Vol. 2, No. 6-7 October-November, 1914 Ten cents

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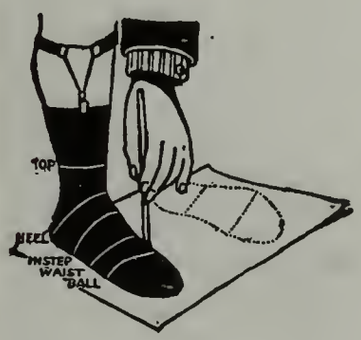

Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

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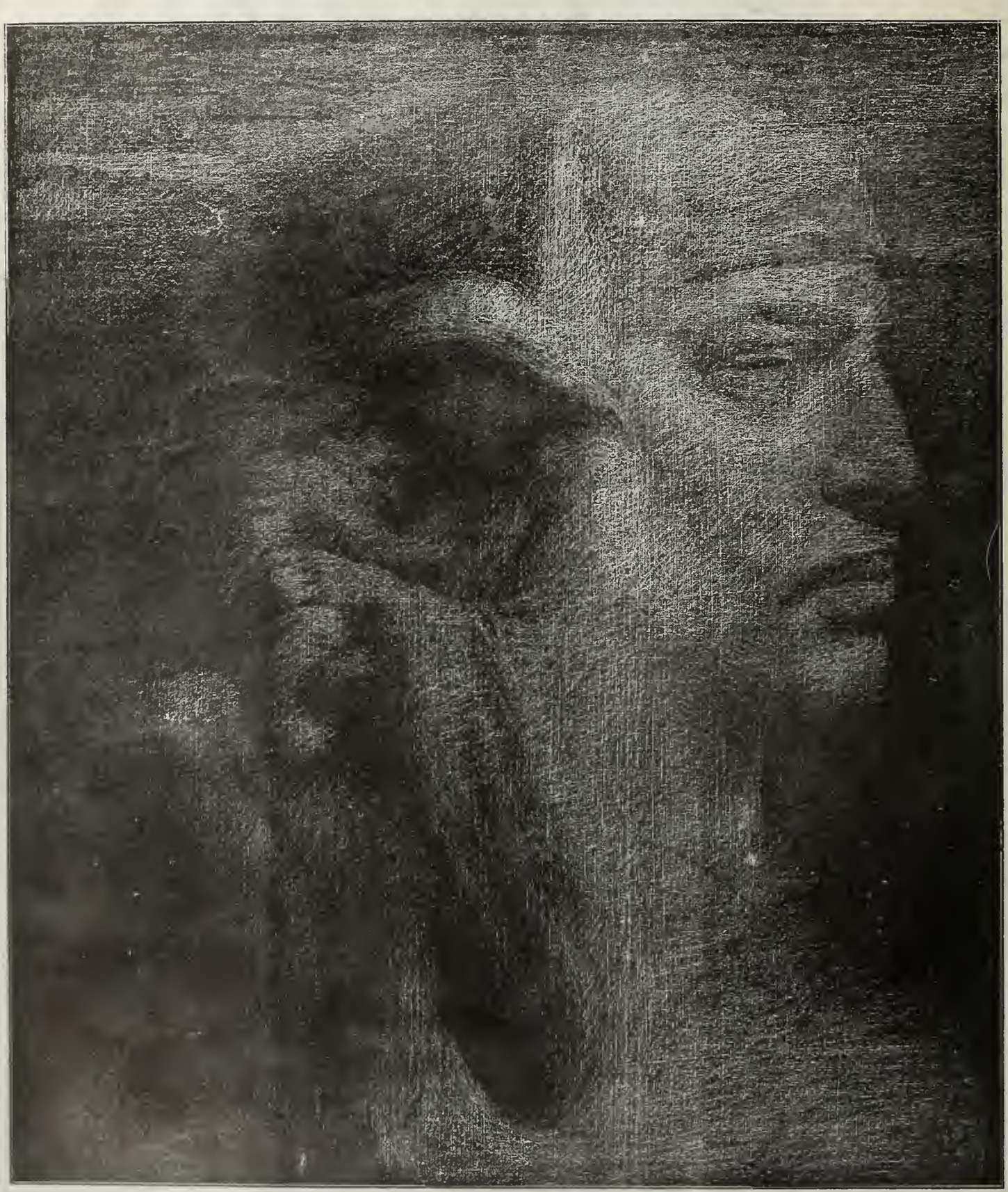

The Eternal Mystery —*The Masses*

THE WESTERN COMRADE

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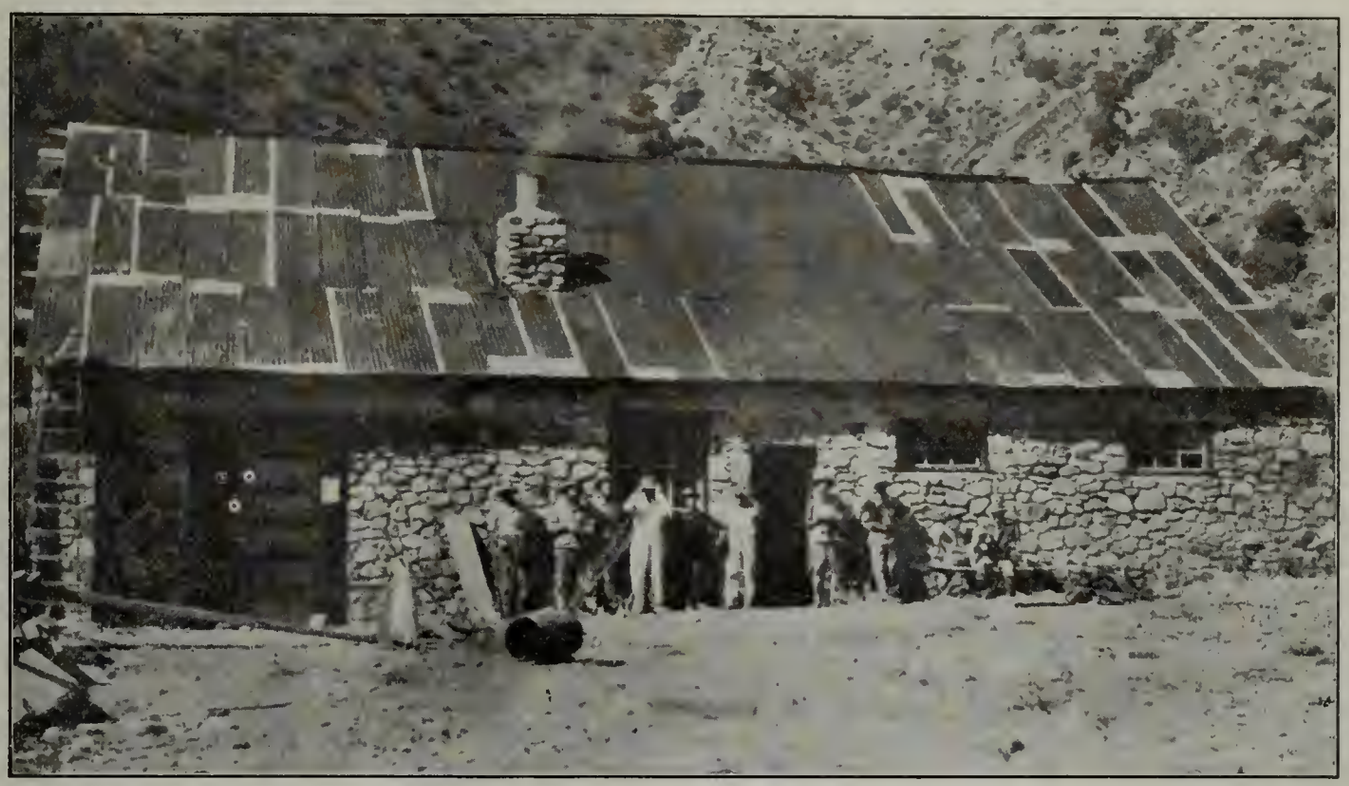
Political Action | Co-operation | Direct Action

VOL. II | LOS ANGELES, CAL., NOVEMBER 1, 1914 | NUMBER 6-7



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War and Empire

WHAT will be the outcome of the war?

This question is heard everywhere and many of the replies are as varied as they are vapid.

Those having no knowledge of the causes of the war can give no sensible reply to the question as to the possible outcome.

A few weeks ago the British were supremely confident. When the Prussian army ceased its pressure on Paris and the backward movement began this confidence grew to positive conviction that the power of German arms was waning.

Then the Kaiser's army swung about, held the allies in a firm grip in a battle line hundreds of miles long while he hurled his mighty forces on Belgium's capital.

The menace of Russia on the eastern frontier was dispelled by a series of sharp defeats which the Germans administered in Poland and when Przemysl was relieved and the Slavs thrown back through the Carpathian passes.

The British plan and program contemplates stripping Germany of all her colonial possessions; destruction of the German fleet; seizure of the German ships of commerce, and the conquest of Germany's foreign trade.

Frenchmen cherish the dream of a restoration of Alsace-Loraine; the destruction of Prussian military power; the rehabilitation of Belgium and a war indemnity of such magnitude that the Kaiser's people will never again arise as a fighting power.

Little Belgium hopes to be restored and to receive a great indemnity as a reward for heroic service rendered to France and England.

Holland hopes vainly for neutrality and peace, but the fate that awaits her is only slightly less terrible than that of Belgium.

Italy's position cannot long be maintained. Only the solidarity and vigor of the Socialists have thus far prevented that country plunging into the vortex and hurling a fleet across the Adriatic at the hated Austrians.

Servia and Austria-Hungary can scarcely hope for integrity of boundaries no matter how the tide of battle turns.

Portugal and Spain will be drawn in and both will meet the fate of Belgium and Holland.

* * * * * *

This brings us to the position of Germany: If the Kaiser tomorrow were to find himself at war with the whole world his position would scarcely be changed.

There is no reason to doubt that, since the war began, Germany's prearranged plans have not been carried out to the letter. German strategists carefully figured the losses, discounted plans and made allowances for all and more reverses than have come to their arms.

That the German fleet would be securely interned at Keil and Heligoland was known months before the outbreak. England's navy has inflicted no loss of importance on the German fleet. The Kaiser's great navy remains intact and in superb condition.

No foreign foe remains on German soil. The loss of a hundred thousand fighting men has not impaired Germany's strength. As for food supply the Kaiser's forces need not know want as long as the Vaterland is not invaded and invasion does not seem probable.

The alliance between Russia and England is unnatural and there is a profound feeling of distrust between Slav and Briton.

In striking at Germany the Czar has his eyes on the southern outlet to Asia, even as the Kaiser declared war on Russia and seized France by the throat.

As to the outcome the German ambition, pretentious as it is, may yet be realized.

In his dream of empire the Teuton sees Great Britain shorn of her colonies, her great fleet destroyed and England reduced to a place about as important as that occupied by Norway. He sees Holland, Belgium and Sweden annexed to the German Empire. He sees the Northern Coast of France a part of German territory. He sees the foreign possessions of his enemies beneath the German eagles. He sees the force of Teuton arms spread to every continent and he believes it will all be for the good of mankind.

Under the German plan Canada probably will be given her freedom, the Czar will be held off until the proper hour and a ready understanding will be made. The Slav will have his way in the south and that means farewell to Roumania, Bosnia, Herzigovinia, Servia, Bulgaria, Montenegro and possibly Greece and all of Turkey, and India will be given over to Russian rule—and Russian exploitation.

In the meantime Germany has a battle line that stretches from the Netherlands on the north to the mountain passes of the Vosges on the south, and from Russian Poland to the Carpathian passes in southern Austria.

Where the Germans take the offensive they will not be denied. On the defensive they are virtually immovable and are dislodged only after inflicting terrible loss. Their movements of retrogression are marvels of orderliness and system.

Nowhere is the Kaiser seriously threatened. Everywhere his soldiery press steadily on. Paris is certain to fall.

France has brought Algerians, England the murderous Hindus, and Japan makes a futile foray on the German possessions in China.

Colonials rally to the British banner and from all the seas pour troop ships to provide "kanonenfutter" for the War Lord's howitzers—and the stolid Teuton presses irresistibly forward.

A corporal's squad of Uhlans ride through Luxembourg and the little domain is off the map forever.

* * * * * *

Let the reader who imagines this is a pro-German article disabuse his mind. It is not pro anything.

It is a calm analysis of events, and of motives back of the war; an attempt at contemporaneous history as it unfolds from day to day.

Bismark said Europe must some day be all Slav or all Teuton.

Russia is impregnable, invulnerable and unconquerable.

Germany may conquer all Europe but may not successfully invade Russia.

Now to venture a few predictions.

This war will not end all war.

Slav and Teuton will divide Europe and the two powers will remain for probably a century developing and growing. Russia through (what is now) Turkey to the south and Germany with her vast new possessions will be long occupied with their multitudinous problems.

That these governments will be greatly liberalized, that conditoins for the workers will be vastly improved no one can doubt.

Czar and Kaiser may pass away. Liberal institutions will be sure to follow. Great republics or the United States of Europe may be established.

America cannot starve the war.

The best that can be done here will be to hold to a policy of strict neutrality, keep out of Mexico and adopt a war referendum measure to guard against the inevitable hour when we shall again have a madman in the presidential chair.

* * * * * *

We shudder over the morning scareheads and say the war is awful. It IS awful, but there is a peace that is more horrible and hundreds of thousands of workers would far better die on the field of battle in the sunshine, breathing the free air, than to perish miserably in the stifling mines or have their bones ground in the maw of steel.

The war will go on despite peace pleas and prayers to whatever gods may be. It was inevitable and it is inexorable.

We may declare the war perverse and wrong-minded; we may declare it senseless and say that it is based on ambition of kings, but this war has its roots in something far deeper than even personal lust of power or thirst for conquest.

True, there were a thousand quarrels that seem to us senseless. The eternal conflict over racial differences and languages in the Balkans was a constant menace to peace. There were scores of minor causes and all helped at the hour of the call to colors.

Americans will do well to take an impartial, impassioned view of the war and study its causes. Let us not grow hysterical, tearful or prayerful.

European nations are bloodied. The first hot rush is over. Prolonged sieges will follow. Steadily powers will be worn down toward exhaustion. Peace conferences and extensions of good offices will be in vain and will be illy received.

We may not now assess the blame—if blame there be—for the war. For fifty years the world rode to war and now professes surprise to find itself in the midst of a conflict.

For the present we have the opportunity to occupy the position of spectators. We should get an intelligent understanding of what is going forward.

Later we may not be able to take such a detached and abstract view.—F. E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

The Real Cause of It

AT LAST the real cause of the war has been found. According to an editorial in the Lokal Anzeiger of Berlin, the English ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, on July 30th last, got peeved and fired his cook. War was declared five days later.

It sounds almost plausible as war usually results when causes arise for the dismissal of the family cook. Of course in this case the cook will have her portrait hung in the great hall of fame. Her name probably will adorn cigar boxes as other heroes and heroines of the past.

However, it is doubtful if the flesh and blood that once surrounded bleached bones of the million slaughtered ever heard of Sir Edward's family squabbles or knew he had ever had a cook.—F. H. W.

Comment on Current Events

SINCE the days the nimble dollar dope was first sprung on us there has been nothing funnier than the buy-a-bale-of-cotton bunco game.

Socialist writers always take these stunts too seriously. Frequently one hears a muttered "damn" about the frugal Friday flap-doodle or the prosperity poppycock. Don't let them get your ibex with that stuff. It's only for bourgeoise consumption.

As for the buy-a-bale blather—it's merely a game for the gullible guy who falls for any thimble-rig that is offered.

There are about 15,000,000 bales in the crop. It's worth from $40 to $50 a bale.

If you buy a bale you won't get any cotton. You will get a warehouse certificate. If it goes up you may win $10. If it goes down—well, you will be one of the myriad suckers who fell for the bait and you're stung.—F. E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

HAD Friedrich Nietzsche been alive a few weeks ago he would have thought his dream of conquest had come true. He would have seen the war he predicted and would have prayed for, had he acknowledged a god—(Why not Jehova, the Jews' god of war?) He would have seen the German cannon reaping its red harvest at the gates of Paris; seen the fall of Antwerp; seen half the world at war and the black eagle sweeping irresistibly onward.

Nietzsche said: "Man shall be trained for war and woman for the recreation of the warrior: all else is folly . . ."

Again he wrote: "A philosophy like mine is like a grave—it takes one from the living."

Has Germany followed Nietzsche through? Certainly this philosophy is of the grave! It will take millions from the living.

And Cui bono?

What good purpose will the murder serve?

Will it bring a Berlin commune? The European commune?—F. E. W.

WHAT has become of those intrepid French aviators who were going to sweep the sky clear of all invaders? There seems to have been a lot of bunk about the battles in the air. Where are the aerial navies grappling in the blue?

The Germans seem to have it all their own way. They usually select a bright, beautiful Sunday morning to make a trip over some city and drop a few bombs. Thus far the damage has been slight. True, they have succeeded in blowing up a hospital where German wounded were being cared for by Belgian nurses. They also tore a non-combatant's head from his body and dismembered a little girl. In addition they killed several cows that were grazing in a field. People who were "worshiping" in churches were nearly frightened to death and in many instances ceased praying for sucessful murder of their enemies and rushed into the streets praying for their own safety.

Possibly these Sunday aerial forays are a part of the censorship of prayer—to keep French supplication from ascending to the throne of Jehovah!

* * * * * * *

Even as the Germans early recognized the necessity of breeding more kanonenfutter (cannon fodder) so have the British followed quickly. Marriage license taxes are removed and ceremonies are to be performed free for recruits, sailors and soldiers who are going to the front.

