

December, 1915

Ten Cents

CALIFORNIA
STATES

The Western Comrade



*In This Issue—Clara Cushman, A. F. Gannon, Frank E. Wolfe, G. E. Bolton, Frank H. Ware,
Edmund Brumbaugh, J. L. Engdahl, John Dequer, R. K. Williams, Joseph D. Cannon*

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 unemployment and business failure, and offers a way to provide for the future welfare of the workers and their families.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 900 of them are subscribed for. It is believed that the remainder will be taken within the next few months.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

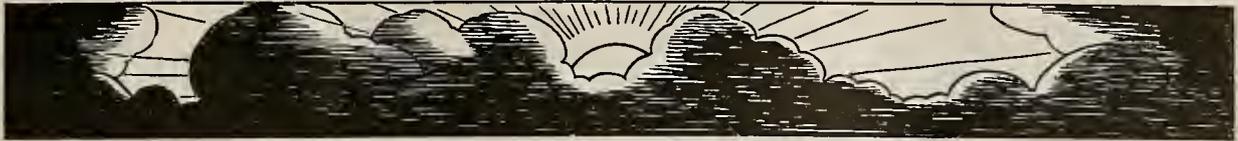
Each member receives the same wage as every other member.

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

Are you tired of the competitive world?

Do you want to get into a position where every hour's work will be for yourself and your family? Do you want assurance of employment and provisions for the future? Ask for the booklet entitled: "The Gateway to Freedom." Subscribe for The Western Comrade (\$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.



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Their Christmas Present



THE CROSS OF HONOR

Patriotism, fathered by bourgeois greed and hypocrisy, mothered by proletarian ignorance and gullability, brings nothing but poverty and misery to the working class.

THE WESTERN COMRADE

Devoted to the Cause of the Workers

Political Action

Co-operation

Direct Action

VOL. III

LOS ANGELES, CAL., DECEMBER, 1915

NUMBER 8



Scene Taken from Top of Silo of Llano del Rio's Temporary Homes

TREND OF THE HOUR

By Frank E. Wolfe

HERE comes the "Landsturm" for American cities. The "citizen police" will soon be in our midst. There is a widespread movement to establish a force that can quickly be armed and set to the task of quelling riots "in time of great disaster"—presumably such as the Standard Oil strike in Bayonne, and other labor disturbances. Fine idea.

Chicago plans a force of 20,000 of these volunteer police "reservists." Here is a suggestion: If they organize the landsturm in your village, be among the first to volunteer. Get on the inside. Get your instructions—and a gun. Show that you are on the side of law and order. Remember West Virginia, Calumet, Ludlow, Lawrence, Patterson and Bayonne. Get on the inside!

* * *

THE Landsturm will shine in Chicago. The regular force sometimes is inadequate. A great strain falls upon the uniformed body.

I once caused much disturbance and a call for reinforcements when I objected to the fine artistic touch of patrolmen Jerry O'Connor and Dan Cal-

laghan, who shattered sequence, continuity and sense when they cut five connecting scenes and six indispensable titles from a motion picture I exhibited there. "Nothing but the blood of the lamb" was deleted because the word "blood" cannot go on the screen in Chicago motion picture theaters.

A citizen reservist phalanx was called and Dan and Jerry were reversed by a vote of 39 to 0—one noble Roman refrained from voting because "while the story clearly was within the bounds of free speech, it was calculated to arouse class feeling between capital and labor." Here was vindication and encouragement from a high source.

* * *

THEY say the Landsturm will make for a "cleaner, safer and better Chicago." Here's hoping it will be cleaner than when the uniformed police—the river district harness bulls—clubbed my camera man away when we tried to get one motion picture of scores of Chicago citizenry scrabbling in garbage barrels and eating refuse from back doors of fish, fruit and meat stalls.

NEVER has there been more concerted teamwork than that of the American press, under the persuasive powers of the shipping trust, in its assaults on the LaFollette Seamen's Law. This measure was calculated to give to seamen on ships flying the American flag the same rights of personal liberty and the same recognition of their citizen's rights as are granted to other working men. It was adopted by Congress and before it went into effect it was nullified by the interpretations and special suspensions and dispensations of various officials—all without warrant of law or justice.

The fact that the measure improves the safety of life at sea has made no impression on those editors who have followed their line of inspired propaganda against the measure. If you want to know the real cause of the opposition to the measure, apply your own interpretation through the law of economic determination. The shipping trust wants to destroy a law that says it must have American officers and crews that speak the same language of the officers. In the Pacific, Japanese ships pay their Orientals about one-sixth the wages necessary for subsistence of American workers.

