

September, 1914

Vol. 2, No. 5

Ten cents

The Western Comrade



WAR!



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Murder: "I look better in uniform"

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

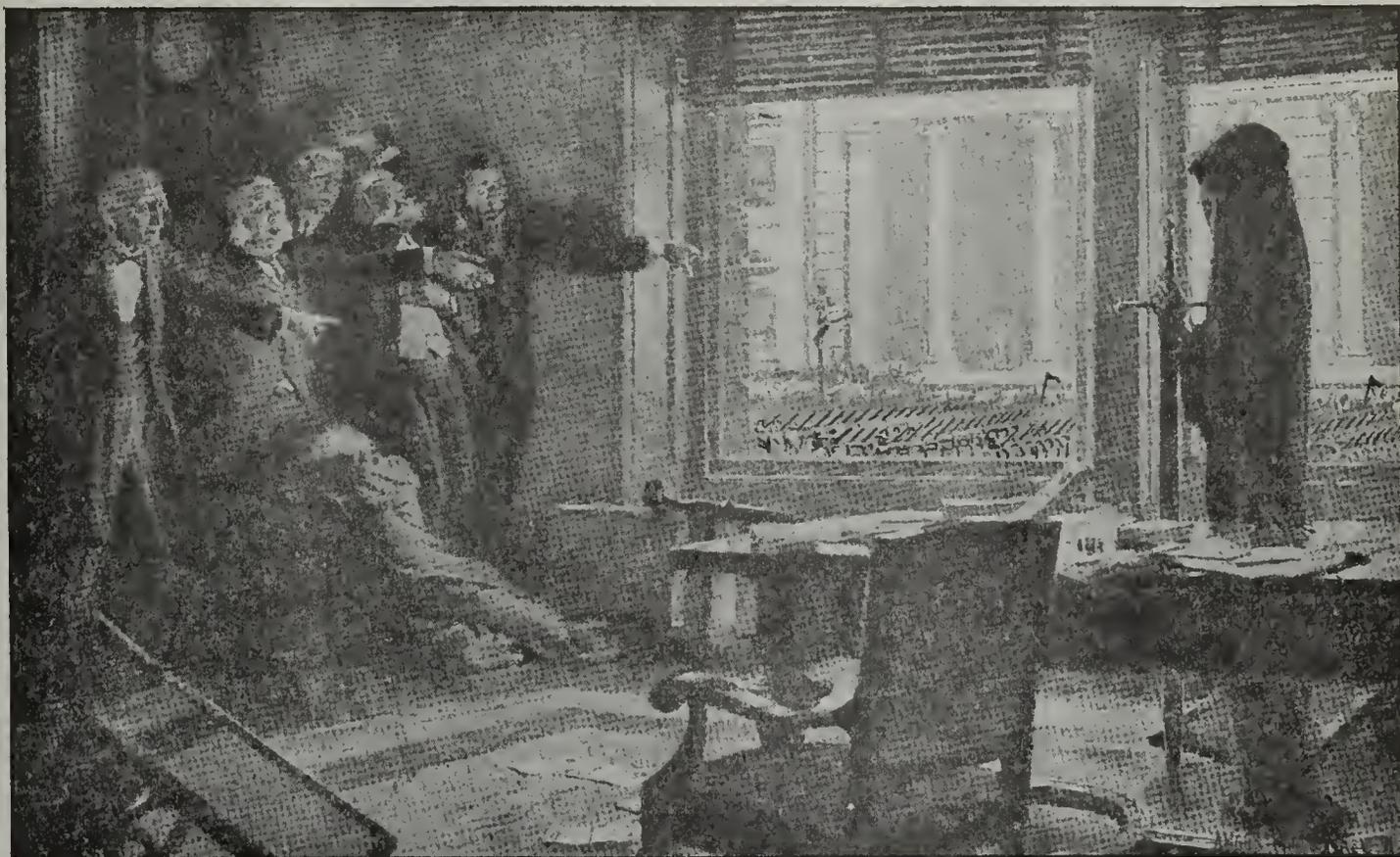
Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. II

LOS ANGELES, CAL., SEPTEMBER 1, 1914

NUMBER 5



Those Who Make War: No; Not Us! Take Them!

(This picture originally appeared in LIFE, Dec. 14, 1911.)

The Doom of Capitalism

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the awful catastrophe in Europe, this much safely may be predicted: This is the end of monarchies. That is plainly written in the book of the future. Dynasties will crumble and empires be obliterated. There is no power now to stop the conflagration. It is the hour for us to act!

The tremendous forces that have been set to work for destruction will not be curbed until the period of exhaustion is approached or reached. Nations of the earth face obliteration. So-called civilization stands on the brink of the abyss. Humanity seems poised to take the long plunge back into the darkness of savagery! Will this be the result of the horror

into which the mad monarchs of Europe have plunged the nations?

That would be the extreme pessimistic view. The other view would be that out of all this Saturnalia of murder and lust for blood will come a rebirth of a great nation; of a United Europe where there will be no monarchies and no capitalism; no pietistic czars nor mad kaisers; no bloodsucking nobility nor parasitical exploiters.

This is the view we must take, or lose all hope for the future. That humanity should settle back into the position of again permitting a few monarchs, maddened by the rising tide of the popular demand for democracy, to plunge millions of peo-



ple into the horrors of collective murder is unthinkable.

* * * *

One year more of peace would have witnessed the ushering in of the next step in evolution which would have dethroned monarchs, overturned capitalism and set free the enthralled toiling millions.

This is not the hour to regale ourselves with regrets over what might have been. Socialists the world over have used their utmost efforts to prevent war. For years we have pleaded with the working class to arouse to the danger of the impending crash. Our call has not been in vain.

Not one word of our agitation has been spent in space; not a printed page in vain. After the darkness of this chaos of terror, blood and sorrow we can see the dawn of a new day. This must be our hope.

At this hour the Socialists of America have a most solemn duty. There is danger of this country becoming involved through the greed of capitalists who are seeking to exploit the warring powers of Europe by cornering the food product. Contraband carrying will be a source of continuous menace.

There is great danger in the amendment to the shipping registry laws. It will require great caution to avoid a clash if the war is carried into the orient.

* * * *

The quickest way to get action now will be through the tens of thousands of meetings to be held during "Socialist week," beginning September 1.

Every one of the 6000 locals and their branches in America should have a well outlined program for action.

Go out as a great recruiting army and bring in 50,000 additional members.

Go out and get subscriptions for Socialist publications. Put a million Socialists to work on an anti-military crusade.

Arrange for 10,000 anti-war protest meetings and parades on Sunday, September 6.

Join with the Labor day parades of your labor

unions and do your work in the ranks. The wave of class consciousness that comes there will be of value to every propagandist.

Work for your candidates and especially devote your energies toward sending fifty Socialist members to the next congress.

The hour has struck for the end of Capitalism!

The monster is writhing in throes of mortal wounds! Its death is near at hand!

This is the twilight of the reign of the Kingdom of Gold!

Make it the dawn of the great era of Freedom!

Down with the black flag of murderous Capitalism!

Up with the scarlet banner of Universal Brotherhood.

F. E. W.

Jean Jaures, Martyr

COMRADES and yokefellows of this man, while sorrowing over his loss, may be consoled by the thought that the inspiration of his splendid example will play a wonderful part in the ultimate abolition of war, the thing he so abhorred.

Jean Leon Jaures lived for peace and died for the great principles he advocated.

No one can measure the good he might have done had the hand of the assassin—militarism's friend, if not agent—been stayed.

No one can measure the far-reaching effect of his martyrdom on the Socialists of the world.

The words of this great orator will go ringing through the nations.

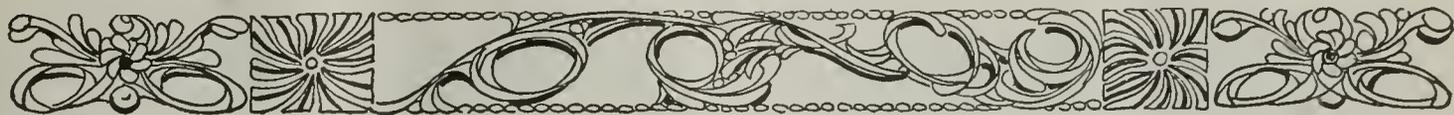
The written pages from his brilliant pen will grow in meaning and power.

For the third time within the year the Socialist cause has lost a great comrade, but none of them has lived in vain.

The works of Jaures, Bebel and De Leon have not died with them. Their lives and their deeds will live as inspiration to others long after we shall have achieved the emancipation of the workers.

F. E. W.





Trend of the Hour

ALL OVER the world there is a startling trend toward State Capitalism. This is brought about in some countries by war and in others by capitalists who shrink from the risks incidental to the rising tide of the radical movement. In England, with the war as a pretext, or as an actual military necessity, the government has taken possession of the entire system of transportation, including the bus lines. Railways and tramways are operated primarily for the movement of troops and supplies, yet the public is being served as a sort of subsidiary action; but the service is good and there is little complaint.

Lloyd George has definitely announced that he will take over the entire food supply and his cabinet has begun to provide for the unemployed by building "military roads." This action doubtless has been taken to prevent rioting in the cities. Once this responsibility is taken the government will have great difficulty at any time it attempts to disemploy these thousands who will insist on being allowed to continue work.

* * * *

Similar action has been taken on the continent but the censors allow very little news to trickle through. These measures are taken in times of war, but the most interesting phase is the reflex action in the United States.

In the United States there is a decided movement in this direction. The difference between the action here and abroad is that in Europe the action is taken for the benefit of the nation as a whole as a measure of self-preservation, not as a class measure, and is of much benefit to the proletariat, while in the United States the grand bourgeoisie gathers and uses its power to induce the state to take over every enterprise which has risks which they themselves are not willing to undertake—using the national government for their chestnut pulling and taking advantage of the panic state to cause the government to repeal measure after measure, such as currency laws and restrictions on registration under the American flag.

Our gold reserve is to be given over to the foreign bankers of New York in order that it may be loaned by them at usurious rates to hard pressed European powers while the United States is to be flooded with paper currency which, by every law of the money function, is bound rapidly to depreciate.

* * * *

The government has established the principle that the national funds are to be used for advancing actual currency to the capitalists burdened with an unsalable product. Cotton brokers will take their warehouse certificates to the government and, in accordance with the bill before Congress, they will receive 75 per cent of the face value of the certificates in federal treasury notes. There is no limit to where this precedent may lead. The national government will help out the bourgeoisie while labor sees the price of foodstuff and other commodities soaring upward.

* * * *

Another benevolent bill that is calculated to protect the timid capitalist is the proposition of the United States government to build thirty large transports to carry commodities to Europe or on other routes that are dangerous. The bourgeoisie shrink from the risk of ownership but will ship goods if the government will take all risks and provide the insurance on the cargo. The government will carry capitalists' goods in government ships backed by government insurance—we may be sure the freight and insurance rates will be "all right."