Blessed institution! Surely such marriages are made in heaven!

Legalize the breedings. Never mind the new crop of bride-widows. Never mind these unborn orphans. Send on your cannon fodder. That's the main thing.

♣ ♣ ♣

There is just one solution to our economic problems—the seizure by the people of all the sources of life. Put this proposition to the capitalist and he shouts "Confiscation!"

He is wrong—it is RESTORATION!

EXPERT investigators of the Interstate Commerce Commission, who are delving into the Rock Island Railway books, have made a startling discovery.

They say that the difference between the original capital and the amount of securities finally issued by the manipulators is about $200,000,000. These men declare that five-sixths of the stock issued was water and that there were many false entries on the books which were designed to boost the market value of the stock.

There is something amusing in the naive manner in which the news is given out.

Do these investigators not know that almost every railroad in the United States is in a condition similar to the Rock Island?

Must there be other New Haven crashes before people realize that every railroad system is waterlogged and that under private ownership all are bound to come to the crash that has wrecked those that have gone under?

There is a growing understanding of the universal insolvency of the banks but the public is slow to grasp the actual conditions in the "great industries" of the country.—F. E. W.

♣ ♣ ♣

ENGLAND is shocked and pained by the disloyalty and uprising in South Africa.

And rightly.

Were not the Boers, those who survived the shrapnel, well treated by the British after the conquest?

Was not the strike of several months ago put down with sufficient violence to please the most critical employer?

Has not a royal commission made a belated report to the effect that the strike was justified? This should sooth the orphans of the slain workers and bring surcease to the widows.

Everybody should be content and rally to the flag! The South African proletariat should have joined the other colonials in their onward surge to Berlin singing the Tipperary marching song.

SECRETARY BRYAN is rejoicing over the twenty-six peace treaties that have been signed by the United States with that many foreign powers. He is confident Germany, Russia and Austria will sign the treaty.

At the first blush one is inclined to join in the enthusiasm but the thought of what has happened to all peace treaties, neutrality guarantees and inalienable rights of European countries during the past five months brings a chill of doubt as to the value of such documents.

No great amount of reliance can be placed on treaties signed by emperors who have over-ridden all treaties and all agreements.

Safety guaranteed by treaties is like inalienable rights guaranteed by constitutions. The guarantee is worthless when a greater power proceeds to abrogate it. Peace will be guaranteed when all the weapons of murder are loaded on the ships of murder and the whole sunk to the bottom of the deepest sea.

* * * * * *

President Wilson says peace talk at this hour is silly and premature. This may indicate he believes the warring powers are so deafened by the crash of resounding arms that they will not hear the appeals of non-combatants. Or, possibly, he expects more and more of the European countries to plunge into the vortex and that all will fight to a point of exhaustion.

The "Starve the War" slogan does not seem to have penetrated the dim and musty depths of the White House sanctum.

* * * * * *

Here we are with state capitalism knocking at the door! Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo announces that warehouse receipts for cotton, turpentine and resin will now be accepted as a basis for currency issues. Soon the State will be handling the warehouse receipts direct, then the warehouses.

When will labor be able to get an issue of currency on the potentiality of its productiveness?

Anyone deny the press associations are poisoning the war news?

What Did You—In the Great War?

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

THE War—what does it mean to you? Does it mean merely a daily newspaper debauch of hashed reports and superficial criticisms? Or does it, perchance, mean a revival in your breast of slumbering racial feeling, and are you secretly or openly preening yourself on the fact that you are an American,—or by birth or extraction a Britisher, a Frenchman, a Belgian, a German, a Slav? Or are you thumping yourself on the chest, boldly announcing yourself a "citizen of the world,"—far removed from all annoying pseudo-patriotic feeling, a Socialist, calmly surveying your ignorant fellow mortals from the height of a toweringly superior mental excellence, and dismissing from your mind a certain vague uneasiness as of a duty shirked, and evading all responsibility in this Calvary of the Nations, with the pert dictum, "only a damned capitalist's war."

Beware! Oh, beware that you do not stifle the supreme good of this World Agony in any of these petty swaddling clothes of ancient tradition and ignorance **or of narrow modern dogma and half-truth!** Search your libraries—and your souls, I say, and be not afraid to step naked of prejudice and unbiased opinion into the New Era that is dawning. Seek to know, and knowing, be prepared to offer your life, if need be, in defence of the truth that is yours. BUT BE VERY SURE THAT IT IS THE TRUTH.

Such as this is not found without labor; but while millions of men—men every whit as intelligent as you, as valuable to society as you—are offering up their lives on the battlefields of Europe, shall you spare yourselves the labor of understanding the veritable why and wherefore of their sacrifice?

Not if you be worth the name of Socialist! You shall not rest, night or day, till you have made yourselves master of this grim unmasking of social forces, and thus have won for yourselves not the opportunity of indulging in a pert dictum, but the right to deliver a profound judgment—a judgment worthy of thinking men and women,—a judgment by which you may stand with assurance in the searching days to come when men shall ask of you: "What did YOU—in the Great War?"

There are some round dozen of books without the thorough knowledge of which no man, however gifted, can pretend to give even a provisional judgment upon the questions involved in this struggle. Needless to say the first and foremost of these is "Das Kapital" of Karl Marx, or at least the first volume. Hard work? May be; but at least have the valor to sweat over its splendid logic and life-giving reasoning with the same persistency as your brothers showed in their struggle back and forth through the crimson mud of the Marne. "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," every Socialist is supposed to have mastered. If you have not done so, get to work. And having ground these basic works into the very fabric of your mind, you will have come at a thorough understanding of the theory of economic determinism—which sets forth that a nation's development is determined by the prevailing mode of production. Here lies one third—**and one third only**—of the mighty truth we are seeking. Next to these in order of study comes Buckle's "History of Civilization," without exception the greatest work of the human mind. Here you will find set forth with wonderful charm, and with a range of learning unexampled in the history of literature the thesis that the determining factor in a nation's evolution is the amount of its **exact knowledge**—and herein lies the other two-thirds of the truth of social evolution. And now to combine these two vast conceptions into one harmonious whole, you should master the works of Marx's greatest successor—the "Dynamic Sociology" and the "Psychic Factors in Civilization" of Lester F. Ward.

But there is no stopping here! This is a long campaign and you must sweat through many a trench of ignorance yet! Is this war, not merely a conflict of economic forces, not merely a conflict of clashing intellectual developments, but a grapple to the death between antagonistic ethical conceptions—the profoundest forces of the human soul? Is this a war between Nietzsche and Christ?—between the Religion of Valor and that more ancient Religion of Love, which has become a cant of hypocrisy and weakness. You cannot answer this question till you have mastered the history of the rise and development of Christianity on the one hand, and of modern German philosophy on the other. For the study of the former there is but a single work which can be regarded as authoritative and complete—the remarkable researches of Stinson Jarvis embodied in the "Jarvis Letters." This work, which I understand is about to be produced serially in the magazine called "Dawn"* is comparable, in its revolutionary bearing upon the entire range of human thought, only to the epoch-making work of Charles Darwin in biology; and as such, undoubtedly, it will be regarded by the next generation, if not by this. In its pages you will come face to face

*Published in Santa Barbara by Sydney Greenbie and PrinceHopkins.

with fact and proof—not with fine-spun theories or gratuitous guess work. You will learn of the great Druid priesthood which ruled the world from the fastnesses of England six thousand years before the supposed birth of Christ—and whose influence is potent yet, a priesthood which curbed the savage by the most cunning deception—nay, rather by the most superb intellectual excellence, a priesthood which wrote not only the Vedas, the Old Testament, the Homeric ballads and most of the classics, but which wrote the New Testament itself, and manufacturing Christianity as deliberately as a carpenter makes a chair, floated it forth upon the world to do its work of ameliorating the passions of men by the sentiment of pity; a priesthood which established its missions from Java to Wales and from Mexico to Babylon, which made religion and language contemporaneously, and whose decadent relics still slumber in the Vatican—all that is left to attest the once vast reign of the Mitre.

This you must read, and wrestle with, and then you will understand the purely adventitious nature, not merely of Christianity, but of those fundamental ethical conceptions which are supposed to be common to all religions and all times. Then at last you will be able to turn with an unbiased mind to the study of Christianity's antithesis—Nietzscheism—the Religion of Force and Valor—the cult of the Superman. And without understanding this you cannot understand modern Germany, nor her ideals, nor her wonderful unity in the present conflict. To the German, you will then see, this war is not merely a war for markets, nor for territorial expansion—and it is both—but also a veritable "Holy War" against the hypocrisy and decadence of an outworn Christianity, which has rotted the soul of man and spread its fungus blight of fear and superstition over half the earth. The German may be wrong in his conception. But only when you yourself have read the works of Nietzsche—read them, freed from prejudice and with a will to understand his thought—and also the remarkable application of his philosophy to the current problems of Germany by his disciple Treitschke, will you be able intelligently to judge of the measure of righteousness in the Germanic conception of the "Armed Nation, the Superman and the World-State."

There is one more trench to be taken—the Philosophy of War as set forth in the two most original and profound documents the American genius has yet produced. I refer to the "Valor of Ignorance" and the "Day of the Saxon" by General Homer Lea—youthful cripple, hunchback, general, genius—and consulting strategist to five great powers. Here the iron doctrine of Necessity is set forth with unpitying clarity; here we see laid down for the first time in the history of human thought the principles of national development and decay—as determined by the Sword. Without a thorough mastery of these works the student still will be hampered in his thought by a sentimental prejudice against war; he still will be forever declaring its "needlessness" or talking foolishly of "arbitration" and the "Parliament of Man." Homer Lea with his unflinching facing of facts, with his pitiless logic and unerring analysis once for all destroys the "Peace-Dove" theory of social development, at least as far as the present epoch of ignorance and apathy is concerned; and he gives to the layman a conception of the fundamental laws governing the rise and fall of States from the point of view of the Statesman-Soldier.

There are two more works, of a lighter nature, but almost equally important, which must be mastered before the battle to understand the War is won: "Germany and the Next War," by General Bernhardi—of the German Staff, and "Germany and England," by Professor Cramb, an English scholar deeply versed in German culture. These two books sum up for the student the immediate and specific issues of the conflict in a very thorough and illuminating manner, and will be invaluable in aiding him to make special application of the principles gained in the fundamental works to the present European situation.

That mind—and only that mind—which with the most careful thought and deliberation has mastered—not Swallowed—these works, will be in a position to view the present struggle intelligently, and to take part, as thinker and interpreter, in the present gigantic Armageddon of conflicting social forces. This is a day of vast sacrifices, of superhuman efforts, of deeds that lift men in the doing of them into the stature of giants.

Comrades of America awake to the heroic nature of the Hour, emulate your brothers in Europe—but on another battlefield, make vast sacrifices, superhuman efforts—not to slay, but to know; in sedulous study lift yourselves into the stature of Thinkers and men who Know, and Know that they Know. Then when the day shall come when men shall ask "What did YOU—in the Great War?" you shall be able to reply, "I did not fight in the Great War, I did better, **I labored to understand it.**"

Everywhere the murderous boy scout movement is having a revival. It is evident that the powder trust is alive to its opportunity to get more victims. Tens of thousands of mothers who sit in desolate homes in Europe today were assured the boy scouts were purely a peaceful institution. Children are being murdered and are being made murderers every hour. This is the hour for enlightenment. Peace meetings will be of no avail. Anti-war and anti-military action is what we need.

After the War, What?

HAT effect will the war in Europe have on the Socialist movement of the world? Any attempt at an answer will be purely speculative but everyone has a right to a theory.

In order to arrive at any point where a conclusion can be made as to the hopes of the Socialists one must get the ideas of those who have had the best opportunity to study the situation.

Probably no writer in America has a clearer view than Allan Benson, who writes in the New York Call, under the title: "Let the War Go On!"

I hate war, but I do not hate it so much as I do some kinds of peace.

I regretted to see this war come on, but now that it has come, I want to see it go on until its cause shall have been wiped out of existence.

What is its cause? Comrades may say that capitalism was its cause. Quite so. But that is not sufficiently definite. It is no more nearly definite than it would be to say that the atmosphere is the cause of the aeroplane. Without the atmosphere the aeroplane would not have existed. Without capitalism, the present European war would not have been begun. The present European war is the result of capitalism, plus the predatory and military spirit of Germany as typified by its Emperor.

Germany won an easy victory from France forty-four years ago. From that day to this she has been drunk with confidence and ambition. * * *

Why not stop the war then. We may omit consideration of the fact that it would be precisely as nearly possible to try to stop an eruption of a volcano after it had begun to spout. We should not try to stop the war because the spirit that has caused this war is a menace to civilization. Civilization will not be safe until that spirit is crushed. If it were not to be crushed now, it would cause another war. Until the war came the world would be compelled to arm against it. No nation would be safe over night. The suddenness with which Germany precipitated the present war shows the dangerous character of such a spirit.

Comrades may recall the fact that in this great war as in all others, workingmen are doing the fighting and the dying. Comrades may even argue that German workingmen are fighting and dying only because of their ignorance. Comrades may explain that if the German workingmen knew wherein their interests really lay they would not fight and that therefore it is inhuman to kill them off.

I don't care who puts a bayonet to my throat, whether he is a capitalist, a workingman or even a Socialist workingman—if I can get to him first I will kill him. The fact that he is misguided will not save him. The fact that he is ignorant will not save him. Not even the fact that he is working against his own interests will save him if I can put a bullet into his skull before he puts a bayonet into my throat. And, if I have any means by which I can take the fighting spirit out of that man so he will let me live in peace in future —I'll use them.

The Daily Citizen, organ of the British labor movement, says:

The moment Russia moves toward war the Russian people move toward revolution. And not the Russian people only, but also nationalities like Finland and Poland, upon whom Russia has trampled with clumsy and heavy foot. * * *

Nor is the position of the Kaiser much happier than that of the Czar. Kaiserdom is on its last legs in Germany, even as Czardom is in Russia; the steady advance of democracy will put an end to both. The German workers are peace-loving and do not want war; least of all do they desire to be dragged at the tail of the Hapsburgs.

H. G. Wells emphasizes the position of the thinking people of England will not tolerate an attack on the German people or on Germany.

It will be a sin to dismember Germnay or to allow any German-speaking and German-feeling territory to fall under a foreign yoke.

Let us English make sure of ourselves in that matter. There may be restoration of alien territory to the French, the Polish. the Danish and the Italian; but we have seen enough of racial subjugation now to be sure that we will tolerate no more of it. From the Rhine to East Prussia, and from the Baltic to the southern limits of German-speaking Austria, the Germans are one people. Let us begin with a resolution to permit no new bitterness of conquered territories to come into existence to disturb the future peace of Europe.

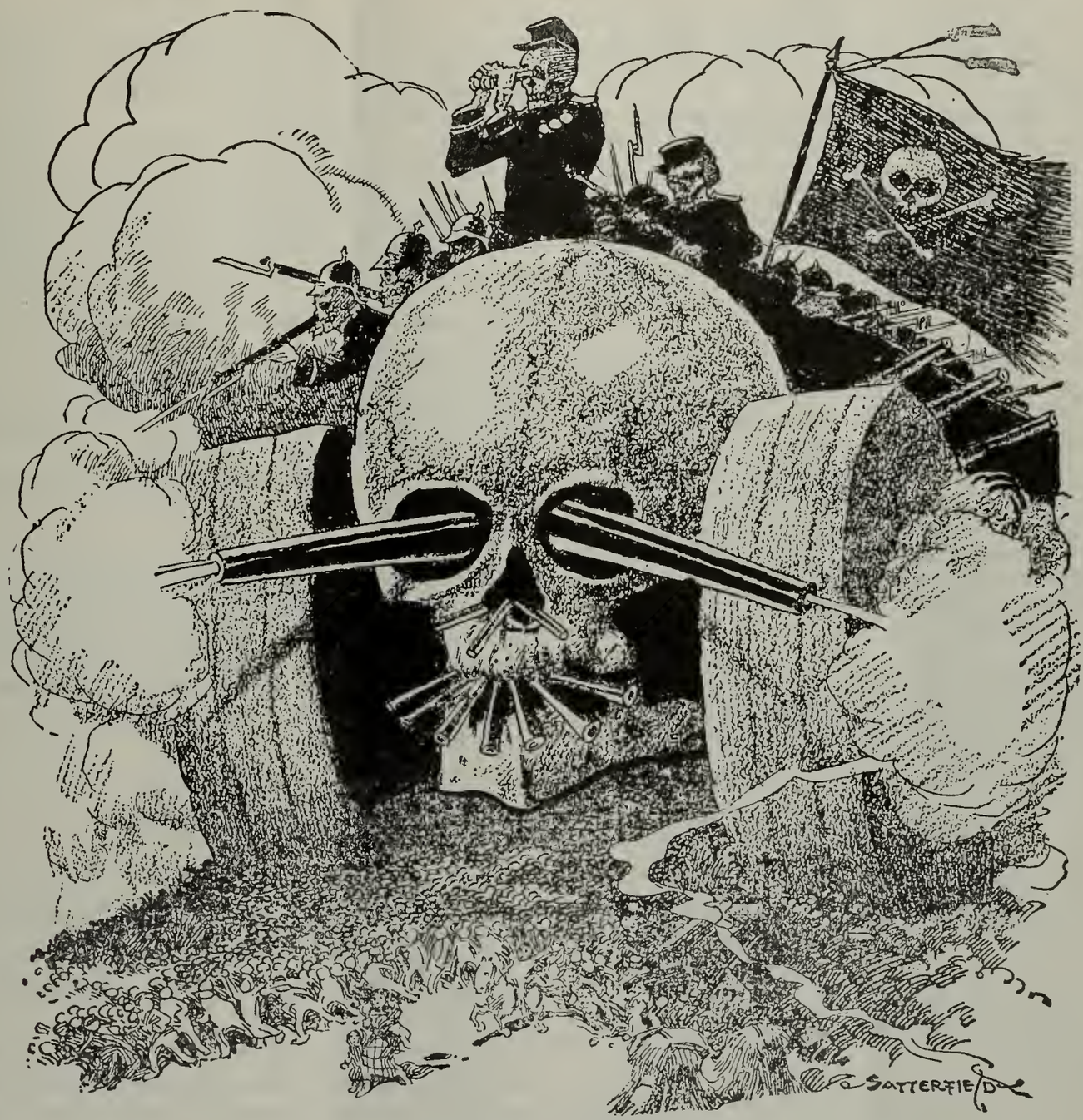
Let us see to it that, at the ultimate settlement, Germans, however great this overthrow may be, are all left free men.

