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The Western Comrade

This Issue

CONTAINS

MAGNIFICENT
CONTRIBUTIONS

BY

Job Harriman

W. A. Engle

Emanuel Julius

Frank E. Wolfe

Edgcumb Pinchon

Rob Wagner

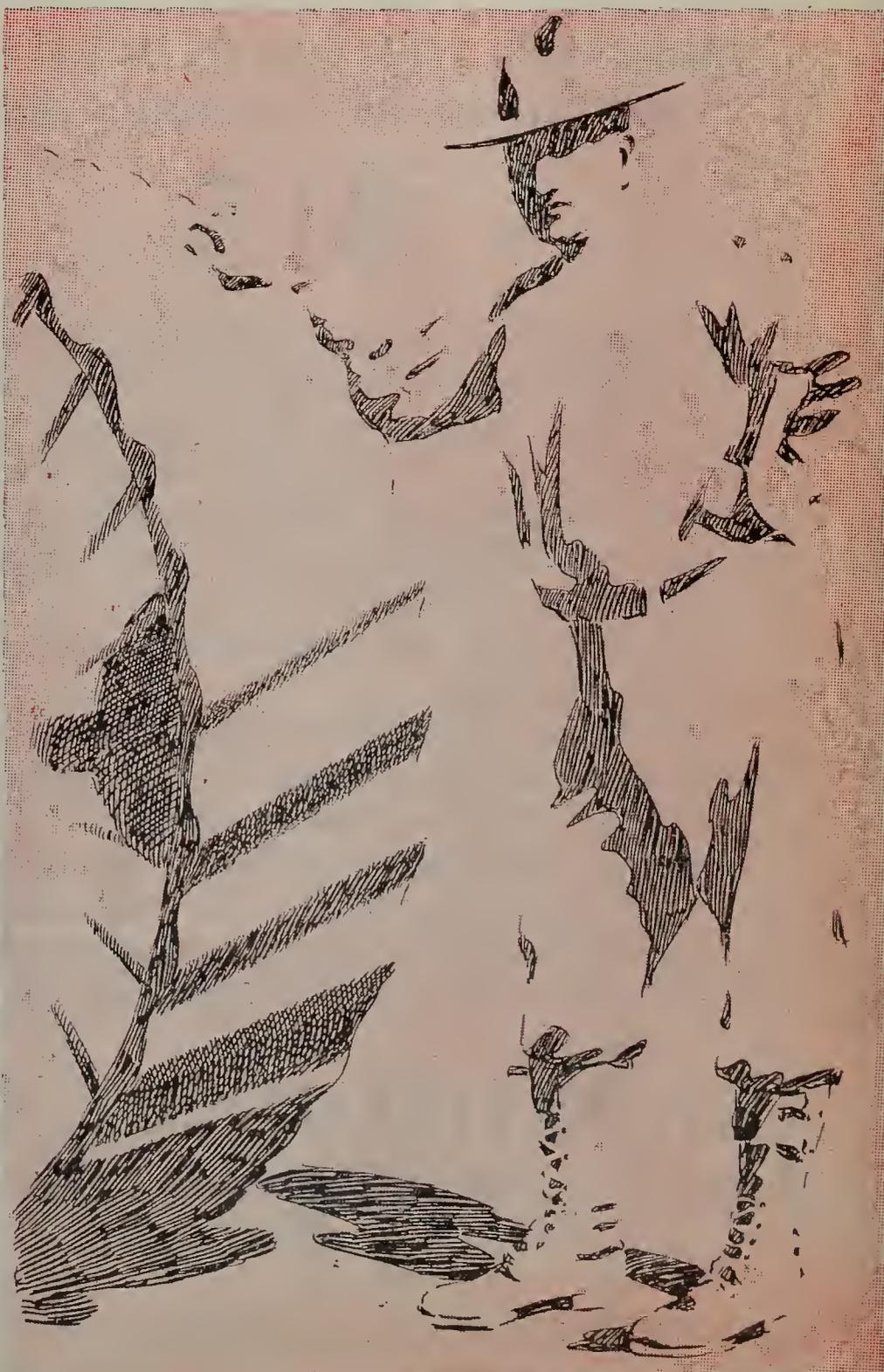
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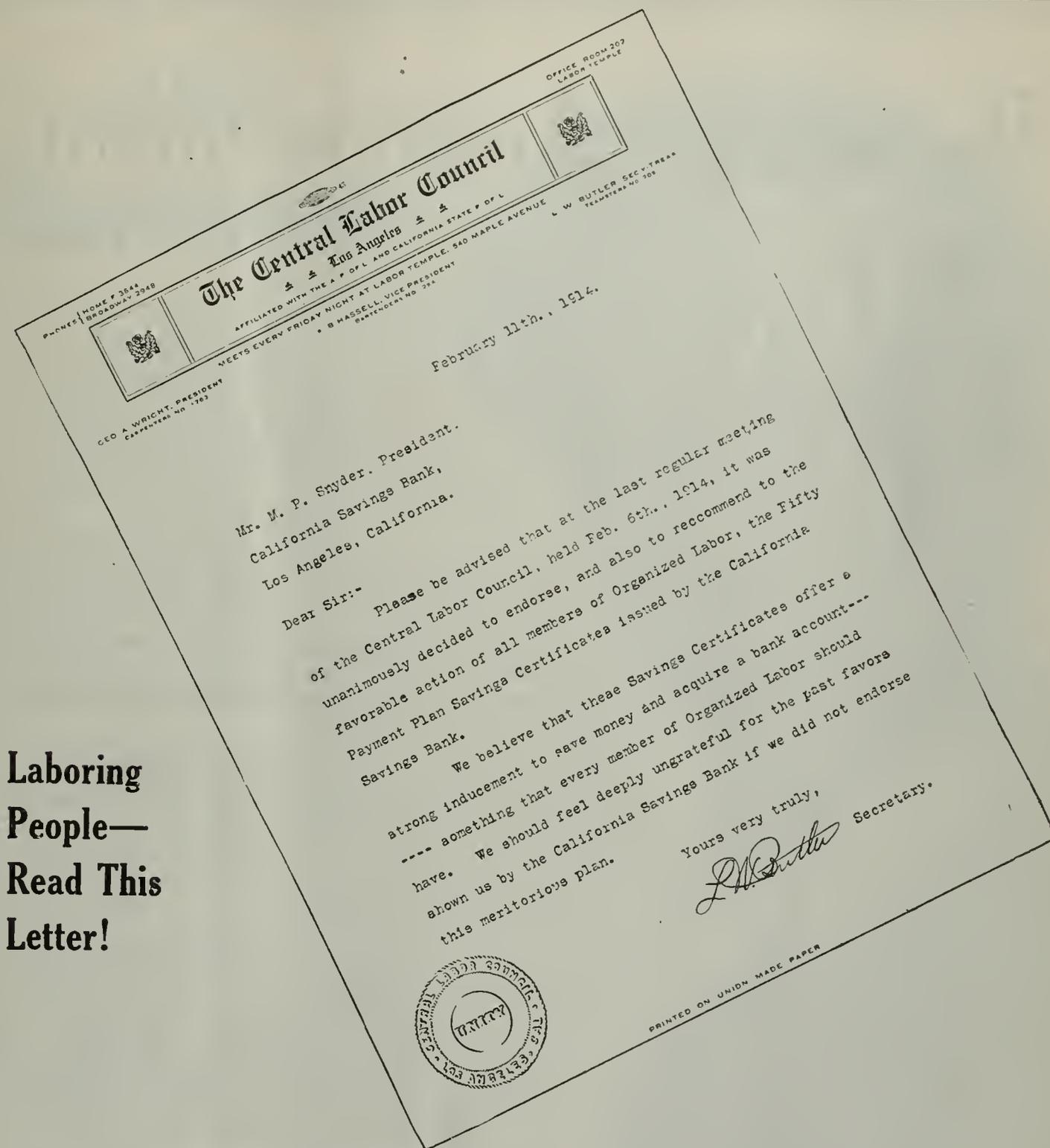
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Publishers' Announcement



EMANUEL JULIUS



**Comrades of the
West! Give your
magazine—The
WESTERN
COMRADE
—your enthusi-
astic support.**

THE WESTERN COMRADE has fought nobly. It will continue to fight. Against tremendous odds, Emanuel Julius, as manager and one of the editors of this publication, kept The Western Comrade above the high water mark, enabled the bills to be met as bills should be met, and gave the workers of the West a magazine to be proud of. Emanuel Julius and Chester M. Wright, through their tireless efforts, marked a new era in Socialist journalism.

Emanuel Julius has turned over his magazine to new hands. It is taken with a clean slate. Looking over his records, we do not find a single unpaid bill. Indeed, is this not remarkable? The printers, engravers, mailers, artists, folders, binders and others have received every penny due them. Emanuel Julius is not only an efficient editor and a wonderful writer but a business man of keen ability.

We will be satisfied if future issues of The Western Comrade maintain the high literary standards attained by Emanuel Julius and Chester M. Wright. And, when we announce our policy it is only fair to say that we shall not bring in a new phase for treatment but merely emphasize what Comrade Julius and Wright have already treated.

The co-operative idea is "taking" in this part of the country. It was first expounded in The Western Comrade. It is only natural that we shall use this medium, as we desire, above all things, to advance the co-operatives. Where co-operation was a part of The Western Comrade's policy, under Emanuel Julius' and Chester M. Wright's regime, we shall make it THE policy of the present publishers. That is the only difference.

We shall strive to print the best fiction obtainable. Poetry of a high order will be given its place. Book reviews, articles on Socialism, editorials on current events will all be given their proper place.