A thousand sophistries are sprung by the pornographic press. It were futile to review them.

Secretary of Labor Wilson calls the campaign against the measure a conspiracy and he has abundant proof. Gerald Henderson, editor of the Harvard Law Review sums up the case most cogently:



“LIQUID FIRE”

“Hello! Potsdam? Thanked your dear old God yet for your newest success?”

—Drawn by Louis Raemaekers

“It is many a year since this country has seen a propaganda as skillful, as extensive, and seemingly as irresistible as that which has been conducted against the LaFollette Seamen's law.

The average citizen who reads the newspapers glances at the cartoons, hears political speeches, and discusses the affairs of the nation with his neighbor has come to associate the law subconsciously with every form of political stupidity and moral obliquity.”

The law will be repealed or so amended that profits will not be impaired. Protection of the workers will be annulled and, while there may be some semblance of safety provisions permitted to remain, the measure, after Congress gets through with it, will be innocuous

and labor will have an empty husk. There will be no such fluke in the present Congress. Conservatism and reactionaryism will rule. Labor measures will find short shrift. Labor will get what it merits from the imbecile system which it supports.

* * *

JOE HILL was murdered in cold blood by the people of Utah. Joe Hill alive was as harmless as the average preacher of the doctrine of discontent with the system of wage slavery. Joe Hill shot to death becomes a martyr and his power grows a thousand fold. Utah is, for the hour, the victor. Lamartine summed this case most clearly:

“THE MURDERER HAS BUT ONE HOUR;
THE VICTIM HAS ETERNITY.”

HENRY FORD and a strange crew strangely recruited have gone to sea sailing for nowhere to do something, no man knows what. Some say he is going to stop Christians from murdering each other and that he hopes to achieve this marvel on or about the birthday of Christ. If Henry hopes to civilize the modern disciple of Christ he will have to get closer than the average distance of the radio wave. He will have to get right up to the firing line, and there will find chaplain and priest in frock and skirt, praying to God, on his natal day, to guide and direct the shrapnel "that is now before us and about to be thrown" so that it may strew death and destruction in the village where the agents of the Christian king or czar may direct. Henry will find sounds and sights and smells, the horror of which he could not have found even in the warrens of the poor of Detroit. He will find the agents of the various dieties invoking blessings from the sky on the poisonous gasses about to be poured into the trenches where they pray there may be most strangulation, suffering and death.

Henry is hastening from our shores to bring about a "general strike" on the battlefields of Europe. May we interrupt our thought a moment to observe that it would be "a norful joke" if someone should start a general strike in Henry's factory? Not that he doesn't pay miraculously high wages. Not that. Suppose someone should agitate for freedom to belong to a labor union or freedom to be a member of the So-

cialist Party! Suppose the poor fish that make and assemble the tin flivvers should decide to be men? But what's the use! General strikes don't breed among catfish. Back to Henry and his fellow pacificators:

They sail at an inopportune hour. Why not stay here and pacificate the preparationists (Christian crew) and the anti-preparationists (pagans and Socialists)? Presently our patriotic preparationist will be manufacturing shells for home consumption. The next year will mark an era of high tariff legislation and the manufacture of every impelment of murder from the bayonet to the latest pattern of riot guns for street and strike use. We shall spend hundreds of millions to satisfy the needs of "preparedness." Then we shall select an enemy. This will be a peacefully inclined nation, but we can soon goad

them into action. The poison press is already at that. Next we will go into the business of breeding an international hatred and suspicion. This will make our selected enemy start on a career of preparation. Then we will have greater reason to manufacture more guns and more munitions, more fortifications and more killers. Our "foe" will be spurred on to greater effort and we shall be forced to build more ships.

Simple little merry-go-round, isn't it? Where will it end? That's easy. Every Frankenstein monster destroys its creator. Preparedness will lead us where it has led the nations of Europe.

Ford will get no official recognition. He will return disappointed. The fighting will continue.



CHRISTMAS EVE

"Ah, Santa Claus; no fooling now! For us, tobacco; for the Germans, cholera."

—Le Rire, Paris

THIS mythical or actual foreign foe will prove a most admirable stalking horse for those who believe with Taft that we need many guns and a large standing army to keep down possible riots during wide-spread labor troubles.

To quote the fat one:

In a nation of 100,000,000 there are liable to be riots, mobs and insurrections which cannot be regulated except by the presence of an army.

