

The Western Comrade



This Issue Contains

Verbal Treason Is
Newest Discovery

Co-operation An Aid
To Socialist Growth

School Library Has
Index Expurgatorius

Hopfield Horrors
And Hypocrisy

Labor Exploiters
And 8-Hour Law

Will Prohibition
Aid the Workers?

Senate Suppresses
Slavery Exposure

Fiction :- Art :- Propaganda :- Poetry

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Union Factory.
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Sanitary.



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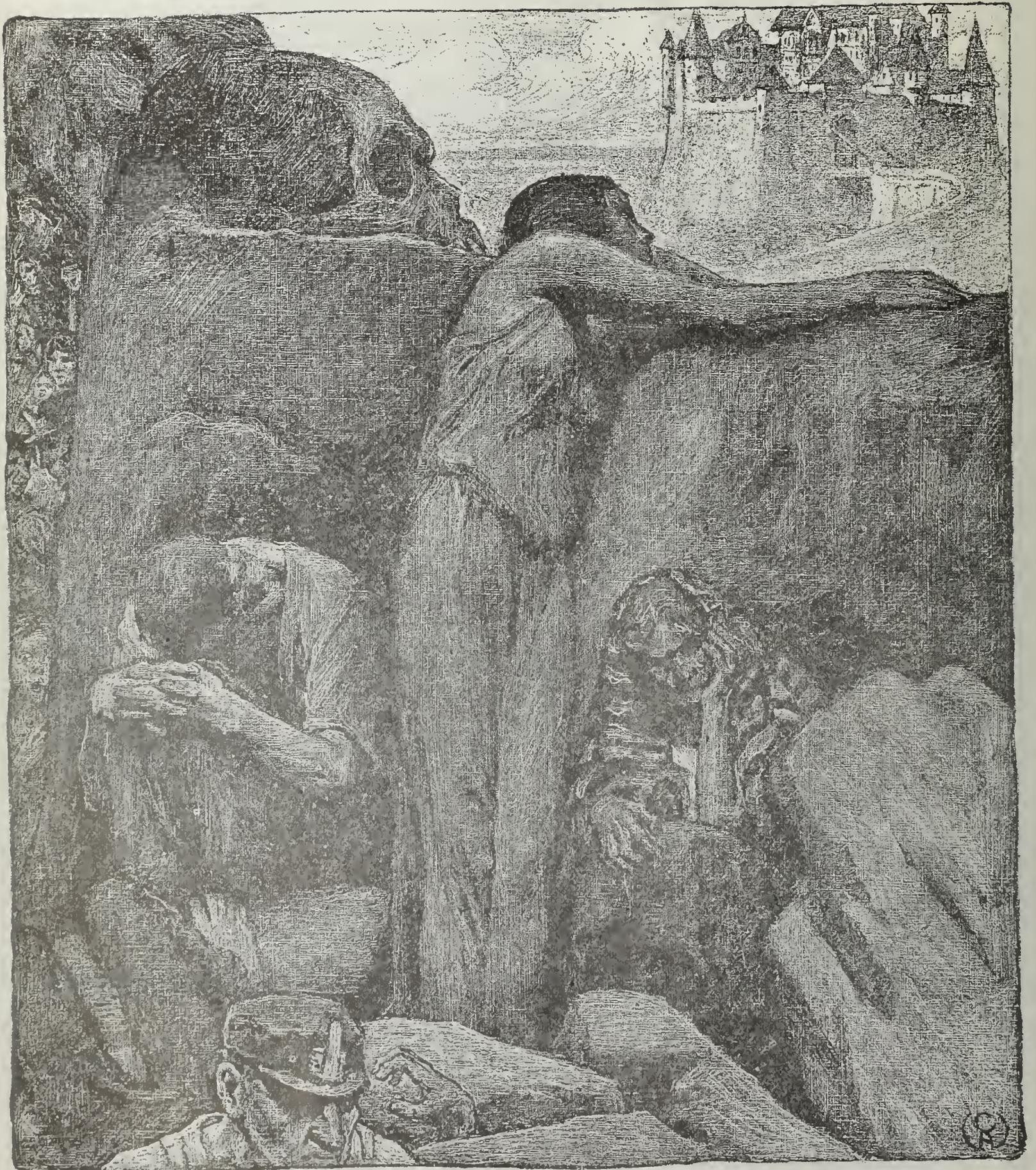


Place stocking foot on paper, drawing pencil around as per above illustration. Pass tape around at lines without drawing tight. Give size usually worn.

Mescal Water and Land Company

Higgins Building Los Angeles, Cal.

The Pit



Drawn by Charles A. Hunter.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

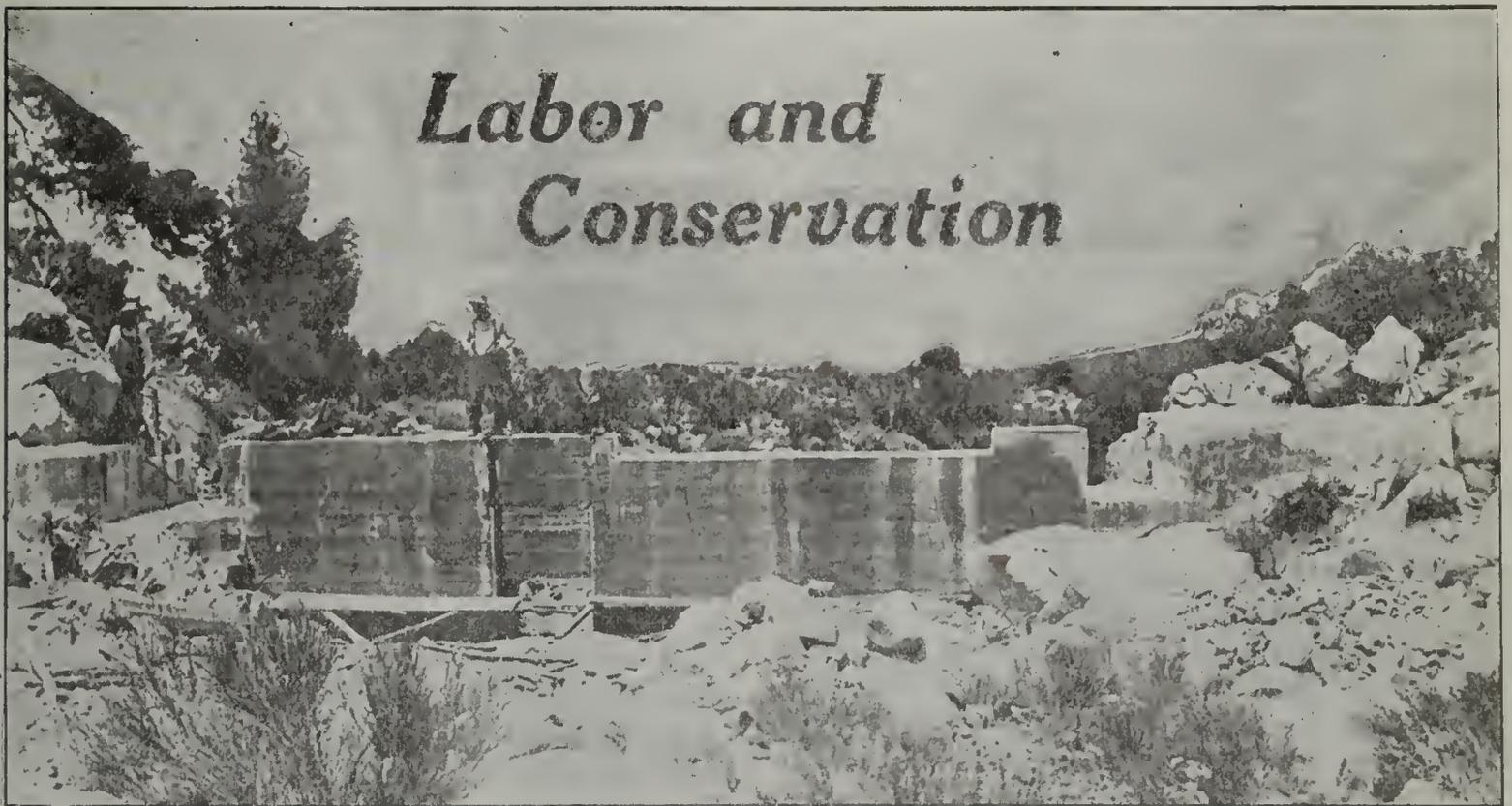
Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. II

LOS ANGELES, CAL., AUGUST 1, 1914

NUMBER 4



Diversion Dam on Mescal Creek, Llano del Rio Colony



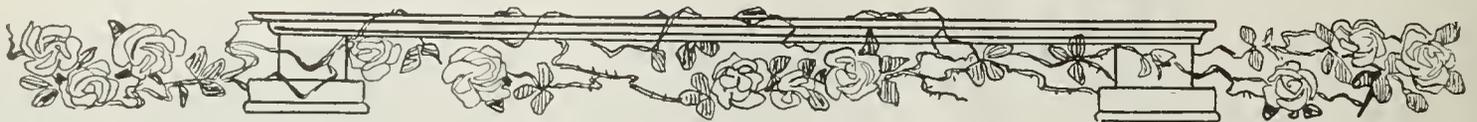
CONSERVATION of natural resources is almost as instinctive an ambition in man as hunger for land. Men standing on the hills that overlook the desert on one side and a stream of steady flowing water on the other feel an irresistible urge to take part in any move to bring water to the soil. The most alluring work at the Llano del Rio colony has been that of construction of the Mescal dam and the canals that will carry water to the conservation reservoirs above the proposed city on the Llano.

Construction work of this character proves most popular. The chief engineer could get fifty volunteers among the colonists all of whom would like to join the construction crew at Jackson's Lake—J. H.

GOD geometrizes; nature is chock full of algebra; all around us we see puzzle, riddle and conundrum. From the watchful eye of Sirius to the six-pointed snowflake the infinite heavens are dotted, not with stars, but with question marks.

But in the marvels of nature the real riddle of the universe is your conservative working man. This wierd anachronism finds Hell surrounding him, and votes for it. He finds a system that crucifies his wife, and boosts it; a system that steals his baby's milk, and fights for it; a system that snatches his daughter's virtue, and he conserves it. He finds a system that makes his son even as he is, and he hugs it to his breast.

Hath God at any time wrought a work more wonderful than this?—S. H.



JOHNSON AND EIGHT-HOUR LAW

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, Progressive governor of California, friend of Organized Labor, and candidate for re-election, is opposed to the eight-hour measure which goes on the ballot at the coming general election. This is not an assumption. It is the final word.

E. T. Earl, financial backer and spiritual adviser for the governor, declares, "It is maliciously untrue that Governor Johnson has anything to do with the measure."

Three cheers for Governor Johnson, the friend of the workers! Let every labor organization within the state herewith pass resolutions of endorsement and support for the governor.

Of course organized labor will support Johnson, for is it not "maliciously untrue" that he desires shorter hours for the workers? Here is the statement:

"The proposed law was put on the ballot by the Socialists through the initiative. Enemies of the State Administration are trying to make people believe that Governor Johnson has something to do with the measure, which is, of course, MALICIOUSLY UNTRUE. The Socialists circulated initiative petitions and secured nearly 35,000 signatures necessary to place the measure on the ballot. A majority vote of the people in November will determine if it is or is not to become a law. The governor has no power to sign or veto it."—T. W. W.