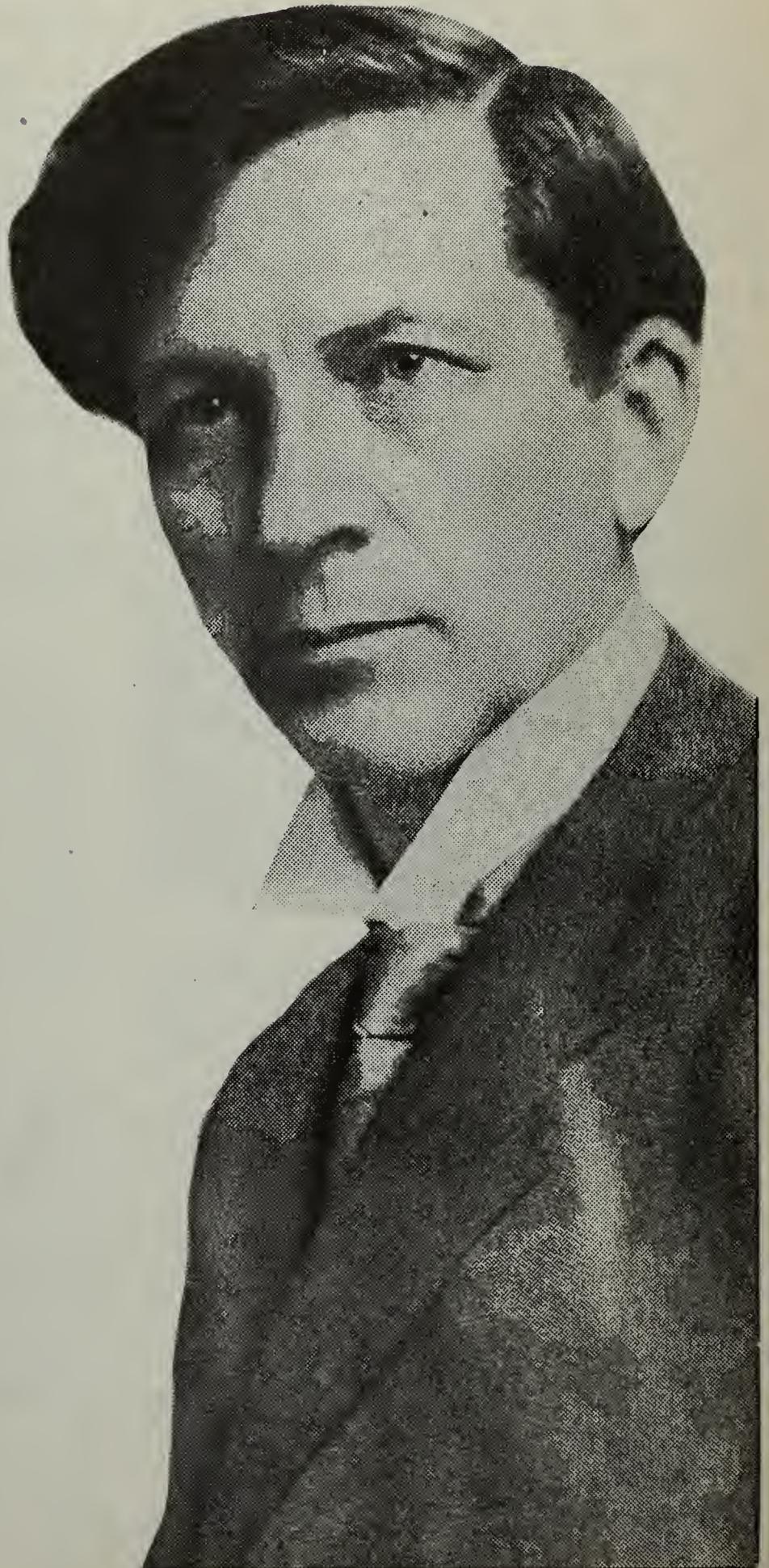
We are positive that The Western Comrade will be of great interest to the Western workers. They will find much in the magazine that will touch their immediate environments. They will be proud of The Western Comrade, just as we are proud of the magazine as it was.

Job Harriman

wants you to read his article in this issue of *The Western Comrade*. He has a great message for labor. Study his theory of practical co-operation. Everybody knows that Harriman has always had the interests of labor at heart. His article, "The Gateway to Freedom," tells what he believes labor should do.

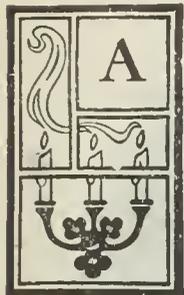


Read his article.
Discuss it.
Get your friends
to read it.



The Gateway to Freedom

By. JOB HARRIMAN



ALL down the centuries, the workers have been struggling for freedom. The creators have aspired for a system of society wherein they would enjoy a measure of happiness. The producers have always desired a day when labor would rid itself of parasites in human form who live off their labor.

History has been the record of those who have fought for freedom. They have battled for religious, intellectual and political freedom. After generations of suffering, they have obtained the right to think as they please. They have freedom of thought, they have political freedom and religious freedom, but the worst slavery of all still exists. I refer to economic slavery.

The great struggle that faces men today is the struggle for economic freedom, to have the right of access to the sources of life. So long as the machines, the land, the tools and the other means of production are owned by one class to the detriment of another, so long will the workers be industrial and economic slaves. The time has come for the workers to become the owners of the land and the tools. The time has come for action, not for argument. We want results NOW, not in the distant future. Here is the gateway to freedom!

Deep down in the heart of 90 per cent of our people who have reached maturity there is an ever-present dread of failure, or loss of work, and a desire to get "back to the land."

All that prevents this great mass of people from returning to the land is the knowledge of the hardships, and the long up-hill struggle which such a life entails, and the expense of procuring water and labor necessary to cultivate the land on the individual or "small farm" scale. Another great obstacle is the lack of educational facilities for the children and of the comforts and conveniences of city life, such as medical and hospital treatment, access to libraries, lectures, educational meetings, etc.

The Mescal Water and Land Company was formed with one object particularly in mind. That was to organize and incorporate in such a way as to insure to the stockholders and their families all the freedom, independence, character building influences, and other natural advantages of country life, combined with the most modern facilities for their education, entertainment, comfort and care.

With this idea ever in view, all the details have been worked out in a hard-headed, business-like manner, with the result that the plan herein briefly outlined is

both practical and sound, and presents opportunities to the average man never before offered.

There is no exaggeration in this description. It is a plain, conservative statement of conditions as they exist. Indeed it would be difficult to exaggerate the natural advantages of this beautiful tract of land. To see it is to long to enter into possession of it.

Because of most peculiar circumstances surrounding the past management and ownership the company has been able to secure this great tract of valuable land on terms that would appear unbelievable in this day of increasing land values.

The stockholders will share in this advantage.

The Mescal Water and Land Company is organized as a private corporation, with power to do everything necessary to develop and hold a large body of land for the benefit of the stockholders who perform the development labor thereon.

The Land

The property of this corporation is located in the fertile Antelope Valley, about sixty miles from the city of Los Angeles. It is in Los Angeles county and is about midway between Palmdale and Victorville, near the mountains on the southern side of the valley.

The property lies for the most part between Big Rock creek and Mescal creek, on the plain below and running up to the base of the mountains that form a magnificent watershed and are snow-capped for seven months of the year.

The soil is decomposed granite, of unknown depth.

Climate

The average elevation is about 3,500 feet.

The elevation, combined with the close proximity to the mountains, give a healthful climate where the extremes are not so noticeable as they are on the southern slope of the range. The summers are not excessively warm and the contour of the section shelters this part of the valley from the high winds that prevail during certain seasons of the year in the northern and central parts. The winter months are as a rule pleasant, varied at times by a slight snowfall and sometimes cold enough to form an ice on still water one-quarter to one-half an inch in thickness.

Water

The water, in semi-arid countries, is the most important thing to be considered. It is conceded by soil experts that the greater part of the land in Southern California will yield rich returns, given a sufficient amount of water for irrigation purposes. Naturally

the water was the first thing that was considered by the members of the board of directors of the Mescal Water and Land Company. They have secured the exclusive rights to the waters of Mescal Creek, Jackson's Lake and Boulder Creek, which, our engineers assure us, are sufficient to irrigate ten thousand acres of land. In addition to these interests already secured, the company is endeavoring to secure, and with good prospects of success, extensive rights to the water of Big Rock Creek and a large tract of land lying thereunder. The company has the rights to the constant flow of water at Jackson Lake, which in the driest season is never less than 150 miner's inches, and it is believed by our engineers that a much larger constant flow can be developed at that place.

This lake lies in what is known as the volcanic fault which extends the full length of this particular chain of mountains which is dotted here and there with little lakes, of which Jackson is a sample.

It is from lakes like these, and from the streams having their origin therein, that the water supply of the Palmdale lands and the beautiful and prosperous Little Rock Colony, twelve miles to the west of us, is secured.

Power Possibilities

Within a half mile of Jackson Lake the waters can be so conducted around the mountains that they may be dropped through a pen-stock a distance of 500 feet. A ditch or flume may be continued from that point for about another mile and the water again dropped through pen-stocks for another 500 or 600 feet. The same may be again repeated at the mouth of Mescal Canyon. This water, thus conducted and utilized, will develop all the power the company will need for years to come. There are other power possibilities in the mountains nearby of which the company is endeavoring to gain control.

Products

The elevation of this land especially adapts it to the growing of deciduous fruits, notably, pears, apples, peaches, plums, cherries, olives, figs and walnuts. The pears of this district are especially fine and are grown to a good profit, bringing from \$25 to \$30 per tree; with sixty-five to sixty-nine trees to the acre it is easy to figure the income of a thousand acres of pears in full bearing, which will take about six years. However, they begin to bear in about three years, increasing in productivity each year thereafter. Alfalfa is grown to a good profit and will yield, after the first year, from four to six crops per year as the stand grows older. Barley, oat and wheat hay thrive in this soil and a ready market is open for these products to be supplied. Kaffir corn and other small grains also produce an excellent crop. All kinds of berries and small fruits can be grown. Potatoes, sweet potatoes, excellent tomatoes

and all kinds of garden truck thrive and mature fully on this land.

The Plan

The Mescal Water and Land Company is organized with a capital stock of 50,000 shares of a par value of \$1 per share, but a re-organization is in progress by which the capital stock will be raised to \$1,000,000. Later, as the development of the property demands, the capitalization will be raised to \$2,000,000 or more, if the stockholders deem it necessary.

The company desires to secure at least 1000 stockholders, who will buy 500 shares at par value, paying cash therefor.

Members of the board who are elected by the stockholders to serve for a period of one year, will have supervision and control of the development of the



Truck No. 1 has made a remarkable record for runs between Los Angeles and the rancho at Llano del Rio. It has carried several tons of machinery and supplies in trips over mountain passes and "wash" roads that have thoroughly tested its capacity and it has stood up well. Auto trucks will play a great part in the development of the transportation system between the colony and the railroads and cities.

property and will make all contracts of employment with the individual stockholders and transact all business for the corporation.

It will be observed that this is NOT a co-operative colony, but a corporation, conducted upon the lines of ordinary private corporations. The corporation laws of this state have all been tested and construed and by organizing in this manner we are not traveling in an unknown path, but will have the rules of the law, now established, by which to be guided, and we will be free from experiment.

With each stockholder holding 500 or more shares of the capital stock of the company, the board of directors will enter into a contract of employment, agreeing to pay him \$4 per day under such terms and conditions as may be mutually agreed upon. Of the \$4 per

day it will be expected that each stockholder-employee will agree, among other things, to draw not to exceed \$3 per day, leaving \$1 a day to his credit in an individual fund, with which he will agree to buy stock for the full value thereof for such time as he may work, not to exceed \$1500, which, together with the 500 shares already purchased, will give him 2000 shares, which is the maximum amount which any one stockholder may purchase.

With the fund of cash so raised and the labor employed under the terms of this agreement, the company will be able to bring a large tract of land into a high state of cultivation.

It will be observed that the plan provides that every stockholder is expected to do useful work for the corporation, for which he receives \$4 per day. If he does not work in the development of the property he receives no wages; consequently only those who labor will be benefited by the purchase of stock.

It is proposed that if the purchasers of stock at any time shall desire to sell their stock or accumulations or shall leave the employ of the corporation for any reason, the board of directors will use their best offices and efforts to sell the stock and return the cash to the purchaser; also to find such purchasers for such stock who will also pay for the fund accumulated for the purchase of additional stock, together with the accumulative reserve. The company, however, will not assume absolutely such responsibility, because by so doing it might in some way cripple itself to the detriment of the enterprise and all the other stockholders. It is evident that this course must be pursued for the protection of all the stockholders in the corporation. The stockholder has an absolute right under the law to sell his stock for any price that is suitable to him as it is his own private property.

Need Experienced Storemen

The company will conduct a supply depot on the land, by which all the wants of the stockholders will be supplied at the actual cost to the corporation. The supplies, not produced directly by the stockholders on the land, will be bought at wholesale and the best possible prices will be secured and the stockholders will be given the benefit thereof. This will require the services of stockholders who are experienced in the handling of merchandise.

