen your'e chasing."—"Woman's Journal."

Freedom of Speech

(Continued from page 10)

their blood ran? Is it no permanent harm that tens of thousand of people have bent to coercion and so lost a part of that pride in their own strength which is essential to good citizenship? Is it no harm that the temporary differences between a great leader and some of the most liberal elements in the country has already been made permanent? And finally, in the conduct of the war itself, is it no harm that the man who cries for the extermination of every German strengthens the morale of the Kaiser's armies with each word; while those who could most readily convince the Germans that not all the United States is fighting for territorial or industrial conquest because they would not have warred at all are treated as criminals, both by our government and our people?

* * *

Co-operation promotes independence, prevents pauperism and helps people to rise above the demoralizing influence of charitable gifts. Its constant aim is to give hopefulness to workingmen, lessen the inequalities that exist, and to diffuse more evenly and more humanely the luxuries and wealth of he world.—British-Canadian Co-operative Society.

The Painted Pigeon

(Continued from Page 25)

ones began to assert themselves. Small irritations grew to great ones; old scores were remembered; and, being armed to the teeth it was easy to guess the answer. And, sure enough, trouble broke out in all directions. Red war was ablaze all over the world in less than two weeks. The sight was sublime. The English at the time had a greater fleet of Dreadnaughts than the Germans and utterly annihilated the latter, and the great fleet of Zeppelins was torn to pieces in a storm while trying to invade the British Isles.

The Agragarians of Mexico took advantage of the withdrawal of foreign money from military despotism and easily won back their lands, which they were about to divide, when some planted Mexicans on the border raided an American town, and of course, the government had to send troops into that country to show the rebels their places.

By the end of December every country in the world was prostrate from exhaustion except Great Britain and America, while America put all her eggs into a new type called the Fearnit class. It was exactly opposite to the British Dreadnaughts. Though quite as large, it had thousands of small guns of tremendous energy. Everything vital to the ship was submerged—even the guns being worked from below. The superstructure was built of pines, like their military masts. Thus they could run close to the cumbersome big vessels and pour in a fire as from a thousand hoses—at the same time present a skeleton battle front to the enemy. They claimed that even though the big guns should strike them, the projectile would pass right through, and at its worst, carry away only twenty or thirty small guns.

These fleets did not meet until January tenth. The battle was fought off the New Atlantic and lasted two days. The din and roar was awful. Ship after ship on both sides sank with all on board. The end of the first day found the Union Jack floating over the island—now cool enough to land on.

However, the victory was temporary, for the next morning the Americans, in a splendid exhibition of seamanship and marksmanship, managed to send the last of the British vessels to its doom.

At the end of the battle only one American ship remained afloat, and it immediately raised the Stars and Strips over the conquered island.

No sooner had the small boat returned from its patriotic labor and the news flashed to America than the great ship began to settle—and almost before they knew what was happening the huge creature pitched forward and with one tremendous plunk sank to the bottom of the sea.

This battle was the closing scene of the war. America was acknowledged the victor in the greatest war of all time, and though the sacrifice had been great the prize was worth it.

A new Peace Conference was called at The Hague to negotiate a treaty. It was a very different gathering than the one held only six short months ago. Bent and broken in spirit, the delegates filed up to the Speaker's desk and signed the covenant for their respective countries that gave to America the prize. They knew now that the Great Republic was supreme and would arrogantly dominate the trade of the world.

But as the last name was signed to the treaty a wonderful commotion arose, for it was noticed that Carrie Pax was flapping violently against a large stained glass window of Andrew Carnegie. In his excitement an Irish member hurled a book right through the Tiffany features of the great Peace Maker, and Carrie staggered into the hallowed temple.

Bewildered and weak, she flapped aimlessly about, trying to find a mural painting with a hole in it. Finally she flopped fainting onto the Speaker's desk. Her features were burned and one leg was broken. Occasionally she would raise her head as though to speak.