While this is going on the sugar trust has doubled the price on sugar; the meat trust has made a bold grab for the last dollar of the consumer and all other exploiters are shoving prices up to famine figures.

Food trusts are taking steps toward cornering all the necessities of life and they will not only hold up the American people but they will hold the people of Europe at their mercy.

The counter move comes from the people of all classes against the merciless greed of capitalism and





a demand on the government that the food supply be taken over and that distributing stations be established. This movement has taken definite form on the Pacific Coast and meetings are being held and steps taken toward bombarding President Wilson with demands for immediate action.

* * * *

At a fashionable woman's club in Los Angeles a resolution that was extremely revolutionary in wording was adopted and eagerly signed by hundreds of women of the bourbon type. [This resolution scathingly denounced the "inhuman ghouls" who are taking advantage of the foreign war and robbing the people. The women called on the President and Congress to establish food supply stations. The enthusiasm among the women was great, the exception being the wives of some of the "ghouls" who happen to be in the wholesale grocery business.

* * * *

While food stuffs take a skyrocket soar, silver takes a wild taboggan glide toward the lowest figure in years. The white metal fell from 62 to 52 in a few days. It reaches a point nearer its intrinsic value in the arts and crafts.

The United States mint at San Francisco is receiving millions in silver while the gold reserve steadily diminishes.

Even as the presses are busy turning out paper money the gold supply is melting away. As rapidly as the collateral (gold) behind this printed currency disappears the value and stability of the greenbacks is bound to depreciate. This is inevitable.

The bankers live on from day to day in the hope that the people will continue to slumber. They see little grounds to fear the DOLLAR STRIKE. They are serene in the belief labor will not awaken to its power. To them the DOLLAR STRIKE is as remote as—war in Europe seemed a few weeks ago.

The trend toward state capitalism is the most serious menace Socialists have had to face. They

should be quick to recognize the danger. Now is the time to agitate as never before.

There is but one answer. There must be no way station, no twilight zone between Capitalism and Socialism.

The one solution is THE COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP AND DEMOCRATIC MANAGEMENT OF ALL THE SOURCES OF LIFE.—F. E. W.

MAKE WAR ON WAR!

THAT there is danger of the United States becoming embroiled in the war that is now devastating Europe is not doubted by those who have studied the situation.

The action of Congress in passing the bill to extend American registry to foreign-built ships is fraught with great danger.

Capitalism in America bombarded Congress with demand for this action. The clamor for foreign markets has grown to be a ceaseless din. Exploiters of labor must sell surplus products and pocket surplus profits while wages are kept so low that American labor cannot buy enough of the products of its toil to decently clothe and feed itself.

Meanwhile Capitalism abroad views with considerable consternation this move to gobble the markets of South America and other countries.

England is muttering that it is a German subterfuge and points to the historic facts where the Tentons played the same trick during the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. German ships were then registered under the British flag and the French cruisers sought in vain for a German merchantman. At the end of the war the British flag was lowered and the German flag reappeared on the seas.

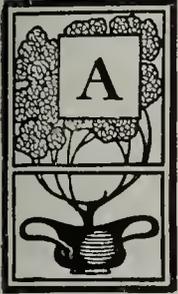
England says the Germans are eager to involve America in war. German diplomats made a shrewd attempt to get the United States to meddle with the Japanese-Chinese situation. Between the greed of Capitalism of Europe and Capitalism of America there is danger of a world war.

Now is the time for peace propaganda and Socialists should overlook no opportunity to make war on war and war on bloody-handed Capitalism that breeds war.—F. E. W.



War to Prevent Socialism

By FRANK E. WOLFE



NUMBER of persons who were present at a meeting of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society when there was a general discussion of the causes and probable outcome of the European war, have accused me of writing the editorial on this subject printed in the Los Angeles Times of August 4, or inferred that I must have supplied the material.

I did not write the editorial. I did not knowingly supply the material.

I do not know whether there was a Times representative present at the meeting on August 2.

The editorial was headed "SOCIALISM AND THE WAR IN EUROPE."

It is the usual style of journalese mixed with the English language, a conglomerate of facts and falsehoods, hatred and malice. It has the appearance of having been written by one who was familiar with the facts and who tried to be fair but whose efforts were nullified by some "editor" who has interjected venomous words, lines and paragraphs in order to make it come down to the style of the senile tyrant himself.

After attributing various minor and incidental causes for the war, the editorial reads:

The war was expected. For decades, for generations, the statesmen of the European countries have felt that it was inevitable and have levied as heavy taxes as the people could endure to prepare for this struggle.

And it was the oppressive military tribute, possibly more than any other one thing, that developed in Germany, France, England, Austria and Russia the menace of destructive Socialism. Opposition to the military program was the rallying point of the Socialists in each of those countries. The taxes were denounced, the mandatory military service deplored and the standing armies and established navies execrated. * * *

It is a question that may possibly never be accurately settled as to just how large a determinative part the fear of Socialism had in causing the rulers of Europe to cast the dice for Mars. But France and Germany and England were actually in internal distress. The dissolution of the British Empire, through the growth of Socialism, was predicted by calm, discerning men. Imperial Germany was constantly straining against the menacing forces of those who sought to seize the government and alter it to the purposes of Socialism, with the motto, "Property Is Robbery." France was equally distressed, and the revolutionary movement in Russia has steadily, insidiously been gaining in

strength almost from the inception of the terrorist movement.

The throne of almost every ruler in Europe was in jeopardy. Election after election in Germany and France and England showed that the Socialists were gaining—and the irony of the situation was that they steadily grew by inveighing against, as useless and extravagant, the preparations for the international conflict which, in the opinion of Europe's statesmen, was inevitable, and is now at hand.

The first part of the latter paragraph is almost a literal quotation from my talk the previous evening, with the exception that I mentioned the rising tide of



(New York World.)

War's Holy Trinity

Socialism in Italy and said that country would be involved.

After wandering aimlessly through a morass of false statements and stupid deduction, the writer finally returns to his subject with the hopeful statement that:

War will crush out the Socialistic agitation for a decade. The rulers and statesmen of Europe know that, and have known it for a long time.

California Socialists are familiar with the crushing out process. We have been "cr-r-rushed out" by the Times and other reactionary organs time and again,

with the result that the agitation is stronger and more extensive than ever before.

To give credit where it is due, I unhesitatingly assert that, to a great degree, the growth of Socialism in California should be attributed to the efforts of H. G. Otis and his newspaper.

The editorial continues:

* * * And since opposition to the war taxes and to the military service was the prime factor that rallied the Socialistic following and made it a menace, it seems apparent that, with "flames of patriotism roaring to the winds," there will be fewer people in Russia, England, France, Germany or Austria desirous of promoting the program of the Socialist Party that would have left each nation unprepared for war and less able to protect itself against the common enemy.

The rulers of Europe felt that the war between the nations must come. They realized that unless Socialism was checked it would soon control government. They knew that if war came Socialism would be checked.

Here is Capitalism's confession. Rather than yield to the next step in evolution the exploiting class would plunge the world into terrible, devastating wars.

The Times is serene in the confidence that the bourgeois patriotism of the middle class of America still is responsive to the martial spirit and can be stirred by war clamor. Does the General's dream carry him to the point where he believes the working class of America will rally to the call of the capitalist class?

Does he realize what it would mean at this hour if the millions of Socialists in the United States should become convinced that there is nothing to be hoped from political action as a peaceful solution of the industrial and economic problems that now confront them?

If those who hold this belief are harboring a delusion it will be a sad day for Capitalism when the workers awaken to the futility of their peaceful program.

Solidarity

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

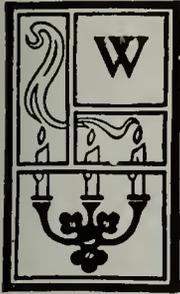
HEAR me, men, women and children; you are damned in toil without gladness
 Men shall be strong and serene, unshackled;
 Women shall be lithe and fair, joyous in Freedom;
 The day shall be clad in brief, blithesome labor—wreathed in a garland of vital leisure;
 Night shall fall in violet, folds on a world drowned in rapture;
 Dawn shall spring out of the scarlet east with a shout and a song to a day of gladness, of unspeakable adventure, of healthy, tingling madness!
 I tell you, souls, these things shall be.

Hear me, men women and children; you are damned in toil without gladness:
 The wild dream of your all-daring hour,
 The stark demand of your unguarded soul,
 The abandoned silent clamor of you, tight-lipped—
 Are the true signs and tokens of That Which Shall Be.
 Across the universe is written one great law—"Demand!"
 Beneath the universe writhes one great force—"Desire!"
 Set your demand above the unsighted stars,
 Let your desire outburn the infernal fires—
 Alone—you can do nothing.
But join your hands, you men, women and children; you who are damned in toil—
 without gladness; and in your Fellowship of Agony—Demand!
 And there is nothing you can dream—of merry feast and glowing hearth, of beauty, splendor, grace, of mirthful ease, of dignity of soul, of power, of radiant myriads all absorbed in the entrancement of self-chosen tasks—nothing that is not yours.
 I tell you, souls, these things shall be.

Slaughter



By Job Harriman



WAR, carnage, death, destruction, bloodshed, brutality, hunger, starvation, these are the ripe fruits of capitalism. What a terrible crop Europe is gathering!

Crowned heads! High Financiers! Big business men! Ghouls, vultures, every one: Look at your bloody trail. See the widows and the fatherless! They

are of your making! Will you feed them?

You robbed their fathers while yet alive. Will you clothe them?

You have driven their husbands into the field of carnage. Will you house them?

No. You will sink your vulturous beak into their tender and broken hearts and suck their blood while they are at the wheel in your factories.

You will build up fortunes, by robbing these helpless widows and children as you robbed their fathers and husbands.

You have no heart, no sympathy, no feeling of human kindness. Your fortunes make you cruel. You build navies and implements for human butchery to protect your fortunes. You skulk away to your palaces while your machine of bayonets, of dynamite, of shrapnel and cannon forces the poor from where you filched your fortune to protect your glittering gold and diamonds.

Your greed keeps pace with your wealth. Your hearts are hardened as your power multiplies. Your brains are seared with your growing ambition. Your conquests at home leads you to war with your neighbor. Familiar with the sight of the starving poor in your own factories, you are able to look with glee upon the field of carnage if only your arms are victorious. To be shot dead for you, is to be forgotten by you.

What a chasm between Christ and the "fighting Lord!" The worst hell that Jesus Christ could imagine is a glorious paradise by the side of the butchery and carnage now raging in Christian Europe.

Christian Europe? What a comment on the teaching of that gentle soul. What effect have they had on the hearts and the minds of the rich?

Oh, you money changers and money getters, your banks and your cathedrals are dens of thieves. Their gilded walls cannot hide your iniquities. Your daily crimes are heard in the roar and seen in the glare of every cannon shot. You may hide your guilt for a time, but the wars you engender tell the story of your unconscionable greed.

