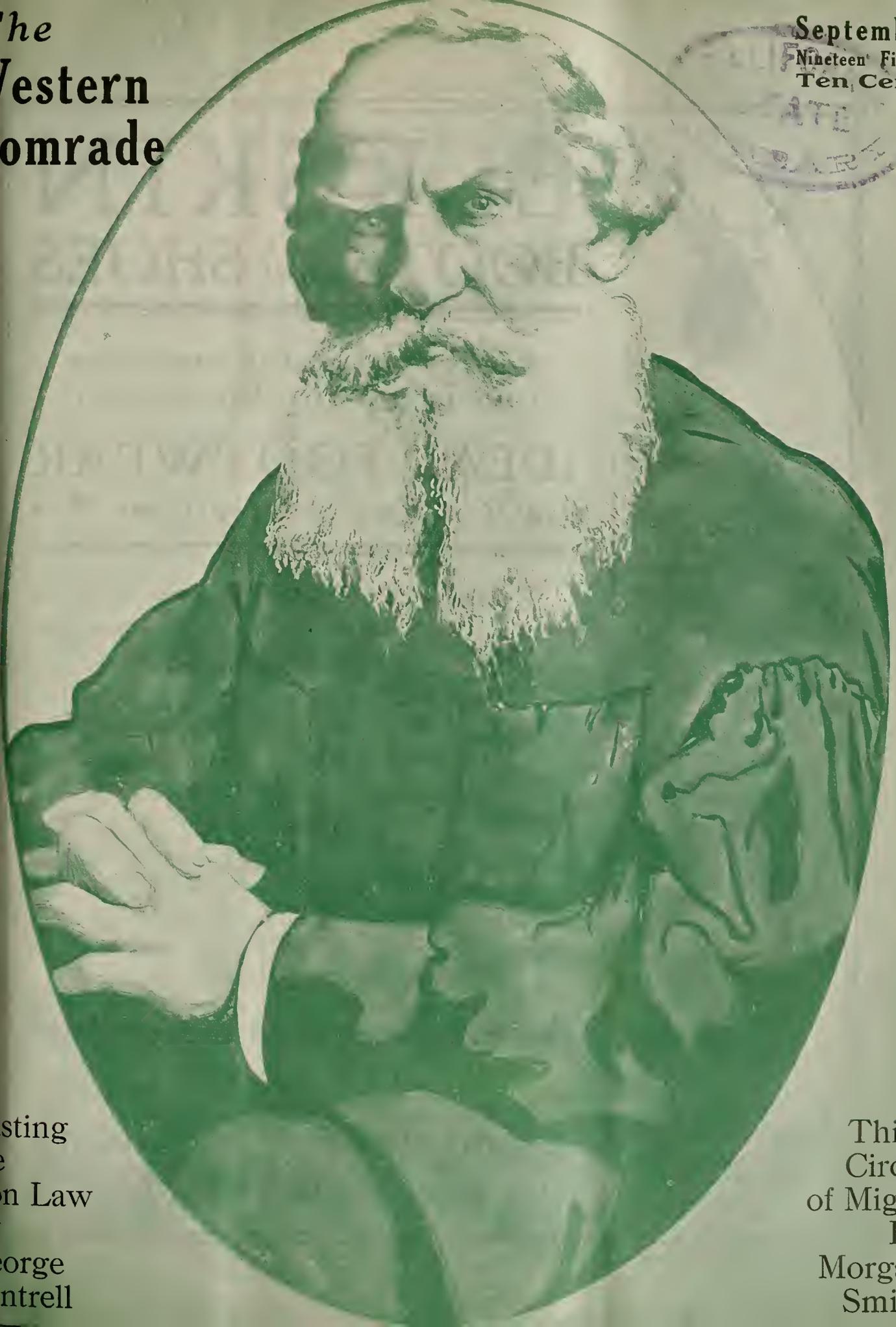
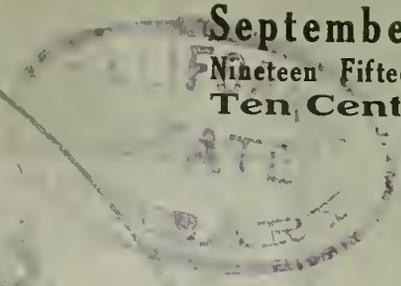


The
Western
Comrade

September
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Third
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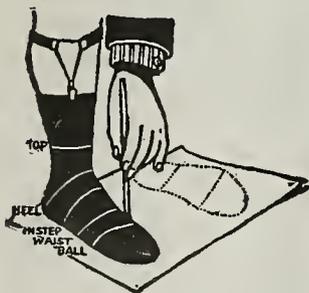


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SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company
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War's Stupendous Cost



To the Last Farthing

—Cleveland Plain Dealer

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. III

LOS ANGELES, CAL., SEPTEMBER, 1915

NUMBER 5



Al Fresco Dinner. All of the Food Produced by Llano del Rio Community

FACTS AND COMMENT

By Frank E. Wolfe

A YEAR and a half ago a woman, who had attended some of the first sessions of the Industrial Relations Commission, made a prediction that has been most wonderfully fulfilled:

"Out of this investigation will come some far-reaching results. The personnel of the commission is poor. From Jim Connell to Harris Weinstock, labor may view the makeup with suspicion. But there is Frank P. Walsh and Basil Manley, and these men will prevent the commission from proving a farce.

"Walsh has the potentiality and fearlessness; he will learn much, and will broaden as he learns and in the final he will emerge as a champion of the workers."

Walsh has made good and Manley has made good. As for Connell—well, he is "Buttonhole Jim," second vice-president of the A. F. of L. Bored to distraction, interested in only a few things—the militia of Christ and the welfare of the pantiff.

Weinstock, (Mrs.) Harriman and Commons may make all the side reports they can write, but the real report of Walsh and Manley must be printed and given the widest circulation.

Walsh has done a great work in bringing out with vivid clearness the class war in America. With the workers now lies the responsibility of seeing that the report is made a strong weapon for the revolution.

Now write to your Congressman and urge him



to use his efforts to get the Walsh report printed and distributed.

* * *

TEXAS citizens recently burned a negro alive in a public square and on the same day an Illinois sheriff succeeded, only after great difficulty, in saving a prisoner from lynching. The spirit of mob murder is not confined to the Southern States. On the contrary, there are many instances to show that this disease is not localized or geographical.

Lynchings in the United States are decreasing and the more atrocious tortures are fewer than in former years. There are evidences that we are letting the ape and the tiger die and that there are more humane instincts than of yore. In commenting on this, our moralists are always sure to bring in the horrors of complacent disregard for the law. To them murder under the law is at worst a "deplorable necessity." They do not see that cold blood legalized strangling is more reprehensible than the mob murders committed in sudden heat following some maddening crime against a woman.

At this hour, when thousands of men and women are exerting every effort to bring, through the initiative, the abolition of legal killings, our cold blooded vicarious prison lynchings are wholly unpardonable.

* * *

WE have been called to account by a gentleman from Georgia who resented the statement printed in this column that "as to the blood guilt of the people of that state there is no shadow of doubt." He pleaded extenuating circumstances. In a voice so rich and mellifluous that one sensed in back of it the flow of a black mammy's milk, the young man said:

"We are much misjudged. In Georgia our women have, I reckon, less political rights than in any other state. She can't (kaint) vote; she has no legal right to make a will; she may not dispose of property; she has no control over her children—in fact no legal standing at all. I think that's why we believe in giving them a square deal."

The square deal is, apparently, given to some

after death by deliberately planning a cold-blooded murder. Could there be a more absurd anachronism? Deprived of every right Georgia women are brutally exploited, but are given a "square deal"—if they happen to be white women—after they have been assaulted by their exploiter.

Are the Georgia women who work in the factories and fields given a square deal? Was there ever a protest from our chivalric friends when the girls in the pencil factory where Mary Phagan worked were forced to toil bodyracking hours on miserable pay? Was there any talk of fair play for Mary Phagan, alive, underpaid and overworked? Is there any "square deal" for the young girls whose lives are ground out in the cotton mills of Georgia? Is there a square deal for the black women of



JUM-JUM, THE WILD MAN

—New York Call





Georgia? Do the tens of thousands of mulatto children of that and other southern states bespeak a square deal for the white wives and sweethearts of the chivalric gentlemen of Jawjy?

We do not mean to be harsh and unjust. Neither have we any grudge against Georgia. We plainly and frankly plead guilty to equally cold-blooded lynchings in California as those of Georgia and Mississippi. Since we printed the former article on this subject we strangled a man at Folsom penitentiary. Our murder was as studied and cold as that of the other mob that strung up a weak, wounded and shackled man near Atlanta. The difference is in the degree of our hypocrisy.

In California we try, at least, to give women political and legal equality. In her proud possession of her vote the California woman follows her Christian pastor to the polls and votes to continue legal lynching in California.

We are, however, in a measure, getting away from the cobwebby maze of sophistries of our Georgia brothers who prate about chivalry and a square deal.

* * *

“CARDS are out——” nice, smug, society talk. Cards are out for a function at the Folsom penitentiary. California is about to perform another murder and this time we shall try to break into Mississippi’s class by making an “occasion.” Newspapers describe the official invitatons for the execution of the court’s sentence on the person of David Fountain as “neatly engraved cards with black borders.” We are not told whether there will be any fried chicken, watermelon or any of the frilly things that made the Starkville function such a pronounced success.

* * *

SOCIALISTS who are given to debating questions of the day have been seeking a foil for the subject, “Does Labor want an eight-hour day?”

We would like the negative side if we could get an intellectual Henry of the craft union type to act as a foil.

Not yet! If labor wants an eight-hour day or anything else in the way of shorter hours, or better



A YEAR OF WAR

Uncle Sam: “Hully gee! I could make swell canned meat out of that!”

—L'Esquella de la Torratxa, Barcelona

conditions it would get it without hesitation or delay.

Labor in California did not want an eight-hour day when it voted against—or failed to vote for the initiative measure at the last state election. The act was initiated by the Socialists of the state. Shamed into action and goaded on by the activity of Socialists who are also trade unionists, organized labor passed resolutions and gave half-hearted “moral” support. The brunt of the fight was carried by Thomas W. Williams, state secretary of the Socialist Party, and he made every dime that came in look like a double eagle to the plutocratic power that fought him. It was an opportunity of a gen-





eration. The measure was called revolutionary. It was not, but it was a tremendous step ahead. Nothing could have clearer demonstrated the muddy brain of the toiler than the result of that election. The more barefaced the lies of the press agents of the labor-hating organization the greater the eagerness of the small farmer and the farm hand and the stupid city mechanics to defeat the eight-hour initiative.