With sufficient labor upon the land we will be able to grow substantially all the food required by all men and their families working on the property. This food will be furnished at cost of production, hence the remaining \$3 per day will be more than sufficient to supply the wants of an ordinary family. The company, however, will require those who consume less than the remaining \$3 to permit the surplus to accumulate in individual funds to the credit of such stockholders, who

will agree to draw not to exceed a certain per cent of such surplus within any one year for a given term of years. The reason for this requirement is that the small amount of money which each man invests would not be sufficient to pay such wages in cash; and for the further reason that the corporation must do business upon the labor of its stockholders, to whom the entire property will belong as soon as such stockholders will have a sufficient amount to their credit to buy the stock hereinbefore mentioned.

Will End Exploitation

Under working conditions of today the producer receives a small percentage of the wealth he produces, the remaining large percentage going to his employer and over which he ceases to have control. In this company the \$4 per day represents the small percentage which he now receives, but he does not lose control over the large percentage, now going to his employer, as it goes into the property of the company in which he will ultimately become an equal sharer with all other stockholders.

Hitherto the approved custom in agricultural and horticultural pursuits has been to spend a large amount



View of Rock Creek which is the source of a large part of the water supply for the Llano country. This photograph was taken early in the season and at that time 40,000 miners inches of water was flowing in the river. With the conservation system planned engineers say it will not be difficult to supply a steady flow of about 20,000 inches of water or enough to irrigate twice as much land as the colony expects to acquire. The source of this stream is high in the mountains where the snow lies in the deep canyons nearly the entire year.

of human energy on a small amount of land, such method being known as intensive cultivation. In recent years, however, horticulturists and agriculturists have been able to continue intensive cultivation on a large scale by employing the best modern machinery,

and have attained even better results with far less human energy expended. This policy will be followed by the company in all its operations. We have even now, on the land and working, a traction engine, gang-plow, leveler, concrete mixer and pipe molds for the making of cement pipes for our irrigation system, drags and various other heavy machinery used for the purpose of clearing and preparing the land for planting on a large scale.

To Establish Social Center

It is not intended, however, that all our energy shall be devoted entirely to manual labor upon the property. The fundamental desire to human beings is happiness, and the reason men work is to procure the means by which they can enjoy life. This company has taken this fact into consideration and will lay out a large tract of land, in the center of which they will build a social center. In this social center they will establish their school, which will be vocational in character—that is to say, the opportunity will be given to each child to

pursue such play and such vocation as his or her own happiness indicates that he or she is best adapted to. The various industries and the school will be so connected that the children will be permitted to follow the lines of investigation and the activities to which their inclinations lead them. The administration of the affairs of the company will be conducted in such a manner as to bring its affairs constantly before the school in such a way that the children will learn the various arts and industries as well as the nature and habits of plant and animal life, under the most intelligent direction. It is expected that such vocational education will precede the scientific rules and will be acquired as easily and naturally by intelligent direction as the child learns to talk before it learns the rules of syntax and grammar; but that such education will be followed by scientific training in rules and reasons therefor, goes without saying.

In this social center will also be established the library, theater, assembly rooms, moving pictures, pub-
(Continued on Page 24)

War:--A Solution of the Evil

By H. J. BARRETT

SINCE the dawn of history the world has groaned beneath the scourge of war. Mars has exacted a frightful toll not only directly in the shape of human blood and suffering but indirectly through the heavy burden of taxation necessary to meet the pension list. And yet, as Chesterton points out, men enlist not because they hate the enemy but because they love their own country.

Personally, we have nothing against patriotism where it harms no one else. A man may be an intensely loyal citizen of Anaheim and still cherish no enmity against the inhabitants of Watts. That brand of patriotism is innocuous; altogether admirable. But we strongly object to the sort of patriotism which actuates a man to invade a neighboring country for the purpose of killing its populace. The spectacle would be comic if it were not tragic: this business of shooting down men whose interests are identical with yours, while Guggenheim and John Hays Hammond sit on the side lines and enjoy the humor of the situation.

But at the present stage of man's transition from the condition of the cave-man to something approaching civilization it is difficult to curb the war spirit. The flash and glitter of the whole affair stir primitive emotions: the ancient tribal instincts. It will die hard.

We can, however, rob war of its ugliest features. We can avoid killing and maiming each other. Here

is our suggestion. Let an international agreement be signed which will provide for the use of india rubber bullets. Let umpires from neutral armies be present at the scene of conflict. When a man is struck he is to be adjudged technically dead: hors de combat. By mutual agreement he cannot be permitted to serve again in that particular war. If experiment prove these bullets too painful, substitute tennis balls, to be fired from a large bore rifle.

In the case of artillery and the navy use footballs. So many hits will, by pre-arrangement, constitute a victory. As soon as a battleship is struck, say fifty times, the umpires step in and the flag is lowered.

The use of explosive bullets and the poisoning of water supplies are already forbidden by international agreement. It would constitute but a slight step forward to adopt the system outlined. As for evidence of personal valor; if a man wished to display his scars, let him have a mark tattooed upon the spot struck by the enemy's tennis-ball.

By this method the point at issue would be settled just as decisively and far more satisfactorily than under the present childish arrangement. And the world would be spared the economic waste involved in the sacrifice of thousands of useful citizens. When you get right down to fundamentals these complex problems prove to be simple enough.

"Young Man, You're Raving"

By EMANUEL JULIUS



“YOUNG man,” blurted Clark Harding, as he threw Jordan’s copy into the receptacle for all that proves unsatisfactory to newspaper editors; “young man, you’re raving.”

Jordan snapped:

“That’s a big story.”

“Maybe it is, but I’m not paying you for what you consider big stories. I want the stuff that I want—and I don’t want anything else. That’s clear, eh?”

“The people ought to know about that”—Jordan pointed to the waste-basket.

“Maybe so,” Harding returned, “but this is my paper, and I’m not interested in knocking the gas company.”

“The people are going to know,” Jordan declared, quickly. He leaned over and took his copy from the basket. Shaking it in Harding’s face, he added:

“If there isn’t a newspaper that’ll print this story then it means there’s room for another newspaper and I’m going to start that paper.”

Harding, paying no attention to this ridiculous statement, slowly said:

“You’d make a valuable man, Jordan, if you’d drop your fool notions and get into the traces. You’ve got lots of good stuff in your make-up, but you’ve got no judgment or you wouldn’t bring in a story like this. The idea! If it had been somebody else, I’d fire him on the spot.”

“I’m through,” Jordan announced. “I’m going to get this story before the people if I have to hold soap-box meetings in competition with the Salvation Army.”

And, true to his word, Jordan quit and went the round of the papers, but found them unwilling to print his story. They couldn’t deny that what he said was true, for Jordan had given much time to his facts. They had to admit that Jordan was telling the truth when he charged the gas corporation with bribing the city council in order to obtain an extension of its franchise.

Certain that he could not get a hearing, Jordan proceeded to carry out his threat. He was young—and that explained a great deal. Young men always do impossible things—and Jordan was a very young man; and Jordan was angry, too!

Newspapers are exceedingly funny things. They can cost a million, or they can be established with the price of a box of cigars! Jordan knew this. Harding’s plant cost a half million, and when his mountain la-

bored, it brought forth an eight-page morning paper that delighted the fuzzy-wuzzies because of its “quiet tone,” its “dignity and respectability.” And yet, it cost a half million. Great presses, twenty-two linotypes, a big ad room, a top-heavy editorial staff—all to get out the eight-page organ of Things As They Are.

Jordan got busy and saw a man who was publishing a weekly paper at the end of a earline, somewhere, somehow—why, nobody knew. He had a plant that was worth less than the price of a second-hand Ford. Jordan offered him cash, and, to the surprise of no one, the publisher and editor of The Weekly Eagle accepted.

Jordan loaded the entire outfit into a wagon and had it delivered at an empty store some blocks from the center of the city, where rent was low. He looked over his possessions, and concluded that if he couldn’t raise cash on the outfit, he’d surely raise hell. And he did.

Jordan got a printer who had lots of faith in humanity, which means he didn’t inquire if wages would visit in the manner that wages should.

“I’m going to get out a four-page paper,” he told Nelson.

“With what?”

“With this,” Jordan replied.

“I don’t doubt that you can get something out of this, but you ain’t going to call it a newspaper, are you?”

“I sure am. The people’s paper—that’s it! The People’s Paper—that’s what I’m going to call it. A good name—The People’s Paper; and it’s going to fight the people’s battles. If you want to help, I’ll make you foreman when I erect my new building.”

Nelson threw off his coat and went to work.

“You can begin on this,” Jordan said, handing him the copy that Harding had rejected. “And,” he added, “it doesn’t make much difference what else gets into the paper. This story will sell the paper.”

With liberal use of display type and staggering headlines, the first page of Vol. 1, No. 1, of “The People’s Paper,” in the language of Nelson, was a “humdinger.” The seven-column headline, “Gas Company Exposed!” could be read a block away.

“So the People May Know” became the motto of Jordan’s newspaper. He repeated it a dozen times in his four pages of fight. His editorial, set in 24 point type, announced that “The People’s Paper” would be the community’s crusader; it would hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may; it would be blind as a bat to all but the truth; it would expose unmerci-

fully; it would espouse the cause of the poor and fight the conspiracies of the rich. "The People's Paper" would assist in labor's battles for justice, for better living conditions, for sanitary workshops. The union label would be boosted. Jordan's editorial read like a revolutionary manifesto. It plainly told advertisers that they would pay for space—"not for silence." "The People's Paper" would have no strings tied to it. Free speech! Free press! It throbbed with radicalism; it breathed revolution.

"There's a wallop in every line," Nelson commented, as he glanced over the final proofs.

"And a knock-out in every paragraph," Jordan added. "In tomorrow's paper I'm going to tell the people how foolish they are to expect a big paper for a penny. When it's bulky it has to lean on the crutches of big business, or it couldn't pay its paper bill. Anyway, the average person doesn't spend more than five minutes on a newspaper, so why patronize a paper that is filled with bunk? Four pages, at one cent, will satisfy anyone, provided they're full of snap and punch."

And then, the paper went to press. The old flatbed groaned when set into motion. It was christened "Rhinceros" by Nelson, and Jordan agreed it was fitting. A piece of machinery has temperament. A press is more than a conglomerate of wheels and levers; it has personality, and moods, and temperament, and responds to great causes. If one doubts this, let him ask a linotype operator, for instance. He will tell you his machine can think, can resent an insult and appreciate a kindness. "Rhinceros" seemed to sense the fact that he wasn't laboring on "The Weekly Eagle" but over a daily organ of reform; and the result was astonishing.

Before long 3500 copies of "The People's Paper" were stacked in Jordan's shop. He had pre-dated the paper, so it could be of service on the following day; and, with his papers ready for distribution, he hired a wagon and got to work.

On the following morning the people greeted a newcomer. They had the pleasure of reading an afternoon paper while the morning papers were still functioning, which was quite an innovation. The other papers didn't seem to mind, for "The People's Paper" impressed them as being a child destined, like all good children, to a very short existence. Harding laughed at it; the gas company's officials sneered; Jordan worked on the next issue—and the people gobbled up the 3500 papers.

The sales brought him a little over \$18, which pleased Jordan immensely; and, as expenses were exceedingly low, as both he and Nelson were not burdened with families, as both didn't have to pay room rent because they took what little rest they got in the rear of the composing room, there was enough money

on hand to get out the next issue—which ambled forth to the tune of 5000, with a swifter wallop and a harder punch.

