

October, 1915

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The Western Comrade



Manaticism in the Socialist Party—Job Harriman



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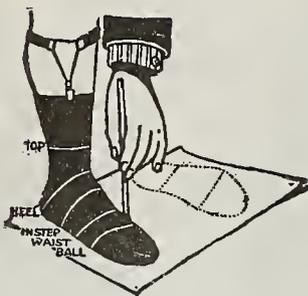
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SALES DEPARTMENT

Llano del Rio Company
922 Higgins Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



CONTENTS

Current Topics. By Frank E. Wolfe.....Page 5

Fanaticism Means Failure. By Job Harriman.....Page 9

War's Pentecost. By Frank H. Ware.....Page 10

Enemy's Child. By Charlotte Holmes Crawford...Page 12

Daughters of Joy. By Rose Sharland.....Page 14

The Fable of the "Nut" By A. F. Gannon.....Page 14

Industrial Activity Inspiring. By R. K. Williams..Page 15

Glimpse of the Diverse Activities of the Llano
CommunityPage 16

How We Live at Llano.....Page 21

Learn Living and Loving. By Prudence Stokes
BrownPage 22

Success (Poem). By Ernest Wooster.....Page 23

Capitalism's Justice—1915Page 24

The Goal in Sight. By John M. Work.....Page 26

State and Church.....Page 29

CARTOONS

The Czar's Doll.....Frontispiece

In His Name?.....Page 6

On the Gallipoli Peninsula.....Page 7

Triumph of Man!.....Page 8

". . . . the Artillery Did Splendid Work".....Page 10

The Stay-at-HomesPage 11

Aerial Craft Beware!.....Page 28



The Czar's Doll



"Oh, Dodd! Oh, Dodd! How my dollie has changed!"

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. III

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The Community Dairy Herd Is Pastured on Alfalfa Fields Amid Ideal Surroundings

CURRENT TOPICS

By Frank E. Wolfe

FAILURE to embroil the United States in war with Germany over the sinking of ships bearing American treasure and citizens has brought British capitalism to its senses. A more insidious and more effective way has been discovered. War loans will do the trick. One-half billion dollars was but half a bite at the cherry. More and more billions will follow. Nothing short of a run on every American bank can stop war loans. No one dare advocate these runs and depositors seem too stupid and too indifferent to understand their danger.

A run on American banks would bankrupt the country and disclose the universal insolvency. Under the new conspiracy of British-American capitalism the country will be drained by a succession of these loans. Then they will want men! We must be involved in the war and the masters are shrewd

enough to know they can achieve it only by indirection.

The statement that the money does not leave the country is disingenuous. The gold certainly leaves the banks where the working class has deposited out of their meager earnings. The fact that these savings find their way to the pockets of the steel kings and munition makers will prove of small consolation to the small depositor when he sees the sign hung on the barred door of the bank that has failed. The indifference of the sodden and muddy-brained masses does not mean that there is not great latent potentiality to stampede. Indeed, it is the most stupid cattle that wildly burst through all barriers.

In America we have long wrought for revolt and when the flame bursts forth in Europe who shall say it will not spread here?



UNDER a reconstruction on a saner basis Americans will be forced to throw off the yoke of capitalism and fall in line with the great advance step of United Europe.

For the ten thousandth time we will say the only thing that can prevent a bloody revolution in Ameri-

survive the struggle—and say, “Didn’t I tell you it was coming? Now you see, Henry, it’s here.”

* * *

PRACTICALLY all Europe is now involved in the world’s pentecost of war. Only the remoteness, or rather the fact that the Scandinavian countries are not in the pathway of the destroyers, has thus far saved them. Spain and Portugal are not yet involved, but both countries are only smouldering over volcanoes of revolt that will burst forth when the hour strikes.

The upheaval in Europe will leave no throne, no royalty, no nobility and no shred of capitalism. The revolt will come at an hour when resistance will be swept aside. Trained, seasoned murderers on both sides of the contest may claim victims by countless thousands, but the struggle will be short and the reconstructive spirit will amaze the world with its speed and accomplishment.

* * *

BOILING and seething beneath the surface the revolt in Russia is taking form from day to day. Despite rigid censorship news leaks out from Moscow showing that the revolution is breeding there.

On September 27 barricades were built in the streets and the students from the university led the battles. Eight high officials and twenty-five police officers were killed, while three students were killed and a dozen wounded. The body of one student lay all night in the street.

A great demonstration took place at the funeral of the dead revolutionists, and the university men held the police back everywhere. In Petrograd, Rostov, Kharkov and Odessa serious riots and disorders are reported though the censors have sought to suppress the news.

These fights are the forerunner of those certain to sweep over Russia a little later. In the coming revolt every country in Europe will be involved, but each one will have its own revolution and they will probably only converge where large cities are near border lines. National boundaries will then disappear and the folk upheaval will take on a stronger international aspect than has ever been dreamed by even the most ardent theorists.



IN HIS NAME?

“Onward, Christian Soldiers.”

—Sydney Bulletin

ca will be that a peaceful revolution comes swiftly through a great political, economic and industrial reorganization.

If the sources of life be not quickly taken from the hands of the exploiters, then nothing can prevent the cataclysm here. Reformers and revampers may well ponder these facts.

Some day the Socialist will meet his former capitalist-bourgeoisie-minded neighbor—if they both



THE European War is about half over. Another year may see its end. The war debt will grow in greater ratio each month the struggle continues. The war has gone so far that every war bond will be repudiated. The struggling workers of Europe were already bearing a burden far beyond their endurance. They cannot pay the debt or even the interest on the debt. The wealth producers lie in

CANADA has revived her hymn of hate and gone as fiercely into the Gott strafing business as any British-loathing German junker.

The second verse of the National anthem, once stricken out, has been authorized by the Angelican Bishops at the general synod. The proclamation of the saintly gents state that in the time of war and tumult the verse may be sung with perfect propriety. All right here goes:

O Lord, our God, arise!
Scatter his armies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix.
God save us all.

Aside from the banality, crudity, and the fact that it is quaint to the point of grotesqueness, this seems fair enough. In fact, viewing the submarines and the Zeppelins, we would stand for even stronger dope than merely confounding politics or beshrewing the Kaiser for his knavish tricks.

If men of God can stand in the pulpit and implore Jehova to destroy the armies of their enemy, why may not the congregation arise and sing, or even stand on chairs as did the Bishops, and roar out the words of this stodgy anthem? Anyway, we like the omnibus ending, "God save us all."

But, of course, that means only us Britains—"Save us"—For what?

* * *

SOCIALISTS who have long known of the frightful maladjustment under capitalism may well draw much amusement from the antics of the bourgeoisie under the process of expropriation now so apparent everywhere. The fact is that 96 per cent of the American people are desperately poor and that the remaining four per cent control all the vast wealth of the nation.

In Los Angeles where the pinch comes the most severe on the middle class, it is amusing to watch the squirm and to hear the squawk of the erstwhile proud possessor of sundry parcels of real estate—vacant lots or small houses for rent. Upper Spring street is a graveyard and vivid signs are there show-



ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA

"Did you ever see such a nut?"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer

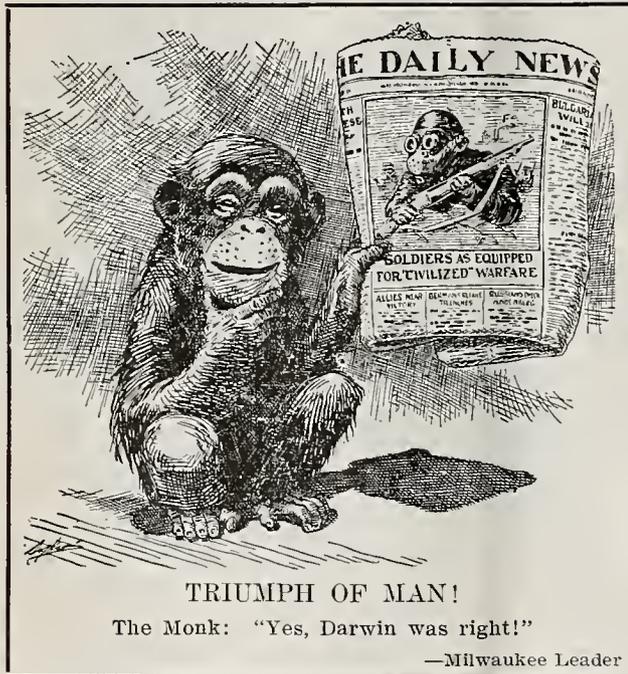
the muddy trenches or hang in ghastly festoons on the barbed-wire entanglements. Repudiation is inevitable and in the crash will come the revolution that will repudiate all debts and destroy all paper upon which is written the enslavement of one by another.



ing the wreckage left by small merchants who have gone under.

Few storekeepers are paying rent, and the "help" is frequently on half pay. Big department stores are giving "paper" for their advertising bills and thousands of unemployed flock the streets. Hundreds of homes are broken up and several families are found in one house. The seasonal workers are flocking into the cities, but they have not their old-time grub stake.

On the highways the blanket stiff is joined by a new species. This is not the old-timer with a bundle



stick, but the unemployed city worker—clerks, salesmen, bookkeepers and other soft-handed capitalist-minded paupers. On their faces one sees the first flush of eagerness of the adventure. Later these faces will be less pleasant to look upon. The youths are learning a lesson from the old timers and strange scenes are enacted after the mulligan is downed and the groups are gathered around flickering camp fires. These things are of California,

but the tragedy of it is of every state. There is a terrific under current of thought in the world today. There will either be a swift, peaceful overturning of the economic and industrial world or there will be a tremendous revolution. These statements have been made a thousand times, but the hour is almost here. The crash is impending—but the masters, the 96, are deaf and blind. Will they wait too long?