A great silence fell over the august gathering. No one dared to move.

At last, with a supreme effort, Carrie raised herself up on one leg, and clearing her throat, began:

"Father," she gasped, "something has gone wrong. When I left here I was full of your wonderful message. I started out to deliver it, but I seemed to be speaking out of turn, for I found few who cared to listen.

"And then came the great struggle for that fool island—it was awful, though even I, a sentimental woman, could understand the importance of it; but now that it's all over I've hurried back to you with a sad tale—the island has disappeared again!"

"Gone!" shrieked the American delegate. "My God! Carrie, what do you mean?"

But Carrie had begun to giggle hysterically and she found it difficult to go on.

However, between laughs she managed to tell them that when she was hurrying back to the conference and was about half way across the Atlantic she heard a terrible noise below her. Looking down she saw Atlantis disappearing again into the Atlantic.

"As I passed over the spot," she said, "where once the proud flag of America floated from the top of the battle-scarred mountain, I saw rising to the surface, bubbles some red, some white, and some blue. I'd never seen any bubbles before—oh, they were beautiful! But when I began to think about that island I began to laugh, and say, I thought I'd die before I got here. I could'nt hold my sides and fly, too. To think——"

But she went off into peals of laughter she couldn't control.

Finally, she just rolled over and died.

Did they bury her?

They did not. They just put her back in the pictures, on the tombstones, and on the letterheads of the Peace societies.

Louisiana-ing un-de Luxe

(Continued from Page 17)

crew had supper we decided to go out a short distance and camp for the night, and get an early start for El Paso.

Leaving Deming with its lights, music and gaiety after nine o'clock, we crossed the bridge which was guarded by soldiers. We were stopped. When they saw our banners they volunteered the information that a similar car passed a few minutes ahead of us, which left word that El Paso was the next objective point, nearly one hundred miles ahead. We had already traveled 150 miles, but we felt fresh and strong. After a consultation we decided to go on. We then started over unknown roads, with very poor lights. Our lights were execrable. It was impossible to distinguish anything fifty feet ahead. Ten miles from Deming, Enoc decided to go to the left. We refused to follow, and bore to the right. We could see his light zigzagging back and forth as we gained the track and began paralleling it.

In a few minutes we overtook a broken down car and was about to pass when we thought we recognized Abe's red cap in the faint glare of the headlight. We halted and found they had attempted to fix a tire until they were exhausted. We gave them a tire. Soon they were ready and we decided to travel all night, if necessary, to reach El Paso.

A light to the left glaring steadily proved to be Enoc's car which raced toward us and crossed the track a half mile ahead.. We quickly overtook him and told him our intention. With approving yells from Suhre and the Van Nulands, we set out pell-mell on one of the wildest and most eerie rides of the trip.

Shadows and shapes of things crossed the road. Bushes suddenly appeared right in front of us and then disappeared. Occasionally yuccas leaned toward us as if to bar our progress, then suddenly swung back and let us pass. Imaginary animals ran into the road and openings appeared only to disappear when we were on them.

On we went, up grades, down gulches, over ruts and around bends. The shadows still bothered and caused us to slow down for imaginary horses and steers. Winding down a perfect road at 2 a.m., we crossed the Rio Grande on a steel bridge, and then began picking our way through tall rushes, jet darkness everywhere. We could hear the water rushing but could not see—the black road only intensified the impenetrable gloom. At 2:30 we arrived at a place we thought was the suburbs of El Paso. It proved to be Las Cruces, New Mexico. We fumbled a bit in getting out of Las Cruces, which got us all in a disagreeable state of mind. Each wanted to take a different road. At last we got on the Borderland highway which leads to El Paso.