Regulated is good! The regulation at Ludlow was most effective and satisfactory to preparationist Rockefeller. If you want to get to the real meat of the matter, read William Jennings Bryan's utterances:

Now, a new power has arisen in the land and demands control of the taxing power. It is the preparers of preparedness — the battleship builders and the manufacturers of munitions. They have been making enormous profits supplying the belligerent nations with fighting material, but the European war must end some time . . . and what will these concerns do for watermelon-like dividends? There is only one way to insure their continued prosperity—they must lash this country into a state of chronic fear, and then coin the fear into dollars. They already have their subsidized organs setting up a false standard of national honor—the duelist's standard; they are glorifying brute force. They are transplanting upon American soil the European tree of hatred which is bearing its bloody fruit across the Atlantic.

✱ ✱ ✱

ARISE, Malthus, and come from your burial cave. Vindication and confirmation are toward Prof. Joseph F. Johnson of the New York University, who has turned the trick. Johnson declares

that oppressive taxes, wars, poverty and numerous other ills are due to an excessive number of babies in the world. He wants matrimony discouraged and courtship abolished. Reason: The humans of the world are reproducing their kind faster than they can supply raiment and food.

He wants the stork's wings cropped, and would make midwifery a crime. Every prospective parent or candidate for parenthood should be forced to prove in advance, to the "authorities," that he is capable of supporting a child. The professor attributes the European war to the free and unrestrained course of Eros in Germany. Babes bred in love must go for "kannonenfutter."

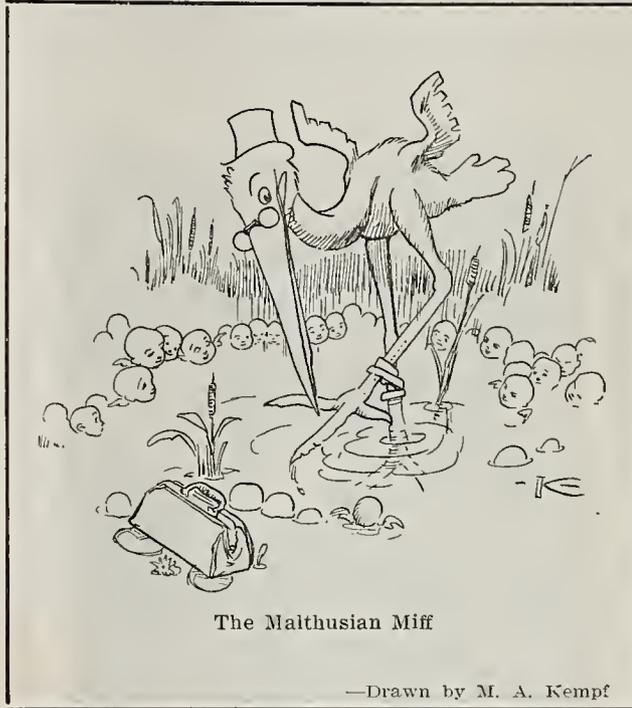
To quote Johnson:

The birth rate in Germany, for instance, grew so rapidly that the nation could not support its population. Colonies were formed and they grew. The products of these colonies had to have an outlet. Hence, conquest.

Babies born to the poor mean more taxes on the rich, says this most erudite one!

"Regulate childbirth and you will have bared one of the principal causes of taxation trouble."

Is the N. Y. U. a hookworm college? Johnson should not be allowed to evaporate and die of dry rot in New York. Here is a great interpreter. His equal probably has not been heard since John went forth crying in the wilderness. He should crawl from his cavern and join his neighbors, old Ezry Skinclotches and Samuel Stonehatchet, in a dinosaur hunt on the paleozoic plains of Plattsburg.



The Malthusian Miff

—Drawn by M. A. Kempf

Socialism Strikes Millville

By CLARA R. CUSHMAN



WHEN Martha Simpson, the wife of the hardware merchant, said we ought to invite the wife of the bricklayer, who is working on the new Odd Fellow's Building, to join the Millville Ladies' Improvement Society, I knew that in the name of the morals of our fair city it was time for me to speak.

"Ladies," I says, "I'm a Christian woman, my husband paying fifty dollars a year out of his own pocket to keep up the minister, so I don't like to knock anybody, but it's my duty to tell you that woman is—is," I choked on the word—"a Socialist."

Widow Steele, who was sitting next to Mrs. Dr. Bromley, said: "What's Socialist?"

Mrs. Dr. Bromley shuddered. She's a perfect lady if there ever was one. "Don't ask me," she says, "I'm a respectable married woman."

"So am I," I says, "but it's our duty to know a little about them, just like we know about the devil, so's we can keep out of his path. I've investigated Socialists in the Los Angeles Sunday Times, and they're a menace to the country. They haven't any money and they go around dynamiting rich people—"

"Something like Black Handers——" Mrs. Hodgkinson whose husband runs a dairy, says.