* * *

JOHN SPARGO contributed much to the interest in the great Labor Day conference in New York. In speaking of the need for understanding and steadfastness, he declared that the ideal of Socialism was to establish a great industrial democracy, where equality of opportunity pertained. He believed that society was now making tremendous strides toward collective ownership and that the war was hastening these strides. Capitalism was more and more leaving such great projects as the construction of the Panama Canal, the development of hygiene, etc., to the collectivity. He asserted, however, that that sort of collectivism was not Socialism; that Socialists desire a collectivism shot through and through with the passion of democracy.

"Out of the hell of Mars, out of the bloody mist of war will come the Socialist Movement chastened, less arrogant, less dogmatic than before, disciplined and awakened. It must face many practical problems, and I hope that it will have the courage not to temporize."

* * *

IN the death of Kier Hardie, Socialism loses one of its greatest figures. Eighteen months has seen the taking away of some of the greatest figures in the world's movement: Bebel, Jaures, DeLeon, Hardie—leaders of radical thought of four countries. Hardie's loss at this time is a great blow to the radical movement. In the hour of the approaching world-wide upheaval, such men as these will be sorely missed. To the British Socialist the death of Kier Hardie comes as a personal bereavement. In the Socialist Movement at large, there is a keen sense of an irreparable loss.

Fanaticism Means Failure

By JOB HARRIMAN

WHAT is the trouble with the Socialist Party membership?

Why are there fewer members by one half today than in 1912?

Is there a shortage of propaganda material? No, the fields are white with harvest.

Are we not in the midst of a world war?

Is not this fiendish struggle the ripe fruit of Capitalism? Are not the best men of the world being murdered in cold blood, by the powers, only for commercial supremacy? Is not the commissary of the world being impoverished? Is not starvation gripping the vitals of all Europe today?

A shortage in Propaganda material! Have we not a panic in our own country? Has nature not blessed us with the largest crops in the history of our nation? Is not the price of wheat low and the price of flour high? Have we not millions of idle men willing and anxious to work? Are their farms and homes not good security for money if they could borrow? Are they not told by the money powers that there is no money to lend? Are not the same bankers now lending \$500,000,000 to the Allies for war purposes while they foreclose the mortgages on the farms and homes of our country because there is no money to lend?

A shortage in Propaganda material?

Are we not now in the act of entering into a war with Mexico?

Is our action not being forced by the land, mine and oil field proprietors of that country? Has not the Commission on Industrial Relations uncovered an internal condition that is shaking our institutions to their very foundations? Are we not shipping millions of tons of food to feed the European war while our children starve at home? Would it not be wiser to starve the war and feed our children?

Surely our membership in the Socialist Party is not in a state of lethargy because there is no new propaganda material. Then what is the trouble?

The trouble is with our methods.

We are not practical. We are doctrinaires. We are traveling the road of the old S. L. P. We are making a fetish of our movement, a religion of our theories. We are Puritans. We are "absolutely right." "All others are wrong." We are the guardians of a "sacred" organization. We are weeding out the heretics. Only those who are "clear" may remain. We are sincere, honest and devoted. We are suspicious of others. "Those who are not with us are against us," are wrong—are dangerous. We are developing a fan-

aticism that will be our downfall unless our course is changed.

We believe we are right, but that does not make us right nor does it say we are wrong. It only says we believe.

Believing a truth that we do not practice is as dangerous to the mind as believing a falsehood that we cannot practice. Belief alone leads to fanaticism. Abstract principles must be tested and sustained by practical, concrete experiences. These experiences are the ballast; without them the mind will flounder and sink.

Truth and honesty alone will not sustain the mind. Mental, like bodily development, depends on action.

Honest? Of course our people are honest, but that will not save them. Every fanatic is honest. If he were not honest he could not be a fanatic. An honest profound conviction is the essential element of fanaticism. Couple that conviction with sufficient experience to convert the energy to some practical purpose and your fanatic will be resolved into a man of judgment and power.

While our movement was small, practical operations were impossible, and hence fanatics developed, but now that the movement is powerful it will demand practical men and practical operations or it will dissolve and reorganize in some practical form.

Nor must we deceive ourselves and insist that our course is right because we are happy in our belief. All people are happy in their belief else they could not believe. When one becomes unhappy in his belief his belief changes. After all belief is a sort of resting place for the mind. Stimulate it and it becomes a conviction, put it to some practical purpose and it becomes a social passion, rob it of practicability and it leads to fanaticism.

Mob psychology is made up of the psychology of its members and will be sober, well poised and determined if its work deals largely with practical affairs, but it will tend to fanaticism if it spends its energy in propaganda alone.

I submit that the Socialist party spends the vast majority of its effort in propaganda and for this reason is moving toward fanaticism, as did the S. L. P. It will change its course. It will become more active in the labor movement and in co-operative enterprises or it will dissolve. Capitalism will be overthrown by an organization that can deliver more comforts to the people than Capitalism can deliver, or it will not be overthrown at all, talk, teach, preach, and argue as we may.

War's Pentecost

By FRANK H. WARE

MANY thousands from the districts devastated by the cataclysm of war make their way to America. Most of them have stories to tell. All disavow ability or intent to write them. This is one of the tales of an American who lived through some of the most momentous days at the front during the recent fighting in the Champagne district.



IN the swirl of the vortex I found myself beside a stretcher on which a white-faced boy lay staring upward. His lips were moving, but no sound came from them. In the grime and filth of wounds and war his uniform was indistinguishable. Were the lips forming the words "Unser Vater," "Notre Pere" or "Our Father"? I seized the stretcher and we followed the ghastly procession into the dark, low, vault-like "hospital" ward.

The sight of wounded and dying men caused a queer sensation to pass over me. A sensation that was half pity and half hatred. Pity for those in pain, hatred for those who caused it. But with the townspeople the sight of hundreds of wounded arriving every hour had steeled their hearts to the suffering, long ago. On the cots lay many who had lost arm or leg. Others, who had been blinded by hand grenades in close trench fighting, were being led around by nurses and doctors. But what surprised me most was the great number of grey-haired men, men past middle age, among the wounded. I expected to find for the most part young men—the flower of the nation, as they were called—but it was the reverse that greeted me.

"Why is it?" I asked a surgeon. He turned and walked away without answering.

"Why is it?" I asked of a nurse. She looked at me for a moment, then lowered her head and passed on.

It was because the flower of the nation were now either rotting in

their graves or maimed and disfigured—the latter a menace to society for the remainder of their days. In but little more than a year twelve millions had been killed and wounded.

I wandered over to where one of the wounded was sitting in a wheel chair. His face was pallid, but the deep furrows that lined it and the drooping eyelids that would close for moments at a time bespoke of an intense suffering. I noticed also that his right arm had been amputated above the elbow.

"You must have been in a pretty tough battle?" I queried so as to open a conversation.

He merely nodded his head in assent. I waited a few moments for him to say something and finally he raised the stump of his right arm so as to flaunt the empty sleeve in the air and said: "They're all tough."

"If you don't mind, I'll tell you about the battle I was shot in," he added.

I had come a long way to see this hospital and I anticipated hearing many recounts of battles, so I told him to go ahead.

"It was in the Champagne district," he started out, "and our battalion was joined by three others. We had orders to charge the enemy's trenches on the following day. Our artillery had done splendid work the day before and our machine guns had raked down hundreds.

"The day of the charge broke warm and sunny. Under cover of their own guns the enemy were mending their barbed-wire entanglements. All morning we kept up a desultory fire and it was nearly noon before the order came for the charge.



"... the artillery did splendid work."

—By J. Gabrielse

When it came we poured over our trenches and started for them. In a moment, machine guns were raking us down by hundreds, but we were thousands. Then I seemed to go mad. My comrades were mad. Our hoarse cries echoed above us in the screaming shrapnel.

"The first trench was filled with dead and dying. Some of the enemy were fleeing. Others met us in desperation. The rest stood stupified with fear. Bayonets jabbed and thrust, each one dripping red. Blood was everywhere.

"I remember stumbling and falling across the bodies of several of the enemy. On rising I noticed the attitudes of some of the dead. Many were in such life-like poses. One man looked as if he was just lying down resting; his eyes were wide open and a faint smile played across his face. Another one was leaning against the side of the trench, one hand raised to his hip. While another still grasped the handles of a machine gun, his eyes peering through the sights, his body tense and rigid. Behind us, caught in the enemy's barbed wire, were many of our own comrades, their mouths wide open, their eyes staring at us, yet they were all dead. We, who live, envy those who die.

"It took but a glance to take this in and after running on for ten yards or so I was in the thick of it again. I was mad again and I slashed and stabbed at this man and that; trampling over the fallen, comrades or enemy. Then came inky blackness.

"When I awoke the stars were shining and dead were lying all around me. I tried to raise myself to look around, but everything swam before my eyes and I sank back again. The blood on my hands and face had dried and felt itchy. My head was burning and my hands and feet felt numb and cold.

"It was quite some time before I tried to move again, but when I did a sharp pain on my right arm made me stop suddenly. With my left hand I reached over and slowly felt up and down to find the hurt. The



The Stay-at-Homes

—By J. Gabrielse

arm had been slashed to the bone in several places. The cuts all over my body began to burn. Then I swooned.

"In the hospital the doctors told me gangrene had set in and that they would have to amputate. At first I refused to submit. I wanted that arm and had to have it. Without it I could not earn a living for the stay-at-homes—my wife and children. I fought them off time and again, but finally when the pain got so intense I submitted to the operation.

"I now wear a metal cross. For it I show an empty sleeve. But in that battle nearly thirty thousand now wear a wooden cross."

For a moment neither one of us spoke. Finally I broke the silence by asking: "When will

these Caesars stop fighting?" He looked at me sharply for a moment before he answered: "When the fighters stop the Caesars."

"When the fighters stop the Caesars?" I queried.

Looking around cautiously before replying he leaned toward me and said in a low voice: "Yes. The time is near at hand when the masters will have had enough. They will try to call their men off the battlefields to operate again the mills, mines, factories and farms. But the soldier of today is fast awakening. This war is teaching him a lesson. Whisperings in the trenches with his comrades during lulls in the fighting finds him eager to learn more. He sees why he is fighting.