* * *

AN enterprising imbecile of Watts, California—a suburb of Los Angeles that is made the butt of many coarse jokes—created a tremendous sensation in daily newspaper circles by springing an “edition” of 2000 war extras one bright Sunday morning. The scarehead in high black wood type announced the “English Navy Sunk!” The fake was cheap, silly and obvious, but the public has been educated to high blackface type and shrieking announcements so it bought and read and believed a story so fearfully and wonderfully wrought that it plainly was of squirrel-house production. The funny feature was the squawk of indignation from the regular daily press. It demanded arrest and imprisonment of the faker. The Watts genius had only overplayed their game. They have been faking in every edition but their frauds are neatly covered with credit lines of news agencies. It is the same old story of the legality and morality of organized cheating and the utter outlawry of the individual who takes a plunge into the nasty game.

* * *

THE State Railway Commission has issued an order suspending the new law prohibiting others than regularly authorized telegraphers and station agents from receiving and delivering train orders. The measure was calculated to safeguard the lives of passengers and trainmen. As a “Labor measure” it was valuable in that it prevented the possibility of trainmen with a smattering of knowledge of the telegraph code and a craft union idea from handling orders and scabbing on the operators in case of strikes. The railroad magnates found a direct route to nullify an obnoxious law. Again for

the thousandth time are achievements by political action snatched from the workers before any benefit is derived. Are our masters mad, that they take those long chances of destroying our hope of liberation by peaceful means?

* * *

EVEN as the Italian Socialists held down the lid for a year, so are our comrades in Sweden struggling with that part of capitalism that profits most by war. Every effort is being exerted by Germany to get the northern country involved.

The military part in Sweden is composed of ambitious officers and representatives of the big financial interests. All the militarists of Sweden are of the German school; they are trained along German lines and they are in full sympathy with the Kaiser in the struggle.

If the Socialists of Sweden can prevent war it will be a big victory for democracy and a long step toward Socialist success.

* * *

WHAT are you reading? Are you getting misinformation from the daily organs of plutocracy and trying vainly to discount the editorial lies and distorted “news” items? You can’t do it. It takes years of training to enable one to pick out the thin thread of truth that is interwoven in the fabric made of the warp of stock sophistries and woof of barefaced falsehoods wherever the interests of the ruling class are at stake. Do you read the American Socialist? If you do not you are losing much. If you miss a copy of Pearson’s Magazine you cannot keep abreast of the national news from the standpoint of rebels who are unafraid. There are scores of live Socialist weeklies that are devoted to constructive propaganda. They carry news of the day in such form that the workers may read and not be deceived. Do you read the New York Daily Call? One Sunday edition is worth a year’s subscription. The Milwaukee Daily Leader is keen and snappy and carries a splendid editorial page. In order that the readers of the Western Comrade may have at least two of the best publications in America we have made most advantageous combination offers.



Third Circle of Might

By MORGAN SMITH



IGHT is a railroad train—with so many stops and such and such turn-outs and a certain course to be run in a certain time. We must not be playing blocks with Might, and Might must not be playing dolls with us. This is no playing matter. Science has fixed a day when we are going to be waiting for Might at the last station on the line; Might must be on time or humanity will suffer the fate of the mastodons.

That Might is capable of being entrusted with any such jobs as saving the Human Race without the assistance of its old side-partner, Right, has occurred only to a few, and these few kept it and their standing in the community to themselves. When it comes to saving things the popular conception of the savers has been a team of two descendants of Pegasus scampering along the obstacle race of life—Might on one side and Right on the other. They have been made yoke-mates in every important undertaking.

And when Might and Right got started anywhere one would perpetually be just out of sight around the corner ahead and the other jogging back along the road to find him. Yet the people kept patiently on repairing breaks in the impossible harness and hunting up Right so that he and Might would be sure to stick in the same road. "Leave 'em alone," they said, "and they'll get somewhere or other, raising a cloud of dust behind them." But they didn't.

That there is such a thing somewhere as positive and unvarying Right, nobody doubts. But when we seize it and hold it down and sit on it long enough to make drawings of it, we will find that it, above all others things, is a thing that will work. It will be efficient. It will be Mighty, and, between you and me, we will recognize in it a strange resemblance to our old friend Might.

The long dynasty of Right, though possessing always marked family resemblances, has had multifarious dignified vagaries. It could appear to be almost anything at all, according to the light it stood in. It has never been close enough to permit a real good look.

Now, Might, whatever else its shortcomings might be, has at least always been of tangible stuff. Might is not always just out of sight around the corner. It is there all the time, and may be measured, photographed, consulted or spat upon.

So they have scampered—Right and Might; one just around the corner and the other hunting back

along the way. Obviously one should, long ago, have been rid of the other. Present signs indicate that one of them has actually dropped out. One of them has been stink-potted.

If the futility of accomplishing purposes through the agency of the chimera, Right is established, we must divest the other, Might, of all the age-long harness of its whilom running mate. Might has always been countenanced only so far as it was warranted



—New York Call

by the prevailing conception of Right. Let us, now, in our intelligent development of Might, retain only at all times that part that works and let us throw the other parts away some place. Since science has furnished us with an objective, let us set ourselves to discover what parts of Might are calculated to arrive on time at that last station on the line.

The first thing must be a treaty of some sort with Might. Might has had its shortcomings, surely, but humanity has never been really on the exact level either. Just because it was a tangible thing and under our control, we have bandied poor Might around from pillar to post everlastingly since the days when Might used to dictate the position of our thumbs. Might is just now having the one hearty laugh of its career and seems thoroughly imbued with our idea of true sport. We may have stuffed Might into crowded quarters in a bottle; we may have torn it limb from limb and put it together so oddly that it couldn't recognize itself: we may have set two forces of Might to fight-

ing each other while we went behind something and snickered; but, just now, the laugh is on us, 'tis true.

Through the first two stages of the evolution of Might we have turned that original dictator of thumbs from our enemy to our friend and then into our playmate. It cannot be our enemy during the next stage, even if it would. It must not be our playmate, because the third circle of Might is no playing matter.

Railroads have divisional points where a train may pause, hook up to a different engine, take on a different kind of fuel, perhaps, and generally hitch up its trousers and take a look around. These divisional points are located where conditions of travel change.

As I say, Might is a railroad train. Along the course we humans have run there have been changes in conditions of travel. Just because one kind of might could be relied on to get us to one place we did not rely on it to get us to another.

The physical engine was for Existence.

Once gained, we changed engines.

The mental engine was for Supremacy.

Having attained which we must have another en-

The other engine will get us to that last station. It will not have done it independently of the other engine, but through their efficiency. Could the Mental engine have been relied upon to get us all the way to the place called Security? Let us hitch up our trousers and take a look around. Did we rely on the Physical engine to get us all the way to Supremacy?

Really, now, are we on the last lap to Security with that good old mental engine? Why, no! That old mental engine is running up all the side streets of the Supremacy stop, and down by the old apple tree and back to the brook. It is shooting sparks and fire just as if it were really a choo-train, but it is really nothing but the little tooting stationary to a merry-go-round. The grade to Security is a little too level and smooth for the snorting old hog-back.

We are like the mastadon. We are big enough, goodness knows, and when the fallacy of social suicide has disappeared we will be bigger. When it gets down to a plain matter of comparing "what's on your plate" with "what's your need," we will realize that our size is no great strength. The mastadon, according to reports, did not dismiss the matter lightly by saying that just whichever part of him survived would be all right with him. The mastadon, light brained though he is reported to have been, said that he would get enough for the whole twenty tons of him or bust. He busted, 'tis true, but we are not going to. We're going to get our bulky frame down to the point where every muscle that we feed must be just so much power to combat the thing ahead. Science has given us a big advantage by telling us what's ahead.

So just here is where the first new, faint images of Right begin to strangely resemble our old friend Might. Right is a thing that works; Right is efficiency. If we are going to be here when the world grows cold it must be through the co-ordination of all our forces. If we are going to get away from the Supremacy stop on time it must be with a new type of engine. Efficiency is Right and Efficiency is Might. Algebraically that makes Right, Might.

Physically, Might and Mental Might have come plunk up against nice new conditions and they may as well sit down and talk about old times to an appreciative new form of power. Physical Might worked under conditions of blind, ceaseless action. Every form of life fought and struggled because it seemed to be proper to fight rather than die. We all struggled our best because there was usually a struggling elbow in our rib. When we discovered that there was better scenery and less struggle on top of the seething mass of heads, we began to make diagrams and surveys of the most effective means of placing the toe on the eyeball. That was the "What-a-man-wants" stage of the journey. Now we have come to the "What-a-man-needs" division. It is a new kind of country. Let us look over that mysterious little engine, the Soul, and see what it is good for.

On the planet Mars they are nearing the last station in the third division of Might. The survival of the conscious beings depends upon bringing, all the way to the equatorial regions, the snows that accumulate at the poles. Through the telescope we see irrigating ditches that make that monster globe appear like baby's ball. What force has put those ditches there and, more important, by what force is the immense conscious population living in amity and happiness. Do you think the laws of society on Mars are based on the "What-a-man-wants" idea? Why, no. They need more than they want. To desire and to require are synonymous there, now, as are Might and Right.

But it takes time to get to a certain place. If, when Mars had its last ruinous war, the people had not substituted Social Force for Material Force, they would not now be supplying their dry land with moisture and living in amity and happiness. They would be a frozen offering to the fool God of Desire.

Many have been the intellectual seers who have attempted to provide a uniform conscious purpose in life. We have had as many aims of existence as we have had seers. Why not give the telescope a chance along with the others! Suppose we live with the prosaic sole purpose of defeating that cooling of the earth's crust, and see what, along the way, we will attain of Right, Security and Unity!

Might is a railroad train.

Hell For Its Makers

By FRANK H. WARE



SCENE: The receiving parlor of Hades. Red velvet curtains hang about room. In one corner are piles of coffins, empty, yet faded flowers and wreathes show evidence of recent occupancy. There is a never ending clank of chains and discordant sounds and groans, faint but yet perceptible. In center, down stage, is a pedestal with a huge book on top. Many devils are working clearing away coffins. Merl, chief of receiving devils, is sitting on a small throne beside the pedestal. Large gong rings and curtain parts in back. Six devils enter carrying coffin, and place it before Merl. One of them snatches a tag fastened to the coffin and presents it to Merl. Six devils then exit.

MERL (reading tag)—Capt. George Perkins, Fifth Battalion King's Own Riflemen; shot leading charge of land forces, Dardenelles.

(Three devils with hammers and chisels enter.)

MERL—Let's see him. (Devils burst open coffin and Captain Perkins sits up, pallid from his wounds and death sickness.)