In an article printed in American newspapers Wells says:

The defeat of Germany may open the way to disarmament and peace throughout the earth. To those who love peace there can be no other hope in the present conflict than her defeat, the utter discrediting of the German legend—ending it for good and all—of blood and iron, the superstition of Krupp, flag-wagging, Teutonic Kiplingism, and all that criminal sham efficiency that centers in Berlin.

Disaster to the German Army, if it is unaccompanied by such a memorable wrong as dismemberment or intolerable indignity, will mean the restoration of the greatest people of Europe to the fellowship of the western nations. * * *

France, Italy, England, and all the smaller powers



Capitalism's---Juggernaut

of Europe are now pacific countries. Russia, after a huge war, will be too exhausted for further adventure. [This remark should be much stronger. The Russian government will be bankrupt certainly, and Czarism will probably be overthrown.] Shattered Germany will be revolutionary. Germany will be sick of the uniforms and imperialist idea as France was in 1871, as disillusioned about predominance as Bulgaria is today.

Bernard Shaw also takes the stand that the war is against the Imperialists and the Emperors. He looks with considerable apprehension on the prospect of a conquest by the Russian despot and looks hopefully toward the day when the German army, beaten and exhausted, shall become a great class conscious mass ready for the revolt.

Germany is so important a factor in the work of civilization that, even when we are at war with her, we must aim finally at the conservation of her power, to defend her Russian frontier.

This need not discourage us in the field. On the contrary, we shall punch Prussia's head all the more gloriously if we do it for honor and not for malice. Then, when we have knocked all the militarism out of

her and taught her to respect us, we can let her up again.

As to non-intervention, it is merely an insular superstition. The leaders of the modern labor movement know that labor politics is international and that, if militarism is to be struck down, a mortal blow must be aimed at Potsdam. * * *

Had our Government possessed a real modern foreign policy, Asquith might have said furiously to Prussian militarism:

"If you attempt to smash France, we two will smash you, if we can. We have had enough of the Germany of Bismarck, which all the world loathes, and we will see whether we cannot revive the Germany of Goethe and Beethoven, which has not an enemy on earth."

William English Walling in the New Review says:

If the war is to create a United States of Europe—or even if it is to result in several democratic and federal republics, then Socialists must say with Benson: "Let the War Go On!" But if the war does more than this, if it leads to real social revolutions, to the complete overthrow of the ruling aristocracies and plutocracies—even though it does not carry any country as far as Socialism—within a few years it will have amply repaid its cost in blood and treasure, no matter how staggering the cost may be.

Charles Edward Russell declares that there will be no end to wars and nothing of value grow out of this war unless the competitive system is abolished.

If then we are determined that when this whirlwind of bestiality shall have passed we shall not have another, if we wish a condition under which the structure of society shall not be blown down, human intercourse shall not be destroyed, civilization shall not be set backward, and the earth shall not be bathed in blood, the one possible way to that condition is to eliminate forever the causes of war.

Instead of business for private profits we must have Business for the Common Good. Instead of private ownership of the means of life we must have the means of life owned by the public for the public welfare. Instead of gigantic fortunes gathered at the general expense and used for individual power we must abolish poverty, and give to the poorest child in the land all the education that can now be secured by the richest.

Instead of outworn feudalism we must have the full measure of democracy for men and women.

Abolish capitalism, take away the huge, selfish, remorseless, savage power of profits and profits can no longer plunge the nations into war.

Give to the people the sole control of their own affairs and they will never lead themselves into wholesale slaughters.

All other talk of remedies, reforms, measures, exhortations, appeals, preachments, agreements, treaties, peace, conferences, gabble, talk fests, protests, peace societies, arguments and resolutions is childish prattle, one thing or the other. Abolish the sources of war or prepare to see civilization crushed and your own country with the rest reverted to the state of the cave men.

Which shall it be?

RULES FOR SLAUGHTER

WHEN German aviators flew over Paris in the night and dropped bombs which killed women and children in their beds, protests were made and the world was asked to recoil with horror because The Hague Peace Conference decided some time ago that nations should not kill women and children by this method.

The conference granted people a right (an inalienable right?) to believe they would not be murdered in their beds by men shooting from above. This belief and the "rights" were alienated by the resounding crash of the explosions. For those unschooled in the rules of war it is difficult to understand some of the usages.

It is not permissible to slaughter a mother's baby in its cradle, but it is permissible to murder the same child in the trenches when he has grown old enough to wear a boy scout's uniform!

You may not "legally" murder men with dum-dum bullets, but you may kill their wives and children with starvation, pestilence or by rapine—provided you have "legally" conquered and lawfully killed their natural guardians.

You may not lawfully poison the wells and water sources and kill people by the hundreds, but you may poison the air by the stench of rotting, unburied dead, and torture them by terror until they perish by the thousand!

You may not rightfully rob the dead on the battlefield, but you may hold an entire city as a hostage and squeeze millions out of the working class through their masters!

Finally, when you have conquered a people, you may not select the tenderest and cook them over a fire and eat them, but you may enslave them industrially and devour their lives and those of their children forever more!

Andrew Carnegie, supporter, if not father, of these beautiful and humane rules, left Skibo Castle in Scotland and returned to America, fearing some of his "inalienable rights," under his rule of wars, might be alienated by a foreign foe.

Possibly Andy can evolve some more rules to still further rob war of its terrors and add to the blessings that hallow our days.—G. E. B.

HYPNOSIS - - - By A. F. GANNON

THENS was agog. One of her pillars, a prominent financier, was toppled by the hand of a dastard. Seated at his desk in his private office in one of his large buildings, Herman Isidore Silverwahl, with a knife tucked in between two of his ribs, was found by his stenographer early one morning.

The compositors on the prints of Athens set up many a "his" when working on matter pertaining to Silverwahl, the old German-Jew money-lender and clothing manufaeturer. This, with the faet that the initials H. I. S. also made up the word, and a slight play on his middle name, led to the private (very,—he being a saered cow) eognomen among the newspaper men of "Old Hizzy."

Extras of each of the "star-eyed intelligences" that had their habitat in Athens were being hawked on the streets soon after the gruesome find of the stenographer. Under screaming heads they gave most minute details of the crime, and demanded, as one, of the deteetive department, then in bad odor with the growing phalanxes of reform, the immediate apprehension of the slayer.

In the regular issues followed verbal chromos of the deceased and his super-secret benefieenee, written by the star tear-teasers of each staff. Ponderous editorials dealt with the murder from many view-points. One rabid journal that stood for "industrial freedom" laid it at the door of the "unionites," with whom the victim had had difficluties some months before, over an attempt to organize the workers in his overall factory. It complacently concluded that as this was "a free country, men should be allowed to run their own business to suit themselves, without the aid of Socialist or anarchist agitators, who should be at onee deported."

Another champion of the "peepul" laid editorial stress upon Silverwahl's unswerving loyalty to Athens in establishing his factories there, despite the seductive offers from neighboring cities, and that "in his unseemly taking-off the working class lost a true friend."

Opining editorially, a third held that from the massive signs reading:

SILVERWAHL
OVERALL,
THAT'S ALL!
ATHENS.

which the deceased had eaused to be erected along the railroads throughout the state, Athens had received inealculable benefits in the way of advertising. It dwelt lovingly upon the Silverwahl Medal of Honor, which was presented at appropriate exercises to heroie firemen, by the gray-haired, kind-hearted financier in person each year at the Silverwahl Theatre. Starting the subseription list with $500.00, it suggested the erection of a suitable memorial in his honor, "to show the nation and the world that Athens is not lax in paying its respeets to genius and rectitude."

One paper, an eight-page evening sheet that refused to hunt with the paek and had consequently been accused of harboring every "ism" in its bosom but rationalism, while deploring the murder, though not in slobbering vehemenee as the others, insisted on baring the vietim's antecedents. From humble immigrant to ol'clo's man, to pawn-broker and money-lender it followed his career to final eminenee. Claiming that it was no seeret that the old man plied his early ealling of money-lender, and that no loan was to small or fee to large in his eyes up to the time of his death; it averred that among these necessity-driven wretches, his elients, the culprit would be found, and that in some extra hard-hearted, cold-blooded bargain lay the motive.

These conjectures were met with silent contempt by its contemporaries, in whose eolumns the erime was daily diseussed hysterically from every conceivable aspect.

With the police to the last man at work, a mass meeting for the purpose of raising funds for a memorial was ealled, the date set being the afternoon of the day following the funeral.

* * *

Silverwahl's Theatre was paeked with humanity. The Honorable Thaddeus Swinton was fervidly mopping his incarnadined and perspiring brow during the applause that came hurtling upon the heels of his announcement that the Silverwahl Memorial Fund had reaehed the handsome total of $10,000.

"It is," he said in tremulous tones, "from the bottom of my heart, heavy with a sorrow that doubtless weighs upon every member of the community, that I thank you for your generous response to the call of eivie appreeiation for a man of solid worth and simple grandeur."

In an effort to give some measure of relief to the sweltering auditors who filled the illy-ventilated theatre, the attaches had opened wide the front doors and an exit on either side of the house.

As the Honorable Thaddeus proceeded with his highly tinted eulogy of the departed, the noises from street irritated him exceedingly. At one point in his

oration the clanging of all the gongs and whistles in Athens seemed for a few instants to have centered in the lobby. In the throes of metaphoric delivery at the time, he stopped short and sarcastically informed the doorman that the audience probably considered his discourse more entertaining than the combined clanging of trolley-car and fire-engine bells. Half an hour later the Honorable Swinton gave way to the brave General Barleybeard, proprietor of the paper that stood for "Industrial freedom." His harangue consisted chiefly of innuendoes delivered at the "unionites," whose machinations, he intimated, made the blackhand look like a kindergarten at prayertime.

A church dignitary followed him, and in a masterly address that attested to the speaker's magnetic personality and native wit, brought both tears and laughter by his rather unhampered portrayal of the old German-Jew financier.

With a competent committee of five appointed and given discretionary power in the matter of deciding the form of the memorial, the meeting forally adjourned. Amid the buzz preparatory to the departure of the auditors the churchman re-arose, holding aloft in his right hand a yellow message-form. Silence quickly supervened. Visibly affected, but in a steady, sonorous voice he began:

"God, with infinite wisdom, that it were presumptuous for mortals to question or seek to fathom, has seen fit to visit upon our city a supremely sad accident. Since we have here assembled to honor the memory of a brother, many souls have passed from Athens to be adjudged of The Maker. I pray God that each be found worthy. The details of the accident shall no doubt be thrust at you by those who harbor resentment against their more prosperous fellows, interpreted in the glare of their prejudice, but I trust that your innate American broadness and Christian fortitude in time of chastening shall prevail over these agents of social disorder and demoralization."

As the vast audience, mellow from its benevolent labors, surged out into the comparatively cool summer evening air, the strident **Extry! Extry!** of a horde of newsboys eager for the harvest smote discordantly on the consciousness of many a madame with the glitter of tears unshed in her eyes.

The irony of fate was startlingly evident to those who hurriedly procured and scanned the extra of the evening paper.

75 GIRLS DEAD! MANY INJURED! HEMPSTEAD STREET FACTORY SILVERWAHL OVERALL CO.

BURNS IN TWENTY MINUTES
EXITS LOCKED

"I didn't know!" says young Silverwahl.
"Profits!" says Union Head.

Followed an account of the ghastly happening, wherein was shown gross criminal carelessness, open contempt of law and an appalling, dehumanizing pursuit of profits. Restrictive rules even in the obeying of nature's calls were shamefacedly related by many survivors.

In all the sordid, pitiful ruck of the catastrophe was one bright, tear-compelling incident. The forelady, Sadie Connors, nick-named among the driven girls, The Ogress, deliberately sacrificed her life for her trapped sisters. With all the pent up love of her suppressed existence as a slavey of Gain loosed in the instant of peril, she entered the flaming structure time after time to snatch an unconscious shape from the human huddle at the broken down exits, carry it down the rickety stairway to safety and re-enter for a similar burden. Viciously fighting off restraining hands, her short-cropped greying hair singed to a sort of blonde halo, she rushed to her death a few seconds before the flimsy fire-trap collapsed.

The real meaning of that pompous phrase "the power of the press," coined to induce in the mass a feeling of security that cool consideration is unable to inculcate, was well exemplified during the succeeding fortnight. With an unanimity and will that must have made the gouty God of Things that Are wear an unctuous smile of approbation, the dailies of Athens, save the recalcitrant sheet hereinbefore mentioned, harped upon the "accident" as being the "will of an inscrutable diety." General Barleybeard even went so far as to editorially admit that there was yet a glimmer of hope for the workers while a Sadie Connors could arise among them,—pointing out, however, in the closing paragraph that she was not of the abhorred "unionites."

Sob-sisters from the larger cities invaded Athens, and for a brief moment the name and fame of Sadie Connors assumed proper proportion and grandeur. Smugly appropriating the world's homage to an heroic worker, Athens speedily subscribed a fund for a silver tablet, engraved thereon the golden deed of the dead heroine and publicly presented it to the tearful, tottering old mother of Sadie Connors.

Sixteen days after the "accident" the facts uppermost in the average Athenian consciousness were—that, regarding a certain mint chewing gum, "the flavor lasts," and that Theodore Roosevelt on the previous day shot some sort of a thingumbub in South American wilds, and that the home team had cinched the pennant.

Speaking seriously of the Czar's habit of changing geographical names over night the Brooklyn Eagle suggests that he change the name of Europe to Abbatoir. Good idea—either that or Gehenna.

DEALING A HAND FOR DEATH

By FRANK H. WARE

A king's a king 'n a jack's a jack
'N a queen's allus a queen;
'N bullets is trumps 'n blood's th' stakes
On th' battlefield 'atween.
Th' discard's coffins draped in black,
'N losers lose 'n curse;
'N board's a play in th' game o' war,
When war is hell, 'n worse.

FOR two years had the siege of the capital been on. For two years had the battle raged and in those two short years ten million brave hearts cursed and died. The young men, the flower of the nations, long had been plucked and now lay half exposed, half buried in the reeking, rotting trenches where they fell.

Thousands of mothers smothered their grief and with calloused hearts donned the cast-off uniforms of their husbands and sons so they too could be fodder for cannon. Why they were fighting had been forgotten. Most of them had never known. And as the ranks became smaller the area of fighting dwindled and dwindled until at last the combined armies of all the warring nations centered about the great city.

Most of the heavy artillery was silent. Germany let England master the sea by abandoning her ships and using her marines and sailors with the land forces. Airships and aeroplanes were a thing of the past, as far as this war was concerned. No more mechanics were available. The cavalry was annihilated. A few machine guns, "home-made" cannon, vicious hand-made bombs (the work of women and invalids) composed the entire ordnance. The debts of each nation were appalling. Civilization trembled on the brink of the pit.

Rulers of non-combating countries made countless peace overtures only to find them ignored by the warring powers.

Kaisers, Czars, Emperors, Presidents, Kings and petty rulers of countries embroiled in war paused and shook their heads. "We started it," they said to themselves, "but we cannot stop it." Then these same rulers issued proclamation after proclamation urging "loyalty and support for their country in the grace of God!"

"In the grace of God, eh?" said one of the survivors as he read one of the proclamations. "And by the grace of all the Gods what for?" It seemed, that as he lay there on his cot, a great light dawned upon his mind and with a smile he turned to a companion in the next cot.

"Are you awake, comrade?" he asked.

"Yes," groaned the other and rolled over so he might better see the speaker.

"Did you ever know that bullets have sense?" asked the first.

"Not to my certain knowledge do I know it, although I may well say, with as much emphasis as my shattered body allows, that I tasted enough shrapnel and bullets to be transformed into a patchwork—but I don't know——"

"You understand me, although you do not admit it. By bullets having sense I hold that when you first go into battle, cheering and possessing a whole skin,

Let the War Go On!

you think of nothing but slaughter. Your eyes are wild with enthusiasm and patriotism floods your soul. Urged by your comrades you become insane and revel in the butchery. At last a bullet sears your skin, and goaded by the pain and warm blood you become a demon filled with fury. As your company charges forward you run to the front. You want to be first. You rush into the very jaws of a roaring cannon and spear a gunner. You reel and fall, your body full of cuts and bullets. When you come to you find yourself on a cot and a nurse and doctor bending over and an officer standing nearby to compliment you for your bravery."

Here he broke off and reaching out his arm touched

the dress of a nurse as she was passing. "Bring me water!" he begged. She did as he bade and he drained the cup.

"Are you listening, friend?" he asked when the nurse had departed.