"I guess so. And they're Atheists——"

Mrs. Hawkins, the wife of the Methodist minister (our minister isn't married or I wouldn't have said that about fifty dollars), dropped the dress she was making for her fifth baby, and says in her soft voice:

"Dear, dear, what's this world coming to?"

"Socialists——" I whispered the rest.

"Well, well," Widow Steel says, "Ain't that terrible? You wouldn't think it, and her with them innocent brown eyes."

"A woman of your age, Lucy Steele," I says, "ought to know it's the innocent looking ones that sometimes do the wickedest things." Lucy's a good-hearted woman, but she doesn't know much. I am a graduate of the Immanuel Baptist Institute of Brown County, Indiana, and taught school in Texas two years.

Then Martha Simpson spoke up. "Well, I don't believe that little mite of a woman would dynamite a flea, and I don't believe the rest, either."

Martha's that way. You can't argue with her. I opened my mouth to speak and just then Fannie Martin, who thinks she knows it all just because her husband owns the Beetgrowers' Bank, and because she

has a sister she visits in the city, began to talk. She said it didn't make any difference if Mrs. Bricklayer (as that is her husband's trade, and it's my duty to be charitable), if Mrs. Bricklayer was a Socialist; that nowadays it was the style in ladies' clubs to take members in, no matter what they believed or what their husbands did, just so they had the price, and we didn't want to be countrified and old-fashioned.

"When you find a bomb under your husband's bank some fine morning," I says, "you may feel different."

"My sister never said anything about them using dynamite," she says, "but I'll write and ask her to make sure. My sister says that George Bernard Shaw is all the rage now in the ladies' clubs, and she says he's a Socialist. She never said he was a dynamiter."

Now when Fannie Martin says a thing is the style the other ladies are going to do it if they have to risk tons of dynamite or even their immortal souls. My soul comes first with me, and safety next, instead of "Safety First." I'll never risk either for the sake of being in style, although I'm just as stylish as Fannie, for that matter, only not so flashy. And I'm strong against anarchy, being the wife of Justice of the Peace T. M. Parker, who is also our city undertaker, stationer and furniture dealer. I knew it wouldn't do any good to say anything more, but I wanted to feel that I had done my Christian duty.

"Yes," I says, I know about this man Shaw. He wrote that awful play. I wouldn't name it for a million, but the initials are 'Mrs. W. P.'"

Fannie giggled and says, "How do you know so much about it?"

"Well," I says, "as I'm censor for the Main Street nickelodeon, I always read the dramatic page of our metropolitan paper and there was a synopsis of the play in that. I read it before I knew what it was. There ought to be a law against allowing such things in the paper to make ladies blush and corrupt our innocent young. And," I says, looking straight at Fannie, "anyway, I never sent for the book and don't keep it hid on the top shelf of the pantry behind the raspberry jam."

You should have seen Fannie's face! Her hired girl told Mrs. Brown, the postmistress, and she told me. I guess you know Fannie by this time!

Mrs. Attorney Peterson, who is very intellectual, then said that because one Socialist used dynamite and wrote wicked books, it didn't follow that all Socialists were wicked any more than that all the French race were bad just because Zola and Dumas wrote wicked

French novels. "I believe in being broadminded," she says.

Mrs. Druggist Perkins, meaning her husband is a druggist, who always takes the opposite side to everything I say because we don't agree about predestination, said she was in favor of being broadminded, too, and inviting Mrs. Bricklayer to join our society. She said we could make sure of her morals by asking her to show us her marriage certificate. "As our town is growing so cosmopolitan, two brick buildings now under course of erection, and undesirable citizens liable to become residents at any time, I believe we might be broadminded and still protect the fair name of our society by requesting every new member to show her marriage certificate. If Mrs. Bricklayer knows it is our custom, her feelings will not be hurt."

Well, everybody thought that would be a fine idea, excepting three ladies; first, myself, who said after all marriage certificates didn't tell everything, you had to notice the size of the first child, and anyway they better remember "Safety Next" and think of the dynamite; second, Fannie, who said she didn't think they ever did that up at Los Angeles; and third, Mrs. Dr. Hendley, who said even married ladies were unrefined sometimes, and that ought to go in the motion as an amendment.

Well, when the society was called to order and the motion put, of course it carried, thanks to Fannie and her style. And as luck would have it I'm on the invitation committee with Widow Steele, of all people in the world. It was our duty to call on Mrs. Bricklayer and ask her to join.

