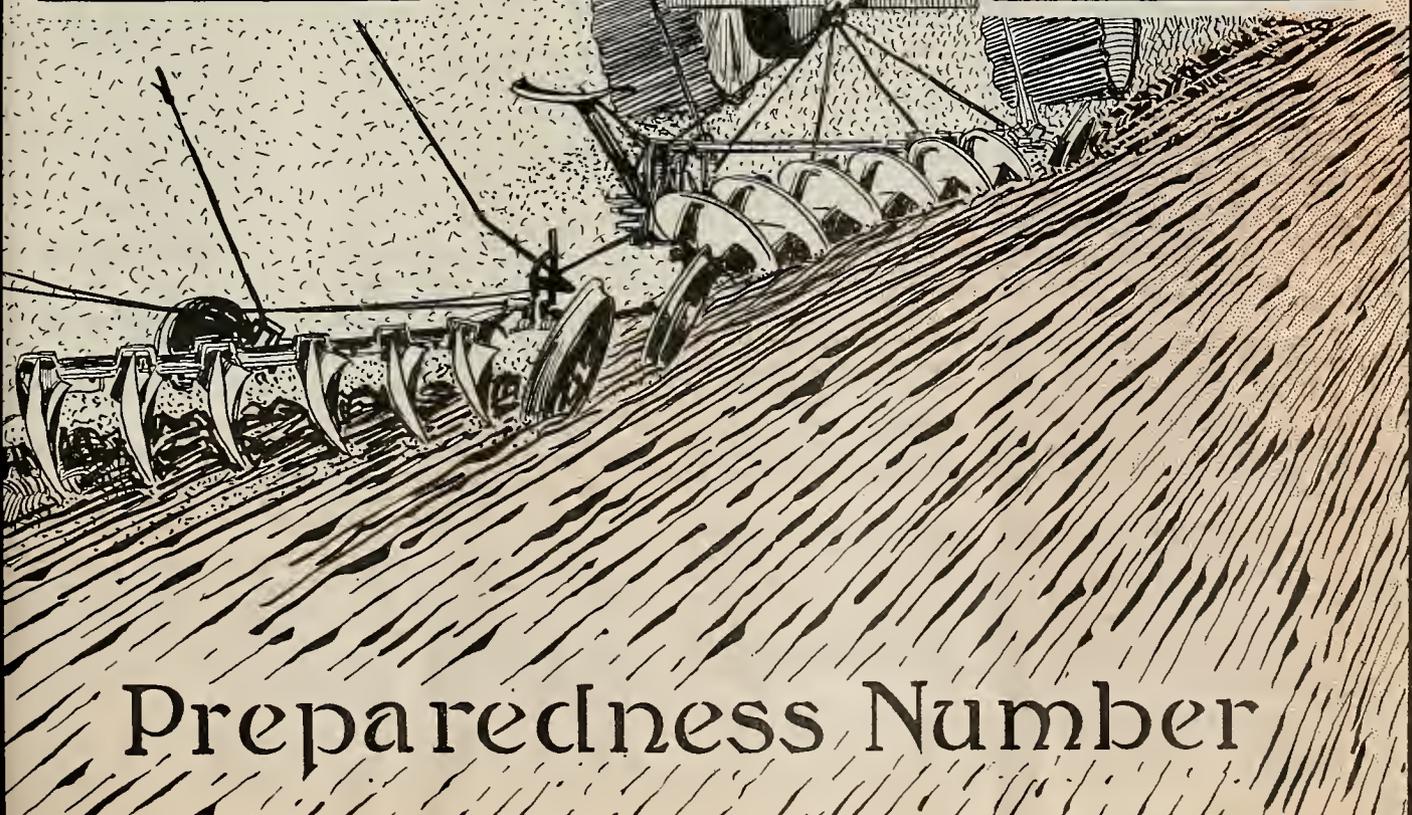
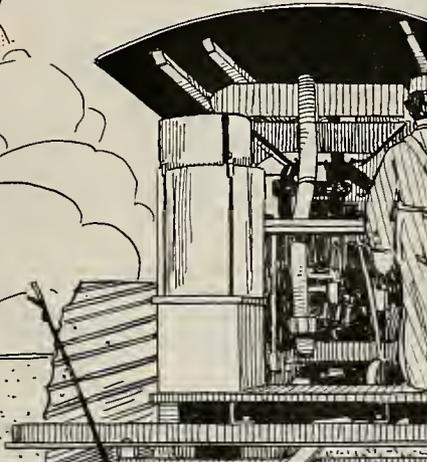
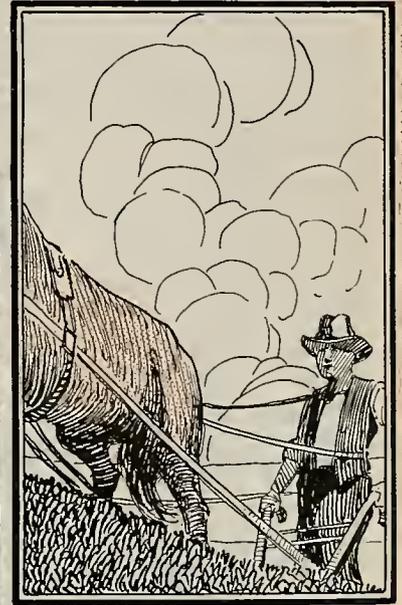
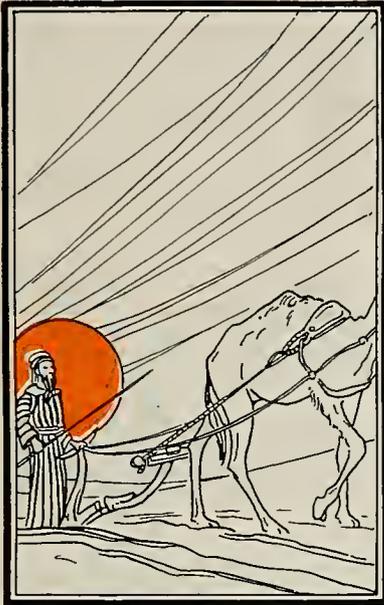


The WESTERN COMRADE

January - 1916

Five Cents



Preparedness Number

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

The colony was founded by Job Harriman and is situated in the beautiful Antelope Valley, Los Angeles County, California, a few hours' ride from Los Angeles. The community is solving the problem of disemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

Here is an example of co-operation in action. Llano del Rio Colony is an enterprise unique in the history of community groups.

It was established by Job Harriman to solve the problem of unemployment by providing steady employment for the workers; to assure safety and comfort for the future and for old age; to guarantee education for the children in the best school under personal supervision, and to provide a social life amid surroundings better than can be found in the competitive world.

Some of the aims of the colony are: To solve the problem year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 700 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than 200 pupils in the schools, and several hundred are expected to be enrolled before a year shall have passed. Plans are under way for a school building, which will cost several thousand dollars. The bonds have been voted and sold and there is nothing to delay the building.

Schools have opened with classes ranging from the Montessori and kindergarten grades through the intermediate, which includes the first year in high school. This gives the pupils an opportunity to take advanced subjects, including languages in the colony school.

The colony owns a fine herd of 105 head of Jersey and Holstein dairy cattle and is turning out a large amount of dairy products. There is steady demand for our output.

There are over 200 hogs in the pens, and among them a large number of good brood sows. This department will be given special attention and ranks high in importance.

The colony has seventy-five work horses, two large tractors, three trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 2000 egg-making birds, some of them blue ribbon prize winners. This department, as all others, is in the charge of an expert and it will expand rapidly.

There are several hundred hares in the rabbitry and the manager of the department says the arrivals are in startling numbers.

There are about 11,000 grape cuttings in the ground and thousands of deciduous fruit and shade trees in the colony nursery. This department is being steadily extended.

The community owns several hundred colonies of bees which are producing honey. This department will be increased to several thousands. Several tons of honey are on hand.

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, large modern sawmill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil analysis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory. All of this machinery is not yet set up owing to the stress of handling crops.

The colonists are farming on a large scale with the use of modern machinery, using scientific system and tried methods.

About 120 acres of garden was planted this year. The results have been most gratifying.

Social life in the colony is most delightful. Entertainments and dances are regularly established functions. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming, fishing, hunting and all other sports and pastimes are popular with all ages.

Several hundred acres are now in alfalfa, which is expected to run six cuttings of heavy hay this season. There are two producing orchards and about fifty-five acres of young pear trees. Several hundred acres will be planted in pears and apples next year.

Six hundred and forty acres have been set aside for a site for a city. The building department is making bricks for the construction of hundreds of homes. The city will be the only one of its kind in the world. It will be built with the end of being beautiful and utilitarian.

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and most of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

The broadest democracy prevails in the management of the colony. There is a directorate of nine, elected by the stockholders, and a community commission of nine, elected by the General Assembly—all persons over 18 voting. Absolute equality prevails in every respect. The ultimate population of this colony will be between 5000 and 6000 persons.

The colony is organized as a corporation under the laws of California. The capitalization is \$2,000,000. One thousand members are provided for. Each shareholder agrees to subscribe for 2000 shares of stock. Each pays cash \$1000 for 1000 shares.

Deferred payments on the remaining 1000 shares are made by deducting one dollar per day from the \$4 wage of the colonist.

Out of the remaining \$3 a day, the colonist gets the necessities and comforts of life.

The balance remaining to the individual credit of the colonist may be drawn in cash out of the net proceeds of the enterprise.

A per cent of the wages may be drawn in cash.

Continuous employment is provided, and vacations arranged as may be desired by the colonist.

Each member holds an equal number of shares of stock as every other shareholder.

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

In case anyone desires to leave the colony his shares and accumulated credits may be sold at any time.

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled: "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade (\$.50 per year), and keep posted on the progress of the colony. Ask about our monthly payment installment membership.

Address LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, 526 California Building, Los Angeles, California.



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Preparing the Worker



"Prepare yourselves to shoot yourselves, you damned fools; there's profit and safety in it for us."—That is what the capitalists would say to the working class if they, the capitalists, said what they really think and want.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. III

LOS ANGELES, CAL., JANUARY, 1916

NUMBER 9



Picturesque Scene Below Damsite, Showing Big Rock Creek and Road to Llano.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

By Frank E. Wolfe

SAFETY first was a great idea, a great catch word and almost a war cry. It was almost as good as "swat the fly," "back to the land" and other nifty little sayings invented by clever press agents. Out of it has grown what bids fair to be a great institution, "the safety expert."

