

The
Western
Comrade

February 1916

Five Cents

Information About the

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 in an attempt 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.

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 saw-mill, a printing plant, a machine shop, a tannery, a rug and carpet weaving plant, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, 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 the 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 last 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 one hundred 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.



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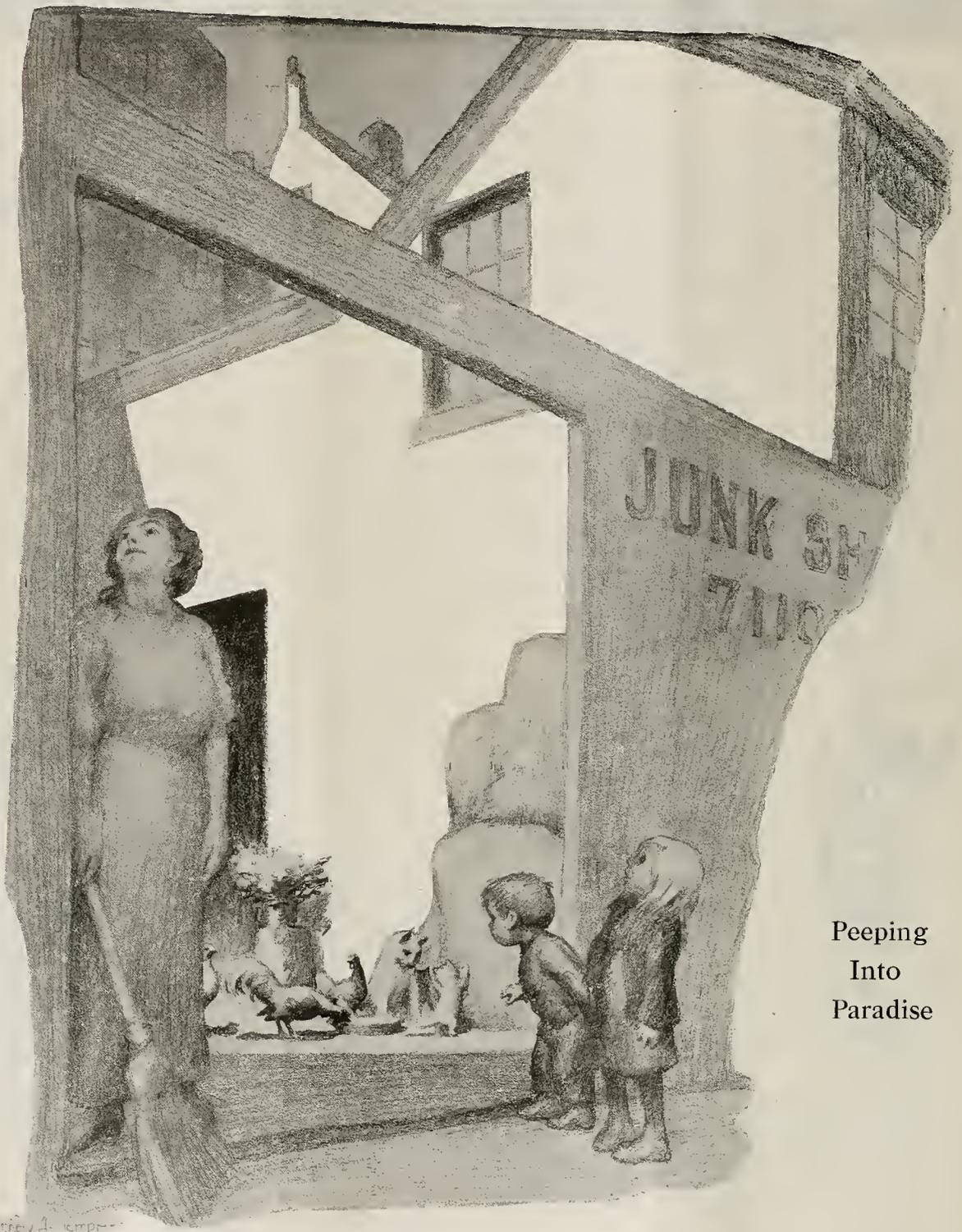


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Peeping
Into
Paradise

M. A. Kempf

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. III

LOS ANGELES, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1916

NUMBER 10



Big Rock Basin Looking South From the Dam Site

E D I T O R I A L S

RAISING the price of gasoline was the greatest blunder ever made by the oil trust. It ran squarely against the great middle class—that strong bulwark of capitalism which has steadfastly withstood the arguments of the Socialists.

In California action has been started that indicates that an arousal would be easy if a leader would but spring up in the midst of the outraged mass of automobile owners who have seen the price of their motive fluid nearly doubled within a few weeks.

First a little municipal board of public utilities was appealed to. Then the mayor of Los Angeles. Then committees were appointed. An appeal was made to the State Railway Commission (state board of public utilities). In order to carry out the farce

By Frank E. Wolfe

of regulation it will first be necessary to prove gasoline is a public utility. That should be easy, but it isn't. If gasoline is a public utility, so is lubricating oil; so is hard grease and spark plugs. Gasoline regulation is a ghastly joke. In the East the price is much higher. While Washington is paying twenty-three cents or more a gallon, the United States has not paid more than eleven cents. At eleven cents there are several cents a gallon profit.

In California there is greater production of crude oil than ever before in the history of the industry. By the new process, low gravity oil can be refined and gasoline produced at a lower rate than before. There has always been several hundred percent profit in gasoline. The oil lands of California were almost all stolen from the people. The Standard



Oil is brazenly drilling wells on lands that are in litigation and again they are showing their contempt for the "sovereign people."

To the Socialist reader the solution is obvious. But in hope that we catch the eye of the unawakened, we give the solution: RESTORATION TO THE PEOPLE OF THAT WHICH HAS BEEN CONFISCATED. THE COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP OF THIS AND ALL OTHER SOURCES OF LIFE.

* * *

UXTRA! Uxtra! Horrors of war and an invasion of a peaceful laboring republic! The I. W. W. agitators are going to descend from the nail keg and do something. We have the assurance of the capitalist press that this is the case.

The industrial workers are to invade Lower California, a land populated by fierce banditti, helodermas and horned toads. The plan was for the I. W. W. to marshal a great army of blanket stiff and scizzorbills, armed with the deadly bindlestiek, marching with flat-wheel goosestep, into a seething maelstrom of de facto and other kinds of jefe politicos of Tijuana Baja.

Federal officers have been ransacking the rooms of these embryonic invaders in Los Angeles and among the other deadly and damning evidence has been found a red-backed songbook containing these fateful words:

"To arms! To arms! Ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath.
March on, march on, all hearts resolve
On victory or death."

These turrible words once more officially alarm

the state. The previous occasion was when a special commissioner of the Governor discovered them during the San Diego free-speech fight. That this is the chorus of the French National anthem has not soaked through the brain of any policeman or special investigator. This situation almost parallels the discovery made by the brightest cub reporter on a Sacramento newspaper who discovered a plot on the part of five desperate characters

who were about to march on Rock Island and seize the arsenal, if there be one there; thence march triumphantly to the capture of Chicago; thence on and on, all five of them, to the overthrow of the Government at Washington.

God bless the daily press. 'Tis not only the palladium and bulwark of our freedom, but it adds greatly to the gaiety of nations in the dull-drab depths of a dismal season.

* * *

THE Socialist Party as organized in California is a wonderful institution. It has a state executive board, a state office, a state secretary and a state mimeograph. Combined, this is a mighty piece of enginery and presently,

when it gets ready to move, it will spifficate the capitalist system and send the decentralized fragments scattering through space.

Just at present, however, its mimeograph-secretary is busy in much weightier matters. Having cleared the decks, if not the atmosphere, by conducting opera bouffe heresy trials, the inky-blinky institution reels out monthly if not weekly circular letters "to the Locals and Branches." Most of these are prefaced by the stereotyped phrases, "we are



Uncle Samuels

—The Passing Show, London





constantly receiving inquiries concerning the Llano colony." This is the straw-man method and smacks of the system of writing letters to oneself and answering them in the weekly organ.

To quote one line: "The Socialist Party has not now nor never has had the remotest connection, either directly or indirectly, with this colony." To this we always say heartily, "Amen and amen!"

The Socialist Party of California under the guidance of the S. E. B. and its mimeographer has wrought in so masterly a manner that the dwindling membership is at the vanishing point. The largest, most thriving and wide-awake local in the state is located at the colony. There are a number of locals where our comrades, with splendid spirit, are striving to be constructive in building up membership and spreading propaganda. In this their success is measured by their independence of assistance from the state headquarters. There are more Socialists in California at this hour than ever before in the history of the movement. We have on the platform now more great speakers than we have

ever had before. Greater interest is taken state wide than at any time since the movement began to grow on the Pacific Coast. This is not by aid of the state management, but in spite of its piffling and childish methods.

The Llano del Rio Colony, with its 700 members, is proud of the fact that its founder is a man who has spent a long life in the service of the Socialist Movement. The community is glad that its membership is solidly Socialists. It is proud of the won-

derful success that it is achieving and rejoices that it has not "the remotest connection either directly or indirectly" with a morbund group centered around a mimeograph.



THIS magazine recently published an appeal for one of the leading anarchist writers of America to write a book which would orient students who seek knowledge on just what the philosophy of anarchy may be. One is reminded of the necessity of some such work where they consider the diverse attitudes of William C. Owen and Alex. Berkman. Owen has been raging about the invasion of Belgium and declaring that workers of all nations should ever stand ready to repel invaders. Berkman, in his new magazine, the Blast, bitterly assails Congressman Meyer London because he said that Socialists would defend the country if it were invaded.

Whatever the criticism may be, London unquestionably spoke the truth. No matter how high-flown our sentiments or declarations may be, history and the facts are with London. We may say to capitalism,

"Why should we defend your country?" But in the stress of invasion, where the homes of the workers, their wives and children in jeopardy, Socialists of America would find themselves in the same attitude as Socialists of Belgium and France.

Capitalism produces the burglar; but does not prevent the worker from defending his family and his possessions. Our much criticised, scientific analysis, and our interpretation of motives do not prevent us from being human. It may be true that



Lloyd George: "Haven't you any patriotism?"
British Labor: "Aye, I sells it."

New York Evening Sun



the so-called danger of invasion is a nightmare of jingo imagination, but that is beside the question.

London's answer was correct. What the Socialists aim to do and what they must do is to so educate the workers of all countries to the point where there can be no invasion; and where there is no invasion there can be no war.

* * *

CLEVELAND Moffett in writing a senseless serial for McClure's, illuminates a dull-drab page by a happy selection of a Socialist pledge. The article purports to describe a war in 1922 during which America is invaded. No credit is given to Kirkpatrick, but the writer indicates his belief that American Socialists will not all be reconciled to the supposititious war. See what the readers of McClure's Magazine get:

"It's some big coup they are planning for to-night," she said. "We must wait here."