T. R.'S DELUSION

THE California Outlook contains a picture of the colonel in a new pose—if there can be a new pose for one who has daily courted the camera for many years. This one shows T. R. on a rear platform of a railway train in the attitude of a motorman, lever in hand, leaning forward looking anxiously down the track. He seems to be under the belief he grasps the throttle and is running the train. This is a valuable picture and attention of the historical painter is most respectfully requested. It shows a man who does not know whether he is coming or going.—F. E. W.

AVARICE AND EXTERMINATION

FRENCH restaurant keepers of San Francisco and other California cities and a few interested parties, including some commission merchants, have in circulation an initiative petition which would place on the ballot at the fall election a proposition to legalize the sale of wild game, including deer and quail.

To enact such a law would mean the extermination of what little wild game remains in California. Market hunters with automatic guns would clear the coverts of quail in one season, and does and fawns would fall before the rifles of the unscrupulous men who hunt for commission merchants.

Wealthy men of the state have seized nearly all the duck shooting grounds and closed vast territories to those who go afield after quail. Over one hundred thousand dollars a year are paid for hunting licenses in California, yet the only territory given any degree of protection is of the rich men's duck-hunting clubs.

Where the money goes remains a mystery to most of us. It certainly does not put any special wardens in the field just before opening day. Sooner-shooters, with their automobile parties, fill the coverts with burned shells long before the law-abiding sportsman arrives. Opportunity to hunt is almost closed to the working class, but there is reason to hope for a change. While hoping, let us do what we can to save the game from extinction. Don't sign the market-hunters' petition! Vote against the measure.—F. E. W.



FORCE AND VIOLENCE?

FRANK WILLIAMS of Haleco, Ala., was paroled by Governor O'Neal and walked out of the Alabama state penitentiary after serving twenty years of a fifty-year sentence for the alleged theft of fifty cents.

Cesarito Cervantes of Los Angeles has been sentenced to eight years in the Folsom penitentiary, charged with stealing a pair of eyeglasses.

In both these cases the judges who imposed the sentences deplored the "force and violence" that had been used.—F. E. W.





OUR AGED CONSTITUTION

ONE of the funny things about an American is his constitution. An American prides himself on being up to date. His clothes must fit him, not some other fellow. But his constitution would fit George IV. When he dances it must be close enough to his girl that she knows she isn't dancing with some other fellow, and that's the way he hugs his constitution.

The eighteenth century English or French or Whig had exactly those ideas of democracy contained in the American constitution.

What did the Paris whig of 1790 know of trusts, franchises, the "boss," referendum and our credit system? And yet we have the old-fashioned Whig measure us for constitutional clothes! Pitt or Burke or Montesquieu could easily take part in any college or legislative debate on the constitution in 1914. There would be nothing these great-great-great-great-grandfathers wouldn't understand.—S. H.



INTERVENTION IN COLORADO

WHILE Europe is on the verge of or actually is plunged into a terrible war; while American capitalism is bending its energies to force intervention in Mexico and while the railway workers of the west are on the eve of a general strike, we should not lose sight of the situation in the Colorado Coal fields.

Federal intervention as it is working there seems to be for the purpose of breaking the strike, filling the mines with foreign workers and crushing the last spark of hope out of the hearts of the miners. The suppression of free speech is shown by the incident where a Socialist speaker tried to address a crowd at Aguilar, a short distance from Ludlow. As the speaker approached the platform two federal soldiers stopped him:

"You're the man that's going to talk on Socialism here?"

"Yes, I'm the man."

"Well it's against orders and you can't do it."

"But suppose I hold a private meeting—what then?"

"No difference. You can't make speeches here!" This was the final word of the representative of President Wilson.

The miners declare that scabs are being run into the Ludlow mines through an "underground" and that the federal government is choking the strike to death.

Armed men are drilling in Colorado camps. They wear no glittering epaulettes or eagles on their collars. They are bare-armed and brawny chests show through shirts flung open to the night air.

A man who has learned to read since his twentieth year is spelling out the words in a small brown-backed book: "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

This is an "inalienable right" that has long been alienated, but the delusion seems to die slowly. May it survive a little longer!—F. E. W.



ECONOMIC LOSS

EDUCATION of the masses will be taken up seriously and without delay. P. P. Claxton, United States commissioner of education, estimates the difference between the earning capacity of an "educated" worker and an illiterate is \$100 a year. The commissioner places the total loss to the employing class at \$500,000,000 a year. He told the Industrial league that illiteracy was being eliminated in the south and was increasing in New York. The number of adult illiterates in New York state exceeds 400,000. This is an economic waste that capitalism can ill afford.

But then, there is a serious drawback to that. Educated, the workers become less servile, less docile and more inclined to rebel. It is a serious and difficult problem. The only way will be to educate them along the lines of flag worship and vocational training—dope them with patriotism and make them more efficient as dividend earners.—F. E. W.



War in Europe has closed the Bourses and even the stock exchanges of the United States. This will give the people an opportunity to see how useless are these millionaire gambling houses. May they never reopen.





BUFFOONS AND BLUFF

ONLY a few weeks ago the newspapers were howling hoarsely in the morning and sobbing themselves to sleep each night because whoever represented Mexico had not saluted the American flag.

According to these chadbands the national honor was going to be smirched or smooched or something if someone didn't fire twenty-one guns and do a genuflexion or say eeni, meenie, miny, moe or something.

Well, Huerta didn't do it or say it or anything. Here we are moping about as if we were suffering from the pollevil or the pip. It costs a few million dollars and a dozen lives to make a nation ridiculous—but it furnished some good copy for utrys.—F. E. W.



ON THE DOME OF HEAVEN

UNDER the reservation of the right to disagree with everybody, including myself, I am inclined to criticise the article on Verbal Treason by Homer Constantine in this issue of the Western Comrade.

He has treated a serious subject in a light and frivolous manner. Chief Charles Sebastian may be right.

Someone may be committing verbal treason. Who knows? True, there is no such crime in the long list of man-made crimes. But then, we can make anything a crime by writing it in ink in a book. May I suggest that as a much more practicable way than to write it "across the dome of the American heavens in letters of fire."

If there are persons committing treason in Los Angeles every night, why do not the authorities arrest them and prosecute them **FOR TREASON**.

There should be no difficulty. The constitution calls for two witnesses. Any two policemen will suffice. Or, perchance, the vile wretch may comply with the other terms and confess in OPEN COURT. No third degree confessions will serve.

Will the Chief do this? Probably not. It would be a breach of ethics. You see it isn't done. The method is to arrest those guilty of this high crime

and book them on some dinky charge of violation of a silly ordinance.

There is a good suggestion in amending our national constitution so as to include this new crime of "verbal treason." It only takes about thirty years to amend that sacred script. But then, while we were about it, we could remove that inhibition that says "no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood." That ought to be dissected out during the administration of anasthesia. Then, perhaps, we can both "bolt" and "curb" those "guilty of utterances." It's worth trying, anyway.—G. E. B.



"GREAT DETECTIVE" CANNED

NEWSPAPER writers have certain sources of copy that are valuable to them—individuals who are sure to stand for any sensational dope the special writers may spring as dull day stories. Burns built up a reputation on this sort of slush. His bombastic talk and limelight methods appealed to the imagination of morbid readers. His popularity with the newspapers prevented any widespread publicity when the International Association of Chiefs of Police fired the "great detective" from their organization, ordered him to remove their insignia from his letterhead. During the course of proceedings Burns was mercilessly flayed by the police chiefs who told of the labor-hating sleuth's methods of peddling stories to the newspapers for the purpose of advertising himself.

In personal manner Burns has sought to appear to have about the same degree of polish and culture as the average police officer. Five minutes' conversation with him disclose his manners and mental achievements to be about those of the race-track tout and his speech of a character to disgust anyone with the slightest instincts of decency.

The infamy of the Burns methods repeatedly has been exposed by the labor press but the capitalist publications will merely lie low and wait for the notorious faker to come back with some sensational story of his wonderful exploits and he will be downstage, in the spotlight, and happy.—F. E. W.



Co-operation a Necessity

By JOB HARRIMAN



SOCIAL systems and institutions reproduce themselves, grow, bear their fruit and decay, following a course similar to the plant in the process of reproduction. At the time of its greatest vitality the seed puts forth the sprout and roots, then dies and passes away. The sprout and roots mature, sometimes the same, but oftentimes only similar to, the parent seed. When the plant is in full bloom the wind or the bee, or some other messenger carries the pollen and deftly mixes it with the pollen of kindred plants, fructifying and injecting new elements into the baby seed. These new elements are infiltrated through the sprout or plant and into the seed of the new plant which becomes the child of two varieties.

Time after time this process is repeated until the variety is so changed that almost all the characteristics of the original fruit disappears. It is a long and varied road from the crab apple to the Jonathan and the Roman Beauty. So also was it a long and varied road from the humble church of the day of Christ and Peter and Paul with no place to lay their heads and no security from the Roman arms, to the great cathedral where the poor and distressed may not enter, but where the rich, in their gaudy attire, find repose mid rapturous music and song, guarded with bayonet and shell.

Time after time, through many centuries, new interests (new pollen, if you please) were injected and new characteristics were produced until the church of

the poor and meek and lowly has been, in many cities and countries, transformed into the church of the rich, the arrogant and the haughty. Were the name removed no one would ever suspect that these wonderful cathedrals had sprung from such a humble origin or that the haughty and arrogant rich were making themselves believe that they were worshipping the most humble of men.

This great institution did not die, but like the seed reproduced itself, being varied from time to time by the newly injected elements before the germ lost its vitality and passed away.

The same truth appears in the rise of our present commercial system from the ruins of the Feudal system. The sprout and root of commerce sprang out of the barter and trade carried on in villages or communes and gradually developed, undergoing modification after modification according to the interests brought to play upon it, until there now stalks up and down the earth the most gigantic organized power, Capitalism, that the world has ever known. Feudalism lived until commercialism became strong enough to sap its heart's blood, destroy it and cast away the old shell.

In the very womb of this gigantic power of Capitalism there is now beginning to grow the sprouts and roots destined to produce a new seed.

The pollen of a new interest already has been mixed with that of the Capitalist system. The process is still going on.

Here and there and everywhere are found large in-



Harry Robinson, head machinist.

dustries where thousands of human beings exert all their energy, during long hours every day, producing many times more than sufficient to generate the energy they expend, but receiving barely enough for subsistence, while the residue not only keeps the idle owners in luxury, but even accumulates, multiplying their power and making possible greater tyrannies.

The luxuries thus accumulated fall to the lot of one class while the burden of producing them fall upon the others. The few with their million of dollars and the



"Mathematician" is the name given to the champion buck of the Belgian hare colony. Harper says they are the most rapid multipliers in the valley.

millions with their few dollars find themselves bound together in the same industries, yet each class is at permanent war with the other. Two conflicting interests strive for control, each fruitifying and modifying the industry. It is from these great industries that our new institutions spring and by which our old ones are recast and their characters modified. It is in the industries that the nation's vitality centers as it is in the seed that the plant's vitality centers. They are alike the products of the past and alike they are the parents of the things to come. The seed and the institutions do not die until they send forth roots and sprouts containing the elements.