CAPT. PERKINS (looking about amazed and awed, a bit perplexed)—Where am I?

MERL—In hell. Arise and register (indicating book on pedestal).

CAPT. PERKINS (arising)—I beg pardon, but aren't you a trifle mistaken?

MERL—We don't make mistakes here. We punish them.

CAPT. PERKINS (remonstrating)—But I have been a good man! I am still a good man—and a Christian!

MERL—H'm—let's see. (Turns tag over.) It says here that you ordered your men to slaughter 3000 Turks and Germans who were out of ammunition and begging for food. You—yes, you, Captain Perkins, were responsible for this massacre.

CAPT. PERKINS (hotly)—But they were not Christians; they were dogs, unbelievers.

MERL—That gave you the right to massacre them, then?

CAPT. PERKINS (a trifle nervous)—But this was war! They would have done the same to us! Don't you understand war?

MERL (yawning)—Y-e-s, I think I know a little about it, having handled hundreds of thousands of officers during the past four thousand years.

CAPT. PERKINS (stepping back)—Are you Satan?

MERL—N-o-o-o. I am but the head of the receiving department.

CAPT. PERKINS (looking around)—So this is where everyone comes when they land in hell, eh?

Pretty nice place to live—

MERL—No; this is the entrance for notables only. The rest, you will find, are herded through a gate without even registering, and put to work at their everlasting tasks.

CAPT. PERKINS—Do many of them go in that way?

MERL—Oh, yes. Only about one-tenth of one per cent ever go to heaven.

CAPT. PERKINS—Then you might say that everyone, figuratively speaking, of course, finally ends in hell?

MERL—Practically that.

CAPT. PERKINS—What do you do with us officers and notables? We were thought to be good people on Earth, therefore our punishments could not be so very severe.

MERL—That depends upon your record as it stands

here—not what the people of Earth credit you with. Now, Captain Perkins, you will step to the book and register.

CAPT. PERKINS (goes to register, picks up pen)—I can't see the sense in registering here. When you once get here, you're here for good.

MERL—I'm afraid you won't see the sense in lots



KREUZLAND, KREUZLAND UEBER ALLES!

"Father, where is your grave?"

—Drawn by Louis Raemakers

of things for a while yet—especially when it comes to punishment.

CAPT. PERKINS (laying down pen after signing)—But you don't mete out severe punishment to good people—er—that is persons who think—or rather know—you understand, those who have been good!

MERL (laughing)—As the American says, "There ain't no such animal."

CAPT. PERKINS—But—there are the preachers and priests, undoubtedly they are good; you must admit that.

MERL—I admit nothing. Come here. (They go to side stage and Merl draws back curtain. A flare of red light greets them and the howls of hundreds of thousands in torture causes Captain Perkins to draw back in fear. Merl lowers curtain and laughs.) Those are your Hellroaring preachers—your GOOD preachers. (Turns fiercely and glares at Captain Perkins.) It is you that makes hell possible!

CAPT. PERKINS (shrinking back)—Me?

MERL—Yes, you! You and the rest of your accused group of humanity. You officers and notables! (Laughs sarcastically.) Who orders the priests to pray for the success of arms? Do the common people? Who orders the making of ammunitions and war materials? Who orders the subscription to a war loan? Who orders the soldiers on the field of battle? Who orders the making of war babies? And again, who makes the laws of the land and tells the people they will be punished if one of them is broken? DO THE PEOPLE? (Wipes perspiration from his brow.) Well, here is the result: Here is the hell you have created. It has been created a long time, but each generation sends in its new sets of laws and new subdivisions have to be added to handle the crowd—for everyone, no matter who he is, breaks some law at some time in his life. Why man, it keeps us going like hell, making new inventions of torture to keep apace of the ones you are making for this Earthly cataclysm brought about by you nobles.

CAPT. PERKINS (quaking)—Then the nobles are punished for making the laws?

MERL—Hell, no! We punish no one for making laws. It's breaking them.

CAPT. PERKINS—Then I can't see why the nobles should be punished—that is most of them—for they never break the laws they make.

MERL—Oh, yes they do, only they do it in what they call a "legal" manner. It's all the same to us. Because that word "legal" does not mean anything here.

CAPT. PERKINS—But "legal" means within the law; therefore why should they be punished for something they did not do?

MERL—Do you think there ever was such a thing as justice? Don't you realize that when a law is broken by the common people they are punished? Don't you understand that when one of the lawmakers should be forced through necessity for more riches to break the same law in exactly the same manner, that he is never brought before the courts?

CAPT. PERKINS—But the people have a right to have him brought to the bar of justice, no matter who he is.

MERL—Yes, that's what you tell them and they are chloroformed by that kind of dope. Then when the time comes and they land a lawmaker for law-breaking, what happens? Why, a nice, neat intelligent jury is selected—oh, no, not by the people—and "justice" is taken for a nice little walk around the block while a coat of whitewash is plastered over the case.

CAPT. PERKINS—But I never made any laws. I have done nothing but obey laws ever since I can remember. I can truthfully say that I have never broken one.

MERL—How about the slaughtering of those 3000 "unbelievers"?

CAPTAIN PERKINS—Ho! I broke no law—in fact, that was but the execution of orders from my superior officers. Those orders were laws, because in times of war they are given authority, and having executed their orders or laws I should not be punished. To have fallen down on one order would have meant an everlasting disgrace and, as they would also have been broken laws, I should rightfully expect punishment here.

MERL—The carrying out of those orders did not prevent you from breaking other laws.

CAPT. PERKINS—No other laws were broken.

MERL—How about the law "Thou Shalt Not Kill"?

CAPT. PERKINS—Why, man, this is a war. That law is repealed in times of hostilities. It would have been impossible for me to carry out the laws of my superiors and this latter law. They are conflicting. They are opposite. To carry out one is to break the other. Must I be punished for—

MERL—Yes, that is the reason why practically everyone comes here. No law, no matter how long ago it was made, is ever repealed in hell. Now you can see; you HAVE to break one law to make or keep another. Then comes punishment everlasting when you die.

CAPT. PERKINS—But, you said that one-tenth of one per cent escaped hell. How can they do that?

MERL—They were lucky enough to be born with-

(Continued on page 26)

Busting the Iron Law

By GEORGE E. CANTRELL

THE great European upheaval; the great butchering contest has shattered many of the hopes of humanity. The long standing laws of international courtesies and customs have been ruthlessly discarded, and innocent noncombatants on land and sea have been murdered in cold blood. Things of priceless beauty and historical value and grandeur have been shattered.

In Germany the cherished ideals of Socialist working class solidarity, the bubble of international class

highly scientific combat, voluntary enlistment is of little avail. England has always fought against conscription as against a plague. A few years ago, when the late Lord Roberts came out strong for national military service, he aroused a great storm of unpopular criticism that sent him reeling back to private life. Like the working class of this country the Britishers like to think they are free.

Another cherished institution which has been shattered is the "Iron Law" of supply and demand. In times of peace, schools of economic thought have tried to impress the worker with the theory of supply and demand. With thousands of unemployed at the factory gates wages have often been kept to the low-water mark—because supply was greater than demand.

But the war has called many of Britain's skilled workers to fight, and the pendulum of supply and demand has swung over with a bang. Employers and munition factory owners are reaping huge profits. Their workers patriotically toil long hours to produce munitions of war to help "their" country. But they have suddenly seen the light. The long hours are impairing their working ability and they "lay off" one day in seven for rest. Because of this they are accused of "slacking" and of drunkenness, and the busy British government is actually so anxious about them that they appoint investigators to provide means of preventing them from striking—or even taking rest.

Every day lost, every hour wasted, means less profits for the employers. The speed with which the government has taken up the settlement of strikes is a revelation to the world.

The investigators for the government related how several dock workers were shipped to a French post to relieve congestion in shipping, and on pay day, after a big week with ten hours a day seven days a week, many of these fellows got too drunk to work next day. They were sent back to England and a new batch sent to continue the work. These were men from the army. On pay day one man only imbibed too freely. He got twelve months hard labor. Therefore:

Put the workers under military control! Make them a part of the army, when to refuse to work is to mutiny. Isn't that easy, eh?

The theory of supply and demand has been exposed. The British workers are being tricked and the American workers will be tricked the same way. Heavy demand and scanty supply of labor will be met by the incontrovertible argument of the bayonet point and the iron law will be repealed by the bullet.



AT ONE GULP

How Much Longer Can She Feed Him?

—Des Moines Register and Leader

war, has been blown up, accompanied by the bitter lashings of their "Comrades" across the borders. In all the belligerent countries the call to arms has found Socialist comrades lined up against each other with murderous intent, each believing in his own way that "his" country is in danger. The splendid theory of international class interests has proved too weak to resist the bugle's startling note, and too young to stem the rushing torrent of inflamed race hatred.

In England the workers are face to face with humiliation or conscription. Indeed, in these times of

Where Is the Home?

By IRWIN TUCKER.

"WOMAN'S Place Is the Home" runs the ancient slogan. True. And woman, seeking to take her place, looks around her and cries: "Where Is the Home?"

To most of the working women of the world, the word is a mockery. They have no homes. But such as have them, must be in full possession. If a woman's realm is the home, it follows that she must reign in her own realm.

What is the home? To begin with there is the structure of the building in which the nest is made. If woman is to rule her own realm, she must control the house, and the land on which it stands. The proportion of women of any class who now actually own the buildings in which they live is infinitesimal. But before woman can rule in her own realm, she must have the say-so regarding both the building and the land.

Woman is the provider, the "loaf-giver," as the Saxons said; the nourisher. To rule in her own realm she must control the food supply. No longer is the food supply a thing of her own manufacture. It comes from markets, groceries, dairies; it comes in cans, bottles and boxes. To control her realm she must be able to control sources of supply. She must be able to detect and to punish adulteration of food; she must be able to regulate quantity and price; else she is not ruler in her own sphere.

Here is the place where lives are produced. All our business and industry find their sole justification in

their service to the home. No matter how extensive the mill or how intricate the enterprise, if it cannot show that ultimately it will enrich the living-room or replenish the larder, it must dissolve and fade away. Service to life is the only plea on which any existing institution can endure.

All of these things enter into the texture of the home. Hence woman, if she is to rule in her own sphere, must control them all. Her children must have clothes; it is part of her rule to see that they are good clothes. The home must be lit, warmed and cleaned. Hence control of the light supply, fuel supply and sanitary provisions are part of her kingdom.

It is the mother's duty to educate. The school is therefore a part of the home. She must be empowered to say what shall be taught her children, and under what conditions they shall learn.