The road seemed to rush, as a wall, toward us. It seemed upgrade, yet the road was perfectly level. Trees on the side loomed large and menacing; sentinels crossed and recrossed; fantastical bands of sheep got in the way; droves of cattle barred progress, and continually came and went. The road appeared to be ever turning to the right just beyond the range of the fitful light. Places so narrow it seemed impossible to wedge through, opened up when we got there and the same wide roads stretched on. The lights were getting lower and dimmer. Wavering from side to side, Babb would suddenly waken, straighten up, mutter something, then relapse into silence and sleep again.

At last he confessed he couldn't stay awake and I got over in his place. The car speeded up. Almost immediately we were in total darkness, the engine died, and the silence of the night settled down and the mist dropped dismally from the damp trees. Jess whizzed past and disappeared in the inky blackness. We were left alone, miserable, tired, nerves frayed and irritable, and ready to fight our nearest and dearest.

After several sullen attempts to start, we abandoned the effort. Babb and I curled up in the blankets and immediately fell asleep. Bruel and Kenney refused, and walked the highway till daylight, expressing unmentionable things in the meantime.

At daybreak we again attempted to start the engine, but it was eleven o'clock before we succeeded in making it run on two cylinders. Thus we got to El Paso at 3 p. m., breakfastless, dinnerless, and quite exhausted.

We stayed two days in El Paso, enjoying the southern sights, and left late on Monday afternoon, leaving Enoc and Monahan behind. We camped that night at Fabens, twenty-nine miles east.

We passed through the pretty and up-to-date Abilene and after many experiences of one sort and another, arrived at Fort Worth, the great soldier city of the southwest. Thousands of soldiers could be seen. After getting a comprehensive view of the place, we started for Dallas, thirty-five miles beyond. We stayed overnight at Dallas. Enoc and Jess were ahead, Monahan behind.

In the morning we left for Shreveport, La., 215 miles eastward. In the afternoon we overtook Jess who had broken down. We ate supper together, and decided to leave him and travel as far as the good roads lasted. The roads got better, the weather pleasant. We traveled on through the night and at midnight decided to reach Shreveport. The ride was delightful, as fine roads run through the great forests.

Leaving Shreveport next morning, we got directions to Stables, from our good friend the Ford man, and setting out on the Jefferson highway, began the last part of the journey.

Magnificent pine forests appeared and we understood why Louisiana is famous for her lumber industry.

Imagine our delight when we met Job Harriman and George Deutsch, some forty miles from the colony, on their way to Shreveport!

The way was through forests and over dim trails. But we managed it safely, and arrived at the colony after dark on December 4th, and were cordially and vociferously greeted by the big crowd on the hotel porch.

Thus ended our epoch-making and ever-to-be-remembered trip of 2305 miles from Llano, California, to Stables, Louisiana.

..CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

WANTED.—BOOKS for the Colony Library; Fiction, Scientific Books, Books for Children, etc., Address: Editor, Western Comrade, Stables, La.

Pierre

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intact, and you can see. You are much better off than most fellows here."

"I am Pierre!" he explained. But the doors closed in his face.

Pierre felt the tragedy of being a man, for formerly he was a god, though a hideous, a mocked god. He was hungry, and he begged for work, but there were even now too many workers, and Pierre's hands, old and soft, could do nothing of value. Pierre grew thin and aged, and he could no longer drag his leg. He sat at the cross-roads, his hand outstretched, and whined. Nobody paid attention to him. Some murmured, "the lazy one!" others, "the shamless one, to beg of poor people."

And Pierre stretched out his hand less and less, and whined more and more feebly. And one day he lay down, at full length, and he seemed to have grown much taller, and much straighter, and he died of starvation and loneliness. He was buried among the heroes of the war, for they had forgotten who he was, and the priest made a long sermon on heroism and sacrifice.

Latter Day Saint-ism

(Continued from Page 11)

relative to Christ and His mission and led away from the truth, will have an opportunity in the world to come of accepting Christ as their Lord and King and becoming members of His church by approving the proxy work done by friends and relatives who are living, whose "hearts have been turned to their father's," etc. (Malachi, Chapter 4, verses 5:6). This is in line with 1 Peter, 4:6, "For this cause was the Gospel preached also to them that are dead that they might be **judged according to men in the flesh** but live according to God in the spirit."