Neither will the Capitalist system die until the industries from which it draws

subsistence shall have first been transformed into cooperative enterprises.

It is by our industries that our future will be largely determined. Which interest within the industry is the most efficient, is the question.

No doubt a thousand employes possess far more power than do the owners of a great factory. In the absence of extraneous influences the contest would be quickly settled on a field of battle. But, also, the extraneous influence plays its part. Capital is quickly mobilized. Taxes are paid, armies are called forth with shot and shell, and the highest degree of efficiency is manifested by the minor power, while the millions of human beings, engaged in various industries, and from whom all social power flows, are scattered and inefficient and remain a rope of sand unable to mobilize.

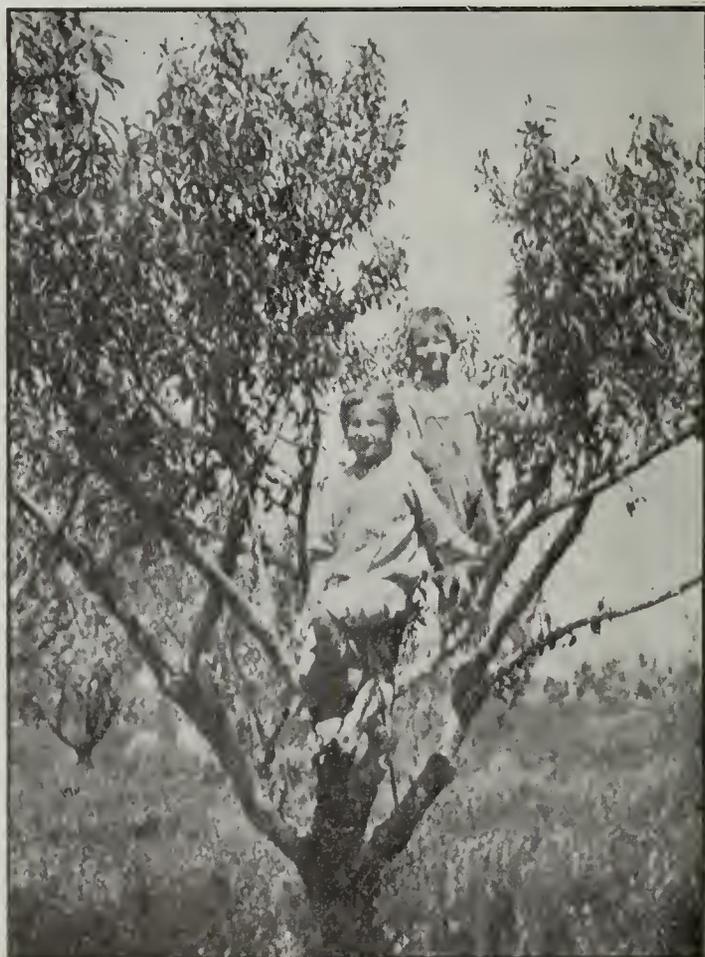
It is because of its superior efficiency, and not its superior power, that capitalism is able to dominate our industries and to determine the characteristics of our institutions.

It has ever been the custom of tyrants to forge on until they have driven the millions to the field of battle where their irresistible power overcomes all amid terrible slaughter. This very cataclysm is now going on in our sister republic of Mexico.

Shall we sit blindly by and await the hour of desperation? In such time men organize around military supplies, but in times of peace men organize around the means of subsistence. In war the chief end is destruction. In peace production and construction lead the way.

That the workers must capture the power of government is admitted, but our problems will not be solved by that alone.

In California the Socialist Party has 100,000 votes and yet we are weak. We were unable last year to support the ablest propaganda crusade that ever appeared in any state. Our movement is a gateway through which thousands pass each year. They join our party, tarry but a moment and are gone. We have



Almonds are alluring to the children. A dozen varieties of fruit grow in this orchard, but the youngsters prefer the milky almonds. The horticulturist at Llano del Rio Colony will make a study of how to make almonds a success every year. At present, almond growing is not a success in the colony.

no commissary and no means by which this army that comes and goes can produce a commissary. They are compelled to enter the industries of the capitalist class. Little effort is being made to develop their own industries. The same is true of the labor unions though to a smaller extent because greater advantages to the individual are afforded by their organization.

The labor unions, and the Socialist, or working class party, are necessary, but they alone are not sufficient. Our social problems never will be solved by them alone. No organization has or ever will develop great persistence and cohesive power except it possess the source of its own food supply. The efficiency of the capitalist class is derived from the power to control the social commissary and the means of producing it. The capitalist reaps his greatest economic reward as an individualist. He employs the means of production with which to absorb the energy of the workers. Hence the conflict.

The worker and the employer cannot be economic



In the alfalfa. John Richards was an indoor man and a skilled worker. At the Llano del Rio Colony he is at the head of the hay squad. He doesn't care how the others work, but if any husky and seasoned rancher tries to keep up with him he will have to "go some."

friends nor can the employer be the economic friend of any other employer engaged in the same industry. They are at war with each other for the market and at war with the workman for the lion's share of the product. Each forces the other ever on into the battle.

The worker alone can be an economic friend to the worker. He wishes only to live and to live well by the fruits of his effort. He wants nothing from his neighbor. However, he has learned that the fruits of his own labor and that of his neighbor are tremendously multiplied through their united efforts. They have learned that their joint effort yields far greater return

than would their individual efforts were they not associated. Hence the vital, persistent urge toward co-operation among the workers even within the capitalist



Big Rock Creek at intake main ditch, Llano del Rio Colony. Photograph taken July 4, 1914.

industries. It is this urge that must find vent in co-operative enterprises or militarism will coerce the worker in our present industries into a form of slavery—witness Cahumet, the West Virginia coal strike, the Rockefeller horror of Colorado.

Capitalism will not die and make way for co-operative enterprises. But co-operative industries must first be developed which, by virtue of their superior efficiency, will survive and change the characters of our industries. Co-operation with all it means to the human race will never materialize if it waits for the funeral of the system that stands in its way.

The liberty that is received as alms is unworthy of the beggar. It is a matter of conquest and not of alms. Conquest by superior efficiency over our present system will bring new institutions.



The Industrial Relations Commission will find some interesting gleaning if it will go back over its own pathway. Since Alba Johnson, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, made his statement to the commission that his company did not discriminate against Union men, sixteen hundred union workers, who declined to renounce their organization and wear buttons inscribed "Faithful," were dismissed. Only men who acted as strikebreakers during the strike were honored with buttons.

Union without knowledge is useless. Knowledge without union is powerless.

The Lynching



By
A. F. GANNON



IT WAS late in the forenoon of a mid-November morning. The sun, though high in a perfect sky, had not yet dissipated completely the sharpness of a twenty-five-hundred-foot altitude from the rare morning air.

Four young girls, dressed in clinging garments of light texture and color, were clustered in the spacious bay window of a green shuttered white house isolated on the apex of a grassy knoll overlooking the little mountain town of Toulon. Within the room, as seemed befitting the orchid-like bevy in the window, and the colorful though somewhat garish furnishings, was an almost tropical temperature. A roly-poly blond of perhaps twenty held a pair of high-powered fieldglasses to her eyes, tensely peering down a cross-street to where a growing mob was milling about a squat, iron-doored structure with one heavily barred window. After a long silence a tall, tawny-haired and angular girl, who was holding back the rich lace curtains, drawled out impatiently:

"What all's goin' on Madge? We ain't no mind-readers."

"Tom's just comin' out of Darnet's, 'cross from the jail," ventured the girl with the glasses, suddenly finding tongue.

"Co'se we all is just dyin' t' find out 'bout Tom," said the first speaker, with fine sarcasm, "ain't we, Stella? Ain't we, Josie?" she concluded, gushingly.

The other two giggled their appreciation. Stella quickly questioned in a mollifying tone:

"Ain't they got him out yet, Madge?"

"Not yet," Madge assured her, with a queer catch in her voice. "Some man's standin' on a barrel in front of the jail door talkin' to the crowd."

"Sheriff from Sonora," opined Josie. "Big, tall man with heavy mustache?"

"Yes," assented Madge, excitedly. "He shot into the air! . . . Max got him from behind! . . . They got his gun! He's down, with a crowd on him! They're tyin' him—or somethin'—"

"Who, Max?" snapped the tawny-haired girl, snatching the glasses and anxiously surveying the engrossing scene. After a time she breathed a sigh of relief, remarking as she relinquished the glasses to Madge, "Well, he's all right!" Then, lightly, "They got the sheriff and the constable both locked up in jail an' th' nigger on the road to glory!"

Awed to silence, the girls gazed alternately through the binoculars at the black mass of the mob as it moved across the town toward the edge of the wood.

"I wonder where Ann Thornton is?" mused Josie in a subdued tone.

"She's the girl, ain't she?" Stella half whispered. "What kind is she?"

"A regular little mouse, 'fraid of her shadow. Pretty as a picture, though," admitted Josie.

"Just the kind those niggers like," commented the tawny-haired girl.

"Did she identify him?" queried Stella.

"I guess not," Josie replied. "Harry told me she was too hysterical last night. He said the posse got this one half way to Sonora—an' goin'. The other suspects proved alibis."

"They're stonin' him—the—the—cowards!" cried Madge.

"But look a' what he done!" protested Stella.

"I can't see; you take them, Stella," pleaded Madge, relinquishing the glasses, "an' Tom needn't never come 'round me any more," she finished, sobbing.

"Boo-hoo!" mocked the tawny-haired girl. "Big black nigger didn't never do nothin' t' nobody!"

Punctuated by occasional sobs from the tender-hearted Madge, Stella proceeded:

"They're arguin' about somethin' . . . There's a fight!" . . . After a long pause, "The bunch that's fightin' is separated from the other . . . I can't see very well, but I think the others are puttin' the rope on the nigger—yes, they're pullin' him up in that big oak tree! . . . Now they're shootin' at him, I guess, I can see little puffs o' smoke over the heads o' the crowd. . . . The fight seems to be over . . . Lot's o' them are leavin' an' comin' towards town. . . . Ugh!" she shuddered, after the lapse of a few minutes, when she again viewed the scene with the glasses. "They're all gone, an' the nigger is hangin' there alone! Ugh!"

Unknown to the girls, through a door on the opposite side of the room, there entered a woman of forty whose unimpassioned eyes and hard lips belied the voluptuous curves of her well-nourished and cleverly gowned body. For a minute she stood ankle-deep in a costly rug before she spoke:

"Madge, quit your sniveling! Josie, I want you to put on your open-work waist and help me behind the bar. Lots of those men will be up here in a little while, and they will want—entertainment. And you, Slim," to the tawny-haired girl, "for the love of Luere, get chipper and cheer these girls up, or I'll have to send to the Bigtown for a bunch of canary's and ditch you hoot-owls!"

Workers!

By EDGCUMB PINCHON

I.

Workers! Labor creates all values.

This vaunted Capital your masters prate about is but the accumulated unpaid wages of workers dead and damned in slavery.

The wealth of this wide world is wrought by You, was ever wrought by You, is wholly wrought by You;

And it shall be enjoyed by You whensoever you will—in Brotherhood of Labor, joyous, free, forever and forever.