You and your kind dwell in every country. You



(New York Call)

Whom the Gods Would Destroy

are here in our midst. Your hearts rejoice at the bloodshed in Europe while, with the satanic grin you raise the price of food in a glutted market. You rejoice over the war because the destruction of property and food will create a temporary demand for your goods.

You laugh as you build your fortunes on the carcasses of man. You grin and clutch your diamonds as you hear the bones of men crushed under the weight of your gold. You pay your preacher to pray for you and to bless this hellish prosperity.

You are building your armies and your navies. You can plunge them into war, but you cannot stop them after the war is over. The French revolution rolled on like a great tidal wave for a quarter of a century. The army had spent its force but the soul of the people of France went marching on.

The military machine of the warring nations, numbering some 20,000,000 men, is exhausting itself while the souls of three hundred million are revolting at the butchery and unconsciously preparing for a change. The reaction will come. The crowned heads and their thrones will soon be among the relics of the past. The ambitious will be shelved and forgotten. The high

financiers, the getters of money and the power that goes with it, the land pirates, will be relegated to stand in history with the pirates of the sea.

The powerful in the new order will be those who serve mankind, while those who rob or try to rob either by hand, by connivance or by word of mouth will be retired to the asylum and soon forgotten.

Love and brotherly kindness will arise out of this world cataclysm and thrive in this world of plenty.

This age of savagery with its horrors of war will be a landmark of the greatest change in the life of the human race.

THE TOILERS

Crouching they cling like vermin to the earth
And with their bleeding fingers scrape the earth
But for a little dust, their sustenance,
A little dust mixed with the sweat of brow,
The blood of fingers and the tears of pain.

'Tis not for them the sun shines gloriously,
The flowers bloom, the fruit hangs on the tree,
'Tis not for them the birds and poets sing,
Or lovely women smile.

They have to crouch and cling and sweat and scrape
But for a little dust—their sustenance.

—Adolf Wolff.

SOCIAL PROGRESS

In days of old, so we've been told,
The strong man ruled the cliffs;
He took a club to any dub
Sans wherefores, buts or ifs,
And then took of the weaker's wealth
Whatever he thought right;
He did this while he kept his health,
But after that—good night!

But modern days have modern ways
To turn the primal trick;
The smallest shrimp, whose grip is limp,
May swing the biggest stick;
And strong men gladly work for him
For part of what is theirs,
And then when death has doused his glim
Keep working for the heirs.

—By Rex Lampman.

The cartoon on the cover page of this Western Comrade was reproduced from the Appeal to Reason. The drawing was made by Ryan Walker.

The time was never better to educate the workers. Agitate and educate. This is Red Week.

Slams at Sophists

Japan's declaration of war is prefaced by a reference to the "grace of heaven." The kaiser's reply will be an invocation to God to send success to his troops. The jumble of prayer to various gods imploring aid in wholesale murder is mingled with the curses of the struggling, the shrieks of the wounded, the moans of the dying and the wails of the widowed.

The greed of Capitalism sends countless thousands to untimely death. Now is the time to make war on war!

The failure of the H. B. Claflin wholesale drygoods house of New York is officially attributed to the uptown movement, to the fact women have abandoned petticoats, the elimination of the middleman, a faulty system of financing, the new currency law and the policies of the Wilson administration. If they need any more reasons they might tack on the spots in the sun, the juxtaposition of Jupiter and Mars, the jerkiness of the hydrostatic paradox and the failure of the pea erop in Timbuctoo.

Here's the constitution trampled on again! That "inalienable" right that guards us against "cruel and unusual punishment" has been alienated in Colorado. "Lieutenant" Linderfelt, of Rockefeller's militia, who commanded the brave soldiers who shot, bayoneted and burned to death nineteen persons, has been reduced "five files in the ranks."

Samuel G. Blythe, writing for the Saturday Evening Post on the political situation in California, mentions "John W. Fredericks" as candidate for governor. We thought he meant John D., but later in the article the writer says, "Fredericks is a popular man and a good lawyer." Who can this be?

In the face of the awful results of great armament and the terrific toll death is taking and the inevitable burden upon mankind for centuries, Hearst is shouting for the establishment of a navy twice the size of any other power. He says this would cost the "dear motherland" only \$300,000,000 a year!

Get out and work for the EIGHT-HOUR LAW in California, Oregon and Washington. Don't let Henry Dubb sleep. Prod him into activity.

Urge upon every working man and woman the necessity of registering in order to start the big strike Nov. 3.

Hustle for the Eight-Hour Day.

Sentenced For Death!

By WILLOUGHBY SMART



THE AVERAGE American Citizen, with all his hifalutin' spread-eagleism is entirely devoid of anything like true appreciation of the preciousness of human liberty—now, don't get excited, I know all about those Fourth of July orations over which you get so "het-up"—they deal with glorious (and meaningless) abstractions; and it is the beauty of abstractions that, however rationally ridiculous they may be, they are rated academic and respectable.

But when it comes to the concrete—I might say the mud of life's realities—when some poor down-and-outer or some undistinguished Tom, Dick or Harry of the common highway commits or is alleged to have committed, some breach of the law, does your nice sense of value, in human liberty, render you sensitive to the degree of severity of the punitive methods applied to the case?

Do you so much as turn a (moral) hair or fancy you see the Statue of Liberty smile when a local judge sentences some poor scamp to five years in a penitentiary for a sixty-day offense?

Do you deem the name of Freedom scandalized when a first offender (an old army veteran with a blameless past, who makes a clean breast right away) is sent up for fifteen years for a deed of highway robbery to which he was prompted, if not absolutely driven, by downright destitution?

Does your blood boil when a smug, round-bellied police court judge sentences unemployed men to one and two (not weeks, but) **years** apiece for holding a meeting to protest against hunger on Christmas day—that one day in the year when all the world else is feasting—men whose only fault was that they grew angry, as they were hungry, when the police broke up their peaceful and orderly meeting? Nary a boil, nary a simmer!

You read the newspaper account of how a callous, dehumanized judicial jackanapes sentences some poor devil for that diabolically and dishonestly indefinite offense of "vagrancy"—which as it affects a given individual may mean simply that he was poor and the cop "didn't like his face," and you pass it by unmoved.

Until it actually strikes the average American he can never be made to see that it is HIS concern.

In the beautiful City of the Angels there are innumerable cases of these judicial outrages and never a ripple on the placid surface, here where family love and

all gentle virtues of civilized life are supposed to be cultivated.

FIVE YEARS for stealing a cheap watch. (Of course there was the usual "bad record"—proven false only after sentence had been passed, and sentence never was changed.)

SEVEN YEARS for the theft of a cheap tiepin. (First offense of a man who had spent a lifetime at hard, useful labor and who had been debauched by state sanctioned sale of poison.)

TEN YEARS each for two who stole \$80. (A lawyer friend of the judge defended this sentence by citing the men's "tough looks.")

FOURTEEN YEARS for being room-mate of a sneak thief who shot an officer.

FIFTY YEARS for a youth who took part in a hold-up.

FIFTEEN YEARS for the theft of a pair of eye-glasses. (This judge deplored the "force and violence" that had been used!)

ONE YEAR for a man who had spoken at a public meeting of the unemployed at which a riot had been precipitated by the officiousness of the police, though it was admitted the man was not in the neighborhood when the riot occurred.

These cases might be indefinitely added to.

Most of these judges are candidates for re-election.

A young man was recently arrested on a charge of vagrancy. The arresting "peace officer" swore the youth was a dope fiend and that he wouldn't work. He was imprisoned three days and though the judge threw the case out of court he would not permit the attorney for the boy's defense to cross-question the officers and bring out the fact that perjury had been committed. Loss of employment, disgrace and humiliation of imprisonment were not considered. The judge protected the officers who had worked out a personal grudge and there was no redress. It all ended when the judge said "the case is closed—the man's discharged!"

And this fat, fatuous and unctious one is also a candidate for a higher position and probably will be elected; which makes us want to add a few expletives to Puck's observation that humanity was composed largely of long-eared, mouse-colored jackasses, or words to that effect.

Get some names on the dotted line of the application card. Then take their one dollar subscription to the Western Comrade for one year.

Co-operation and the Labor Movement

By WALTER THOMAS MILLS



HERE is very little labor that is altogether individual in its character. Most of the work of the workers is devoted to the production of some article which others use, or to the doing of some service in the benefits of which others share.

Labor includes all classes of work, whether in producing a commodity, as a farmer produces wheat, or rendering a service, as a physician heals a wound. In all such labor it is not only true that the persons who use the wheat, or whose wounds are healed, are directly concerned, but it is also true that in most work more than the single worker is engaged in doing the work. The farm equipment, not produced by the farmer, and the hospital and its staff, as well as the physician, are also essential to the work in hand. Hence, practically all labor is collective in its character.

Just because of the collective character of most labor the promotion of the interests of labor must be a collective movement, not merely an individual undertaking. Labor cannot be done without organization. Neither can the interests of labor be promoted without organization.

Labor which may be said to be entirely individual in its character, like a man washing his own hands for purposes of his own comfort, may be said to be self-employed. In such case it may also be said that he gets the whole product or advantage of his labor. If collective labor were also self-employed, as the Socialists wish, then there would fall to those who do the work the whole benefit of collective labor, just because then the workers would be the only claimants to be considered.

The exploitation of labor rests on the control of the opportunities to labor by others than the laborers themselves. This is accomplished by making the ownership of the products of labor fall not to the workers, but instead, to the owners of the opportunities to labor. This control of opportunities, through the private ownership by a part of the people of the things used by all of the people, extends to natural resources, to all materials, to tools, shops, warehouses, railways, banks and stores. The workers are so completely hedged about that their only chance to live is to sell their labor for such wages as they can get and buy their living at such prices as they are obliged to pay.

Those who thus monopolize all the opportunities to render service assume the right, because they have

the power to name the wages when labor is sold and to fix the prices when the laborers buy back the products of their own toil. It is by keeping down wages and pushing up the selling prices of the means by which the workers live that those who render no necessary service are able to take to themselves the larger share of all the results of human toil. Never in the life of the race was it possible to produce so much with so little expenditure of human energy as now. Never was labor able to buy so small a share of its total products as now.

Immediately, the labor movement is a collective battle for better wages, when labor is sold, and for lower prices when labor buys its bread. Ultimately, the labor movement is for the co-operative commonwealth, under which the co-operative ownership and use of the means by which human service is made possible will give to those who render service all of the advantages of the service which they render. The great problem is how to fight the immediate battle for better wages, and for lower prices, and at the same time hasten the coming of the complete deliverance which can come only by the final triumph of the co-operative organization and control of the working plant of the world.