"Aye, and you are telling your story quite well," came the answer in husky tones. "But," he continued, "what has that to do with bullets having sense and why——" here he broke into a terrific cough which lasted several minutes. When he had finished he was too weak to resume but signaled his companion with a slight nod and movement of the hand to continue.

"That was a pretty close call and for a moment I thought you were gone. You deserve an iron cross for rallying, but hereafter let me do the talking."

The ashen face of his friend broke into a smile and his dark brown eyes took on a faint luster. He again nodded weakly.

"I was just at that point where the bullets and sense enter. I had reached the point, I believe, where you were on the road to your senses. You receive your compliments very graciously—that is—as graciously as your war-torn conscience permits. But you have lost all your lust for blood. The bullets that struck you down have set your brain to thinking. Uppermost now, in your mind, are your chances for recovery. You view war from a different angle. You see the murderous side as it should be seen and your patriotism takes a slump as you read proclamations from your King condoling the wounded and wishing speedy recovery. What for? To give you another chance to wrestle with bullets for the love of your country and the grace of God!"

His voice had slowly and steadily raised in volume ending in quivering high-pitched tones. A nurse rushed to his cot to quiet him but he waved her back, shouting, "Don't disturb me! I have not finished yet!"

His face was flushed and scarlet. Back of his feverish and pained expression was a look of bitterness mingled with hate. He had debated over and over again with himself that day the folly of war. He had only let go of his surplus energy when the nurse bore down upon him. She tried to calm him but he would not listen.

"Disturbing my comrades, eh!" he sneered. They're not my comrades. They're my fellow murderers!" He flung her hand away as she tried to sooth his brow, and pointed toward an approaching surgeon.

"And you, too!" he shouted in rage. "You patch us up as fast as we come in. You send us out again as fast as we can wabble. What for? So you can patch us up again for the love of your country—and—the—grace——" He fell back and his eyes began to glaze.

"Remove that man!" roared an officer to the surgeon.

"Remove this man!" ordered the surgeon. Two orderlies ran forward.

"Take this anarchist out of here and put him in the guard house!" again roared the officer.

The pale faced comrade in the next cot heard the shuffling as his unfortunate friend was borne away. A faint smile flittered across his face. He smiled because he saw the end of war. He saw his King; his allies' kings and monarchs; his enemies' kings and monarchs fighting side by side against an angry horde. He saw those who had been forced into this war rebel, arise and strike these monarchs down. And last, he saw these joined in one great brotherhood.

He smiled again and beckoned to a nurse. She came and sat beside him. Commanding all his strength in one great effort he pulled her to him and whispered in a hoarse, death rattle, "Goodbye, I'm gone—to Hell, I guess. I'm many times a murderer—but I played the cards as they dealt them. I'm gone—for the love of my country—and gone—in the grace of God!"

CHURCH NEWS FROM AFRICA

(By the Benighted Press.)

UNGAARD, Central Africa, Oct. 25, 1914.—Resolutions were read and adopted in the Central Cannibal Church protesting against the Christian war, now being waged in Europe. The resolutions condemn the wanton destruction of life, except for purposes of food.

The Ladies' Heathen Society of the First Church of the Unredeemed voted to send a boatload of yams, gourds and breadfruit to the starving wives and children of Christians whose husbands and fathers are at war.

The Young Men's Pagan Society of Junglesia adopted resolutions calling on all young pagans to resist the insiduous teachings of Christianity; and to dedicate their lives to peace.

At the Church of the Voodoes, the Fire Worshippers' Temple, and the Second Buddists' Congregation of Tong Yong Ya, collections were taken up to carry on foreign missions among the French, Russians, Germans and English peoples.

Missionaries will go among these warlike people and endeavor to persuade them to forsake their blood-thirsty Gods and worship the One True God of Africa.

"Europe for Vood in 1915," is the slogan of these loyal religionists.—Mary Field.

Co-operation in Europe and the War

The War's Message——By Ernest O. F. Ames

LAST year in Glasgow, Scotland, delegates from every civilized country, representing thirty million co-operators, met in the International Co-operative Congress. Among other things, they renewed their pledges of international peace and disarmament.

Today, one year later, many of the nations represented are at each other's throats in a death grapple. Each nation in the fight will surely have many of these co-operators in its ranks.

It is the object of this article to show the effect of this war on the co-operative movement and the relation of co-operation to the war. The immediate future is serious for co-operation economically and from the material standpoint. Educationally, the co-operative movement may be the gainer, but at how great a cost we shall see.

Co-operation will prove of inestimable benefit during the war to the people, both members of co-operative societies and non members. Co-operative stores have already justified their existence by the steadying effect they have had on the market.

When the war broke out and panic seized big business, or rather when big business seized upon the panic and made it an excuse to inflate prices and to hold up the market, the co-operative stores stood firm. No increase in prices was permitted.

The peoples' stores published broadcast in the press, and by other advertising means, the statement that they were not advancing prices. They went further, they warned the public against overbuying from the stores, thereby deplenishing stocks and assisting the tendency toward high prices. Members were strongly urged not to withdraw their savings or capital from the co-operative funds, but to continue living in all respects as normally as possible. The co-operative factories put on extra workers to counteract any unemployment due to the war.

The effect of this attitude by the vast co-operative business interests was immediate. In Great Britain the industrial and commercial panic at the declaration of war was almost instantly squashed. The attempt to artificially inflate prices was nipped in the bud and the food pirates held in check. In some other European countries, where the power of co-operation was not so great, the government interfered to accomplish the same end.

The co-operators will thus, by the accumulated savings made in the control of their own business for many years past, be enabled to survive the present crisis,—this calamity caused by the capitalist system of monopoly and inequality.

The reserve force of co-operation will largely stem the devastation and ruin caused by capitalism. Co-operation will thus be revealed as a constructive force, while capitalism is destructive in its career and leads finally to more complete destruction, such as this war exhibits. The vast funds of the co-operators will save its members from immediate want and postpone, if not entirely remove, actual hunger and starvation, such as for instance already afflicts the Balkan people, who have been at war so long.

In this way by the very magnitude of its forces and by virtue of its stand for a higher and different form of life, in which "each for all and all for each" will be the rule, instead of fraud and aggression, the co-operators have performed a great service both to their own members and the millions of poor people, who otherwise would have been at the mercy once again of greedy traders and market gamblers.

The amount of suffering and privation prevented, the stamina and independence saved, will go a long way towards the reconstruction of democratic forces, which will be so greatly needed at the close of this fearful capitalistic climax.

While co-operation is showing its immense value as an economic saving force for its large membership, and indirectly for the whole community, it stands in the first line of the war's victims. The arrest of production, the wholesale devastation, the monstrous expenditures of life and property, will pile up a load of debt beyond the conception of even modern economists.

All waste and debt always has to be met by labor. More labor must replace labor wasted and expended and replace it with interest. The working people and their institutions are the first to suffer when wars come. They foot the bills, inevitably. The strain of supporting the people during this ghastly war, added to the burden of debt which the war will create, and which will immediately fall upon the laboring classes, will bring financial ruin to many of the peoples' co-operative enterprises.

The co-operative societies will continue to pour out their substance to ward off starvation of women and children. Thousands of men folk will be killed in the war, and general impoverishment of co-operative societies will result from this unnecessary world calamity.

Group of Colonists at Llano del Rio

The greatest loss that co-operation will suffer, however, and more calamitous even than the loss of funds and property, will be the loss of progress in the great social reforms that co-operation, along with other social forces, has advanced so steadily during latter years. The great crime of this war against all humanity will be the setting back of all social reform for generations.

Social workers, better than any other people, know how much remains to be done to bring things to an approximation of justice; at the same time it is readily admitted that the last twenty-five years in Europe have been years of great accomplishment. The chief fight has been to secure money from national and state exchequers for reforms. The gradual removal of taxation from labor to unearned increment and the increased claim upon the latter for funds to administer measures of social justice has characterized the struggle for equality of opportunity. The fight has been long and hard to get a few millions for such work and the advent of war, with its spending of millions, saddens the hearts and chills the hopes of all who serve in the cause of progress. Already the old reply seems to be renewed "there is no money for social amelioration." The deadly apathy, the sullen lack of interest, which characterizes a generation of people for whom there is no relief in sight from hard unremitting toil and want, is an impassable barrier to progress.

(To be concluded.)

WALL STREET'S NEW HORROR—By Max Hays

NOW the dude bookkeepers, clerks and typewriters of Wall Street, who have always displayed considerable scorn toward the very common persons who work, are up against the real thing.

Hundreds of the snobbish crowd have been laid off or discharged outright on account of the closing of the Stock Exchange, the bankers, brokers and other manipulators having little or no work for office servants.

It is only a few months ago that unemployed meetings were held in the Wall Street district for the purpose of impressing the money changers with the fact that there were unfortunate people in the world who deserved to be treated justly.

The nasty little satellites of the bankers and brokers created much amusement for themselves and each other by pelting the speakers with orange peelings, apple cores, peanuts, etc., accompanied by hoots and sneering remarks to display their great wit (and long ears).

Now they are getting at least a partial dose of their medicine. A New York paper says large numbers of office men and women flock around the buildings in the financial district and make anxious inquiries about the possibilities of securing employment.

They frankly admit that they are up against a serious situation, for the most of them are virtually without means, as the high cost of living in New York has become a nightmare. The real labor element is shedding no tears of sympathy for the flunkies of Wall Street, who ordinarily glory in their slavishness.

NOTES ON THE WAR

By HOMER CONSTANTINE

The Kaiser has conferred the iron cross on 189 soldiers and the double cross on about forty million others.

If you want to get up a reputation as a prophet just give it out at this hour that the Austro-Hungarian coalition will collapse with continued Russian victories. It's virtually in the goulash now.

According to cable reports the submarine that sank three British cruisers was the U 9. English sailors declare it came from the Dogger banks and this gives rise to the suspicion that it was really the K 9.

"Forward with God!" says the Kaiser.

"Full steam ahead with the Almighty at the helm!" says the King.

"What damned barbarians!" says the Fiji Island Cannibal.

Enter Henrietta Dubb,—vide the following dispatch—

PARIS—Among the wounded brought to Nois-le-Sec, a town in the department of the Seine and near the Ource canal, was a young laundress in a soldier's uniform. Before sending her to the rear the commanding officer complimented her on her bravery.

PARIS—The Matin prints a photograph of a saber bayonet found near Meux, belonging to the Forty-seventh Prussian infantry, one edge of which was notched like a saw. The Matin says that many similar saber bayonets have been found. When this bayonet is thrust into the human abdomen and withdrawn it brings out the intestines which frequently are trailed twenty feet away. Scores of living men have been found in this terrible condition.

When Russia went seriously to war the Demon Rum received a terrible swat. The government, which has had a monopoly of the booze business, stopped the sale of vodka throughout the empire. The declaration is made that a great war cannot be fought on alcohol or any of its compounds. Great petitions are being circulated asking the government to make prohibition permanent. These petitions set forth the statements that vodka has been the national curse. Meantime Petrograd is as dry as Knoxville and the cable carries no news of national disaster.

NEW YORK—Society women are rejoicing over the solution of the vexatious servant question. "Starvation and widowhood will drive the women of Europe here by the thousands and they will be willing to work at our terms. The present scale of wages will go down as the numbers increase," said the wife of a prominent financier who has made millions in western mines and lands.

Germans complain they are being killed by dum-dum bullets fired by the French soldiers. A dum-dum bullet has a hollow point and soft nose. Entering the human body it disintegrates and tears the flesh to a pulp. Andrew Carnegie had this bullet barred by rules of the Hague peace conference. (Yes he did—like Kelly did).

A gun store in Los Angeles is displaying in a window a Mercier-Bennett machine gun that fires 600 shots a minute. The gun is the property of a company of the California National Guard. The notable thing about the display is the fact the gun and extra clips are **loaded with soft-nose or dum-dum bullets!** Shall we call a new Hague conference?

"See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made.)"

During the battle of Hofstade, near Malines, King Albert of Belgium motored out and participated in the general engagement. The Belgians forced the German artillery to retreat. Skid chains were used on his majesty's motor before he left the scene as the highway, where a cavalry charge had been checked by shrapnel, was slippery with fragments of human flesh, blood and entrails.

The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

At Tomazow a Russian lieutenant (a Petrograduate from the imperial war college) showed his skill with the bayonet when he took a rifle from one of his men and with the bayonet tossed a baby high in the air and caught it again and again on the point of his weapon. The young mother of the infant, who stood shrieking at the sight, was taken away by the soldiers and the following day found dead and mutilated in their deserted camp.—German dispatch.

WHY THE WAR?

By J. H. RYCKMAN

EFORE the war the Christians of the whole world prayed for peace, but God was on a journey or perhaps he slept and heard not. After the war came, the Christians of Germany by direction of the Kaiser, prayed to the same God for victory to perch upon the standard of the Hohenzollerns, and they modestly reminded God that he was in honor bound to give the victory to them as they were the best friends he ever had. Likewise the Czar and his priests of the Holy Catholic Church prayed to the same God for the victory and incidentally mentioned the fact that the Russian people were the only really steadfast adherents of the one true God.

This morning I saw in a London paper an appeal for 100,000 volunteers and it wound up with "God Save the King." Even the British don't intend to rely wholly upon the volunteers.

But these millions down on their knees appear to have forgotten that even if this God could answer their mutually antagonistic prayers, he seems to prefer to keep the promise he made in his own book. (Prov. 1:26-28.)

"I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh: when your fear cometh as desolation and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, then shall they call upon me but I will not answer."

We have no time for futilities, either of protest against the war, or speculation as to the outcome. We leave such things to those who will follow us. We look facts in the face and seek for causes.

This war is but a phase of the world-wide, age-long conflict between autocracy and democracy.

In England we saw a while ago, the extreme wing of the ruling class, the Tories, feeding the fires of revolt against Home Rule in Ireland and we see the moderate wing, the Liberals, throwing women in jail rather than give them the ballot. And so the battle rages the world around between autocracy whether disguised as Czar or Kaiser, President or Prime Minister on the one side and democracy on the other—between kingcraft and priesthood and their prerogatives on one side and the common people, the workers of the world, on the other, in their effort to get control of the government.

Crossing the Channel we see the forces of progress marshaling by millions. I care not whether you call them the forces of reform or revolution, for revolution is only reform raised to the ninth power.

On the continent these forces have grown so powerful, their demands are so insistent, their adherents so numerous that they have become an immediate menace to every throne and every chancellery of Europe, and to every religious and political superstition in the world. In France the Socialist Party at the recent election increased its vote from 1,100,000 to 1,400,000 and its representation in the parliament from 76 to 102, and at the next election it was safely counted that they would capture the government in every department and thus brave, gallant, beautiful France would take its place at the head of the grand procession of co-operative commonwealths that are soon to girdle the earth.

In Germany the forces of reform were even more powerful, the Socialists alone having 110 members in the German parliament and 4,500,000 votes—about 38 per cent of the whole, and at the next election might readily have captured the government. In Italy, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Finland, Norway and Sweden the movement was growing with astonishing rapidity. The ruling class was stricken with dread. The people were crushed with a burden of debt imposed for the building and upkeep of the paraphernalia of war. Austria, doubtless at dictation from Potsdam, declared war on Servia on the flimsiest possible pretext.

The Czar mobilized his troops on the Austrian frontier. Germany declared war on Russia and had completed mobilization of her army in 20 hours—the greatest war machine ever constructed, and jumped, not at the throat of Russia, but at the throat of the French Republic—started not for St. Petersburg, but for Paris—to wipe off the map of Europe at one fell blow Europe's greatest republic and to block the forces of progress possibly forever.

It was not Russian despotism that was to be crushed but French republicanism. Germany's war lord and his apologists seek to justify their declaration of war against Russia by saying that the autocracy of Russia is a menace to the high civilization of Europe. France agrees with him, England and Italy and Belgium agree with him and all that the Kaiser had to do when Russia menaced Austria was to beckon England and France and Italy and all Europe to his side and the Czar of Russia, coward that he is, would have called off his dogs of war and the peace of Europe

Your Class Must Win!

By Allan L. Benson

YOU cannot win unless your class wins—the working class. You cannot win unless you get together and stick together. The Socialist platform is the only place in America in which you can get together without finding grafters and bunco men sandwiched in among you.

The Socialist Party is a working man's and a working woman's party. Grafters have no use for it. Bunco men steer clear of it. Its platform does not contain a splinter of comfort for any of them. It is on the level and on the square. It will not break down and it will not blow up.

If we had a Socialist Congress today, this country would enter upon such an era of prosperity as the world never saw. As a matter of fact, the world has never seen much prosperity, except for a few. The rest of the people are always close to the hunger line.

would have been assured for 100 years, probably forever.

But the Kaiser and his government are only the executive committee of the ruling class, the capitalists, and such a dream of peace and progress was not to be realized. Russia has not won a great war in 100 years. She was the first white nation to be ignominiously defeated by a handful of the yellow race—little Japan. She has just passed through a violent internal revolution whose fires are merely smouldering ready to burst out again into a conflagration. It behooved the Czar to precipitate a foreign war to avert an upheaval at home, and he seized the opportunity to back Servia, when menaced by Austria and declared war. It fitted well the plans of the Kaiser to engage the forces of reform in the slaughter of their brothers in France and the war is on.

Let us hope that out of this horrible carnage will emerge a Europe without a King, a Czar or a War Lord or a Mailed Fist; that every vestige of autocracy and militarism will disappear and every scion of kingly rule be driven into exile; that every sword shall be turned into a plowshare and every spear into a pruning hook:

That the war drums shall throb no more and the battle-flags be furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.