So we waited and, presently, along Wabash avenue, with crashing bands and a roar of angry voices, came an anti-militarist Socialist parade with floats and banners presenting firebrand sentiments that called forth jeers and hisses from crowds along the sidewalks or again enthusiastic cheers from other crowds of contrary mind.

"Yon see there's going to be trouble," trembled the girl, clutching my arm. "Read that!"

A huge float was rolling past bearing this pledge in great red letters:

"I refuse to kill your father. I refuse to slay your mother's son. I refuse to plunge a bayonet into the breast of your sweetheart's brother. I refuse to assassinate you and then hide my stained fists in the folds of any flag. I refuse to be flattered into hell's nightmare by a class of well-fed snobs, crooks and cowards who despise our class socially, rob our class economically and betray our class politically."

At this the hostile crowds roared their approval and disapproval. Also at another float that paraded these words:

"What is war? For working-class wives—heartache. For working-class mothers—loneliness. For working-class children— orphanage. For peace—defeat. For death—a harvest. For nations—debts. For bankers—bonds, interest. For preachers on both sides—

ferocious prayers for victory. For big manufacturers—business profits. For 'Thou Shalt Not Kill'—boisterous laughter. For Christ—contempt."

I saw that my companion was deeply moved.

"It's all true—what they say, isn't it?" she murmured.

"Yes, it's true, but—we can't change the world, we can't give up our country, our independence."

This is splendid propaganda, and it will reach myriad of the desirable ones, as not all McClure's readers are of the Bourgeoise.

* * *

PORK—and more pork! Los Angeles wants her hams and bacon—from the National barrel. The method is through the old gag of establishing a navy, away back up in the mud flats. There is no reason in the world why Los Angeles, which has no harbor, should not have a navy yard at its harbor.

We respectfully submit that our bottom soil, and the bottom is near the top, in the inner harbor is just as suitable for a navy yard as the slimy ooze that surrounds the Mare Island institution where no battleship can ever wend its way.

Our city council is reported as having voted unanimously in favor of a resolution for the establishment of this navy yard. We are for pork, whether it is for a Nigger Slough naval base, or for dredging a navigable channel in Mescal Creek.

* * *

THEY are setting the stage again. Newspapers are preparing the public for their daily thrill

between oats and eggs when they detail horrible acts and deeds of Dave Caplan. The deputy district attorney, who attends to the building of barriers and setting the guards, has let it leak to the court house reporters that he expects dangerous characters to crowd the courtroom. Of course there will be no effort to create an atmosphere.



Some Day—When They Beat Their Spears
Into Pruning Hooks

—Chicago Daily News

Blessings of Ignorance

PERSONS who read By EMANUEL JULIUS

what goes by the name of criticism in the newspapers and magazines will certainly agree with Goldsmith that "error is ever talkative." While it is true that a little knowledge is a risky thing, it also is true that much knowledge is still more dangerous.

I have in mind a young man who got a job as dramatic editor on one of the afternoon papers. He was a nice chap, with all the ignorance that one could gather in a small Pennsylvania city. He was not a thinker, but he was a delightful dancer. He was not a high-brow, but he was an expert on high-brow drinks.

After six months of cub reporting in New York, he suddenly found himself in charge of the dramatic column. It happened that he knew nothing of the stage, of plays, of acting. Little did he dream that it was because of his ignorance that he was given what many people consider an important position.

He was a hard worker, however, and could write columns a day, when necessary. This young man had a few vague impressions. One was that Shaw was insincere. Another was that Shaw is not a creator of plays, but a clever writer of conversation. He often remarked that "Shaw mistakes talk for drama." Frequently, he referred to Shaw as "the inimitable."

In other words, he had all the requisites of a writer of dramatic reviews. And he made good. By consistently ridiculing the good and praising the bad, he got himself a reputation. Ibsen was pessimistic. Strindberg was misanthropic. Hauptmann was depressing. Maeterlinck was not a clear thinker. Brieux was a propagandist. Gorki lacked humor. Andreyev was sardonic. And so on, with many etceteras. On the other hand, Charles Klein was a thinker who possessed the dramatic instinct. George Cohan would someday write the great American play. Margaret Mayo was a great humorist who could hand Rabelais cards and spades. Charles Rann Kennedy was a profound philosopher. Belasco was a superman. And so on, with many etceteras.

This fascinating youth had a genius for being wrong. Being very busy and always hopping about—now at the theater, now at the office—he had no time to think—which was a fortunate thing. But, youth is erratic and will always do strange things—and this youth was no exception. Shelley, somewhere in his Letters, says "that all of us, who are worth anything, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes of our youth."

This boy started to unlearn too soon. This dramatic critic did something quite unprofessional. He began to study the drama, its history, its philosophy, its technique. He read many plays and much good criticism. Instead of slamming Shaw, he began to discuss Shaw's philosophy. "Androcles and the Lion," when produced by Granville Barker last winter, was reviewed with something that approximated intelligence. Emanuel Reicher's interpretation of Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman" received sincere commendation. Lord Dunsany's one-act "The Glittering Gate" was given high praise. And he held his job, too, which was considered quite remarkable.

Then he went up to Forty-second street to see a foolish war play—and he wrote a review that must have embarrassed its author. "The White Feather," "The Fallen Idol," "Experience," "It Pays to Advertise," and other typical Broadway productions were treated with passionate scorn. What was the result? I could put it gently by saying he was "requested to resign," or he was "let out." I won't. He was fired. He was bounced. He was canned. This boy had made a great mistake. He had tried to be intelligent, to show some knowledge while working on an afternoon paper. Not that he was fired for praising the good. No; even that can be endured. The trouble with young men is that when they enthuse over the meritorious there is danger that they will frown on the meretricious. The managers, the press agents, the advertising men—all poured down one fine afternoon and demanded the young man's discharge. He was told that he wasn't constructive. "Destructive criticism has had its day!" he was informed.

The moral, of course, is obvious—knowledge is a dangerous thing. Had that youth remained ignorant and continued to look on mediocre persons as the great artists of the drama, he would not have been separated from a good-paying position. Knowledge is a distressing thing. It is not easy for an intelligent person to write; but ignorance, as already mentioned, is talkative—and gets the bacon.

When a man has a desire for facts, he is hampered, thus making it difficult for him to keep the pace. "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," we learn from the Book of Ecclesiastes. This takes on a new meaning when applied by my young friend who made good as a dramatic critic because he was delightfully ignorant and lost out when he became interested in that truth which, as Berkeley exclaimed, is the cry of all, but the game of few. Truth is a torch, but I must



not fail to add that a torch can burn one's fingers. Men write best who know least.

"A man," Schopenhauer tells us in his *Counsels and Maxims*, "must be still a greenhorn in the ways of the world, if he imagines that he can make himself popular in society by exhibiting intelligence and discernment. With the immense majority of people, such qualities excite hatred and resentment, which are rendered all the harder to bear by the fact that people are obliged to suppress—even to themselves—the real reason of their anger."

It is very easy for the master minds of the newspapers—dramatic, literary and art writers—to give the impression that there is profound knowledge behind their vapourings. One of the best tricks is to resort to names and titles—piling them on thick. For instance, let us suppose a reviewer is speaking of a novel. Let me show, somewhat extravagantly, how he strings things out:

"Mr. Humpetty Klinketty's novel, which is after the manner of August Stringberg's 'Confession of a Fool,' at times suggests George Moore's 'Memoirs of My Dead Life' and Max Stirner's 'The Ego and His Own.' For psychological insight, he ranks with Fyodor Dostoevsky. The characterization is equal to that of Gustave Flaubert in his justly famed 'Madame Bovary.' And yet, the simplicity of Turgenev's 'Smoke' is there. He has the humor (minus the vulgarisms) of an O. Henry. In all, Mr. Humpetty Klinketty seems to be a composite of Lafcadio Hearn, Mark Twain, Benjamin De Casseres, Maxim Gorki, Victor Hugo, James Huneker, Maurice Maeterlinck, George Gissing, Walt Whitman, Frederick Nietzsche, Henry George, Richard Wagner, Karl Marx, Peter Kropotkin, Elisee Reclus, Remy de Gourmont, Emma Goldman and Anthony Comstock."

This trick never fails. Resort to it three or four times and you get a reputation for being a critic of profound knowledge and wide reading.

So much for the dramatic and literary critics. Now a moment with the art critics. Readers will, of course, remember the awful how-do-you-do when the Mona Lisa was discovered. We patient sufferers had to endure an awful amount of senseless piffle about Leonardo da Vinci's picture. Really, Mona Lisa just bores me. Her face, to me, is plainly stupid. To think of all the years the painter spent in "getting" that smile! And when he got it, lo and behold, what a smirk! And yet, this woman has caused art critics to rid themselves of heaps of bunk. I sincerely believe the following by Kane S. Smith, of the University of London, takes the bacon: "The painting is one of the most actively evil pictures ever painted, the embodiment of all evil the painter could imagine put into the most attractive form

he could devise. It is an exquisite piece of painting, but if you look at it long enough to get into its atmosphere I think you will be glad to escape from its influence." Is that not a feast of piffle?

Reporters are not supposed to be interested in news. They must search for "features." A dog may bite a man—possibly it will get two lines. A wise reporter takes that story, gives it a twist and has the man retaliate by biting the dog—and it gets a column. The noted lover of animals, Miss Lind-af Hageby, was interviewed by a number of New York reporters. She answered their questions to the best of her ability, but later claimed that the reporters paid little attention to her answers. "Have dogs souls?" she was asked. The woman said she believed they have souls; and here is what the papers printed: "Miss Lind-af Hageby says kippered herrings have souls and warns the American people not to eat them in case the herrings' souls come back to haunt people." All of which makes an unhappy combination of poor English and a weak and wobbly lie.

Only the other day, I met a woman who writes "feature" articles six times a week. She supplies a daily interview with the great and the near great. If she works hard for about 20 years more, she may become as famous as Dorothy Dix. She is always on the alert for copy and greets everyone with "What's startling?"

"Others," I averred, "ought to make a good article. Here is a magazine of interesting freaks—they write the new verse—imagist stuff."

"I don't know a thing about it—"

"Tut!" I interrupted; "all the more reason why you will write a readable story."

"I will need to know something about it in order to get through the introductory paragraphs."

"Very little. Don't overtax yourself by studying the subject."

She agreed.

"Facts do hamper me," said the woman.

She spent a long time studying her subject—oh, at least two hours, and wrote her story.

When I met her again, she said:

"I didn't like my story. All the interesting things I had planned to say I found out, afterwards, to be untrue, so I had to stick to facts. If I hadn't spent so much time on that story I'd have done better work, even though a few would have thought it foolish. I shall certainly profit by that mistake. In the future I shall place more reliance on my own ability."

And there you are. We'll close the services with this little hymn:

"From ignorance our comfort flows;
The only wretched are the wise."



The New "Sick Man" Soon Will Follow His Victims

—Drawn for the Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf

A Millionaire's Vision

MY God! 'tis false, yes, every
thing I see;

By WILBY HEARD

But bosh—All this is nothing but
a dream.