"Try him out now with some of the patriotic talk that roused him to such fervor when the master class was urging the workers to enlist!" The wounded man laughed a ghastly chuckle that at first seemed natural but ended in a horrible grimace of pain. Then he continued:

"At first the propagandists were few in numbers and when they were caught it went hard with them. Now—" I think his eyes twinkled as he said this, "now it is different!"

Enemy's Child

By CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD in The Forum



MAIS, Madame, do not let them write it down "de pere inconnu." "Father unknown" is mother dishonored. Say rather "enemy's child."

How, Madame? If I am willing for le Gouvernement to take this Thing when it comes? What should I do with it, this Enemy's Brat? It is not mine.

A woman bears her children a son homme a elle. This child is not mine.

Oui, Madame, last night they brought me here on the road of iron with the wounded. I worked in the fields, I helped with the sick and buried the dead until my time was drawing near.

A little while more and I shall bring forth a monster, half French and half Enemy. Two heads it will have and two hearts, for never those two can make one.

Quel age, Madame? Ten months ago I was nineteen—nineteen, and betrothed to Mathieu. Now I am ôld, old and Mathieu—do you see this, here on the cord around my neck? That is what they gave me when I went for news of Mathieu. A great basketful of them and another and another. A harvest from the Marme. They searched in one and gave me this, Mathieu's number. Mathieu, un numero! Voila tout! The river has taken him away.

Oui, Madame, notre village. It has no need now to be—how do they say?—deleted by M'sieu le Censeur. Shall a heap of rubbish bear a name? There is nothing more. Only ashes and debris and stupid, gaping walls. All, all gone. And of Mathieu,—rien que ca.

Que voulez-vous? It is for France.

Dost thou hear that, thou Enemy's Brat?

The church—ah, Madame, you should see. The Holy Virgin in her niche was untouched. They say she hid her face when the first shell struck. She was good to our village. For so many years the crops were good. This year even—but this crop was not in.

Combien, Madame? My father, my mother, I and Charlot. There were two between, but le bon Dieu was kind to them. They died before.

Charlot was twelve, Madame. He was a good boy. M'sieu le Cure said he was a good boy. But hold, Madame. We spoiled him, we others. We thought there was no boy like Charlot.

Charlot! Charlot!

My mother laid him in my arms when he was but an hour old. "V'la ton affaire," she said.

Ah, Madame, to have a little brother to care for, it is almost better than to have a son. It was only yesterday that I taught him to walk. Yesterday—a thousand years—it is the same.

They came to our village as to the others. They took M'sieu le Maire, and said they would kill him if anyone in the village did not instantly obey.

We were frightened. Had we not seen the poor people? Oh, les pauv, gens! Had we not heard the cries and the shooting in the dark? For every shot, a life. We were still.

We kept in our house. The hours went by until we thought we should go mad with the tramping. Was the whole world come to France? At last, Charlot ran out. My father shouted to him, but he leaped through the door and was gone.

"An instant, to see," he called back.

He did not come and he did not come. All three, we went to find him.

And then—

"Melie! Melie!"

It was Charlot's voice, calling me. I saw him running toward me, and—he had no hands. Charlot had no hands.

At last we stopped the bleeding. Then They came, demanding to eat. One stood by the bed where Charlot was lying.

"If the Prussians had done this in 1870," he said in French, "there would not be so many sacre Frenchmen left to fight now."

They went through our hours. They found the gun, old and rusty, which mon grandpere had carried in 1870. We had hidden it, but they found it.

One said, looking at Charlot:

"At least, thou wilt not use it, thou."

And Charlot—ah, Madame—he was but a child, and we had spoiled him—looked at his bloody bandages and smiled.

"Ma foi, M'sieu l'Ennemi, I can learn to shoot with the feet."

Madame, they took him out. They held us bound to watch. They stood him up against the house—so little, ah, he looked so little standing there. . . . Once he cried out: "Melie!" Shall I ever forget Melie; It was like when he was tout petit and afraid in the dark. Then he sobbed:

"C'est pour la patrie."

Yes, Madame. They shot him.

Charlot! Charlot!

The next day—was it?—I do not know. The days all ran together after that. Someone had fired, they said, fired a shot for France. They overran the village, shooting, burning, and—

Ah, mon pere!

When they seized me, he hurled a stone.

That time, they used the bayonet.

I did not know any more for a long time. The good sisters found me and kept me in the cellar of the convent till I was well again.

Then first of all I thought of my mother.

I went back to the village,—non, Madame, I will be kind. You shall not hear. Such things are not to hear. *Moi, j'ai vu.* I found my mother. With a little stick, she was poking in the ashes where our home had been. She did not know me.

Day by day, I brought her food, the little that I could find. Then, one day, the wall—there was one left standing—fell down and crushed her. I pulled away the stones from her, but she was dead. I set a stone at her head and another at her feet. They came from our fireplace. My little crucifix I laid upon her breast and I made the sign of the cross over her and said my prayers. I pray the Savior will forgive her the last sacrament. If not, *Seigneur*, I swear, those last days, I would take for them a thousand years of purgatory. *Jesus*, let them pass her hers.

* * * * *

Ah, Madame, when I found that I had conceived!

I ran to the Holy Mother where she stood unharmed in her niche. I knelt down among the stones and broken glass. Before I had never seen her so clearly. Always in the dim light of candles and the colored windows. Now she was all light, sunlight.

Madame, I prayed to her to let me do the forbidden thing. I told her all why, so many reasons why.

"A sign, give me a sign, Holy One," I prayed.

A long time, I waited. The clouds were passing, one by one, away from the sun. It was one clear day in the long wet. Sometimes she was in shadow, sometimes bright. At last, I swear it, she shook her head.

"It is for France," I cried, and waited again.

There was no answer, though I waited long. But she had shaken her head. The Holy Mother had shaken her head.

The Medical Corps found me wandering and starving.

"Thou art strong. Thou canst help."

So I did, Madame. Sometimes I helped with the wounded, sometimes I buried the dead.

Always among the enemy dead and wounded, I kept looking, for I thought:

"If I find him, the ravisher, maybe they will not need to write it down '*de pere inconnu.*'"

But I did not know him, Madame. How should I? There was not only one.

So I said to the Hate-Thing within me:

"When I look on him, leap Thou, that I may know."

One day, I saw Them sliding by in the distance, except for their moving, like a piece of the plain behind Them. Only here and there the sun on their helmets.

Then a red hate sprang up between me and Them. I spat toward Them. They marched like one creature. They were one creature—one Devil, the Enemy.

And the Hate-Thing within me gave a great leap!

Then I knew it was not the child of one, but of all—Enemy's Child.

And I made up a song of rejoicing over their dead which I buried. When I was alone I sang it aloud. When I was not alone, it sang itself in me.

"Blood pooling our furrows today—

Enemy's blood:

Fair green crops in our fields tomorrow!
Lie there, little Enemy, fatten our fields!"

Was I mad? I do not know. It sang itself in me.

And often I laughed how they thought to conquer. Can French fields bear alien crops? Not though they are sown thick with enemy slain!

And the Hate-Thing within me grew and grew, and with it my hate. But the Holy Mother had shaken her head. Mary, forgive me that I murdered it many a day in my heart!

Mon Dieu, to have travail for an Enemy's Brat!

Mon Dieu, how the night is long till the morrow!

Oui, Madame, the paper. Bring it and I will sign it. Enemy's Child shall be Gouvernement's Child.

Au revoir, Madame. *Priez pour moi!*

* * * * *

Mais non, Madame, I cannot. He has the eyes of Charlot. On my arm they laid him, and I look at him for the first time, and his eyes, they are Charlot's. How can I give him up?

Tell Gouvernement I will be French for two.

Can a French field bear an alien crop?

Ah, Madame, love is stronger than hate. My love has conquered my hate. And something soft and small in the crook of my arm, that sweetest sound, a sob of content and the tug of little lips at my breast. . . .

Ah, see, he opens them, the eyes of Charlot. *Mon fils a moi!*

Daughters of Joy

By ROSE SHARLAND in *The Clarion*

WALKING arm-in-arm with soldiers or sailors, chucking this one under the chin, patting that one on the cheek, laughing over the shoulder at the others, with a glad eye for all, what happy girls they seemed when the sea was all a-glitter and the sun scorching the hot sands!

Some of them would lie basking in the surf for hours, laughing shrilly when the waves dashed over their sunburnt arms and legs; and the sun, shining alike on the good and evil, rained his warm kisses on their faces—pretty faces, too, when the dimples came and went in the joy of the passing hour. And the saucy badinage of words with all and sundry, the ready wit, the quick jest, the careless freedom.

Then one thought: "Surely this a better life than long hours in a sweater's den, the paltry pence for long mechanical labor, and the pale, anaemic faces of the city by-ways!" Here at least was the free air and sunlight and sea, plenty to eat and drink, lots of pretty clothes, and kisses by the score.

The one with the innocent, wide, blue eyes was wearing a blue Madonna hood over her gold hair, and her flower face smiled childishly on all as she passed; and if a hard steely look came into those eyes at times, what wonder? She had her price and would not be beaten down so long as she had youth and beauty for the bargaining. Then the pretty dark one, so much sought after, whose pink dress brought out the rose bloom of her cheeks—of Nature's painting, too, as yet. Like

a gay bird she hopped from one to the other, taking where she would, and sparing of her kisses. Her voice and laugh were silvery, like a skylark at dawn in the woods. She, too, was a bird escaped from some nest but at what a price had she bought freedom!

At last the hot days went, the heavy rains fell, the whole aspect of the outside world changed. Cold wind whistled around the huts on the fore-shore—whistled and shrieked and wailed: "Lost, lost, all lost!" till people indoors drew close to fires they had lighted and shuddered, for there, out in the rain, were the gay girls, out to earn their bread. How pitiful the scanty frocks looked then! The thin, white shoes soaked through, and the tawdry chiffon clinging dank to the slim forms.