The collective fight for better wages is the trades union movement, in some form. The collective fight for lower prices is the co-operative movement, in some form. It has been contended that if the trades unions do their work well no other labor movement is necessary. It has been contended that if co-operation on a voluntary basis were faithfully carried out it would be the end of the controversy. It has been contended by some that neither of these can solve the labor problem, and sometimes it is even said that one or the other or both the trades union and the voluntary co-operative movements are only half-way compromises and tend to obstruct, to hinder and so to delay the coming of co-operation established by law and extending its benefits to all mankind.

But the advantages of the co-operative commonwealth cannot be enjoyed in advance of its coming. The advancing army must live while on the march. The economic foundations cannot be escaped from, not even by those who contend most earnestly for the doctrine of economic determinism. It is not the economic foundations as they will be, but as they are, which must condition our battle for the new foundations as they ought to be. It is impossible to live on the fruits of the harvest during the season of planting and culture. Neither the planters nor the harvesters can

be fed from the harvest itself. They must be provided for by that which has gone before.

Socialism offers to the workers the greatest economic prize ever offered to labor. But the Socialists cannot live on the prize itself while they are still striving to get the prize. They must live under economic injustice while striving for deliverance. **HENCE THE REAL PROBLEM IS HOW TO IMPROVE THE CONDITIONS OF LIVING UNDER THE OLD SYSTEM WHILE BUILDING THE NEW.** This can be done only by collective action of some sort and collective action in this field of any sort is either a trades union or a voluntary co-operative movement of some sort.

Is it not, then, perfectly clear that the economic foundation, not for Socialism, but for the fight for Socialism, is to be found in the trades union and in voluntary co-operative undertakings. In Europe and in Great Britain, the economic advantages of the trades unions and the co-operative undertakings are the most vital and the most powerful of all the forces which are hastening the coming of Socialism. In those countries for every penny paid to the Socialist organizations, the man making the payment can at once see a dozen pennies coming his way, not after Socialism has been won, but at once and as an additional equipment in the battle for Socialism.

In the same way no one works very long either as a trade unionist or as a co-operator without discovering that the worst foe of either is the political power in the hands of the enemies of both. Neither does one go very far without discovering that the final of all co-operative organization must be the activity of the state itself in the organization and management of the great social service, including all those enterprises which must be great private monopolies to rob you if they are not made great public enterprises to serve you instead. That means that the outcome of both the trades union and of the voluntary co-operative movements must be political action by and in behalf of labor.

These three lines of action cannot be reasonably put into competition with each other. They must be allies, not foes. The trades unions and the co-operative movements must make the immediate fight for a better chance in life, while the old order remains, but this fight must be made in a way that it will hasten the final triumph, not delay it. The failures in these undertakings are the failures of labor. Disowning the failures does not hasten success, and refusing to try lest one shall fail is to admit incapacity for the larger tasks which labor must undertake if deliverance is ever to be achieved.

Neither the trades unions nor the co-operative undertakings can succeed without leading directly to political action in behalf of the proposals of the Social-

ists. And the Socialists cannot carry on their war successfully without an immediate program under which the workers for Socialism shall be able to secure important economic advantages without waiting for the kingdom come. Besides, that immediate program must be a training and a preparation for the responsibilities of the new order of things. Every achievement in either the unions or in co-operative effort makes the workers stronger in the battle and wins confidence in themselves and confidence in each other as nothing else can possibly do.

Those who cannot manage a co-operative store, or factory, or farm may well hesitate before undertaking the management of the co-operative commonwealth. Those who have succeeded in such undertakings cannot be kept from struggling after each higher task as they have attained the mastery over each smaller kingdom.

The strength of the Socialist movement elsewhere is in its sense of power gained in its trades union and co-operative movements. The solidarity of the labor organizations in all of Europe is the foundation of their marvelous achievements at the ballot box. What they have already accomplished in behalf of labor in their own shops, stores, factories and farms has revealed to them as nothing else could do what a world of peace, of wealth, of universal education, of social joy, of high and holy character they might establish if the exploiter could be excluded and the power and resources of the state made available for the common good.

All the workers must be gotten into the unions and the unions got together. The tremendous purchasing power of the workers must be combined and used in their own behalf. Co-operation under which the producer and the consumer shall be brought close together until waste and exploitation shall be excluded from the problem, must be advanced, but not as a substitute for Socialism. So far as they can be established, Socialism will be established. When voluntary action can do no more, then the experience and the power will have been attained to take over the state itself.

California should start a campaign at once to get 50,000 members of the Socialist party. It can be done if the economic power of the workers can be interested to make the workers stand together when they sell their labor, and when they buy their living, and when they use the power of their citizenship, and to use it in their own behalf.

This is Socialist week. Two important duties are before you—get some new party members and get some subs for Socialist publications.

Do it now!

Nature Leads Man

Scientist Tells How Natural Laws of Chemistry and Mechanic

By W. S.



AGES AGO when the world was young and the rule of old Sabre Tooth, the tiger, was undisputed throughout the California jungles, that section of the state which is now known as the Antelope Valley was a fertile and well-watered plain covered with forests and dotted with lakes. On the west and south a range of low hills separated it from the sea and was the birthplace of the numerous brooks and rivers that flowed away eastward toward the Colorado.

With the slow passing of the centuries great changes came. Terrible earthquakes shook the entire west as



W. SCOTT LEWIS

the rock strata which had long been slowly bending began to break, so that what had formerly been low hills were flung up in great masses of rocks, becoming mountains from 7,000 to 10,000 feet in elevation. These high ranges intercepted the moist breezes which had formerly given birth to tropical jungles and combined with other more obscure climatic changes caused the rainfall to

gradually diminish. The forests died. The vegetation became scanty and took on a desert character. The entire land seemed dead, but in reality it was only sleeping, and just as a person during sleep gains in strength so during the long ages that these plains lay

apparently barren they were in reality constantly gaining in fertility.

It is a well-known fact that in all regions of heavy rainfall the very best soil is constantly being washed away into the sea. So great is the financial loss resulting from such erosion that for the United States it is estimated to be equal to the entire land tax of the nation. In sparsely watered regions there is none of this loss and the finer and richer elements are retained with the coarser particles. This explains the great soil fertility so often found in desert regions.



Picking Pears at Ranch No. 3

In order that a soil may produce large crops continuously without heavy fertilization it is necessary that it contain large amounts of certain chemical substances and only small amounts of some others. As the soil of a desert region, not subject to overflow, can only be derived from the decomposition of the surrounding rocks, it is possible, by studying the geology and mineralogy of a region, to derive a pretty good idea as to the permanent fertility of the soil, also as to its important physical characteristics, the ease with which it can be worked.

The mountains back of Llano del Rio are composed almost entirely of granite which is gradually crumbling under the action of the winter frosts and the frequent rains. The resulting debris is carried out and deposited upon the plain below by the winter storm waters. This

in Vast Co-operation

for Untold Ages Have Wrought Miracles With Land and Soil
 ott Lewis



The great al fresco bedroom at Ranch No. 1 (Goodmans) where about forty persons slept for months beneath the stars.

The climate is equable and balmy.



process continuing for tens of centuries has gradually built up a gently sloping mesa, extending downward from the base of the range to the general level of the desert. The lands upon which the Llano Colony is situated are upon the upper part of this slope, where the soil is of great depth and of that degree of fineness most desired by agriculturists.

One of the most important fertilizing elements is potash and if this is lacking from the soil it can only be supplied at great expense. There seems to be no question but what these lands are well supplied with this fertilizer as the granite of the region is especially rich in the potash-bearing mineral orthoclase, carrying in some cases as high as 13% potash.

No practical method has yet been discovered for separating the potash constituent from the other elements, although the government is offering every en-

couragement to experiments along these lines, and it now seems probable that electrolysis ultimately will solve the problem. But what man has not yet been able to do on a commercial scale nature has been doing in her own slow way for ages and by decomposing the rocks and releasing the potash has constantly added to the fertility of the soil.

It is of interest to note that a specimen of clay from a playa out on the plain shows 3.4% available potash. This accumulation can only take place through a gradual concentration from the water which during heavy winter rains has leached through the porous fertile soil higher up.

There are places in the Antelope Valley where gypsum occurs in such a quantity that the soil has come to partake of the characters of plaster of paris, being almost useless for agricultural purposes. This

mineral does not occur at Llano del Rio and neither does "alkali," the soil being entirely free from any injurious element.

On the hills to the south, and very easy of access, there is an immense deposit of limestone. In one place kilns were constructed and considerable cement manufactured before the lands were taken over by the present company, but a much better outcropping has now been found a little distance from this point that will not only make a better cement, but will be still easier of access. There seems to be no reason why all permanent buildings cannot be constructed in an absolutely fireproof manner at very little expense, by using this home product. Such buildings will have the added advantage of being cooler in summer and warmer in winter than frame structures.

It is also possible that a deposit of marble will yet be developed, as float found in the Mescal Canyon indicates that one may be expected in the vicinity.

The essential nitrogenous elements of the soil seem to be present throughout the tract in a quantity sufficient for years to come, while in the extreme eastern part of the colony land, near the Mescal dam, there is a mesa where the soil is almost black with decom-

posed leaf mold. Enormous returns are to be expected from places like this.

who have spent money in development work have apparently failed to realize that an ounce of copper will stain an enormous quantity of rock. Gold is without question present in a trace everywhere in the soil, but in general it is safe to say that practically all of the mining operations in the Antelope Valley will be con-



The "Hotel" Builder's Camp. Left to Right: The Thomas Brothers, Weis, Milligan and Reeslund

posed to the volcanic hills which border it upon the north and which are heavily mineralized in places.

An abundant water supply for the colony is already assured, but it seems probable that a much greater supply will ultimately be developed. Geologists recognize the existence of a great break, or fault, along the northern side of the range. This marks one of the places where the rock strata broke at the time the mountains were thrown up to their present height, away back at the beginning of the Quarternary period.

There are reasons for thinking that a great deal of the water that comes from the melting snows at the summit of the range sinks into this crevice, forming an underground stream and possibly forming the artesian supply for the Antelope Valley, if not for more distant regions. It should be possible to find some place where this fault can be tapped with tunnels and a large flow of water developed.

The colony has the advantage of drawing its water supply from mountains sufficiently high to receive summer showers. The damp sea breeze flowing over their high summits is so chilled that, barometric conditions being favorable, the moisture is condensed, giving birth to heavy thunder storms around the highest peaks which help to maintain a steady flow of water in the canyons below. Another advantage is that the forested slopes are not covered with a growth of underbrush sufficiently heavy to make forest fires extremely dangerous. There is a very encouraging growth of young trees in places and plenty of timber already grown to supply the needs of the colony for a long time to come.

The vegetation over such parts of the colony as are not under cultivation is characteristic of the Mojave.



Burning Limestone for Material Used in Concrete Construction at Llano del Rio

posed leaf mold. Enormous returns are to be expected from places like this.