Your revered State—your Government is but the organization of the masters—to rob you.

It belongs not to you—deluded ones! It is the legalized violence of the Masters against you.

II.

The vast magical machines which clothe and feed the world—the machines at which you toil that you may live—the machines created by Labor's genius, perfected by Labor's patience, tended by Labor's care, built by Labor's energy and Labor's unpaid wages—They are not yours: They are your Masters' in right of might!

And owning them, the Masters own your Bread—and thus your Government, your Press, your Church—your sinew, intellect and soul!

Yea! All society is but one gigantic organized conspiracy to delude you—keep you dumb and tame, and thus enslave you and steal the labor of your hands.

Are you content that this should be?

III.

The power of your hands and brains to labor is all you own.

It is enough. It is the power which creates all values—the power which built the world.

Is the silken robe my Lady wears more worth than the cocoon?

Is the mammoth engine thundering upon its glistening tracks more worth than the rough ore whence it was wrought?

Yea, it is more worth—a hundred times more worth! That worth was made by You!

Who takes the increase?

Your masters take the increase, and fling you back—enough to feed you for their use again.

IV.

The power of your hands and brains to labor is all you own;

It is enough. It is the power that creates all values—the power that built the world.

Shall you yield it up as slaves—this mighty power—this holy power?

Or shall you—banded in Brotherhood—use it to create all values for yourselves?

V.

Are you content to crawl in slavery—yea, to beg the masters to use you, to rob you—that you may live to be used and robbed again?

If you are content: If there be no clamor in you to own the labor of your hands:

If you love your chains and dare not dream on audacity:

If you—weaving fine fabrics are content to be clothed in rags:

If you—carving great palaces are content to live in hovels:

If you—creating vast universities of knowledge are content to remain in ignorance:

If you—garnering huge harvests are content to go ill-fed:

If you all are content to build your masters' Temple with your bones, cement it with your souls, wash it with your tears, and paint it with your blood:

If you all are content to be the unnurtured, ignorant, unlovely, stunted slaves you are!—

—Then is Salvation dead—then is the Universe a lie! And all the poverty, misery, insanity and injustice the masters can heap upon you is justly yours.

VI.

But if you are not content: If in you yet lives some gleam of the divine audacity of Christ, who preached the Liberty of every human soul, who scourged the Exploiters in the Temple, who poured upon the Masters his devastating wrath, who alone, unaided, defied the iron hand of Rome and died—a man—a Conqueror:

If you be such:

If you be men—and daring to be men are already become Heroes—the Savior—Fathers of the World:

If you be women—and daring to be women are already become Heroines—the Savior—Mothers of the World:—

—Arise in your might!

The Holy Spirit of Liberty shall descend upon you in Living Flame;

That Living Flame shall sweep from pole to pole;

Dead souls that never knew the taste of Joy shall
 stir, shall wake, shall leap alive:
 The World's ablaze! The Conflagration's on!
 Yea, this is the Millenium spoken of by Christ!
 The Masters shall be cast to utter darkness;
 Labor, beloved of the Lord, shall stand forth in the
 Eternal Day.
 Arise! Arise! and claim your joy! Lay hold upon
 your Victory!
 The chains that bind you—did you but know it—are
 wisps of straw;

The State that towers above you—did you but know
 it—is a house of cards;
 The masters whom you fear and obey—did you but
 know it—are frightened babes.
 The Universe is with you! The Fiat of the Lord—
 the Great Communal Soul of man—is with you!
 Arise!—Rebel!
 Throw down your tools, step forth, stand fast, and
 with one mighty voice—Demand!
 And lo! At the sound of the trump, in the twinkling
 of an eye—the World is yours!
 Arise!

A Million Dollars a Year

By H. J. Barrett

"I EARN \$1,000,000 a year," triumphantly announces Geraldine Far-rar (get the accent) "and I'd never marry a man who earned less." So there you are—puts us right out of the running. No wonder we're peeved.

But we think that the fair Geraldine Far-rar is in error. (The old man's name was just plain Farrar—he really earned his living as a train conductor). She gets \$1,000,000 a year. But does she earn it?

No, my friends, that \$1,000,000 is earned quite some distance from the Metropolitan opera house. It's gouged from the mill operatives of Lawrence and Fall River, who receive a weekly wage of \$7.50; from the miners of Michigan, who receive \$2.35 a day for work under the surface; from the 3,000,000 children in the southern cotton mills; from the millions upon millions of brow-beaten toilers all over our continent who receive, in this, the richest nation on the globe, an average wage of \$11 per week.

It would be too much to expect brains in the cranium of a prima donna. But the less the fair Geraldine talks about that \$1,000,000 a year just now the longer she'll be getting it. We're becoming slightly weary of this sort of thing.

There's a certain element of grotesque humor in the situation from the fact that the people who pay the \$1,000,000 annually to hear her sing would, if they were frank with themselves, walk ten miles to avoid the experience. They have about as much real appreciation of music as J. P. Morgan did of art. Which wasn't much.

Germany has a plan to declare the oil industry a government monopoly. The Standard Oil has started a move to protect its \$15,000,000 interests in the Fatherland. The state department of the United States has gone to the rescue and will demand adequate reimbursement for Mr. Rockefeller.

Power of Prophecy

DESTRUCTION of incentive is a terrible thing to contemplate. Anything that would make the working class less eager to create surplus values is most undesirable.

Almost any of the measures proposed by Socialists would "tend to decrease industrial efficiency."

This has been proven so often it is hardly worth while to do it again.

Take for instance the public schools. These institutions have destroyed incentive—that is, it was predicted that they would. Listen to the Philadelphia National Gazette of August 19, 1833:

"One of the chief excitements of industry among those classes (mechanic and other groups) is the hope of earning the means of educating their children. Incentive would be removed and the scheme of state education and equal education would thus be a premium for comparative idleness, to be taken out of the pocket of the laborious and conscientious. We have no confidence in any compulsory equalization. It has been well observed that it pulls down what is above, but never raises that which is below and often depresses high and low together beneath the level of what was originally the lowest."

The New York Herald has ever been a prophet of great renown. As long ago as August 25, 1833 the Morning Herald showed how education would utterly destroy efficiency. It bitterly opposed the opening of public schools and declared that

Universal equality of education is impossible if the trades, manufactures and manual labor are to be successfully prosecuted, unless the standard in education be greatly lowered and narrowed."

This aged and doddering jade is still at it at the same old stand, chattering and gibbering at all progressive measures.

Anyway, the destruction of incentive and industrial efficiency is a horrific thing to contemplate.—E. d'O.

Suppressed Senate Document

WHEN the United States congress appoints a commission to investigate conditions that are directly traceable to causes that call for a report showing the evils of the profit system there is a strong likelihood that the report will not be allowed to reach the public. The following suppressed report brings out one fact with great clearness—WOMEN ARE EXPLOITED FOR COMMERCIAL PROFIT. Thus an important fact, long known to and emphasized by the Socialists, is given official authenticity only to be suppressed by the United States senate.

From United States Senate document No. 196, Sixty-first congress, second session, "IMPORTING WOMEN FOR IMMORAL PURPOSES," presented by Mr. Dillingham; suppressed and ordered not to be printed in full by majority vote of United States senate:

Business Profit

Page 6: "To the motive of business profit is due beyond question the impulse which creates and upholds this traffic."

Higher Profit

Page 14: "Alien women (who are already confirmed prostitutes) "enter this country. * * * They believe they can make higher profits here."

Young Girls Profitable

Page 16: "Innocent young girls * * * will last longer, and, therefore, be more profitable."

Inspections Vary

Page 18: "Shrewd importers do not usually bring alien women and girls on third-class tickets, because the inspection of third-class passengers on both railroads and steamers is stricter than that of second-class and first-class passengers, although the law is the same for all."

Commercial Profit

Page 21: " * * * the motive dominating the procurer and pimp is that of commercial profit; the first thing to be done when a woman is imported is to place her where she can make money for him quickly and plentifully."

Police and Prostitution

Page 27: "Most of the girls questioned by the commission's agents on this point said that payments were made to the police to insure their protection from too frequent arrests."

Page 28: " * * * the exploitation of women in a given locality at any particular time is controlled by financial, political and social conditions."

Fifty thousand girls disappear from their homes every year.

Municipal Profits

Page 31: "During the month of October, 1908, over \$5000 was paid into the police fund in Seattle, Wash., as fines by prostitute women—each woman being fined \$10 a month. The same custom obtains in many cities. Will the profits make the taxpayers less eager to enforce the law?"

Ocean Carriers and Prostitution

Page 36: "Under present circumstances it will often pay a steamship company financially to take the risk of bringing over a criminal or prostitute first or second class, taking the risk of their deportation, since if they can be returned to their own country at steerage rates, a profit will be made. This possibility of securing a profit from criminals and prostitutes who are deported should be removed."

From Homes Commission Report (suppressed), Senate document No. 644:

Cases examined.....	2000
Belonging to servant class.....	931
Dressmakers and seamstresses.....	285
Lived with parents or friends.....	499
Employed	Remainder
Earning only \$1 per week.....	534
Earning only \$2 per week.....	336
Earning only \$3 per week.....	230
Earning only \$4 per week.....	127

There are 294 widows in the general list. The author believes the principle conclusion to be drawn from the table is that a majority of this class (widows) are driven to a course of vice from the destitution ensuing on her husband's death. A large number of them are very young, and it can scarcely be necessary to repeat that any young woman in a state of poverty will be surrounded by temptations which she can with difficulty resist.—Page 223.

It is a sad and humiliating admission to make at the opening of the twentieth century in one of the greatest centers of civilization in the world that in numerous instances it is not passion or corrupt inclination, but the force of actual physical want that impels young women along the road to ruin. Intimate contact in tenement houses is a predisposing cause to prostitution.—Page 227 Homes Commission Report.

Late returns show New York state has 30,000 lunatics and 30,000 feeble-minded persons. This is the state that elects maniacs to the United States congress and there seems to be no paucity of material.



California Dry?

Resolved: That the Enactment of the Proposed Initiative
Affirmative HERBERT S. CALVERT



THE PERIOD of human history called Capitalism has given birth to new institutions, ideas and commodities. Science, with its widening range of knowledge; modern industry with its efficient tools; present-day agriculture with better methods of animal breeding and plant cultivation, are only a few of the benefits of our vast co-operative social body.

But our capitalist society, that gave birth to these benefits has allowed to be fastened on itself creations that are a detriment to all of us and an overheavy load for the vast number of us who are the working class.

Socialists recognize the monopoly of the tools and land by the few and its direct result, the impoverishment of the many, as such an evil. We know monopoly is responsible for most of the evils existing in our society. Such social evils as armed camps filled with the nation's strongest men ready to shed each others blood; the modern state with its brutality, bribery and corruption; the servile pulpit and press with their prostitution of men's minds, the wholesale fostering and exploitation of the sex prostitute and the modern liquor traffic are all a part of Capitalism.

The workingman is a human, with a human organism. His difference from the remainder of society is that he works, while the larger part of society works him.

What is the effect of liquor on his working organism? The different schools of medicine and hygiene are unanimous in their emphatic denunciation of the evil results of the use of liquor by any human.

Dr. Lundgren, a leading physician of Berlin, says: "It is difficult to find any part of a confirmed beer drinker's machinery that is doing its work as it should. This is why their life-cords snap off like glass rods when disease or accident give them a blow.