Luck was against them, too, as they shivered and passed through the lashing gale. Night fell, and passed, and something impelled the woman with the sweet eyes who lived in the house by the sea to look out at dawn—the grey, chill, early dawn of a cheerless summer day. There, huddled in a shelter, immobilized as death, sat two of the daughters of joy.

They had spent the long cold night there. The bird of the air have nests, but girls who make a plaything of love have not where to lay their heads.

And the sweet woman with the mother soul shining in her beautiful, pure eyes, said:

"I cannot sleep now for thinking of those poor girls outside—always outside. I have a daughter myself."

The Fable of the "Nut"

By A. F. GANNON

ONCE upon a time there was a Nut with a handful of hobnails jingling about in his Single-cylinder mentality until the latter developed a Knock. He decided that Malthus must have been off his feed Good and Proper when the poor boob pulled that "moral self-control" stuff, so, on the principle that it's better late than Never, the Nut set himself assiduously to remedy the Malthusian Miff.

He had five notches on the Healthy End of his Gat when the John Law Squad interrupted his Sociological Labors and landed him in Casa Queer, safe from the Infuriated Mob who resented his recent attempt to perforate their Rotund and respected fellow-citizen and Industrial Mogul, Jeremiah Coldcash.

While the Nut was ruminating in the Dippy-Den,

with his steering gear jammed at an angle of forty-five Degrees, on the cruelty of a cold and unappreciative community, the citizens were heaving sighs of relief and rushing into cold Print and Public Utterance with statements about the Hand of Providence being discernable in the delivery from death of "our esteemed townsman and benefactor, Jeremiah Coldcash."

Jeremiah, being Jake, wrote out two fat checks—one for the Police Relief and another for a worth Local Charity—then ordered his Agents to go down to Kelly's Patch, where his tenements were located, and jimmy into the Underfed Infant's Milk Fund with a ten-percent increase of rentals all around.

MORAL: Who's Loony Now?



Section of Llano Showing Construction in Progress. Building in Foreground in Course of Construction Is an Addition to the Ranch Office

Industrial Activity Inspiring

By R. K. WILLIAMS



NE of our new members, a woman of lovely character and sweet personality, made the remark the other day that in all her travels she has at last found a place where one hears all the sounds of industrial activity and none of the accompanying sounds of discontent. She is particularly charmed with the melo-

dious ring of the anvil, the explosive exhaust of engines and the buzz of the saw as it ploughs its way through the wood. Afar over the fields and orchards the sounds travel, and mingling therewith is the song of men, content and strong, in the knowledge of absolute possession of the job.

These little signs were significant things to her. Where else in the United States can the same be said? Coming directly, as she did, from the competitive struggle and the grind of life, these tokens of industry with harmony and peace made a deep impression upon her.

The arching heavens continue to pour down an effulgence of light. Never a shadow darkens the broad

reaches of the valley. Distances come and go, the mountains move and quicken under the rays of a soft October sun. The climate is superbly ideal. The mornings, as the sun is sending shafts of opalescent colors athwart the sky, has the zest of coming winter, but as it rises higher over the distant ranges of the Sierras, a gentle warmth permeates all things and Nature seems, indeed, at peace with herself. The evenings, brilliant and cool, lure one to the comfort of the bed and there are few here that spend wakeful or restless nights.

It may sound like a sanatorium advertisement, but the truth is that generally, members of this colony sleep sounder than in places of the same size anywhere in the country. Doubtless this is due to the fact that we are over 3100 feet elevation and there is no fog or dew to encumber the atmosphere. Then, too, there is something else. That something else is simply a feeling—a feeling of security.

We are growing as fast as it is safe to grow. In fact the problem of housing the incomers keep the building department working up to the limit. More

Glimpse of the Diverse Actie



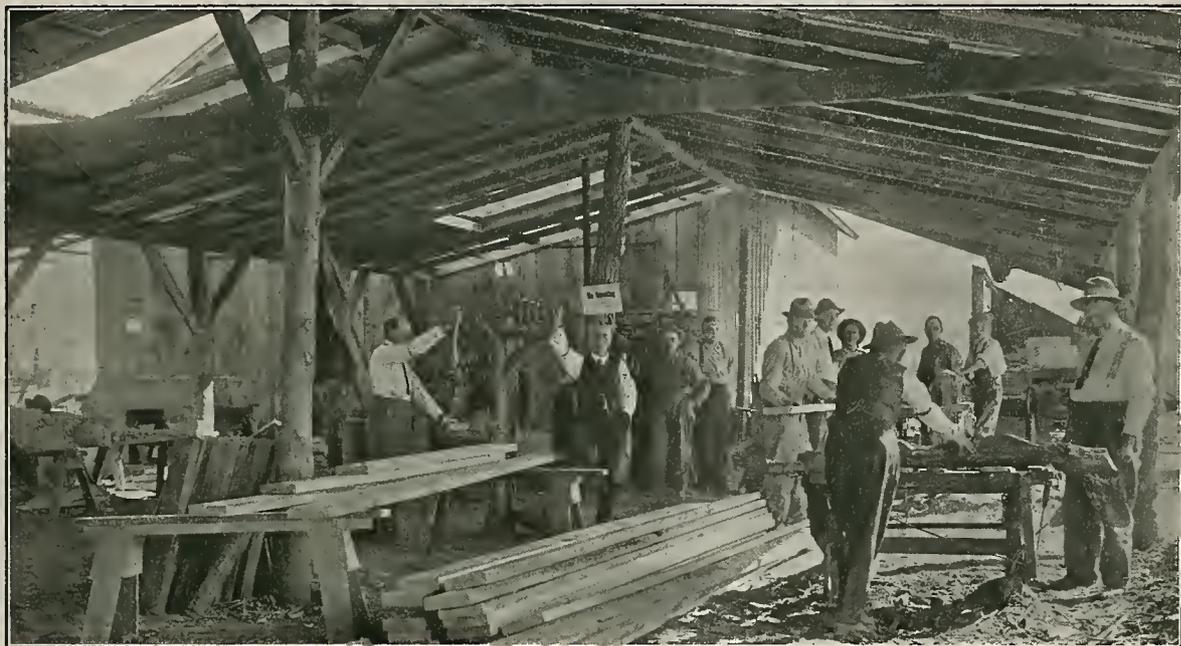
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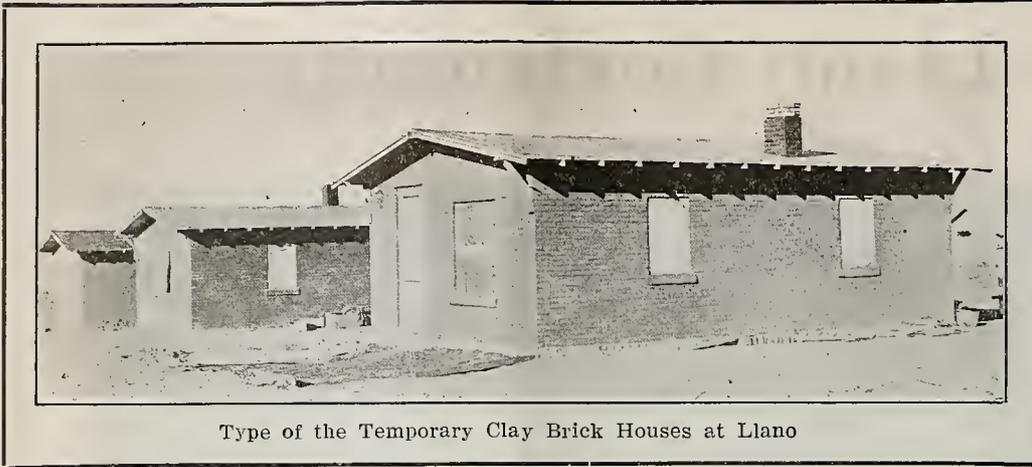
ties at the Llano Community



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One of
the
blacksmith
Shops
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Type of the Temporary Clay Brick Houses at Llano

than 77 new residents took up their abode in the colony during the past thirty days. This represents 27 actual stockholders with working contracts.

Visitors and prospects continue to come. Three hundred and twenty earnest people were the guests of the colony in the last month. One cannot help but be impressed with the earnestness displayed. The hotel is proving too small for the accommodation of the numbers that want to eat with us. So the building department is beginning the work of enlarging the assembly hall and when completed will add one-third more space, making a large room approximately 65 by 75 feet. Whether this will be the limit of expansion is hard to say at this time.

At one end of the hall will be the stage from which will be given dramatics and other entertainments. Its location will not interfere with the regular Saturday night dances. As time goes by these hops are becoming more popular for the reason that a dancing class under the direction of Mrs. Williams and Comrade A. A. Stewart has been started. The initial number signing was 77. The ages ranged from 6 to 60. On Thursday evenings good feeling and enthusiasm runs high, for this is the night of the class. At present the class numbers about 100. Many of the timid ones have screwed up enough courage to learn to dance, so that it is safe to predict that within sixty days there will be but few people in the colony that will not be able to shake the "light fantastic toe."

Owing to the distance

from the hotel to the dairy and the number of men working there, arrangements have been made to build a substantial bunk house for their accommodation. The building will contain five rooms—three bedrooms 12x12, kitchen 12x16 and dining room of 16x16 feet. In addition to the building, there will be placed two tents 12x12.

Assurances are thus given that a great deal of inconvenience will be done away with and much comfort added to these hard working men.

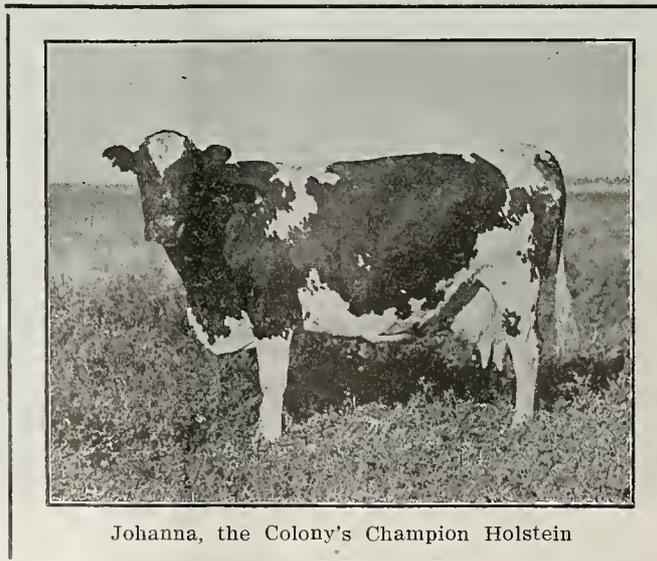
The library, which is a branch of the Los Angeles County Library, is growing.