In the mountains to the south there are traces of such metals as iron and copper, but the formation is not favorable to extensive deposits of this type. Those

The most striking and artistic plant is the Joshua tree, or tree yucca. These strange objects are to be seen on every hand and add a touch of weirdness to a landscape that is far from being monotonous. They are especially attractive when seen by moonlight. There is only one species of true cactus growing at this elevation, but it makes up in ferocity for what it lacks in numbers. The tenderfoot from the city who stumbles

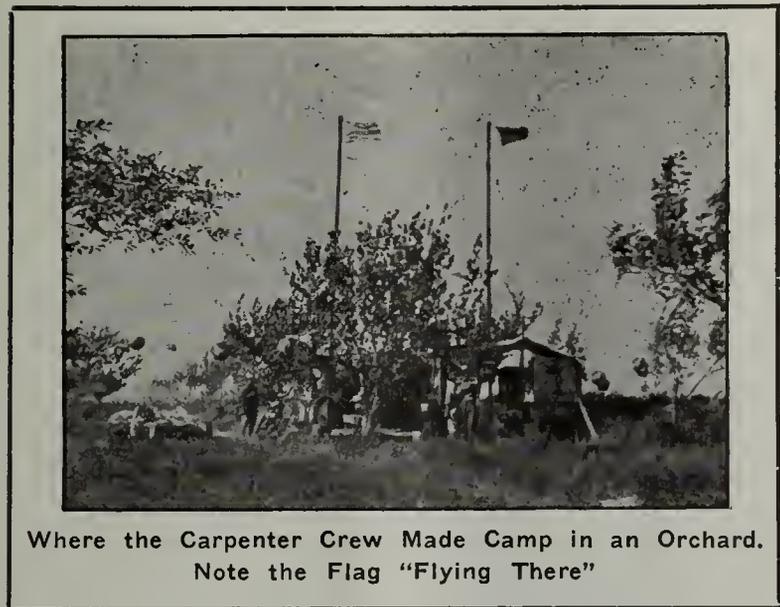
out with a brilliancy that is almost startling to the city dweller.

Indeed Llano del Rio is not only a place of wonderful possibilities, but it is situated among surroundings of far more than ordinary beauty. It is one of those places that inspires both poet and painter, and unless appearances deceive it is about to come into its own. We trust that every dream of those good and true comrades who are now doing the hard physical labor of preparing the soil for the coming of the water will be realized and that they will have the reward which their faithfulness and trust deserves.

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION

W. P. Hatton of Little Rock, Cal., who has a sixteen-acre ranch ten miles from Llano del Rio Colony, is harvesting 100 tons of pears, which should yield him about \$100 per ton after all expenses and charges are paid. The colony has about 55 acres of the same sort of pear trees, but they have not yet reached the bearing age. It is the intention of the colonists to establish their nursery and plant several hundred acres in deciduous fruit each year until they have the largest deciduous orchard in California.

The members of the colony are nearly all Socialists. They are doing the pioneering of a great constructive enterprise. About sixty members, many of whom have families, have entered the colony and are working in the various departments. Others have taken their



Where the Carpenter Crew Made Camp in an Orchard. Note the Flag "Flying There"

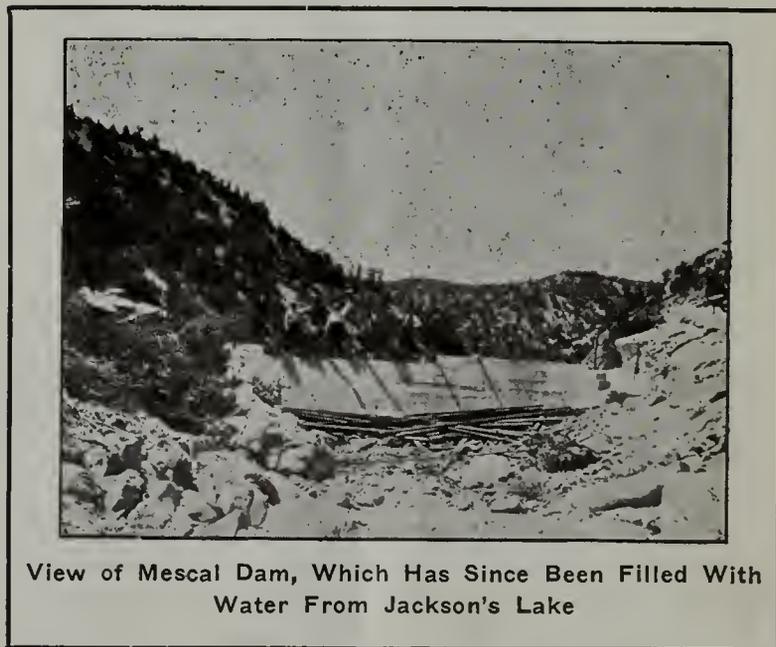
over it in the darkness at once takes a long step toward becoming proficient in the artistic and expressive language of the region.

The wild buckwheat is everywhere and its masses of white flowers produce an abundance of honey which will doubtless be utilized by the colony in times to come.

Even as late as August the desert paint brushes add a touch of brilliant red to the edges of the irrigating ditches, and perhaps the presence of so many Socialists in the vicinity will cause them to bloom throughout the year after this. Up beside Big Rock Creek are to be found magnificent specimens of the prickly poppy, a close relative of the Matilija. Its petals are white and look as if made of tissue paper, while the center is a lovely gold. Fortunately nature has provided it with ample means of defense, otherwise admiring campers would soon cause its complete extinction. Along with it grows a magnificent evening primrose. By day it is quite inconspicuous, but as the evening shadows fall its great yellow flowers burst open, transforming it into a thing of beauty.

The desert cottonwood grows with great rapidity along the irrigating ditches and will doubtless be extensively planted, as more shade trees will be badly needed as the colony grows.

Morning and evening the cloud effects are especially fine, the feathery cirrus clouds in particular reaching a degree of development which in its delicate beauty is unknown nearer the coast. At night the stars shine



View of Mescal Dam, Which Has Since Been Filled With Water From Jackson's Lake

memberships and are so arranging their affairs that they may leave the worry and vexations in the world of competition and take up life in a co-operative colony.

The colonists hope to recruit several members within the next year. They are in need of men and women of nearly all useful occupations. Anyone interested can get full particulars by writing to Llano del Rio Colony, 924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Wonderful Brain!

There are 398,000 wage workers in Chicago who are paid an average daily wage of \$1.61—Report of Industrial Department, Chicago Association of Commerce.

“THE solution of the present depression is not, to my mind, a difficult matter,” said the president of a Los Angeles bank, as he looked thoughtful and paused for the mighty enginery of his brain to get under headway.

“The solution would come with lower wages. That would ease off one the pressure.

“The labor unions have an opportunity. Let them get together and reduce wages and the hard times will be over.”

There you are in a nutshell. Let those heads of families who are receiving \$1.61 a day—when they can find a job—hold a meeting and agree voluntarily to reduce their wages by the simple method of knocking off the dollar and working for 61 cents.

If they do this they would make banking and other business better because:

They could pay higher rents to the landlord who is a depositor in the banks.

They could pay more interest on their mortgages, thus increasing the “earnings” of all banks.

They could buy more groceries and other food-stuffs.

They could pay up the back debt they owe the doctor.

They could buy more shoes and more school books for the children.

They could pay the undertaker and dodge the potters’ field.

Oh, yes; with lower wages the workers could pay more interest, rent, taxes, buy more goods, stimulate home building, enliven industry and awaken commerce.

It’s a happy thought and, if it can be properly spread and the workers adopt it, should bring a medal—if one has been offered for double-distilled assininity.—G. E. B.

Boy scouts of Europe are under command of the war office and are falling in the bloody trenches on the firing line. The mothers of these children were told, just as they are told in America, that the organization was not of a military character. The powder trust finances the organization and the boys are food for powder.

The San Francisco Star says “Even Anna Goldman is opposed to war.” We don’t know Anna, but probably she is related to the distinguished Emma, who also opposes war.

The Song of the Riders

We are the men who could never stand the rule of an ordered, bordered land,

Scorning a future made and planned, and cut to a dead man’s will.

Riding together with song and jest, we follow the nameless, fameless quest,

Broken and shattered, our band, at best, but laughing at danger still.

While others love the old lands, the cold lands, we mould lands;

We leave the worn-out altars, and we build new shrines.

The world will find its way here, and pray here, and stay here,

While we are off and riding where the last star shines.

We are the men who are rebels born, shattered and broken, alone, forlorn.

Beaten? Why, yes, in a hundred fights, but fighting on, dogged still;

Shut from the things that we used to know, led by the light that’s ahead, we go,

Comrades to death, while the ride shall last, and slave to no master’s will!

While others love the old worlds, the cold worlds, we mould worlds,

And men will kneel and worship at the altars that we raise;

For yet they’ll find their way here, and pray here, and stay here—

While we are off and riding, on strange new ways.
—By Mary Carolyn Davies.

Don’t Scratch It!

“I AM A believer in the high cost of living. I have little patience with this continual complaint,” says Underwood, the \$75,000-a-year president of the Erie Railroad.

Now, now, don’t get excited! Don’t cannonade cockroaches! Don’t scratch it! It will never get well if you pick it.

Underwood is a product. He is a symptom—a pimple—showing that beneath the surface, and not so far beneath, there is in the social body a rotting, reeking disease.

Don’t fiddle with effects. Find the cause of the decay.

Go after the sources of the pestilence that breeds and festers and causes these surface eruptions.

Don’t pick it! It requires a major operation for the system that breeds these symptoms—an amputation, just below the ears.—G. E. B.

Pacific Co-operative League

By E. O. F. AMES



HERE are many forms of voluntary co-operation and there have been many failures. Failures, however, are to the co-operator what an election defeat is to a Socialist and no more. In both instances a defeat is the signal for the opening of a new campaign, a campaign more certain of success because of the experience gained in past reverses.

Fourteen years of effort in co-operative endeavor in this state has revealed valuable lessons, many difficulties and disappointments.

It has been the close study of prominent co-operators to overcome these difficulties.

Work and experience along these lines have resulted in the formation of the Pacific Co-operative League.

In a few words, the writer wishes to explain this simple and novel co-operative enterprise. The Pacific Co-operative League, with central offices in San Francisco, is born of much past experience. The founders combine an extensive experience of co-operation in its theoretical and practical application both in this state and in Great Britain.

We are often told by famous men that they accumulate above all else a growing sense of their own limitations as they progress in study and knowledge. The originators of the Pacific Co-operative League may not be famous men, yet, but they are blessed with a belief in caution and the value of small beginnings. The league has made some very stringent rules of operation, which will in the telling give the reader a fair idea of the work the league is doing.

All the business of the league is done on a strictly cash basis. No goods bought or sold, except for cash. No capital expenditure can be made till the money is actually subscribed for the purpose. No expense for operating can be incurred that is not positively being earned in the business. Progress depends upon each step being a safe one and self-supporting.