'Tis false, my God, it dare, it cannot be—
And still, alas, I know too well 'tis true,
These are but part of all the souls I slew.
These arms, these legs, these skulls about me here,
These crippled forms and faces pale and sere.
These babies with little mouths agape for air;
These girls who stroll the streets a public ware.
These all are but the fruits of my demands,
These ruins all are the blightings of my hands.
For me and mine have each of these been slain,
That I might LIVE these all have died in pain.
The blood and marrow of each nerve and bone,
Each heart throb, sorrow, agony and groan;
They all have gone to form my mighty throne.

I, too, am part of Life's e'er gushing stream.
'Twas ever thus, and thus 'twill ever be,
A thousand slaves that one at least be free.
If these must die then so it was decreed.
God's will be done—be it to sport or bleed.
'Tis not for me to mourn or mope their lot,
No more than they to envy what I've got.
Good God, be this all false, or be it true,
I leave it all, I leave it all to you.
I know but this, be things as e'er they may,
If one but robs enough he need not pay.
Away—such scenes I will henceforth decline;
Thank God for what he does for me and mine—
Waiter—bring here another flask of wine.

Jolting the Jingo



N editor's brain is an amazing organ. It may be the source of much wisdom, a teacher of truth unparalleled, and again it may be a queer, distorted, helpless thing, performing antics enough to make men and angels weep and laugh by turns. The latter sad state is illustrated by a recent editorial in Senator Hitchcock's Omaha World-Herald.

According to the editorial in question, ideas and not armaments are the cause of war. The trouble is in the minds of the people. Therefore, the pernicious propaganda of the "pacifists" must cease, and every man throw up his hat for "preparedness," while the ladies wave their handkerchiefs.

Of course, I have taken considerable liberty with the language of the editorial, but in no particular has its meaning been misrepresented. The editorial was evidently intended as an answer to arguments of the "pacifists," yet it was no answer. Ideas are all-important as makers of good or evil; the most ardent "pacifist" will admit that; and, in fact, the entire peace propaganda is conducted with a view to counteracting the subtle, ingenious, extremely false ideas with which professed peace-loving militarists are poisoning the minds of the people.

It were a waste of time to argue whether ideas or armaments were the cause of war. If A puts strychnine in B's soup, and B dies, what causes B's death? Is it the strychnine in the soup or the murderous intent in the mind of A? Obviously, neither is the sole cause. Both are contributing factors. In the same way, if universal miseducation leads to increased armaments, and increased armaments lead to war, as they always do, what is the cause of the war? It is miseducation or increased armaments? Obviously, neither is the sole cause. Both are contributing factors.

This is no time for jingoes to smile and sneer at the opposition. They had better be preparing to surrender gracefully. Their position is as hideous as the hell it would make, and earnest, enlightened public opinion will never tolerate it. Whether dubbed "paci-

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

fists," "mollycoddles," or any other name that reac-

tionary malice may devise, the active, real peace-loving people of the nation propose to persist in their propaganda until men who dare to speak for war or the means of war will be universally regarded as the mental prostitutes that they are, and those who don military uniforms and offer themselves for murder in the name of patriotism will be considered the scum of the earth, undeserving of association with decent, intelligent people.

The working, producing masses have no real interest in war except to keep out of it, and no interest in preparation for war except to oppose it and pre-

vent it if possible. In the first place, this country is no more in danger of invasion than it is of a collision with Halley's comet. Furthermore, the large part of the people would lose very little if some other nation would come over and swallow us up. It makes no difference to them what piece of bunting floats over their heads or what the band plays on the Fourth of July. Flags are no substitute for food, and patriotic songs fail to remove for a fraction of a second the sting and blight of the poverty to which the masses are doomed every day of their lives. In this stage of the world's development a country that cannot keep out of war is unfit to save.

The triumph of peace is sure, but it may be postponed, and war precede it, even in our own land. If it does, and the workers are forced to

fight, those who are wise will turn their guns against the corrupters of public sentiment instead of against their brother workers who have accidentally been born across an imaginary boundary line.

The jingoes will squirm if they chance to read this. Some I know would be jolted into hysterics. But jolting the jingoes these days is a very pleasant occupation. It is only a small part of what is coming to them.

In this day of awakening no sane person would dream of trying to incite war and to persuade workers of one land to join in collective, wholesale murder of other workers. These truths are finding greater acceptance among the workers each day.

The Man Without a Country

By A. F. GANNON

HE holds all equal;
Truth, raw material;
Reason, a tool;
War, insanity;
Crime, an effect;
Ignorance, eradicable;
Hunger, unnecessary;
Wealth, an exeresence;
Health, natural;
Art, expression;
Culture, fruition;
Labor, requisite;
Co-operation, the way;
Love, paramount.



Large Tractor "Railing" Land. This Crew of Two Clear Fifteen Acres a Day by This Method

Through Eyes of Tomorrow



THE mid-forenoon May sun shone with an ardor that make even native Californians seek the shadows, and it glistened from the solid sandstone and granite sides of the great cluster of buildings of the Universal University with dazzling brightness. It was the year 1965.

The U. U. (commonly called the "Double You") occupied a low promontory in a little sheltered cove that cuddled up against the gaunt reaches of the snow-capped Sierra Madres in the extreme southern part of the Antelope Valley. Stretching in three directions are fertile fields and fruitful orchards, but there are many who tell of days when it was all a yucca-studded waste.

In its inception the U. U. was just an advanced high school, teaching as best it could the "higher education." In 1917 it occupied one tiny room with just one instructor and less than half a dozen students. How it grew till it became the greatest university of the west is a story as unique and refreshing as any that ever waited for historian to narrate. As much by accident as design its course was shaped. When it had not yet outgrown its first single room, there came

one day a lusty young man, trudging on foot as he had done for many days. He came demanding that he be permitted to work for his education. And he would accept no refusal as final nor did any rebuff dampen his ardor or thwart his determination.

His success inspired others; within a year twenty young men and women had applied and been accepted, with scores of applications on file. It became a problem requiring immediate solution. The problem was solved by establishing industries which employed the students at useful work and paid their expenses with something to spare. It was the only school of this kind in the world.

It must be mentioned here that the U. U. was first established as an educational institution solely for the youth of the Llano del Rio Colony, the pioneer of those co-operative enterprises that were the phenomenon of the decade from 1920 to 1930 and which allied themselves under the name of The Associated Colonies during the thirties and became a power in the political and industrial movements of this country for many years. Of course the U. U. became the source of education for the ambitious persons of all the colonies, but

this was not to happen for ten years after the system of admitting industrial students was introduced, and after student-industries had become a part of the U. U. providing work for all.

But on this particular invigorating morning the history classes were in session. This was a morning study; in the afternoon these students would be seen in the various industries, though but a few hours amply sufficed to satisfy all needs. In the lecture room of Prof. Warren, instructor in Economic History, a class of young men and women listened with absorbed interest. Nor was it the forced attention simulated by classes of a generation previous in schools throughout the world. And neither were the attentive students of that type formerly associated with studiousness — the pale, spectacled anemic specimens who shut themselves off from all but study. Prof. Warren had the physique of an athletic director, while the young men and women might have been chosen for physical perfection. This physical perfection was due to the system of the U. U. first established with the Montessori school in 1915.

The instructor was speaking.

"We now take up the most interesting developments of the Commercial period. You remember how the wage system superseded the slave and self system. Now it, too, began to present acute problems, and early in the present century they began to be more or less generally recognized, though but few persons were able to trace them from cause to effect. Clearly Capitalism was breaking down and radical measures were necessary to save it. You recall that we have already learned how this became one of the ever-menacing problems and how it reached its first generally critical stage in 1914 when the first world war broke out. Possibly many of you can remember when the Peace Pact was signed."

"Mi ne scias la jaron," spoke a youthful student.

She used the universal tongue, Esperanto. This had been a feature of the Colony Schools everywhere from the very first, and was usually preferred by the younger people because of the greater lucidity with which ideas were expressed; it was a sort of shorthand of language to them. Frequently ques-

tions propounded by the instructors in English brought answers in Esperanto; its use came as naturally to these young men and women as English. Her remark was, "I know not the year."

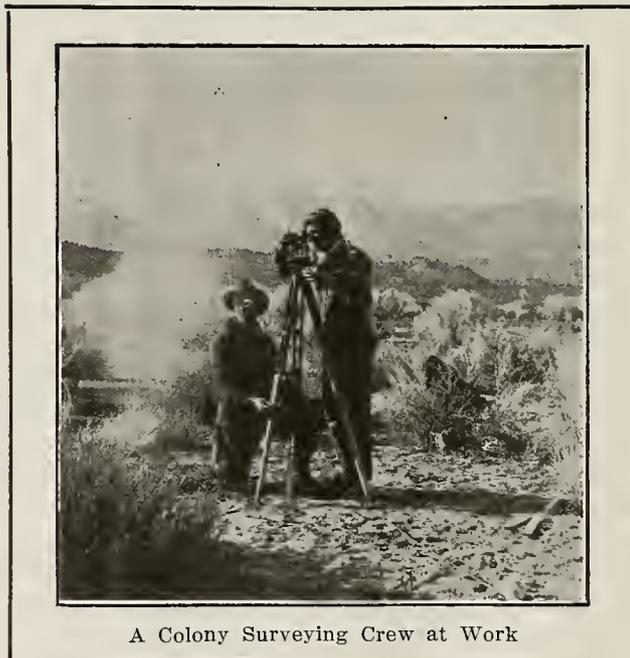
"The date is immaterial," resumed Prof. Warren. "We need not definitely say which year it was. This point is not so important—history is concerned by epochs and events, not bounded by precise years.

"It will be difficult for you to conceive of the appalling chaos of those times, even before the war began. While your motion picture history course has shown you the people of the times, their way of living, etc., yet you can not get the psychology of it all by means of films. Imagine each little independent nation with its army, its president or potentates, its law-making bodies, its functionaries of all kinds, but most of them useless. Each country was a world unto itself; it cared nothing for the rest of the Earth except to profit from it in some manner. Nationalism was taught instead of patriotism as you know it. Of course, you can look back now and say, 'How absurd not to have a world senate,' but it must be remembered that individualism was the trait that ruled the actions and thoughts of our grandfathers. Co-operation was the dream food of cranks; practical men dominated.

"So enamored of this theory were they, so egotistical, so cocksure, that the most significant incidents made not the slightest dent in their self-esteem. This is best illustrated by the awakening of China. After lying dormant for centuries, outstripped by the upstart nations of the west, it had, almost at a bound, leaped from a despotic government to that of a republic. China seemed to have gathered strength from this

thousand-year nap and the stored-up energy of her people transformed her from a slumberland to a land teeming with activity and industry. It's half-billion people made the chrysalis emerge a great giant whose resourcefulness amazed the world.