The American Landsturm is commanded by a safety expert, in fact he already is here. We have the daily papers for it. The safety expert was in command of the gunmen of East Youngstown, when a lot of misguided strikers sought to picket at the gates of a steel mill. The safety experts ordered the gunmen to fire, and at the first volley twenty victims fell. Among them were some women who were so far away they could not hear the war cry "Safety First" and seek cover. In fact they did not even know there was a safety expert with his platoon of assistants in that vicinity.

Of course it was announced as a battle, and the

proof lies in the fact that twenty persons were shot. That makes it a battle for the daily press. The fact that there were no safety experts or gunmen injured would lead some of the more critical to label it a massacre.

* * *

THERE is something encouraging in the speed with which the strikers at East Youngstown learned a lesson. Once they had faced a storm of bullets, while they were closely massed in the streets, they had had enough. Instead of throwing bricks at the gunmen, and inviting more slaughter, they dispersed and within a brief time went at it in a different manner.

One is almost persuaded to believe that some genius in their midst made a discovery and whispered to them of the potentiality of a box of matches and a bottle of benzine. At any rate they no longer faced the armed thugs or endangered their lives.



This was a group of "ignorant foreigners," but their action in Youngstown has made a profound impression on the working class. We are for political action. We are opposed to all acts of violence, and snug as it may sound, we deeply deplore the action at Youngstown. It was bad to destroy property and regrettable that the mill owners saw fit to shoot down twenty human beings. In spite of this we can't help thinking it was well for the workers abandon mass action in the vicinity of the mills.

* * *

THE Youngstown steel mill workers were men imported from Europe and mercilessly exploited from the hour of their landing. They were beaten, cheated and swindled at every turn. They were brutally fleeced and worked to a point of beastiality in the mills. At their first sign of protest their masters unhesitatingly shot them down like dogs.

Blindly, possibly stupidly, they met direct action with direct action—they of a character that could not make but the masters pause.

* * *

DESPITE the silence and suppression of the British Government in all affairs in India. There is a growing belief of an imminent danger of a tremendous revolt of the Hindus. This is not entirely based upon reports of such incidents as the deposition of Nawab, Sultan Ul Mulki, the Nizam of Hyderabad, or other influential Indian princes, but is rather based on continuous stories coming through

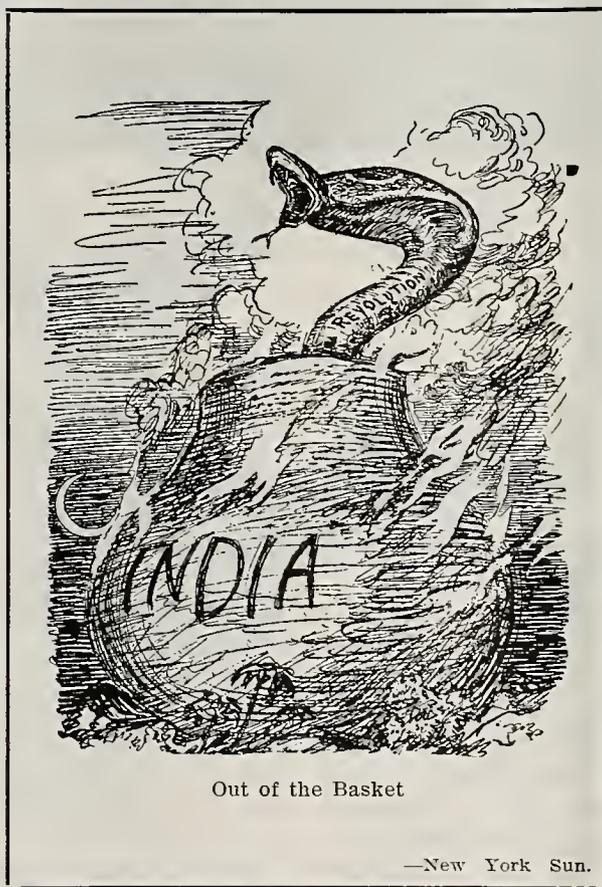
other channels of sporadic mutinies and widespread unrest.

Germany with her world-wide spy system pretends to have information which indicates that British rule in India is doomed; and, with or without foundation, claims the disaffection spreads to other British holdings. They hint darkly at a possible uprising that will lead to complete revolution in Egypt; and they point with considerable justification to colonial misrule in that country where industrial and economic conditions have long been a disgrace to Great Britain.

According to the plans of the Anglo-Japanese treaty the Nipponese are pledged to come to the rescue should Great Britain's possessions become imperiled. The indications are the central powers will supply the peril and involve the Far East in the struggle.

* * *

THE most amusing interview with Henry Ford immediately following his return was that in which he disclosed the fact that he had discovered the economic waste of war in that it daily destroyed a large number of productive workers. Henry knows of but one yardstick by which to measure working men—the number of automobiles they could make and assemble in one day. He says they are destroying human life that could turn out 5000 Fords a day of say—ten hours. This is a fact known to millions of "failures" but it cost a great "success" hundreds of thousands of dollars and an opera bouffe trip to Scandahoovia to find out.



Out of the Basket

—New York Sun.



AS a spifficator of straw men, T. R. has no living equal. His chief occupation today is to quote extensively from what nobody has said, and to proceed in his own fearful and wonderful way to utterly demolish the illogical utterances that never have been uttered.

The pacifists—if there really is such a creature—gets “his” as regularly as Teddy gets his modicum of hot blood and raw bones for breakfast. If his press agents can get enough of his dope into the daily newspapers he hopes to crowd down stage enough to get the Republican nomination at the coming Chicago convention.

* * *

IT is estimated that Turkey has 100,000 Christians (Armenians) held in involuntary servitude.

Their method of enslaving these men was direct and with at least a measure of candor. They were ostensibly recruited in large numbers to serve in the Turkish army—gathered in large camps but never were given guns. That would have been unwise. Without any unnecessary delay these recruits were put to work on military details and so cruel has been their treatment that they are perishing by thousands. Barbarous!

* * *

IT is not estimated how many are prepared for involuntary servitude in England—the number is known. The official figures are 761,875. Of these 49,808 are married and 312,067 are single. These



The Triumphant Gladiator

—New York World.

men enlisted under the Derby plan, and all hoped for active service in the field. Workers in British mills and mines, and dwellers of the London slums were, in thousands of instances, willing to go out to the camps and the fields to fight and, if need be, die like men in the open.

Now the disclosure is made. Conscription will come quickly and there will be no more subterfuge. These men were “starred” as “unfit” for “active service as soldiers under arms, but will be used as munition workers OR IN OTHER FIELDS.”

* * *

THE officials admit that 428,853 men of military age were rejected for “medical” reasons. Politely put. Lack of proper nutrition before birth and during their life would come nearer the truth.

Now that there are several hundred thousand able-bodied workers available for service under military orders British labor will face a quick sharp campaign of conscription and under this other hundreds of thousands of workers will be drafted for the factories, fields, coal mines, trams, docks and railways. Simple and direct as the Osmanlis. The only difference is, in Turkey it is Mohammedan enslaving Christian; in England it is Christian enslaving Christian.

In France the employers broke up a general railway strike by directing their government to call the army to the colors, then ordered the soldier engineers, firemen, switchmen, trainmen and other



soldier-railway workers to their tasks under martial law.

"In England under the "defense of the realm," with a few hundred thousand more soldier-dockers, carters, tram men, railway men and miners under conscription, Organized Labor will be at the mercy of rapacious capitalism.

In America we of the working class do things better—or do we?

One large body of Organized Labor already is shouting for preparedness. Nowhere do we hear the voice of indignant protest against these war measures advocated by the munitions makers and their legislative puppets at Washington.

California has the distinction of having two strong advocates of military servitude. The plan is to build national highways with soldiery.

At first blush the plan looks alluring in that it proposes to put soldiers to work. (The only instance I know where professional killers did actual valuable work was when the Hessians paved Duke street, Alexandria, Va., with cobble stones which remain there to this hour, a hubbly, jolly reminder of this solitary instance.)

But the highway soldiery plan would not so work out. Rather it would transform decent workmen into vicious loafers that live unnatural lives in military camps. This would mean automobile roads for the rich tourists, and a conscript army that would preclude any possibility of a successful strike in any large industry in America. Labor is relying on leaders who are at this hour hobnobbing with the militarists and munitionists at Washington.

* * *

LOS ANGELES is a highly moral city, truly a city of angels and saints—a city with the lid on. There is no segregated district, no red lights blink cheerily in any chosen section of the city, and from every pulpit you can get fulsome and gratuitous accounts of our purity. Envious outsiders speak sluringly of "whited sepulchers." The difference between Los Angeles and other cities is simply that we do things differently.

Before me lies the class-ad section of an even-

ing paper, and in one column I count printed solicitations from twenty-seven houses of prostitution. In this highly moral and educational daily I learn that "Lucy" has moved from the old stand on Spring street to a better location on Hill; and that "Vivian" is with her. I see that "LaBelle" is at the same old stand where the French method is still in use. I am able to locate "Maude," "Margarite" and "Ina," and I learn that "Victoria Bal-lou, formerly of Louisville, Ky.," is an operator giving massage and sweats in our midst. This illuminating page also conveys the gratifying intelligence that a respectable dentist establishment has been opened on premises where, until recently, a notorious house of assignation and prostitution has been operated by the knowledge and consent of its owner—a merchant prince, who has led a "most exemplary life."

The municipality has for a long time rented its property in Temple Block where at least one saloon has flourished. This by consent of the City Council. With this shining example before them the Board of Education doubtless has few qualms of conscience when it reads the class-ad section and sees that its own "waffle alley," sometimes known as Mercantile Place, is becoming a popular resort for the "bath and massage parlor."