The aim of the league is to unite producer and consumer by the shortest possible route and to do it at cost, eliminating the idea of making a profit on the work. In brief, the league reverses the purpose of industry as it is understood today. Instead of making the needs of the community a means of personal profit or selfish interest, it aims to make those needs the means of service to, and better human relations, in the community.

The basis of the league work is in the small community or co-operative clubs, which the league organizers are instituting. Neighbors are brought together in groups and their orders for groceries and merchandise of any description are bulked by the secretary, who forwards them to the league. The league supplies the goods at wholesale, plus only a small addition for cost of repacking, and delivery is made direct to the member or the club. The entire cost of retailing is thereby eliminated at one blow.

The league is affiliated with the Co-operative Wholesale Society in San Francisco, a company of fourteen years' standing, and therefore has an assured source of supply for its members' orders.

Admission to the group buying clubs affiliated to the league is \$5 only. This entitles the member to permanent buying privileges and involves no liability whatsoever. The charge of \$5 is made to cover the cost of organizing. This is the lowest price at which the expense can be met at present and is made low in order to afford co-operative wholesale buying at cost to all who need it.

The club is the beginning. From this small and inexpensive start it is hoped to build up co-operative distributing centers. As the members of the buying clubs gain confidence in co-operation, and the managers of the league, they are encouraged to subscribe for full membership. Full membership costs \$105, which can be paid by installments. This entitles the member to an equal vote with all the other members and an equal share in all the property rights of the league. No one can obtain any interest or right in the league that is not open to every other member and in this way the true co-operative character of the league is assured.

The money collected from membership shares is used to establish the distributing warehouses mentioned above. These will be run not for profit, but to distribute goods at as near cost as practicable. The ultimate end in view being the complete control of the people's business.

The buying plan of the league secures to the members an average reduction in the cost of living of at least 20%. On groceries it is a little less; on clothing and other merchandise, more. A saving of from \$3 to \$5 per ton on coal direct from the mine to clubs has been made.

Prominent men all over the United States have given the league their ready endorsement.

Syphilization of the Marquesans

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN



THEY won't work, these Marquesan people with whom I lived five months, and from whose islands, seven degrees below the equator—toward New Zealand—I have returned unwillingly to civilization. They don't have to work. Their food hangs on trees right over their heads. They eat breadfruit and coconuts and bananas and oranges, vi apples, mangos, pistachio nuts, papayas, alligator pears, rose apples, taro, feis, watercress and fish, shrimp, lobsters, crabs and pigs, goats and beef.

They don't do a stroke. There is not a tilled field in the eight Marquesas islands, nor a wagon, nor a wheelbarrow.

Every man and every woman has land, and the crops grow without cultivation. I never saw a hoe nor a plow.

If a Marquesan wants breadfruit he yanks it off the trees, and so with coconuts, mangos and all the other score of fruits, nuts and berries. The trees are practically in common; the Marquesans today are a brotherhood. If they hunger for fish or sport, a group of neighbors, men and women, take the canoes from the beach and



A Marquesan Chief With Beautifully Tattooed Legs

spear or snare the bonito, albicore, ray and a hundred other kinds of fish that seem just crazy to get the hook.

I have been with parties that caught a ton in a night's fun. If they want a haunch of goat, a side of beef, or a ham from a boar, they mount their agile horses and ride to the hills, where the animals are always to be found.

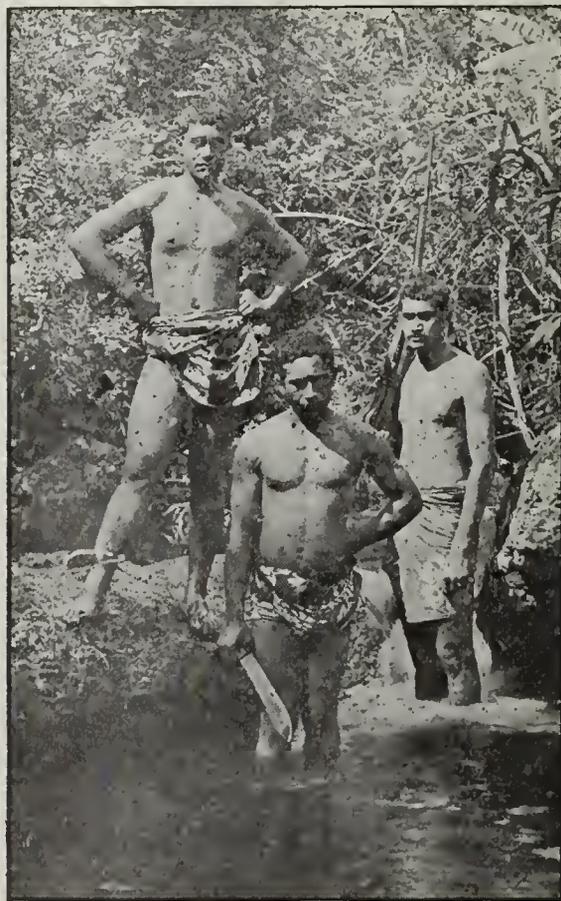
No. They won't work. It makes the white traders furious.

"If those bastards would plant coconuts and make copra we'd all be rich in a few years," said an American trader to me.

"Gott in Himmel! I haf dried und dried to persuade die natives to vork und dey laugh und say nix," said a German trader with tears in his eyes.

They don't need the money. That's it. They all help one another building a house or in anything useful. Their coconuts they sell to the traders and get tobacco and cloth and other things they like.

They wear flowers in their hair every day; men and women alike. Nature gave them one of the richest soils of the universe. They are the handsomest natural



The Marquesans Are Natural Swimmers and Boatmen, Good Woodsmen and Mountain Climbers

people I have ever seen, and I have visited most of the world.

They are olive or tawny in color, like our folks at the beaches. They are not negroes. Their features are almost perfect. But they won't work.

"Ze damn fool don't care for money," said a Frenchman to me. "Tonnerre de dieu! Zey say ze money ees not worth working for. Zey have plenty and zey prefer to take it easy, to sing and dance and

swim in ze water. Saprستي! Zey are fou, crazee! If zey would work for 60 cents a day we would get ze money like rain. Zey all ought to be shot and bring in ze Chinaman."

lives toiling to make those whites rich? We have enough. A few hours once in a while gathering cocoanuts and making copra and we have all we want. We don't need the money."

I asked a missionary what had the whites brought.

"The gospel," he said, unctiously.

"Anything else?" I persisted.

"Oh, you refer to diseases," he said. "It is sad. The whites brought consumption, syphilis and leprosy; this last by importing Chinese coolies as laborers. They also brought opium, rum and smallpox and other diseases. There were no diseases here when the whites came. The Marquesans were said by every voyager to be the finest race on earth, physically."

"How many Marquesans were there when the whites first came?" I asked.

"About 70,000," he said; "the valleys were full of them."

"And now?"

"Now," said the missionary, "there are about 2500."

"The others died from the diseases the whites brought!" I exclaimed.

"It is sad but true. They were cruel. It was a divine dispensation that some missionaries reached here in time to shed the light of the gospel on the dying people."

"But the missionaries came first, and then the traders and then white government," I said tentatively.

"That is true," he said, "we led the way, as we always do. It is a pity. They are a fine people, but they won't work."



Pascual and His Friends. He is a Physical Giant and a Professional Pilot and Interpreter

I asked my friend, Pootuhatuha, a manly, strapping fellow, about the plaint of the traders.

"What's the use?" he replied. "Why spend our

Beside Green Pastures

IN addition to the possession of a considerable territory in Kingdom Come, the Trinity Corporation of New York still holds to a considerable slice of earthly holdings. A recent report shows its total assets include \$15,812,400 of "productive property," most of which is "land" in New York City.

There is at least one saloon on the land owned by the corporation. The character of a number of other establishments is well known.

Fifteen millions in income property!

You can picture the sweetly solemn scene as the smug, well fed, well groomed, well content parasites sit on plush cushions folding white, pudgy hands across rotund bellies as the priest purrs along with oily unctiousness: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."
—E d'O.

Carry California, Oregon and Washington for the Eight-Hour Law. Education will do it!

Nursery Rhymes for Read Revolutionists

Little Woodrow he lost his go-
At; doesn't know how to retrieve him—
He went to John D., with a crook in his knee,
But merely just managed to peeve him!

Little Ree Former sat in a corner
Patching the System's pants;
The pant were threadbare, but Ree didn't care;
His work was "constructive"—perchance.

Wise Elbert Hubbard went to his cu'board
to get out his good grindstones,
And sharpen his axes to hew out syntaxes
That add to his slathers of "bones."

Dock and Bill set up a shrill,
Sad cry about the slaughter
In Mexico—not here, O, no!
At home it doesn't matter.

(Very English accent on the last word.)

—A. F. Gannon.

Single Tax and Socialism

By DR. J. E. POTTENGER



IN PREVIOUS discussions I have attempted to make the following points: That Socialists generally are not clear on the land question; that Marx recognized it of prime importance twenty years before George wrote his first book; and that it has failed to receive the attention of Socialists which it deserves.

Undoubtedly the situation is due to the brevity with which Marx treats the question. Had he given landlordism as careful an analysis as he did capitalism, the case would be clear today, but it is fair to say that his remarks on capitalism completely overshadow anything which was said on the land question. Comrade Berger's criticism of Marx on this point, cited in a previous paper, indicates that he (Berger) considers that agriculture presents a special problem of its own, as distinct from the land question elsewhere, mining lands, city lands, etc. The fact is, that the increasing value of agricultural lands with its accompanying tenantry and absentee landlordism is the same problem that confronts the wage-worker in the city, in mines, or elsewhere, where values of natural opportunities are advancing.

Now, since the solution for this problem is urgent, we find ourselves ready to consider the program of the Single Taxers. We can work with them without in the least compromising our position, for any measure designed to tax land to its full value, or to socialize rent and unearned increment.

We can also assist them in abolishing personal property taxation, poll tax and other discriminatory licenses, etc. They wish to abolish the personal property tax because of their peculiar view that the products of labor should not be taxed. We should seek to abolish it for a different reason—on the ground of expediency—for it is impossible to secure an equitable return. No system of espionage is capable of listing equitably this form of property. The strong and powerful can and do conceal their personal property, leaving the less privileged with the burden to bear. The loss (only 10% of the assessed valuation in California) from this item would be many times compensated for by taxing the privileged on the full value of the only thing which cannot be concealed, that is land.

Further, the Socialist movement will find much support from members of the Single Tax movement, in taking over public utilities. Ninety-five per cent of them are collectivists in regard to "monopoly" utilities.

There are only a few uncompromizing individualists among them.