Several hundred volumes of books will be added to the library within a week. This is a donation of the Los Angeles Liberal Club and thanks is due Walter Collins, secretary of that organization.

Other donations have been through Comrade Adolph Lofton of Lowgap, Washington, who is adding to the several hundred books he has already sent by making another shipment. Comrade Dr. A. J. Stevens of Los Angeles, Harry Thomas of Llano and others have also made donations to the library.

The books give a wide choice of reading and they are much appreciated by the residents of Llano. The library is well patronized and much matter of the so-called heavier nature is in demand. Books on psychology and ethics are really popular. Fiction, however, continues to have a heavy call and at all hours readers will be found pouring over magazines, books and newspapers. In the evening the library is completely filled with interested readers.

The high school, after so many vexatious delays will surely be started within a few days at most. Between 19 and 25 pupils will be enrolled and probably by the time the school is in active operation the number will be increased as newcomers are arriving with sons



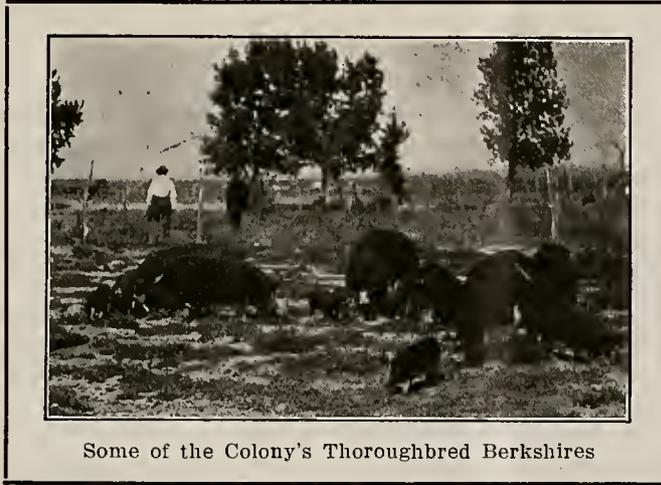
Johanna, the Colony's Champion Holstein

and daughters of high school degree. This work will be under C. W. Hunton, who has had extensive experience in teaching and is a Socialist from the days of Edward Bellamy. Mr. Hunton has been active in the great social movement for many years and for the last several years had a substantial business in Grants Pass, Oregon. Comrade Hunton feels that history showing the different social systems can be better taught here than at any other place in the country. There will be no hindrance to the giving of the true interpretation of history.

The Montessori school introduced by the capable Prudence Stokes Brown is a success, and she is simply overwhelmed with little folks who are enthusiastic over their learning new things and being so happily entertained. While conditions at the Goodwin place are not ideal, everything possible is being done to offer every facility to Mrs. Brown to forward her very important work.

The elementary school will soon be completed and great satisfaction will prevail. The present quarters are very cramped and the teachers are laboring under a big handicap and will doubtless make the move with delight. Additional pupils are entering weekly so that all available space will be utilized. Considering the difficulties attendant upon the advent of school this year, great progress has been made and the genuine hard work gone through is appreciated by everyone.

Incomers are amazed at the work accomplished in the brief time—eighteen months of the existence of the colony. It is unnecessary now to talk about the prospects and things we hope to do. So many things have been already done the premises of the future are perfectly patent. People now can realize that we intend to build a city. A model city in every way. Pressure in housing the people has kept back the work of building on



Some of the Colony's Thoroughbred Berkshires

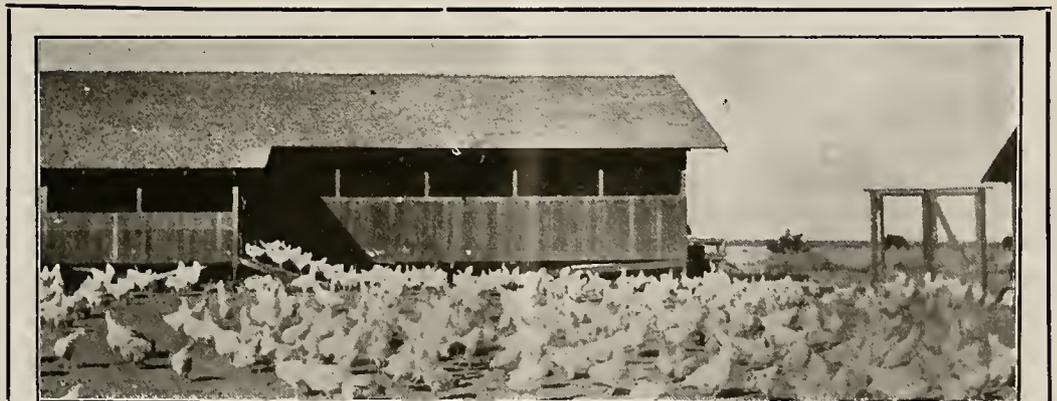
the permanent townsite.

There are thirty-six foundations for the temporary brick houses laid and work is progressing rapidly. When houses are completed and ready for occupancy by the older residents, new members come and occupy the old quarters whether in tents or the hotel. So that a continual demand is made on the building department. In a way this is discouraging, but viewing

it from another angle it is most encouraging. It shows a spirit nothing short of marvelous to see people willing to come and help build this place and live in cramped quarters and do without many of the old-time comforts. Everyone realizes that we have a principality in the building and the fact that men and women used to luxuries are willing to submit to the discomforts of camp life is an evidence that it will come to fruition.

It must not be inferred that everyone is suffering discomforts for such a statement would not be true. There are 600 people in this community and 90 per cent of them are very comfortably housed, indeed.

Another building of interest to be erected will be one 70 by 24 feet. In this will be the laundry, sewing-room, drying-room, engine and power room and the creamery. This is to be located east of the bakery, which is just finished. Fires have been lighted under the oven and the colonists are enjoying the usual bake-shop delicacies. The fact that breads, pastries, etc., are baked in the bakery relieves tension in the kitchen materially and reflect itself largely in the increased variety on the menu of the dining-room.



A Portion of One of the "Hoganized" Poultry Yards

The fact that a charge of 25 cents per meal is now made, an innovation, does not deter visitors from coming. The money thus received is used to further improve the cuisine and table necessities. We are now charging \$2 per round trip from Palmdale to the colony. This money goes a considerable way in keeping up repairs on the automobiles. As soon as we feel that adequate accommodation can be offered to the sojourners, a nightly charge will be made for beds. We feel that in the above two items, people are getting more than their money's worth and we have no conscientious scruples about taking the money. A letter received a few days ago asks: "How do you run your Socialistic colony?"

For the benefit of that inquirer, who doubtless will see this in *The Comrade*, we would like to say that this is not a "Socialist colony" in the true acceptation of that word, as understood generally by Socialists. This is a business concern, a live, solvent business institution. If one wanted to actually define conditions here it might be termed communism, or closely allied thereto, and not Socialism, broadly speaking. Socialism means each according to his deeds, while communism is interpreted to mean each according to his needs. The Llano del

Rio Company is organized and existing under the laws of the State of California. A board of directors stands between the stockholders and the State. They are responsible for the company. The difference between this company and the Southern Pacific or any other company, is that the working members, who must be stockholders, receive the profits of the concern. The profits will not go to non-resident stockholders, but to the working members only.

The question "being shorn of one's liberty" and "household goods being confiscated" ought to be cleared up. Fullest liberty exists within the colony. Every man, who has an idea, is invited to give it. The test of an idea or theory is its workability. If two theories oppose in some particular occasion, as has

occurred, an experiment settled the question. One is not compelled to wear any particular brand of clothing and none need lose his indenture, as has been suggested. Service is the only thing that counts in this colony. This has been frequently said, but for the benefit of the friendly inquiry, it must be reiterated.

Household goods and personal property certainly belong to the individual. This is one of the cardinal tenets of Socialism. Private property to be privately owned and public property privately owned to be publicly used. Such a statement about goods being confiscated is preposterous. It is amusing to note the idea

that some people have of the colony. They cannot believe that this is not a Utopia, Icaria, a City of the Sun, or some equally phantastic proposition. No, we are grounded on economics and believe that when we shall have solved the three elements—food, clothing and shelter, our ethical morals and intellectual slants will follow. It is true that we are the result of our digestion and the people as a whole represent one vast digestive center. The Chinese 10,000 years ago, worked this theory out pretty clearly. It still holds good. We travel "on our stomachs," and if the man is fed, clothed and sheltered, he's a pretty amiable sort of thing



Billy Young Riding Herd on the Llano

As to the method of running the ranch, it can be briefly stated that a board of managers, composed of the superintendent, managers and foremen of the various departments, are cognizant of all the details of the place. The number of twenty-five or thirty, they seat themselves each night at 7 o'clock around the long table and talk of the things done and the things to be done on the morrow. Teams are received and placed, machinery of various sorts is shifted from place to place and men as needed at various places are assigned so that the big book has a detailed account of the lay-out for the next day's business.

The meeting is not a parliamentary body, by any means. No motions are made and no disputes arise a

(Continued on Page 25)

How We Live at Llano

A WOMAN correspondent located in the northern part of the State writes asking what to bring to the colony in order to be comfortable in the house and the kind and quality of clothing, the method of marketing, etc.

It may be interesting to those contemplating joining us ultimately, to elaborate on this phase a little so that the women will have a more comprehensive idea of what women do and how they live. The men that come to the colony are well informed as to what they do and how they will pass their time, but the women folks are simply left to shift for themselves.