Her little girl came to the door, a very respectable looking child, I'll admit. I believe in giving the devil his due. While she went to find her mother I had a minute to investigate. I could see that Widow Steele wasn't going to be any help. I peeked under the sofa, but it had been swept clean, then I glanced around the room. The carpets and chairs were too expensive for a bricklayer's wife. I understand that's the way Socialists are, they squander their own money, and then expect thrifty people like me and the Judge to divide up with them. But there wasn't a sign of a lace curtain at the windows and not a single piece of fancy work in the room, just a lot of books and some ugly wild sunflowers in a bowl, and a picture of a man with whiskers all over his face and another of a statue without any clothes on, but quite respectable, as he was a man, all doubled up with his chin in his hands. I was about to say to myself, "Awfully poor taste, but respectable," when my eye caught the row of books. The titles were mostly outlandish foreign ones, mostly Russian looking and French and Dago, and you know what awful morals those foreigners have! Suddenly I gasped.

I caught the name of Gorky, and I guess you know about him; then of Shaw, and there in plain view—not even hidden on the pantry shelf, mind you—was "Mrs. W. P." I was still red from the shock of that when I looked at the table and there, face down and open so that the title fairly glared at you, was that unspeakable book that they've been playing at a Los Angeles theater! "D. G.!" "D. G." right in the same room with that innocent child!

I heard Mrs. Bricklayer coming and tried to pull myself together. She had on gloves and said she's been digging in the garden. Digging in the garden! Wasn't that the way they buried dynamite? I made up my mind it was policy to keep on the good side of her.

She came to us with both hands out. "I'm so glad to see you! I've been so lonely since I came to the country."

"Country indeed!" I thought. "And with two brick buildings going up, and five hundred inhabitants!" But I didn't say it. I musn't take chances. I gave her the invitation and she said she'd love to join, that she was the president of their club in Berkeley. I asked what club, and she said the Woman's Socialist League. The way she said it you'd have thought she was talking about the Foreign Missionary Society!

Just then we heard a step on the porch and she said her husband had come home from work and she went out to meet him and brought him in and introduced him. He walked up to us and shook hands as coolly as if he had been the Justice of the Peace instead of a common workingman. Then he excused himself to take off his working clothes. I told Mrs. Bricklayer as delicately as I could about our rule for new members. I even smiled, but I was trembling inside and saying "Safety Next." She looked kind of surprised for a minute, then her eyes began to shine and she gave a kind of gasp, and said very softly: "Yes. I see. I see. I'll try to find it."

She'd "try to find it!" I thought of that little brown frame over the head of the bed in the spare room where my own certificate shed its sacred light over our home for so many years, and I shuddered.

Mrs. Bricklayer went to the desk and began rummaging through the drawers. Finally she called to her husband, her voice kind of trembly: "John! John! Do you know where our marriage certificate is?"

"What?" he roared in the rudest way.

She went into the bedroom to explain. When she came back her eyes were shining more than ever, and I heard a queer splutter in the bedroom. I hoped he wasn't lighting a fuse. I had a notion to run, but thought it would be poor policy.

"He doesn't know where he put it," she began to

(Continued on Page 23)

In the Name of Christ—Amen!

By FRANK H. WARE



IS dusk in a little village. The birds in the tree tops twitter their soft, happy notes and the calm of night echoes the noise of droning insects—soon the peaceful noises of

the night are drowned by the steady “tramp, tramp” of multitudinous feet marching and the ceaseless creaking of heavy wheels.

Away on the far horizon lights flare redly and are followed later by the dull but distinct booming of cannon. Back of a near-by hill artillery breaks forth with a deafening roar. The shouts of drivers come louder and more frequent in their fevered haste and the even tramping sounds double-time as sharp orders rang out.

Then comes a “whee-ee-ee,” and overhead with flash and shriek a blinding greenish-white shower shell bursts, lighting up the village and countryside—the marching columns of soldiers, the horse-drawn cannon with their cursing drivers, and the upturned pallid faces of helpless humans.

More shells follow and the townspeople flee in panic.

Here and there in the dust lie the forms of men, women and children—many writhing in agony of wounds—others silent and motionless.

In the center of the village a little group of women and children huddle on the steps of a church. Trembling in fear, but with bowed heads, they listen to the prayers of a priest.

“Our Father!”

A bursting shell lights his upraised face and closed eyes.

“Hear our prayer and protect us——”

A woman screams and crumples to the roadway.

“On this, the dawn of the day of Thy blessed nativity——”

The little white hospital with its red cross flag blown by the storm of battle bursts into flames.

“Deliver unto the enemy a crushing defeat——”

The steeple splinters and falls.

“And punish them with an everlasting hell——”

A shell bursts among them, killing many.

“In the name of Christ—Amen!”