If any of these powers are lacking, woman is not mistress of her own kingdom—the home.

By no means except control of the municipal, county, and state governments, insofar as they affect her sphere, can woman be secure in her own place. In order that woman, who is held responsible for the well-being of the home, may live up to her responsibility, she must wield these powers. For our civilization is so complex that at every point the home connects with the whole structure of society about it. In order to be mistress in one point, she must be a co-ruler of all.

Mary Phagan Passes Judgment

MARY WHITE OVINGTON in the New Republic

YOU care a lot about me, you men of Georgia, now that I am dead.

You have spent thousands of dollars trying to learn who mutilated my body.

You have filled the columns of your newspapers with the story of my wrong.

You have broken into a prison and murdered a man that I might be avenged.

But why did you not care for me when I was alive?

I was but a child, but you shut me out of the daylight.

You held me within four walls watching a machine that crashed through the air,

Endlessly watching a whirring knife as it cut a piece of wood.

Noise fills the place—noise, dust, and the sickening smell of oil.

I wish some of the thousands of dollars that you spent on the trial might have kept me in school,

A real school, the kind you build for the rich.

I worked through the hot August days

When you were bossing the girls, or shooting birds,

Or lounging in doorways cursing the nigger;

And you never paid me enough to buy a pretty dress.

You sometimes spoke coarsely to me when I went to and from my work;

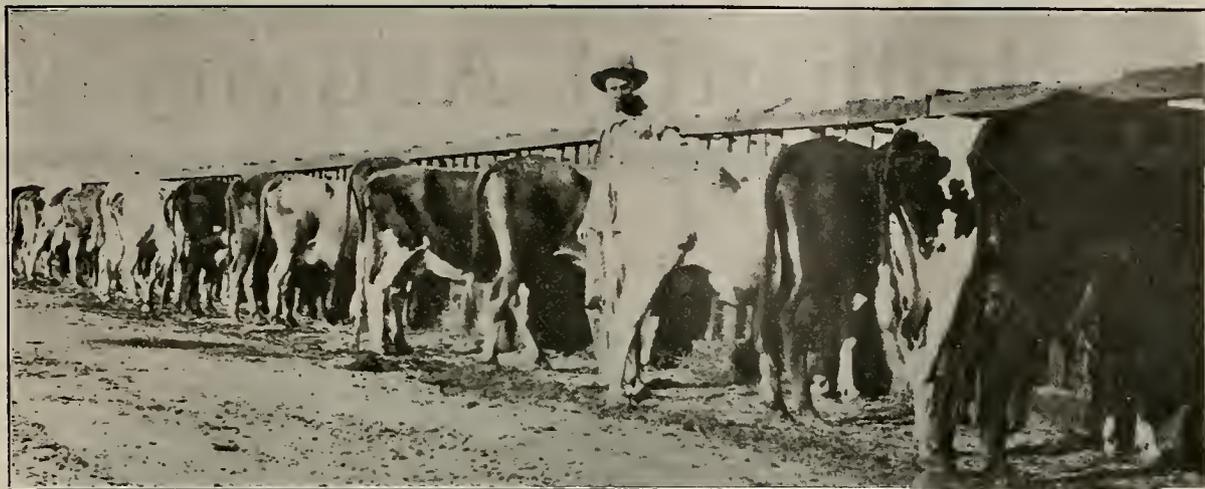
Yes, you did, and I had to pretend I liked it.

Why did you despise me living and yet love me so now?

I think I know. It is like what the preacher told me about Christ:

People hated Him when He was alive,

But when He was dead they killed man after man for His sake.



Part of Llano Community Dairy Herd at Milking Time

Community Grows in Power

By R. K. WILLIAMS



AS the Llano del Rio Community grows in population its power and influences increases in all directions. Hundreds of visitors flock to Llano every month and are given the fullest and freest opportunity to investigate every phase of the great enterprise.

Of those who visit the colony a good percentage are persons who are earnestly seeking an opportunity to get away from the competitive struggle.

More than 47 permanent residents took up their abode in Llano during the period of August 15 to September 15. The hotel is a busy place at the three important occasions of the day and more than 100 regular patrons seat themselves at each meal now. A month ago the daily average was about 75 colony workers.

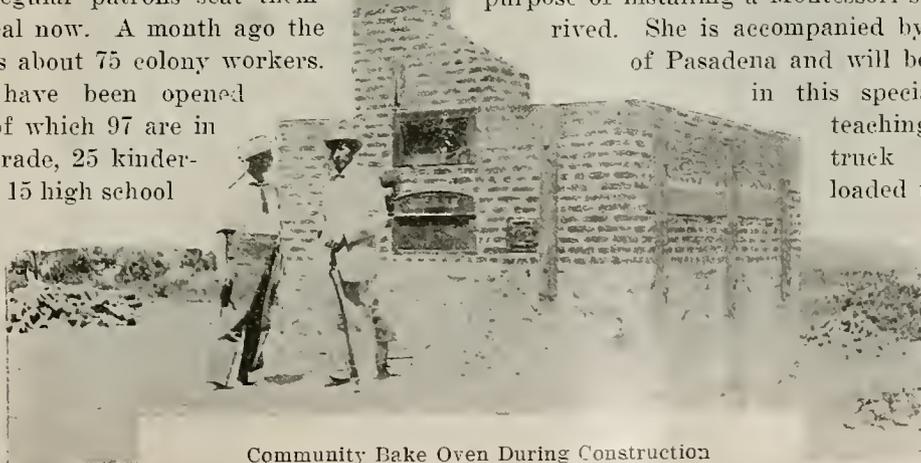
The schools have been opened with 137 pupils of which 97 are in the elementary grade, 25 kindergarten pupils and 15 high school students are now enrolled.

The schools will be under the efficient management of Miss Helen R. Tyler, principal,

who was with us last year; Miss Ramona Parsons will have charge of the youngsters up to the fourth grade and Miss Grace M. Powell will take the scholars from the fourth grade up to high, as well as administer over the domestic science department and Sloyd. Miss Parsons is an accomplished gymnast and teacher of swimming and if the weather continues pleasant and warm she will doubtless have an ardent following of water devotees as this sport can be indulged in freely in the large swimming pool, which is an attraction of the colony.

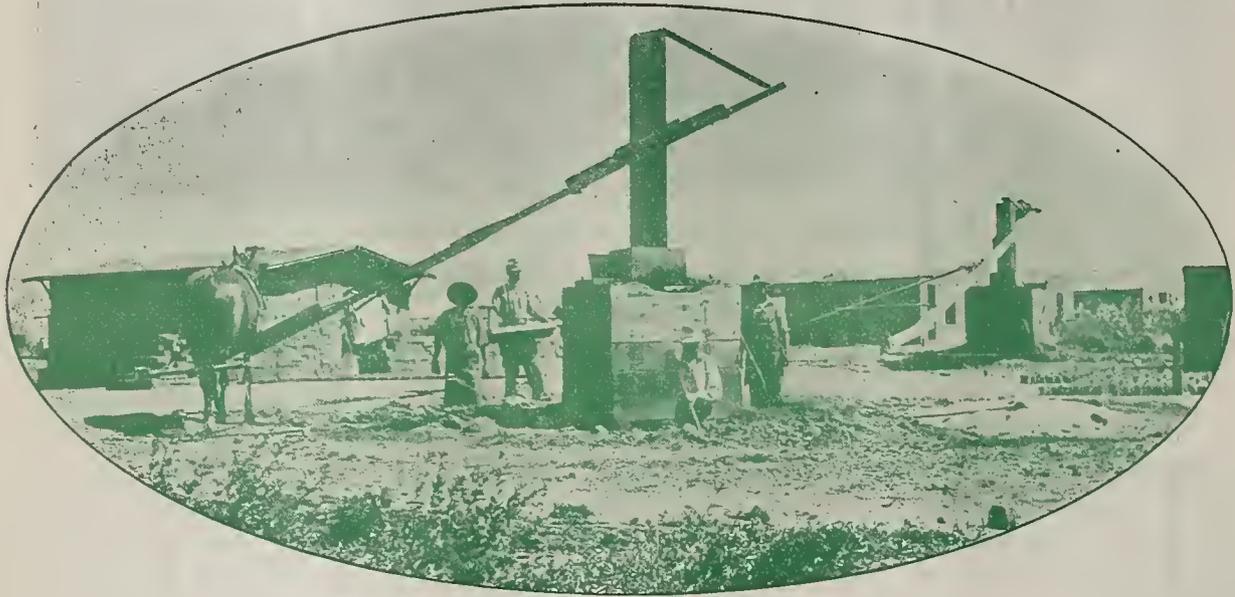
Mrs. Prudence Stokes Brown, the well known educator, who has been taking a course of personal instruction under the far-famed Dr. Montessori for the purpose of installing a Montessori school here, has arrived. She is accompanied by Mrs. A. L. Horn

of Pasadena and will begin work at once in this special department of teaching. An immense truck from Pasadena, loaded to the guards with household goods and other belongings followed them in. The colony community undoubtedly has been enriched

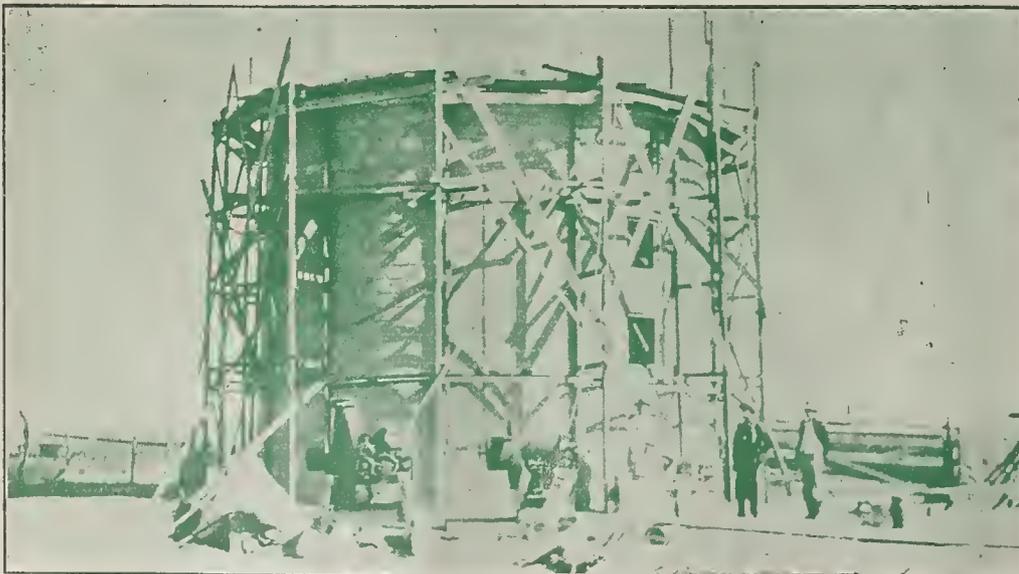


Community Bake Oven During Construction

Industrial Activity at L



Scene at the Colony Brick Yard



Immense Silo Under Construction



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Llano del Rio Community



Ranch Office at Llano Community

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Lime Kiln



Benching Broom Corn at Llano



The Town of Llano Spreads Over Considerable Territory.

by this galaxy of teachers. Very few communities of this size are blessed with four such capable instructors. The Montessori pupils are not included in the foregoing. No figures are at present available on the number of little tots that will attend the Montessori system.