The annual rental of "waffle alley" is \$25,000 a year. Critical persons have said it was worth four times that amount, but the Board of Education goes calmly on in its superior way. The casual stroller through Mercantile Place is assailed by the delectable odors of hot waffles, and less pleasant odors from the dog-and-monkey stores that line the way. Here the cry of the cockatoo and the shriek of the chimpanzee are mingled with the tinnabulation of tuneless pianos in the song shops. Upstairs over this municipal menagerie "Maud" and "Clara" and others of "formerly of's" and "new operators," await the unwary, unwashed and unsweated males, who for a great part arrive from Milpetas, Sheboygan and Skowhegan. Alas, for the erstwhile glories of "Waffle Alley;" It is awful—too waffle.



When Slavery Will End

By ADELAIDE MAYDWELL

Each year a new lot leave school too soon, go to work

THE National Child Labor Committee has just managed extensive observance of Child Labor day. This committee announces that 9000 organizations, including churches and synagogues, recognized the day.

But why? Why have a Child Labor Day? Surely America is agreed that child labor is not consistent with her ideals. The National Child Labor Committee, realizing that these questions will be asked, has issued the following explanatory statement:

"Child Labor Day is a reminder. We have a strong sentiment in this country against the exploitation of children, but, perhaps for the very reason that our sentiment is strong—so strong as to make it hard to believe child labor can exist in America—we have never taken the decisive steps to end once for all the labor of children.

"If a 14-year age limit in factories and 16-year limit in mines were enforced throughout the country more than 50,000 children would immediately be eliminated from industry. That is, more than 50,000 children are at work in the United States contrary to the primary standards of child labor legislation. If the eight-hour day and no night work in factories were the law for children under 16, another 100,000 children would be affected. There are still states in the Union where children 9 or 10 years old may be found at work in the mills. There are still states where the child of 12 may work eleven hours a day. There are still states where the education of a child under 14 is not compulsory. The census of 1910 found 1,990,225 children between 10 and 16 at work in this country.

"It is because these things are so and we in America are apt to forget them, that we ask our friends to observe Child Labor Day and remind the country that child labor in the United States is a live, pressing issue. Each year a new lot of children go to work

too blindly, work too long hours. Will the citizens of the United States never take concerted action against this waste of children?"

The committee is made up of good men and women who are actuated by the highest possible motives. They are doing excellent work. They are making exhaustive investigations and continuously are bringing to light the terrible conditions that exist in the industrial dis-



Tots Hulling Strawberries in a Louisiana Cannery

tricts. They are pressing issues for the amelioration of these conditions, and so urgent has been the demand that in many states there have been laws passed for the protection of the child slaves in factories, mills and mines. With this the Socialists have no quarrel. The achievement is in every way valuable. The effort is worthy.

We do say that we have little patience with simple palliatives. We always wish our friends were proceeding with a little more understanding of the real, underlying cause of child slavery. Of course there are many in the work who are true Socialists and who understand thoroughly.

The committee does well to point out the fact that the economic interests of capitalism demand the childhood of 1,990,225 of the coming generation. It does well to show that 100,000 American children have no protection against the avarice of the captains of industry who work them long hours and violate the rules of humanity by working them during the night.

Child slavery will continue in some form as long as wage slavery continues. It is true that shortening the hours of toil and improving safety and sanitary conditions are all in the nature of the working class conquests. But it is also true there will be no victory until all who toil are liberated from the galling chains of the capitalist system.



Preparedness takes men from useful, productive labor and puts them to do useless, wasteful and destructive tasks.



THE Socialist Party must soon take a positive stand on its position as to preparedness. This is admitted by all who have given this problem any thought. Among the leading Socialist writers, opinion is divided. Charles Edward Russell is out flat-footed for preparedness. This has shocked many of the revolutionary followers of that highly popular leader. Joshua Wanhope, editorial head writer for the New York Call, admits he is at sea and asks helplessly for the answer. L. B. Boudin, whom Wanhope invites to supply the answer, takes up the challenge and writes for the New Review critical analysis of the position of Socialists of America. Boudin, in his article, says he tries to throw some light on the subject and find a position that is at least consistent without leading straight into the preparedness camp. In taking up the position of Russell he says:

“What is the argument that Russell advanced in favor of preparedness that has so discomfited us? If we examine the Russell argument closely we shall find that it consists of two basic positions: (1) That war is inevitable; that it is of the very essence of capitalism to breed wars,—it is the nature of the beast. (2) That in the event of war it is the duty of Socialists to stick to their nation, or at least defend it when it is attacked. Both doctrines are supposed to be ‘accepted Socialist theory,’ and the first one particularly revolutionary. When the two are put together, there is no escape except in preparedness,—or in the clouds. But if either one of them should prove incorrect, the force of the Russell argument is broken, and we may perhaps find the solution of which Wanhope despaired. How about them, then? Can either of them be safely attacked by a Socialist? And if so, which?

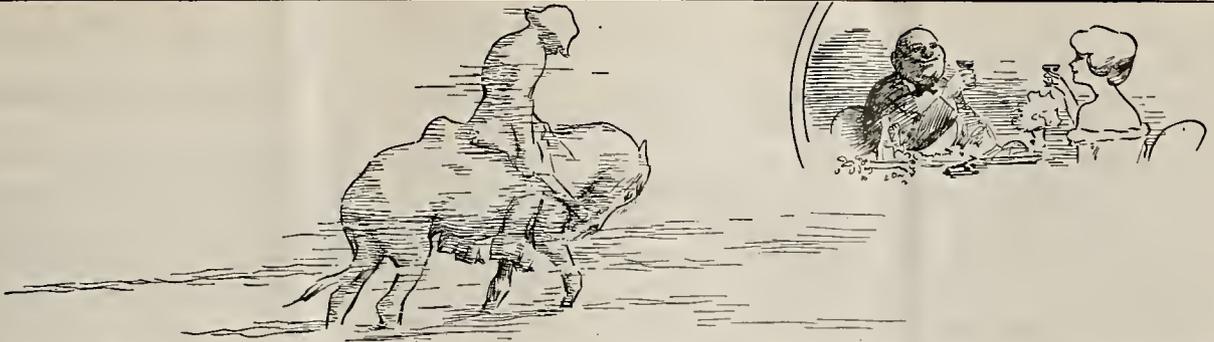
“My answer to this question is: neither of these two doctrines is true, at least not in the current or ‘accepted’ sense, in the sense in which it is used in the discussion on war and preparedness. This may sound

Socialists and

startling, particularly so as to the alleged revolutionary doctrine that capitalism—competition—of necessity breeds war. And authority may be quoted against me, as well as the fact that they are ‘universally accepted’ among Socialists. I will concede that they are generally ‘accepted,’ but I categorically deny that either of them is either true or revolutionary.

“The fact is that capitalism as such is neither warlike nor pacific, or, rather, sometimes warlike and sometimes pacific, depending entirely on the stage of development and surrounding circumstances. The salient point which is important for us here is that there is no inevitability about war, such as is supposed to flow from the very existence of the competitive system. History proves conclusively that a highly developed competitive society can get along very nicely—and very profitably to the capitalists—without war. I have discussed this matter at some length in my book, ‘Socialism and War,’ where I have attempted to back up my assertion with some proof by a reference to historical events, and I shall refer the reader to that book for the proof.

“According to Wanhope—and he evidently expresses the ‘accepted’ view of the subject—the purpose of war is plunder; and the danger to any nation therefore naturally increases with its wealth—with the increase of the amount of plunder which it offers to a conqueror. ‘If,’ says he, ‘a nation weak in armaments happens to be wealthy, it is a fair mark for more powerfully armed neighbors.’ As we are a wealthy nation, and expect to be even wealthier after the European conflict is over, some other nation, probably the winner of the present war, ‘will fasten a quarrel upon us so that it may plunder us through force,’ if we should remain unprepared to meet it in a passage at arms.



Preparedness means deprivation, exposure, hunger, disease for the patriots—profits, comfort, joy for the capitalists.

Preparedness

“If the major premises of this syllogism be correct, the situation would be indeed hopeless. It is evident that nothing that the working class of this country could do, no ‘policy’ it could adopt, could in any way prevent our well-armed and plunder-hungry ‘neighbors’ from looting us.

“Fortunately, for these blessed United States of ours, and for the working class of this country, Wanhope’s pivotal assumption is utterly untrue. Modern wars are not undertaken for the purpose of plundering the conquered territories, but for the purpose of developing them capitalistically. It is therefore not the ‘wealthy’—capitalistically highly developed—countries that are the ‘fair mark’ of the rapacious imperialists, but the ‘poor’—capitalistically undeveloped—countries. China is a much more desirable object of attack for the prospective imperialistic conqueror than the United States. If we are ever attacked, it will not be due to the allurements which our wealth will offer to the greediness of some modern conquistadore, but to the uses to which we shall be putting our surplus-wealth—to our own ‘developing’ and ‘civilizing’ enterprises, which may come into conflict with the ‘enterprising genius’ and ‘civilizing mission’ of some good ‘neighbor’ of ours, far away from our own shores. * * *

“Our interest in war is not limited to the desire to prevent or terminate it as speedily as possible—it goes beyond that. We must see to it that the temporary struggle between two nations should not be turned into a permanent national struggle by the conquest by one of the combatants of any territory wholly or predominantly inhabited by the ‘nationals’ of the other combatants. If, therefore, ‘our’ nation should be threatened with conquest it is our duty to defend it. But it is our duty as Socialists, not as national patriots. It is our duty not because our nation is threatened

with such fate, but because a nation is threatened. And in so far as it lies in our power we must do likewise by any other nation.

“The consideration of ‘our duty to our nation’ in connection with the real dangers threatening it, must, therefore, lead us to the following conclusion: What we are really interested in defending is not threatened, and what is threatened we are not interested in defending. The only difficulty that remains is that our ruling class may pursue such a policy with respect to the matters fraught with dangers of war, as to incidentally endanger what we are interested in defending. This difficulty can be met by the working class of this country formulating, and consistently adhering to, a foreign policy of its own. An outline of such a policy will be presented in ‘our next’.”

Joshua Wanhope, in the New York Call, tries to show the contrast in handling the subject of war appropriations between the United States and Germany. He makes an admission, however, that “perhaps they ‘do not do these things better in Germany,’ but at least they do them differently.” His article follows in part:

“The Executive Committee of the German Socialist Party has severely censured Vorwaerts for supporting the position of the twenty Socialist Party members of the Reichstag who voted against the war credits in such positive language that Vorwaerts declares it will create ‘embitterments and party dissensions.’ That paper also protests against ‘being read out of the party’ and claims the Executive Committee has no right to do it; that the question at issue must be settled by a party convention.