And then, to Jordan's delight, came the great street car strike. Sixteen hundred men quit. Their demands scorned by the officials, they organized for a long fight. This was Jordan's opportunity. He did not let it pass him. With a jump, he took up the cause of the oppressed workmen. While all the papers were misrepresenting and maligning the strikers, "The People's Paper" fought for the men, their wives and children. In need of funds, the officers of the union organized a squad of 200 men to sell copies of "The People's Paper" in the streets. To be sure, the papers were sold as rapidly as "Rhinceros" could turn them out. And the clumsy beast, the thick-skinned perissodactyl mammal, responded nobly, serving humanity as humanity should be served. The strikers sold the papers at five cents each, turning two cents back to Jordan, who, to be sure, was actually making a profit on a paper that was a little more than a week old. From then on the circulation depended on the capabilities of "Rhinceros."

The strike lasted eight weeks, and if it had not been for the magnificent support of "The People's Paper," the fight would have been lost. The men returned to work, their demands granted, and Jordan was rewarded with a newspaper that was established in the hearts of the common people.

Business men, contrary to current opinion, are human beings and are moved by their immediate interests. When they saw that "The People's Paper" was reaching the people, and as they had commodities to sell, they purchased space in Jordan's paper.

As a result, Jordan's paper moved into better quarters, with three linotypes, a hoe press, a business office—and Nelson in charge of the composing room.

There were five department stores that gave advertising patronage to newspapers, and of these, Jordan succeeded in getting The Hub to purchase space in his paper. The Hub was conducted by a man who catered, primarily, to the working people. The others, striving for the middle and upper classes, didn't see any advantage in advertising in "The People's Paper," but The Hub couldn't see its way clear to go into any paper but Jordan's.

So, "The People's Paper" became an established institution. It fought for everything that was right; it supported the radicals in all election campaigns, and exposed the politicians in office with a persistency and vigor that drove terror into the hearts of the Interests.

"I've got a peach of a story," said Spencer, one of Jordan's liveliest reporters.

Jordan was all attention, for this lad had brought in most of the big stories.

"I'd like to spend a few days looking into the department stores. My idea is to connect the low wages of the department stores with the red light district. That ought to be a peach of a series." Spencer enthused.

"Good idea," Jordan agreed; "go to it."

Jordan, having a dinner engagement with Mr. Carlson Brill, general manager and owner of The Hub, hurriedly left his office. This young man pleased Mr. Brill immensely, for Jordan was the type of man he liked. And they became friends. He was introduced to Mr. Brill's daughter, an accomplished, charming young woman.

A few days later Spencer brought in his first story. It told, in a manner that amazed, of wages in the department stores. He exposed the unjust fines system, the long hours, the foul working conditions—and, above all, the miserable wages. And, The Hub was the worst of all.

"This is great stuff," said Jordan.

Spencer was delighted, but when he read his story that afternoon he noticed that all references to The Hub had been stricken out.

Jordan got along swimmingly with Mr. Brill, who appreciated the young publisher's kindness in omitting mention of his store. And Jordan learned to love Miss Brill, with the usual result. When they were married, Mr. Brill turned over an interest in The Hub to Jordan. Also, he told him of many good propositions in which to invest his profits. Before long Jordan had huge sums in the gas corporation, the car company and a street-paving concern.

Mr. Brill proposed Jordan's name for membership in the best club, and he was admitted. He mingled with the brothers of wealth and the leaders of the class of Have. He was a part of them. They liked him immensely, and told him of many ventures that should, in time, prove profitable.

Saturdays and Sundays were always spent at the Country Club. He subscribed for a box at the opera. He donated liberally to the construction of a little theater, devoted exclusively to plays that were artistic, though they were not popular. When the new city hall was dedicated, Jordan was one of the speakers. He became a thirty-third degree Mason, a high official in the I. O. O. F., toastmaster at the banquets of the Knights of Pythias.

In the meantime "The People's Paper," because of an astonishing volume of advertising, grew to sixteen pages. His policy was fearless when treating of the persecution of Mexican peons, of Jews in Russia and the dangers of Asiatic immigration, but he gradually grew to feel that it was unpracticable to reform too close to home.

And when another car strike broke forth, Spencer,

who covered the story in a masterful manner, brought in copy that championed the side of the strikers. But, Jordan was a director in the car company, so he wasn't enthusiastic.

"Young man," blurted Jordan, as he threw Spencer's copy into the waste basket; "young man, you're raving."

THE WORKER UNAWARE

By Edgcumb Pinchon

NOT dead—but hardly yet alive—a Thing inert,
He plods his little round, now sad, now gay:
Nor dreams he of the Larger Life—the Thrill of Social
Consciousness.

He lives unto himself from meat to meat, from sleep to
sleep, obsequious—wise;

The Horror of this World—the terrible Insanity which
damns a thousand lives with toil that one be
damned with ease—troubles him not:

Well-fed he snorès, or being hungry, whines.

Quick to the Masters beck he timely bows,

Praises the hand that robs him, kisses the heel that
treads him in the mire:

He—the most robbed of all—robbed of his birthright
of audacity—a slave in soul, too steeped to
dream of aught but slavery—

—He—not the exploiter—is the heavy Ball upon the
Chain that clogs Humanity.

PLAN GREAT COMMUNAL BATH

A great project for the communal bath of Vienna is being elaborated. The bath is to be completely inclosed and to be arranged for use in winter also by a supply of warm water from the electricity works, which are some 600 meters distant. The present swimming basin is to serve exclusively for water supply of the electricity works, and the new bath is to be constructed above it. It will be 250 meters (820 feet) long and 60 meters (197 feet) wide. The new structure will contain not only the swimming basin, but also sand, air and sun baths. The cost is estimated at about \$160,000, and the work will be begun directly after the close of the 1914 season.

WHAT THEY SAY

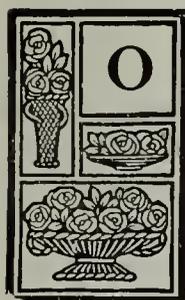
"Enclosed is check for 40 copies of May issue of The Western Comrade. Am sending copies of the magazine to farmers near here. Your magazine is universally appreciated."—S. H., Paso Robles, Cal.

"The Western Comrade is an inspiration. Keep up the good work."—C. B. Hoffman, Kansas City, Mo.

Co-operative Colony Plan In Action

Answering Question of How to Get Membership In the
Llano Colony and Get On the Land

By W. A. ENGLE



OF THE scores of questions concerning the plans of colonization at Llano del Rio probably that most frequently asked is "How shall I proceed to get into the colony and go to work?"

The answer in shortest terms is: "Take out your membership, get your stock certificate and contract, and take the first automobile for the valley."

Llano del Rio (plain of the river) lies 39 miles from Los Angeles in a direct line. But a mountain range intervenes and the necessity of following canyons makes a detour that stretches the journey by automobile to about 75 miles. By railway the nearest station of importance is Palmdale, on the valley line of the Southern Pacific. The Llano lands lie about 20 miles east-by-south from Palmdale. A projected state highway through the Arroyo Seco via Pasadena will shorten the distance at least thirty miles and the character of these magnificent roads will ensure rapid transit and will enable the auto trucks to run into Los Angeles in about half the time now required.

A membership in the Llano Colony means that the colonist has subscribed for 2000 shares in the company, which is incorporated under the laws of California. Five hundred shares are to be paid for in cash at \$1 per share. The remainder of the shares are taken on the subscription, to be paid for out of the surplus earnings of the working colonist.

Under the contract the wages of every worker is four dollars a day, no matter what his or her occupation. Of this four dollars per day the stockholder agrees that one dollar shall be retained to apply on the purchase of 1500 additional shares of stock which will bring his holdings to 2000 shares, which is the maximum amount that will be sold to any one person. The company agrees to furnish food, clothing and shelter to the stockholders at actual cost to the company, which is charged against his account, and whatever

remains after deducting the amount consumed will be credited to his personal account to be paid in cash to him at the end of his contract. A certain per cent of the amount thus saved may be drawn out each year during the life of the contract at the option of the stockholder. Provision is also made for a vacation system.

Continuous employment is assured as, in this climate, there will be no delay in constructive and productive work and in providing education and amusement. In case any one desires to leave the colony the shares and accumulated fund may be sold at face value.

All this will be given in detail and all other questions will be answered upon inquiry.

Lest we get into dry details it may be well to review some of the plans that are under contemplation for the development of the Llano colony.

Educational facilities will be given the first consideration. With the children already on the land and those of the families expected to go there within a few weeks there will be enough children of school age to start a school district at the point of the first center. From this first small school it is planned to extend and ultimately have the greatest vocational school in America. By this is meant, that in addition to classic courses there will be schools closely allied with the factories and industries of the enterprise. This, according to plans, will range from studies in art—painting and sculpture—to mechanical, civil and electrical engineering, horticulture, agriculture, and in fact all the useful occupations and professions.

Magnificent buildings will, when the plans are carried out, house the public library, art gallery, theaters, lecture halls and places of amusement and social centers.

The plans contemplate a city of greater beauty than any on the American continent, and this is a part of our hopes for the future. We have at hand nearly all

of the natural material for the construction of the superb buildings planned.

Details of the center will be in the hands of landscape artists and architects. Selection of the site will be made with a view of getting the most advantageous position on the higher bench of the broad mesa and from that point will radiate roadways to all the industrial centers. The topography of the country lends itself to the scheme of beautifying and the natural resources of the country are wonderful. A cement mill is projected and there is an abundance of timber easily available in the mountains that lie just above the llano.

There is an unexcelled opportunity for parkways and it is probable that the civic center and large buildings will form a quadrangle around a magnificent park.

Production will be divided into many branches, each under the supervision of an expert. The aim will be to take advantage of the latest discoveries and inventions and to put every industry on a modern, scientific basis. There will be experts in horticulture, agriculture, gardening, poultry raising, beekeeping, stock raising and many other branches of production.

Every man and woman will find their place in the

scheme of things. Those who have been the first to go on the land have shown a splendid spirit of comradeship. They have worked enthusiastically and made a magnificent showing. They have been crowded into small ranch houses and the boys in outlying works, such as the Mescal dam, have roughed it in camps of little comfort.

Within a few weeks we hope to have the "hotel" completed and this building will greatly relieve the situation, though the acquisition of additional ranches will give larger houses and greater comforts.

One question that is frequently asked is: "Will it be good investment for me to put money into this colony corporation?"

The answer is: "Not unless you contemplate, ultimately, going into colony life." When earnings show a surplus they will be absorbed by increasing the wages of workers in the colony. By this method we hope to give to every man and woman as near the full social product of his labor as can be reached before the time when everywhere the sources of life shall be in the hands of all of the people.



The Fully Paid Worker

By SIDNEY HILLYARD



IF ALL the the lost sheep on the American hills your college professor in the economics department most needs a shepherd. One of your old-fashioned shepherds, with a stout crook preferred, the crook to be applied to the ram at the head of the department whenever the ram shall open his mouth to blare about something which he has been instructed not to understand.

This Bohm-Bowers scheme of the marginal theory of wages, which probably took Bohm-B. ten years to think of and five years to write, is being and has been exploited in the universities in order to show that the laborer is paid all that he is worth, and that the minute he is worth more he receives more, and that the factory owner owes him nothing more. B.-B. labors and brings forth a theory. Profdom brings forth B.-B. and labors to make your California Soph. understand what there is in it, and there's nothing in it. Those who desire to in-

spect the mouse brought forth by the labor of this German mountain can read all about it in Bohm's book of theories, which, let us return thanks, will remain theories.

The one thing which these mighty thinkers never seem to tackle is the right to ownership, per se. In that lies the crux of Socialism, and professors like to lecture all round Socialism, but never into it. Now the owner of a factory may be a most worthy and Presbyterian implement manufacturer, kind of heart and as honest as society permits. But he is using stuff that 'does not belong to him; he has some of my property invested; he is clipping some of your coupons, and while he accepts with avidity, without understanding it, the marginal theory of wages, he is taking from his workmen something to which each one of them has an equal right with himself.