SEPTEMBER MIDNIGHT

By SARAH TEASDALE.

LYRIC night of the lingering Indian Summer,
Shadowy fields that are scentless but full of singing,
Never a bird, but the passionless chant of insects,
Ceaseless, insistent.

The grasshopper's horn, and far off, high in the maples,
The wheel of a locust leisurely grinding the silence
Under a moon waning and worn, broken,
Tired with summer.

Let me remember you, voices of little insects,
Weeds in the moonlight, fields that are tangled with asters,
Let me remember, soon will the winter be on us,
Snow hushed and heavy.

Over my soul murmur your mute benediction,
While I gaze, Oh fields that rest after harvest,
As those who part look long in the eyes they lean to,
Lest they forget them.

Impressions of Llano

By

I WAS awakened early Sunday morning in Palmdale. I was on my way to Llano Del Rio, which is twenty miles east of Palmdale, and was to have been met at the train, but a misunderstanding left me stranded in the little city for the night. However, a telephone message to the colony headquarters speedily brought an auto, and I was whisked over there in less than an hour.

Llano Del Rio Colony is situated on a plain gently sloping to northward and westward. Its smooth surface is dotted with sagebrush, greasewood, yuccas, etc. With the exception of these and an occasional ranch house, with or without its clump of trees, according to the time it has been occupied, the eye sweeps the unobstructed plain for many miles. The outskirting scenery is one of splendor. Mountain tops meet the sky in every direction. Two hundred miles to the north lie the Tehachipis, their crests scarcely discernible from the fleecy coluds floating over. Midway in the valley are the "mystic" buttes, a long line of low-lying sentinels, cast up by nature when the earth was young. They are like a line of huge battleships menacing intrusion. Though massive rock, they are sheathed in halo, their contour is graceful, their coloring divine. "'Tis distance lends enchantment," never was truer word said than of these, when in early morn shafts of light bathe them in glory, one by one, or in the "waning hours," when they change from soft purple to pale gold with the shifting of their position to the sun. From out of the "mists" into the "mists," mute and immutable, there they lie, a column of silent grandeur under the star-lit sky, a thing of eternal beauty under the "orb of day."

To fully appreciate Llano Del Rio, you must have vision. You must see with the mental as well as the physical eye. You must be able to look into the future and see that which does not exist today. The scenic beauty, the fine, dry, invigorating air, the blue sky above and the bounteous earth below, will lend wings to your imagination. You must be able to see the day, and not a very distant day, when a happy, contented people, surrounded by every comfort and many luxuries, will cluster in and around a civic center where there will be schools, library, theatre, moving pictures, pool, billiards, ball grounds, golf links, etc., etc.

Plans for these things and many more are being worked out, and their concrete realization, in a comparatively near future, seems certain. One section of a hotel, which will accommodate a hundred people, has just been completed. This will be temporary headquarters. It will consist of sleeping-rooms and apartments, a large dining-room and kitchen, a storeroom and the company's office. It is

Hunter's Camp at Jackson's Lake. About a Dozen Deer Were Brought Out by the Colonists During the Season

claimed that this is the only building that will be made of wood, as all the raw materials for making cement, brick and stone houses are on the land, and will be converted into the finished product by the workers themselves.

This is a constructive, co-operative corporation in which the individual members form a working unit. Singly they could do little, collectively they can accomplish wonders. It is inspiring to see these earnest, determined men and women go about the task of con-

el Rio Co-operative Colony

es R. Nickum

Orchard Scene

Llano Colonists

verting this so-called desert into what must soon become a veritable Garden of Eden. These people are pioneering, they are building an empire, a kingdom in which each will be a king or a queen as the case may be.

The green trees, shade, ornamental and fruit, the luxuriant fields of alfalfa and the rank growth of all vegetation upon the ranches where water now flows attest, with unmistakableness, the fertility of the soil.

As to the water, I haven't the technical knowledge to measure, or even guess its quantity, or the number of acres that may be brought under its influence, but I am informed, by what I consider absolutely reliable authority, that from the water rights now owned by the company sufficient water may be conserved to irrigate many thousands of acres, and that enough may be stored to tide over two or three years of drought, should one possibly occur.

Llano Del Rio Colony was an inspiration. It was conceived in the brain of Job Harriman. It was born of him, and by him it is being fostered. His is the master mind, his, the directing hand.

Not so very long ago Harriman visited this part of Antelope Valley, for the first time, at the solicitation of one who is now a member of the colony. He traversed the country for many miles around. He compared its soil with that of the thousand-dollar-an-acre pear orchards at Little Rock, ten miles away, and found it the same. He talked with the scattered ranchers, and heard their plaint of isolated effort. Then he visited its water sources high up in the mountains. He saw their volume, their waste and their possibilities, and he dreamed a dream. But, dreams alone are fleeting pleasures, and had he stopped there this story would not have been written.

Job Harriman has given the best years of his life to a cause other than which there is none greater. To better the condition of the poor, the oppressed, the down-trodden, he has ever striven. He has seen conditions as they exist, and their cause with a clearer vision than most men.

Out of the world's unrest at the ever encroaching greed of capitalism, many co-operative plans have been devised and put into operation to obtain relief, but with largely indifferent success. Harriman familiarized himself with all these plans. He pondered over

them, he analyzed them and noted their elements of failure. With these milestones of failure as beacon lights to guide him from the shoals encountered by those who had gone before, a plan formed in his mind which gradually unfolded and grew to maturity. It was the realization of this plan of which he dreamed when he stood on the mountain heights and viewed the broad acres spread out below. Being a man, quick to act, when convinced of the logic of his course, he immediately set about it to make his dream come true, and he certainly has cause for gratification at the rapidity with which the erstwhile plain is being inhabited and brought under subjugation.

The end of each week finds Harriman on the ground, in khaki and elk-skins. A stranger would not pick him out as one of the big lawyers from the city. He would pass readily for one of the "boys" who, by their sweat are doing the actual work of building Llano. But, here, as elsewhere, that he may be found, he is a busy man. Every detail of the work is scrutinized. He counsels with all, and listens to, and makes suggestions. He doesn't say "go," he says "come" and that is the spirit that prevails at Llano.

How dear to Harriman's heart is this enterprise, and how much it means to him may be summed up briefly in the words of a member of the colony: "Its success or failure means life or death to his hopes."

Before having seen this location, Harriman, together with A. F. Snell and G. P. McCorkle, both of

Sunday at the Goodwin Ranch, Llano del Rio Colony

whom are bankers, had traveled over much of the state, and looked over many different sites for a colony. One, a 20,000-acre tract, was considered as being favorable, and a deal for it was seriously contemplated. However, Llano Del Rio was seen to have many advantages not possessed by any of the others, hence its selection. The first money put up to secure concessions of land and water was furnished by these three men, and this without hope of individual profit, except that accruing to all members. Neither Harriman, Snell or McCorkle owns or can own more shares of stock than can be owned by any other member of the colony. Each member may own 2000 shares at a par value of $1.00, but he can own no more.

It is not within the nature of things that there should be absolutely "clear sailing" at Llano in the beginning At first there will be little jealousies, little anamosities, little bickerings, little jockeyings for

W. A. Engle, Ranch Foreman at Llano del Rio

favored place, and this would not be strange—in fact it is to be expected—for each of these workers is fresh from the grinds of capitalism, where, in order to live, every man's hand is against every other man's hand. Each, in spite of his philosophy, has been forced throughout his life, by the iniquitous competitive system, to take every advantage of every one with whom he came in contact. . His life, his every act, his very being has been modeled and shaped by the conditions under which he has lived. He may have looked into the future, and, in his mind's eye, seen the Co-operative Commonwealth spread out before him. He may have looked into this land of fraternity, of bounty, of plenty, where not a single human being in all the earth went hungry, and longed for the day when he could enter therein, but this so far has been only a phantasy, and not a reality. He still is in capitalism. He thinks in the terms of capitalism, and works in the ways of capitalism.

He crosses the line. He enters this co-operative

colony, which, by the way, while not the Co-operative Commonwealth, is a mighty long step in that direction. Yesterday he worked competitively. Today he works co-operatively. Does the mere crossing of this boundary line enable him to completely change his mental attitude Can he, in a day, throw off the habits acquired in a lifetime under capitalistic environs? He certainly cannot. He, of course, upon entering this new atmosphere, feels a great change. His spirits lighten, and his heart swells with emotion. His resolves are higher, his determination firm, yet, he will have a struggle to keep, inviolate these exalted resolutions. He will find it difficult to accept assignments to work that is not just suited to his inclinations. The food set before him may not all be exactly to his taste, yet, I must say, after having partaken of it, that it is very good, very wholesome, and far above that which is spread out on the average working man's table. There may be, and very probably will be, many little things about which he feels, when he forgets himself, that he has a "kick" coming. But this is only his transitory stage from competition to co-operation, and even here, by girding himself, he will be able to keep his resolves, in the main, and as the days pass, the necessary effort to do so will become less and less. And when he comes to fully realize, and appreciate the fact, that he owns an equal interest with all other workers in this rich empire he is helping to build, its green fields, its orchards, its water, its machinery, its live stock and the beautiful white city that will arise, peace and contentment and joy will occupy his soul. He will be ready to work where his work will count for most. He will co-operate indeed and in truth with all his comrades. He will stretch out his hand and "lift up," not "press down."

The Colony Is a Paradise for the Children

Little Charlotte Earle and Her Pets

THE REAL BATTLEFIELD

By GEORGE R. LUNN

THERE is before me a picture which reveals better than words the unspeakable horrors of human butchery.

It is a picture of the real battlefield.

I see a home where starvation is ruling with ghastly iron hand.

The cupboard in the poverty stricken home is not burdened with even a crust of bread.

On the kitchen table lays the baby of the household sleeping the sleep from which there is no earthly awakening, a tiny victim of starvation.

Kneeling with her head buried in her hands which rest on the table is the grief-stricken mother.

To her right a little girl of about eight years attempting to rise but too famished to walk.

Behind, holding on to his mother's dress, is a boy of five years, thin, emaciated and so pitiful, looking frightfully toward the door.

This is a picture of the real ravages of war.

Always in the foodless, fatherless home the battle of life and death is fought to the bitter end.

It is a battle without hope for no star illumines the shadow of that struggle.

No bands are playing, no drums are beating, no trumpets are sounding on this battlefield.

The father is gone, sent, he knows not why, to be murdered.

The helpless mother and fatherless children are left behind; left to fight hopelessly against starvation and death.

Here is where we see the real war, war in all its hideous nakedness.

Not on the plain or sea where the thousands are nerved to action by the brutal excitement of death's carnage, but in the homes where slow starvation grips the innocent children and where the pitiful sight of the dead babe brings collapse of courage to the wretched mother, is the real battlefield.

Has your subscription to the WESTERN COMRADE EXPIRED? Renew it now and get a few neighbors to subscribe.

THE DESERT

By
ALBERTA LESLIE

THE Desert slept,
Breathless, 'Neath noonday's molten heat
Naught living stirred, on wings or feet,
'Till evening breezes, cool and sweet,
O'er her broad bosom swept.

Then fades the day.
Life stirs anew, the Desert wakes;
A rabbit's scream the silence breaks
As Death, swift-footed, overtakes
The gaunt coyote's prey.

Stirs Life—Death stirs also.
And from his hidden earthy bed
The rattler rears his loathsome head,
Waiting some creature's careless tread
To lay it low.

A bat flits by.
And now the new moon's silver rim
Dips near the far horizon dim,
And yucca branches sharply limn
Fantastic shapes against the sky.

Veiled by the dying light,
Through gathering dusk, now palely gleams
(Like lovely unreal shapes in dreams)
The cruel chollas shape which seems
A thing of beauty soft and white.

E'en so the desert hides,
'Neath twilight's veil, her cruel face:
The burning stars reveal no trace
Of Death in that mysterious place
Where Death abides.

Upon her breast
Lie whitening bones by dust concealed
Which, in the noon-day's sun revealed,
Show even man—proud man—must yield
His life at her behest.

But this shall pass.
Some day, from hidden founts unsealed,
'Tis Life, not Death, that she shall yield
In flowing stream and blooming field—
And greening grass.

Bide yet awhile,
And on this water famished land,
Which now bears cactus, sage and sand,
The stacks of golden grain shall stand—
And homes shall smile.

A little while and I
Shall see the orchard trees take root;
The tender leaves and branches shoot
And jewel tints of ripening fruit
Shall with the sunsets vie.

And when I've seen
The Desert's power to hurt all spent—
God's blessing on the Desert sent,
I, too, shall pass in deep content
With things that once have been.

Llano del Rio Colony, October, 1914.

Major Jarero, Who Went For Zapata

By EMANUEL JULIUS

APATA—the Robin Hood of Mexico's a myth. Terrible Z (the last letter in southwest—is more than a man; he is the Mexican revolutionary alphabet) is more than a leader; he is a flag. Peons speak of Jesus and Zapata in the same breath. Praying peons often mumble Zapata's name when they mean to use the name of Christ.

Zapata and Jesus—rebels, both of them. True they differ in some respects. However, the rough Zapata, like the gentle Jesus, fights for the landless, penniless, ragged scum of the earth. Jesus turned the other cheek. Zapata never does that. Jesus was crucified. Zapata is better equipped, having splendid rifles and quick-firing guns; so, there is little likelihood of his being "dismantled." The difference between Jesus and Zapata as fighters for the poor is one of efficiency.

Jesus had his Pontius Pilate. Zapata had his Major Pablo Zayas Jarero, erstwhile leader of 4000 Huertistas in "the green valleys of Morelos," not many miles southwest of Mexico City. And this brings us to the story. Zapata is still in Morelos—a rich, beautiful country. Major Jarero isn't. That's an important difference. Z is an "in"; Major Jarero is an "out", a hopeless "out". The Major is in New York, which is a compliment for the leader of the peons of Morelos.

As a major in the federal army, Jarero had the unpleasant and difficult tasks of annihilating the rebel army of the southwest and sending Zapata to kingdom come. Don Pablo Zayas Jarero began four years ago; he quit recently. Zapata and his army are still doing business at the same old stand.

In the restaurants of the Whitehall Building, Battery Park, I met the major and heard his story. At the table were Mr. Carlo de Fornaro, noted caricaturist, author of "Diaz, Czar of Mexico," and Manuel Esteva, New York Consul during Huerta's regime.

"About 2000 Zapatistas were always carrying on a guerrila warfare against my men," said Major Jarero. "Zapata's regular army had about 2000, but he had a fighting force of at least 40,000 men, women and children (children fight for Zapata) who had and still have guns and ammunition and were ready to fight at a moment's notice. They tilled the soil most of the time, but never hesitated to leave their plows and grab their guns whenever they saw an opportunity to pick off a few of my men."

Asked how it happened that he permitted the peons to carry on such warfare, the major shrugged his shoulders and said:

"What could I do? Zapata owns the country down there. Every man I talked with would deny he was a Zapatista. It was hard to prove they weren't, since their guns were hidden. They did not fight habitually.

"They are just humble peons when they work on their land their leader steals for them, but as soon as they take their guns they become brave fighters who fear nothing.

"They would work quietly when they saw a company of my men march by, but they would count my men—I couldn't stop them—and when my men were gone, they would quickly organize a force twice the size of my party, which may have had only 50 men. Zapatistas would follow, set a trap and exterminate them. Then they would hurry back to their land, hide their guns and go to work. What could I do? Sometimes I wouldn't hear of my loss for weeks. It was awfully exasperating!"

The major frankly admitted that it was impossible to down Zapata's followers. Of course, the only action (from the major's viewpoint)—to execute the thousands of peons in Zapata's country—is impossible.

"Zapata is their god," Major Jarero continued. "The people worship him. He is a Socialist who knows little of the theory or philosophy of Socialism, but who instinctively understands its spirit. Zapata's secretary, a school teacher, is an intelligent man of pronounced Socialist views, who is the brains behind Zapata's bravery."

Zapata, according to the major, has an elaborate method of taking toll from the rich sugar plantationists. As it takes considerable capital and expensive machinery to raise sugar, Zapata, probably unready to confiscate the lands, allows the rich to hire Zapatistas, provided sufficient sums are first paid to his agents. Failure to pay results in destruction of the crop and machinery. This money is used to purchase guns and ammunition for the peons, the major said.

"Zapata," said the major, "is a strange leader, almost a myth. He goes from village to village, never remaining longer than a night. When I was after him, I found it impossible to trace him, because the peons

everywhere gave my men wrong directions, often sending them into traps."

The major then told of an incident that showed the sort of dare-devil Zapata is.

"I was looking for Zapata near the village of Jojutia, in Morelos, and at last decided to give him up as a hopeless case. He looks like an ordinary Mexican, and Mexicans, in the main, look alike. At a little hotel, a man approached me with the time of day. He told me he wished I would find Zapata, the bandit. I soon became attracted to him and invited him to eat with me. He impressed me as a simple-mannered man, quiet and sympathetic. We slept in the same bed that night. Next morning we parted. An hour later we learned that a score of my men were being attacked, so I hurried to their aid. We finally succeeded in saving some of them, and in doing so, we took a prisoner. Of course, the usual thing is summary execution, which we decided upon. The peon said he would tell me something of great interest if I should order his freedom. 'Tell me what you know; I'll decide afterward,' I told him. He answered that I had slept with Zapata! I tell you, Zapata is a funny sort of man."

Zapata is hopeless, said the major. He cannot be eliminated.

Former Consul Esteva interjected with this:

"I believe the government should let Zapata have the country unmolested. The more he is fought, the stronger he becomes. If he becomes governor, he will become conservative before long."