"But this happened mostly while the European nations were slaughtering their best men, and when they had adjusted their quarrels after twenty million men were killed, China was a new menace. Following in the path of commercial enterprise hewed by the western world, for-



A Colony Surveying Crew at Work

eign trade became the Chinese ambition and Chinese-marked goods were to be seen in every market; the Chinese flag was in every port.

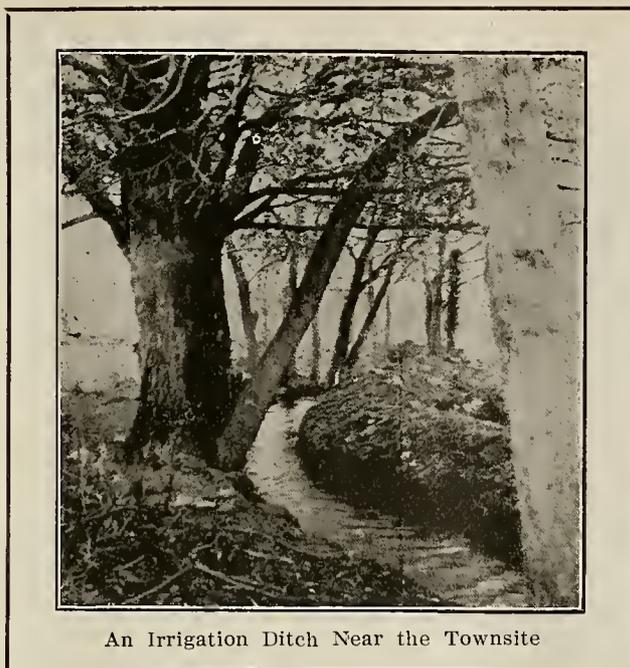
"Now this was one of the most potent factors in healing the hates engendered by the war. The spectre of the Yellow man haunted them all. German tolerated Briton, Frenchman planned with Austria, Russian conversed with Bulgar. The common danger was a bludgeon forcing them together. The Chinese flag followed Chinese goods; the Chinese army was drilled to protect the Chinese flag. Though at first dominated by the Japanese, the Chinese soon shook loose and took the initiative. The idea of an Oriental Confederacy grew—India, Siam, Japan, the Philippines—with China the whip hand. This was the first form of the new Asiatic association. Soon envious eyes were cast on Siberia, and it became Russia's constant dread that a new "scourge of God" should lead a Yellow Horde from the East.

"All Europe felt this fear of the new-born East. Russia, Germany, France, England, Italy, Austria, the Balkans—impotent alone, mutually jealous, each hiding her weakness—forgot their grievances in the face of this hideous wraith and hurried to form the Union of Europe. No nation could long remain neutral. Turkey and Egypt joined with Persia in the short-lived Asiatic Entente, but it soon broke up, with Egypt a member of the Union of Europe and the others aligning themselves with the East.

"Even before this, fear had begun to gnaw at the Americas. Brazil had become a competitor of the United States. During the war Canada had entered largely into the world's trade, and the Dominion was being exploited as a commercial nation. Mexico had become an export country. But their jealousy of one another was overshadowed by fear of the Orient. Out of this timorousness grew the Pan-American Union, taking in the Western Hemisphere.

"Australia and New Zealand, with Africa, joined the Union of Europe. The latter became the joint property of all the nations of this combination.

"Now the growth of the Oriental Confederation must necessarily lead to certain sequences. Applying the law of evolution, which you know so well, it meant



An Irrigation Ditch Near the Townsite

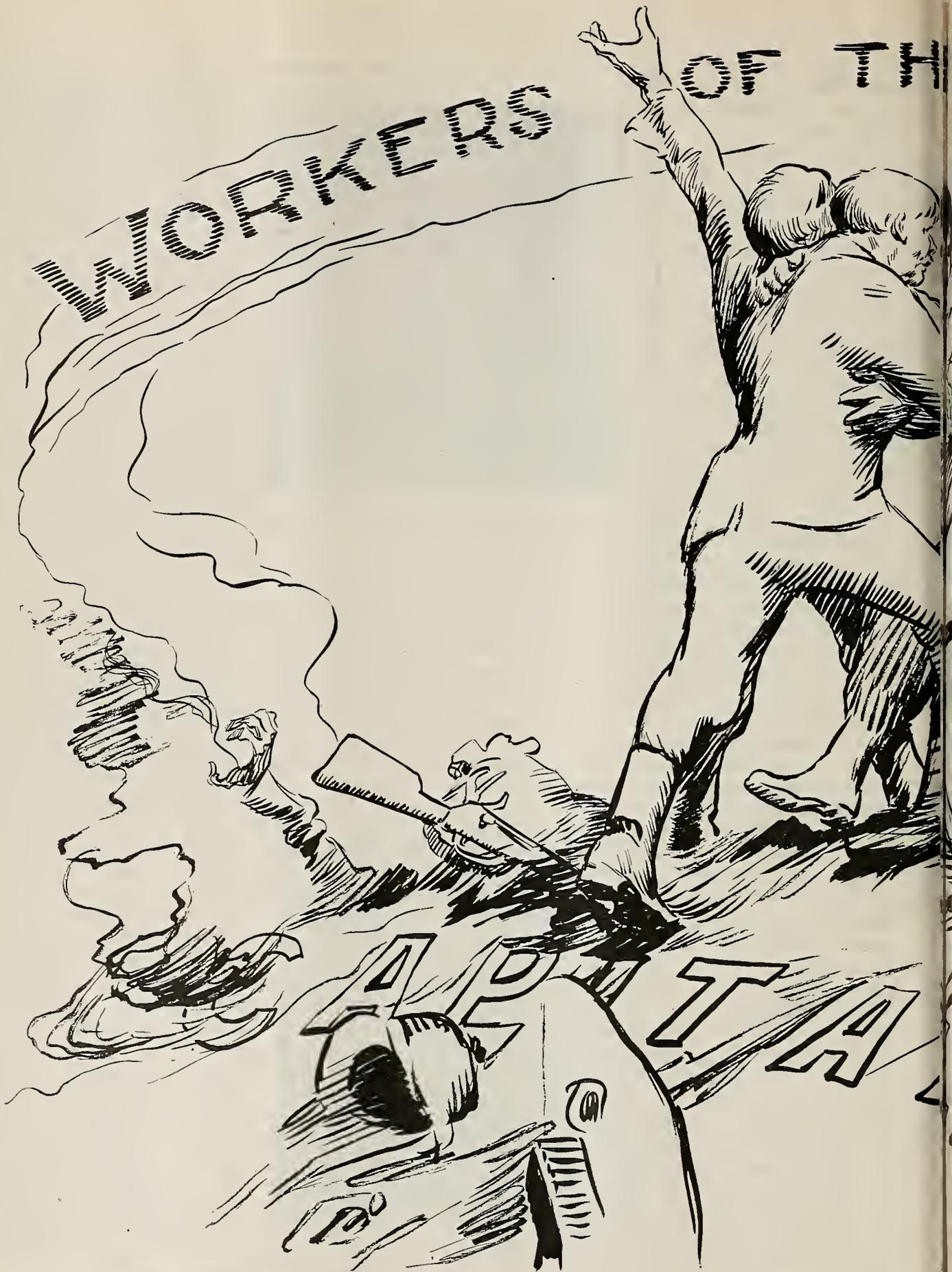
that an aggressive move would be made to capture the world's markets, backing this up with army and navy. It means that Europe must arm again, and this time on a vaster scale; as teacher for the East she had but herself to blame that the lesson had been so well learned.

"In the United States whether to arm or not to arm became the all-absorbing question. The Pacifists had grown in strength, drawing lessons from the European conflict. But, on the other hand the Preparedists pointed out that it was an

age when war was almost unavoidable, and must, therefore, be prepared for.

"Now again I must direct your attention to the Profiteers who ruled every nation. Many were kind-hearted men who abhorred war, yet they were foremost in competing for foreign trade; they stole the markets of the fighting nations of Europe, thus treading the road that led directly to trouble. In the election of 1916 the question was fought along the lines of Shall We Prepare? Being better organized and with a greater incentive—here again you will note the working of the law of Economic Determinism—the Preparedists were able to win, and the nucleus of the Pan-American Armada was established.

"Note that the seeds of war were sown side by side with the seeds of peace. The worn-out nations of Europe had learned their bitter lesson. They were ready for lasting peace. But with the three great World Associations formed to compete for trade it meant that war must eventually ensue; such gigantic preparations could not be left idle long. The world lay divided into three armed camps, and the best energies of all were turned to the building of newer and more hideous death-dealing devices. Huge fortunes were constantly offered as prizes to stimulate inventive genius. The ingenuity of the greatest constructive minds were, grimly enough, turned to building destructive engines. But before dismissing you I want to emphasize this point: While it was an age of individualism, the cooperative spirit was already infiltrating everywhere. Yet the people of those days failed to see it; it was another significant phase of the Evolution they so little understood, and refused to heed."