“This, then, is how the matter stands: The Executive Committee of the German Socialist Party, according to Vorwaerts, aims to read out of the party any member who votes against war credits and appropriations and any newspaper that supports them, declaring such conduct ‘un-Socialistic.’

“And over here the membership of the Socialist

Party has declared by referendum that it will expel any Socialist representative member who votes for war credits and appropriations.

"Where are we at, anyhow? Is it good Socialism to vote for war credits in Germany and utterly opposed to Socialism to vote for them here, or vice versa?

"If it is permissible in Germany and not permissible here; if circumstances alter cases, then, assuredly it is a policy. If the German Socialists are to be allowed to plead necessity, then shall we be allowed to plead it, if, in the opinion of the majority, the time ever comes when it is necessary to do so, as it has come to the majority of German Socialists?

"Editorially, the Call supports the policy, or principle—call it either name you will—of the party membership here. There are good and sufficient reasons for its support, regardless of the question of policy or principle. It is a position that is amply justified by existing conditions. But, nevertheless, upon those who insist upon its being an immutable, essential principle of Socialism rests the responsibility for any future 'embitterment and party dissension,' as Vorwarts calls it, that may arise from such insistence. The fact, too, that the 'embitterment and party dissension' in Germany that the Vorwaerts foresees is based on exactly the reverse position that we have here should determine us to go slow and carefully consider. We cannot logically commend or excuse the action of the party majority in Germany and at the same time logically condemn and denounce the views of such Socialists as Ghent and Russell and those who agree with them, unless we admit that the whole controversy is over a policy and not a principle. And let no one suppose that those comrades are too dense to perceive the contradiction and press it upon us. They will assuredly point out that 'reading out of the party' is a double-edged sword that cuts both ways—one way in Germany and the opposite way here. And trouble lies in the fact that they cannot be refused; that matters are actually shaping themselves as they say. Vorwaerts declares that a party convention dealing with this crucial question is needed in Germany, and the suggestion that it is also needed here may not be altogether out of place.

It will be very difficult, if not impossible, to hold one in Germany now, but no such difficulty exists here. * * *

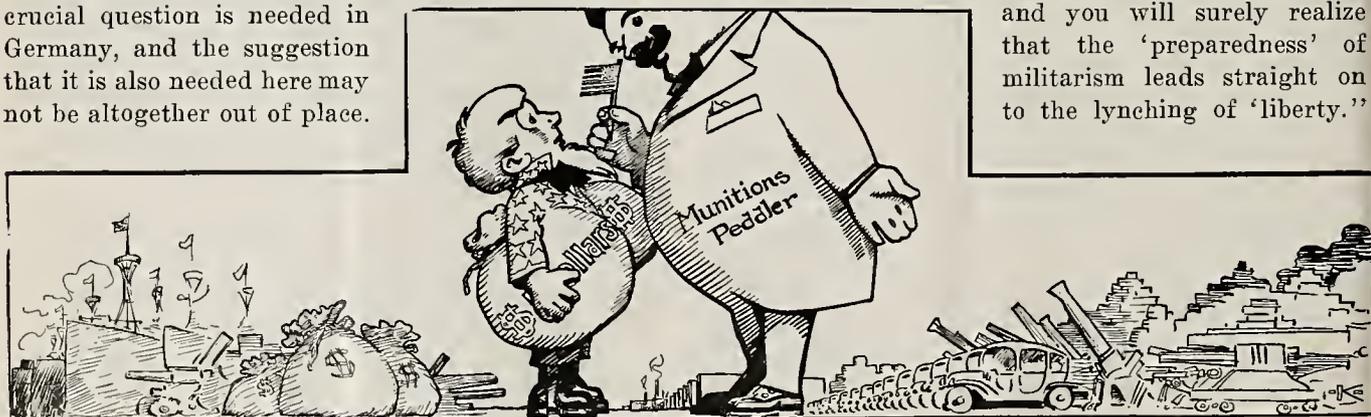
In contradiction to the German policy, Eugene V. Debs says:

"As a Socialist I can very sincerely regret that any Socialist in Europe should have voted one dollar toward a war appropriation. Of course even at this distance we can appreciate that these men, our brothers in the warring countries, stood in the midst of tremendous pressure. But it would have been better if they had chosen to stand like a stone wall in the midst of just such pressure and told their countrymen that not one dollar would they vote for war purposes. To my mind they should have maintained their international standing."

With the slogan of "Refuse to Be Confused," George R. Kirkpatrick writes a stinging article in the New York Call:

"As long as the working class can be confused and tricked into the pitiful attitude and condition of political infant and intellectual suckling, it will be flattered, crushed and robbed in times of peace, and will be flattered, bled and robbed in times of war. In the present war, and in the 'next war,' and in the class war, the only thing the capitalist class sincerely fears is a working class too cunning to fight for a civilization which the workers are shrewdly kept too ignorant and busy to keenly, deeply and comfortably enjoy—a working class too cunning to bleed itself into pale-faced stupidity, licking the boot that kicks it, while it yawns patriotism and wallows in its own ignorance and poverty, from which ignorance and poverty the working class can never escape while the ruling class is 'prepared.' * * *

"Look at Europe and learn what 'preparedness' prepares for. Look at Colorado and Calumet and West Virginia and learn what 'preparedness' prepares for. Look, also, with very special care, at the unholy brutality and cunning of the assassins of the sacred rights of freedom discussion, and you will surely realize that the 'preparedness' of militarism leads straight on to the lynching of 'liberty.'"



Preparedness at Llano

PREPAREDNESS at By R. K. WILLIAMS

Llano is taking on a substantial form. The recent heavy fall of snow wet the ground to a considerable depth, thus helping to prepare the land for spring planting. Nature herself is conspiring to prepare proper conditions here for ideal living. Practically since the first of the year, in common with other portions of California, Llano has been subjected to a variety of weather. Beginning on New Year's Day more than ten inches of snow fell and filled the mighty gashes in the mountains many feet deep. Following the snow came a three days' rain, thoroughly soaking the ground to a depth of several feet. At the tail end of the rain snow again came and the foothills were covered with flakes, which was refreshing and encouraging to the colonists located in the plain below.

The tent city sturdily stood the heavy snow and rainfall and not a great deal of inconvenience was occasioned. There was some wetting of bedding and the like, but on the whole the tents and adobes stood the unusual soaking, very well, indeed.

Two or three of the unfinished adobes, that were wholly exposed to the incessant snow and the following drenching rain, melted down in part. On account of the uncertainty of the weather, probably these will not be erected. The laundry building, quite a commodious structure, was partly wrecked, but no damage done to the machinery or the boiler that was already installed. The building was ready for the roof, and had the roofing arrived ten hours sooner the loss of the walls would have been avoided. Immediately work will begin on fixing up the place and shortly the laundry will be in actual operation.

Pruning in the orchards has been completed. The trees now present a shapely look and will bear according to orders, so to speak. Stones in the Bixby orchard have been raked up in piles and are being hauled to the various low places in the fields, in the roads and along the ditches, where many of them have been

used for the cobbling of the irrigating ditches. Water from the Big

Rock is allowed to run over the land at the present time in order to store moisture in the soil.

On January 10 and 11, the University of California held an institute at Llano. Three well-known speakers from the college extension course delivered lectures to a big and interested audience—for nearly all of the audience were farmers or near farmers.

In the afternoon of the tenth, Dr. Bryant spoke on the raising of hogs. He covered the ground thoroughly and gave some very valuable suggestions. As soon as practicable, they will be put into effect. He judged several of the stock and reported favorably on the breed and their condition.

Following Dr. Bryant, Dr. Cady spoke at considerable length on hog cholera, its origin, symptoms and treatment. The doctor described the system of immunization and told how virus was produced that would in a large measure prevent hog cholera. Dr. Cady said that hogs suffering from this dread scourge must be segregated, as the excreta from the diseased animal carried the infection.

In the evening Dr. Bryant again spoke on the relation of the university to the people and described at interesting length the methods employed in its agricultural experiment stations. His talk brought the people closer to this great, helpful

organization. Dr. Bryant left the next day for the north.

On January 11, Prof. Thomas Forsythe Hunt, dean of the College of Agriculture at Berkeley, came and after going over the ranch gave a most instructive and interesting lecture on horticulture and its allied parts.

Mr. Hunt was much impressed, indeed, with the growth of Llano and assured the colonists that the help of the university was always available. He said that under the conditions ruling here, he did not feel that there could be much more done than there had, and that the method used was practically in accordance with the best judgment received from experi-





Crew Making Adobe Brick at Llano del Rio Community

mentation at the various stations throughout the State. Assuring us of a desire for further intimacy with us and our project, he departed the next day for the north.

The colony has been much enriched by the presence of these practical men, who are in constant close touch with the various experiments going on throughout the western part of the United States. The Llanoites appreciated the efforts made in coming here. H. L. Dawson of the horticultural department was instrumental in bringing the institute to fruition. A more diversified and larger institute is promised for next year.

W. E. Foore, who came more than 600 miles to demonstrate his ability as a tanner of hides, by using his own process, has more than made good. His work is little less than wonderful. The manner in which it was done, the shortness of time required and the quality of leather turned out cannot be excelled. The results of his work are on exhibition and afford a most pleasing sight. Rabbit hides were tanned to the softness, almost, of a handkerchief; calf, cow, bull and horse hides also were tanned. It now remains to develop an industry worthy of attention in this department.

Comrade Wright of Fresno arrived in the colony and following him come his looms. Wright is a carpet rug weaver. He makes rugs of all descriptions and soon the click of his loom will be heard in the colony.

Work on the ranch has been somewhat retarded, owing to the inclemency of the weather. However, when weather conditions permitted, the thirty horse-

power caterpillar was put to work hauling three Fresno scrapers of unusual size, leveling land. Its work was most efficient and did a fine job on the Hubbard place. It takes four men to handle the caterpillar and attendant scrapers which are attached. The work done is highly efficient and does away with a great deal of horse power, and the use of a whip is not necessary. Feed the thing plenty of distillate and it is an ever-ready slave.