"But Zapata scoffs at the idea of becoming governor of Morelos," said Fornaro.

Said the major: "Every man suspected of being a Zapatista should be sent to distant states."

"Why not let the peons have what they want?" asked Fornaro. "They want land to work on."

"Oh," exclaimed the major; "that can't be done. They are too poor to pay for the land. They haven't the capital."

"Why speak of capital?" Fornaro asked. "The peons are giving capital no thought. They have rifles—that is better than capital. Let the peons work on the land and they will let their rifles grow rusty from disuse."

But the major didn't seem to understand.

THAT ROTTING BRAIN

I AM an admirer of virility and strength. To me power and beauty and life are synonomous. With this in mind I attended the first day's session of the Industrial Relations Commission in Los Angeles. I wanted to see strong men. I hoped even to see a worthy foeman in Harrison Gray Otis. My disappointment is bitter.

What I saw there when the "tyrant" gave his testimony filled me with chagrin, humiliation and nearly pity.

Instead of virility and intellect I saw a fat, flabby dotard sans mind, sans body, sans everything.

He sat on the stand, a dull lackluster glare in his almost invisible eyes. His fading intellect scarcely grasped the questions that were asked him.

When he delivered himself of a particularly venomous utterance he chuckled toothlessly, then fell into silence like an owl molested in its darkened roost. Otis spoke, in muffled tones, through his dirty, repulsive moustache and "goatee." His words and actions betrayed senility and bespoke early decay.

Governor Johnson said Otis has "a rotting brain and a gangrened heart." As we looked at him on the stand these words came back again and again.

A member of Organized Labor said:

"And we are up against that sort of thing If we had but to outwit that, and failed, I would go down and jump off the dock."—G. E. B.

LOVE WITHOUT WINGS

CHINA, like Dick Swiveller, has to sit up and inquire of the old min is friendly. Japan notifies China to remove all civil and military officers and all soldiery from the Tsing-Tao and the Tsinan districts and to abandon the railway there. The order, couched in terms of polite request, naively adds the statement that any opposition will be considered an "unfriendly act."

How sweet is friendship!

HE WAS WILLING

ACCORDING to the advance announcements in Chicago newspapers, with the God willing clause, Voliva has delivered his important address entitled "The End of the World: or When Christ Appoints the Mayor for the City of Chicago."

Later on God was willing again and Voliva utterly spifflicated a trinity of infidel theories by swatting "modern astronomy" (was the ancient astronomy better?); knocking the pee-wadding out of evolution and taking a pot shot at that delightfully nebulous thing "higher criticism."

Chicago must be grateful that Jehovah is so willing and so obliging these days.—E d'O.

TAHITI'S CRABS AND CATS

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

IN Tahiti, the most joyous isle in all the seas, 4000 miles south of here, two things struck me as being very funny.

Cats are fine fishers, and crabs climb trees. The crabs dote on cocoanuts. They climb the palm trees after the nuts, and they cause considerable loss to the owners by their thievery. They are called robber crabs, because of their wicked habits. Of course they are really water residents, like other crabs, but they have become so enamored of a cocoanut diet that they have suited their natures to their appetites to a large degree, and often remain entirely away from the water, except in the love-making season.

They have a huge claw that is very strong, and when the fancy for a nut overcomes them they climb the tree in search of it. A full-grown, healthy cocoa palm is from 60 to 100 feet high, and the nuts are nearly at the tiptop. The crab disengages the nut from its stem, and lets it drop to the ground. If his stomach urges him, he will sever two. The nut or nuts grounded, the robber comes down leisurely, in his backward way, to enjoy his dinner, just as a capitalist goes to his club to dine and wine after he has shaken the nuts off the labor tree.

The Tahitian hates the robber crab, and sometimes takes the trouble to punish him for his abstraction. When the crab is away up by the green leaves, sawing off a few pounds of grub, the native climbs up the tree about 40 feet, and encircles it with dirt and leaves. The robber descending, with thoughts of gouging out the soft, delicious meat of the nut and eating it in comfort in his little parlor by the beach,

Making Copra

strikes the garland and in his fool crab brain thinks he has already reached the ground. He lets go, and is hurled to the earth, where the mad Tahitian has spread rocks for his landing. The wretched crab smashes to death on the stones beside the nut he has designed to eat.

This is "nuts" for the native, not the crab. In fact, the native has crabbed the robber's game.

But about the eats that fish. Dr. Williams, the

Water Fete at Tahiti

Tahitians Are Wonderfully Natural and Graceful Dancers

American vice-consul at Tahiti, owns an island, Tetuaroa, a few miles from Tahiti, and has planted 90,000 cocoanut trees on it. He was much troubled by rats, who ate the young shoots of the trees and prevented the nuts from reaching their growth. A cocoanut tree should bear from 60 to 100 nuts a year, worth a cent and a half or two cents each. Dr. Williams baited traps and set out Rough-on-Rats to stop his losses, but to little purpose. The rats learned to know that traps were inhospitable, and that poison disagreed with their health.

One day someone suggested cats. Of course, it was an old maid. Who else? She said that in California cats were the devil on gophers, and that they should do deadly work on Tetuaroa. The doctor bought cats. While he was about it he bought enough. Cats were swarming in certain districts of Tahiti, and when he offered a franc a piece, two whole dimes, every Tahitian kid brought a cat or two. When he had a thousand he cried "Scat!" to the next boy, put them on a schooner and shipped them to Tetnaroa.

Rat meat was cat meat for months. The cats chased the rats up trees and into caves. Never was such a cat-and-rat time. But the day came when the last rat, the tiniest mouse, had perished by the dreadful cataclysm that had overtaken their race.

Tetuaroa is an atoll. It is a coral islet, and the soil is coral dust. It has no population except the few natives sent there by Consul Williams to plant and gather cocoanuts. There is no ploughing nor cultivating, for cocoanuts grow without man's aid. The natives live on fish they catch, and on taro and feis sent from Tahiti. But they could not catch enough fish for a thousand cats, and besides with the rats gone, why support in idleness these meowing myriads?

Worse than that! This rattling home for cats had not been a Tomless Eden. The cats had multiplied. Nature had taken its arithmetical course. It looked very black for the feline families.

But right here, atavism, heredity, survival of the fittest—whatever you may call it—intervened. Time was when cats or their ancestors gained their living by fishing, as other felines do today. Instead of perishing for lack of rats, some wise old cat, courageously overcoming his fear of water, went to fishing.

Soon hundreds of cats spent their many hours a

day in snaring the many kinds of crustaceans and scaled fish that crowd those warm and exquisite waters.

It is a sight to see them! A huge Tabitha crouched upon a coral rock, her eyes intent upon the lapping tide, her paw tense for the strike! She watches the gold and green, the purple-striped, the pale pink and scarlet fish play hide and seek in the holes of the coral. Let one rise within her reach, and slap goes her claws! "Mew!" say the little kittens playing on shore, as mama cat, leaping from rock to rock, brings the food to them. It is a revelation in the adaptability of the living to the necessities of environment.

The rats are gone, the robber crabs have scuttled back to their natural habitat, fearful of the cats, and these have taken up the trade of Peter Bar-Jonah. Life is serene on Tetuaroa. Of course, it's hell on the fish.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

THE worker bowed over his task. Blazing in the heavens the sun sent down scorching rays mercilessly baking the earth and the toiler of the field. At the point nearest the highway the weary one raised his eyes and saw a stranger looking steadfastly at him. Fear gripped the worker's heart and choked him into silence though he tried to speak.

"You do well," said the stranger. "Prepare the grain, I shall need this harvest. Then I shall send for you," and he pulled a black cloak about his fleshless head and disappeared into the forest.

On through the forest the stranger strode commending the workers there. In villages and towns and cities, through factory, mill and mine, he saw the works of men and commended them. Most of all was he pleased with the toil of armorers and gun-makers. All he summoned to be in waiting but all shrank from him crying "No! No! No! We will remain at our task!" And the stranger chuckled mirthlessly and drew his cloak about the cavernous eyes and said: "My messenger will come. Be ready!"

The toilers forgot their resolve to avoid all strange messengers and cling to their tasks. The sun shone and the birds came and the toilers sang in their fields.

Then came a courier in rich panoply. He was accompanied by banners and a fanfare preceeded him. Trumpets sounded and flags waved aloft. The toilers arose in the fields and heard the shouts:

"Dulce est pro patri mori!"

"Gott und Vaterland!"

"Viva la Republique!"

"God Save the King!"

"Hurrah for the Old Flag!"

The toilers left the fields and forest and mills and mines and followed the courier shouting the cries, though their women wept and clung to their men they were flung off and from the earth cried out to the courier:

"Who are you? Why do you take our loved ones away?"

"I am patriotism and I follow the path of glory!" said the courier. And the workers shouted aloud, drowning the wails of the women and followed after the trumpets and the flags.

As the workers marched they drew myriad others to them. Then the music ceased and they heard groans. Noises like the rending of the heavens smote their ears and a black pall arose and blotted out the sky. The way grew slippery and many fell. Then they knew they were wading through blood and fragments of flesh and human entrails. Some sought to turn back, but were stricken and crushed down.

They marched steadily forward numbered in the millions. They approached an ineffable abyss, where all were doomed to plunge, and they saw on the brink the figure of the stranger, the black cloak drawn about his hollow skull. Beside him stood the courier whose garments were reddened and splashed with blood and the banners and music were gone.

The stranger spoke to the courier and said: "You have done well. The crop is good!" Then the doomed workers on the brink knew the two were DEATH and WAR.—G. E. B.

THE FACTORY HAND

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

The loathsome light is here—Another day!
The monster whose daily food am I is yelling for me!
Nervously I rise and run, yea—run, lest He become impatient—angry, and refuse to gulp me.
I hasten, gibbering with cold and dread, prostrate myself before Him, His tentacles are around me—I clutch them eagerly. I am engulfed!
My sinew, bone, my nerves, my heart, my blood, my brain—my Soul—are His—The hours writhe by:
With brutish unconcern he crunches me between his steel-clad jaws, rolls me beneath his iron tongue, sucks up my life—my Self!
And spews me forth at eve—a Thing—to gather as I may fresh blood for morrow's feast.

The Glory That Was Rome

By SYDNEY HILLIARD

NO ONE can count the books that have been written about Rome. Historians, near-historians and professors of almost everything on earth and in the heavens have had to jolly us along a little about something to do with Rome. Generations of schoolboys have been stall-fed and force-fed on Rome until they knew more about Rome than they do about home.

And all these near-historians and others have tortured the language to find eulogiums and encomiums suitable to portray what they called the glory of Rome. Most of the school and college histories are ablaze with it. Boys think that Rome was a fountain of splendor, the headwaters of human achievement, the dayspring of the waters of life.

And so, from the point of view of the tribunes, praetors, patricians and aristocracy in general, it may have been. It is their view which has been handed down to us. The other classes were not in a position to hand down their views. They were not permitted to have any views. It is the view of the aristocratic class, or at all events of the dominant class, which gets into book form. The other is extinguished.

From the point of view of the international Roman proletariat and the Italian peasantry, Rome was a hideously diseased octopus consisting of clutching fingers eternally endeavoring to fill a bottomless belly. Nothing satisfied her but the fairest, the youngest, the strongest; nor was there ever such a thing as satisfaction. Just as the tenderloins of New York and London will seize everything beautiful and reach and reach for fresh beauty to devour, so was Rome. She was an international brothel. The wide-eyed Virgin of the country village, the young mother with babe on her delicate breast, the strong-armed Syrian peasant, the dreamy Persian shepherd boy, the Gallic fisher lad—these were the prizes of Rome, and what became of them? Ask of the winds that blow up from the lawland seas!

It is to be charged against them that the textbooks in the schools and universities tell none of these things. Their view is that of the Roman Senate, not of the hillside goat-herder.

To the classicist, one Roman poet was worth the sacrifice of a million virgins and a million peasant boys, and of this was the glory that was Rome.

But to us, to the modern proletarian, the question comes, how many poets were there among those two million boys and girls sold into slavery?

A poet must indeed be a marvelous thing that is the distilled essence, the ultimate filtration of the destruction of millions of the bodies and of the souls of the best of humanity. A noble philosophy that the degredation of a thousand girls can flower in a line of Roman verse!

Slavery! No figures can encipher its extent in the days of the glory of Rome. Slavery in the United States was a chautauqua picnic compared to it. South Carolina was a Dorcas meeting alongside of a single day of the glory of Rome. On such a single day in a single market as many as a hundred thousand slaves were sold, and twenty thousand was no uncommon sale. The western and southern borders of the Mediterranean and far inland were depopulated, and have remained so ever since.

After the free Italian husbandman had become extinct, had gone to live in Rome on stolen wheat and glory, and sometimes on glory without wheat, his place was taken by chained tribes working under the lash who had been driven thither from peasant valleys where now the jackal began to roam, and has done ever since. The ruin of Italy followed by the ruin of Syria seemed to be necessary to the glory of Rome.

The punishment of slave revolt was crucificion. There were many slave revolts, notably in the Island of Sicily. More than one of these were for a time successful. Eventually they were overthrown and the roads were lined with crosses on which hung tens of thousands of bodies of beings whose crime was similar to that of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln.

The gladiators, who fought to satiate the appetite for blood of those who dared not fight, were largely slaves. Once in a while they, too, would revolt and attempt an escape to their native forests. But generally they were recaptured and crucified to the glory of Rome. Actors were virtually slaves. They were bound to a profession always loathesomely indecent and generally obscene, women and men alike being born into it or sold into it, and, once there, being obliged to go through performances of abominable lust and degredation until death or total incapacity released them.

Before the empire was established by Julius Caesar there were always factions in Rome, each one trying to obtain the supreme power. But they were ruling, or aristocratic factions, and at no time had they any conception of a free laboring class. It was always Tweedledum versus Tweedledee. It was as though the American Senate, Congress, President, Wall Street

and the landed property owners were continually in arms, with the various governors of the states siding now with one, now with another. When the president wins he massacres every stockbroker, when the real estate men win they slaughter the president and thousands of merchants. Governors are up and down, supreme today, dead tomorrow, like Jack-in-the-Boxes.

The quarrels of stock brokers and politicians, however, would not alone be of such deep significance, if everyone else were not dragged into their wars. Their troubles would not matter so much to the American hired man in Western Iowa, or the lumber-jack in California. But in Rome the hired man or slave who happened to be on the wrong side had his throat cut, too, and the properly executed victory meant the total extinction of the enemy and all his relatives, friends, servants, peasants, freedmen and slaves. His country was repopulated with old soldiers and the favorites of the winner.

Much has been made of the personal vices of such men as Tiberius and Nero, but the condition of the empire was little if at all effected by them. It was the imperial vice of wholesale economic exploitation that ruined Rome. Individual vice, even the vice of having yourself worshiped as a god in imperial temples and having a priesthood dedicated to one, as was the case even with Augustus, will not injure a peasant. The vice and glory of Rome was in making the peasant pay for it.

Modern society escapes the onus of finding a true explanation for the horrors with which the glory of Rome was mixed by laying the blame upon the personal vice of individuals. Today some of our New York 400 have personal vices but those vices are not the cause of the hundreds of thousands of the unemployed that parade our streets. It is an economic mistake that brought the glory of Rome to dust.

Even imperial flesh and blood came cheap when glory began to get a little dear. From 211 A. D. to 284 A. D. twenty-three emperors sat in the seat of Augustus, and of these all but three were murdered by their soldiery. Of the remaining three, one fell in battle—Decius; one died in prison—Valerian, and one died of pestilence—Claudius. Oh, noble line of kings! Glory must be a toothsome diet to command such terms.

Not only emperors, but long before them, dictators had met the same fate. Flaccus, Sertorius, Cinna and scores of other leaders were murdered by their own officers. What would we say of the glory of America if Winfield Scott, Taylor, Grant, Farragut, Lee, Roosevelt, Fletcher and Funston and hundreds of other generals had been murdered by the colonels, majors and privates they commanded? And yet what would you? Cinna and Octavius fell upon citizens who had collected to vote, and heaped the streets with the bodies of the slain. Sulla, armed with absolute authority, backed by overwhelming military strength, after his victories, organized proscriptions which meant the death of all the families of all his enemies. He murdered 40,000 people after the defeat of the Marians—as though McKinley and Hanna had murdered 40,000 Nebraskans after the defeat of Bryan in '96! In the absence of Sulla, Marius and Cinna grabbed Rome and Marius gratified his thirst for revenge by a frightful slaughter of his political opponents. It was as though the peerless one, now secretary of state, should cut the throat of every gold democrat and gold republican in New York and shovel their bodies into the Hudson while he annexed their property and sold their children to the Chinese.

Octavius, capturing bands of runaway slaves, crucified 6000 of them and sent 30,000 back to their masters. Under the Second Triumvirate the horrors of the proscriptions exceeded those of Marius and Sulla, and while the forum swam with blood, and the streets were encumbered with corpses, the dead Julius Caesar was proclaimed a god! It was as though President Wilson should bayonet every high tariff man in New England and ordain the public worship of Grover Cleveland. Of such was the greatness and the glory of Rome!

Under whomsoever, it matters not—consul, emperor, senate or band of soldiers—it seemed as though anyone could govern Rome, and always for its "glory." That common men should be encouraged to live lives of common decency, or even permitted to do so, was unthought of in a thousand years of Roman history. Among so many periods of glory there is none of decency.

Farming, long before the empire, became unprofitable, and its laborious life with scanty or no returns was contrasted with the stirring life of the camps, with the booty or with the largesses and gay spectacles of the towns.