The Scientific American says: "It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest of inebriety, mostly alive to criminal insanity."

The British Medical Society says: "Experiments show that small quantities of alcohol are injurious. That it is not a food. That it increases liability to disease, and shortens life; that abstainers do more work, live longer, have less sickness, quicker recoveries, and that the bodily functions are better performed, in spite of delusions to the contrary."

The late Dr. N. S. Davis of Chicago, the father of the American Medical Society, says: "I proved to my complete satisfaction that alcoholic drinks are poisonous in the same sense as opium, arsenic and chloroform, and should be sold under the same laws as other poisons."

Dr. A. Forel, professor of nervous diseases in the University of Zurich, says: "Alcohol, even when diluted, as in wine, beer and cider, is a poison which changes pathologically the tissues of the body and leads to fatty degeneration; it also injures the brain by producing paralysis and disarrangement of the function."

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, superintendent of Battle Creek Sanitarium, says: "Experiments upon human beings and lower animals have so greatly multiplied within the last few years that the effects of alcohol upon the health organism are now as well understood as are the physiological effects of opium, strichnia and other poisons of common use."

Huxley, the great scientist, was asked if wine or spirits did not enliven the brain and increase his power for work and thought. He replied: "I would just as soon think of taking a dose of arsenic as I would of alcohol."

Jack London, revolutionist, in his book, "John Barleycorn," places the responsibility for drunkenness where it belongs—on society. He lays the charge squarely in front of the door of organized society—government, for the accessibility—opportunity.

A Socialist, understanding the influence of environment on the life of the individual, and knowing the effect of alcohol on the human organism, will at once consider the advisability of allowing liquor within reach of any person.

Those who believe in free will and the Dualistic teaching can trust to a God to protect the people from the scourge of liquor. Materialists will wage war against this even as against those who "by right of God" own the earth.

For the gods may forgive—Nature never does. Science has found that alcohol tears down faster than nature can rebuild. So it must go.

But what of the man who wishes to drink despite the evil effects? Who may still desire to drown his woes in the cup of greater stupification and death. We can only reply that through the evolution of centuries, the right and wrong of all men's actions have been slowly built up by the conflict of struggling forces. That every man's action and attitude has been modified by the power he opposes. If it were nature, man slowly aligned himself with her. If man, equilibrium is slowly gained.

(Continued on page 19)

California Wet?



Amendment will be of Benefit to the Working Class
Negative ARTHUR C. FISHER



TO CONSIDER a subject of salient import clearly and fairly, it is well to ask ourselves certain questions, and answer these, our inquiries, as practical results and facts present the answers to our minds. Theorizing may play an important role in prophecying the result of unattempted acts, but where particular and peculiar effects are the result of a certain cause or causes, these effects form the best evidence of the adaptability of the cause to the conditions under which its manifest effects were produced.

Lest we digress from the subject let us remember that the benefit to the working class is the chief factor in the argument, and voice the inquiries, the answers to which will give the most impartial and practical analysis of the subject.

The questions appearing the most essential to the consideration of the subject are:

1. Was the measure conceived and proposed by members of the working class for the benefit of the working class?

2. Have measures of a similar nature enacted under similar conditions been a benefit to the working class?

3. Does a comparison of prohibition communities with "wet" communities reveal the working class in a better condition, or in a fair way of being in a better condition, in the latter or in the former?

To the first of these questions the answer "No" seems so evident as to need little explanation. Suffice it to state that the measure was framed by capital with its right hand ally, the church, for the benefit of capital through the same right-hand ally. To prove this assertion the statements of the proponents of the measure are the clearest proof. The refrain of their arguments, as evidenced in their pamphlets and tracts, runs as follows: The saloon is the enemy of the church; were the saloon destroyed the church would redeem the wayward and secure its old-time hold on the minds of the sinners, bringing them back to a state of contentment with their earthly lot in anticipation of eternal salvation. Or: The saloon is the breeding place of discontent; it is

there that the social unrest and turmoil which permeate the country are instituted; it gives an atmosphere of too much liberty to the frequenters, in which they may conceive plans for the wrecking of the institutions of our country.

Do not these statements show the intent and purpose of the designers of this petition?

On very infrequent occasions they (the proponents) voice a remark concerning the deaths caused by alcohol. In this connection they do not mention the fact that Maine had more deaths per capita from alcohol and more arrests for drunkenness than any so-called liquor state; they do not tell of the atrocities perpetrated in the South by persons crazed through the use of cocaine and blind-pig whisky; they do not mention the fact that the negligence of the railroads kills nine times as many people yearly as alcohol. Nor do they remark on those killed in mines, shops and factories, nor touch on the means of rectifying these wrongs. Is there anything connected with their assertions and intentions designed to assist and benefit the working class?

The two remaining questions may be readily answered together: A review of the prohibition communities as regards the benefits accruing to the working class and a comparison with "liquor" communities.

Let us take for example the State of Maine. During the years in which prohibition has been in effect she has been the most stagnant state in the Union as regards social progress. Education is an insignificant factor in the affairs of the people and the social revolution is a nullity. Laboring conditions and wages are entirely uncontrolled by the working class and labor retrogressed.

Let us consider Georgia: Nowhere on the face of the earth is child life more ruthlessly exploited and children ground into dividends in the capitalist mills. Picture children working twelve hours a day; imagine the workers unorganized and uneducated in their own behalf, conceive the working class practically at the mercy of the capitalist, and you see the prohibition State of Georgia.

Now turn your eyes for a moment to two states which have the reputation of being exceedingly

(Continued on page 19)

Sculpture In the Twentieth Century

By FRANK F. STONE



NOTE: The following article by Mr. Frank F. Stone, embodying a progressive artist's views of what he conceives will be the dominant note of twentieth century sculpture, was written in connection with the admirable full-page picture of one of Mr. Stone's most notable creations, entitled "The Agony of the Ages," which appeared some time ago in the Western Comrade. Like some other pieces of work by this well-known English sculptor, now a resident of the Pacific Coast, this work is symbolical. Accompanying the picture Mr. Stone presented the following descriptive verse together with some notes as to the picture:

"The age-long, blind, dumb agony of life
Gave glorious Knowledge birth; then pain and strife
Took meaning, and to Knowledge Love was born:
Love that is wise to will and to foresee
Suffering's assuagement in the Time-to-be."

In the work the gallows and the axe stand for all that part of human misery which has its source in the punishment idea, which has cursed humanity through the centuries; "while there is a deliberate meaning," writes Mr. Stone, "in the fact that I have hung the scales of Justice to the gibbet. The scale weighed down by the handle-end of the sword of Justice and the book of the law itself, figures, of course, the virtual presumption of guilt against the victim. Knowledge turns her back on the worship of gods (Jupiter and the tables of sacrifice). Love turns her back upon the implements of war."

This sculptural work was one of the attractive features of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition, at Seattle, and was awarded a gold medal. Mr. Stone, like the eminent Professor John Ward Stimson, the late William Morris and other prominent artists, poets and art critics, is a progressive Socialist and has been touched with the twentieth century humanitarian and progressive spirit to such a degree that life and art hold newer and grander meanings for him than they hold for masters to whom the broader, grander and nobler vision was not vouchsafed.

EDITOR OF THE WESTERN COMRADE.



THE SEVERE restrictive lines of tradition, as to just what the artist may or may not do in expressing himself through the plastic media, are happily falling away, or perhaps one should say are being boldly set aside, and the cold, chaste refinement of "pure form" is giving place to a mode of expression more informed with motive, thought and action of a communal significance. Less of the vagaries of Olympian gods, more of the problems of the man on the street—this, to put it broadly, will be found, beneath howsoever much of artistic refinement and idealization, to be a master note of twentieth century sculpture.

Sculptural expression is warming to life and meaning under the inspiration of a nobler, saner and more earnest conception of human relations. Hero worship, of the old, vicious, individualistic type, is dying out with the broadening of human knowledge and the consequent deepening of human sympathy; and "socialistic sculpture" has become a phrase which, inasmuch as it covers a somewhat wide range of subjects, all more or less involved in this new departure—the art of ideas as distinct from the art of pure line merely—expresses fairly well the spirit of the new concept—an ideal which we hold will more and more express it-

self in humanistic motive and inspiration as the century advances.

In passing I would note one tendency very pernicious in my judgment, though born probably as a reaction from the extreme in the opposite direction. I refer to the heresy that has become exceedingly common of late, which assumes that to finish a piece of sculpture is to spoil it. That motive and idea in sculpture can ever render it independent of form or grace of line and contour, is an absurd assumption; and it is extremely doubtful if much of the rudimentary, sketchy work which today commands acceptance through the association of some great name, will be viewed by later generations as more than the rude, uncouth and unfinished experimental sketch-work which it really is. Time, however, will doubtless right this wrong, and in my judgment the sculptural art, together with her sister arts, will, with the advance of the twentieth century, become largely, perhaps almost entirely, divorced from that relation to commercialism which increasingly, as capitalism nears its climax, tends to corrupt the artistic method, to pervert its ideals and to discourage its most conscious aspirants.

It is, of course, in the light of imminent changes in all other departments of social economy, industry, commerce, government, and all that that implies, that

art's enfranchisement from the dominance of the mart is vaguely glimpsed. Our very few artist-princes are often worked to death with over-patronage. It is in the very nature of our commercial system that, like Wackford Squeers, the few "get it all; God help the rest!" This is bad alike for themselves and for their art. Yet under the spell of success, with the fanfare of fame and the adulation of admirers ever in their ears, they may approve the present conditions; and the struggling young artists, with all their troubles before them, who have not yet through bitter experience lost hope of like good fortune, may echo that approval. But outside of these, in the rank and file of the artistic profession, I believe it would be conceded that happier far would be the artist if, instead of depending for the means of life upon a capricious market, competitive and commercial in the worst meaning of those terms, for his artistic output, he could secure the needful in staples and comforts through the more prosaic channel of some industrial service not too exacting of time and energy; so that his art should be the playwork of his free hours. Ah, then, we might have works of art indeed!

In the twentieth century, sculpture will draw its heroes more from the makers of men and less from the destroyers of life; more exclusively from the work-bench and the play-ground, the gymnasium and the study; and less often from the shambles and the battlefield, the forum of party politics and the chicane of spurious statesmanship. He who makes homes and happiness, not he who makes widows and orphans; he who makes men free, not he who fetters mankind that "property rights" may be enlarged,—the genius of sculpture shall delight to honor. Not forever will the multitude consent that the "divine white marble" shall be debased to cast a lying glamor over blood-stained careers of ambition or the soulless administrations of brutal and "unsocial" laws.

Nor will approving smiles for aye salute
The sculptured bronze which boasts: "Here
might prevailed."

The sculpture of the twentieth century must and surely will feature the aspirations and achievements of peace, of human brotherhood and solidarity. "Glorious war" must soon look elsewhere than to the sculptor for its apotheosis or apology.

CALIFORNIA DRY?

(Continued from page 16)

The right of the individual and of the mass is being slowly hewn out of a cosmos of ignorance. Surely, every individual will some day function normally. Until then, men will struggle for free expression. But the anti-social must go. The days of the aristocracy of church, state, intellect, school, home and barroom are numbered. No man has the liberty to poison another, and he who makes and sells liquor is handling poison, says science.