In the first place, bring with you everything that you have been accustomed to using about the house. Don't give away washboards, tubs, oil stoves, cots, griddles, stove pipe and the like. Many women make the mistake, when about to embark on the unknown sea of Llano, which to some is a tragedy of apprehension, of leaving behind with some good friend, or actually giving away some household necessity that would be highly prized here.

Don't forget the cookstove. Wood is used almost exclusively. If your stove is a coal burner it will burn wood satisfactorily. A gas stove will not be of much service at present. The present is what we are living in. Most families want to get settled as soon as possible and nothing takes the place of the old family stove. Its presence in the corner of a tent or house brings feelings of hominess.

One woman brought with her several sacks of carpet rags, not knowing what else to do with them. Upon arrival here she found that they could be made into a substantial rug. She sent them to Los Angeles and in a short time she had in return a lovely carpet rug which now covers a floor, greatly enhancing the comfort and looks of an otherwise plain tent.

While we make cabinet stuff in the colony all the time, the work is pressing and local orders cannot always be kept up. So it is advisable to bring your cupboards, kitchen cabinets and kitchen tables and everything that appertains to the kitchen.

The commissary is usually well supplied with the necessities and much of the time carrying so-called luxuries, yet it is expedient and advisable to bring with you as much food stuffs as you conveniently can. By so doing, you will not be compelled to go without your particular favorite thing that you have been accustomed to. Some families come to us so well supplied with canned goods and other table foods that for months they make but few demands on the commissary except for butter and milk.

It often is hard for intending members to lay in a large supply of things accustomed to, yet if due thought is given this subject a good deal of deprivation will be averted. Incidentally this method will save the colony as a whole considerable money.

Shoes are a prime necessity. The character of earth here is said to be hard on shoes. About this there is some doubt. Any place where sidewalks are not in evidence shoe leather goes very rapidly. It is suggested that the housewife supply herself and children well with sufficient good, substantial footgear, to last a reasonable length of time. While it is all right for a person to get and demand commissary supplies the moment of arrival, after having a working contract and entrance fee paid, yet it seems like an imposition upon those who are already here for a long time. This matter is rather delicate to explain, so consider it best to do the best you can for yourself, and by so doing you will protect others.

The question as to how the women folks dress in Llano can be simply answered by saying practically in the same manner that one lives at home. Fancy clothes, to be sure, are not needed to any great extent, although on many occasions good and expensive clothing is and can be worn. Middie blouses and skirts are popular and other simple things of that sort. The writer is not up on clothes parlance, hence he cannot give the proper names. Khaki is not worn as much as you would imagine. Whipcord skirts are occasionally seen, but good serviceable house dresses can be always used. Come with a good supply of these things on hand.

It is requested that patrons of the store arrange to get supplies but once a day. This is made to keep down extra and unnecessary bookkeeping. The family sends the children to the store as in any place, and the goods ordered are carried home and a charge made against the credit of the colonist. In this connection it is well to suggest that you come with market baskets. Occasionally we run out of them and the distance from the source of supply precludes the possibility of a quick replenishment. As to charging, the colony does not make a profit from goods sold to colonists. The prices are figured as nearly to cost as possible and the amount of the things supplied is charged to the account of the working member, thus obviating the necessity of using money. Every working member who has a contract gets \$4 per day so there is usually ample credit to take care of all purchases.

What is your social life? We live just the same

(Continued on Page 25)

Learn Living and Loving

By PRUDENCE STOKES BROWN

THE Montessori School at Llano is established. Forty-five children ranging from 3 to 6 gather at the hotel five mornings in the week and are taken in autos to the Goodwin ranch. The beautiful old place with its cottonwood trees, its flowing brook and old ranch house, now serves as the "children's house," the "Casa Di Bambini," the "kindergarten" or child garden—either of these names will do. The facts are what interest the children, and the fathers and mothers of Llano.

Here the children practice "living and loving" from nine o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon. Here they find a home that invites orderly, active and rational thinking. Here is a yard, swings and trapeze; a large, well filled sand table of convenient height, and sand box on the ground; watering pots and garden tools, and the delight of water in abundance flowing over stones and pebbles; a beautiful, good natured Spitz dog; a kindly old mother cat with a well behaved kitten; a few good old mother hens and birds that come and go as they choose, drinking from the stream and eating the crumbs the children sweep from the tables and floor after the noon-day meal.

The house is not the permanent Montessori school building, but a comfortable old ranch house with floor space for fifty children; a dining room that has been fitted with tables to seat them; cupboards suitable to the size of the children, and the number of dishes they require; low sinks for washing these dishes—and I must not forget to say that our tables and cupboards are made in Llano's own carpenter shop by men who know just how to plan and construct in the most convenient and efficient manner. I mention this because I feel that the very presence of furniture made at home serves to draw out from those using it a feeling of respect and admiration.

There are couches on which the children rest and sleep; a kitchen with all necessary appointments—and here in this house of childhood, after only one month, the children are adapting themselves as naturally to these home conditions, and the liberty of using them, as we could expect. That is saying a great deal, but we expect wonders—we who study Dr. Montessori's scientific pedagogy.

A word for co-operation.

In Llano everybody co-operates to make conditions for children. When we wanted sand only a word went forth and we had a half dozen boys and girls with

horse and wagon off to the wash for sand. They sifted and sacked sand as heartily as they played basketball. We wanted swings; and the young man herding cows in a nearby pasture left the cattle grazing in the alfalfa and in a few moments had constructed bars and put up swings. When time for two little tots to go home, who live in an opposite direction from the rest, the gallant "cowboy" takes them home on his horse. When cleaning up, not only the sanitary commission is at hand, but women of culture and refinement; women who know just exactly how to clean house—even though they have been known in England as militant suffragists and have gone to jail upholding their principles.

For the noon lunch the call goes forth for milk and gallons, not quarts, are delivered at our door. We prefer to make the sandwiches and salads at the school instead of having each child bring his own, and a committee of women take this matter in hand and both fruit and salads come from the hotel and store.

Co-operation spells success, and Llano's Montessori School is heading straight for that point. I doubt there is in the state of California a Montessori School promising as much life and liberty to childhood as the one now established at Llano.

The interest that is being shown by parents and others who were at first doubtful about the practicability of the Montessori school is most encouraging. Nearly every member of the community is ready to contribute his or her effort to assist in our work. It is inspiring to receive this assistance.

Doctor Maria Montessori is giving a course of twelve lectures in San Francisco. The object is to give the public an opportunity to hear from the founder of the new science of pedagogy the fundamental principles of the method, and also to give the parents a better understanding of the child and his needs.

The subjects are as follows: "Discipline in Little Children"; "Exercises of Practical Life"; "The Foundation of Auto Education"; "Intellectual Work and Mental Hygiene"; "The Intelligence"; "The Imagination of the Child"; "The Foundation of the Imagination"; "The Education of the Will"; "Moral Education," and "The Social Responsibility of the Mother." The last two lectures will be a presentation of the material used in the Montessori schools.

J. Stitt Wilson, his wife and daughter, took the Third International Training Course for teachers, and graduated from San Francisco last August.

Success

By ERNEST WOOSTER

This old world of ours is so funny the Powers that made it must chortle with glee

“From the day we are born to the toot of the horn, everything is but God’s just decree.

There’s a reason obscure, but a good one, be sure, for poverty, suffering and sin;

And it’s sacred—don’t doubt, or attempt to find out how we got in the fix we are in.”

All blandly we’re told that it’s no use to scold—but give thanks to the Lord in the sky—

Trust to him our affairs, faithfully kneel at our prayers—we will get our reward when we die.

Though industrially robbed and judicially jobbed from the cradle clear through to the grave,

And with brain and with brawn we must toil till life’s gone in an unfruitful effort to save—

Yet we musn’t complain (that’s the preacher’s refrain) but all meekly be lowly and good!

“Be frugal! Don’t spend!” financiers recommend (what would happen to us if we should?)

There’s a world of advice to be had without price, and it claims we can all get ahead;

Says there’s no reason why we should fail if we try and give heed to the things that are said:

There are ways, be assured, that the coin can be hured, proven ways that we must not despise—

And the first one, though old (to believe as we’re told) is to carefully economize.

If we’d do without phones, eat no more ice cream cones, and forget all about union rules;

Were content with our lot, glad to get what we’ve got, and would sell all our diamonds and jewels;

If we didn’t drink booze, and we wore cheaper shoes, and chewed no tobacco or gum;

Drove no automobiles, and consumed cheaper meals—we surely could save quite a sum.

These optimists state it’s not hard to beat Fate; there’s a way if there’s only a will;

So it wouldn’t be hard, if we plowed the back yard, to cut down the vegetable bill.

We could sell what we grow, pay the bills that we owe, and live better than we can live now:

More, the fund will increase if we buy us some geese, and a pig and some hens and a cow.

Then the bank account grows when we buy no new clothes, but wear out the old ones instead;

Wear the pants of last year with a patch in the rear, and spend all our evenings in bed;

Don’t incur the expense that the “movie” presents, but go to the preaching, that’s free—

(But you bet we won’t wait till they pass round the plate—we’ll save some more money, you see)

Yes, we’re told there’s a chance, for all who wear pants, to in time become president,

Or a smug millionaire if with thriftiness rare we cling like a leech to each cent,

And but wisely invest in the manner that’s best—our fortunes will soon be secure:

Yet it seems passing strange that poor folks never change, but always continue so poor.

Yes, we played at your game, but the wealth never came, so we think your advice is a sell—

Though in church you may pray, yet we’ll all stay away, take chances on going to Hell.

We have a new plan, and we’ll get every man, each believer in justice and right,

For the Socialist scheme is now more than a dream—it has grown to be real over night.

You may lie, steal and shirk, you may live without work, where Profit is still to be beat,

But though it seems queer, you cannot do it here—you must work here or else you don’t eat.

Yet if you do your share, and you do what is fair, you’ll prosper along with the rest,

So keep your advice, we’ve all paid the price, and we know that our way is the best.