Of the booty taken in war rightfully belonging to the Roman people, by far the greater part was appropriated by the successful general and his soldiers. Thus the wealth drawn from the provinces by the Roman state was trifling compared with that which individual citizens acquired. The provinces offered an unlimited field for money making; the nobles or quaestors, the publicans, the negotiatores, the slave dealers, penetrated every corner of the empire and beyond it and, protected by the legions, rivalled each other in the exploitation of the provinces. While Rome extended her boundaries, and while her nobles and merchants amassed enormous fortunes abroad, the Italian farmer sank deeper into ruin. The burden of military service pressed on him, he had to compete with stolen

foreign corn and with foreign slave labor purchased or stolen by the rich.

Nearly all the various colonization schemes were entirely abortive. The promoters, whether Senate, Graechi, Sulla or Emperor, always failed with characteristic cowardice and stupidity to strike at the root of the evil—exploitation. They had to keep the favor of the rich, and the rich insisted on exploiting.

Every era was an era of glory; none of liberty. By the time Augustus had the empire at peace, a hundred and fifty years of extortion, extravagance and peculation, followed by twenty years of civil war, coupled with unbridled brigandage by land and piracy by water had produced complete financial exhaustion. Taxes fell on the poor: taxes and tribute on the poor of the provinces.

Even in the time of Marcus Aurelius, whom our lecturers so persistently eulogize, any Roman governor could make a fortune in a year. His fortune was spent in banquets, fetes, races, wines and prodigious retinues of slaves. Dancers, cooks and prostitutes were the popular favorites, while these scholars, poets and philosophers, of whom we have since heard so much, pined, for the most part, in attics or kennels. More than half the population were slaves, over 60,000,000 of them, but many of them were better off than millions of so-called freemen. The sick were left to perish; public charity was unknown and unthought of; education was derided; and nothing went but the glory of Rome. Two thousand people owned the whole civilized world, and their incomputable fortunes were spent in demoralizing it. Their palaces and clothes were magnificent; their souls rotten to the core.

Our learned talk highsounddedly of the glory of Rome in jurisprudence. It was the lawgiving of Tweed and Murphy. It was not only expensive to go to law, it was ruinous. The Bench itself was owned by the owners of everything else. Dungeons were for those who couldn't keep out; the gallows were for those who disapproved.

The glory of Roman art was the inflaming of the passions. Costly, indecent pictures were hung in baths and public places. Literature was flattery. There was never any real manly protest from literary men against the vices of the social system—not even from those philosophers of whom we hear so much. It was as though all American literature was written for the adulation of the New York 400. As to the hideous cruelties practised on slaves right next door to them, on slaves of their own flesh and blood, no one of the writers, artists, sculptors, poets, utters a word of protest. The whole civilized world was deceived, fettered, then mocked, all the while forced to contribute to the lusts of a single man, the Emperor or Dictator, and the gluttonous degenerates upon whom he smiled. And the glory of these ghouls was the glory of Rome.

Outside the Roman pale were the Goths. Amid the forests of Germany were no slaves, no catacombs; there were no prostitutes, no tax gatherers. On the Baltic, woman was free, the equal of her husband. On the Adriatic she was the universal courtesan, more than half the women had no husband, and they were probably better off than those who had. On the Baltic was barbarism and life; on the Mediterranean was civilization, glory and a corpse.

Anyone who tried to enumerate the monstrosities of Rome, republic or empire, in an article short or long, would be a foolish scribe. Rome's crime against the working class of all humanity can never be forgiven her. Only the satellites of a somewhat similar system can possibly be found to overlook it. To the American laborer the glory of Rome must always be a thing, not for monuments but tears. His class was crucified, all but obliterated; obliterated in many places, to feed a few who might have descended from Mars for all the sympathy they had for him.

Was Rome worth while? Historians have spoken; literatures have spoken; professors and lecturers have spoken; maybe they know; maybe they are prejudiced and do not. However that may be, Rome was Rome, from the Tweed to the Tigris, from the Guadalquiver to the Caspian, wherever she touched it was the Roman touch and when the Roman was away from Rome he did as Rome did.

It was the same in Constantinople. Rival bands of charioteers, blues and greens, were able to create here, as in Rome, factions among the populace. Justinian and Theodora were at one time knee deep in such a furore. Finally a rebellion broke out there which was only put down when the empress sent three thousand soldiers to the Hippodrome and massacred the mob.

It was as though the Nationals and Americans in New York were at gun fighting. President Wilson, siding in with the Nationals, both baseball leagues rebel against Congress. Federal troops from Washington charge the polo grounds with bayonets and cover the bleachers with thousands of the slain. Surely even glory can come high!

Glory! What must Britain, Parthia or Mesopotania have thought of Rome? What would Mexico think if the United States of America were to conquer her and sell her population under the hammer? What value would Canada set on glory if we conquered her and drove the farmers of Ontario into the forests of Ungava and used their native fields as cattle ranges and grain farms tilled by slaves bought by New York millionaires in Mexico? That must have been the

value placed by the peasant on the glory that was Rome.

Was Rome worth while? Was, or is, any empire based on slavery, force and exploitation worth while? Is the leisure to indulge in every ghoulish debauchery to be preferred to the simple virtues of barbarism? If there be but the choice between the crude, hardy life of forest, swamp and mountain, and that of Rome, which shall we have? But let us hope that there is a third alternative which will some day break in upon us.

In the night of May 28, 453, Constantine Palaeologus addressed the Roman and Greek nobles on the affairs of the morrow's battle. The death bell that tolled in Rome in 476 clanged out again, and Constantine's speech was the funeral oration of the Roman Empire. For the last time the sacrament was offered in St. Sofia, the night was spent in prayer and preparation, and the following day saw the end of Rome.

What was Rome? It was never an achievement, it was an opportunity. Rome was a lost opportunity, and opportunity lost in the glory what was Rome.

The Roman proletariat saw no way out of these things, therefore it could never alter them. Unless the American proletariat clearly SEES a way out of its own degredation, poverty and exploitation, it too will never alter its mode of life. Until the working class actually sees the Promised Land it will never enter it.

THROW OFF YOUR DUNCE CAP

By JOHN M. WORK

A MAXIM is frequently a lie.

Now and then, however, we find one that is strictly true.

The maxim that experience is a dear teacher is one of the true ones.

What then, if we do not learn by one experience, but must have our lesson all over again?

The experience of the working class, which ought to have awakened it to the situation, have been repeated again, and again, and yet again.

The great railroad strike of 1877 alone, the first great battle in the class war in America, in which the power of government was arrayed against the working class, ought to have been sufficient to demonstrate to the workers that they must cut loose from their exploiters and fight shoulder to shoulder for their own emancipation. It ought to have been sufficient to demonstrate to the workers that so long as the exploiters control the political power the exploitation will continue, and that, in order to emancipate themselves, the workers must conquer the political power, take the reins of government into their hands, and strike off their own fetters.

With this lesson in mind, what have the workingmen of America been doing to profit by it during all these years?

Why, incredible as it may seem, throughout the entire time, they have by their votes kept their enemies in power to rule over them.

If they had gone to the public school and learned their lesson so poorly, the teacher would have made them stand in the corner with their dunce caps on.

And, what is worse, the strike of '77 is but one of a myriad of experiences teaching the same lesson.

We have had Homestead, and Pullman, and Wardner, and Hazleton, and Croton Dam, and Cripple Creek, the great steel strike, the great coal strike, the great copper strike, and tens of thousands of minor struggles.

Every one of these thousands of strikes has drawn the class line taut.

Every one of them has repeated the lesson that the working class must wrest the political power from the hands of the capitalist class before it can hope to emancipate itself.

And yet, throughout the entire period covered by these class skirmishes, the votes of the workingmen of America have kept their enemies, the capitalists, in power to rule over them.

Workingmen of America, it is high time for you to throw off your dunce caps and act like men instead of kids.

Quit voting the Republican, Democratic and Progressive tickets, and thus keeping your enemies in power to rule over you.

Vote the Socialist ticket and put yourselves in power.

Political campaigns are both bad and good for Socialism—they are bad when they transform good, efficient comrades into opportunists, traders and trimmers.

Campaigns are good when Socialists make the most of their opportunity to spread propaganda and increase the understanding of the working class.

Renew your subscription to the Western Comrade today. You can't afford to miss it.

Interference With God

FROM the days of the wapentakes to the modern fly copper, policemen have added to the gaiety of the people of the world by efforts at censorship. The latest is a censorship on prayer.

Jerry O'Connor of the Chicago force censored "September Morn" from the store windows of that virtuous city and made the shivering but pulchritudinous wretch loved and famous. Since that hour nothing so funny occurred until the police of Dresden started their censorship over the prayers sent upward at the English Church in that city.

Picture two husky harness bulls standing beside the dominie during services to prevent a prayer to God to help the British workingmen in their most laudable efforts of disemboweling and dismembering German workingmen on the blood-soaked fields if France.

In wireless telegraphy they have a system of "interference" by which a powerful station can so disturb the static waves in their course that less potent plants are unable to transmit messages.

May not this be a suggestion?

Can't the warring powers rig an aerial of interence that will prevent all prayers reaching the throne of grace, thus permitting the best equipped murderers to do their work undisturbed?

This would seem all the more necessary now, that the Turks are praying—to an unchristian god—for the success of one of the Christian armies.

Why not cut all the wires and give God a rest — G. E. B.

Every Socialist should work unceasingly for the proposed war referendum.

EVERY student of modern economics knows of the universal insolvency of the banks but not everyone knows that the insurance companies are in such a precarious condition that they could not survive a large conflagration in any American city.

The European war has paralyzed stock trading. Stock exchanges everywhere are closed. Securities cannot be liquidated and insurance would not be paid if demands were made on the companies.

The companies admit that a vast amount of their security holdings is not at this moment worth much more than the paper on which they are engraved. When you see the warnings issued to policy holders to use ertra caution in guarding against fires you will know the reason.

The Purpose of Socialism

SOCIALISM stands for a new civilization. It is a world-wide movement of the working class and its sympathizers for better food, better clothing, better homes, more education and culture—in short, a more abundant life.

Socialism starts out with two terrific propositions, to wit:

(1). All men are brothers, not merely brothers in name, but brothers in fact, with a common blood, common interests, common cause. The welfare of one of us is the brotherly concern of all of us, and being brethren, all war and strife and hatred should cease.

(2). The things that men need in common should be owned in common and supplied for the common good and not for private profit.

With these ideas in mind the Socialists make some very constructive proposals:

In the political field we demand the rule of the people, i. e., democracy. In the economic field we demand the public ownership and operation of public utilities. Broadly speaking, it means:

(1). That the means of production and distribution of wealth, which are social and public in nature, should be publicly owned. This would include all the coal, oil and iron lands, the rivers, forests and other natural resources. It would also include all the great public utilities, such as railroads, telegraphs, express companies, and in short, all the great trusts and monopolies.

(2). That all social utilities, being collectively owned, shall be under democratic control for the benefit of all who work, in order that profit-making, whereby one person exploits another, shall be abolished.

(3). That all who are able shall be given opportunity to labor in the collectively owned industries and each shall receive the full profit of his toil.

(4). That each shall have for his own private property all that his labor earns of food and clothing, shelter, house and home—books, music, education, recreation and culture.

(5). That the government, municipal, state and national, shall be made truly democratic, so that the will and wish of the people may be the law of the land. This will be accomplished by means of the initiative, referendum, recall, proportional representation and other measures making for popular government.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight, the lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade. —Shelley.

The Field of Glory.

By Harry Payne Burton

"LA GAUCHE! La gauche!" called the old French woman to me from the upstairs window of her little pink brick villa that stood in its prim little garden on the white ribbon road to Trilport, France, and her long, bony finger betokened a passage over miles and miles of cabbage fields that lay flat as a griddle, hissing in the overpowering sun.

"La gauche?" (to the left?) I questioned again, for at the far end of these hot, sticky cabbage fields I saw only a heavy forest swimming in the heat.

"Oui! Oui!" she cried, resorting to my monosyllable French as if to make me comprehend.

And so I started "to the left—through the Woods of Meaux—to Trilport—and then to Paris!"

Cabbages! Cabbages! Nothing but cabbages!

For half an hour I dragged my way through that palpitating, sticky, saffron-grounded field until these countless, blue-green heads swam dizzily before my eyes.

And then, suddenly, I saw that the dead were all around me!

I was face to face with the most terrible sight in all the world—a battlefield of yesterday!

* * * * * * * *

I could not count them.

I could not, with the first shock, even differentiate them—French or English or German.

For they were just people to me. Clean, beautiful human beings—men and boys—young as I or younger—with most of life still to unfold before them and now marred and battered and bruised and cut into one reeking mass of carrion!

* * * * * * * *

And this was only the very fringe of horror—this cabbage field!

I knew that, for, farther on, I could now see that the dead were lying—not singly among the turquoise cabbage heads, but in ghastly little heaps where they had fallen in groups of two and three and four—fallen, perhaps, without time even to say "good-bye" into each others' ears. And in the woods beyond there I knew I should see the full price of war!

* * * * * * * *

I had a little bottle of camphor in my pocket. Living on "grospain" and raw onions produces indigestion that only camphor can alleviate, and I poured some of the balmy fluid on my handkerchief. With the cool, pungent cloth pressed tight against my nostrils, I stumbled on through this path of victory!

The horror grew.

It became more involved as I, plunging through ring after ring of the battlefield, on toward its very heart.

There were more bodies now, and the cabbages had been pulverized by tramping feet and blown apart by falling shells, and the leaves, clutched in dead men's hands, were brown with dried blood.

* * * * * * * *

But now it was not just dead soldiers that proclaimed the wake of battle. About me everywhere were broken bottles—wine bottles and whisky flasks and canteens bent beneath artillery wheels. And here and there, proud helmets—of Uhlan and dragoon alike—covered with dust, were beaten into just tin.

Muskets, too, cluttered the land, and great guns, shot from their carriages, blazed in the sunshine among the dead. One of them had fallen full across two German soldiers, crushing their heads into the ground.

Nor had the cavalrymen's horses escaped. Beautiful, sleek colts were dead there by hundreds, and many of them had, in their death agonies, crushed their riders to death also.

Pieces of shells, jagged and merciless, were strewn about thickly, and, as I approached the woods, grew in number. It was evident that the shell fire had been directed against the forest. I kicked my way through the debris and pierced the cool, green aisles of trees, and the birds were singing.

But below—

There, in the very trenches from which they had fired, were the German troops—they who had been just cheerful, happy boys of the Valley of the Rhine, it was easy to see—mowed down by sheets of raining lead. So thickly were they packed in, in some places, that they stood in death, for they could not fall!

Trees were shattered on every side—just as the men were shattered on every side by the diabolical instruments men have made. Flowers and ferns were torn up by hundreds; bushes and saplings had been blown out of their soil, and the nests of the birds, and the birds themselves, were scattered all about the ground.

* * * * * * * *

But, after all, it came to me, as I turned to flee from the sight and horror of more, nature has triumphed over the military spirit a few overlords foster among the peoples of the earth. For at my very feet lay a Frenchman and a German, the arm of one about the other and an empty canteen between them. And I like to think that, as they died they divided their water and their rations and knew that, after all, the people of the Rhine are brothers to the people of the Seine, and that they themselves had no quarrel with each other.

United States of Europe

By BASIL HOWARD

HAT became of Prinzip (I believe that was his name), the young assassin whose accurate and deadly aim in killing Francis Ferdinand and his consort, doubtless to his utter amazement, has plunged the world into war?" said Wurtzel carelessly, as he began to arrange the pieces on the chessboard for a game with his friend, a fellow newspaper man. They had seated themselves at a table in a secluded corner of an East Side cafe, behind the vine-covered trellis work on the sidewalk. "In the tremendous import of the events that have followed I have not seen him mentioned."

Ballard, his companion, did not answer—indeed seemed so plunged in profound study he forgot to place his men (the blacks) upon the board, and Wurtzel, having arranged the whites, also, again spoke:

"Why so abstracted? We sat down to play a chess game, but from the expression of your face one would think the fate of the world depended upon your solution of a problem."

"Assassin! Yes, so they call him—a madman, too—and I do not know what has become of him. But what if——"

"Well, go on. But what if——"

Ballard remained silent some time, and Wurtzel had begun the game with the Ruy Lopez opening, absently, but seemed waiting for his friend to speak more than for a counter play.

"But what if—one hesitates to conjecture, or at least to express such a conjecture—but what if——" He paused again. Then, gathering courage, he went on: "But what if this so-called assassin foresaw all the events that were to follow the death of Francis Ferdinand, and made up his mind to kill him and pay the price—with his life?"

"You stagger me with such a suggestion, that this man was not an assassin, but a—well, what would you call the fiend from hell that would set millions of men to cutting one another's throats?"

"But what if he foresaw that to this war there could be but one end—the end of all war, universal disarmament, and the establishment of the United States of Europe?—and finally, perhaps, the Federation of the World?"

"Then this assassin would be like the Son of——!" He stopped short, with opening eyes. "Your imagination is truly extravagant!" After a moment Wurtzel continued: "But half or all of these assassins are prepared to sacrifice their own lives, and this young madman, like others, was prepared to die. And you think he foresaw——"

"However tremendous the events that have followed, it is not impossible he foresaw it all—and what is yet to come."

"Do you really mean to say that——" Wurtzel started off, but Ballard broke in:

"From the instant the fatal shot was fired everything that has followed was not only logical, but reasoning from cause to effect, I might say inevitable; and, having followed the game so far, I can myself foresee the end—universal disarmament and the establishment of the United States of——"

"If the Allies win——?" broke in Wurtzel.