In the battle in which the revolutionary worker is engaged, he can use all his powers. The overworked and underpaid workers are too busy toiling to do much thinking. But the misery and needs of the day must find expression. Year in and year out, the vast army of toilers go forward to their grave.

Some are held in the shackles of religious fervor, which runs gamut of a narrow fanaticism and a heaven after death. Some are broken by the abnormal development of the sexual impulse and fill an early grave. Some slowly poison themselves with the drug, alcohol; unable to resist the cry of the profit monger and the enticing surroundings in which he vends his wares.

But the builders of tomorrow, actuated by the revolutionary fervor, must escape these enslaving narcotics of capitalism and remove these pitfalls from the paths of their weaker comrades, and march forward together to victory and a normal life.

CALIFORNIA WET?

(Continued from page 17)

"moist"—Wisconsin and Washington. In these states education is the motto of the people; labor is organized; the workingman is on the industrial field of battle, fighting the social revolution, and progressing, step by step, toward the goal of social democracy, with the knowledge that they have the power of conquest.

These are the facts; they are neither theoretical nor statistical, for statistics may be twisted to suit the occasion and theories may fail when put to the test. These facts are opposition statements and pictures of comparison; your own knowledge can readily discern their truth or falsity.

Workers, Comrades of the Social Revolution, remember the fundamental principles of your program; remember that the economic and industrial life is the basis of every political or social structure; remember that in a capitalist society all laws not intended for the benefit of the workers are intended for the benefit of capital. Remember that you cannot legislate man's morality or character, but that they can be changed only by education and a better social system. Remember, with Emerson, that: "The wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting; that the state must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen."

Remember! Think! And decide for yourselves whether the enactment of the proposed prohibition amendment would be of benefit to the working class

The Eight-Hour Law

By
T. W. WILLIAMS



RIENDS of the shorter work day must realize that organized capital has determined to defeat the proposed measure. The contest will eclipse every other issue in this campaign.

An eight-hour law on the statute book spells the beginning of the end of capitalist rule and corporation oppression.

The Merchants and Manufacturers' associations of California are being reorganized to include the employers of labor. A dispatch to the Los Angeles Times under date of July 17 is headed:

FARMERS JOIN OPEN SHOP MEN

The dispatch states: "The Merchants, Manufacturers and Employers' Association has been formed by a large number of farmers, who will work to further the interests of that body. . . . The farmers have decided to be with those who oppose the stringent measures the unions further."

A simultaneous attack will be made on the closed shop and the eight-hour law.

This is a class fight. We expect men to line up according to their interests. Every organization, institution or individual dependent on profits for existence will necessarily fight this bill.

On the other hand, every producer of real wealth will line up for the bill if he knows where his interests lie.

Here are the people who logically will fight the measure:

The railroads, all public service corporations, land speculators, large ranchmen, merchants, manufacturers and the entire exploiting class.

On the other hand the men and women who work in mill, factory, mine, ranch hands, drivers, mechanics, artisans—in fact, every man who does not own his own job and must work for another will vote for this bill, if he knows what he is doing. It is to HIS interest to do it. It is to his CLASS interest to do it.

The Los Angeles Times announces, July 16: "The fruit growers of the state are threatened with an increase of \$10,000,000 yearly in wages of the farm laborers of the state."

Did you get that, Henry Dubb? The capitalists of California are conceding that should the Eight Hour Bill pass the farm laborers of California will be privileged to cut a \$10,000,000 melon every year. You will recall that the banks and corporations have been cutting the melon hitherto. Don't you think it about time that your class had a melon-cutting? The capitalists bank on the assumption that you have not brains

enough to see the point. Have you? Power to use your mental faculties count in this fight. Use your brains.

We are told that "Skilled mechanics and artisans have family ties. They are in large majority of American nationality, and live up to the California standard. These workers receive fair wages and already enjoy the advantages of a short day of labor. They would not be benefited, but must endure without compensatory advantage the higher cost of living which the enactment of this law would cause."

How impervious some people are to the working class psychology! From long experience the worker is having drilled into him the great fact that the interest of all workers is identical, and that an injury to one is an injury to all. Practically all the men who now have the eight-hour day secured it through solidarity of action. They know that the unorganized, defenseless workers are the greatest menace to their own security.

An appeal made to them as "aristocrats of labor" will avail nothing with class-conscious workers. No worker is secure so long as a fellow-worker is unprotected.

Under the present regime the worker has no rights which the employer must respect. He is dependent solely on the mercy of his employer, who can work him as many hours as he pleases without the law intervening. This law affords redress from injustice, and will not impose exacting and unreasonable demands.

The black slave in ante-bellum days was an investment demanding protection and care to the extent of his cost value. The "help" on a California ranch, or the "hands" in factory and mill have nothing in common with their employers.

The workers are not concerned with the profits of the capitalists. Why should they be? They do not share them. They receive but the bare necessities of life. In this contest they have nothing to lose—everything to gain.

The workers are in revolt. They are getting from under. They refuse to longer carry the whole load.

It is urged that wages will be reduced. Impossible. Wages are now at the bare subsistence stage. To go lower would precipitate revolt and physical resistance. Exploiters of labor in California are resting over a seething volcano of revolt.

The one guarantee that civilization has is to so readjust society that every man or woman shall have the right to apply his or her energy to the forces of nature and reap the result.

Co-operation and Socialism

By ERNEST O. F. AMES

Ernest O. F. Ames is president of the Pacific Co-operative League, with headquarters at San Francisco. He has made a deep study of co-operative methods. The September number of the Western Comrade will carry a story by this same writer, telling of the plan of operation of the league.



MOST Socialists pass through a phase of mind in which they are impatient with all thought of reform. The need and the desire for an immediate realization of the IDEAL, the revolution, impresses them. Their recognition of the downright contradiction between things as they are and as they ought to be fires them with a divine impatience, which concerns itself but little with any so-called half-way measures.

Experience, however, discloses the fact that there is always a tremendous amount of slow plodding labor and constructive work to be done before any marked reformation can be secured. The raising up of a trained body of workers for service in the task of ushering in a new social order is also of prime importance and requires time and acquaintance with reform work.

Real reform is activity, which, while remedial, prepares the way for, or actually institutes, new forms of social and industrial life in accord with the principles of a true society.

All forms of co-operation are in line with this principle, inasmuch as they represent the development and control of democratic life by the people. This is relatively true of public ownership, as well as the voluntary co-operative enterprises with which the present article is specially concerned.

There are three causes for the increasing attention co-operation is receiving from Socialists and others.

The first of these is the economic pressure or necessity upon the people. Co-operation has made great headway in Europe. For the last fifty years it has been the proud boast of prominent people on this continent that there was no economic need for co-operation here. The complacent belief that the American was too well fixed to need any such aids to a lower cost of living has long held sway. The common people have tried to live up to this out of a kind of false patriotism. Now, however, there is a great change coming over the whole community. The constantly recurring periods of trade depression, each one more severe than the last; a state of chronic unemployment and the actual presence of hunger on our streets culminating now in deaths from starvation in San Fran-

cisco, the great prosperous city of the Golden West—all this, to which people can no longer close their eyes, is compelling attention to the need for mutual help, collective social effort or co-operation.

For the mass of working people the problem grows ever more serious as they are driven nearer to, or even over, the line of subsistence and are threatened by the imminence of poverty and dire want.

The gobbling up by a few of all the natural resources is the fundamental cause of the economic crisis impending. The problems of poverty, starvation, child labor and degradation of women have hastened over the Rockies along with the flow of population westward. The Panama canal, about to be thrown open with such a flare of trumpets and high hopes, is only going to aggravate the calamitous situation.

Present economic necessity and the dread of immediate future is one of the causes of the awakened interest in co-operation of all forms.

The social reasons for co-operation are no less urgent and compelling. Along with the growth of democratic institutions, there is an increasing demand for men and women with the social instinct. Such workers are in demand everywhere to build up the state that is to be and to guide aright the efforts of the people to manage their own affairs.

Socialism in particular is in need of a supply of trained men both for present work and in order to be fit to make the right use of the powers which will soon be entrusted to them. Co-operation is the training ground for the future state.

The success of Socialism henceforth depends upon a supply of competent and efficient servants, acquainted with the spirit of the social message, who can adequately interpret that spirit through the official positions to which they aspire.

The management of industry by the people for the people is subject to the ability of the rank and file to produce and trust men of integrity and capability. The co-operative movement by raising up such men will be of inestimable value to and should be supported by Socialism.

The growing demand for social service, the development of a sense of human solidarity and the recognition of the value of associative and community

effort constitute the social reasons for the notice co-operation is attracting.

The third and perhaps the most potent cause for the spread of co-operation is the moral one. The spirit of humanity, the inner urge of the ideal, the social vision—or however we wish to designate it—is more militant today than ever before. “New times demand new measures and new men.” Unrest is rapidly on the increase and will continue till men are able to find new forms of life more in accord with their sense of right. The contradiction between man’s spiritual instincts, his moral standard and daily life, as it actually pans out in practice, is too great, too flagrant for men of simple humanity to rest contentedly under.

Life today does not measure up even to the elementary demands of righteousness. People in all walks of life feel this and many long, “hunger and thirst” for a nearer approach in social life to equity and justice.

There are scores and hundreds of young men and women who pass through the churches and the Socialist locals only to be lost to permanent service because their moral craving to DO, as well as to listen and talk, is not satisfied. There is no organized opportunity provided for utilizing their labor in social fabric building.

The natural desire of youth is to practice and experiment in human right relations, or in other words, to make morality for themselves and the future.

Co-operation offers alike to Socialism and religion the opportunity to apply the great fundamentals they claim to stand for.

Co-operation is a moral reform, as well as a moral stimulus, for the accomplishment of the perfect life and all that the higher nature of mankind craves. For these reasons the moral issue is the chief argument for co-operation.

Hist! Here's Verbal Treason By HOMER CONSTANTINE



HERE'S a vote for Chief of Police Charlie Sebastian of Los Angeles, for a membership in the Little Brothers of Saint Swithin. He has returned from the police chief's convention, where he gathered such a fund of valuable learning that he has proceeded to spill it on the police commission of Los Angeles and the overflow reaches the public through the daily press.

In reading Chief Charlie's literary gem, as plucked from the dismal morass of “news” in the Morning Tribune, you are requested to keep in mind the fact that the Los Angeles police once suppressed free speech so successfully that the city became the focal point of the class struggle in America. Sebastian was at that time walking a beat in Chinatown. Doubtless his duties kept him so occupied he did not know what was going on and therefore doesn't know the history of that struggle for free speech in Los Angeles.

The following scorecard will show the offense of seventy-one men and women who were imprisoned in the Los Angeles city jail amid unspeakable filth, insanitary and horrible surroundings:

For repeating that portion of the constitution of California making free speech an inalienable right	17
For reading that part of the constitution of the United States that guarantees freedom of speech and the right peacefully to assemble	14
For repeating in public the Declaration of Independence on any day other than the Fourth of July (very incendiary and calculated to drive the average policeman to hydrophobia)	19
For repeating the Lord's Prayer (an afterthought of women who forgot their lines in the awful presence of the “peace officer”)	4

For reciting Patrick Henry's “Liberty or Death” speech (unquestionably and admittedly treasonable)	12
For elocutionary efforts on fragments of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech	5
Total	71

These men and women were arrested and imprisoned—punished without trial—subjected to revolting indignities and treated in a manner that would have brought joy to the heart of—say, the smug Ladies of Trinidad.