And
Be
Rich

But
We
Went
to
Llano

Preacher
Capitalist
Low
Eye

Capitalism's Justice—1915

THE following is an extract from the court records in the trial of M. A. Schmidt, charged with murder in connection with the destruction of the Los Angeles Times in 1910. The prosecution is proceeding on the theory that the building was destroyed by dynamite. The defense contends that it was gas. Behold the decision of Judge Will in the selection of the jury.

Capitalism's Juror

JUROR Charles Hughes, A RETIRED CAPITALIST, being examined, testified in part as follows:

Question: And the defendant would have to prove it to you?

Answer: I think he would, yes sir.

Question: And do you start in the trial with the firm, positive conviction that this building was destroyed by dynamite with intent to take human life?

Answer: Yes sir.

* * * * *

Question: Yes, and if the defendant wanted to establish to your satisfaction that it was done with gas accidentally, he would have to introduce some proof, wouldn't he?

Answer: If that is a necessary element in the case, he would have to do that.

Question: Then if the District Attorney, in the presentation of his case against the defendant, did not remove from your mind the belief, which is now there, that it was done by means of dynamite, you would not require any proof on that question from the people, would you?

Answer: I would be inclined to believe that the building was destroyed by dynamite.

Question: Now, you understand that is the position of the District Attorney?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: And upon that point you would not require any proof from the District Attorney, would you?

Answer: No.

* * * * *

Question: Then you go into the trial of this case with your mind made up upon that question?

Answer: Yes sir.

* * * * *

Question: Well, you say you would give him a fair and impartial trial. That statement is also coupled with the mental reservation that you have this opinion which would affect your judgment?

Answer: To a certain extent, yes sir.

* * * * *

Question: You wouldn't be satisfied, would you, Mr. Hughes, to take that as a fact, that the Times building was destroyed by dynamite, from what you read in the newspapers in regard to the guilt or innocence of this defendant?

Answer: Well, connecting the defendant with it, if the prosecution did that, I should take that part of it as settled.

THE ABOVE JUROR, A RETIRED CAPITALIST, WAS CHALLENGED BY THE DEFENSE FOR HAVING A FIXED OPINION THAT IT WAS DYNAMITE. THE COURT DENIED THE CHALLENGE.

Labor's Juror

JUROR John A. Horton, A DAY LABORER, being examined, testified as follows:

Question: Have you ever formed any opinion as to the cause of the disaster?

Answer: Well, what I know about it and what I heard about it I thought at the time it was caused by gas explosion.

Question: That is the way your mind is now?

Answer: That is the way I had it.

Question: You think the source of your information on that convinces you that it was gas?

Answer: I thought so all the time, and I have always contended that that was what it was.

Question: All you have read and heard confirms you in that view?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: You still believe it?

Answer: I still believe it, to a certain extent I couldn't believe anything else; wasn't anything proven to me. I couldn't believe anything else.

Mr. Keyes: What is that answer? (Answer repeated.)

Mr. Harriman: You think that opinion is so firmly fixed in your mind that you would be unable to get it aside?

Answer: Well, it would have to be proven otherwise.

Question: From what you have known—from what you have heard—before you came to this courtroom, what you have read in the papers, you say you feel that your opinion that the building was blown up by gas is so firmly fixed that it would require evidence to dislodge that opinion?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: So you feel now that this defendant is innocent?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: And could not possibly be guilty of that offense until the opinion in your mind that it was blown up by gas, is dislodged and another established?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: They would have to prove his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: By establishing the fact that that building was blown up by dynamite, and that he had something to do with it, before you could find him guilty?

Answer: Yes sir.

Question: This opinion that you have, that it was blown up by gas, would go with you into the jury box if you were chosen, would it?

Answer: Yes sir.

THE ABOVE JUROR, A DAY LABORER, WAS CHALLENGED BY THE STATE FOR HAVING A FIXED OPINION THAT IT WAS GAS. THE COURT SUSTAINED THE CHALLENGE.

Industrial Activity Inspiring

(Continued from Page 20)

are contemplating things and dealing with facts. There is no chance for a difference of opinion to arise, as some man around that table will be found who is thoroughly familiar with every question that arises, and can explain it.

This body makes no rules, for decisions will not run a ranch. Conventions govern, and efforts toward bettering conditions are soon determined upon.

There is no semblance between this body and the Socialist local, as was suggested. The difference is that the one is dealing with material, concrete things and the other handling abstractions.

Real knowledge can be gleaned from close attendance on these meetings. Visitors are requested to attend meetings of this board and to do doing a clearer idea of how successful business is run. A millionaire recently sat in the session and afterward remarked that he did not see how a business of this nature could not succeed when so

many men knew how to run it.

Halloween was a gala night in Llano and a masquerade was held. Good times are always in happy anticipation, not only for local celebrations but for the greater and more permanent happiness in the not distant future.

The annual meeting of the Llano del Rio Company proved most interesting and the financial report of Secretary Gentry P. McCorkle was received with profound satisfaction. Aside from the incidental excitement of the election the meeting was devoid of important incidents. The following were elected directors: Job Harriman, D. J. Wilson, W. A. Engle, Frank E. Wolfe, G. P. McCorkle, A. F. Snell, O. W. Luton, G. E. Etherton and J. J. Leslie. Of these the first seven were re-elected. In the organization meeting that followed, Job Harriman was elected President; D. J. Wilson, Vice-President, G. P. McCorkle, Secretary, and Frank E. Wolfe, Treasurer.

How We Live at Llano

(Continued from Page 21)

are as you do in your own places. We have groups of friends visit us; we visit them. We have lately formed a card club and go to a different home each week; play cards for an hour and a half and then have some refreshments, consisting of two things—for instance, coffee and cake, pie and coffee, nuts and raisins, candy and nuts and by other combinations that can be served that will number two. Before the club was arranged this matter was agreed upon.

Then we have dances on Saturday evenings. At this function we dress up in our best and somehow or other we don't feel a bit embarrassed. A general good time is always had. We renew our acquaintanceship with one another and altogether we are exceedingly friendly and go home with a feeling that an evening has been well spent. At the dance, usually, we have a good orchestra, composed of violin, cornet and piano.

Many women worry over the question whether they will be able to have their laundry done as in the cities. This can be answered by saying that our laundry facilities are not strictly up to date, but we have a regular laundry outfit, but it is not as yet set up, but will soon be installed and all kinds of work will be done and done promptly. At the present time a very efficient laundry service is in vogue and regular family washing is done on stated days. The hotel laundry is a regular thing and the single men have to be looked after in this regard. So far there has been very little complaint on this score and no newcomer need worry particularly about this phase of colony life.

However, it is well to bring your own washtubs, boilers, washboards and such, so that you can do your own laundry. There have been many who left these necessary things behind, but on arriving here

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found their mistake. Many times one wishes to wash some article that would be troublesome to have done in the laundry.

The homes have been so arranged that domestic ditches run close to them, so that the water question never bothers anyone. Many residents have water barrels, which they fill occasionally, and others use bags and buckets. This matter is simply a question of choice. For hot water at home on wash days, a few minutes will suffice to construct a temporary outdoor wash fire which can be made between walls of brick, and water heated there. This can be done when the stove is not in working order.

Families on arriving here, that are not accompanied by their household goods, usually go to the hotel, where meals are served at 6:30 a. m., 12 noon and at 5:30 p. m.

These meals are indeed substantial and good and there is very little complaint on this score.

We hope that these domestic things are somewhat cleared up. We would be glad to place ourselves at the service of anyone wishing further information overlooked or forgotten.

Upon your arrival here much will depend on your former experience and your own strength of character. Sometimes the tenderfoot from the East bears the inconveniences incidental to the pioneering better than those who think they have roughed it in the West.

To some small mishaps are exaggerated into misfortunes and accidents of minor character become calamities. Many who were inconvenienced by lack of housing a few weeks ago are now snugly established for the winter.—R. K. W.

The Goal in Sight

By JOHN M. WORK

IN a previous article I pointed out that it is one of our great tasks to break down and destroy the economic conservatism in the minds of the people, so that their minds will become ripe for Socialism.

We are doing it very fast.

In the past ten years we have been able to see this conservatism, this prejudice against Socialism, gradually disappear before our eyes.

We have destroyed at least half of it in these ten years. I do not mean that half the people have come to the point where they vote the Socialist ticket. I mean that at least half the prejudice has disappeared.

In other words, the people of the United States have swung at least half way over to Socialism in the past ten years.

In a few more years the rest of the prejudice will disappear and they will swing the rest of the way.

Then their minds will be ripe for Socialism.

And we will then have Socialism.

But, do not think the task of battering down the remainder of this prejudice is going to be easy. Do not allow yourself to be fooled

into believing that our troubles are over. Do not get the idea that the path from here to the co-operative commonwealth is a smooth and gentle incline.

If you do, you will find yourself terribly mistaken.

On the contrary, there are mountains to climb, cliffs to scale, gorges to penetrate, rivers to ford, and wild beasts to overcome, before the goal can be reached.

We shall see plenty of reverses before our final victory.

And when the reverses come, the faint-hearted will sneak to cover, as usual and leave the old guard to fight the battles.

But the old guard constantly increases in numbers. The battles will be fought. All obstacles will be overcome. The goal will be reached.

The ranks of the old guard remain always open for recruits.

Don't be a fair-weather Socialist. Don't be a faint-hearted. Don't be a craven.

Join the old guard and make up your mind that you will be on the firing line in the thick of the fight, at the times that try men's souls, as well as when the enemy is in retreat.

Kidding An Engine

THE kidders' club was having some fun at the expense of a lionist who has the wisdom of Solomon. One told a story about Sol's recent journey to Los Angeles where he purchased for \$50 a motorcycle of the vintage of '09, and started back to Llano overland. After toiling along with repairs and first aid applications, "Sol," according to the recital, made the top of a high grade. With a sigh of relief the pilgrim raised his feet to a position of ease while the ancient and asthmatic engine gave a sigh of relief and lapsed into soothing silence.