"The United States of Europe," continued Ballard, confidently.

"And if, by any possibility, Germany should win?"

"The United States of Europe—there can be but one result."

"If the war should last six months, a year, two years?"

"The higher is piled the war debt—surely not less than twenty billions—the more certain the people are to refuse to again arm and later on fight the war over. They will look for a solution, and there is but one possible solution, the United States of Europe—the boundaries of the different States of Europe being on natural geographical and racial lines."

"But each nation in Europe will resist to the uttermost any attempt to change its present boundaries," objected Wurtzel, "except the change increase its own territory in which to hold a monopoly of trade, and they will require armies to defend this area—everlastingly adding jealousies and friction."

"In other words every nation in Europe demands an increase in the area in which they may exercise free trade—to the exclusion of others—and having built these tariff walls they require armies to defend them?" asked Ballard, seeing Wurtzel was opening a way to be surrounded.

"Exactly," said Wurtzel, confidently, feeling that he had won the argument however willingly he would have lost it.

"Then every nation in Europe is fighting for free trade?" asked Ballard.

"No; for the extension of its protective tariff walls——" Wurtzel was hesitating, not certain of his own position.

"Go on," said Ballard; "go on—to increase the area in which to——" he paused.

"**Trade freely!**" Wurtzel fell in, wonderingly, as he began faintly to realize his own argument had been shaken.

Ballard remained silent a moment that the point of Wurtzel's forced admission might sink in.

"And if there were no tariff walls between the various States of Europe," said Ballard, "each would have all they are now unconsciously fighting for—the continent of Europe as a market! Each would govern itself as it does now, and the continent of Europe would be like——"

"The United States of America—oh, the United States of Europe! I see it, I see it!" Wurtzel exclaimed in joyous surprise, rising from the table, utterly beside himself. "Something I have dreamed of all my life!"

He did not speak for some time as the great truth that had dawned upon him was being more firmly grasped in his reason. Regaining somewhat his composure he resumed his seat at the table.

"What a simple solution of a world problem!" he said at last. "The rulers and statesmen of Europe have been as blind as I! What a seeming paradox! That every nation in Europe is unconsciously fighting for freer trade—seventeen million men cutting each other's throats to break down trade walls—for something they could have for nothing!"

"Yes," said Ballard, and not one of them would have what they think they are fighting for if you'd give it to them for nothing—for restricted trade that would isolate them all, carried to its logical conclusion, would destroy all commerce!"

"Seventeen million men," repeated Wurtzel, "fighting for something they could have for nothing, and not one of them would have what they think they are fighting for if you'd give it to them!"

But Ballard remained silent, and Wurtzel continued:

"But insane national and racial jealousies as to loss of nationality and the location of the capital—Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna or Rome—would prevent a union such as ours, Florida exchanging what she produces cheapest for what New York produces cheapest; as Italy should with Germany, France with Russia. But they would all fear loss of nationality."

"There would be no loss of nationality, and there need be no capital at all! Just meet at The Hague, abolish the Tariff Walls and go home! The war would be over."

"Wurtzel seemed doubting. "But with a world gone mad with war, who would stop to think? Did every nation in Europe in congress assembled at The Hague abolish the Tariff tomorrow, would not the war be fought to its bitter end?"

"The war would cease immediately. It would be absolutely impossible to continue it. I defy you to suggest the faintest purpose any nation would have to continue the war after the Tariff Walls had been destroyed. The soldiers of all countries would shoulder their guns—or throw them away—and start home. Seventeen million men would start for their respective countries over flower-strewn roads lined with happy, deliriously happy women and children in what had been the enemy's country, and war would be no more—destruction, desolation and death to be succeeded by a world of work and wealth!"

"It is not possible that I could continue this game," said Wurtzel, as he gathered up the chess from the board, "even had you made a play and were willing to continue. I find myself engaged in such amazing speculation—I seem to have discovered a new world—a game of chess would be puerile——"

But Ballard, interrupting him as they rose from the table, said:

"I suppose you doubt the possibility that Prinzip might have foreseen——" Ballard hesitated. "**You know there is only one possible end to the war, no matter who wins,** and Prinzip——"

"Here, come dine with me at 'The Boulevard,'" said Wurtzel, "and I'll listen to your theory of Prinzip, while you in turn shall know of the great military mistake of the Kaiser and his advisers."

Ballard seemed stunned. "I wonder if you, too, have discovered the tremendous blunder of the Kaiser—for he could have had all the world with him instead of against him!" [The Public].

A JOB FOR DEATH

"WANT a life job with a humane employer where there are no strikes or lay-offs, with a constant change of scene, plenty of amusement and healthy work?"

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Go ask of the bleaching bones in the Baltic! Ask of the overgorged sharks of the Adriatic!

Life? Ask the German crew of the U 9 who wept as they sank three British cruisers without a chance to live!

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Let's tell the truth:

Young man, if you want a job that is a living death in times of peace, and murder and hell in times of war—join the navy of any country at any time!—G. E. B.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

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Subscription Price One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor

Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. 2 Oct.-Nov., 1914 No. 6 & 7

EXPLANATION

OWING to my prolonged and unavoidable absence in the East the October number of the WESTERN COMRADE was delayed so long that it has been deemed expedient to combine the October and the November issues of the magazine.

An effort has been made to make this number larger and better than ever before. All subscriptions will be set backward one month on the list so that every subscriber will receive the full twelve numbers for the year or six months for the half year.

The management wishes to take this occasion to thank scores of comrades who have sent in new subscriptions and clubs during the month and who have said so many encouraging things about the magazine.

FRANK E. WOLFE,
Editor.

STRINGING JOHNNY

Boy's Mother (poking her head out of window)—Say, you kids stop picking on my Johnny. He ain't no dolin.

The joys of swimming who'll compute
To youthful lives and nimble
But don't forget your bathing suit.
(It's in your grandma's thimble.)

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SONGS OF REVOLT

J. A. Williams has compiled an anthology of revolutionary poems, among them a number of his own and a few selections of prose composition dealing with the class struggle. This pamphlet is entitled: "The Revolution in Song and Story." It is 48 pages of the choicest selections of the rebels of modern times. The poems run the gamut of human emotions from the humorous lines by the author entitled "When Socialism Will Die," to the heroic verses by James G. Clark: "Justice to Liberty Enlightening the World."

Comrade Williams has dedicated his booklet in a touching manner to his comrades who have stood with him in the ranks and fought in the work. Fifteen volumes the size

An introduction by Frank E. Wolfe tells the story of Comrade Williams' devotion to the cause of Socialism. The pamphlet sells for ten cents a copy. A copy will be sent free to all new yearly subscribers to The Western Comrade who request it.

RED WEEK

JUST a word about Red Week and the Western Comrade. We received more subscriptions during September by a vast number than ever before. One comrade alone sent in forty-two. Others from four to twelve. This without the usual deathbed appeal or gurgling gasp for help.

It was just the voluntary hustling of comrades who know that every time they take a subscription for the Western Comrade they are giving 100 cents worth and that they are doing excellent propaganda work for Socialism.

To these devoted friends and yokefellows we extend our sincerest thanks and good wishes. It's all teamwork for the good cause.—The editors.

THE MACHINE GUN

I speak with the voice of men and devils. My messengers speed their unerring flight to countless hearts. I work between two voids—back of me a pile of empty shells, in front of me a widening circle of empty hearths. I am no respecter of persons.

My victories lie in a horizon of homes. Hell inspired me, man created me, women and children pay for me. Each day of battle I prepare a feast of bodies, with Death as the host.

With my blackened wand I touch the breast of man, and forthwith there springs the incarnadine river of death.

I turn but an inch, and the lives of maidens are blasted, mothers and sisters mourn, and a hundred babes are fatherless.

Science, Christianity and Civilization stand sponsors for me.—Life.

AND DESERVES MORE

Friend—Do you get more for a poem now than you did twenty years ago?

Poet (sadly)—Yes. As I get older I can't defend myself so well.—Chicago News.

NOT A FIRELESS COOKER

Brawn—See that man. He's so ill tempered his wife can't keep any servants. He's fired six cooks in the past six months and now his wife has to do the work.

Strawn—Oh, I see, he's a sort of cookless firer.

"I understand the bride and groom are back from their honeymoon trip."

"Yes."

"Are they all settled?"

"Yes."

"And happy?"

"Very. She can hardly wait for his first pay day to come."—Detroit Free Press.

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THE SCOURGE OF GOD?

WHEN the Kaiser sent his troops forward on the Pekin expedition, this was his message:

"When you meet the foe, you will defeat him (Chinese, mostly unarmed or carrying mediæval weapons). NO QUARTER WILL BE GIVEN, no prisoners taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Gain a reputation like the Huns under Attila."

At Louvain the German commander blundered and fired on his own advance guard. This awful error was covered by the sacking and burning of the city with the consequent loss of life and priceless art treasures.

Is the Kaiser still posing as the Scourge of God?—E d'O.

COULDN'T BEAT HER

Ellanora had been the negro maid at Mrs. Hopson's for several years and left to get married. She moved to another city, and nothing had been seen of her for a couple of years, when one day she called on her former mistress.

"And so you have a little son, Ellanora?" said Mrs. Hopson.

"Yas'um," smiled the woman—"a nice litte boy."

"And what did you name him?" queried Mrs. Hopson.

"Well, we calls him Eggnog," replied the colored woman.

"Eggnog!" said the other. "That's a funny name for a boy."

"Well, you' see, missus," explained Ellanora, "det cullud woman what lives nex' doah to me named her twins Tom and Jerry, an' I didn't want to be outdone by her."—Delineator.

THE MOUNTED BULL

"My papa is a mounted policeman," said small Eric to a visitor.

"Is that better than being a walking policeman " asked the visitor.

"Course it is," replied Eric. "If there is trouble he can get away quicker."

MAKING HIMSELF SOLID

Examining Admiral (to naval candidate)—Now mention three great admirals.

Candidate—Drake, Nelson and—I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't quite catch your name.—London Punch.

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GREAT POPULATOR

A Louisville man tells of an incident at a Sunday school convention. In answer to the roll-call of the states reports were verbally given by the various state chairmen. When Texas was called a big man stepped into the aisle and in stentorian tones exclaimed: "We represent the imperial state of Texas. The first white woman born in Texas is still living—she has now a population of over three million." Whereupon a voice from the gallery cried out in clarion tones: "Send that woman to Idaho—we need her."

VICTORY FOR WORKERS

Carl Persons, the fighting editor who killed a notorious gunman, has been acquitted of a charge of murder by an Illinois jury. The workers rallied nobly to the defense of their yoke-fellow. This should be encouraging to those who have charge of the defense of Rangel, Cline and their comrades in a Texas prison. Funds are needed for the defense of these men.

All contributions should be sent to Rangel-Cline Defense Committee, Victor Cravello secretary, Labor Temple, Los Angeles, California.

FAKES OF JOURNALISM

MAX SHEROVER of Buffalo has written a pamphlet entitled "Fakes in American Journalism." He has devoted only 66 pages to the great battle for human freedom. of the American Encyclopedia would be required to cover even a portion of the fakes in American journalism during the past five years.

The pamphlet will do good exactly in the ratio it is given circulation. Many of the instances of cheating are tagged with the names of the newspapers and the dates. Others are not given these marks of authenticity, but one is inclined to believe them as all are in the bounds of modesty compared with the authentic cases of fraud set forth in the booklet.

This pamphlet is well worth reading. The price is ten cents and it is published by the Buffalo Publishing Company.

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LOVE'S PATRIOT

I saw a lad—a beautiful lad—
With a far-off look in his eye,
Who smiled not on the battle flag
When the cavalry troop marched by,
And, sorely vexed, I asked the lad
Where might his country be,
Who cared not for his country's flag,
And the brave from oversea.
"O, my country is the land of Love,"
Thus did the lad reply—
"My country is the land of Love,
And a patriot there am I."
"And who is your king, my patriot boy,
Whom loyally you obey?"
"O, my king is Freedom," quoth the lad,
"And he never says me nay."
"Then you do as you like in your land of Love,
Where every man is free"
"Nay, we do as we love," replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me.

Ernest Crosby.

"Wil-yum, what can you tell us about Columbus?"

"It's next to last in the American Association."—Buffalo Express.

SOCIALISTS ATTENTION

In order to place a copy of our catalogue of union-made goods in the hands of every reader of The Western Comrade, we will send postage prepaid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS, one of our genuine sheepskin-leather card cases BEARING THE UNION LABEL.

This card case contains four pockets, one large for bills and papers, one for your dues-stamp book, and two with transparent windows for union membership cards. This is the ONLY CARD CASE on the market made by Organized Labor and bearing the union label. It is no longer necessary for a class-conscious Socialist to be inconsistent.

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ARMAMENT IS DESTRUCTION

Congress has just appropriated $30,000,000 for two battleships, the upkeep of which will be tremendous for about six years, when they will be antiquated and thrown on the scrapheap.

The annual expenditures on extension of the naval department of the United States will be about $150,000,000.

Hearst is advocating a navy that would cost $300,000,000 a year.

All of this inevitably leads to one end. Europe is at that end. Armament can result in a cataclysm. Only a few Hearsts are left and they, happily, are dwindling away.

ELOPING UP-TO-DATE

The coatless man puts a careless arm
'Round the waist of the hatless girl
While over the dustless, mudless road
In a horseless wagon they whirl,
Like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun,
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joys
By endless union given.

The only luncheon his coinless purse
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,
Wtih a dish of stringless beans.
He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe,
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.

The papa pulls his hairless locks
And weeps with tearless wails.
His shrieks ring through the frostless rocks
In shrill chromatic scales;
And with a wingless aeroplane
Scoots through a cloud-wracked sky
And looks aloft at the beamless moon
And sniffles a sobless sigh.

Skimming above in his noiseless steed,
Her parent spies them afar,
And drops a wad of dynamite
In the path of the valveless car.
Hoisted aloft in hasteless speed,
Toward the gibbous, honeyless moon,
They join in the neb of the nebulous tail
Of a comet athwart the gloom.

Here's One Magazine You Want

Charles Edward Russell

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THIS WILL HAPPEN TONIGHT

I was sent by the "Outlook" to Russia at the time of the war with Japan.

One night with a Russian friend, on a train whose fifth class cars—cattle cars and nothing more—were packed with wounded men from the Front—out of one of those murky traveling hells we pulled a peasant boy half drunk, and by the display of a bottle of vodka we got him to come with us to our second-class compartment ahead.

He pulled off his coat and showed his right arm. From the shoulder to the elbow ran a grim festering swollen sore. Amputation was plainly a matter of days. But it was not to forget that event that this peasant kid had jumped off at each station to spend his last kopecks on vodka. No, he was stolidly getting drunk because, as he confided to us, at dawn he would come to his home town and there he knew he was going to tell twenty-six wives that their men had been killed. He laboriously counted them off on his fingers, each wife and each husband by their strange long Russian names. Then he burst into half-drunken sobs and pounded the window ledge with his fist.

It was the fist of his right arm, and the kid gave a queer sharp scream of pain. He looked to be about sixteen.

This is happening in Europe tonight. ERNEST POOLE.

—The Masses.

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ARGUMENTS FOR PEACE

"In Vienna there are 20,000 wounded."

"Five thousand wounded passed through Orleans daily for five days."

"I counted 30 trains choked with wounded."

So run just a few of the returns from behind the firing lines.

There's not a city or village, there's scarcely a farm house left standing in the embattled countries on which war has not already laid its bloody finger prints—and the returns are just beginning to come in.

It is easy for the czar to say that he will take Berlin if it costs him his last peasant; for the kaiser to tell his people that they must "fight so long as a man remains alive."

But what of those who have to bleed and suffer; who have to die?

The rulers say they aren't ready for peace; that the war must go on till the enemy is beaten to his knees.

But, after all, it is the people who have the last say.

When they get their fill of misery and sacrifice, it will not be so hard to make a peace.

Young Hopeful—Mummy, have gooseberries got legs?

Mother—No, dear.

Young Hopeful—Then I've swallowed a caterpillar.

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GOLD

By Arthur Guiterman

"MEED of the toiler," "Flame of the Sea"—
Such were the names of your poets for me.
"Metal of Mammon," "Curse of the world"—
These are the libels your preachers have hurled.
Dug from the mountain side, washed in the glen,
Servant am I, or the master of men.
Steal me, I curse you; earn me I bless you;
Grasp me and hoard me, a fiend shall possess you.
Lie for me, die for me, covet me, take me—
Angel or devil, I am what you make me.

Falsely alluring, I shimmer and shine
Over the millions that hold me divine;
Trampling each other, they rush to adore me,
Heaping the dearest of treasure before me—
Love and its blessedness, youth and its wealth,
Honor, tranquillity, innocence, health—
Buying my favor with evil and pain;
Huge is the sacrifice, poor is the gain,
Naught but my effigy, passionless, cold,
God of a frenzied idolatry—gold!

THE BLOODTHIRSTY KAISER!

"We must play a great part in the world, and . . . perform those deeds of blood, of valor, which above everything else bring national renown. By war alone we can acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life."

The reader doubtless recognizes in the above the familiar strain of thought of that semi-barbarian, William II. And the reader is right.

This particular expression, however, came from the pen of our dearly beloved Theodore Roosevelt. How he must envy the Kaiser now!—The Masses.

Distressed Damsel—Oh, sir, catch that man! He wanted to kiss me.

Passive Pedestrian—That's all right. That's all right. There'll be another along in a minute.

REVOLT IN MEXICO

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Georgia Kotsch says:

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

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