Solid Ivory

By A. F. GANNON



ED LYNCH was a ribbon raveler, at twelve per, in Bunk's Big Bazar on Broadway. O. Henry was not within his ken, and the only Stevenson of note in his mental card-index was the guy who put the first locomotive over. He could tell you all about Ty Cobb and "Confession" Jack O'Brien, but the worth-while subtleties were beyond him. That summarizes Ed.

Myrtle was nineteen, and Corpulent Cortez (or whoever it was on a peak in Darien) had nothing on her insofar as a large and romantic outlook was concerned.

She worked in the Macerator Laundry on Los Angeles street and, thanks to a pickle-and-pie-proof liver, penny dances and Robert Chambers' novels, lived mostly in the rosy region of romance.

They met on the top of a beach-bound bus one Sunday evening, whither Myrtle hied after finishing the latest emotion-raker from the dictaphone of her favorite fictioner.

She liked Ed's concave shoulders, the aroma of his "dago" cigarettes and the cut of his jib. In Ed's estimation, Myrtle was all to the mustard. Myrtle felt sure that Christy never got by with anything niftier.

Picture shows, Burbank matinees and China-cafe feeds followed with dizzying rapidity, Ed. proposed. Myrtle disposed. No one opposed.

Myrtle dreamed at her mangle for a few secret, saccharine months before the first tilt.

Ed had two tickets for a show. Myrtle was to work late in the week-end rush. They were to meet at a down-town corner and go from there to the theatre. No Ed awaited when Myrtle arrived. She sauntered with the throng to the next block, wondering what had detained him and already reveling in the delights of music, song and laughter that were to be hers that evening at the widely touted comedy they were to attend.

She stopped for a moment on the curb near the corner. Suddenly she felt like screaming. Ed, chatting gaily with the blond girl on his arm, was crossing toward her through the traffic. She clinched her fists and controlled herself as she distinctly heard him say to the girl as they parted just behind her in the crowd:

"Good night, kid. See y' later."

Ed hurried toward their rendezvous. Myrtle was

a bit late. Ed jokingly chaffed her, saying that he had waited half an hour.

Ed was in high glee at the slap-stick work of the low comedian. Myrtle was glum.

"Work hard t' day, kid?" solicitously inquired Ed.

"Yes," admitted Myrtle, dangerously close to tears.

"Too bad y' didn't like the show, Myrt. We'll go home after this act," said Ed in a tone of kindness personified.

Myrtle gritted her teeth.

At home the storm burst. Ed, a badly abused and misunderstood man, went out and got drunk.

Followed many drab months of bickering. Ed didn't measure up to Myrtle's Chamberesque ideal.

"A rag and a bone and a hank of hair" was Ed's unexpressed opinion after some months of connubial juxtaposition.

A moist, sticky baby could not heal the breach. Aiken tried to bridge it at its largest end and form the usual triangle.

Aiken was the manager of the Macerator Laundry, the possessor of a poly-lunged gasoline guzzler, a harveyized conscience and a penchant for sympathy with pretty married women whose home life was not all that it should be.

Robert Chambers and "Confession" Jack O'Brien were too much for Ed junior, so he just naturally faded, and in a fit of colic, shuffled off. Ed senior openly sought solace in his slender blond co-worker. Myrtle was divorced.

By the simple process of continually rebuffing Aiken and his advances, Myrtle lost her job.

Coming out of a Broadway cabaret late one night, she met Ed and his affinity, face to face:

"My, what a mush!" said Myrtle to her companion—meaning the affinity, of course. The blond winced. Myrtle was instantly suffused with happiness. Her escort, well dressed gentleman that he was, made no comment, but Chamberesquely ushered her to a waiting taxi.

"Here," if we were in on the E. P. Roe, we would say "the author lays down his pen." As it is we will hurry to the mark that makes the printer seek the end rule. If you are disappointed we can but offer regrets. If you sought a real story-writer's story we are sorry, but you share the blame.

You see, this is not a regular story—just a little cross-section of that delectable or dispicable thing called life.

Rescue the Desorientes

By G. E. BOLTON



WILLIAM C. OWEN, who thinks so far ahead of and writes so far above his readers that he gets and holds (and possibly wants) but a limited audience, has summarized the situation of the various labor and so-called radical movements in America.

In the English section of the Mexican (Spanish) anarchist *semanal revolucionario* "Regeneracion" this keen writer points out the political downfall of trade unionists in San Francisco, and declares that in Los Angeles, Socialism has been absorbed by "progressivism" and that the National Socialist Party is harping on the efficiency shown by militarism in Germany. (This to bolster up the theory of the desirability of state ownership and management.)