All were liberated on one memorable day when a couple of thousand citizens made a call at the city hall. But, you are kept from the feast. Here is the chief's letter in all its purity—provided some cruel copy-chopper hasn't mutilated it:

“I am sincere in my statement that I do not believe the patriotic men who framed our constitution realized, or ever dreamed, that our ‘free speech—free country,’ would or could be so abused. I think President Sylvester's sentiment ought to be written across the dome of the American heavens in letters of fire. He condemned ‘verbal treason,’ which is countenanced in this country under the mistaken idea that ‘free speech’ spells not only liberty but license. He spoke the exact truth. We are prone to be and to deal too kindly with sedition. We wink at assaults upon the emblems of government, our flag, and organized bodies, provided for by popular vote, and I say the time is at hand to bolt those guilty of utterances, either by an amendment to our national constitution, or more drastic laws from our lawmaking bodies. We have had, and have every night right here in Los Angeles, these treasonable utterances, and I say they should be curbed.”

BOOKS and READING

“WHAT’S the matter with the American working class?” is the attractive title over pertinent remarks in the *Texas Rebel*. The writer goes straight to the point when he touches on the way the workers put their financial power in the hands of the exploiters then stupidly wonder what hit them when this money is used to hire strike-breakers and gunmen. The writer says:

An American capitalist daily recently published the item that in a certain western city the working class had \$2,000,000 in the saving banks of that city. Two millions in the hands of their economic enemies! Why not employ it collectively for their own benefit?

Some of these working-class people will call the Italians “Dagos,” but in Italy, with less capital, the Italian workers form co-operative banks, and the labor unions borrow money from them and cut out the contractors and take municipal contracts direct and carry on extensive works co-operatively, giving themselves better hours and wages than the contractors give them. Why can’t American workers do the same?

In the city of Iquiqui, Chile, with only 60,000 inhabitants, the trades unions have a *casa del pueblo* or people’s house, where all the trades unions meet. They have a chamber of labor of one delegate from each trade union that has the management of this people’s house, and a co-operative bakery and a large co-operative store where bread and all kinds of goods are sold at lower rates than elsewhere. Besides, they have a co-operative printery that publishes a daily Socialist paper that circulates all over the department of Terepaea.

Americans that ought to have better sense ask the writer this: “Are the Chileans fully civilized?” Until American workers can do something to compare with this, who are civilized? In Belgium, Argentina and little Uruguay the workers are starting successful co-operation that should shame American workers for asking such questions.

In the Argentine Republic there are four Socialists in the house of representatives and one Socialist in the senate, and others were defeated by the narrowest margins.

Little Uruguay has a compact Socialist organization, and in proportion to her population has more representatives in her municipal governments ten to one than we of the glorious “land of the free and home of the brave” can show. Socialist papers and pamphlets that

came before me show that the Socialism of the South American countries is of the same stamp as ours, and then some.

* * *

We have been led to believe that Mr. Wilson is a man of keen intellect and large perceptions. What shall we say either of his intellect or his perceptions when he attempts to justify the invasion of a foreign country by the plea that he is intent upon restoring the means of production to the people

It is always and everywhere desirable that the means of production shall be restored to the people.

In Mexico, which is an agricultural and mining country, the means of production happen to be the land.

Almost all of the 15,000,000 Mexican people work on the land for a living. So far as the poor Mexican peons are concerned, it would be a grand and glorious thing if Mr. Wilson would send 100,000 soldiers to Mexico to wrench the land from the rich and restore it to the people.

But would it not be just as grand and glorious a thing for 40,000,000 of Americans who work on railroads, in factories and mines and upon rented farms, if the Mexicans would send 100,000 soldiers to the United States and restore the railroads, factories and mines to the people?

Railroads, factories and mines are, to these 40,000,000 the means of production precisely as much as the land is the means with which 15,000,000 Mexicans produce wealth.—Allan L. Benson in Pearson’s.

* * *

Farmers’ co-operative societies to market their own products should be exempted from the operation of the Sherman law. There is a clear distinction between the co-operative organization of the farmer and the modern trust. This distinction must be recognized. In the very nature of things farmers’ organizations cannot control the market or limit the output, in the way that the big trusts do.

Between the farmer and the consumer a distinct class has grown up. It consists of commission houses, brokers and combinations of various sorts, with the modern trust at the head. Not all of the agencies of distribution are bad. Many of them are desirable and useful. Others depend upon special privilege and unfair practices and are therefore wasteful.—LaFollette’s.



The Thinker



By CARL I. WHEAT

Southern California is turning out an eagle's brood of young fighters that are inspiring to the older rebels of the community. Carl Wheat, as a student in the public schools of Los Angeles and later at Pomona College, distinguished himself as a speaker of great and convincing powers. As representative of his college he has carried away all honors. The following is, in part, his oration which won the first prize in the Southern California Intercollegiate Oratorical contest.



It is a great achievement when an artist is able to conceive and execute a work that truly represents some fundamental human fact. Thus, above the archway of the great gate of Hell in the Pantheon in Paris, sits the heroic figure of a man wrought in stone—a figure symbolizing the greatest of all the fields of human experience. It is Rodin's masterpiece, "The Thinker." The knotted muscles of his massive frame, the rough and calloused hands, proclaim the Thinker to be the man of toil. But now he sits, resting a little from his task, while he turns his mind upon the problems that confront him.

What is the vision embodied in the chiseled stone? It is the union of toil and thought—each helpless without the other, but when joined in a common purpose the two great builders of the human world—blended here by art into the perfect form of human labor. The Thinker is also the worker. The power of labor which this thinking worker symbolizes is the mightiest force in human history. In all the ages it has shaped the destinies of men.

Look with me into the past. The Thinker kneels upon the ground watching the sparks of flame leap from his whirling sticks. It is the conquest of fire—the greatest single achievement in all the history of mankind. Again, on the shore of an ancient lake see the Thinker pushing a rough-hewn boat into the waves. None who stand by can realize the import of his act—this primal launching of the boat—but the world of commerce was born that day. The Thinker, in solving his own small problem, led the way for the teeming argosies that swarm upon our oceans. Thus the world advances.

* * * * *

But though labor is the foundation of society, what do we find its true position to have been? Through one long age the worker was crushed into slavery. Through another age he was tied to the soil—a serf with no rights his lord need respect. Today, the iron law of wages rules relentless throughout the world of toil, and a thousand workers slave in poverty that some man of capital may travel in his private car. The toil-

ing children of the South, the omnipresent sweatshops, the ill-fed factory hordes proclaim that labor still is bondsman.

* * * * *

Come with me to the city of Lawrence, Mass. It is a day late in November at the time of the great strike. The strikers have been refused the right to march in the streets of the city. All the halls have been denied them. The Dump alone remains—the dreariest spot in Lawrence. There in the bitter wind and beating storm four thousand of them gather—Italians, Belgians, Greeks, Armenians, men who speak a score of tongues—and for hours they crowd around the wagon that serves as a speaker's stand. Upon that stand are not only the fiery Ettor and the scholarly Giovannitti, for other forms, though shadowy, are there—Garrison, who declared that he would be heard and was heard; Wendell Phillips—Harvard's Wendell Phillips—reaffirming in the sight of these factories, "the fundamental principle that labor, the creator of wealth, is entitled to all it creates." Another, also, is there—a certain young Jewish agitator whose name has ever been written large in the solemn pages of history, and his indictment of the master class is far more bitter than the rest. He calls them wolves and vipers, "for they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be born, and lay them on men's shoulders, but will not lift them with one of their fingers."

At the same time a committee of the "best" citizens is meeting in the city hall to give thanks that they are "citizens and patriots," and not as those "low, ignorant foreigners" who are out there in the Dump. In their mouths is frequently the name of that same Jew. Do they imagine that he who scourged the money-changers in the temple has changed so much since he was here with men? Ah, no, Jesus of Nazareth is not of them. He is down there in the Short Street dump, where that band of strikers is gathered.

Turn now to the banks of Cabin creek among the coal mines of West Virginia. There, too, the thinking spirit is awakened. Picture a group of miners laying to rest the body of an innocent little child riddled by the bullets from a machine gun handled by one of the mine guards. Across the stream an old, grey-haired woman is guarded by a soldier bearing the eagle of the

United States. For many a year she has stood in the forefront of the battle, and wherever there was need, there has she gone to bear her part, until the workers of a nation are proud to hail her "Mother Jones."

* * * * *

This labor movement, like all great economic movements, only shows itself to men at intervals, after periods of comparative calm. The masters of capital clip their coupons unmindful of the fires that smoulder beneath the surface. But the unseen energies are forever gathering. Suddenly, like the unloosing of the forces that slumber under Mount Pelee, the crash comes. The wheels of a great railroad cease to turn. The looms are silent. An hundred thousand miners throw down their picks and shovels. The masters call out the militia. The snarl of their machine guns is answered by the roar of dynamite. Alarm and panic fill the erstwhile peaceful streets. And then, as suddenly as it came, the trouble departs. But the workers, they who sacrificed and suffered and starved, have somehow taken a step forward, whether they won or lost, for in the bitterness of their struggle they have **thought** upon their problem.

The future—realm of our hope and faith—lies beyond the veil that no man can lift, but all its promise for humanity rests in the life-giving power of the toiling Thinker. Others may use their thoughts for selfish gain, but the thought that is concerned with labor and its problem reaches the deepest sources of human wel-

fare. It alone is free. You, who would be fruitful thinkers, learn the meaning of Rodin's great statue. Learn from the sculptured stone the mighty vision of the Thinker as he sits there, his head bowed down upon his hands. At the source of civilization and progress learn the realities of toil. Go not to betray the workers to selfish interests. Go not to confuse with sophistries. Go rather to rouse them to their needs; to fight with them under the one-blood flag of true human brotherhood. Do not imagine that you are carrying any gifts to labor. No, you are going to breathe the only undefiled air of mental freedom, to drink at the one pure fountain of the intellect. And you of the ranks of toil—your hands have ever been the sources of the goods of life. Your heads must be the sources of the wisdom of life. As your hands and your heads have shaped the ways of progress, so your souls alone can solve the problems of the future.

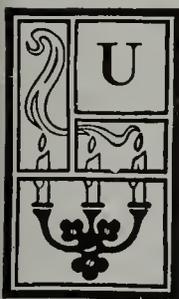
"From you, the chained, reviled, outcast,
From you, the brute, inert and dumb,
Shall through your wakened thought at last
The message of tomorrow come.

Think, think! while breaks in you the dawn
Crouched at your feet the world lies still.
It has no power but your brawn—
It has no wisdom but your will."

—Arturo Giovannitti.

On the Index Expurgatorius

By HERBERT STANLEY CALVERT



UNDER the careful patriotic instruction of the master class, millions of men have shed and are still ready to shed their life blood, fighting for what they have conceived and still conceive to be "their" country, when few of them can show title to so much as a square foot of it. They do not yet perceive that the country they fight for is the master's country and that they fight only because they are hypnotized by the pulpit and press and hired orators into the insubstantial belief that it is their duty and glory thus to fight. Least of all do they perceive that in nine cases out of ten they are induced to fight simply to divert their energy from its legitimate function of enforcing economic reform."