In addition to the farming requirements the caterpillar is being used to haul freight from Palmdale. It easily hauls fifteen tons, loaded on trailers. The roads between here and Palmdale are well packed, except in the wash of the Big Rock, and good time can be made.

The Hart-Parr tractor has been brought in from clearing operations and is being carefully overhauled. It soon will be put to other work in the fields and in its stead a donkey engine will be placed.

New arrivals at the rabbitry keep the census taker busy with pencil and tablet. Quite a number of tanned hides repose in the rabbit playroom, and many uses can be found for these. Muffs, coats, gloves and finishings for ladies' clothes can be made from these hides.

About eighty-five cows are being milked daily. The young stock and dry cows are now on the Hubbard place, grazing. The milk has fallen off somewhat and the butter has declined about fifty pounds per week. The creamery is making 360 pounds of butter weekly.

Visitors and regular paid-up members continue to

arrive so that the hotel and housing conditions generally are constantly overtaxed. Great efforts are being made to arrange tent homes for incoming regular members. Transportation has held this phase back somewhat. Since the last appearance of this magazine over 275 visitors registered at the hotel. The dining-room seats between 130 and 150 regular diners, now. As fast as possible, families are being shifted to their own places from the hotel, thus relieving to a large extent the onus of food preparation in the kitchen.

The sanitary condition of the colony is good. The sanitary department is working out some excellent ideas that in a large measure obviate the necessity of piping the place for water. Drops are being made in the domestic ditches so that boxes to store the water are not necessary. The running water falling into a drop is always fresh. Toilets of an improved nature, and sanitary in every feature, are rapidly being installed.

A new girl arrived at the Gherling home on January 8 and made happy the hearts of father and mother. Dr. Dequer, with nurses, officiated at the momentous event.

Work rapidly is progressing at the lime kiln. The kiln is to be up to date and built most solidly. A cable stretched across the canyon carries the basket to the top of the kiln and an automatic lock dumps the contents straight into the fiery pit beneath. A mountain of quicklime rock and hydraulic lime is close by. Enough lime is in sight to last fifty years. In fact, this colony could blast and dig for ages at the lime

formation without sounding its depths or exhausting its supply. Quite a camp is to be established at Bobs Gap, where the kiln is located, and a regular force of men will be kept there.

A weekly newspaper has been started in Llano. It is read from the platform on Sunday nights and affords instruction, entertainment and amusement to the colonists. A big audience always assembles for its reading. This method of purveying the news will be continued until the presses and printing paraphernalia, now in Los Angeles, are brought here and power is furnished. A big field is presented at Llano and contributions are requested from everyone and considered before being read. The starters of the enterprise are proud of their efforts, and confidently predict the growth of the Llano Weekly until it reaches all the installment members of the colony and receives a circulation among radicals throughout the State. To A. A. Stewart belongs the honor, or dishonor, as the case may be, of actually starting the newspaper. With him as collaborators are J. J. Leslie and Robert K. Williams. The present staff will be greatly augmented in the near future, and especially when the printing outfit arrives. Artist Kempf is doing Trojan service for the paper and has hopes, indeed, for its future.

Despite adverse criticism, most of which has been based upon misinformation and a lack of understanding of the things we are trying to do here, the colonists are going on serenely with their work. There is little nervousness over the outcome of the co-operative proposition. Paretical farmers—men who have

(Continued on Page 26)



Men in Foreground "Turning" Brick in Sun Drying Process.



PREPAIN

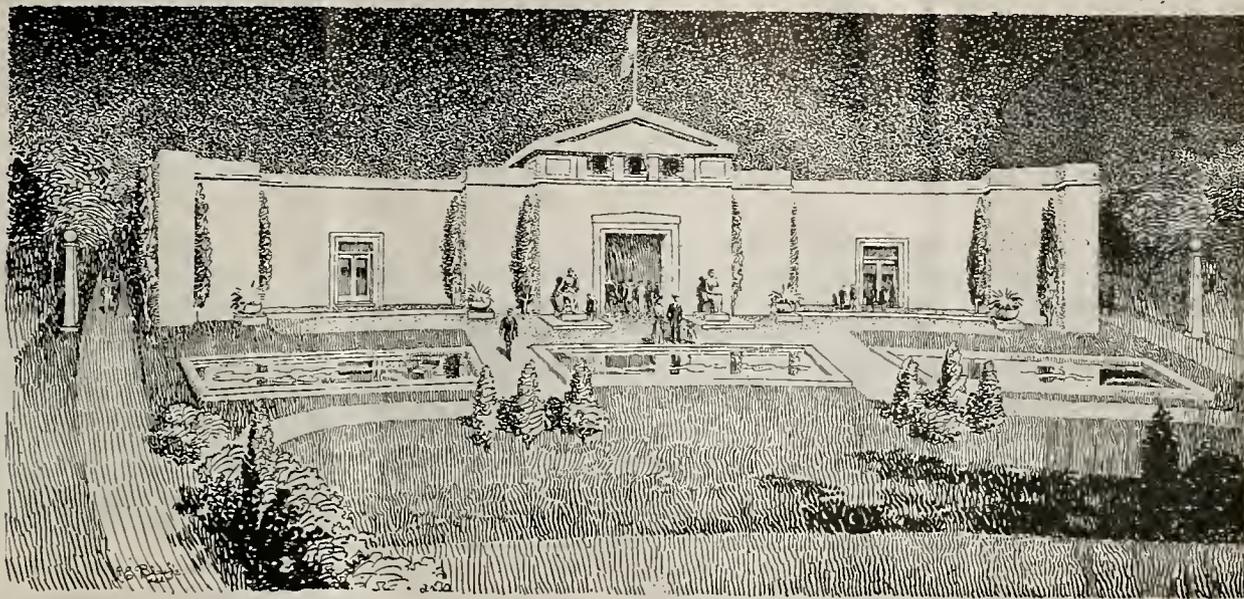


EDNESS

Drawn for The Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf



The New Method vs the Old. Formerly four oxen and one man were used in leveling and scraping the land at Llano. Today four men with three unusually large scrapers attached to a caterpillar, scrape and level the land with incredible speed. Instead of the whip is used a throttle. This tractor is capable of hauling fifteen tons of freight loaded on trailers. It is also a true co-operator, in that it does not eat except when working. The above scenes were taken within a stones throw of the community's new townsite.



Architects' Drawing of Proposed School to Be Erected on New Townsite at Llano.

Theory and Socialism

THE artistic skill needed to copy fruits and flowers is surely of a different degree from that required for human portraiture. The artist is no less an artist if he excels in one or the other. It is simply a question of which subject his mind and hand lend themselves with greater facility. It is evident that the painter of fruits must be familiar with the shades and colors and conditions of his subjects, as much so as the artist of portraits must know how to transcribe human emotion into light and shade.

What is true of the artist is true of mankind in general, especially when we consider them as organized for the furtherance of their ideals. In this aspect humanity teaches us new and wonderful lessons. It becomes clearly apparent that intellectual conviction and the understanding of economic theories learned from books, does not make a man an adaptable unit in a collective effort. No more so than the acquisition of artists' technique makes one an artist.

A person may paint fruit so that birds may want to eat it but that does not prove him a master. It only shows that birds are not good judges of art. Nor does the ability to pass an examination in Marx's economics mean that that person will co-operate or can co-operate with his fellows in the solution of present-day problems in a present-day world under present-day laws with present-day tools used for collective

By JOHN DEQUER

benefit. He may find himself hopelessly out of place were he to attempt it.

As the painter of flowers may fail to portray faces with accuracy, so the teacher of Socialism often fails in his attempt to co-operate. Again let me emphasize that theoretical knowledge is sometimes difficultly applied to actual practice.

On the other hand, we find the man who knows but little of the theory of scientific Socialism who cares not about the forces that move the scroll of history, and he also has the vision, he only sees it in a different way. Our theorist sees a commonwealth brought about by economic forces necessitating the downfall of capitalism and the triumph of the revolutionary proletariat over the capitalist state in a final all-powerful industrial awakening of the wage-worker. It is his vision, his flower picture. It is artistic, it contains much truth. Ultimately he may be right; Socialism may come that way, but it is not in sight.

The problem of life begins with breakfast and ends with death. Our theorists oftentimes secretly or openly rejoice at the poverty rampant in the world, for is that not a sure sign of the coming day of the god economic coercion? I have no quarrel with him on account of his views. It is his picture of life. But I wish to consider other comrades, such as we have at Llano, many of whom know nothing about the scientific concept of society in a scientific way. No more so than the flower painter adequately understands the por-

trayal of human emotion. To those who have a vision and see it and labor to make it real, they see the vast reaches of the drab grey desert stretched before their eyes; they see the silver threads of streamlets gushing from the distant mountain sides and they know from past experience that by uniting their forces they can turn the drab grey of the desert into wide reaches of emerald fields.

With the eye of their Socialist faith they see the future grain ripen to a golden glory and meadow dotted with perfumed hay. They know by their collective labor they can cause their poverty to grow less and their wealth to increase. They hear the music of the bees amongst the clover. They see the lambkins play in distant meadows, fruit trees laden with blossoms; the promise of a harvest to be. They see themselves build houses and tenant them; their children happy, free, educated along broad and liberal lines.

Their vision is not in distant times to come, but now; not for their grandchildren, but for their own—the children that are, as well as those that are to be. They take their comrades by the hand and say: "Come, let us pluck down 'the vision hung in air,' and cause it to dwell amongst us a glorious reality. Today, as far as in us lies, let us enjoy the vision concretely ourselves." Are they less seers of the final truth than the others? No, they co-operate now for present material well being and let others speculate while they do it. They may repudiate the materialism of the economist, but they apply themselves materially.

The economically sound comrade will deride them as idealistic dreamers, but he only applies himself idealistically. We should not smile, life is full of such contradictions. In the case of the true co-operator his metaphysics is a delusion. With a so-called scientific Socialist his materialism is a sham and no sincere mind finds pleasure in shams. Herein lies the weakness of our social propaganda.