The writer declares the I. W. W. a busted balloon. As for the American Federation of Labor, he says it is "worsted invariably in its half-hearted conflicts with capital, and sinks more deeply into the mud of a despairing conservatism."

This, too, before Gompers saved the day for the munition makers, militarists and martinets at the San Francisco convention, where two Socialist delegates attempted to work through a resolution against the preparedness conspiracy and the attempt to add collective murder to the high school curriculum.

Those who know Gompers and those who surround him should, however, have as little difficulty in predicting.

Next, this brilliant Anarchist takes a sharp rap at Anarchists. He apparently agrees with Jean Grave, whom he accredits with being the leading spokesman of the European group, when he writes that "at this actual hour they are disorganized and more and more 'desorientes'." (Lacking in plan—drifting without destination or knowledge of direction.)

Let us quote Owen here: "Yes, indeed. A movement that does not understand that its basis is the free individual; that does not understand that freedom implies abstention from invasion and battle to death against the invader—such a movement has exactly the strength and consistency of a rope of sand."

Owen became a Nationalist at the outbreak of the European war. English birth and breeding came to the surface and he shows the greatest bitterness against all things Teutonic—hates the "invader."

The writer declares that the future belongs to

Anarchism, for "man unquestionably is destined to be free. But it will be an Anarchism founded on principle and not the sensational hodge-podge that has of late, under the driving of greedy notoriety hunters, usurped the name." (Is this a slap at Emma and her phalanx of worshipping, volunteer publicity agents?)

"The clouds are breaking and the great contest of the future, that between freedom and authority, is taking visible shape."

This is most encouraging and I, for one, am inclined to agree that the clouds are breaking. A time of world-wide upheaval is nearing, but we have too many times seized the rope only to find it sand.

William C. Owen has spent an active life. For years he has been a rebel against all that restrains the liberty of man. His stern, uncompromising character many times has forced him outside the fold. A profound student, a clear thinker, a masterly writer, we see no reason why he should not make a serious attempt to orient American radicalism.

He knows Stirner, Godwin and Tolstoi (the spontanistics). He has made deep study of Proudhon, Bakunine, Kropotkin and Tucker (federalistics).

Why not try it, Yokefellow Owen? Here we are, desoriente—drifting. Where is there a concrete plan? Will you give us an affirmation? Can you not make clear to some of the more dense of us—many of whom are groping but honestly want to know? We are not seeking a royal road to knowledge, but there is a short cut that will keep the neophyte out of the morass of confusion.

Why not a book that will do this for us?

Permit us a classification: Owen would decline to be labelled or tagged, but here is a hazard—he is indoministic, spontanistic and revolutionary insurgent. Negative to every doctrine of the state.

There has been nothing in common as to the basis of most of the teachers of anarchism. Most of them recognize as the supreme law of human procedure merely a natural law. They do not tell us what takes place, and how to accelerate its movement, but merely follow the genetic procedure of telling us what will take place. Shall we follow the altruistic Godwin or the egoistic Stirner?

Many who have known Owen and followed his writings will join this serious suggestion. Will he abandon his plan of "je ne propose rien, je ne suppose rien, j'expose" and provide a compass and a rudder to the American desorientes?

Among the Immortals

By EDMUND R. BRUMBAUGH

JOSEPH HILLSTROM—or Joe Hill, as he was called by his comrades—sleeps under the sod, his body pierced by the bullets of an enraged plutocracy. The heart that throbbed with love for his fellows is still. The brain that grew great with the wisdom of social protest is at rest. The hands that guided the pencil or brush, placing on paper or canvas their owner's visions of truth and beauty are folded forever. Yesterday, Joe Hill was but one of us, struggling like us, as best he knew how, for justice, for liberty, for civilization. Today he has left us behind, has attained an eminence for which few have the strength. He is among the immortals. Socrates, Spartacus, Jesus, Bruno, Savonarola, Wat Tyler, Elijah Lovejoy, John Brown and a host of other dauntless ones whom this same hard path have trod and who have died for the truth, are keeping him company.

We, who are trying to build a better social order, mourn for our martyred comrade. We know he was no murderer. We know he was no robber. We know that he abhorred both murder and robbery with all the strength of his artist's soul. His was a holy ideal, and idealists are not criminals.

Murder has been done, but Joe Hill is the victim and not the culprit. His murderers may rejoice, sustained as they are by the heartfelt approval of the enemies and robbers of the working class, but their rejoicing will be turned to chagrin and lasting defeat be the sequel to their temporary triumph. Longing for Liberty cannot be confined by iron bars or shot to death even in the name of "law and order" and the sacred constitution! It is bound to break forth again and again, and to grow stronger and stronger, until tyranny is made to flee before it. Force cannot restrain it long; fraud cannot deceive it; all the money in the world cannot corrupt it; and half-way measures will fail to satisfy.