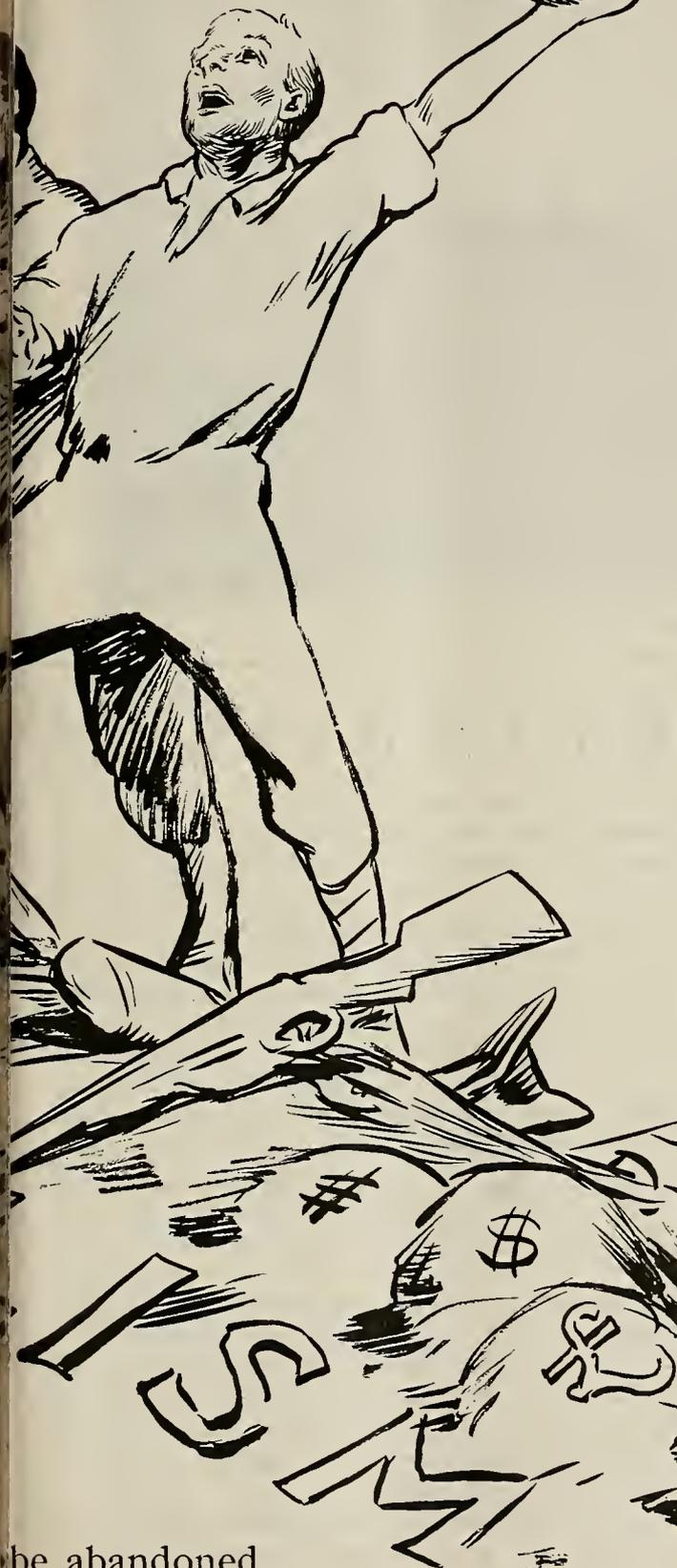


—Drawn for the Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf

The next tren

WORLD

WENT



be abandoned

5/15



Plowing Lines for Tree Planting



STALWART workers at the Llano del Rio Colony are showing greater activity, enthusiasm and hope than ever before since the inception of the enterprise. Attacks on us by capitalist newspapers and disturbers have drawn the comrades closer together and their solidarity makes for still better co-operation.

Everybody has a shoulder to the wheel of progress. The colonists laugh through assembly meetings and there has been no bickerings of late. Men and women are singing at their work. With the spirit that prevails there is nothing that can prevent the colony making unbounded success.

The splendid showing in the annual financial report has put heart into the weakest. Letters of encouragement and appreciation come from absent members all over the country. The progress of the enterprise in all departments is at the highest mark.

The spring-planting season is here. Preparations are being made and work is being done to take advantage of the season's call. Every one here realizes that in order to make Llano grow and the desert to bloom as the rose, a vast amount of labor must be expended.

The weather has been unusually mild for the past three weeks, or practically since the first of February. Indeed, it is hard to realize that it is winter. The days

Enthusiasm

By R. K.

have been warm and the nights pleasantly cool and so propitious has been the weather that vegetation has begun to bud and carpet the hills and valleys hereabout. The big tractor is steadily clearing land.

The caterpillar engine has been doing yeoman service almost twenty-four hours of the day. During the day leveling and clearing the land has been going on and when the night falls plows are put behind it and work is continued throughout the night with three shifts of men. It is surprising what enormous amount of work this little thing will do, which, by the way, is a 30-horsepower affair. It does the work of at least twelve horses and has the advantage of consuming nothing when standing still. Its diet consists mainly of distillate and oil.

The plowing and leveling on the Hubbard place, which is south of the ditch, is almost completed. But little remains to be done to make it ready for seeding. Seeding has been going on for some time and that work will be continued until the whole of the land lying between the upper and lower ditches is one solid mass of alfalfa and barley.

One hundred and sixty acres is now being prepared under direction of O. W. Luton, of the agricultural de-



Digging Holes for Pear Orchard

Rules Llano

WILLIAMS partment, just back of the Tighlman ranch and north of the lower ditch. This will be put into barley and alfalfa. This piece of land is very near the intake and irrigation, therefore, will be very easy.

To the north of the land in question, P. A. Knobbs, of the garden department, is plowing and preparing for a big garden. It is not quite certain just how many acres at this time, but the land being worked on now is fully forty acres. The location of the garden tract is in a most favored locality.

The high line ditch, meaning that a new survey has been made in order to see how far up the hillside, back of the permanent townsite the water can be carried, is being widened at the bottom to five feet. The upper and lower ditches will prove quite an advantage as can be seen at a glance.

Organization is better than ever before. There is less confusion and the managers' meetings, which are held nightly, are being solidly attended and much interest is manifested. Twenty-five managers and foremen take seats about the long table in the new office building, and the room is already grown too small. At least 75 to 100 interested onlookers attend the meetings to see how things are being done and what is in

prospect. Complete order prevails and the session is over in an hour or less and the notes made by the stenographer graphically tell the story of the doings day by day on the ranch.

It may be interesting to know that the managers' meeting of the Llano farm is unique in a way. Every successful organization in the country has adopted and is using some such method of keeping its men in touch with the affairs of the ranch, work is arranged, teams apportioned, men assigned and machinery disposed of for the next day's work. All matters pertaining to the ranch is brought up at these meetings and usually settled very quickly. The thing that is unusual is the fact that it is not a parliamentary body, no motions being made, hence nothing to reconsider and no red tape to dispense with. Every day sees the utility of the managers' meeting and as the days go by its effectiveness will grow.

Llano is now connected with the outside world by telephone. F. O. Harper is completing arrangements to connect by phones the dairy, horse corral and the Tighlman ranch. Much travel about the ranch has been eliminated and Los Angeles is but a minute away now.

For the week ending February 19, Copley's poultry department turned into the commissary 128 dozen eggs. The work of enlarging the chicken ranch is under way.

Five thousand holes have been dug under Horti-

culturist Dawson on the east quarter section. The work of hole digging will soon be over, and the work of inserting the trees started.

Joseph Bowers of the dairy department reports for the week ending Feb. 19, that he is receiving 135 gallons of milk daily and that there is no sickness in the herd.

C. H. Scott of the building department reports that work has started on the industrial building at the new town site. Materials are being hauled there now. The roof on the laundry building is completed. Much repair work has been done by this department during the past three weeks. Work has been caught up and from now on efforts will be directed on the new town-site, which is located about two miles from the present site of Llano.

The hog department has grown somewhat and now more than twenty pens are available for the little and big porkers.

Tanning is regularly going forward and the leather turned out is of exceptional quality. All rabbit hides are being tanned now and the finished product is as pliable as cloth. A good quality of razor strops are being made at the tannery. One hundred and seventy-six rabbit hides were turned into the tannery last week. The tannery is providing all the leather used at the new shoe shop and the harness shop.

Ray Proebstel, the surveyor, is continuing work on the townsite and has two blocks wholly completed, as well as the new industrial site. It won't be long now until a substantial building will command a view of the great valley to the north. Architect William Braun is busily engaged in making drawings for the city and he has completed dozens of different designs for the interiors of the new homes. The lines he has so far drawn are very beautiful.

A drying house has been constructed at the brickyard and only the roof is lacking to have the brick-making machines busy at work. When the covering is made weather will have no effect on the brick industry.

Ending February 19, the rabbitry turned in some interesting figures. There were weaned 168 rabbits; 64 litters were born; 255 pounds of rabbits killed and 176 hides turned to the tannery. Summer shades are being made for the corral and the land about the rabbitry is being fenced preparatory to planting vegetables for the rabbits.

The lime kiln at Bobs Gap is progressing well. March 1 will see the kiln in active operation and probably will be second to none as a burner of lime rock. Lime is badly needed and as a matter of fact is the only thing required to make work on the new townsite rush.

J. J. Leslie with a crew of two men and a tractor,

cleared 73 acres of land last week and burned the brush. This acreage has been railed twice.

F. J. Wright, the expert rug maker from Fresno, has completed up to Feb. 19, seven rag rugs and one burlap rug. He is using but one of his looms, as he has not sufficient space. Much interest is being manifested by all the colonists as immediate returns from rags can be seen. As soon as the laundry building is enlarged this manufactory will be placed therein and greater efficiency will be shown.

The managers of the various departments hand weekly a report to be read Sunday evenings, which proves of great interest. This innovation has proved a success and now everyone that cares to hear and know what has been done has this opportunity. These reports have opened the eyes of many people, as it is impossible for one person to keep fully informed on what is taking place at all times over such a vast acreage. It takes quite a number of men to run the ranch at Llano.

One of the most delightful and instructive visits that the writer had in a long time was to the Montessori school, conducted by Mrs. Prudence Stokes Brown, with able assistants, recently. He happened in just as dinner was being served and watched with great interest the little tots line up in Cafeteria style for their portions. It was amusing and pleasing to see with what care they tiptoed to their seats at the little low tables and then sat back waiting for all to be served. Thirty-three children of tender age ranged themselves about the tables with as much or more decorum than grown people. The way they helped each other was truly a delight. With all possible courtesy little boys helped little girls to this thing or that and the solicitude shown was truly affecting. Not a loud or boisterous word was spoken, and the table manners displayed by the little guests were amazing. The table was set and the chairs were arranged by the children, and, too, without a word of instruction. Everything was in perfect order. Each plate had the cutlery neatly laid beside it, with not the slightest variation in distance. The spoons in a box were all laid one within the other. The knives and forks were arranged in the same manner by the children assigned to this work. Mrs. Brown said that children loved order and that given proper incentive they were as dainty and as particular as the most fastidious housewife.

The mothers and fathers of these children are proud of this Montessori school. Children are being taught manners, relationship and social ethics that will be a living standard and by the time they graduate from this delightful home they will be ready to take their place in new environments with perfect aplomb.



Part of the Colony's Garden Ready for Planting

EVERY big movement to emancipate suffering mankind has had to bear with persecutions, villifications and misrepresentations. This can be explained on two grounds: ignorance, which begets intolerance, and on the patent thing called Economic Determinism.

A few weeks ago the State Corporation Commissioner made a report, if not taken from a disgruntled member, at least echoed the sentiments once heard on the floor of the Assembly hall. The report caused some consternation in the hearts of people who are friendly to the cooperative idea and of this greatest of all cooperative efforts. Persons who were not able to discriminate were stampeded.

There was a great deal in the report that was literally true and that, of course, will not hurt anyone. There was more than a generous amount of innendo of things gone wrong that indeed does put in an improper light the true situation at Llano. There is no objection to the financial situation of the colony being made public. There is no mystery and never has been about this phase of the company. If a person did not understand, it was because he did not go to the proper place in which to find out.

The principal difficulty with most people is that

they think a thing and learn to believe it. It does not matter what the truth is. They will act as quickly on an untruth and be as earnest about it as if they were truly following on the paths of rectitude. One will find people that take a man's word and then act as though the man should not be investigated. Many persons do not think for themselves. They are waiting for a leader and when that leader comes they listen attentively for awhile and thinking they have absorbed all of the leader's thought, begin to form a new cult, a new religion or a new colony, as the case may be.

There is one essential difference between Llano and the rest of the world. In Llano a new psychology is in the making. People as a rule change twice and later a third time—sometimes wrong, mostly to the right way of thinking. To make this clear, an example will be cited of a man, a seemingly sensible, capable, money-making man and a Socialist.