All production is based on knowledge. The modern factory from sub-cellar to smokestack is based on the knowing how of man. The seven-year locust doesn't

manufacture a wheat binder, and one reason why it does not is because the last crop of seven-year locusts did not hand down to their progeny-to-be any written, spoken, or exemplary knowledge of how binders are made. Not so with man. The last crop of men, now crowding our city cemeteries, left behind them a painfully acquired, but free-for-all knowledge of how to make a binder. These men inherited that knowledge from a previous crop of men who knew how to fashion steel. These again were legatees of iron information, and back of them was knowledge of wood and stone. Civilization is built upon the wheel, and without the wheel civilization is not. The factory of Mr. Joshua B. Bluff, Presbyterian and manufacturer, is alive with wheels. The knowledge that there is such a thing as a wheel and how to make it is your legacy, mine, and the legacy of the "hands" who work for marginal wages, as per B.-B., in the factory of the Josh. B. Bluff Trust. What rent does the trust pay its marginal workers, or what dividend to you and me for our share in the legacy of how to make a wheel?

By and with the help of Bawerk and the colleges Bluff's Amalgamated may lay claim to the land they stand on, the walls of their factory and the machinery inside it. But by what help do they claim possession of the great volume of inherited knowledge that the American people have come by, without which no factory could exist, let alone run. To make a brick and to put it on top of another; to forge an anvil to beat on it with a hammer; to construct a match and with it to light a furnace; these and a myriad of other knowledges, including all knowledge of all processes in every field of human labor, who pays rent, taxes, interest, dividends, on this to your marginal "hand" who inherited a share in it from his father's fathers?

The Bluff syndicate is using the entire racial inheritance of knowledge of processes in its business when each member of the syndicate is only entitled to one-thousand-millionth of it, and while the syndicate is entitled to pay a heavy rent to the state for its use of national knowledge of processes, (just as it should if it used a national park, say to Yosemite;) it, in fact, by and with the help of the "economists," pays nothing at all and scornfully claims that the economists have proved that it owes its laborers nothing.

Ever since the Industrial Revolution rent should have been paid by the millions of dollars a year, and now, by the hundreds of millions a year, to the peoples of the earth by the users of national inherited knowledge of how to make and transport things, but the Socialists are the only people who even recognize the validity of the claim. The collection of this debt and its disbursement to the people would abolish poverty. Hand me the scissors, Louise, till I elip my share!

ECON. II. Wage Theories. Historical and critical

survey of leading exponents of studies in wages. Wages fund theory; Marginal theory. Wage problems; Causes and effects. Both semesters. 2 credits. Pre. Reg. Econ. I. Professor Phaque.

Shucks! Send us a good, horny-handed, hairy-chested Dago to tell the boys and girls what it feels like to swing a pick in San Francisco from 8 till 5 for two and a half a day marginal wage, with no inheritance for his horny-handed son but another job like it at the same price. Phaque delivers two lectures per day for five days a week, in a cool classroom. Bluff has a book-keeper to clip his coupons while Bluff's steam yacht is in the Aegean. Meantime Roughhands must keep that pick moving or the Hibernian foreman will grunt, "Get a move on, you lazy slob; there's lots o' men lookin' fer jobs!"

Seems to us that the Dago's missing something which is his by inheritance and which comes to far more than two and a half a day. It is to be feared that Professor Phaque, in the land of make-believe, pretense, long words and high wind and draw-your-salary is not the man of moral stamina enough to find it.

Daniel De Leon

IN THE death of Daniel DeLeon the cause of Socialism in America loses one of the most fearless and capable fighters. No writer or orator has ever contributed more to certain phases of the movement than did this editor-lecturer, who stood so steadfastly for the principles in which he believed.

No one has more clearly and definitely stated the fundamental principles of Socialism. He kept the attention of thousands centered on the necessity of unswervingly clinging to those principles. He realized, and forced others to realize, the futility of reform measures in politics, and attempts to compromise with those who had no understanding of or sympathy with Socialism.

DeLeon was a staunch advocate of the industrial form of organization as the basis for political action. This gained him many enemies, but nothing ever made him falter. As a speaker and debater he had few equals. He cared little for the applause of the multitude, but devoted himself to getting his ideas clearly and unmistakably into the minds of his hearers. Radicalism in America will miss this great fighter, and no matter how much Socialists may have disagreed with him on tactics his loss will be profoundly felt.—F. E. W.

Llano del Rio, Land

Where Labor Will Rule and the Producers Will Get What I
Exploitation; Where No One Will Be I

By FRANK E. W



LLANO DEL RIO is a vast, gently sloping plain that sweeps down from the higher mesa near the opening in the foothills where the river, which gives the land its name, flows out in a rushing stream to the lower country.

There are about 35,000 acres of land in the territory that lies between the Rio del Llano and the Mescal creek. It is on this great table land that the co-operative colony purposes turn-

blue mountains of the Tehachapi, over 200 miles away. To the northeast are the Lovejoy buttes which rise like huge sugar loaves out of the level plain below. These points are 3,528 feet above sea level; back of them and a little southerly lies the San Bernardino range which separates the valley from the so-called Mojave desert. On the south and west of the llano lies the Sierra Madre range of the San Bernardino mountains, of which the highest and most prominent elevation is Mt. San Antonio, better known as Old Baldy, which has an elevation of 9,931 feet. It is from this latter range that the waters of Mescal and Rio del Llano, known also as Rock creek, draw their snow-made waters during the entire year.

When one enters the valley from the westward the roadways, which owing to the system of following section boundaries, run north and south, east and west, wend through a country of mystery which later unfolds into understanding of the miracles wrought by water. There are miles of the open landscape covered with greasewood, sage, juniper and Joshua trees. Then, suddenly, looming out of the soft, hazy blue, comes the bright clean gables of a ranch house surrounded by cottonwoods and fruit trees and flowers that bespeak the presence of women in these oases. The largest of these ranches situated on the main highway is in the Little Rock district. Here the road divides pear orchards of about 1,000 acres, most of which bears an immense crop this year as it has every year since reaching the bearing age at about three years. A long, winding row of cottonwoods and volunteer water elms attest the age and reliability of the water supply for these orchards. The soil, where it has been frequently cultivated in these orchards, is soft, friable and of great richness, but it is exactly the same quality as that of the Llano lands a few miles to the eastward. The trees run away a quarter of a mile in soldierly files. Irrigation is by the concrete piping system that bespeaks permanency and reliability. Not a weed or leaf of unwanted growth breaks the evenness of the surface which lends itself admirably to irrigation. The deciduous fruit raised in this altitude is famous of absence of



This giant tractor, with two men in charge, clears ten acres of land a day. It mows down monster "joshua" trees, greasewood and sage in an astonishing manner. These tractors are also used for digging irrigation ditches on the Llano property. It digs a ditch three feet deep and two feet wide as it sweeps steadily and irresistibly along the lines marked out by the surveyors. All of the plowing will be done by these machines.

ing what is miscalled a desert into one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

It may be well to go into the details of geographic location before we enter description and prophecy: The great valley is bounded on the north by the Tehachapi range of mountains, the highest elevation of which is 9,214 feet. Standing on a point in the foothills of Llano del Rio and looking towards the west and northward, the eye reaches out and out across the green valley below and finally rests on the skyline of the

of Achievement

Justly Theirs; Where Honest Toil Will Know No
Denied the Right To Be Useful

FE



watery substance, and the pears rank as the best quality for meatiness and flavor. An increased acreage of pears is assured every year where ranches are "under the ditch," as they describe lands having water rights—and water. On these pear ranches, as, indeed, on all ranches in the valley, the alfalfa fields offer alluring spots of vivid green. "It's just like gold bonds," says the appreciative driver with a wave toward the immense stacks of alfalfa the ranchers have stored away. Just why this storing is done is a mystery to the neophyte, as the growth is so steady and the cutting so continuous, one wonders why it is not immediately fed or marketed. Incidentally the uninitiated are amazed at the eagerness of all beasts and fowls to get at the alfalfa. It seems to be a highly prized food for all things that live and move:

Probably the best point to get an all inclusive view of the Llano country is from the low lying hills just west of the site of the proposed dam at the outflow of "Big Rock" creek.

Here one is surrounded by the most wondrous of bird, insect and flower life. Here one may sit and draw inspiration for dreams. If the day be bright—and the sunshine average is high, even for the land of sunshine—the picture will be a vivid one. One not only sees clearly but he feels deeply here. Behind towers the high peak of the northern portion of San Antonio, covered for the great portion of the year with snow which lies deep in the gulches out of the range of the sun's rays and slowly melts, sending down a constant supply of water to the thirsty valley below. The skyline of the mountains to the south is fringed with lofty pine trees and these are clearly pencilled against the clouds despite their great distance. Beneath ones feet, at this time of the year (June) there is myriad wild flowers running from soft, wide-eyed, white waxen beauties hugging timidly to the glebe, to the striking beauty of bright red blossoms waving in the breeze. Here an early blossom has matured and from its purple heart is spreading a shimmering dust cloud of blue pollen to be blown far away to where it shall be gathered lovingly to its mission. A silent towhee alights

on a stalk and shakes forth a shower of gold that floats lightly down the hillside on the scarcely moving air. The eye is drawn onward across the valley that lies spread like a great cloth of gold tinted green. One can trace the course of the streams by the bright green trees and the thriving ranches that lie "under the water" on the higher mesas nearer the hills. Across the



Three-year-old pear trees. Part of a 600-acre orchard near the Llano del Rio colony lands. The soil is identically the same and is adapted to the growth of deciduous fruits. It is the intention to plant thousands of acres in fruit trees. The soil here shows it is furrowed and prepared for irrigation. An abundance of water is available for this purpose.

valley the buttes and peaks soften into purple and the mystery of their silence and distance deepens.

Here is the spot to sit and plan of the wonderful transformation that is about to take place in the landscape just below. Indeed one can see the workings of this now, for there are great spaces where the bare

(Continued on Page 25)

EDITORIAL

PLAYING HOOKEY FROM HEAVEN

WHERE was the Associated Press, the longest leashed liar and other news distributing agencies on Monday, May 25? It was serious enough to have failed to give us a text for the lesson for Sunday, May 17. Why do they not tell us, as of yore, of the wise sayings and teachings of John D. Rockefeller Jr., who conducts a Sunday school class? Can it be that this holy man is playing hookey? On May 17, the lesson began with Luke, 16-19: "There was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate full of sores. * * *" The following Sunday John D. Jr. would have read with the unction he so oilily uses on these sweetly solemn occasions, Luke, 17, 2: " 'Twere better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend me one of these little ones."

Which little ones?

The children of Ludlow?

Aye, a millstone! It is hanged there, about his neck. Cast into the sea he will, like Macbeth's hand, all great Neptune's ocean incarnadine, making the green one red.—F. E. W.



THE LAND PROBLEM

REALIZING the vast significance of the land question, the Socialist speakers and writers of the West, in an ever-growing degree, are giving the people their view of this subject. The Western Comrade will always treat the farmer's problems to the limit of its ability, appreciating, as it does, that one of the gravest problems that faces us is the system that allows a small class of capitalists to own vast tracts of land for no other purpose than to rob and exploit the people.