Latter Day Saints believe "in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this continent, that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory." To the end that this shall be accomplished, they lend their sympathy and moral aid to the Hebrew in his endeavors to regain the promised land of Palestine; to make of themselves a nation of free men. Thus it is self-evident that "Mormonism" so-called, has not been instituted for selfish purposes wherein a few men shall exploit the whole for their own aggrandizement, but it is for the good of all men, rich and poor, bound and free, living and dead.

This, in brief, tells something of the organization, doctrines, and inner workings of the Church. Its purpose is not only to make converts to its theology, but to establish brotherhood among the sons of men. It teaches that Amercia is the land of Zion and the land of promise spoken of in the old scriptures. That the law which shall eventually govern the whole earth will go forth from America; that the Constitution was God-inspired and the spirit of that act has gone abroad in all the world, modifying, shaping, and directing the governments thereof. When the spirit of "Mormonism" is fully understood and lived, there will be no more war, no more oppression of the hireling in his wage, no more robbing the widow of her rights. Then men will find a brother and a friend in all lands and have equal rights out on the seas and "under the sun." In achieving this, Mormonism expects to play its full part, maintaining and believing that aside from the **Gospel** of the Lord Jesus Christ there can be nothing that is desirable, praiseworthy or of good report; that it circumscribes all good and eschews all evil; that in order for the innate selfishness of men to be overcome, so when clothed upon with a little brief authority he will not exercise unjust dominion over his fellows, as manifested in bewildered Russia and bleeding Europe today, there must be a deep-seated religious conviction that Jesus is the Christ and that men must serve him if true peace and brotherhood obtains. It is this conviction in the past that has made martyrs of men for freedom's cause and that will weld nations into one homogeneous whole, thus ushering in the Messianic dispensation, a Theocratic Government, with Christ as King and the people sovereign.

Was Schmidt Guilty?

(Continued from Page 29)

Brice for the first time at Mrs. Lovin's house. That Brice came there with Mrs. Ingersoll and the doctor. That he did not telephone Brice. before that day. That he was never at the Argonaut hotel. That he was never in the office of the Giant Powder company. That he did not hire the boats "Pastmie" nor "Peerless." That he did not buy the letters. That he did not visit the Miramar cafe. That he did not go to the Giant Powder works. That he did not land at any of the wharfs with the "Peerless." That he did not place the powder in the O'Brian cottage. That he did not write the name Bryson, nor the advertisements. That he did not blow up the Times building, nor have any connection, directly or indirectly, with the explosion.

He denied every charge that they laid at his door. He took the stand like the man that he is. He made a statement without equivocation. Why did they not entangle him? They knew he was armed with the truth, and that his statement could not be successfully assailed.

They submitted the case, and we submit the case to you, with every confidence that you will acquit.

Does Co-operation Pay?

(Continued from Page 26)

...nt custom and that means real success.

The co-operative store is more scientific and businesslike than a private store because of the difference between their ...ms. But there are other factors which make for the ...omic superiority of the co-operative store over the non-co-operative. Two of these, perhaps, shine predominant over ...them. One of the factors is summed up in the phrase, "the consumers become their own shopkeepers." In most co-operative stores, members do some of the work. In some co-operative stores members do most of the work. In almost all ...ring clubs, members do all of the work. And in almost all co-operative stores, members usually, at least, carry their own purchases home. How much money this saves the poor can readily be appreciated—and, as "Mr. Dooley" sagely remarks, "Th'n iv th' sthrangest things about life is that th' poor who need th' money th' most, ar-re th' very wans that ...ve it."