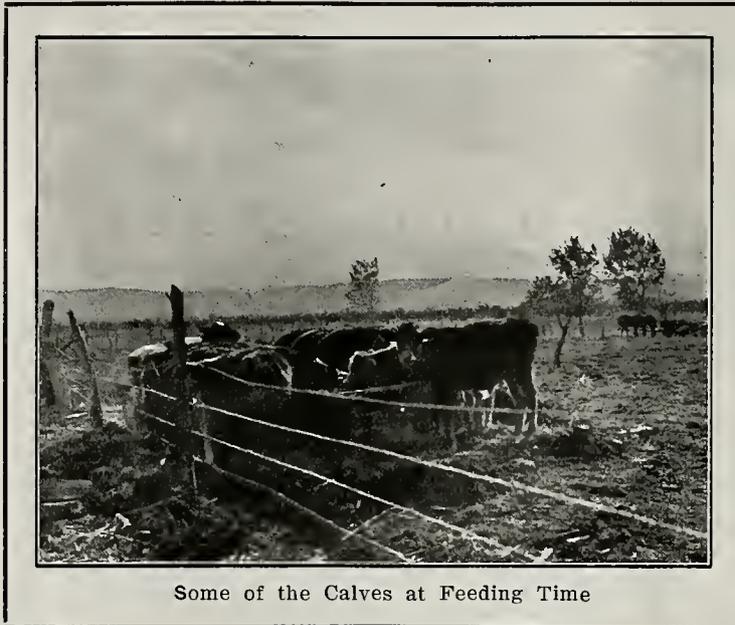
Oftentimes our scintificos, our industrial comrades, would say, "But you have to starve them to it; hunger will drive them—hit them in the tummy." But these are destructive ideas. You can form a mob in that

way, but not a new social order. We have enough of vicious and hungry faces now; enough spiritual dross, stupidity and intellectual degeneracy in the human world in which we move; more than enough insipidity from lack of soul culture in both men and women upon whom sloth and ignorance, twin daughters of that old hag poverty, have laid their heavy hands.

"We must not continue to breed them. We must rear a noble race," says the co-operator. Give our children an education and environment that shall recognize the subduing power of love, the tenderness of sympathy, the fullness of joy, the wideness of hope, the strength of self-reliance, the heroism of devotion, the power of the intellect: the lessons of self-restraint with poise that comes from a constant purpose in life and we shall behold a generation dedicated and devoted

to the social ideal. Not "after thrones have crumbled and kings are dust," but now, justice the portion of their children and mine. Children fed, clothed, sheltered and taught under social action and social discipline and the discipline democratically controlled.

Not all artists are geniuses, so not all co-operators are perfect. To succeed we must have plan and purpose to our system and a true co-operator recognizes these facts. There is no place for violent or mad



Some of the Calves at Feeding Time

men in co-operation. Their logical place is in the individualistic world.

As mankind look upon sculptor for form alone, so many of my comrades look upon Socialism for speech alone. They form a kind of a mutual criticism association which has a tendency to become narrow, bigoted, parading forms of broadmindedness but lacking the substance. We have in our locals too often become economic puritans. We have given a sectarian character to our propaganda that reminds one of our puritan forefathers who whitewashed everything about their churches until it seemed that whitewash was an article of their faith.

The austere sameness got on the nerves of the younger generations and they reacted against puritanism in religion. Today we have the same spirit developing in the Socialist Movement. I meet many good



Herd of Holsteins and Jerseys on Way to Dairy Barn to Be Milked.

comrades who are irreligious puritanical. Mankind in mass cares but little for abstract doctrines. They do not delight in over-doses of intellectualism. They would rather hoe a desert into bloom. That is why I find it easier to get a thousand dollars from a comrade, who has it, for practical purposes, than twenty-five cents as dues for a debating society, oftentimes mis-called a local. He would rather help build an industrial enterprise than to intellectually understand why the worker does not pay taxes or whether he is robbed as a producer or a consumer.

To build his own house or till his own field and tend his own flock with his comrades—that to him is religion, worship and love. If the actual sight of co-operation does not inspire you with zest for its extension, do not join it; it is not for you. For Llano is located in the desert and to him who can see her possibilities she holds out great rewards, but it is knowledge of agriculture and business that gives one the grasp of the possibilities. Her strength is hidden in the undeveloped character of her resources. Her faults are apparent to all. That in itself is a blessing, for it causes a man with a weak heart for the battle to retire and enlists chiefly the willing, the understanding and the strong.

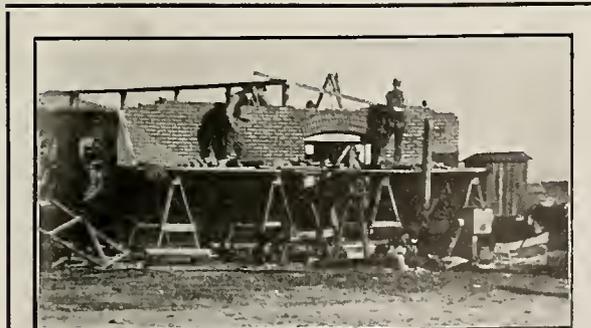
They who do not come for the Four Dollar wages alone, nor the eight-hour day, nor the freedom from bill collec-

tors, but they who come to realize the ideal as they see it and are willing not only to talk but to work for its realization in bringing the vision down to earth, come because realization is not lost but is enlivened and beautified in the material creation.

Each achievement in our co-operative community is an ideal realized in part or in full as the achievement is perfect or imperfect. Of course there are a few human imperfections. That is natural. Even Raphael's great masterpiece, "The Transfiguration," is marred in its matchless beauty by the introduction of a monk, but at Llano, as in the picture, the eye quickly leaves the discordant features for the lovelier vision. We forget the flaws in detail as we behold the masterpiece of mountains, plains and sky—the work of that artist, Nature.

We overlook human bickerings as we stand enraptured before human achievement. The desert, the terror of the individual, becomes the co-operators' promised land. But there is no use for me to try to

describe it; all I can do is to paraphrase a famous writer. Were I to paint a picture of Llano's possibilities I should require the grace of a Raphael, the color of a Titian and the variety of a Turner. I would need an audience of true co-operators, then I might harmonize them all into a vision of a movement that presages the coming of a better age.



Construction Work on Laundry

Humpety Dumpety



HUMPETY
DUMPETY

By ERNEST WOOSTER

Old Humpety Dumpety demands
some return.

Sat on the wall,
This Humpety

Dumpety fat,
Guileless and

smirking he sat—
He blinked both his eyes in the
greatest surprise

DONE into ragtime verse by a
scab member of the Irra-
tional Union of "near potes."
All rules of the union regarding
meter, rhyme, etc., disregarded.

(He's as suave and as crafty as ever
you'll meet—

Humpety lives on a wall, but that
wall is Wall Street.)

"My land, boys, you're slow; I should think you
would know

It is time you produced—I have paid you the dough.
Though I don't mind expense you have sure got to earn.

Now frame a good lie
Of a cursed foreign spy—
Make it clever and sly,
But be sure it gets by."

The first time he heard of the Half Billion prize;
Then took on a patriot's look as disguise
As he waked the whole country with clarion call.
"It's time we prepared for the nation's defense;
Our position such a number of dangers presents;
Look at Europe and learn,
You'll a lesson discern—
You see Uncle Sam has just put some deep dents
In the world's foreign trade—
My Lord what a raid!
On their business we made,
But I'm sorely afraid
That we've gone just a little, just a wee bit too far;
Let's prepare for defense—but of course not for war.
Thus Humpety Dumpety patriot true
Said "Come, rally boys to the red, white and blue.
An army and navy far greater we need—
'PREPAREDNESS' now let that be our creed."
(And you never would guess 'twas inordinate greed
But just listen close and you'll pick up a clue.)

Then Humpety Dumpety smole his fat face—
This Humpety Dumpety did—
As off from the wall he slid.
He called to his crew, to his tried men and true,
And whispered his orders—they knew what to do—
For he'd had them in training for quite a long
while:

"Army League! Navy League; On,
my men, onward!

"Here's a fat prize just ripe to be
squandered.

"Hypnotize our preaching men,
"Compromise each author's pen,
"Subsidize the papers then
Have reputations laundered."

Nobly they did their work, and well—
Money they spent and the editors fell—
Then Humpety tolled the Liberty Bell—
And it told the land as 'twas tolled to tell:
"Prepare for war! Prepare quick and well!"



One editor worried and puzzled and frowned,
Then reported the Japanese hanging around.

But this was old stuff—his read-
ers, he found,

Wouldn't look, wouldn't read,
and wouldn't believe
And showed they saw through the
intent to deceive.

"But ha!" quoth the scribe, "I'll
show how the Jap

Is just getting ready to change our whole map.
If we do not wake up from our 'dream of peace' nap
He will take our fair land and our girls, understand;
Great sums he'll demand—
Oh, yes, it's all planned."

And the editor spread on full many a page
The lie with intent to create such a rage
That the whole West would say:

"Let us arm right away"—
Thus did the editor earn his fair wage.

But Humpety Dumpety cried for some more.

"Where's the paper I leased

Back here in the East?

Now lookee here, Bob, get this thru your knob:
You have got to produce or you lose your fat job.

That Jap Story won't do—it is too far
away,

But you've got to come through—Mexico,
did you say?

You've used that old bluff
Till you've worn it threadbare
And the South needs that stuff
So just leave it right there.
But I've told you enough—
Now invent a good scare."



The editor pondered, chagrined
and perplexed.
"Will Canada do?" he haz-
arded next.
But Humpety snorted contempt
for his pains
And mumbled something about "sawdust for brains."

Old Humpety Dumpety croaked from the wall:
"Must you always be shown?
Is your head just pure bone?
Now I've been well impressed with that story out
West.

You must do just as well, so now do your best."
And the editor squirmed and gave heed to the call.
"A fiction I'll tell now, while Europe's embroiled,
Of how it was planned we'd be easily despoiled."
So he told in dispatches
Of another fell plot,
And it really outmatches
The Jap yarn a whole lot.
So he told (for the gold) of Europe's
plot bold—
A preposterous lie, but a story that
sold.

The consummate liar
Sent his story by wire
How the Powers conspire
To chisel and carve our weak nation to bits;



Calculated, it was, to scare
us to fits.
The lie was the same, he had
just changed the name.
'Twas a gory old story he
managed to frame.
Though the inventor obscure
is unknown to fame,
Old Humpety paid well
when he put in a claim.



Now Old Humpety Dumpety can drop his fat grin.
He has won his desires.
He has started the fires.
He has opened the door to this new god of war.
Soon thirsting and bursting we'll be to shed gore,
And we're puffed up with pride till we're sure we
can win.