There remains one important feature of their program for discussion, i. e., the exemption from taxation **on** (buildings, etc) and **in** (increased fertility, etc.) land. George admits that it is not easy to determine the value of improvements in land, but contends that an approximation of such value would be sufficient for practical purposes. This exemption so vital to the success of the Single Taxers, is one which should be considered carefully by Socialists. It is perfectly logical and necessary from the Single Taxers' viewpoint, but it has absolutely nothing to do with the main proposition in which Socialists are interested, i. e., the destruction of land privilege. Land privilege disappears when the other schemes upon which both can agree are carried out. The exemption of improvements is favored by the Single Taxers for the same reason that they favor exemption of personals. But to the Socialists it is different; we do not accept the reasoning of the Single Taxer, and would exempt improvements only on the ground of expediency. But improvements generally differ from personals in that they are for the most part fixed and cannot be concealed from assessment. Personally, I am not especially concerned with the exemption of improvements. It matters little to the working class whether they are or are not exempted; it depends much upon the method by which assessments are made.

The practical question, then, after these various points of agreement have been pointed out, is: How can the full value of land be determined? Is there a system of valuation which will apply equally to lots, improved or unimproved; farming land, mines, etc.? The Single Taxers recommend the Somers method of valuation for city lots. It is not recommended for the valuation of land in general. Briefly, the Somers system is based upon the known market value of individual lots, from which data is constructed a table of valuation for each front foot. All lots similarly situated are declared to have the same valuation. This is a haphazard and discriminatory method of assessment, but there is plenty of chance for improvement upon it.

The only system of valuation which can eliminate the arbitrary feature of the Somers system, and which is of universal application in that it may be used for all land and improvements wherever situated, or for whatever purpose used, is the system in which valua-

Pool of the Nymphs



Scene on the Rio del Llano. The photographer declares this picture was not secured by stealth, chicanery or deception. He even says he approached the scene fearlessly and without embarrassment. In fact, he even asks us to believe the lingerie so tastefully draped from the trees belongs to Mother Nature and the fabric is of ice and spray.

tions are determined by competitive bids. It is the extension of the system which has been used to some extent in New Zealand. Under this plan every owner of land returns his own valuation of land and improvements. He is then taxed on that value. In order to check the tendency to low valuation, a condemnation clause must be inserted giving the state, or any other individual the right to purchase any land and improvements at the owner's valuation, plus, perhaps, a small per cent. This plan, slightly modified, has enabled the government of New Zealand to tax the great landed estates out of existence, one of which, the Cheviot estate of 84,000 acres, was condemned and purchased by the government and subdivided.

This method would extend the law of eminent domain to the last unit of land without the present costly system of appraisal and court action with its numerous delays. It destroys the incentive to dodge taxes. It is not arbitrary, but puts the owner on his honor. The expense of the assessor's office would be a small portion of the present cost. Boards of equaliza-

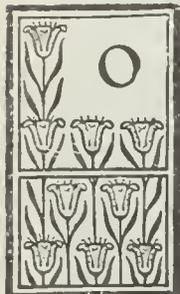
tion would be unnecessary. The direct result would be that owners of land now held for speculation in California, upon which practically no taxes are paid, would sell their lands much cheaper than are now asked for them and the worker would have a chance to own a home or rent one for a portion of the present price. The large estates in California would melt in five years.

It is difficult to see why the Single Taxer should refuse to aid the Socialist in securing such legislation, since he takes pride in basing his arguments upon natural law, and here is a plan which gives absolute freedom to the owner, while the Somers system is arbitrary and allows no freedom whatsoever in reckoning values. If this plan should be adopted by the Socialist Party it may readily be seen why it would not be expedient to exempt improvements, for we would need to retain the present costly and tedious process of appraisal in case of condemnation.

Lastly, we can work with the Single Taxers in securing Home Rule in taxation, which will be voted upon next November and which, if adopted, will enable us to try any system which we desire.

Fable of the Invincible One

By A. F. GANNON



ONCE upon a time there was a Young One of Great Strength who said In His Heart:

"I am Strong! But I shall make many Implements that shall add Strength unto the Strength of my arm until I am become Invincible."

Whereupon he fashioned many Implements and placed them upon his person, and was Invincible.

Then seating himself he examined each addition to his Great Strength and burnished them and buffed them, and was proud of his Handiwork.

"Ah, what wonderful things these weapons are!" he soliloquized, "and what great quantities of Strength they add to the Strength that Nature has endowed me with!"

Arising with no little difficulty because of the combined weight of his weapons, he exclaimed, surprised:

"I must move about more and become accustomed to their weight, and," he added, after pondering deeply for a few moments, "as I shall be unable to follow my former rather pacific pursuits with all these accoutrements, I must, of a necessity, enter a new field of activity. I have it! I will exhibit myself as The Invincible One! But, the question is, am I really Invincible? I have had no occasion to use these weapons yet, having no one to contend with, therefore, how do I know if I am proficient in their use?"

As The Invincible One passed along thus ruminating, he noted at some distance before him a gesticulating group of people. Coming up to them he demanded to know what the trouble was.

"Why!" cried an excited man, of wondrous abdominal girth and floridity of face, "this—fellow," designating, with utter contempt and loathing in the action, one of two rough-looking men in the center of the group, "this fellow refuses to remain any longer in my employ, absurdly claiming as his reason for leaving my service, that I do not pay him enough for his labor to clothe and provision him properly! Look upon him! Is he not clothed and fed, as befits one of his kind? And not only thus does he injure me, but when I secured this other fel-gentleman in his stead, at a lesser stipend, he spoke with him and prevailed upon him to refuse my generous offer of employment. Besides, this g-gentleman is even now hungry, and I can see that he is still desirous of accepting my offer, and would do so but for a well-grounded fear that

this—eriminal, who takes the bread out of hungry men's mouths, would set upon him and belabor him if he did so. Therefore, I appeal to you to save this poor, starving man, to whom my heart goes out in sympathy."

"Indeed, it is outrageous!" bellowed The Invincible One, "Are you not ashamed to so hector a defenseless hungry man, and perhaps do a lasting injury to his digestive and assimilative organs?" he said, addressing the culprit, who had not opened his mouth during the Rubicund One's arraignment, but being thus directly questioned, he answered directly:

"Not a damned bit—because I'm right."

The Invincible One's wrath knew no bounds.

"You!" he thundered at the silent one of the ill-attired pair. "You accept this excellent and charitable man's offer of employment! I will protect you! As for this insolent one—I'll teach him manners!"

After The Invincible One had repaired to his own satisfaction the Insolent One's lack of early Chesterfieldian Training, he strode onward, congratulating himself on his Great Strength, and how easy it was to administer these little lessons in Deportment.

"Ah," he again sililoquized, which habit he was fast acquiring, "I shall avail myself of every such opportunity to aid the oppressed." Which he did, and became exceedingly proficient in the use of his weapons. And his friends, which were Round-bellied and Few, exclaimed:

"What marvelous Strength! Such unerring Judgment!"

But his enemies, which were Flat-bellied and Legion, exclaimed:

"His muscles grow Flabby and his belly Big!"

Now, it came to pass that rumors were brought to his ears of a certain Distant One who claimed to be Invincible also, and, as he considered himself the Only-Original-Cohen Invincible One, he was much cast Down thereat.

"However," he concluded, "I shall be careful in the use of my long-distance weapons, and in the meantime I will make many more and train my friends in the use of them."

So he made many more weapons and taught his friends how to use them properly when administering Delsarte-Deportment and Easy-Etiquette Lessons.

But before The Invincible One and his friends had wearied of these little Swatting-Bees, as they had facetiously dubbed them, The Little Brown One from afar, who also claimed to be Invincible, came with a

horde of friends, who were flat-bellied, and standing without The Invincible One's door, cried:

"Bananas!" which was their war-cry, being vegetarians.

"Money!" cried The Invincible One at the top of his voice, which was his call-to-arms, but his voice being hoarse from having called it so often in summoning his friends to the Swatting-Bees, it did not carry far. However, those few of his friends who heard, and whose feet Obeyed, came and rallied about him and asked:

"Where is it—that we may fight for It?" and learning that the proposed fight was to be merely for The Invincible One's Honor, threw down their weap-

ons in high dudgeon, and set off toward more Tropical Climes.

So The Invincible One, in his extremity, cried out to the Insolent Ones:

"Come, Insolent Ones! Ye are many, and I have at great expense taught ye Delsarte-Department and Easy-Etiquette Lessons until ye are adept! Take up these arms that my late friends have cast away, that your Patient Teacher be not humiliated!"

Whereat the Insolent Ones laughed insolently, and taking up the weapons drove off the Intruders. Nor was the Late Invincible One humiliated, but became strong, healthy and active again in the discharging of divers and useful duties.

MORAL: Why is an Army?

War Destroys Social Ownership

ASIDE from the horrors of the international, official and collective murder now in progress in Europe, there are other phases of the situation that make the heart sick to contemplate. Socialists of Europe have built up such magnificent structures in their co-operative organizations and in social ownership of the necessities of life that hope bids us believe they will be revived after the war is over.

The New York Call quotes from a letter from Curtis Brown, written some weeks before the crash, in which the writer says Budapest has suddenly changed itself from being Austria-Hungary's dearest city to the cheapest. This is entirely the result of municipal trading.

At a municipal meeting last month, Burgermeister Barny announced that the cost of food in the last four years has been reduced 19 per cent, whereas in Vienna in the same period, the average price of necessities has gone up 14 per cent.

While Vienna is the dearest city in Central Europe, and suffers from chronic high price riots, Budapest citizens are rejoicing in general cheapness.

Austria and Hungary have the same tariff system. The only difference is that in Vienna the storekeeper makes a big profit, whereas in Budapest you now buy your meat, eggs and vegetables in stores conducted by the city, which make no profit at all. "Our town," says Herr Barny, "is becoming a universal trader. That is the only way to fight high prices."

Budapest's initiative in starting municipal food stores is a result of the bread riots of four years ago.

Vienna clamored for relief, but the Government gave none. The municipality kept to the policy initiated by the late Burgermeister Lueger—"handsome Carl"—the policy of favoring at all costs the small store-keeper.

First Budapest started as a butcher. It established in Buda, in Pest, and in the Altofen district, handsomely equipped municipal meat stalls. The stalls were intended for the poor. But as the meat was better and cheaper than in private stores, all classes patronized them. Prices were about three-quarters of the private stores' prices.

Next Budapest attacked the private bakers. It established four public bakeries and reduced bread prices 7 per cent. The private bakers were obliged to cut down their prices. Today in Buda and Pest 50,000 families, counting in all 250,000 persons, buy their bread from the city. Doctors say that Budapest's municipal bread is purer and more nutritious than the bread of other Austro-Hungarian cities.

Having established its position as retailer, Budapest challenged the producers and distributors. It was moved to this because the producers of meat, eggs and milk in the country round have an agreement equivalent to a trust for keeping up prices. The principality built additional slaughter houses and behind the trust farmers' backs began to import cattle, sheep and pigs from remote parts of Hungary.