Another factor in making the co-operative store the most ...ful sort of store is that the co-operative store system ...rgely combines the advantages of small and large scale retail ...tribution. The co-operative store system is not concerned ...keeping its unit of distribution "smaller," as Fay puts ..., "than the density of its area of membership allows." Consequently, it is in much the same position as the department store. Holyoake states that a co-operative store of modern ...ditions will do the business of one hundred shops. Therefore, reckoning the relative numbers of fittings, rents, taxes, ...ghting and heating apparatuses, and advertisements needed, there will be a saving of 590 charges to the co-operative store, figured Holoake. Statistics undoubtedly demonstrate that in both Great Britain and Germany while the trade of the societies is consistently increasing, the number of stores is almost at a standstill.

"Three helping one another will do as much as six singly," runs an old Spanish saying; and there is an Indian saying that should accompany it, "For one man to do good to another is good for both; for one to do ill to another is bad for both." There is probably no truer application of these principles than to the conduct of a store. For certainly the larger the custom the larger the gain. And where this gain is returned to the members, the more members there are the more does each individual member receive. It is indeed a case of "the more the merrier." Holyoake once made an examination into the relative status throughout a year of 100 co-operators and 300 purchasers at private dealers. He found that out of the 300, 150 were not the penny the richer at the end of the year because of their purchases, and 150 were actually in debt; while the 100, averaging a weekly expenditure of $5.00, had had $2500 returned to them in dividends. Does co-operation pay?

"In the world's history," Professor Marshall, the great English economist, said at the Ipswich congress, "there has been one waste product so much more important that all the others that it has a right to be called THE waste product. It is the higher ability of the working classes, the latent and undeveloped, the choked-up and wasted faculties for higher work, that for lack of opportunity have come to nothing." Professor Marshall continued that co-operation was the greatest, if not the only, eliminator of this waste product. If he is right, this and this alone would make co-operation amply pay.

Another consideration in favor of consumers' co-operation is that it leads to that love of excellence in work and purity in food which conduces to taste and health that result in economy.

George Bernard Shaw speaks of "the stupid levity with which we tolerate poverty as if it were either wholesome tonic for lazy people or else a virtue to be embraced as St. Francis embraced it." He points out that poverty means ignorance, disease, dirt, slums, "scabs," prostitution, and hell on earth, and that all these are highly contagious. He suggests that "every adult with less than £365 a year shall be painlessly but inexorably killed, and every hungry half-naked child forcibly fattened and clothed. Would not that," he asks, "be an enormous improvement on our existing system, which has already destroyed so many civilizations, and is visibly destroying ours in the same way?"

We cannot help answering this question with a sad, but definite "Yes!" But we know a better way of doing away with poverty. Perhaps the final answer to the question, "Does consumers' co-operation pay?" lies in the fact that co-operation will go far toward abolishing poverty altogether.

The final argument for the co-operative movement is that it is the least bloody and expensive and the most peaceful and efficient of revolutions.

Do You Want to Sell Your Property?

HAVE YOU A HOUSE TO SELL ?
Have you City Lots ?

Have you Farm Lands, unimproved or improved that you wish to dispose of ?

LIST THEM WITH OUR LAND BUREAU. Perhaps we can secure you a buyer, or a trade!

Do you wish to make an investment? Have you some money you would like to put out where it would be safe?

Perhaps we can direct you to some comrade who wants assistance and who can give you perfect security?

The Llano Land Bureau is established because of the many requests that have come asking about selling land, soliciting advice regarding land, investments, etc.

This Bureau will be maintained primarily for the benefit of those expecting to become members of the Colony, but it will also offer its services to any who wish to make use of it.

No commissions will be charged those who expect to take out memberships in the Colony; the Land Bureau will be purely a matter of service to them; a small fee may be asked, covering actual expenses of listing, advertising, and handling.

Those who have property are invited to communicate with this department.

Llano Land Bureau

of the

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY OF NEVADA

Stables, Louisiana