Prince Profit's the king—
He rules the whole thing,
And a war he will bring
Just so long as we cling

To the imbecile notion, as they do 'cross the ocean,
That preparing for war means insuring for peace.
(You'd expect you'd find better sense among geese.)
Though Europe prepared and got into a fuss
They say it will work just the opposite with us.
Old Humpety has told us—he knows what is good,
So we'll vote the Half Billion as good children should.

D o U n t o O t h e r s

TELL Lincoln Steffense that the Golden Rule is
dead—

Sympathy, helpfulness, patience, hope, the Golden
Rule—the formula for brotherhood—are dead; as
many years ago befell the great god Pan—the Lord of
Life—before that man, conscious of his reason and
his will, took hold and meed.

If brotherhood is dead, how shall we guide our
lives? By greed and violence alone? Or did he mean
to confine the hope of the ages to the few—his little
circle of the elect—who should take refuge from the
evils of the day in a strong unity and purpose to stand
together for a higher plane of living.

For the few—how familiar the situation. How in-
evitable for every active group to stand for itself
against all comers. Whether it be a group bound by
some creed, or by some bond of common occupation,
the refrain is always the same. "Damn the sinner;
damn the public; damn the capitalist."

The Frenchman with his gift of words expressed
it many years ago in a brief sentence: "To under-

stand everything is to forgive everything." The count-
less theories and exclusive organizations which have
divided and still divide men are all various forms of
misunderstanding. The sectarian is trained to believe
that the man who does not accept his teaching is
wicked. The environment of the aristocrat reeks with
the idea that the "proletariat" is a misguided and ig-
norant mass which must be controlled for its own good,
and is just as honestly convinced in this judgment as
our comrade who brushes aside the capitalist as heart-
less, soulless, blind destroyer of his brethren.

Until every human being recognizes the brother in
every other human being, whether degraded and blind-
ed by money, or by ignorance; by too much indulgence,
or by too little opportunity, no abiding constructive
work can be done. Hate is a poison which destroys all
life. Nothing permanent can be established until it is
eliminated. All forms of hate are forms of blindness.
When you let in the light—when you establish the
Golden Rule—you establish the joy of life.—A Constant
Associate.

S a f e t y N e x t



WHEN Mrs. Hampson Elder, the Presidentess of the Millville Ladies American Literary Society, says: "Is there any new business to come before our society today?" I got up.

"Mrs. President," I says, and Ladies, "I want to make a motion to change the name of our society."

Everybody gasped.

Mrs. Hodgkinson says: "I think it's a beautiful name."

"It's so genteel," Mrs. Dr. Bromley murmured.

"'S too long. Always thought so," says the Widow Steele.

She's a good-hearted woman, but such a cross to our society. She's so unliterary. On "Favorite Author" day she read Mrs. Rorer's recipe on how to make mince meat, and at our last meeting she brought a sack of string beans and strung them all the time Mrs. Attorney Peterson was reading her paper on "Is American Literature Decadencing?"

"I'm against it," Mrs. Druggist Perkins says. She is always against everything I say, just because we don't agree on predestination. A narrow-minded woman, I call her, to believe everybody that doesn't belong to her church is going to hell! Now I think you're on the safe side no matter what church you belong to, unless, of course, it's the Catholic or Unitarian.

"Mrs. President," I says, "have I got the floor, or have I not?"

Mrs. Elder (I forgot to mention that her husband runs the Palace Hotel) rapped for order with the sawed-off croquet mallet that the Ladies' Home Journal sent her a prize of a dollar for, when she wrote about using the mallet for a gavel, and Mr. Bok sent her a letter congratulating her. He said it proved that lack of money made geniuses.

"Order, ladies;" she says, rapping on the photograph album so's she wouldn't scratch Mrs. Hidg-

kinson's red cherry table. "Mrs. Judge Parker has the floor!"

"Ladies," I says, "we must not only change the name of our society, but we must drop the study of American literchoor——" Up popped Fannie Martin, the pert thing, before I could finish.

"That's just what I been telling you. My sister in Los Angeles says that name sounds awfully countrified. She says literary societies are back numbers, especially if you don't study anything but American litertoer. If we want to do the really swell thing we ought to study the problems of our community."

"What problems?" says the widow Steele. "We ain't got no problems."

"Why," Fannie says, "like—like——"

You should have seen those women fall over themselves to help Fannie out. Just because her husband owns the Beet Growers' Bank!

"How to make our husbands go to church," says Mrs. Dinwiddle, whose husband raises celery.

"And quit using tobacco——"

"And throwin' horseshoes on the Lord's day."

And Mrs. Attorney Peterson, who is very intellectual, says: "While it is indeed deplorable to see our husbands so lax in those qualities of—of—so lax, we have even deeper problems than those to

grapple. Have you forgotten the wave of crime that recently swept our fair city?"

"Shucks!" says the widow Steele.

"Shucks nothing!" snapped Martha Simpson. "Didn't I have two custard pies took right out of the pantry window where I set them to cool?"

"And a ham out of my smokehouse," says Mrs. Hodgkinson.

"And a bucket of milk off my back porch," says Mrs. Dr. Bromley.

"Not to mention," says Mrs. At. Peterson, "the pair—a piece of my husband's most intimate wearing apparel from my clothes line evidently with criminal intent. And the criminal still at large preying upon society!"

Preparedness

By A. F. GANNON

Profits for plethoric knaves;
Rifles for revolting slaves;
Ease for apoplectic plutes;
Pittance for their sweaty brutes.
Arms to quell them if they rise;
Rot to promise (in the skies);
Egress to a toilless sphere
Death will grant—if they're "good" here!
Noxious nonsense? Jot and tit—
Every single bit of it!
Sophists spout the stinking mess;
Such is real "preparedness."

"We need strieter laws," says Mrs. Constable McCoy.

Mrs. Mayberry Crump began to get excited. Her husband ran for constable against Milt. McCoy, who beat him on account of being a Progressive.

"It's Johnson's crazy reform laws that's ruining the country," Mrs. Crump says. "My husband says so. Why I just read in the paper about a man being arrested for selling watered stoek! I call that cruelty to animals, to make the poor things go without water just because it makes them weigh a little heavier."

"Cruelty or not," says Mrs. McCoy, "we got to uphold the majesty of the law."

"Mrs. President," I says, "I been waitin' a long time. Have I the floor or have I not?"

Mrs. Elder rapped with the mallet. "Order, ladies! Mrs. Judge Parker has the floor."

"What I want to say is, that it ain't because it's stylish that I'm making this motion. If I'm a baek number for studying Ameriean literheoor instead of dangerous, immoral, foreign stuff, all right, I'm willing to be a baek number. The Stars and Stripes are good enough for me!"

Here I got the Chataqua salute, like we'd read about, from nearly all the ladies.

"No, it ain't because I want to be stylish that I make this motion, but it's on account of my immortal soul and Safety Next, which you know is my motto. (Applause.)

"Ladies, that noble champion of purity, Mr. Anthony Comstock, is gone. Vice may now rampant freely through the pages of Ameriean literheoor, just like it rampants across the great Atlantie in those wicked foreign countries. How then, ladies, how can we proteet ourselves from the iew hand of vice which will now sieze in its burning grip our literheoor? (Applause.)

"Ladies, there is just one way. Just one."

"What? What?" they all asked at once.

"Ladies," I says, "we must drop the study of literheoor, until the Lord in his infinite mercy sends us another Comstock."

"It's the only ladylike thing to do," murmured Mrs. Dr. Bromley.

"Ladies," I went on, "when we

recolleet that sinful books crept into our community unbeknownst to us, even while Mr. Comstock was working night and day to keep our nation pure, what will it be now that he is gone? And our art! All our art will now be without—"

"Don't!" says Mrs. Dr. Bromley, faintly. She can't stand anything indelieate.

"No, I won't," I says. "But I make a motion that we drop the study of literheoor and study something that isn't so dangerous."

The motion carried unanimously beacuse for once Fannie and I agreed, Fannie beacuse she wanted to be stylish and myself beacuse I am a captainness in the Army of the Lord.

"But I'd like to ask," Fanny says, "what sinful books Mrs. Judge Parker is talking about? I don't know of any sinful books ereeping in."

"Then I'll tell you," I says, "that poetry book you reeomended as being so stylish."

"Oh," Fannie says, tossing her head, "you mean 'Leaves of Grass.' I don't care. My sister says lots of nice ladies read it." But she got red as a beet just the same. She remembered how Mrs. Dr. Bromley read one line and screamed.

"Grass ain't got no leaves anyway," says the widow Steele. "Shuecks!"

"And you haven't forgotten 'The Jungle,'" I says in a whisper. They all looked like they wanted to crawl under their chairs. The way it was, Tommy Elder's school teacher told Mrs. Elder that "The Jungle Book" would be a nice book for Tommy's Christmas present, but she got mixed up and got another book called "The Jungle" and hung it on the Methodist Christmas tree for Tommy. She started to read it to him and had a nervous chill. But the devil was lurking in that book, she just couldn't stop reading till she'd finished. Then she gave it to Mrs. Hodgkinson and she gave it to Mrs. Peterson, and so on till every lady in town had read it, except Mrs. Hawkins, the wife of the Methodist minister—even Mrs. Dr. Bromley, sensitive as she is. And we all promised we'd never tell anybody, and I guess that will be held against us on the great Judgement day.

Mrs. Attorney Peterson got up.

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"Madame President,"—she says it's more culture to say "madame," but I won't say it because it's what those wicked Frenchmen say—"Madame President, I make a motion that we call our society the 'Millville Ladies' Improvement Society,' that being inclusive enough to embrace whatever the name includes."

"What's that you say?" asked the widow.

Mrs. Peterson scorned to reply.

"But," says Martha Simpson, "people might think from that name that it was us that needed the improving instead of us doing the improving."

"Maybe we do," I says, looking straight at Fannie, and would you believe it? That chit was looking straight back at me!

"Yes, maybe we do," she says in her nastiest way.

Then I glanced around and everybody was looking at everybody else, thinking that the other lady needed the improving.