From September 1 to September 15, 103 visitors looked us over and many of them were so well satisfied that they joined and will later come in to stay, when they can make arrangements on the outside to do so.

Improvements are noted all along the line. The ranch work is progressing wonderfully well and the building and arts departments are catching up with the procession. The pug mills and other brick machinery have been moved to the permanent townsite, which lies about a mile above the present site and far overlooks the far reaches of the shimmering valley. The work is under the charge of Chester Page and his crew is ready to turn out brick for the new school which will be one of the first buildings to be erected upon the new and permanent townsite. Substantial work will be shown on this structure and a greater feeling of permanency will have been implanted in the hearts of the sturdy ones who have stayed through the vicissitudes of the past 18 months.

The Board of Survey, which is nothing less than an inventory or efficiency board, has made a careful and painstaking survey and presents an elaborate report that is constructive and reassuring in every way. It may be well to quote some of the things that they have found,

which to many colonists, will be indeed surprising.

Speaking of possessions, the Board found that conditions at Jackson Lake and at the Trout Hatchery are such that with very little labor and expense both can be turned into attractive summer and winter resorts and ought therefore to become good revenue producers on account of their easy accessibility from the south where many tourists spend considerable time. At both these places the scenery is inspiring and the air extremely exhilarating.

In this connection the county supervisors have included in the proposed budget for next month's election an appropriation to build the scenic highway through the San Gabriel canyons to the summit of the big range, thence down to a point a mile below the colony's lands at the Luckel camp. From this point the roadway to the Llano community will be put in first-class condition. This would shorten the distance between Los Angeles and Llano by thirty-five miles.

Another item in the county budget is \$75,000 to build a road from Little Rock to Llano. This will be a great boon to the community and will go far to solve the transportation problem. The boulevard through Mint Canyon is assured and the survey is under way. Thus the community is assured of splendid roads to all its important connecting points.

At present, good meals are being served at the Hatchery Inn, under the management of Chef Mandel. The chef attends to the wants of his guests in true Chesterfieldian



Water Sports on the Llano

style and the menu is more than ordinary. Rugged mountains surround this place so that traups over them will add zest to the seeker after pleasure and health. The colony owns 160 acres there. This place is the source of the Big Rock Creek. Pellucid water boils and bubbles up in various places out of black earth cienagas and runs in all directions till it meets in one common current and drops down a sturdy fall at the root of a giant tree. Paths have been cut through the tangled mass of vegetation and trees, benches and rustic seats have been placed in charming nooks, so that at every turn the visitor is surprised at some new beauty. Many days can be spent here without tiring; the air, sky and mountain spelling a wondrous charm.

The Board finds that the Mescal waters, which is a part of the estate, can be increased very much by tunneling into the hills and into the floor of Jackson Lake. To many this will be a pleasing surprise as it opens avenues for future development.

Here are some very interesting data of the possessions of the colony at the present time: Twenty-six adobe houses are completed; nine nearly completed, that is, awaiting roof; fourteen frame houses, occupied by families; eight ranch houses; 78 tent houses; twelve municipal tents, or transient quarters containing from one to five beds each; one large warehouse tent; two hotels; five barns; three blacksmith shops; one horse barn under construction; one cow barn under construction; one office building under construction on the temporary site; one bakery, nearing completion, capable of holding 170 loaves at one time. One silo, 25 by 31 feet, 300-ton capacity, almost completed, but now ready to be filled. This silo is of permanent construction and made of cement blocks; one solarium, or bath house; two rabbitries, 7 by 72 feet and 7 by 68 feet. The Board has recommended additional buildings for the rabbits as follows: One building, 7 by 84 feet, containing 118 hutches and for the young stock, which are now on hand, an adobe building 25 by 70 feet. An earnest attempt will be made to start these extra buildings at an early date.

Development is shown in the poultry department.

There are three compartments in a brooder house 14 by 24 feet, each compartment holding 500 chicks; two chicken houses, 18 by 60 feet, with a capacity of 500 each. There are now 1800 chickens enrolled on Comrade Copley's data book. He is "Hoganizing" his flock and the residents of the colony are pleased, indeed. The lazy birds are given short shrift and as a consequence the non-producers are roasted to a turn and consumed with gusto by gratified colonists.

Comrade Kilmer has so efficiently handled the rabbit end of the farm that he is now in a position to satisfy all demands. He has regular times of doling out the little fellows and from now on rabbit delicacies will be a feature of the hotel tables as well as at the homes.

An addition was recently made to the dairy herd,

which is under the management of Comrade Luton. He now has 101 cows, three prize bulls, nine Swiss goats, all blooded stock, and 51 calves. Through the constant care and hard work of Comrade Luton and his earnest helpers, the supply of milk and butter does not fail the colony. Long hours, patient, hard work are requisites of a successful dairy



Llano Girls' Tennis and Basketball Club

herd. Few people realize how things are done until they actually behold the process. Dairy men as a rule are seldom thought of except when the supply of milk or butter runs low. A surprise will be in store for any visitor or colonist not familiar with this work to go through the motions of being a dairyman for a week or so.

The ranch has 68 good strong horses. Comrade B. G. Burdick, head apiarist, is now handling over 500 stands of bees in the colony, so that honey is an everyday delicacy upon the tables of the colonists and the hotel. Several tons of honey are on hand. A portion of the honey is being used for preserving purposes.

Comrade Knobbs, who has the garden in charge, with a large corps of assistants, is delivering fresh vegetables to the homes and hotel daily. All sorts of melons are delivered in abundance and enjoyed thoroughly by everyone. A ton of tomatoes are being taken care of daily and soon canning will start in earnest, as well as drying in order to make a new

soup delicacy. In the Survey's report, farm implements galore were inventoried, such as wagons, plows, stackers, wheel cultivators, listers, buggies, harrows, mowing rakes, scrapers, seeders, wheelbarrows, hand tools etc.

Another sub-head notes road scrapers, bean separator, sawmill, ditching plows, cream separator, hay balers, harnesses of all sorts and sizes. Three auto trucks and four automobiles are noted.

Among the miscellaneous property mentioned for the use of the colony is the following: Swimming pool, temporary hand laundry, 17 boats, two pool tables, five barber chairs, two pianos, creamery and full equipment, up-to-date library and reading room, circular wood saw, planer, band saw, two power concrete mixers, block molds and 200 pallets, bath tubs, lavatories, sinks, big supply of plumbers' supplies and tools, fully equipped tin shop and supplies, harness shop, shoe shop, cabinet shop and big drill press.

There is about 250 tons or more of alfalfa in stacks and approximately 250 to 300 tons of alfalfa and corn still uncut, which is to be used to fill the silo for ensilage.

The following is data for those interested in things horticultural. On the Young place there are twenty acres in pears and on the Bixby ranch twenty acres; 15 acres of assorted fruits on the Henneburg place, the present site of the club house and twenty acres of assorted fruits on the Tighlman ranch, grapes, etc. The above assures plenty of fruit, when fully matured, for quite a population. The nursery has ready for planting in the spring 21,000 apple and pear trees; 2500 strawberry plants; 2500 blackberry; 800 black walnut; 1000 black locust for the townsite; 100 rhubarb plants; and 7000 grape cuttings, all for spring transplanting. One-quarter acre of peanuts are showing up finely.

Many thousands of feet of all sorts of lumber, dimension and otherwise, ready for transportation to the colony, lies at Palmdale. When this arrives intense activity will begin and an early complete housing program will be started. Conditions are favorable, indeed, that all will be comfortably housed, or living comfortably at the hotel and club house before much cold or inclement weather arrives.

Recently the colony was favored with a visit of Lancaster fair boosters. There were five in the party

and each gave a nice little talk, complimenting the colonists upon their solidarity, oneness of purpose and upon the immense showing made upon these lands during the past year and a half. All gave a cordial invitation to attend the Lancaster fair to be held some time in October. It has been determined to accept the invitation and in consequence the ladies of the colony are getting their wits together to make a good showing of the arts and crafts of that element. From the agricultural end of the ranch will go exhibits of fruits, vegetables, and from the dairy some of the herd. Other exhibits will include pigs, chickens and rabbits. Without doubt this will be made an occasion of some moment as a real fine display can be made from this place. When it is considered that but less than 18 months have elapsed since the present managers of the colony have taken hold of this project, the development is truly wonderful. It is complimentary, to say the least, that Llano community should be invited to show its products, for it is a tacit recognition that cooperative efforts are superior to individual competition, for what farmer, unaided, could begin to make an agricultural or stock showing in less than five years?

There is no abatement in interest or the attendance at the Saturday evening dances. The music being good, the floor is kept constantly full and when Comrade Stewart, the floor manager, gets busy with his quaint language architecture and his good humored manhandling, things get lively indeed. The folks that danced the old-fashioned things years ago are strong friends of Stewart for he carries them back to "ol' Missouri" with his singing

calling, and the tintinabulation of the music's rhythm gives reluctant feet the terpsichorean urge.

Luther Burbank says: "Every child should have mud-pies, grasshoppers, waterbugs, tadpoles, mud-turtles, elderberries, wild strawberries, acorns, chestnuts, trees to climb, brooks to wade in, water-lilies, woodchucks, bats, butterflies, various animals to pet, hay fields, pine cones, rocks to roll, sand snakes, huckleberries and hornets; and any child who has been deprived of these has been deprived of the best part of his education." So they should. The Llano Community kids have all this and in addition they have the advantage of a new order of social life and assurance for the future.

Earth is Enough

By Edwin Markham

The men of Earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise. We have enough!
We need no other stones to build
The Temple of the Unfulfilled—
No other ivory for the doors—
No other marble for the floors—
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.

Here on the paths of every day—
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a heaven, to mold and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time!

Our Wonderful School

THE second Montessori School in the State of California, under public school management, has been opened at Llano del Rio Colony.

This Montessori School did not spring up in a day or a week; it has been five months developing, and this is its story up to date.