The following, taken from a report that appeared in The London Times recently, tells of the stand taken by one of the British Socialist organizations, to wit, the Independent Party:

"The national administrative council of the Independent Labor Party will propose, at the impending

Labor conference in Glasgow, that the working classes should oppose any proposals which 'would strengthen the position of the great territorial owners, or perpetuate the private ownership of the land, whether by the creation of a class of peasant proprietors or otherwise, and should declare that only such proposals for temporary and immediate reform as tend towards bringing the land and its values into the ownership of the community are worthy of support.'

"Furthermore, as a practical means of nationalizing the land the conference will recommend the parliamentary party 'to prepare and introduce a bill enacting that a levy shall be assessed on all landed estates, urban and rural, for the setting up of a land redemption fund to enable the nation to reacquire its lost rights of ownership in the land within a reasonable period and on terms which shall fairly recognize all existing interests.'"

It should be clearly understood that The Western Comrade, while fighting the monopolization of land, does not, under any circumstances, oppose private ownership of land when that land is used directly by the owner and when that owner, in tilling his soil, does not exploit labor or harm the people.—E. J.



THE NOISY DOLLAR

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS caused a rattling of the dry bones in the Senatorial Jehosaphat when he quoted passages from a letter written by a certain "gentleman in the Government service at Vera Cruz," in which the unknown declared it would cost \$5,000,000,000 and 200,000 lives to take Mexico and hold the Mexicans in subjection. There was a gasp of horror, according to reports, at the mention of appalling figures. (Of dollars?)

The letter writer declared that the noisiest thing in Mexico is the American dollar. Right, O wise diplomat, and it's the noisiest thing in America. Endangered, the dollar shrieks and the echo of its dismal howls in Colorado drown the cries of burning, bullet-torn, mutilated children at Ludlow. Its roar rises above the widow's wail at the mouth of the belching pit of the Eccles colliery, where 167 work-



ers lie in shambles. Glutted with blood of the toilers, it sings an anthem of greed that wells above the laehrymosa dies illa of the bereft.

Aye, its a noisy coin down there, but while in the mad hell of Mexico's saturnalia of rapine the Yankee dollar sings a wild refrain, from Tarrytown's quiet chapel arises a paean of joy and unetuous content as an oily Moloch draws closer the cloak of sanctity, rolls his watery eyes skyward, murmuring "my conseience acquits me."

What value are 200,000 human lives? The moans of those five billion saddened simoleons would deaden the groans of the perishing soldiers, starving, enmeshed in bureaueratic red tape, dying miserably in the vermin-ridden camps beneath scorching suns.

FIVE BILLION! Oh, it cannot be. There will be no war.—F. E. W.



"INALIENABLE" RIGHTS MYTH

FREQUENTLY you hear a shout from some excited citizen about eneroachments upon his "inalienable" rights. Listen closely and you will learn that those "inalienable" rights have been alienated. Strange anachronism; someone has taken away from him something which cannot be taken—but it has.

The constitutions of the United States and of the states guarantee a lot of these inalienable things. Statutory laws extend the guarantees to cover other rights and these become inalienable.

Freedom of speech is a myth. No such thing exists or has existed. For attempts at free speech our elder brothers formerly erucified the reckless speakers, head downward. Later they nailed the experimentors right side up, but no less firmly to the rood. The hemloek was a mere diversion. Now we wallop them on the head with the butt of a rifle or bayonet them, and if they survive, give them six months in a prison hell—vide Bouek White's sentence. The trouble with White was he thought there had been some progress toward liberty during the past nineteen hundred years. The "inalienable" rights given by the constitution peacefully to assemble is another fake. It is the surest, swiftest road to the dungeon keep. It was a fake when the constitution was written; it is a fake now.

Upton Sinclair may be able to quote some print-

ing on some parchement that will prove that his new Free Silence League is based upon an "inalienable" right. Go to the bat Upton, we are all with you, but you are on the road to the hoosgow, where they serve frijoles and stale bread twice a day.

We Socialists are fond of the "inalienable" rights idea. Frequently we stand upon those i. r. and a nail keg and wake up in the cuartel with a shattered ideal and battered eyebrow.

Get this fact straight: The only time you have inalienable possession of anything is when you have the most power and know how to use it intelligently against the would-be alienator.—F. E. W.



TARIFF REFORM AND THE H. C. OF L.

THOSE who have been awaiting the reports on the working of the Underwood-Simmons tariff are interested in the authoritative figures for the first six months' operation of the benevolent measure which we were assured would reduce the High Cost of Living and make life for the workers one prolonged paean of joy. The report shows that there has been an increase of imports a decrease of exports, a falling off of revenue and a slowing down of manufacturing business. Imports increased 37 per cent over the same period last year, while exports declined 31 per cent. This was anticipated.

As for the reduction in the cost of living—that promise was never taken seriously by people of intelligenee. Notwithstanding the fact that the increase in imports was nearly all foodstuffs, prices are higher than before. The beef trust, for instance, had the situation in a firm grip before the tariff reform measure went into operation. The beef barons have imported 83,000,000 pounds of fresh beef since the duty was removed and the prices are 30 per cent higher than before and are soaring merrily upward along with that of other food products.

Of course, the income tax is depended upon to make up the \$37,097,955 deficit in the treasury. Republicans will make the most of the situation for political purposes, and will offer a prize brand of dope to the voters. Something that is a sure cinch, blown in the bottle, warranted not to rip, ravel or run down at the heel. Every old political party will come forward with something far better than the





other has to offer. Meantime the H. C. of L. will be working day, night and Sunday without regard to overtime. There will be no commensurate increase in wages, and the burden on the workers will grow wearier every hour. This is not pessimism. This is a plain statement of facts. The situation will grow worse and the so-called remedies will turn out as has this latest tariff brand. There is no reform remedy. The end will come when the sleeper awakes; when the working class learns its own power; when the toilers seize their opportunity and, through political action, or any old kind of action, including co-operative methods, wrest the sources of life from the grasp of the exploiters.—F. E. W.



HANDS OF THE TOILERS

HELEN KELLER is a constant source of inspiration to thousands of weak and burdened. Without sight, she sees with wonderful clearness; without hearing, she hears the cry of the oppressed. Nothing that this wonderful woman has ever written showed her keenness of understanding more than her quotation from Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," in a magazine article on the hands of the toilers. The fact that this selection was made from a book not commonly read, indicates the vast field of literature explored by Miss Keller and her tutor and constant companion, best known to the world as Ann Sullivan. To the latter humanity owes a great debt of gratitude. The quotation is so complete, and so powerful, it is here given without comment:

"Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were they straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; inerusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may;

thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."—F. E. W.



COMING CO-OPERATIVE COLONIES

IDEAL climatic conditions that exist in the great valleys of California make them excellent places for the establishment of co-operative colonies. The productivity of the soil is a source of continual wonderment. From the Imperial valley will come during the season just opened not less than 5000 carloads of cantaloupes. Shipments in former years have sometimes reached 3500, but extensive planting will make this season a record breaker.

This entire region a few years ago was a desert, with an annual rainfall of only three or four inches. Irrigation has transformed it into one of the most productive sections in the world.

The land in the great Imperial and Coachella valleys shows wonderful fertility when water is applied. From the latter comes reports of immense crops almost ready for the market. The Coachella valley will be one of the greatest date producing countries in the world.

The great mesas in the Antelope valley region are probably more fertile than the lower lying lands to the southeast. Owing to its altitude, the region is better suited to growing deciduous fruits, and it will doubtless become the greatest pear producing country in the world. The Antelope valley will be the scene of the establishment of the largest co-operative colony ever attempted. The Llano del Rio project is described at length in this number of The Western Comrade. The plan as outlined will give thousands an opportunity to apply theories and to make a demonstration of the practicability of co-operation. It will be to thousands what one writer has aptly termed it: "The gateway to freedom."—F. E. W.



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Finance Co-operative Industries

Labor's Bank a New Factor of the Class Struggle

By EDGCUMB PINCHON



IN a former article on the financial power of the workers as a weapon in the class struggle, I said: The dominant factor in the world of Labor within the next three years will be the Labor Bank of America; and by its inevitable operation, by its very efforts at self-preservation as a business institution, it will bring us into the borders of the Co-operative Commonwealth within ten years.

In that article I also announced that the Bricklayers', Molders' and Plasterers' International Union, in their recent convention, voted unanimously in favor of a resolution put forward by one of their officers, instructing the Executive Board to proceed to the establishment of a Labor Bank.

In this article I propose to deal with this Labor Bank purely as a business institution, and show, not what it **might do, or should do, or could do, but what it will be compelled to do by economic forces beyond its control.**

In the first case this Trade Union Bank of the B. M. & P. I. U. is of more importance as an indication of a tendency on the part of Organized Labor to control and use its own funds than as an actual working class financial institution. It is the embryo of the Labor Bank of America, not that Bank itself.

If the most conservative union in America makes this radical departure from accepted proceeding, what are we to expect from the United Mine Workers, the American Federation of Labor, the Brewery Workers, and other more dynamic organizations?

Will they continue supinely to submit their funds to the tender mercies of the capitalist banks—for the payment of strike breakers, the poisoning of the press and pulpit, and support of the whole train of devices used by the capitalist class to crush Organized Labor? I trow not. Labor is awakening, stretching, yawning. Presently Labor will act.

There are two ways by which the Labor Bank of America will come into existence—either the present Bank, established by the B. M. & P. I. U., will receive the support of all the other international unions, and eventually will be reorganized as a joint enterprise, under the control of the federated unions, or the various international unions from time to time will follow the example of the B. M. & P. I. U. and found banks of

their own, and these banks eventually will be forced, by motives of economy, efficiency and safety, to amalgamate into one institution—the Labor Bank of America—with branches in every city of the Union.

Such a bank, once in existence, and—as I have said—the embryo is already here, it can have but two conceivable motives of conduct—the desire for profit, and the desire to strengthen Organized Labor. All investments which meet these two requirements will be exploited to the full, and no investment which does not meet them will be considered for a moment. We must admit this much, unless we are to regard the responsible leaders of Labor as either knaves or fools, or both. But the officers of the international unions are neither fools nor knaves. Although undoubtedly there are some among them not wholly to be trusted, we must at least give to the majority of Labor officials credit for as much intelligent self-interest and business sense as the average capitalist business man possesses, and this is all the equipment they need. Social theories or ideals are likely to be more of a hindrance and a snare than a help to these men, to whom Economic Evolution has entrusted the almost mechanical task of emancipating Labor from its last slavery.

Granted, then, that the administrators of the Labor Bank are average honest and common-sense men, and that they are not likely to be actuated by other motive than a desire to invest the funds in their charge in a manner profitable to the Bank as an institution, and helpful to Labor as an organization, the whole operations of the Bank are easily defined under six main heads.

Investments of the Labor Bank of America

A. Quick Assets (i. e. investments readily convertible to their equivalent in cash).

1. Commercial Loans at current interest to merchants and manufacturers fair to Labor.

Thus creating a division of interest within capitalist class itself, and releasing merchants and manufacturers who wish to be fair to Labor from the pressure of the "Big Business" banks.

2. Loans at current interest to contractors fair to Labor.

Thus ensuring the "closed shop" on many contract works now forcibly compelled by the "Big Business" banks to operate under the "open shop" rule.

3. Small, short-term loans to members of Organized Labor at moderate interest on personal security, backed by the signatures of two members of Organized Labor.

Thus releasing the workers from their age-long enemy, the "loan shark," and greatly increasing the popularity of Organized Labor and its Bank among them.

4. Loans to small farmers, for productive purposes other than the hiring of labor, on short-term notes, renewable, at moderate interest, on personal security backed by the signatures of two members of the Farmers' Alliance.