The stock was bought on the spot at low prices, and by good organization was transported to the city at minimum rates. The city began selling its own meat, in its own stores. The farmers outside Budapest were angry, but helpless, and they reduced prices.

The town has lost no money. The initial financing of its enterprise was difficult. A capital of over \$1,000,000 had to be invested.

But the loss suffered in several municipal enterprises was covered by the profits in others. The municipality's principle, as far as possible, is to make no direct profit.

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Cost of Killing Men

IN TIMES of peace the greed of the exploiting class kills many workers. Human life is the cheapest thing capitalism owns. The cost of killing a worker is nothing.

In times of war, however, humanity pays a heavy price in gold for each life taken. The scale runs up and runs down.

The average cost of killing runs (in dollars) about \$15,000 to a man. In the Boer war it cost \$40,000 to kill a man.

In dollars the cost of the life of each man in the present war will run high.

Should I return to my regiment in France I might kill a few German comrades at the cost of, say \$20,000 each. In turn I might be killed at the same price (in dollars).

As a physician I prefer to try the other plan. While studying the sanitary methods in the Canal Zone I learned it cost about \$2.43 to save a life. In the zone we saved 6130 lives at a cost of \$15,000, or about the cost of killing one man in war.

To have killed 6130 men in war would have meant a cost of \$30,650,000.

When we save a life we have an asset.

Instincts of humanity and superstition keep us from using human bones for fertilizer. A dead man is therefore not an asset.

I shall not return to Europe and fight. It's a poor investment and the balance (in dollars) is on the wrong side of the ledger.—E d O.

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"It's in the Mountains"

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PAUCITY OF CAPACITY

James started his third helping of pudding with delight.

"Once upon a time, James," admonished his mother, "there was a little boy who ate too much pudding, and he burst!"

James considered. "There ain't such a thing as too much pudding," he decided.

"There must be," continued his mother, "else why did the little boy burst?"

James passed his plate for the fourth time, saying: "Not enough boy."—The Multitude.

HONOR TO PRESIDENTS

When Uncle Rod, the old colored man who worked about the place, came one morning, Mrs. Stone said:

"Well, Unele Rod, I hear you have another pair of twins at your house."

"Yes'm," said Rod. "Done named 'em aftah two ob de fust presdents of dis eountry."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Stone, "which two?"

"Ole Christofo C'lumbus an' Julyous Caesar," said the old man. "We's great on namin' de ehillun fo' de pres'dents 't our house."—National Monthly.

ON THE DOG WATCH

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson. "'No, said the Captain,' he read, "'it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-a-_____'"

The word was new to him.

"Barque," supplied the teacher.

Still Willie hesitated.

"Barque," repeated the teacher, this time sharply.

Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then, with an apprehensive glance around the class, he shouted:

"Bow-wow!"

THE OMNIBUS

"Where," said the land agent, addressing an audience of possible purchasers, "where else on the face of the globe will you find in one place copper, tin, iron, cotton, hemp, grain, game—"

A voice replied:

"In the pockets of my youngest son."

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GREAT CONSTRUCTIVE GENIUS

By turning out a mixture of crushed, stale bread and cheap molasses and calling it a breakfast food, and grinding peanut shells into a so-called substitute for coffee, C. W. Post, who recently committed suicide at Santa Barbara, amassed a fortune of \$20,552,380.

Why did not the press expose this monumental fraud? Well, one reason was that another part of this man's alchemy was to purchase the press—bribery through the advertising columns.

Many morals are obvious. Honesty is the best policy. Virtue finds its own reward, etc.—take your choice or write a moral of your own.

TOO MUCH MOONLIGHT

It was a beautiful evening and Ole, who had screwed up courage to take Mary for a ride, was carried away by the magic of the night.

"Mary," he asked, "will you marry me?"

"Yes, Ole," she answered softly.

Ole lapsed into a silence that at last became painful to his fiancée.

"Ole," she said desperately, "why don't you say something?"

"Ay tank," Ole replied, "they bane too much said already."

SEAT OF HER EMOTION

A girl who saw the Atlantic Ocean for the first time was standing on the beach, gazing dreamily over the expanse of foaming water.

"So this is the first time you've ever seen the ocean?" said her escort.

"Yes, the very first time."

"And what do you think of it?"

"Ah!" she sighed in ecstasy, "it smells just like oysters."—Argonaut.

ENCOURAGING NEWS

The eminent physicians had been called in consultation. They had retired to another room to discuss the patient's condition. In the closet of that room a small boy had been concealed by the patient's directions to listen to what the consultation decided and to tell the patient, who desired genuine information.

"Well, Jimmy," said the patient, when the boy came to report, "what did they say?"

"I couldn't tell you that," said the boy. "I listened as hard as I could, but they used such big words. I couldn't remember much of it. All I could catch was when one doctor said:

"'Well, we'll find that out at the autopsy.'"

WHY NOT TELL HER

Fair Stranger—How much has Mrs. Gadabout Tomlinson on deposit here?

Bank Teller—I cannot tell you.

Fair Stranger—Why, I thought you were the "teller!"

FROMAGE

"Paw! Say, Paw! What's 'sabotage' mean?"

"Gee whiz, Bobby! Don't them teachers of yourn learn you nothin' at all no more? It's cheese, Bobby, just ordinary green cheese!"

What are you doing for the cause?

How many applications have you turned in to the secretary of your local?

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NOTARY PUBLIC

SOME INCUBATION

"Speaking of hens," said truthful Bill, "reminds me of an old hen my dad had on a farm in Dakota. She would hatch out anything from a tennis ball to a lemon. Why, one day she sat on a piece of ice and hatched out two quarts of hot water."

"That doesn't come up to a club-footed hen my old mother once had," said one of his hearers. "They had been feeding her by mistake on sawdust instead of oatmeal. Well, she laid twelve eggs and sat on them, and when they were hatched eleven of the chickens had wooden legs and the twelfth was a woodpecker."

THE PARASITE

The schoolmaster was giving his class a little serious talk about laziness, and was drawing a picture of the habitual loafer and his ultimate fate.

"Now, who," he asked dramatically, "is the miserable, worthless, wretched individual who gets food, clothing and shelter from his fellows and gives nothing whatever in return?"

There was an instant's breathless silence, and then a small voice chirped:

"Please, sir, the baby!"

LOW IN THE SCALE

The child-labor law in New Jersey having gone into effect, it is said that a great many parents who hitherto have depended upon the labor of their children are now at their wits' end to live. The factory owners have naturally (or unnaturally) made the most of this. They have discharged children over fourteen (the age limit) in order to intensify the distress.

This illustrates in what a bad way any state may find itself when it has come to depend upon children for the support of its working classes.—Life.

QUICK ACTION

The amateur gardener saw an ad in a farm paper. The ad read as follows:

"How to remove weeds without labor. Ten minutes does the trick. Send \$2 for recipe."

The amateur gardener sent the \$2. Two days later he received the recipe. It read as follows:

"Marry a widow."

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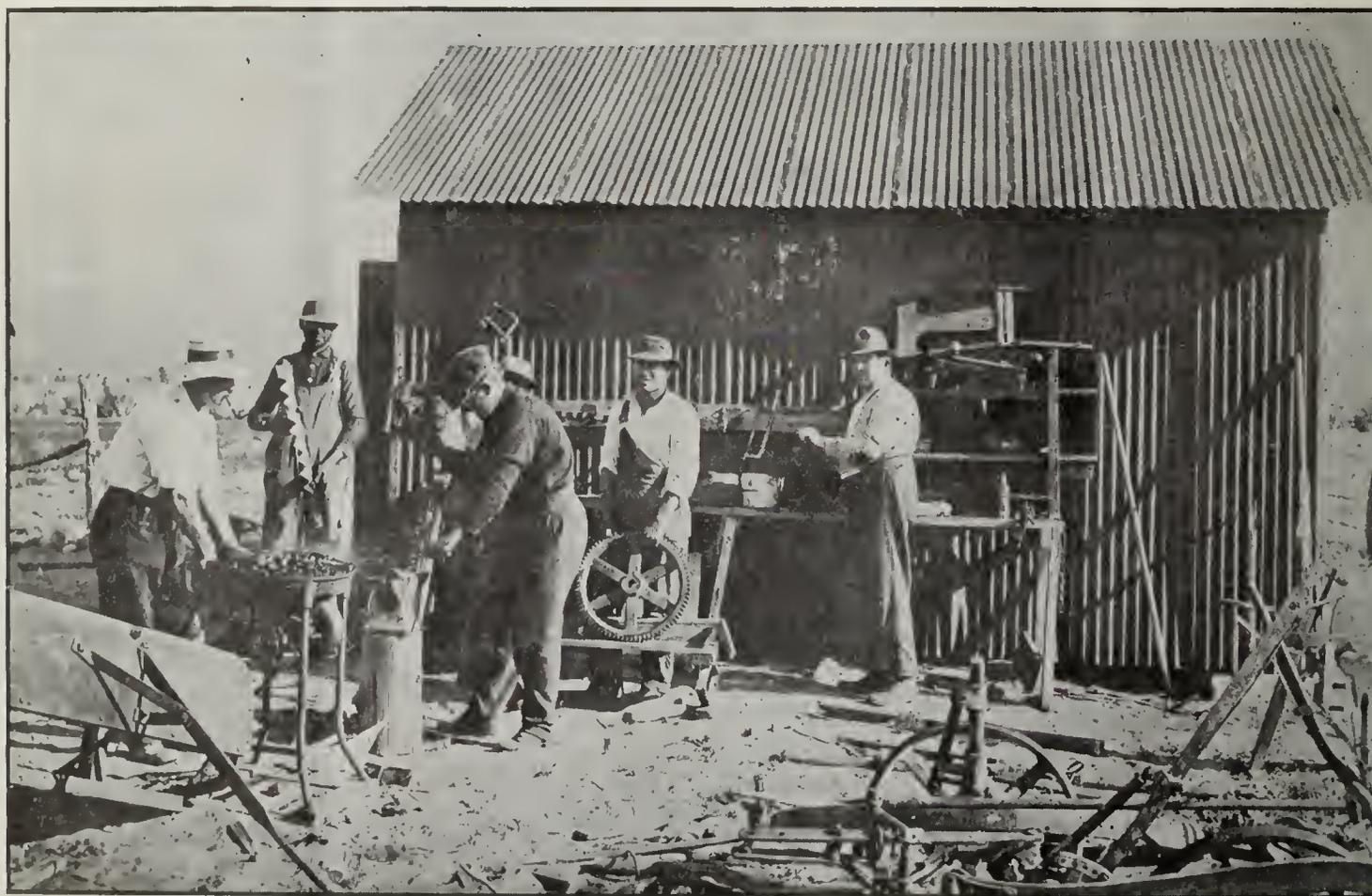


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