Llano del Rio Colony wants the best education possible for its children, and to this end they are looking for public school teachers that crave an opportunity to work upon the most progressive lines. Last April, Llano del Rio secured the interest and co-operation of Prudence Stokes Brown and engaged her services for the kindergarten department.

Mrs. Brown has for twenty-five years been a most progressive and enthusiastic kindergartener. She bears the distinction of having initiated and taught the first public school kindergarten in the State of California. Llano del Rio people thought they were most fortunate in securing Mrs. Brown's services and Mrs. Brown considered Llano del Rio an ideal place in which to establish the kindergarten that would prove that the education of the head, heart and hand was no vague dream of Froebel's. Every step possible was being taken to facilitate the organization of a summer kindergarten in Llano, when Dr. Montessori arrived in Los Angeles and offered a four months' course in her method of scientific pedagogy. Mrs. Brown was eager to take the course of this great doctor and the Llano del Rio community, true to the spirit of progress, responded to her request for a leave of absence for the purpose of studying with Dr. Montessori. The four months have passed and with them all of Mrs. Brown's old enthusiasm for the Froebelian Kindergarten. A Montessori School, pure and simple, now takes the place of the kindergarten with Mrs. Brown, and the Llano del Rio people accept the change with the enthusiasm of Mrs. Brown and will have the second Montessori School in the State of California. Mrs. Brown states her views of this new system in the following words:

"After nearly four months' close observation of the daily exercises of a demonstration class in the Montessori method as well as four months of regular lecture work on the technique, science and psychology of this method under Dr. Montessori, I am under a most devout and ardent conviction that the Montessori method of education is in absolute accord with Froe-

bel's philosophy of education. I further believe that Froebel, in his sincere search for means and measures for developing the whole child—body, mind and soul—would, were he here today, be the first to recognize his great ideal for childhood embodied in Dr. Montessori's method of scientific pedagogy.

"Froebel was pre-eminently a philosopher, a prophet and a seer—he saw in the soul of man potential perfection and prophesied that the destiny of man is to become conscious of his divinity and to reveal this inner completeness in self-determination and freedom.

"Froebel yearned and labored to evolve and develop a method and a logical sequence of materials that would give the child free, spontaneous self-expression. Much of the method and many of the materials have long been abandoned by even his most devout followers, but the spirit and purpose of Froebel's life and work will abide forever. Educators and would-be

educators have tirelessly labored to discover and create materials that would harmonize with the wonderful insight of Froebel: that the child is a self-active, self-determining being, and therefore must educate himself.

"I, for one, have grown gray following Froebel's spirit with radiant enthusiasm, sure at every step that his philosophy was absolutely correct, and that the carrying out of Froebel's philosophy was the only salvation of the child. At last I sit at the feet of Dr. Montessori serenely confident that she has found the method of self-education for the child.

"My only pang of sorrow now is that all kindergarteners inspired by the spirit of Froebel are not here to see what I see and hear what I hear.

"There is much that is like Froebel's plan in garden and plastic play and work as well as in the games of sense, the beauty and order of the surroundings is the same in the Montessori method as in Froebel's. The care of pets is considered essential by both, but the house of childhood is a much closer connection with the home life of the child than the kindergarten designed by Froebel. The materials have been reduced to the minimum of simplicity and necessity by scientific experiment. They have been quantitatively and qualitatively determined to suit the age and stage of development of children from two and one-half years to six. No confusion exists here for the child—no weary-

(Continued on Page 30)



Llano Montessorians

A Remarkable Prediction

By COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

LEO TOLSTOY made a remarkable prediction shortly before his death. This was written at the request of the Russian Czar and is said to have made a deep impression on Nicholas, who sent it to the Kaiser. Aside from the discrepancy in dates the prophecy thus far seems to have been wonderfully fulfilled. The cover page of this issue is engraved from a painting made several years ago by William R. Walker and is here reproduced for the first time.

THE events which I here reveal are of a universal character and must shortly come to pass. I see the form of a woman floating upon the sea of human fate. Nations rush madly after her, but she only toys with each. Her diamonds and rubies write her name "Commercialism." Alluring and bewitching she seems, but destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath reeks of sordid transactions; her voice is metallic in character and her look of greed is as so much poison to the nations who fall victim to her charms. She carries aloft three torches of universal corruption; one representing war, one bigotry and hypocrisy, and the third law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions. The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the first torch, in the countries of southeastern Europe (Turkey, Italy, Bulgaria, Servia, etc.). It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913. I see Europe in flames and bleeding, and hear the lamentations of huge battlefields. But about the year 1915 a strange figure enters the stage

of the bloody drama. He is a man of little militarist training, but he will hold most of Europe in his grip till 1925. He is already walking the earth, a man of affairs. A mission is assigned him by a superior power.

There is marked a new political era for the Old World; no empires and kingdoms, but the whole world will form a Federation of the United States of Nations.

After 1925 I see a change in religious sentiments, the fall of the Church and the decline of the ethical idea. Then a great reform begins. It will lay the corner-stone of the Temple of Patheism. God, Soul, Spirit and immortality will be molten in a new furnace and will prepare the way for the peaceful beginning of a new ethical era. Political and religious disturbances have shaken the spiritual foundations of all nations but I see each growing wiser. I see the passing shadows of the world-drama fade like the glowing of evening upon the mountains, and with one motion of the hand of "Commercialism" a new history begins.

Peace or War?

By A. E. BRIGGS

SHALL it be peace or war? We are in the balance. Roosevelt says we must fight to "preserve our honor." He does not compute the "cost." He says "war at any price." The price is the lives of the working class of the nations to the conflict. Someone has "insulted" us; send out a million innocent workers to kill a million innocent workers of another nation or be killed. Vindicate "our honor," in the coin of the blood of the workers.

All Europe has gone insane and in its insanity it has not even "respected the rights of Americans." Bring on the guns. Bring on the working men. Bring on the machinery of death. Go to it, you workers. Go into the mouths of the cannons you have made for your industrial masters. It is your "duty." You are "patriots."

Your patriotism that leads you to slaughter was made by the owners of munition factories where the guns were made that will kill you. Your "patriotism" consists of flag-worship and Rooseveltian screams. It is "firecracker patriotism." It is "my country, right

or wrong." It is the "patriotism" that has bathed the past in blood and destroyed that for which it is supposed to stand. It is the "patriotism" that, if not civilized and christianized and modernized and educated, will leave the world, once more, one vast wilderness.

What is the remedy? Do you want a remedy? To remove the cause of war is the remedy. The cause of all war is gain or profit.

So long as we have individualism will we have war. So long as we live under a system that makes every individual under it an industrial enemy of every other will we have war.

The alternative of war is collectivism. The alternative of war is industrial democracy. The alternative of war is the economics of Christ. The alternative of war is Socialism.

Is the price too high? There is but one price for peace. The writer is "for peace at any price."

Let those who would not pay the price go to the front. Let them forget every ideal that accidental

ound way to their brains. Let them attend the flag exercise and worship the symbol, the emblem, the idol, s does the pagan.

The price you will pay for peace will be the surrender of the privilege to kill. The price you will pay for peace will be the surrender of military taxes. The price you will pay for peace will be the surrender of murder and of carnage and of waste and of hatred and of a black heart and of death. Do you want to pay the price? Are you not convinced there is no price

too high to pay for peace and for universal brotherhood?

Never kill? No, never, except in defense of our lives. If men come to our land to rob and kill us, we have no choice and we must defend ourselves. Against murderous man we must defend ourselves, as against murderous beasts.

The time-worn bell of war now heads its funeral march. It is silent, let us hope, forever. The twentieth century bell is ringing for peace, for brotherhood, for solidarity, for co-operation, for the economics of Christ.

Speak, What Think Ye of the War?

By ERNEST DESLAND

RULERS of nations, from thy throne cast down
Thy stately robe, thy scepter and thy crown,
Umblings of discontent cause thee to frown.
Thy citizens, wilt thou dare ignore?
Speak, what think ye of the war!

Are thy edicts, the heritage of kingly dower?
Offer not thy royal birth as token of thy power,
Nor hail thy divine right from yon palace tower.
The dignity of thine office cannot overawe,
Speak, what think ye of the war!

Stand up, ye statesmen at our command;
The mandate held within thy hand
Do bring despair throughout the land?
Why sanction this reign of man-made law?—
Speak, what think ye of the war!

Ye priests and preachers of earthly realm ordained,
Who with Cross and Book bless battlefield, now stained
With blood of the dead, the dying and maimed—
Is this the God ye would adore?
Speak, what think ye of the war!

Ye mystic and devotee, who kneel daily at thy shrine—
Ye sluggard of vile estate who in luxury repine;
The increase of thy wealth betrays a marked decline:
Prophets, seers, and dreamers galore,
Speak, what think ye of the war!

Ye soldiers, with guns and swords arrayed,
Ready to kill thy victim undismayed;
Flinch not, lest authority upbraid.
Art thou exalted to shed this gore?
Speak, what think ye of the war!

Ye mothers and babes, who are ever dear,
Bid them strength of heart, kiss 'way all fear;
Dost thou consider some bereft woman's tear?
Arouse thy tenderness, we now implore.
Speak, what think ye of the war!

Ye populace—know ye not ye have the might
To cry halt upon this bloody sight?
Why look on undisturbed, as if to show delight?
Does a stupor permeate thy core?
Speak, what think ye of the war!

What loving God would e'er proclaim
Chaos in his own domain—
Till perfected souls can but remain?
Is this the rule of Christian lore?
Speak, what wills this cosmic war!

Ye stars, which reflect to earth each night—
Ye sun, a symbol of a greater Light—
O God, thou dost reveal to us thy might.
In supplication, we wait at heaven's door.
Speak, what think ye of the war!

Picturing Our Hero

IN this issue we gladly present to our readers the latest true-to-life portrait of America's foremost fighting man. Jum-Jum is shown, on page six, in a natural and easy pose, thewed like an Aurock bull and musklike like the great cave bear. Here we see, thanks to the skill of that eminent artist and society favorite, Robert Minor, the most eminent troglodyte in his lair,

gnawing with gusto and guttural growl the green skull of a mollycoddle just slain on the plains of Plattsburg. Witness his joy as he mumbles the bones and gristles and joints of the fresh slain pacifist from Passaic or Podunk. See in the open countenance pictured here the cunning and craft of one who will ever stand fast against Chinafying of our glorious republic.—A. M.

Hope—And a Car!