This is an extract from "The Mexican People—Their Struggle for Freedom," the most remarkable and valuable book of the year.

The authors of this book—L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgeumb Pinchon—must feel a sense of elation from day to day as they see in the development of the Mexican situation the fulfilment of their predictions.

The statement in the book that "a successful proletarian revolt in any country of the world, however remote from the centers of civilization, is a tremendous menace to every other ruling class," is borne out from day to day when we read in the newspapers the tender solicitude of the government for the successful flight of Huerta, after he had looted the Mexican treasury and started to leave the country. The British government even offered a cruiser for the purpose of aiding a thief and a murderer to escape from the land where he had wrought wreck and ruin.

Every Socialist, every radical, should have this book. The fact that it has been placed on the index expurgatorius of the Los Angeles public school library by the papal representative on the board of education is an indication of its value.

Hopfield Horrors and Hypocrisy

By
MELLIE MILLER

LOS ANGELES TRIBUNE reprints a pitiful story from the London Chronicle, telling of the terrible conditions existing in the hop fields of England. The story is well written, simple, yet graphic and gripping. It recites the horrors of overwork and exploitation of men and women.

The Tribune does well to print this article, but with its characteristic suppression of the news of the California hop fields, this solicitude for the toilers of England becomes the sheerest hypocrisy.

If this "scandal of woman slavery" and "silence of public opinion" is deplorable in England, why not in California?

Will the Tribune print a story of the merciless exploitation, brutality, murders, false imprisonment and destruction of life of the workers of Yuba County hop fields? It will not!

The Tribune has had the opportunity to do this and it has failed. Like all owners of capitalist newspapers,

IN THE NAME OF CHRIST?

HOW SWEET, soft and gentle is the sound that comes to our ears as we listen to the words of the Christian gentlemen who advise those in the seats of the mighty in England!

"Let them die!"

That is the thumbs-down verdict of the clergymen who were interviewed as to the advisability of permitting the suffragists or other political prisoners to die of starvation in English prisons.

"Shall these women be allowed to die? I think the suggestion very good. I have advocated it for many months."—The Rev. Richard Free, vicar of St. Clements, Fulham.

"There would be nothing ethically wrong in letting these prisoners die. Let them (the prison officials?) start at once and make up for lost time."—Father Bernard Vaughn, brother of late Cardinal Vaughn.

"If these women refuse food they should be allowed to die."—The Rev. Arthur Waldron, vicar of St. Matthews, Brixton.

In the name of Christ, Amen! E. d'O.

Judges of the Iowa supreme court have declared the sterilization law passed by the last general assembly unconstitutional—not only that, they say it is null and void. This should be headed "Important if True."

Mr. Earle cannot afford to tell the truth and the whole truth about the class war in America, more especially in California.

Mr. Earle, owner of the Tribune, is as much enslaved as any hop field worker. Politically and economically he is the victim of environment. The smuggerly of his newspapers is not unstudied. Every reporter, every copy reader, every editor, knows "policy." There probably is no written law in his newspaper offices.

The "conspiracy of silence" on the part of the capitalist press is tacit, but none the less binding.

If any reporter on a capitalist publication would write the truth about any of the doubtful dealings of large corporations—oil, land, telephone, electric power—he must know in advance if the "old man" is interested in them and the "old man"—the average owner of daily newspapers—owns stock in nearly all of these enterprises, hence, the suppression.

Here, then, is the unwritten rule governing this particular situation:

"Tell the truth about the hop field horrors in England, but keep off the hop field atrocities of Yuba County, California."

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GROW AND THE FAMINE

When Cyrus F. Grow was a candi-
date for city council of Los Angeles
on the Socialist ticket he surprised
thousands of hearers not only by his
powers as an orator, but by his good
nature, pleasing persiflage and well-
chosen anecdote.

In discoursing on the shortcom-
ings of some of the small but preda-
ceous water companies that were al-
lowed to exist, leech-like in the sub-
urbs, where the service was not only
poor but at times the supply reached
the vanishing point, Grow said:

"Why, the water supply is so pre-
carious that at times it becomes a
problem of great gravity for the
housewives. Recently a woman of
Rose Hill called her busy husband on
the phone and said:

"Dearest, I want your advice on
an important matter. Shall we have
boiled potatoes for supper tonight or
may I wash Bobbie's face?"

GETTING EVEN

Apropos of foreign honesty, Dr.
Nicholas Murray Butler tells this
story:

"On a foreign railroad," he said,
"a commuter had a row with the con-
ductor. At the end of the row the
commuter turned to a friend and
said:

"Well, the P. D. R. will never see
another cent of my money after this."

"The conductor, who was depart-
ing, looked back and snarled:

"What'll you do? Walk?"

"Oh, no," said the commuter, "I'll
stop buying tickets and pay my
fare to you."—Philadelphia Public
Ledger.

NORA DID THAT

It was a few days before Christmas
in one of New York's large book
stores.

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Customer—I would like Ibsen's "A
Doll's House."

Clerk—To cut out?—Everybody's.

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924 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

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

Job Harriman, Managing Editor

Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. 2 August, 1914 No. 4

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STRONG COMPETITION

In Colorado, remember, the women vote as well as the men.

In the fall of 1910 a man named Smith was running for sheriff against a man named Jones. One evening just before election Smith rode up to the barnyard of an old farmer. The farmer was milking a cow and was having difficulty with a lusty calf that continually tried to "butt in." The candidate, to gain the favor of the farmer, took the calf between his legs and held it until the milking was done. He then introduced himself: "I am Mr. Smith, the Republican candidate for sheriff of the county. I suppose you know the man who's running against me?"

The farmer's eyes twinkled as he slowly drawled: "Waal, I reckon I do. He's in the house now, holding the baby."—Everybody's.

SUFFERING TOMMY

Tommy's Aunt—Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy?

Tommy (on a visit)—No, I thank you.

Tommy's Aunt—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite.

Tommy—That ain't loss of appetite. What I'm suffering from is politeness.

OUT OF HER HEAD

Harold watched his mother as she folded up an intricate piece of lace she had just crocheted.

"Where did you get the pattern, Mamma?" he questioned.

"Out of my head," she answered lightly.

"Does your head feel better now, Mamma?" he asked anxiously.

THE MINIMUM WAGE

Little James, while at a neighbor's, was given a piece of bread and butter, and politely said "Thank you."

"That's right, James," said the lady; "I like to hear little boys say 'Thank you.'"

"Well," rejoined James, "if you want to hear me say it again, you might put some jam on it."—Washington Post.

WHERE IS WILLIE?

Willie stood on the railroad track,
He didn't hear the bell.

The engine went to Halifax

And Willie—We know where you
Think Willie went but you are

Mistaken. He had led a most
Exemplary life—besides the

Engine was on the other track.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

A lady was looking for her husband, and inquired anxiously of the housemaid, "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?"

"I am not sure, mum," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they are in the wash."

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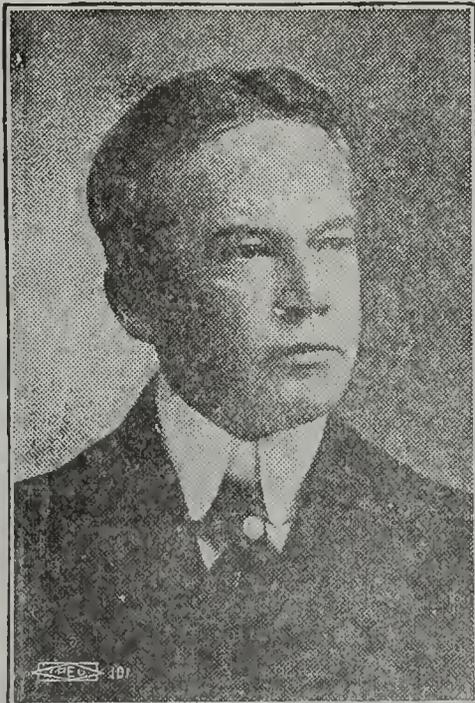
The Socialist of today is a part of a world-wide movement to educate the people of the world, in order that they may better face life's problems. Each Socialist worker who wishes to dedicate his or her life to a great crusade of world-wide education must first be educated himself. It is to this goal that the Rand school in New York City offers courses of study in "Economics and Philosophy of Socialism," "Social Problems and Socialist Policy," "Development of Modern Society," "Social and Industrial History of Europe," "Economic and Social History of the United States," "History of the Socialist and Labor Movement," "Introduction to Science," "Investigation and Research," "Origin and History of the Constitution of the United States," "Methods of Socialist Party Organization," and "Public Speaking," these are some of the subjects that one may study under the instruction of such able teachers and fellow-workers as Algernon Lee, Morris Hillquist, Anna Maley, Benjamin C. Gruenberg, Juliet Stuart Poyntz, Charles A. Beard of Columbia University, Dr I. M. Rubinow, August Claussens and Max Schonberg.

Besides the study at the school there will be added two courses which will be correspondence courses. One of these two new courses which will be of great importance to all workers throughout the country is entitled "Social Problems and Socialist Party," the other course will be a twelve-lesson study of Socialism. This will be conducted by Anna Maley.

All desiring further information or those wishing to join the correspondence classes will please make applications to the Executive Secretary, 140 East Nineteenth, New York, N. Y.

There are in America 17,000,000 unmarried persons of marriageable age. Out of every 100 male adults 30 are unmarried. Of men above 20 years old and over 8,102,000 are unmarried; of women above 15 years old, 9,000,000.

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SOAPBOXING TANGO

Harry F. Farmer was addressing one of those "dangerous and inflammatory" audiences that gather on Los Angeles street. The scene along the curb was like that on Halstead street, Chicago, during periods of depression and disemployment. The speaker balanced on his soapbox and used the utmost good humor and wit in his repartee.

"How about Wilson and William J. Bryan?" shouted a man leaning against a building and drawing on a villainous looking pipe.

"You remind me," said Farmer, beaming broadly and using his delightful Birmingham brogue, "you bring up the memory of news from Washington—society news. It's about the new William J. tango. Here it is, boys. Take it home and have the girls try it on the piano and you dance it. See how far it gets you ahead:

One step forward,
Three steps backward,
Hesitate—
Sidestep."

When the roar of the laughter subsided Farmer added:

"Bryan has modified that now by eliminating the first onestep. Try that one now!"

A CANDID CONFESSION

The motion picture director was sweating over a scene where the ingenue was supposed to register inexperience, timidity and a shade of alarm as the bold adventurer tried to kiss her. The director got the man to working more like a lover than like a white hope going into a clinch to stall for the gong, then turned his attention to the girl.

"Now, Mabel, think about it. Haven't you ever tried to stop a young man from kissing you?"

"Not yet!" came the girl's quick, frank reply.

HOW IT WORKS

A boat and a beach and a summer resort,

A man and a maid and a moon;
Soft and sweet nothings, and then
at the real

Psychological moment a spoon.
A whisper, a promise, and a summer
is o'er,

And they part in hysteric despair,
(But neither returns in the follow-
ing June,

For fear that the other is there.'

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