For weeks and months this man dreamed of the colony at Llano del Rio. He was living in the northern part of the state of California. His business was good, but he had no heart in it. He wanted to get to that "dream city" and help lay the marble slabs and

(Continued on Page 27)

M o n t e s s o r i a n s



VISIT to the Montessori school at Llano, California.

By A. C. A.

It had been raining for a week or more, and the roads were as bad as desert roads can be, though that is not bad at all from the point of view of a dweller in a clay district; still as I looked around the immaculate school and watched the crowd of children trooping towards the door, I sighed with a housekeeper's prevision of disaster.

But the crowd was intercepted and diverted; something happened at the back door, and when they filed in from that direction the "real estate" had been eliminated, and each showed, as they passed, a clean handkerchief. When school opened some of these children had not made acquaintance with that important article. In those cases the handkerchiefs were lent them, but they must be brought to school clean each morning. Ultimately they all acquired both the handkerchiefs and the habit of using them.

On this day the usual routine had been altered. The Guide to Wisdom had been absent at story telling time, so the more energetic kiddies attacked the piled tables and benches and unpacking them according to some law which had previously been impressed upon them, set them carefully in their places. It was delightful to see very little tots studying the angle between the bench and the table with an eye to correct alignment and an inner conviction to its importance; just the expression that I had seen on the face of an artist stepping back from his easel to get the effect of the whole.

Then some of them began taking off the chintz covers which had been wrapped around the stands of shelves on which their toys were stored. These covers had been adjusted carefully by them the night before, the angles laid smooth and pinned tight, and now they were to be taken off in just the right way. It took two children to handle the cloth, possibly 10x6, and one boy of six found himself alone and called a companion to his aid. Billie's attention, however, was attracted elsewhere, and seeing the child's dilemma an assistant Guide took a hand. But Billie, looking around suddenly, observed what was going on, and took the end of the cloth from the assistant with dignified and repressed indignation. Was not this the children's house? Were not they alone responsible for its management? What business had the assistant Guide with his shelf cover? In so many movements the reason for which they had been trained to understand,

that dragging inconvenience had been reduced to accurates compactness, and put in its place—like the Guide, who stood back smiling.

By this time most of the children had provided themselves with a toy. Sometimes half a dozen would occupy themselves with one engaging problem. They would even let a Guide play it with them, discovering thus many strange things. I sat down by a boy who had a box of cylinders he was pondering over. He took one up solemnly and demonstrated to me that it had something which might have been sand inside. "Soft," he said. Then he shook another cylinder: it sounded like small stones. "Loud," he said. It was a test of hearing. He was going to try to put them in the box in the order of their gradation of sound. The variation I soon discovered was quite minute.

But the Guide to Wisdom was beckoning me, "Just see how beautifully Cecil plays this game," she said. I sat down by Cecil. He had a frame with two pieces of cloth tacked to it, each of which had six strings attached to its edge; the game being to tie six bows, right. Ah! there was the rub. Can you tell me out of hand how many motions are involved in tying a bow? Cecil knows.

But there was a more interesting feature to this case. No child in this, his own house, is obliged to do anything. He just falls naturally into doing something because there are so many interesting things to do. But Cecil had stood around idle and aimless for three months. With all the others busy around him he alone had stood aloof, until this toy had claimed him for its own. The day before he had tied those bows steadily for two hours. Today he appeared inclined to repeat the feat. He had learned to do one thing perfectly; how entrancing! Soon he would make new conquests.

I had to go away for a little while. When I came back the table had been set, still by the children. One little tot was filling all the glasses with water. The pitcher was small, but still he had to hold it with both hands, and he was filling each glass just full enough, not too full, and not a drop fell on the table. In the kitchen four babies were standing on a bench by the table (their heads would have been about on a level with it if they had been on the floor), buttering toast, which other tots were toasting on the stove. It took a great deal of toast for twenty or thirty children, but they did it all themselves.

There are great things planned for the Llano schools, but it is not difficult to have faith in their realization after even a brief investigation of this Great Beginning.

O n B i g R o c k C r e e k



This stream, which is the main source of supply for the Llano del Rio Community, reaches torrential proportions during the winter months. It is the plan to conserve all this immense run off and use it to irrigate additional vast tracts of the colony lands.

Big Rock Canyon is ever popular with the colonists and many impromptu picnics are enjoyed by them.



L l a n o M u s i n g s



CHEER up, brave hearts of the Llano, and fear not though the storms of the desert shake your tents, or the ignorance of the mentally misnourished cause you discomfort, or if petty tyranny by a more petty official endeavors to destroy you—for you shall win!

Persecutions, calumnies, criticisms and opposition are powerless in the face of loyal co-operative effort. The sneer and the criticism of the vicious, and the ignorant without and within your ranks will strengthen your resolve to succeed. It will act as fuel for the fire of your ideal.

If co-operation is wrong in principle, you will fail; and the better you co-operate the quicker you will fall. But if it is right, then the storms will only cull out the chaff and reveal the real and golden grain. This is true in every walk of life; in art, in politics, in science. Every new idea will rouse against itself an inevitable storm of opposition by those who are unaccustomed or unadapted to such a new idea. Bruno, Voltaire, Galileo, Paine, Ingersoll and Marx, all great minds in science and philosophy, have had the venomous arrows of ignorance and bigotry driven at their hearts by those who in logic ought to have been their friends. We must expect to get it from within as well as from without. But that which comes from within is the more painful and bitter. Still we must eject it from our system if we would be well. Against that which assails us from without we can be on our guard. The collectivity must defend itself against all foes.

The problem of the Llano is and will be primarily a problem of collective production for collective use. To do that we need collective, harmonious action because upon the harmonious action of the individuals in the organization depends the efficiency of the work; and upon the efficiency with which the work is done depends the results. All that is needed is men and women who are interested in causing their enterprise to grow and develop as a source of communal wealth. And those who want to make it anything else than a source of wealth and comfort are seeing spooks.

Llano is run by the living and for the living, and when the dead arrive we will find them a resting place. We care not whether a man worships the ghosts of the past or of the future. We are neither a church or a seance room. We only band together to produce and enjoy material things in a material world, in a material way, and you can have your spirits in a bottle, in the sky or in a cabinet, so long as they do

By JOHN DEQUER

not interfere with your efficient co-operation while you are on the job.

We are organized for useful deeds—not to advance certain creeds. There are people whose minds are so metaphysical that they will live on faith six hours between each meal, but at meal time they are on earth four square. Now I have no quarrel with their metaphysics, because “meta” means “beyond,” “physic,” we all understand, and when we are beyond that, generally speaking, we are quite useless to ourselves and everyone else.

Llano is not a dream world of fairy rose gardens and Arcadian ideals. It is a job of reclaiming the Mojave desert and making it a fit habitation. The Mojave is real. The job is real, and requires loyal red blooded co-operators to raise it to its highest possibilities, and we have them; great, noble, wholehearted souls with faith in the land and each other. These are the bearers of the new ideal and idea to combine their small resources into a corporation for mutual benefit. They will succeed though they have to fight all the forces of ignorant scepticism from without and all the chimerical idealism from within. The realists face reality in a real way, meeting conditions in a practical way, and sticking with determined energy to the course they have chosen. They will reap a reward of plenty and peace, and that at no distant day.

To plow and to sow, to reap and to mow, to quarry and to build, to eat and to dress, to laugh and to sing, to learn and to love; all this is being done more fully as the days go by.

Does not the Socialist party aim at all these things? Yes, on a greater and grander scale. Socialism is building the great temple of humanity in which some day the race shall dwell. But while the temple is being builded why should we sit naked under the stars when we can organize with our comrades and build a house and have our needs supplied? Llano cares for the now; Socialism builds for the morrow.

The fact is that many people are not adaptable to anything new. They stray upon the stage of life suffering mental photophobia. They fear the light, hence they endeavor to stay in darkness. These cannot be saved and, like an inflamed vermiform appendix, must be eliminated or they destroy the body. This is cruel as Jaweh, but needful as bread.

These people are not bad; they are often very sincere. — But sincerity means little. No one ever disputes the sincerity of a rattle snake—only do not get friendly with him on that account. Sincerity is fine

(Continued on Page 31)

W e d d i n g B e l l s



It is the custom in Millville to prefix

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN she had gone over the bed with a rake, she sat down in the spring sunshine on the warm, moist sod to read the directions on the paper packets of vegetable seeds. Mrs. Socialist Bricklayer Barnes might know how the little reptile of her recent experience happened to be her steenth cousin; she might know something of how world bodies met, united and propagated; and why, when a laborer has worked four hours he ought to begin looking for his hat and coat; but she distinctly did not know whether you planted lettuce and radish seeds a half inch in the ground or two feet. But she meant to find out.

the names of the married ladies with the occupations of their respective husbands. Mrs. Judge T. M. Parker, whose husband is Justice of the Peace, city undertaker, stationer and furniture dealer, once explained it in this way:

“When you say Mrs. Martin, or Mrs. Perkins, or Mrs. Hawkins, or Mrs. Barnes, you don’t tell much; but when you say Mrs. Banker Martin or Mrs. Druggist Perkins or Reverend Mrs. Hawkins, or Mrs. Bricklayer Barnes, you tell a lot.” Then she added:

“And if I had my way we’d all say Mrs. Episcopal Banker Martin and Mrs. Presbyterian Druggist Perkins, and Mrs. Reverend Methodist Hawkins, and Mrs. Socialist Bricklayer Barnes. In that way we’d tell everything right away and save our breaths.” Mrs. Baptist Judge Parker prided herself on being practical.

But this isn’t a story of Mrs. Baptist Judge Parker. It’s a story of her eighteen-year-old daughter Nellie, who with great pomp and rejoicing had just become Mrs. Beetgrower Preston and was living in her brand new cottage just at the edge of town, adjoining the old Thornton place upon which the Bricklayer Socialist Barneses had recently moved. Mrs. Bricklayer Socialist Barnes also figures in the story as villainness or good fairy, depending upon your point of view.

Mrs. Bricklayer Socialist Barnes was running a little one-wheeled hand plow over the east section of her back yard. Her face was very red and upon it was an expression of mingled joy and despair. It was her first experience at backyard, intensified ranching, or any other kind for that matter. But not for a moment did she falter.

“Five feet one in her stockings and every inch a fighter,” her husband often said of her proudly.

She thought of that, and gripped the plow handle anew. She hated a coward or a quitter! Then she dropped the handle, turned quite pale, screamed and tried to climb a peach tree. “Oh, I almost stepped on it.”

“It” was a very large, very horny, horned toad. It scuttled across the plowed ground and disappeared in a friendly bush.

Five-Feet-One returned to her plow, giggling sheepishly. “I guess it’s because the nasty thing’s big, fierce ancestors used to chase mine,” she mused. “How some instincts do stick.”

“Cover with one-fourth inch fine soil firmly pressed down,” she read, and rose to obey directions.

Her hand touched the dark, moist clods. It gave her a delicious sensation. Never in all her life before had she felt new turned sod. Suddenly she sat up alertly, her eyes blazing. Almost, almost she felt the warm earth throb!