I KNOW there's a car for me somewhere
 Which is coming to make me as free
 as air,
 To swing and swoop from place to
 place
 And take a turn at setting the pace.
 No longer to climb with dragging feet
 The long long pull to Outlook street,
 But throw in the clutch and soar
 aloft
 Like a bird balanced on pinions soft.
 I rise with the dawn to try my car
 Which will dash away with its
 rhythmic jar
 To fill my soul with space and light
 'Ere I shut myself in for the daily
 fight
 For dollars—or cents; the right to
 live
 Will have some meaning when mus-
 cles give
 To the curves and jolts of the moun-
 tain pass
 Quite beyond reach to me now, alas!
 And then at night, when work is
 done
 With someone, the right one, full of
 fun
 And tender sweetness we'll glide
 along
 Wooed by the ocean's age-long song.
 And plan for a house and lot? Oh,
 no!
 For a bigger car in which to stow
 The strictly needful, a kitchenette,
 And then—the key of the fields, you
 bet!
 —A. C. A.

The Hellishness of War

In a protest against the alleged mistreatment of Japanese in Germany, Baron Chinda says the Nipponese were thrown into prison and kept there without regard to class. This is terrible! Awful! It emphasizes the hellishness of war. Why not merely imprison the working class? The members of the working class are inured to hardships, and jails wouldn't hurt them—but the other class should be shown some consideration.

“That which a man makes or produces is his own, as against all the world—to enjoy or to destroy, to use, to exchange, or to give. No one else can rightfully claim it, and his exclusive right to it involves no wrong to anyone else.”—Henry George.

Pictures for Propaganda



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Teasing Tad

[NEVER see a pollywog,
Aquiver in a creek,
Subaqueous potential frog,
But unto him I squeak:

'O protoplasmic tadpole, why
Your pessimistic air?
A surreptitious glance at I
Should wean you from despair."

[slyly poke him in the rib,
And say: "We twain, we might
Be quasi-consins, eh, Amphib—
Ious Pre-Adamite?" —E. d'O.

Offense of a Fence!

JOHN SERGEN came to his death
as the result of a bullet fired
from behind the fence of the Tide-
water Oil plant in Bayonne, in the
hand or hands of persons unknown."
—Coroner's verdict in the case of a murdered
striker.

This statement that the fence was
in the hand or hands of persons un-
known is not reprinted to show a
sample of the purity of English as
she is spoke and writ in New Jersey.
The meaning of the jury is clear. It
meant to say the fence was in the
hand or hands of persons unidenti-
fied by them.

At our age it requires little to re-
mind us of a story:

Some Indiana patriots erected a
flagstaff, rove halliards and hoist Old
Glory to the peak. A vandal awaited
cover of the night and stole the tex-
tile fabric. An indignation meeting
followed. The town patriarch made
the great speech and his peroration
was:

"I say if any man or men shall
haul down the flag or flags he shall
be shot to death on the spot or
spots!"—G. E. B.

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and tears and blood and martyrdom they
have been struggling for the one purpose of
emancipating themselves from the tyranny
of a heartless aristocracy, buttressed on the
one hand by the Roman Church and on the
other by the military power."



Georgia Kotsch says:

"* * * It strips the glamor of
benevolent motives from the dealings with
Mexico of the United States and other coun-
tries and presents the stark truth that
American and world capitalism has been,
and is, in league against the proletariat of
Mexico for its own sordid interest. And
while the Mexican master class is depicted
as the most depraved and bloodthirsty in
history, the Socialist will see that the story
of the Mexican proletariat is in greater or
less degree and in varying circumstances the
story of the proletariat in every country."



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Hell For Its Makers

(Continued from Page 12)

out life and no law has been broken.

CAPT. PERKINS—Then is my punishment to be very severe

MERL—I think there are one or two others here in hell whose punishment is a trifle worse; but for the most part it is a terrible ordeal.

CAPT. PERKINS (frightened)—Can't I do something to get out of it?

MERL—There is nothing to do.

CAPT. PERKINS (going to his knees)—I will give you a thousand pounds sterling—

MERL (waving him aside)—Money can't buy salvation from hell!

CAPT. PERKINS (clutching tight the coat of Merl)—God, yes! It must! Take everything I have! My home in England! My fortune!

(Merl laughs sarcastically.)

CAPT. PERKINS—Take my family! My wife and daughters! Spare me! I—I— (breaks down and sobs).

MERL (pulls him roughly to his feet)—Get up! Your punishment awaits.

CAPT. PERKINS—God! (Sobs.) What is it? What am I to do?

MERL—Follow! (Leads way to side stage. Capt. Perkins follows, dejected and broken in spirit.)

CAPT. PERKINS (drawing back, again frightened)—No! Not with the clergy—I don't get their punishment?

MERL—No. It shall be worse.

CAPT. PERKINS (awed)—Worse! (Again throws himself at the feet of Merl.) Tell me! I—I— must know—now! God! Is there no way out!

MERL (laughs)—You did not hesitate to punish those Turks—

CAPT. PERKINS—Yes—yes—yes, I know—but I did not know then—I did not understand—but now—cannot God help?

MERL—Not now; it is too late.

CAPT. PERKINS (echoing)—Too late!

MERL (pulls him again roughly to his feet)—Come! (Merl stamps twice. The six devils enter.) Show Capt. Perkins to his punishment.

CAPT. PERKINS—Tell me, first, what it is! (The devils seize him and he struggles to free himself.)

MERL—You—shall—(Capt. Perkins listens dejectedly) face your murdered three thousand and eternally and forever write on a wall in letters of blood these words: "I MURDERED YOU! I MURDERED YOU!" (Capt. Perkins swoons and is carried out, and the crackling laughter of the six devils is drowned amidst the groans and shrieks of the victims who greet them with their prey off stage. The noise dies down. Merl standing with arms folded smiles in sarcasm and nods his head in delight.)

(CURTAIN)

Rights vs. Power

WHAT does a right get you when you have not the power to back it up?

Power brings the rights and enforces them. Abstract "sacred" rights of citizens are nullified by the meanest lowbrow clubswinger that walks a beat. If you don't believe it go out dressed like a working man and try to exercise your sacred inalienable rights of free speech at any point that is made taboo by plutocratic power.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn recently had excellent proof of the way power overrides right whenever the masters so decree. Denied the right to speak in Paterson, N. J.,

Miss Flynn announces she will bring suit against the city. Chief of Police Bimson put it straight and without a quibble when he said:

"You may have the right to speak but we have the power to prevent you.

Well put and true.

Elizabeth puts in many telling licks for the workers. She has done a world of good and we admire her—BUT—

Miss Flynn believes in direct action—so do we, all of us. She believes in it so strongly that she overlooks, neglects if not scorns the very thing that puts the club of power in the hands of plutocratic police authority—political action.

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 Under Vests, sleeveless, sizes 30 to 44..... .35
 Night Robes, sizes 32 to 46..... 1.50
 Hose, extra wearing, black, sizes 8 to 10½..... .30
 Hose, light weight, all colors, sizes 8 to 10½... .50

Men's

Undershirts, light weight, cream, sizes 34 to 44...\$.75
 Undershirts, light weight, black, sizes 34 to 44.. 1.00
 Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44.... .75
 Drawers, light weight, cream, sizes 30 to 44.... 1.00
 Shirts and Drawers, double fleeced, grey, sizes 30 to 44..... 1.25
 Shirts and Drawers, Egyptian cotton, ecru, sizes 30 to 44..... 1.50

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Extra wearing value, black, sizes 9 to 11½.....\$.25
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Girls'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 30...\$.50
 Union Suits, better grade, sizes 20 to 30..... 1.00
 Hose, black, tan or white, sizes 6 to 10½..... .25

Children's

Taped unions, answering purpose of a waist, sizes 20 to 28.....\$.65
 Same as above, only better grade, sizes 20 to 28... 1.05

Boys'

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In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor

Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III September, 1915 No. 5

Random Shots

Britons never, never, never shall be Slavs.—Howard Brubaker, in The Masses.

Congratulations and greetings! How did you ever get that Slav thing past the printer?

* * *

Dumba has added a bit to the gaiety of a ghastly season. His innocence and naivete is most droll—or was he Dumba 'nuff to think he could affront the steel trust and not get his passports? (Thirty days on the rockpile!)

* * *

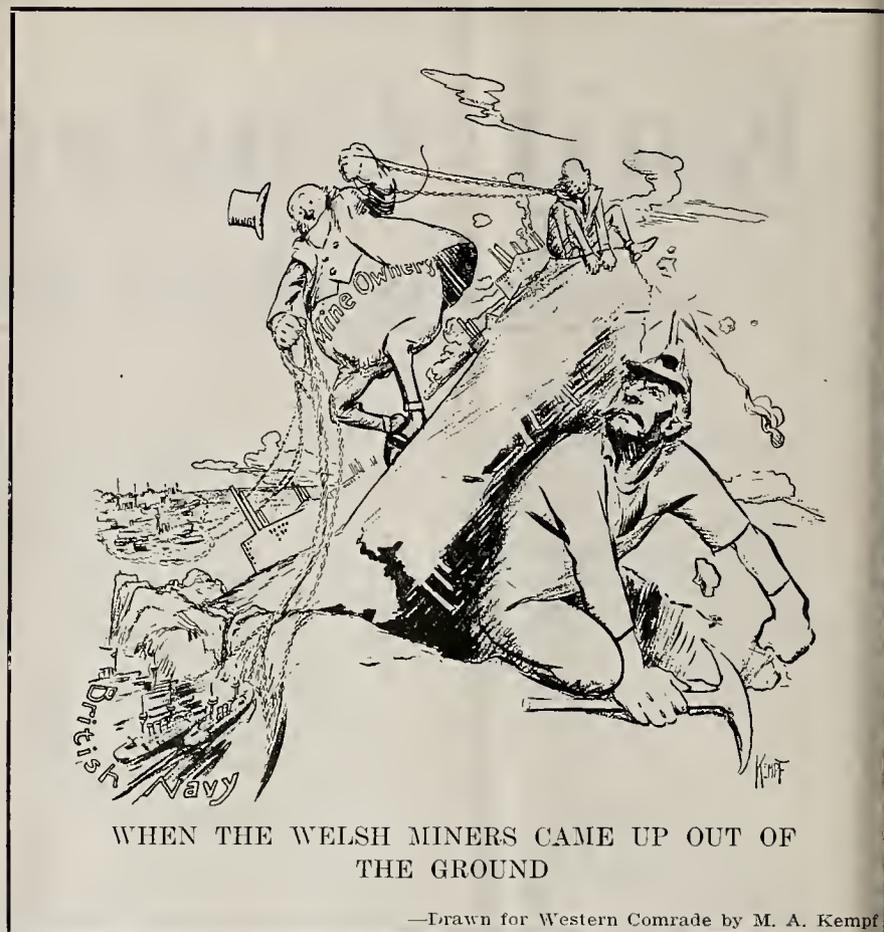
How German diplomats must have laughed—secretly and diplomatically behind closed doors—when the American note was received. Those astute Tutons, who know that so-called international law is always changing—always follows the needs of international capitalism—must have burst into a gale of wild laughter when they read the words “the principles of international law are immutable.” Har! har! har!