Thus releasing the small farmers from the maw of the mortgage companies, securing their support of the Bank, and consolidating their interests with those of the industrial proletariat.

- B. Long Assets** (i. e. investments not readily convertible to their equivalent in cash).

5. The purchase of entire or majority issues of municipal bonds.

Thus giving to the Bank the safest of all long-time investments, and controlling the administration of municipalities in the interests of Organized Labor.

Organized Labor as Its Own Employer

Before dealing with the sixth—and infinitely the most important investment of the Labor Bank—it is necessary to remind the reader that this Bank, like any other institution, will arrive at its full functioning only as a result of an evolution. It will not leap at once to a perfect use of its financial power in the interests of Labor, but will proceed more or less experimentally. It will not be actuated in the least by any social theory or ultimate ideal, but by the strict business necessities of the moment. Least of all will it be actuated by philanthropic or humanitarian motives. It will be as purely a business institution in the interests of the organized workers, as is the First National Bank purely a business institution in the interests of the organized exploiters. If the Labor Bank adopts the above five avenues of investment, it will do so because they are sound, safe and profitable, and, at the same time, strengthening to Organized Labor in its fight with Organized Greed. These are the tests the Bank will find itself **compelled** to apply to all investments. All investments which fulfill these requirements of financial safety and profit and strategic advantage it will be **compelled** to welcome; all others it will be **compelled** to leave severely alone.

Thus, step by step, moving cautiously and conservatively, the administrators of the Labor Bank will be suited to their two-fold purpose, until, almost mechanically, they will be **compelled** to adopt the most revo-

lutionary action in the history of Labor—the employment of Labor's funds for the establishment of Labor's own Co-operative Industries. A full treatment of this vastly important matter requires a chapter in itself, and must be left to the next issue.

What progress are you making in your journey of agitation and revolt? May we not all keep in mind Henry Ward Beecher's wise saying that we ought not to judge men by their absolute excellence but by the distance which they have traveled from the point at which they started?

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Children's stockings, postpaid, 6 pair.....	\$1
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Spifflicating a Theory

By FRANK E. WOLFE



HENRY DUBB SINGER is a Californian of rare mental attainments. Hen is sometimes affectionately called "Peg" because of a little inadvertency on the part of the boss who failed to cover up a set screw on a rapidly-revolving shaft in the factory where Singer went to work at the mature age of eight. This oversight cost him a leg, and destroyed his "efficiency" in that factory, and the company doctor ceased his visits as soon as the stump had healed. The company paid the doctor and forgot Peg and his carelessness.

It was fortunate for the boy that it was a foot and not a hand for the Russian moujiks have a true saying that a man without a hand is no man at all. Of course, they mean that his "efficiency" as a laborer is far below par. Had he lost a hand instead of a foot he could not have become a barber, and this tale would have never been written.

Owing to the fact Hen was an accomplished musician, and that he played a mouth organ exceptionally well, he got a job as bootblack and brushboy in the village barber shop. There, in the air of refinement and learning, Peg got the education that afterwards distinguished him as a reasoner and philosopher beyond compare. By dint of industry and sobriety, accompanied by most commendable efficiency, Peg arose to the height of being a barber at the end of only seven years of apprenticeship. That is to say, he was allowed to shave the other members of the large and flourishing Dubb family that worked in the factory where Peg went shy one leg. Well, anyhow, Hen finally became a full-fledged barber, and after he had worked at his trade fifteen years he was strong on the sporting events and political conversation stuff. He knew the standing of all the clubs in the seven great aggregations of ball tossers. Not only that, Peg knew just what President Wilson ought to do with them blanked. Greasers down there. In fact, Peg was one wise guy.

Among the most fascinating of Peg's indoor sports is (for Peg is still in our midst) to tell them skillet-headed Socialists just where they jump off. Recently Peg heard, in a round-about way, that a group of men and women had started a co-operative colony. Here was a chance for Peg to unload some of the wisdom of the ages that had been crowding and surging about in the interior of his massive think tank.

"Dontcher want a good, first-class, A1 barber up there on your Eugene V. Debs-Socialist colony?" This

was Peg's gentle, diplomatic approach to the subject when he had finished shaving a colonist.

"Yes, we want men of all trades—except ice cutters. Why don't you come up and get away from this life of drudgery, live in the open and do something for the future of the little Pegs and their mother."

Peg's face glowed with proper pride as he drew a long breath for the effort. Here was a chance to puncture a bubble; to spifflicate a crazy theory on the spot.

"Not on your natural. You don't get me into no such a scrape (direful word for a barber) as that. Whateher think I am? Me go up there and work fourteen hours a day shavin' them ginks with a whisker like a hair trunk, and after the week is over divide up with them? Nix on the divide stuff! You don't get Peg Singer into no such jam as that—not while I keep my health and sound mind!"

"You don't believe in dividing up, then, Peg?"

"Beteherneck I don't, and I ain't goin' to ever do sich a crazy-horse stunt as that, neither."

The colonist's face registered weariness, almost despair. It was too easy. If Peg had been alone he would have passed it up as battering solid ivory, but there was a whole row of other Henry Dubbses sitting on the sidelines, grinning in approval of Peg's cleverness in smashing an idle and stupid theory. Then the colonist opened up, purring softly at first, but stronger at the finish, when he said:

"You certainly are a great genius, but I want to point out a thing or two you are overlooking: First, you wouldn't work fourteen hours a day as you say, and as you are doing now. You wouldn't be permitted to do it, even if you were fool enough to want to—as you are wanting to now. You would work eight hours. Your wages would be four dollars a day. There is no scale, and that is the present flat rate. You wouldn't divide up with anybody. You would get as near the full returns for your social output as immediately can be arranged. But we will pass all that. There are too many college professors in our midst, and I think your joining us would be a wicked waste of your great talents.

"Let it pass. Suppose we ge into that dividing up business for a minute. I like your idea; it seems to be the true spirit. Do you own your own home, Peg? I'll answer for you. You do not. It is owned by a big investment company that is really a building trust."

Peg and the other Dubbses grinned but listened, as the crazy colonist continued:

“Permit me to review your life for a day or a year. You don't believe in dividing up, yet you work here, and out of every dollar you earn in the fourteen hours elevating toil you give the boss 60 cents—rather you divide and take the short end. Then you start home. I know your habits—the habits of your breed. (This with a glance at the sidelines). You stop to buy 3 cents worth of dog meat for your supper, for which you pay 20 cents, and divide up your day's earnings with the meat trust. Down the street you buy 2 cents' worth of bread and pay 10 cents for it—dividing up with the flour trust. Then you board the street car, and divide up with the traction trust. You hang on a strap with the other contented, but sad-eyed animals until you reach the matchbox you call home. There you find a wife weary and overburdened with household drudgery. You also find the landlord's rental agent camped on the front steps, and you declare another dividend in favor of the building trust.”

Henry Peg Singer twisted around until the colonist feared he would unscrew his wooden leg and collapse, but he kept mercilessly on. The faces on the sidelines showed a glimmer of understanding through the forest of stubble.

“Inside the house you find the water bill, the gas bill and the electric light bill. Again, O man of wisdom

and determination, you divide up with three thieving public utility trusts. Shocked by this avalanche of unending dividends your sensitive nature may revolt and you fall ill. In this event you will send for a doctor, who will give you a shot of hop and you will rest easy for an hour and—divide up with the doctor. If you kick off, my dear, Peg—lets face the cruel possibilities, for you are nearly human—if you die, the coffin trust will get a whack at you for a divide, and the tombstone trust will lick up the remainder of the two hundred insurance you so nobly carry—and divide up a big premium with the insurance trust. There is one more chance for a dividend. If you keep up your present clip the chances are 99 to 1 the county will bury you, and then some day a railroad will decide to run a spur track through the Potters' field and your bones will find their way to the fertilizer trust—divided up again.

“At this time, my dear Peg,” said the colonist, as he stood with the outside doorknob in his grip; “at this time you will, in your career as a divider-up, perform a real service to the world. Divided up into proper and scientific proportions, mixed with other valuable material, your bones will make excellent fertilizer for a rosebush in the garden of our colony. GOOD NIGHT!”

THE GATEWAY TO FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 9)

lie baths, gymnasiums, bowling alleys, pool, billiards, chess, checkers and all games in which the population may find enjoyment.

The Park

The tract of land immediately surrounding the social center will be developed into a great park in which all kinds of outdoor games will be planned and established—golf links, polo grounds, baseball and football grounds, tennis courts, croquet, outdoor baths, playgrounds for the children, and all other games and means by which the people working upon the land may enjoy themselves. There are fundamental reasons for this plan; one is that those who engage in labor must have some means of enjoyment at hand or they will become dissatisfied and unhappy. Then, too, the mind will not develop unless the brain is rested with enjoyment and relief from all care, which comes best through the struggle for supremacy in sports. Also the brain develops to a higher degree and is more healthy when it is absolutely relieved occasionally from care and experiences an intense excitement when such excitement results only in pleasure. The playground has settled more family and neighborhood differences than all the courts of all our cities; for man will never quarrel with those with whom he finds his keenest delight.

Make Plans for the City

Around this park the company has planned to build its city in rows of beautiful homes, designed by a com-

petent and experienced architect, especially with a view to architectural beauty without sacrificing the comforts of home life. Between each row of cottages extending around this park will be built a shaded boulevard. Row after row will be thus constructed until all the inhabitants are comfortably housed. These homes will be furnished to the stockholders at actual cost, payable in rents on such terms as may be mutually agreed upon. The cost of such houses will be materially less than prevails in any modern city and consequently the rental charge will be nominal in comparison to the rent of such property in other places.

The company will develop its own electricity and in turn will furnish electric power for all domestic and manufacturing purposes of whatsoever kind.

There is on the property limestone of excellent character; also a great variety of clay sufficient for brick and other purposes; and in the mountains just above, within the forest reserve, there is an abundance of timber that can be purchased at \$1 per thousand, stumpage. By means of proper machinery this lumber can be sawed and delivered to the townsite at a price far less than the same can be purchased in the open market.

It can be readily seen that a project of this magnitude will require in its development men and women of diversified callings. Every department that is now known in a modern city will find a counterpart in this new city.

There will be a field for everyone who is willing to

work and ambitious to enjoy ALL the fruits of his endeavor.

There will be ample opportunity for the individual to cultivate whatever art, trade or calling he chooses and to do so under the most favorable circumstances, and it will be possible, by combining the most modern methods of teaching with practical comparison and demonstration, to give to the children a thorough and serviceable education which it is absolutely impossible to procure in our modern cities.

The application of every study is ever present before the pupils. Theory and actual practice rub elbows together, and the result is that a child can master with ease what would often sap his strength and tax his health in the city schools.

The business of this corporation will be conducted in departments, each department under the direction of an expert head.

The work of any community may be divided into three branches or general departments—the economic, the social and the constructive. The economic field would embrace such executive departments as finance, industry, distribution and commerce. The social branch would comprise the departments of education, recreation, welfare and hygiene. The constructive would include agriculture, public works, buildings and transportation. Those whose inclinations or past training

fit them for any particular department will there find their vocation.

If you are a lawyer, accountant or office manager, you will naturally become allied with the finance department, which will include the banking, accounting, auditing and legal work of the community. If you are an architect or draftsman your place will be in the department of building and construction, and so on.

In placing this statement before the workers it is hoped that the plan will receive the most earnest consideration. Do you want to enter into a project which shares your responsibility with every member of the colony? Do you want the assurance that each day you are laying up a personal fund besides sharing in the general prosperity of your co-workers? Do you want the assurance which should be guaranteed to every individual that you will not be out of employment? These questions are self answering. Every man and every woman wants just that. This is a part of what this plan offers.