“I believe it’s true!” she whispered. “True! It’s alive. All matter lives and breathes! There’s no such a thing as dead matter!”

She got down on her knees and laid her ear close to the sod. Breathless, she listened. Did she only imagine it, that soft stirring, like her sleeping baby’s breath, or did she really hear it? It was spring!

She forgot where she was, forgot her nearness to the road until a figure came between the horizon and her rapt eyes. It was Mrs. Baptist Judge Parker on her way to visit her newly married daughter.

Mrs. Socialist Bricklayer Barnes again had cause to giggle sheepishly, as she assumed a position in keeping with the scheme of the universe and the usages of polite society.

“Good morning, Mrs. Parker,” she called cheerfully.

“Good morning,” Mrs. Parker replied, not pausing for a moment, but even hastening her steps.

Mrs. S. B. looked after her thoughtfully. “I don’t seem to get acquainted very fast. I suppose she thinks I’m crazy, standing on my head like that.”

Mrs. B. J. hurried pantingly on, not being built on hurrying lines. She was musing, too, or cogitating, let us say, as the word seemed to suit better her proportions.

“I must write to the Los Angeles Times and find what it means when Socialists stand on their ears. Some free love ceremony, I’ll be bound. I’m scared to have Nellie live down here by such people.”

Not realizing that she was a menace, Mrs. Brick-

layer Barnes went on with her planting. She was commencing with the radishes when she heard the soft thud of running steps behind her, and turning saw Nellie, the new bride. She had on a little blue cap and kimona, daintily embroidered with a thousand careful stitches and who knows how many thousand girlish dreams. Her eyes were red and swollen and she spoke in short gasps. She must have run all the way across the beet field.

"Oh hide me, hide me! Don't let mamma find me!"

Mrs. Socialist Bricklayer Barnes cast aside her seeds.

"Of course I will. I'd like to rescue a good many young girls from their mammas. Come in quick."

She seized the girl's hand and led her into the house. "Now," she said, sitting down in front of the little bride, quite like a doctor in consultation, "tell me all about it."

"Oh I knew you'd help me. Mamma says you don't believe in marriage, and I don't either. Oh, how I hate it."

Mrs. S. B.'s eyes grew big. "I not believe in marriage!"

"Yes, she says it's true because you keep your certificate in a book on chickens. She found out the day she came to see you."

"Oh," said Mrs. S. B., smiling at some recollection. "The serap of paper—Let's not talk about me, let's talk about you. You don't want to be married. Tell me why."

Crimson floods swept the girl's face. "I can't," she whispered.

"Oh yes you can. Come! Don't you love your husband? I'm sure you did before you married him. I used to watch you go by together."

Nellie stole a look at her face. She did not seem in the least horrified. She had the same kind of a smile

that she had when she was talking about the weather. Very low the little bride began.

"I thought I loved him, but I don't now. I hate him."

"Why?"

"I know the secret."

"What secret?"

"The married woman's secret." Lower and lower.

"Yes? What's that?"

"You know," she whispered. "It's that men are beasts."

Mrs. S. B. frowned and clinched her hands. Five feet one she was, and every inch a fighter. "Has your husband abused you?"

Nellie shook her head. "No, but I know."

"Yes? How do you know, my dear?"

"After mamma and every one had left, he said: 'Thank God they've gone at last! Now you're all mine!' Then he kissed me and—and—oh, I can't tell the rest! He never kissed me like that before. And then I knew. And whenever he comes near me I begin to shake. I can't help it. He has moved out into the tank house."

"Why, the poor boy!"

The girl rose, wringing her hands. "Oh, what shall I do? I can't go back! I can't! And I can't tell mamma. She'd say, 'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' And she'd make me go back. And she knew, too! Knew and wouldn't tell me! Just let me walk right into a trap. That's the way they treat girls—they set traps for girls—the men do—and the women sit back and let us walk right into them! Even your own mother."

She poured out all her disillusion, her pent-up grief and fear.

"And I know why they do it, too. Oh, I figured

(Continued on Page 30)

T h e P r e p a r e r s

THEY grace the velvet depths of Profit's pulpits By A. F. GANNON And slyly gild the gory art of slaying

And bid the burdened meekly bear their yoke;
Denouncing those brave spirits as "low culprits"

Who flout the masters and the slaves provoke.

They ply perfervid pens in prostitution
(Without the spur that speeds the strumpet's shame),

Whose genius could enkindle revolution

In souls yet stranger to the sacred flame.

They prate of "peace" and, in the guise of playing,
Inculcate murder in the mind of youth;

Till each child spurns the native gold of ruth.

They glibly dwell upon the nation's "mission,"

And cry: "To arms!" on the pretext of peace,
Until the stupid mass, swayed by attrition,

Conceives the thought bred in its brain obese.

And ye who sit supine amid the splendor

Of high ideals or a love of self,

Betimes shall waken or be forced to render

Your blood and manhood to these pimps of pelf!

Enthusiasm Rules Llano

(Continued from Page 21)

bring to fruition the hope of the ages. Plato saw it and described it well; St. Simon saw it also and tried it; Robert Owen lived it for a time; Oneida was the mecca for years; Ruskin saw devotees pour in; East Aurora builded great and solid; Zion City contained zealots of an idea. These and other great emancipatory efforts filled the mind of the man in question. Nothing but auroras, tinted and alluring, held his attention. He would talk to none that were not in sympathy with him and his ideas. He constructed homes, cities, palaces, estates—in fact air castles, and strange to say, for these dreams he ever got ready and receptive audiences too.

At last fortune favored him and he got away from business long enough to run to the colony and "look it over," as the saying goes. The only thing that charmed him was the homes of next year, the views of the towering, sky-piercing crests, snow covered and bewildering in sun and moonshine, the fast automobile ride, the redolent odors of exhaling spring, the drizzle of the night, all of which were invigorating. He did not see a thing that he came to see. The great plain to the north and east with its long undulations dissolving in the distance; changing colors, lights and shadows. These were the things he saw and appreciated.

The things the man did not see, nor could he see if he had tried, was the land, water, adobe houses, little, not palaces; tents, ungainly barns, long and short horn cattle; plebeian rabbits; fluffy chickens and the season's dependability. He joined.

The man in question later returned bag and baggage. He was filled with enthusiasm at first. He was going to have that city whether or no. The electric lights must bloom on each yucca tree and a long line of lights would adorn the Madre hills from the Big Rock to the Mescal, a distance of twelve miles. The Santa Fe, thirty-five miles away, winding its way through the jagged hills to the south, must run into a shaft of

light from a giant searchlight placed upon the dream tower hundreds of feet in height. Los Angeles ninety miles away must be startled and entertained nightly by the weird reflections in the heavens of the wonders of Llano. These simple things were to be but a few of the achievements that he had come to the colony to perform.

For a couple of weeks he "lazed" around awaiting some sort of move in this direction and was immeasurably pained to see none. He, however, noticed men being taken in autos to work at the lime kiln, to the Hubbard place, to the Tighman ranch and to the land at Mescal. He observed men with picks and shovels and hoes going into the fields and orchards. He saw men driving wagons filled with lumber, bags, and hay. He noticed the dairy cows turned into this field and into that and later saw them driven to the long barn and he saw the ugly sight of milkers milking the cows and yet later, he saw the butter on the tables and milk there too, and he saw the churn at work and wrappers busy putting it up in pound packages. He went to the commissary and saw men and women buying things and taking them home. Most astonishing of all, he heard preparations for work here and there. Work! Work! What a shock. This city of his was not to be built by work but by genii hands.

This man wandered about in a daze for a month and finally made the discovery that work is the basis of everything; that if a dream city is to be built the masons must be there; big wagons must haul the brick and stone and sand and lime. The carpenters must saw and hammer and the landscape man must bend his back and sweat over every flower or bush; that aching muscles must be the reward of this thing to be. Astonishing discovery!

With the discovery came a new incentive to work at something worth while. The dreams, like a shimmering drapery, dropped off and lay in the distant land of fox fire. A new psychology had been

(Continued on Page 29)

If you think the war in Europe has shattered Socialism, read L. B. Boudin's famous book,

"Socialism and War"

and let this eminent author, who is one of the foremost in the Socialist ranks, put you right. Socialism is NOT shattered. It is NOT even dented.

As a matter of fact, it is only upon applying the magic touch of Socialist interpretation that the war reveals its fundamental causes, meaning and consequences. Instead of destroying Socialist theory, the war has vindicated it.

In the course of a very suggestive historical analysis, Boudin divides the life history of capitalist society into three epochs—two of them warlike and one peaceful. In the era when capitalism is just emerging out of feudalism it wages a series of bloody wars for the extension of territory. The second epoch is the pacific period of capitalist internal development. Having secured access to the sea, having formed the nation and secured its own dominance within the nation, the capitalist class enters upon an era of peace in order to develop its resources and power at home.

The third epoch, the present one in which imperialism plays a dominant part, is essentially warlike; and its essential economic characteristic is the exportation of capital, principally in the form of iron and steel. The leading industrial nations of the world, no longer having a market at home which can be industrialized by the purchase and introduction of industrial means of production, the nations strive to secure control of undeveloped countries which can be "developed" in the sense of being industrially revolutionized.

After the general consideration of the economics and ideology of the war, Boudin, in the chapter on the "Immediate Causes of the War and the Stakes Involved," goes deep into the complicated mass of international relations that brought about the war.

After this very interesting analysis of the war, Boudin takes up the attitude of the Socialists.

He also applies the class struggle theory to the race problem, and shows how truly reactionary are the race theories of imperialism, and how progressive the Socialist theory of the same subject is. Boudin develops a theory of nationalism, internationalism, war and peace, which is truly Marxian in conception and Socialistic in outlook.

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Frank H. Ware, Associate Editor

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WASHINGTON sends out a telegram that Germany has offered Nicaragua more money than the United States for the Nicaraguan canal route, which, according to some senators, is an argument in favor of an immediate ratification of the pending treaty, and to others believe there is an ulterior purpose behind it. Watch for the wave of preparedness talk now.

* * *

AUSTRALIA is in a state of unrest. The Socialist party there has taken a position against the war and has vigorously fought enlistment. Miss Pankhurst, who recently spoke at Melbourne on "Shall Men Enlist?" was interrupted by soldiers who were sent to the meeting for the purpose of breaking it up. They almost succeeded in precipitating a riot, but finally Miss Pankhurst concluded her speech.

* * *

INDUSTRIAL affairs in Australia are in turmoil. At Broken Hill in New South Wales thousands of miners are on strike. In the same state coke workers are also on strike for higher wages. The effect of the strike will probably be far-reaching as New Castle steel works in England depend on this supply. Reports say that other industries are affected and great signs of general uneasiness. Conscription may be resorted to.

* * *

ENGLAND has called again for her single men to join the army. This proclamation will have the effect of enrolling all single men of military age who have not been exempted. This really means conscription. Eighteen-year-old boys are now being pressed into the service. The value of murder training of the Boy Scouts will now be demonstrated.