Two miles and the coast was at hand. "Sol" turned on the gas, but to his amazement there was no sound of the phthisical cough of the rickety engine. Then the wayfarer made the startling discovery that his engine had gone adrift and fallen out of its moorings. "Sol" toiled back over the grade pushing the machine before him.

During the telling "Sol" wore a smile that bespoke the fact he had the better of the argument. "What did you do?" queried a listener.

"Well," said "Sol" with a satisfied chuckle, "I go back up the hill pretty mad. I find the engine and I find some baling wire. I tie him back on and she run all right. Run me down hill, so I convince a bindle of it's better to ride than walk so I sell him for \$65 and bum a ride to the wharf and catch a colony machine home. I only make fifteen dollars pushing back up that hill. But I sure did feel foolish when that engine fell out."

And "Sol's" words carried conviction as he smoked up on a new cigarwood pipe and fingered a roll of ten-dollar bills.

No Chance

"I see when a man runs for office has to put himself in the hands of his friends."

"Yes, my dear."

"If a woman ran would she have put herself in the hands of her women friends?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, I don't imagine many women will run. Think of taking their chances!"

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In Clubs of Four Fifty Cents

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III October, 1915 No. 6

Better have failed in the high aim as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed
As, God be thanked, I do not.

—Browning.

“SHOOT to kill!” was the order of the Chief of Police of Los Angeles when a man had killed a police officer who had invaded his home. The hue and cry of a man-hunt was on. The air reeked with the shrieks for vengeance. A country constable captured the man and dashed the hopes of the city policemen who sought the dead-or-alive reward and the honor of the killing. The capture did not answer the demand for action and blood.

Two boys, apparently imbued with the spirit of adventure, charged with no misdeeds, fled from two police officers. Eight shots were fired by the officers. One bullet pierced both lads, instantly killing one and fatally wounding the other.

“Shoot to kill!” This is a dangerous order to give to the police. It means murderous assaults upon the public.

The police of Los Angeles are planning a vigorous campaign against the unemployed army that flocks to the city every fall and we soon shall have more of the shooting “to kill.”

SPEAKING of war debt. The Wall Street Journal says “England provides for debt. Germany leaves it to God.”

We know a very talented, deserving but impoverished editor who would like to negotiate a reasonable loan on the German basis.

France is sitting on the lid, but with indifferent success. The truth boils and bubbles from beneath and truth is barred in the war zone. The Paris “Guerre Sociale,” the Loeuvre, the Rappel and the Radical are all under suspension. It must be great to be an editor in the war zone.

A salesman with a very laudable hope of getting on the jury in a famous trial now in progress in Los Angeles said he “would not believe any man was an anarchist until it was absolutely proven.” Fair enough! We know many mild and harmless philosophers who claim to be anarchists or Christians, but a lot of them would find it difficult to prove it even to this salesman of the early eocene.

A seedy looking individual approached the captain of a freight steamer and doffing his cap asked



AERIAL CRAFT BEWARE!

Frenchman to the Pope: “Better get out of my way, dear Benedict. The captain has given me strict orders to fire on all hostile flying machines.”

—L'Asino

for a job. The captain scrutinized the applicant before speaking.

“What experience have you had as a sailor,” he grated.

“Lor’ bless yuh, mate,” came the steady response, “my father ran one of the fastest swan boats in Central Park.”

An Illinois woman has been sentenced to 20,000 days in prison for manufacturing “dope.” If this continues about a thousand Illinois journalists are liable to a term of two thousands years each for a similar offense.

“He is a perfect disciplinarian.”
“Yep; never gives an order unless he is dead sure it will be obeyed.”

Now and then a Ford joke comes out so clear and convincing that one can see upon the surface that it is founded on facts. The latest one of these comes from the Milwaukee Leader:

A man applied for a job as a mechanic and the owner of the garage asked him if he had had any experience. “Sure thing,” said the applicant. “Why, I’m the guy who used to put part No. 453 on all the cars in the Ford factory.”

“How did you lose your job?” he was asked.

“Just a little hard luck,” replied the applicant. “I dropped my monkey-wrench one day and by the time I stopped to pick it up I was 16 cars behind. This made the foreman mad. He fired me and then got mad and quit the works.”

Hail to Comrade Henri Bourassa, editor of LeDevoir of Montreal. The activity of this one live wire has kept the French-Canadians of the maritime provinces from rushing madly into the war. His persistent campaign has resulted in some anti-recruiting riots. The growth of Socialism in Eastern Canada has alarmed the British Government, but the movement’s powerful and attempts at suppression would be most ill-advised.

An indignant capitalist of Pasadena writes us to remove his name from our circulation list. This action brought an apology to us from the hopeful man who had subscribed for the magazine in the belief we might get a glimmer of light into his foggy brain. The apology is misplaced. We were consoled by the memory of Diogenes Laertius: “The sun, too, shines into cesspools and is not polluted!”

Here’s a suggestion for the Los Angeles boosters who have passed the hat to keep the San Diego show from prematurely closing its gates: Let’s get up a little semi-annual fair to commemorate the frequent openings of the Celebra (it in the Panama Canal.

Sunfish Sam—Taking anything for your hay fever?

Wallie Whale—Yes; I’m taking boxing lessons to wallop the first one who gives me free advice.

State and Church

THE people of California arose in more or less intelligent wrath at the recent election and overwhelmingly defeated a proposition to exempt church property from taxation. The proposed amendment was ribbed up with the full intent of evading taxation on millions of dollars worth of income property and land held out of use. Not only did the Catholic church seek this but the other denominations were equally eager to get out from under the "burden" of paying taxes on their property holdings.

Of course not much dependence can be placed on the theory that the voters were all acting intelligently. The vote was among a dozen other negative votes on proposed amendments. Much of the majority against this proposition was a part of the general, blind protest against conditions that exist in California today. Overtaxation and staggering assessments have maddened the people and their vote was largely a result of that condition. The deadening depression of the financial situation, the widespread unemployment and consequent failure of thousands of small merchants has caused a wail of despair from the middle class. This group voted solidly against all amendments and among them the exemption of church taxation.

On the other hand there were many who realized that exemption from taxation of church property is tantamount to state appropriation from the public funds. There is little inclination on the part of the people of California to revert to the vicious system of state contributions to religious denominations and private institutions. It will not be done. Despite their seeming somnolence on many matters the people are educated beyond the point of a reversion to such an inconsistency in what they think is a democratic commonwealth.—H. C.

The Soul of You

How many loved your moment of glad grace
 And loved your beauty with love false or true
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you
 And loved the sorrows in your changing face.
 —Yeats.

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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The subject is treated from every point of view. The chapter on "love and other irradiations of the sexual appetite" is a profound exposition of sex emotions—Contraceptive means discussed—Degeneracy exposed—A guide to all in domestic relations—A great book by a great man.

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Scripture For It

IN talking practical application of Socialist or co-operative principles one frequently finds most strenuous opposition from the theoretic and argumentative Socialists. The following illustrates:

A group of colonists were talking to a rather dogmatic Socialist comrade who was visiting the community and who seemed much more inclined to deal in abstract theories than to see the value of applications. After an extremely pedantic and doctrinaire utterance on the part of the visitor David Evans, the quietest man at Llano, said, in a delightful Scotch brogue:

"We have to show them. They want the Scriptures for it. If it isn't in the first chapter of Karl Marx some of them reject it. They remind me of an old Scotchman who had been a home body. He was talking to a lad just returned from a long voyage.

"Tell me, noo, Jamie, what was the most wonderful thing you saw when at sea?"

"I think the strangest thing I saw was the flying-fish."

"Noo, laddie, dinna mak' a fule o' yersel. Wha ever heard o' a fush a fleein'?"

"Another strange thing I saw when crossing the Red Sea. We dropped anchor and when we raised it again there was one of Pharaoh's chariot entangled on it."

"Ay, laddie, I'll believe that. We've Scripture for that."

Murder For Profit

NINETEEN girls were murdered in Pittsburg (home of the steel trust), when rotting fire escapes, barred windows and locked doors brought death to the workers in a factory there. The steel trust was so overcome with horror over one holocaust where twenty-one men lost their lives that it has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars persecuting and persecuting members of a certain labor organization. Will there be similar activities in the case of the button factory girls? No, Henrietta, there will not. This crime is one of capitalism. The other was one that could be fastened onto Labor. The steel trust is not playing that sort of game.

Llano del Rio Co-operative Colony

Llano, California

THIS is the greatest Community Enterprise ever launched in America.

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

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

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 600 persons living at the new town of Llano. There are now more than 170 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.

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

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

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

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

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

Among other industries the colony owns a steam laundry, a planing mill, 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 800 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.

Victory For Toilers

Co-operation Proves Success

LLANO DEL RIO Colonists have made a wonderful demonstration of success in their effort to put a great theory into practice. Here a group of theorists with practical ideas back of them have established a community founded on equality and justice and have made greater progress in a year and a half than their most cheerful optimist had hoped to achieve in several years. They have nearly 8000 acres of land, an abundance of pure mountain water and hundreds of heads of live stock and a large amount of industrial machinery. They have established a town of 600 inhabitants and are growing rapidly. Their plans contemplate a beautiful city with homes for all their members. There are less than 200 memberships remaining unsold and these are being subscribed for every day. The price of memberships will remain at \$750 for a short time, then it will go to \$1000.



A Jersey of the Dairy Herd

Great care is being taken in the selection of the colonists. If you are tired of the uphill fight in the cut-throat competitive system you should investigate the Llano del Rio enterprise. You will find that a great opportunity awaits you there. This community is not composed of failures, but rather from those who have achieved a great measure of success. Many of them scorned the idea of success when it meant the crushing down of their fellow man. Here is gathered a group of earnest, enthusiastic men and women who are going ahead with earnestness and determination that insures a success that means a great demonstration of the value of co-operative action. You are urged to read the stories about the colony printed in this magazine. Read announcement on page 31, and take immediate steps to secure a membership. Ask about our monthly payment plan.

"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