* * *

People of some American cities pay twenty-five kinds of taxes. These are the afterbites the workers suffer. The toilers are robbed at the point of production and exploited when they seek to buy what they have produced. They pay interest, rent and twenty-five kinds of taxes.

In Cleveland they run to varied taxes, while in Los Angeles there is a mad trend toward licenses and assessments. Under the cloak of so-called improvements a horde of grafting contractors have brought about sales of street and sewer bonds that have amounted to confiscation of the homes of many of the workers and imposed a staggering burden on others.

Conditions doubtless will be worse before they are better, but there are most encouraging signs of a great awakening. Hungry Henry listens eagerly these days and



WHEN THE WELSH MINERS CAME UP OUT OF THE GROUND

—Drawn for Western Comrade by M. A. Kempf

the times were never so ripe for propaganda.

* * *

The report of the Federal Reserve Board to the effect that American banks were Shylocking even to the point of charging 120 per cent interest aroused a snort of shortlived indignation. The finger of scorn was pointed at somebody in some other state for a minute then the story was forgotten. No city or state is free from the outrage of usury. In Los Angeles 24 per cent is charged on trust deeds and the excuse is given that they are “short time loans.” People are being dispossessed of their homes. A prominent public official of Los Angeles is connected with a Shylocking firm that charges 24 per cent. Anyone want to start something? Ask for names and facts.

* * *

“Fighting is drawing near to Dubgorod,” says the dispatches from the front. Gorod means “the place of the.” Thus we locate the home of Henrivitch Dubbkowski of Russia who is forced to shoul-

der a rifle and march to Poland or Galicia and shoot at Heinrich von Dubbheimer of Germany. Dubbkowski doesn't know it, but he has for an ally 'Enry Dubb of Hungary, Michael McDubb of Ireland, 'Arry MacDubb of Scotland, Hen Le Duboux of France and Hashimura Duboki of Japan.

As Dooley said about Dewey: “We are a gr-r-eat family.”

* * *

Eastern newspapers are worried about the American breadwinner who were drowned when the Lusitania was torpedoed. It is amazing that they get away with this bun Henry Dubb comes back from his pleasant little job (when he has one) of 14 hours' toil in the rolling mill, where they kill a “breadwinner” every few hours, and reads his penny sheet that some breadwinners are killed in the war zone on a floating arsenal. Henry is then expected to make an ass of himself by sobbing himself to sleep or wildly demanding vengeance against the murderer. Henry is expected to do this—and he does.

Should Sanity Strike

By ALBERT A. JAMES

AS we attempt to explain our plan of operation at the Llano del Rio Colony, we are often struck with the seeming impossibility for the average man who does useful labor to throw off the idea that the ownership of the means of production must rest in some individual or corporation whose sole purpose is the exploitation of the worker.

The Socialist writers and speakers have been pounding away at this point for years, but it seems impossible for many of the workers to throw off the old psychology, and see that they themselves, under some plan of organization, must assume the responsibility of ownership of the means of production.

It requires infinite patience when we find so many willing, so many determined to enter into numerous details that have no bearing on the great object in view.

A man who can conscientiously and religiously sell an honest working man a suit of clothes for \$21.50 and represent it as an extra value, when the labor cost is \$3.22, cannot understand how men can, by co-operation, produce their necessities in eight hours, and in the evening dance to the music made by their comrades.

This is especially hard for a man to understand if his boss has hired a perfectly good preacher to tell him and his fellow slaves that the dance is an awful sin and that the profit of \$18.28 belongs to the owners of the means of production, by divine right."

A man who would sell to his fellow man a town lot for \$1500.00 with a building erected thereon at an additional cost of \$2000.00 when he knows that the wage of a laboring man will not permit him to occupy a place that actually costs in depreciation, taxes, insurance and interest \$41.00 per month—such a man cannot understand how laboring men, by co-operative effort can get values equivalent to \$4.00 per day when they are living on town lots that cost \$1.67 each, and live in houses proportionately cheap because exploitation has been omitted.

A man who is aware of the fact that 90 per cent of the world's

workers are in abject poverty in this age of the world's greatest labor-saving machinery, and yet can religiously support an industrial system that drives women to prostitution and men to the life of a hopeless vagabond or to open rebellion against society—such a man would be unhappy without a boss to absorb the product of his labor.

Should sanity suddenly strike the great mass of working men, such individuals would have to be herded into a stockade and there provided with a great stone god whom they could fall down and worship as boss and as the author of their salvation from hunger.

In order to make the simple ones perfectly contented it might be necessary to provide a stone image of a prostitute press on the one side and on the other side might be placed an image representing a prostitute pulpit. The oracle of such a press would continually cry out for the workers to arm themselves and go forth as valiant soldiers to defend the wealth created by labor but possessed by the bosses. The oracle of such a pulpit would continually cry out "Servants, obey your master," and representing the jingoes of all nations, would bless the armies and pray loudly that each of the contending nations should be victorious.

Under such an environment the dear ones who dare not think could ooze out into the great unknown, knowing throughout their declining years that all was well with their masters.

Seriously, the writer does not wish to cast the slightest reflection on the religious belief of any individual. We who see the crimes committed in the name of Him who died for the poor and dispossessed must of necessity hide our faces in shame. Those who are so individualistic that they refuse to see any social crime find themselves helpless when they attempt to investigate a co-operative movement.

It would be as impossible for such people to understand our colonization scheme as it was for the hangers-on at the Court of King

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George III to understand why our Colonial forefathers left the "beautiful civilization" under their monarch and traveled the dangerous seas to establish homes in the wilderness of America, for we have people today who as thoroughly believe in the divine right of capital to rule the world as people believed in that day that kings ruled by "divine right."

For those who wish to establish an industrial democracy there is no new continent. We must build within the capitalistic system communities founded on industrial justice.

Our Wonderful School

(Continued from Page 21)

ing sequences of work and play are planned here by the teacher. Here in Dr. Montessori's house and garden of childhood the kindergartener finds her ideal kindergarten, where the children blossom into maturity of feeling and thought as naturally as flowers bloom in a well-kept garden."

First Aid

Scene on the promenade deck of a San Francisco steamer. Pretty tourist, battling with the wind, finally succeeds in turning half hitch with veil over her flying hair and neatly tying a bowline beneath a dimpled chin.

Approach Bert Engle with Panama clutched in one hand and toupee in another:

"I beg your pardon, madam, if you have another veil and will lend it to me, I will tie MY hair on."

Hope for White Hope

A city prospect accompanied by a pretty young woman approached operations of some Llano bricklayers and showed deep interest. Gibbon, thewed like a Thor, and bearded like a pard, ceased singing as he sent the mixing hoe surging through the plastic mass. The city man saw admiration in the girl's eyes, and said to Gibbon:

"That looks easy enough. Do you suppose I could learn to do it?"

"Well," said Gibbon slowly, after giving the rather robust prospect a quick once-over, "I think you could." Then he spat meditatively and added: "You see, this here is a job for a fellow with a No. 4 hat and a 44 shirt."

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.

We take pleasure in offering to the American public the work of one of the world's greatest authorities upon the question of sexual life. He is August Forel, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., of Zurich, Switzerland. His book will open your eyes to yourself and explain many mysteries. You will be better for this knowledge.

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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 solves 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.

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

Some of these aims have been carried out during the year since the colony began to work out the problems that confront pioneers. There are about 475 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than seventy pupils in the schools, and several hundreds 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 for the fall term 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. About fifty pupils have been enrolled.

The colony owns a fine herd of about 100 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 about 175 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 sixty-eight work horses, a large tractor, two trucks and a number of automobiles. The poultry department has 2000 egg-making birds, some of them blue bon 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, a printing plant, a machine shop, a soil analysis laboratory, and a number of other productive plants are contemplated, among them a cannery, a tannery, an ice plant, a shoe factory, knitting and weaving plant, a motion picture company and factory. All of this machinery is not yet set up owing to the stress of handling crops.

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

No more commissions will be paid for the sale of memberships or stock in the Llano del Rio Community. Every installment member should be a worker to secure new members.

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

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

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

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

There are 1000 memberships in the colony and over 700 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

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

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

Each pays cash (\$750) for 750 shares. This will be increased to \$1000 within a few months.

Deferred payments on the remaining 1250 shares are made by deducting one dollar per day (or more, if the member wishes to pay more rapidly) from the \$4 wage of the colonist.

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

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

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

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

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

Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

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

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled: "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade (\$1.00 per year), and keep posted on the progress of the colony. Ask about our monthly payment installment membership.

Address LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY, 924 Higgins building, Los Angeles, California.

Are You An Undesirable?

HAVE you been an agitator in your vicinity? Have you struggled and worked to make things better for humanity? Have you developed a spirit of altruism, and thus become a rebel against the oppression of the capitalist autoeracy? Have you been honestly and earnestly spreading the doctrine of discontent with the system of the despoilers? Have you talked and agitated for the coming co-operative system? If so, you have friends and comrades and loved ones, but you are undesirable so far as the capitalists and parasites are concerned. If you have achieved this much we want you to go a step farther. We want you to come to the Llano del Rio Community where we are making a great demonstration of the co-operation for which you have worked.

You see the future alike of farmers and city mechanic. You see the centralization

of wealth and the crushing down of the middle classes. You see expropriation and disemployment. You see your comrades go down and under in the fierceness of the struggle. Surely you are tired of the struggle in the competitive system, where remains the inexorable law of tooth and claw.

Why not cast your lot with your comrades who for eighteen months have borne the brunt of the hardships in pioneering at the Llano del Rio Co-operative Community in Los Angeles County, California.

If you are tired of being exploited and robbed and want to get the field social product of your efforts, turn to pages 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 31 of this magazine and read the story of the wonder-

ful progress that has been made by the Co-operative Community founded by Job Harriman. If you are interested write for our booklet, "The Gateway to Freedom."



Sandbox and Irrigation Gates

"Modern society conducts its affairs under circumstances which create and maintain an ever increasing burden on all humanity. Man sustained in youth by the illusion that ability or good fortune will ultimately reward him with happiness through material success, learns sooner or later, that no peace can be his until the unmoral conditions of commercialism and industrial competition are removed."—From the Community Constitution.

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY

Membership Department

924 Higgins Building

Los Angeles, California