All except Mrs. Hawkins, the wife of the Methodist minister. She is going to have—I mean to say, a little stranger is coming to bless her home, the fifth. The Reverend Mr. Hawkins says every new baby—I mean stranger—brings him one step nearer to the Great Throne. Mrs. Reverend Hawkins says in her soft, husky voice—she always has a cold—she says:

"Dear sisters, I want to confess that I need improving. I am a wicked sinner."

"You!" everybody says.

"Yes," she says, her eyes filling with tears. "This morning I sinned against my husband and God."

She always has a bright pink spot on each cheek bone, but now her face got pink all over.

"I was getting breakfast and the smell of the fried potatoes made me kind of sick, and Lucy had hold of my apron pulling it, and little Andrew kept calling 'Ma! Ma!' And just then my husband says: 'Mary, can't you keep those children quiet? I am trying to commune with God.' Well the Evil Spirit seemed to walk right into my heart and put words of evil into my mouth, and I said, 'You let God wait, Andrew Hawkins, and go fasten the back of little Andrew's suspenders!'"

Her lips trembled and she began to cough like she always does when she's excited.

"Andrew hasn't spoken to me since. And I ask you, dear sisters, tonight when you say your prayers, to ask God to forgive me and make Andrew forgive me, and make me a better wife and mother."

We all said we would, all but the widow Steele. She said: "Huh! Huh! Huh!" just like a cross old dog. She has no polish.

"I rise to a point of order," I says, "Mrs. Attorney Peterson's motion hasn't been seconded."

"I second the motion," says Fannie."

We voted and the motion carried. Then we adjourned to meet the next week at Mrs. Mayberry Crump's. I am chairman of the program committee for next time. Mrs. Attorney Peterson and myself will have a debate, "Resolved, That Anthony Comstock Has Done More Good for the World Than Billy Sunday." I have the affirmative. We will open with the song, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight? Down in the Licensed Saloon." Mrs. Dinwiddle sings the soprano and Mrs. Sampson Elder the alto. All ladies are invited.

Preparedness at Llano

(Continued from Page 15)

made their living from the soil—are still strongly of the opinion that the future is brighter here than elsewhere in the country. Of course, to men who have been receiving cash payments for their labor each week, or monthly, find it a hardship to not receive the envelope regularly. However, they are coming to understand the mo-

tives actuating us here and adapting themselves to the conditions. In fact, that is all that is required here. Conditions control and the man and woman who can adapt themselves find little difficulty in getting along. It is unfortunate that it is beyond the pen possibility of a word painter to exactly tell the truth. What is rhyme to one is

blank verse to another. It takes a vision to see this thing, as it requires vision of any farmer that goes into the wilderness or the arid plains and hopes to build a farm. The picture is there before he starts for his home. It may take a long time to realize that ambition and many circumlocutions twist out of form the ideals and hopes, but if the mind remains adaptable, backed up with energetic work and enthusiasm, it's pretty hard to beat that man.

Misconceptions often arise over the inattentive reading of an article. Somewhere, somehow, someone said that when the silo was finished a searchlight would be placed thereon that could sweep the great Antelope Valley and the ranging mountains for a hundred miles. A prospect complained bitterly that misinformation was being purveyed because he did not find the searchlight. He had misread the story.

It might be boresome to reiterate that the Llano del Rio is an agricultural proposition primarily. It is from that that we expect to get our living. From the success along agricultural lines will come our industries. They will come as soon as conditions, remember, permit. We will have a clothes factory, a tanning establishment, a shoemaking establishment of magnitude and a big printing plant. These will come all right, but they are not here now. Anyone can see that it is but a question of men and material until these things are realized. There is no discouragement in this fact. Often men think they can do things when they cannot. Experimentation often proves a reasonable theory wrong.

The writer of this remembers that when the truth about Llano was told to him he felt disappointed. He had pictures of something entirely different. Not that he was told wrongly, but long mulling over dreams had builded a city and peopled it with phantasm. He was almost mad to have that dream shattered and be brought back to earth by a friend who had carefully gone over the lands here and reported that with hard work and attention to details the people here would live in good homes, would have leisure and could travel from the excess products. He found

(Continued on Page 29)

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Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III January, 1916 No. 9

"TO Arms! Capitalists, Parsons, Politicians, Landlords, Editors, and Other Stay-at-Home Patriots. Your Country Needs You in the Trenches! Workers, Follow Your Masters!"

FOR printing and distributing posters with this startling call to arms, the courts of Auckland, N. Z., fined Tom Barker \$250. The startling thing about this is that Tom escaped the "squirrel house." Anyone who would get the impression that this bunch would go to war would be a fair subject for the "booby hatch."

It was a victory for the laborite. While his little poster did not get much circulation, every newspaper in Australia played it up big—and Tom's bright idea got across everywhere with a terrific wallop.

* * *

IT seems a pity that the powder towns are placed in such isolated spots. It might be great if they could be operated in close proximity to some of the resorts of millionaire munition makers. A recent explosion in one of these humanitarian institutions sent up a cloud of chlorine gas which quickly spread and descended and nearly asphyxiated the entire population of the settlement.

* * *

JOHAN D. ROCKEFELLER has placed his stamp of approval on Billy Sunday and says he wishes all of the working people could hear the evangelist preach. That's easy. The foundation is rich enough to finance Billy and send him on a tour of the Rockefeller interests. We would suggest that he get first action at Ludlow.

* * *

THE recruiting department of the Seventy-first Infantry, N. G. N. Y., is advertising for young men with red blood in their veins. They have used about 70,000,000 gallons of this product for fertilizer in Europe.

THE press agents of capitalism are now informing their befuddled readers that "unknown persons in Berlin are quietly advising Americans to leave for home, stating that the crisis between Germany and the United States is growing acute and that a diplomatic break, with resumption of submarine activities is certain, according to advices received here today."

This is only one of their little wrath arousing scares which will become an every day occurrence in the near future. The patriotic public will read—and believe—and then our masters' dream, "preparedness," quickly will be realized.

* * *

RIBBON counter Johnnies who compose the Illinois navy are proud possessors of the hulk of the Eastland, erstwhile profit-making excursion boat. This "battleship," as the militiamen already are calling it, starts in with a grand record as a killer. In the noble work of destroying human life the Eastland has a handicap of 800 to its credit.

* * *

A LOS ANGELES chicken picked a hundred dollar diamond from the cravat of a poultry show judge and swallowed it. We have known chickens with a fondness for diamonds, and judges with fondness for chicken, but the judges didn't eat the chickens, nor the chickens swallow the diamonds.

* * *

A BOILER maker of Wood River, Ill., by dint of thrift and frugality, saved enough tobacco tags to furnish a four room house. The piano cost him 750,000 tags, but the tireless one made the grade. Oh, that we had the words and the space to drive this lesson of persistence and providence home to our young readers.

* * *

LITTLE DOROTHY had to stay after school again and when she reached home her mother asked her why the teacher kept her in.

"Just because I talked in sewing," answered Dorothy, carelessly, "but," and her eyes flashed as she said, "I didn't talk half as much as teacher did!"

SOcialists have always argued that the Government is unable now and always will be unable to bust the Standard Oil trust or any other trust. The trusts are the natural result of industrial evolution. Socialism demands that the oil industry be socialized and democratized; that is, that this huge flood of profits be wiped out, that the products of the Standard Oil Company be produced for the benefit of those using these products and not as a means of building huge fortunes for tyrannical money czars. When the people get control of the Government at Washington they will also get control of the oil trust. It will be interesting to note how the old parties will again solve this trust problem in this year's presidential campaign.

* * *

EVERY true poet is inspired. Prophecy? No—just understanding, interpretation. Two verses from Whittier, half a century ago:

"Love is lost and faith is dying;
With the brute the man is sold;
And the dropping blood of Labor
Hardens into gold.

"Here the dying wail of Famine,
There the battle's groan of
pain;
And in silence, smooth-faced
Mammon
Reaping men like grain."

* * *

THE MASSES has a prize press pearl each month. May we offer them one from Los Angeles Tribune and highly commend it for the blue ribbon. Undoubtedly it was written by one of the little brothers of Saint Swithin:

Let us get right down to the bottom of that Youngstown rioting, and if any "undesirable aliens" are found to be concerned in it send them back to their native land without delay.

* * *

"AFTER a long and earnest discussion," this from Indianapolis, "the United Mine Workers of America, in convention here today, defeated a resolution to amend the constitution of the organization so as to exclude from its membership National Guardsmen and the state constabulary."

Just a plain case of being duped into a suicide pact.

Preparedness at Llano

(Continued from Page 27)

more freedom from financial worry could be secured here than elsewhere, but (and the but was big) first it had to be gotten out of the ground. Though the sandstone hospital, with its greenrooms, red-tiled floor and hurrying doctors and nurses flitting to and fro, and millionaire patients handing us \$100 weekly for our good water, food and attention, failed to materialize when he arrived, yet like the first protozoa washed out of the ocean's ooze and adapted himself to his environment, the writer remembered his humble brother of the Cambrian fens and tried to adapt himself to conditions.

A splendid opportunity is offered here for the man that is tired of the struggle in the competitive world, providing that he understands that capitalism is still the dominant thing, and that he has to adapt himself to the conditions imposed by that iron-heeled monster. We are going ahead and have absolutely no fears of the future.

Look, You Kings!

By Harvey E. Westgate

LOOK, you kings, from your scarlet thrones,
 Look, you kings, at the bleaching bones;
 See the graves of the men who have died,
 Hundreds of thousands placed side by side.
 Yea, look, and listen, and mark the date,
 Behold the love that is turning to hate,
 And know full well what will be your fate.

Look, you kings!

Look, you kings, at the crimson flood,
 Look, you kings, at the rivers of blood;
 Hear the cries of millions of men,
 Think of what is, and what might have been.
 Yea, look; and ponder, and mark you well,
 That from the trenches of shot and shell,
 Guns will soon turn and blow you to hell.
 Look, you kings!

Ignorance is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion?

Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignorance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books. Now, the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject taboo among intelligent people.

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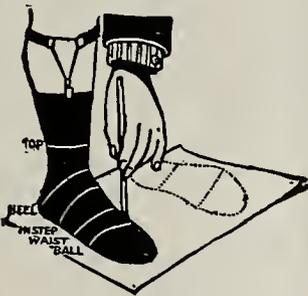
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