There is scarcely a useful occupation that will not furnish capable workers to this colony. Previous experience as an agriculturist is not necessary. A corps of experts will be in charge of every branch of the productive industries. No worker in any country can deny that he is deeply interested in these problems. Let us work them out in a practical manner.

LLANO DEL RIO By Frank E. Wolfe

(Continued from Page 17)

earth is open to the sky—where the soil a few weeks ago was overgrown with greasewood and giant yuccas. A great tractor is tearing away at this growth and two college boys, fresh from the campus, with hands that have known no ruder task than the gymnasium or ball field, are clearing the land at the rate of ten acres a day. Later these youths will plow these fields at still greater ratio per day and within a few months there will be gardens and orchards and growing fields where now the coyote and jack-rabbit play their game of life and death among the sage and cactus.

Other tractors are on the ground ready for their work of clearing, ditching, plowing and carrying the heavier burdens of pioneering, and cultivating. Everywhere engineers and surveying parties are at work. Over in the middle distance a gang is building bridges over the larger branches of the river in the "wash;" another crew is laying the foundation for the first colony building to be erected since the enterprise began. A truck is carrying lumber, another cement, and the autos are carrying supplies and lunches to half a dozen points where the various works are going forward. From Mescal creek comes the muffled roar of explosions where a powder crew is blasting out the bedrock

preparatory to laying the foundations of the first dam that shall first hold, then divert water to a great reservoir site a quarter of a mile to the eastward. Numerous teams with husky drivers are moving about in the fields below and the faint humming of mowing machines indicate that the third alfalfa cutting is under way in a 60-acre "piece" that lies just bordering on the ditch from Big Roek creek. Below all the sounds of nature and man in the valley comes the subdued roar of the rushing stream in the bed of the river back of the hill. The sound is like the deep diapason of a great organ as the river comes from the canyon where it flows from a thousand fern grown streams in the deep forest archways of the mountains above.

With the wonderful possibilities of the land and the water; the inspired determination of men who know a man's size job and tackle it fearlessly, one is gripped by the determination to be up and doing.

Dreams come to all who are blessed with vision, but here is an opportunity to take a man's part in making dreams come true. The wonderful white city with the turrets or domes of the artists hope will come in time and come swiftly, measured by the growth of the outside world. There, on the upper table of the grand mesa, will grow a co-operative city of marvelous beauty, if the dreams of the strong men and women, who are pioneering this enterprise, can be made to unfold into reality.

The Man Who Wouldn't Talk

By EMANUEL JULIUS



WHEN James Cronin was sentenced to a twenty-year term, he swore: "So help me God, this is the last time I talk."

No one paid the least attention to this statement, for all agreed it was quite meaningless. But, when James Cronin was brought to the penitentiary, the first thing the men in authority learned was that this peculiar wretch meant to make good his threat—he wouldn't talk.

Warden Pollock concluded that a week or so of silence would end this ridiculous affair. Surely, he would talk. But, he didn't. Cronin refused to utter a word.

He was the best sort of inmate—obeyed rules; troubled no one; did his work in a willing manner. He was a fine prisoner, this James Cronin was—that is, fine from the viewpoint of the warden. But Cronin wouldn't talk.

The months passed; James Cronin continued his silence. To be sure, the newspaper editors were quick to see the news value of this strange convict, so they assigned reporters to write "human interest stories" about this man who wouldn't talk. And, of course, the reporters wrote; and, like good reporters, they never went near the silent convict.

Warden Pollack read all their stories and had to confess they were very readable, even though the reporters never approached the subject which had permitted their imaginations to have full play.

They put that subtle thing called atmosphere into their stories; and this, Warden Pollack found exceedingly interesting. They also did some "fine writing," making it appear as though Convict 7998 were some thought-besotted, melancholy person.

"This thin, wiry, glassy-eyed man of mystery has closed his soul in a tomb of silence," said one reporter in a story that covered almost two columns. "He has found the world to be a vale of tears; he has learned that mankind is jungle-spirited; that civilization kills the light in the poet's heart and stifles the laughter of children. With a heart suffering the pangs of remorse, with a conscience weighted with sin, with hopes blasted and ideals crushed, with love cold and passionless, he now spends the weary days of his life in a prison cell—silent, dumb, dead!"

When Warden Pollack read this, he admitted he was touched. Somehow, he felt that his silent convict was a character who had lived an extraordinary life, who thought deep melancholy thoughts and whose soul

was alive with the immensities of sorrow. He sent the paper to Convict 7998. Cronin read it slowly; tears gathered in his eyes—but he did not utter a word. Without even moving his lips, he returned the paper.

The years passed, and this convict continued his silence. At almost regular periods the newspapers told wierd, interest-compelling stories of this man. His fame spread rapidly; before long, he became a national character. He was pointed out to gaping, inquisitive visitors; some, for the sake of the experience, spoke to him, but he never answered. He would not talk.

A poet was attracted to this silent sufferer. This poet's name was known wherever people spoke English. He penned a wonderful poem; it reached the hearts of the people. It was pregnant with suffering, a rare work of art.

An artist gained permission to paint a portrait of Convict 7998. He worked weeks and weeks; his picture was a masterpiece. It won the salon medal. In the eyes of this convict, the artist placed the glow of twilight. Behind the eyes, the picture seemed to mirror a soul bent on self-abnegation. The lips were sealed; closed tightly; drawn down at the sides; silence! death! mastery!—all these were expressed in this picture. The convict was permitted to gaze upon the portrait before it was removed; but, he did not say a word.

The prison chaplain said this convict was resting with God—facing the holy light of the Creator; he felt that here was a latter-day saint; rather, here was the sort of martyr that gave self to the lions rather than renounce Him. When he stood before this man of silence, the chaplain felt as though he were an inferior, that here was a man who showed, in his every move, his love for God, his faith in the ultimate.

At last there came the day when the prison doors were to open for this man who wouldn't talk. Warden Pollock spoke to him.

"Your day has come," he said; "and now you are to go into the world—free! You have not spoken a word during all these years."

The other shook his head slowly.

"I have been wondering what were the thoughts that occupied your mind during these years of silence," Warden Pollack continued. "Didn't you feel an irresistible desire, on many occasions, to break this awful silence?"

James Cronin nodded his head.

"I feel that you had some things you were almost

insane in your anxiety to say; and yet, you did not talk. Surely there was one thing, above all, that you desired to say—something. Tell me, what was it?"

James Cronin cleared his throat. Warden Pollack

leaned forward a bit, so anxious was he to catch the first words to come from this man of silence.

In a solemn tone, the convict asked:

"Have yuh got the makin's?"

The Man On the Spot

F. P. MacMahon

The man who is in charge of "Things Doing" at Rancho Llano del Rio is F. P. MacMahon, former president of the Building Trades Council of Los Angeles County. He is a man who knows his business, who understands what must be done and how to have it done. MacMahon is loved by all who come in contact with him. He directs the work in a sane, democratic manner, always getting the results needed.

There is inspiration for the workers in the tireless



and uncomplaining way Mac takes hold of the big jobs on the rancho and pushes them through. He has a thorough grip on affairs, and whether it be big enterprises or small, he is never at a loss. From clearing land with the tractor down to the disposition of a dozen of the rapidly arriving red pigs, he is there with a quick decision and prompt action.

Considerable merriment has been caused by the way men who have had no experience in agricultural pursuits have taken hold of tasks on the rancho. A former

bookkeeper saved the lives of several weaklings among the porkers because of his skill in feeding them with a fountain pen filler until nursing nipples could be secured.

BLIND

By Harry Kemp

The Spring blew trumpets of color;
Her Green sang in my brain.
I heard a blind man groping
"Tap-tap" with his cane;

I pitied him his blindness:
But can I boast "I see"?
Perhaps there walks a spirit
Close by, who pities me,—

A spirit who hears me tapping
The five-sensed cane of mind
Amid such unguessed glories
That I am worse than blind!



Republicans and Progressives are getting together all right—the noise of their frequent collisions reverberates like a boiler factory on full time.



If there is any truth in the report that Germany would like to annex the Philippines we have a suggestion: Let the Kaiser take Colorado instead and we'll call it a bargain.



A Kansas town has adopted a slogan that will bring it fame: "He didn't know it couldn't be done, so the Dam Fool went and done it!"

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HAD EXPERIENCE

"I want a pair of button shoes for my wife."

"This way, sir. What kind do you wish, sir?"

"Doesn't matter, just so they don't button in the back."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

FORESIGHT

Aunt Rebecca—Dat ol' man o' yohs am sho' a good provider.

Aunt Chloe—He done shows his sense. He wants to keep me busy occupyin' dis here skillet as a utensil instid of a weapon.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A DOUBLE-CROSS

Irate Parent—No, siree. You can't have her. I won't have a son-in-law who has no more brains than to want to marry a girl with no more sense than my daughter has shown in allowing you to think you could have her.—Life.

HOPEFUL

Father—I got a number of sealed proposals at my office today.

Daughter—Oh, pa, were any of them for me?—Baltimore American.

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Retired M. F. H.—And when we
came to the seventeenth, just as I was
going to drive, what should I see but
an old dog-fog staring at me out of
the hedge.

Sympathetic Friend—Ye-s-s-s?

Retired M. F. H.—Now, don't you
think that was a most remarkable
thing?"

Sympathetic Friend—Well, yes, I
suppose it was; but then, you see, I
don't know anything about golf.
—Punch.

THE PAST IS PAST

The Committee on the Revision of
the Articles of Faith had recom-
mended the adoption of a declaration
to the effect that all infants are
saved. The recommendation was
adopted unanimously.

"Now, Mr. Moderator," said a del-
egate from Pittsburg, Pa., with pre-
ternatural solemnity, "I move that
this be declared retroactive."

But the moderator did not seem to
hear him.—Christian Register.

THEIR FINISH

"I thought you told me that Jones
was a piano-finisher," said the Old
Fogy. "Why, I saw him driving a
moving van today."

"Well?" interrogated the Grouch.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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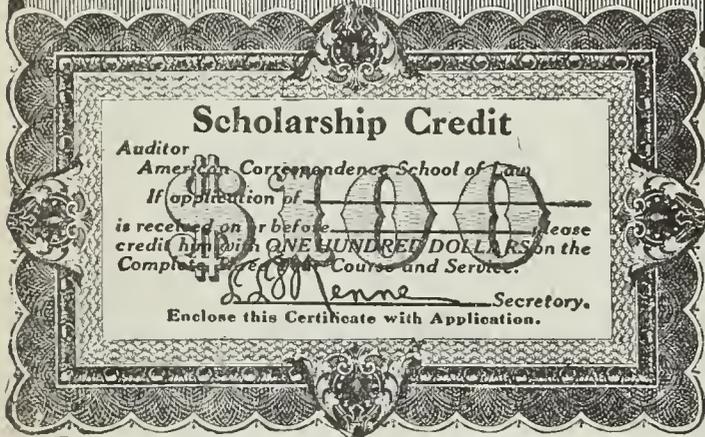
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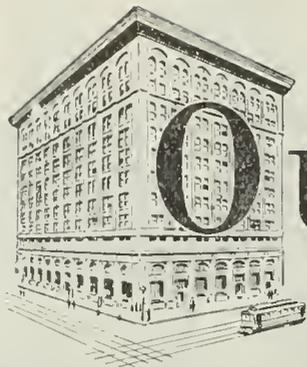
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