S t a r t l e r s

Sorrow ripens the soul.—AUGUST RODIN.

All that eats think is evil.—HILLAIRE BELLOC.

My reputation will take care of itself.—WOODROW WILSON.

Our navy is too weak to be a bully.—REAR ADMIRAL STANFORD.

The greatest bonehead I ever saw accused me of being one.—GEORGE PICKETT.

I promise the House at some future time to be a great deal better.—MEYER LONDON.

Firm refusal unavailing, I have been forced to submit to the people's will.—YUAN SHIH-KAI.

I don't believe in Woman Suffrage and I haven't any respect for women who dabble in such trash.—HETTY GREEN.

Be not dumb driven slaves in the army of destruction, be heroes in the army of reconstruction.—HELEN KELLER.

Any man who will sabotage when he's working for himself hasn't got sense enough to be an I. W. W.—GEORGE GIBBONS.

In marriage man finds not his mate but his housemate. It is fortunate for the system that the married man soon loses all desire for his mate in captivity.—MARION COX.

We know that hundreds of comrades have joined the Llano Colony and we would not knowingly do aught to in any sense jeopardize their interests.—THOMAS W. WILLIAMS.

The mind will not develop unless the brain is rested with enjoyment and relief from all care, and enjoys an intense excitement when such excitement results only in pleasure.—JOB HARRIMAN.

I have no country to fight for; my country is the earth; I am a citizen of the world. I would not violate my principles for God, much less for a crazy kaiser, a savage czar, a degenerate king, or a gang of pot-bellied parasites.—EUGENE V. DEBS.

Oh, our women, they are sublime! —GEN. JOFFRE.

Call me anything but Colonel.—WM. HOWARD TAFT.

I know positively that a food trust is being organized.—GIFFORD PINCHOT.

Ignorance is the only soil in which tyranny can fatten.—THOMAS DIXON.

I would be sorry to see an immense standing army organized in this country.—CARDINAL GIBBONS.

This war began in secret diplomacy. It will end in secret conferences by diplomatists.—JANE ADDAMS.

Don't elect me Assembly chairman for life. Make it a shorter term—you may want to can me.—A. A. STEWART.

Doping soldiers with ether, rum or other spirits before the attack has been largely resorted to.—JOHN GALSWORTHY.

If we have war you'll see that young fighting officers of the army want to be in my command.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Means of communication between this country and England continue bad. The king's advisors believed that making W. W. Astor a peer would be pleasing to Americans.—HOWARD BRUBAKER.

In Mexico there has been no case of wanton looting of American property by Mexicans in comparison with the wanton looting of Mexican property by Americans.—JOHN KENNETH TURNER.

Great artists paint for money. Great authors are chained to the publisher's ideals of best sellers. Physicians must bow to the prejudices of their patients. Surgeons but too often operate for the gold that is found in the appendix. The legal mind becomes the trickster for nefarious business. The legislator attaches himself to interests needing protection. The minister of Christ avoids offensive allusion to the business crimes which his parishioners are committing.—JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

Enthusiasm at Llano

(Continued from Page 27)

created: a new point of view appeared and now that man is strong for practical things, things of solidity, things made to stand. Concrete ideas take the place of the dreamy abstract. He does not entirely abandon dreams, however. But dreams are secondary now with him.

Llano is no dream city, but with active, willing cooperation on the part of the men and women and children too, the ideal of the ancients and the hope of the present will be realized. Cooperation means working together; to realize an identity of interest, and when a person is assigned to a job, for instance the building a tent, imagine the tent is to be yours and build it as if for yourself. Realize that winds blow, that rain falls, that snow quietly and softly falls, but lays heavy. The tent is the property of the builder. With this idea in mind, the cows will be stripped clean, the butter will be made sweet and sanitary, the horses shod properly and the machine with which the workman is engaged will be kept in a high state of repair. Fortunes, leisure, ideals, ethics, morals flow from the recognition of the identity of interest. Work, conscientious and loved, wrought the wonders of the world, builded the monuments that have come down through corroding time, painted the canvas with heaven-inspiring images and carved the Parian marble into word-begging forms.

The Llano that lays at the feet of the Sierra Madre is as fertile as any land can be desired. The waters that tumble down from a 6500-foot elevation run summer and winter and can feed the thirsty soil and build innumerable crops. The land is here. The water is here. From a practical level-headed point of view, from the viewpoint of a class-conscious man or woman, who continually talk of the soil and the water as being the requisites of life and deplore the fact that it is now 75 per cent controlled by the lords of capital, ought to fare magnificently here and enjoy the new world in the making.

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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Wedding Bells

(Continued from Page 26)

the whole thing out while I sat over there wishing I could die. Nobody would tell me, so I figured it out. They won't tell because if girls knew what beasts men are they would never marry and then there wouldn't be any babies born into the world."

Here was a situation! What a perfectly ghastly idea!

"They won't even tell us about the babies for fear we'd be afraid to get married. But we have some sense and we find out better for ourselves. When mamma told me she found me in the river bed I knew it was a lie. I think she might have told me the truth about that. It's so wonderful. And it never would have stopped me. I'd suffer anything to—to—it isn't the pain—it's the —" She covered her face.

"The what, then?"

"The shame," she whispered. "Oh, if the secret had been anything but that—anything—anything; I could have stood it! And I thought Jimmie was so good. If he is bad, how horrible other men must be!"

Mrs. S. B. smiled at that. She began to see her way more clearly.

"Mamma did try to warn me. I ought to give her credit for that. She told me I'd find Jimmie wasn't the angel I thought him, but women that knew which side their bread was buttered on learned to put up with men. And while Mrs. Martin was pinning on my veil she whispered, 'If Jimmie gets stingy with you, girlie, you come to me. I'll teach you how to coax open his pocket book.'"

Five-Foot-One fairly shrunk in her chair. So that was what marriage meant to them!

"I didn't know what they meant then. But I do now. I'd starve first."

Five-Foot-One plunged into her task. She shook her head doubtfully.

"I'm very much afraid Jimmie won't forgive you."

"Forgive me!"

"Yes, for your cruelty. How could you make such a stupid mistake? He is nothing like you think.

You misunderstood him, that's all."

"You mean I got the secret wrong?"

"Ridiculously wrong."

"Won't you tell me?"

Mrs. S. B. reflected. Could she undo years of perverted teachings in a few minutes? No, her task lay with the boy. He, at least, knew himself. The girl knew neither herself nor him.

"No, I shan't tell you. A girl who has thought such evil things of her husband ought to be punished, don't you think so?"

"I—I suppose so. But—"timidly—"do I need to be so afraid?"

"Not at all, only as we tremble before all of nature's secrets. It's a secret, yes—a mystery deep and delicate and lovely, but it's a good secret—a bringer of joy when two persons love each other and treat it as the fragile thing it is. So don't worry any more about it, my dear."

Nellie's face grew radiant. "Why, it must have something to do with my dream."

"Maybe it has. What was your dream?"

"I used to try to dream of Jimmie, but I never could. But when I'd try and try, sometimes I'd have another dream almost as lovely. But it's a hard dream to tell. At first it seemed to be a color but not a color I had ever seen, then it would turn to hundreds of dream colors that would seem to wrap all about me. And I would try to tell them they were smothering me. I couldn't stand their brightness, and I would wake all breathless and trembling. Has that something to do with the secret?"

Mrs. S. B. smiled.

"Yes, a great many stainless girls like you only dream of the secret at first. By and by you may dream while you're awake. Now I'm going to find Jimmie and ask him to forgive you. You wait here."

She found him at the barn entrance pretending to mend a set of harness, but the harness had dropped to the ground and his hand was under his dejected, sullen lips.

She walked up to him and the scene that followed was in plain view of the horrified eyes of Mrs. Baptist Judge Parker who sat at the window fretting over the inexplicable absence of her daughter. "Where's Nellie?" she had asked her new son-in-law, and he had sullenly answered, "I dunno," and not another word could she get out of him.

"What business has that woman with Jimmie?" This to herself as she peeped through the curtains.

"That Woman" was evidently doing all the talking. Jimmie merely registered emotions. First indifference, then surprise, then confusion, then horror, then a desire to run. At this point "that woman" laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Oh, the creature," groaned Mrs. Judge, "and her ten years older if she's a day! Oh, where's Nellie?"

Jimmie reached for a handkerchief and mopped his forehead and sat down again. Mrs. S. B. sat down beside him talking very fast and smiling a great deal. This one-sided conversation proceeded while Jimmie mopped his forehead. Gradually he lost his self-consciousness and absorbed her words with an eager anxiety. Mrs. Baptist Judge Parker sat by the window and looked and wheezed and

groaned. It was all too clear that that Socialist woman was busy at the festive free-love pastime so popular with all Socialists. She was trying to break up Nellie's home.

"Poor, poor Nellie! Oh, you wretch!" The last was for Jimmie. He had taken Mrs. S. B.'s hand and after pumping it up and down was holding it and squeezing it. Such goings on! And him only married two days! It was at this point that she considered looking for Nellie's dead remains in the cellar.

She saw them start across the beet field, saw Mrs. Socialist Barnes stop in her new plowed patch, saw Jimmie take the three bottom steps at a jump, only to stop on the fourth and mop his forehead before making a final dash for the door.

And the Menace? What did she do? Did she start planting vegetables like a sensible, respectable woman? No. She stood absolutely idle for a few minutes, then knelt down and placed her ear against the earth as if to listen.

"Oh, oh! It's a free-love rite just like I thought. She's waitin' for the devil to tell her what to do next!"

With a loud groan she began her search for Nellie. And she looked first in the empty trunk in the cellar.

L l a n o M u s i n g s

(Continued from Page 24)

when it tends to preserve the whole: when it does not, beware! A sincere enemy is a dangerous one, and anything organized for the advantage of the poor will get sincere opposition, even from the poor themselves, who too often are not ready to fight with nature, but seek either alms from the rich or advantage over each other. That lamentable large element unconsciously seeks to destroy itself through their unorganizable nature and from my experience with them I rejoice in their success, for that which is unorganizable is useless to the further progress of man. That which will organize is the yeast of the new age. To the or-

ganizable I say, "Combine to serve yourself." And to the unadaptable to organization I say, "Good-bye."

Take heart, comrades of the Llano. You are on the right track for self-preservation through your organized efforts. You can afford to be patient—to eliminate that which you can not consolidate, and you need not worry about your waste. It is sad that not all will join heartily, but we may be glad that so many of us are able and willing to combine. We may rejoice in the work so far accomplished and it will cheer us on to greater efforts for our collective good.

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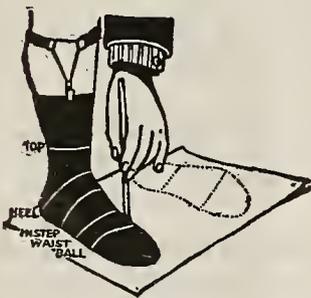
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