The martyrdom of November 19 was a shameful thing. We wish from the bottom of our hearts that it had not been. But it could not be prevented. Capitalism controlled. This martyrdom, therefore, is no discouragement; rather is it the reverse. It is even an inspiration, a call to greater devotion. Thinking of it, we are lifted aloft; a determination springs up within us to drive from the earth the system that made it possible.

One Big Union

By J. L. ENGDAHL

WE are told in a seven-line cablegram that a combination of 1,500,000 workmen has been effected in Great Britain by the adoption of a draft constitution linking together the National Union of Railway Men, the Transport Workers' Federation and the Miners' Federation.

This amalgamation plan got under way before the war started and the fact that action has now been taken shows that the British workers have not been entirely submerged by the European conflagration.

Germany has demonstrated to the world the value of organization and the socialization of industry, both in peace and in war. It required the war to drive home this lesson to other nations, especially England. It does not look as if this lesson had as yet been learned by the peoples of the United States. The sessions of the next Congress will tell the story.

But we submit that the industrial solidarity being shown by the workers of Great Britain, in uniting into one solid phalanx the railway men, the miners and the transport workers, should be immediately copied by the

organized workers of the United States.

The United Mine Workers of America and the Western Federation of Miners have been endeavoring to amalgamate for years. Of course, they are now united in the Mining Department of the American Federation of Labor, but this is a loose organization. There are half a dozen brotherhoods claiming jurisdiction over the workers in the operating departments of the nation's railroads. Nearly a dozen more organizations claim jurisdiction over the men in the railroad shop trades, these being loosely organized into the Railway Department of the A. F. of L. The International Seamen's Union, with the Lake Seamen's Union, sees no reason for amalgamating with the Longshoremen's Union. This goes to show how far the American worker is behind his British brother in unity of effort. Perhaps we shall need another Harriman strike, another Colorado, another struggle on the Great Lakes, the Atlantic or the Pacific, before the value of solidarity has been taught the workers. In the meantime, watch the big labor combine in Great Britain.

Llano del Rio

By JOHN DEQUER

THIS will be a short and sweet description of the Llano del Rio Colony, just as I found it. It is not Socialism—you cannot build heaven in hell. It is a business enterprise, conducted on business principles, for practical results. The colony is not concerned with individual ideals, but with ways and means to get food, clothing and shelter. When these are secure, then, if you are idealistic, your ideals can grow.

The colony is not a full and perfect democracy. There is only one place in which democracy is complete—that is in the choice of directors. These directors have to do with the business of the corporation and appoint superintendents, managers, etc. They take your application, admit you to a working contract, and if your influence is detrimental to the good of the enterprise, they discharge you. This may sound unidealistic, but it is in accord with the law of the state, and we must be in accord with it if we wish to succeed. The recall of the directors, held in the hands of the stockholders, safeguards the abuse of this power.

The law of the state favors corporations organized on business lines. That is: governed by directors elected by stockholders. When you pay in your initial payment you take out stock. This makes you a stockholder and the directors are responsible, under the law, for the investment. They are legally bound to work for your interest as a stockholder. This is your relation to the company. You can hold stock and not go to the colony at all. And I dare say that is a safe investment—far safer than anything I know of.

Bradstreet shows that when a man goes into business there are ninety-five out of a hundred chances against him. Llano has at least ninety-five out of every hundred chances to win. To become a stockholder in itself is desirable. When you have paid in your \$1000 initial payment fee, you get a working contract, and you take up your residence at the colony and become

an employe in the company in which you are a stockholder. You have then first right as a stockholder—that is, a part owner of the corporation—and next you are a worker for the corporation of which you are an employe. The law therefore covers you twice as an owner and a worker. A little thought will make it plain; the state law deals with corporations who hire help. The stockholders work not—they are interested through the investment. Laborers are supposed to be hired and fired by the directors or the "agents." Thus it is that the Llano del Rio Colony is organized to comply with the law; but the work is done by the owners (stockholders), under a working contract.

The worker-owner is under a board of directors. And the board of directors is responsible under the law and subject to recall by the stockholders.

The colony does not aim to set up a new form of government over its working members; where there is no law there is no transgression, from which we take it that where laws are multiplied transgression follows. Now, the State of California has five thousand laws which we are bound to obey, in the colony or out. That is quite enough—it is not the aim of the community to add to this burden. The best we

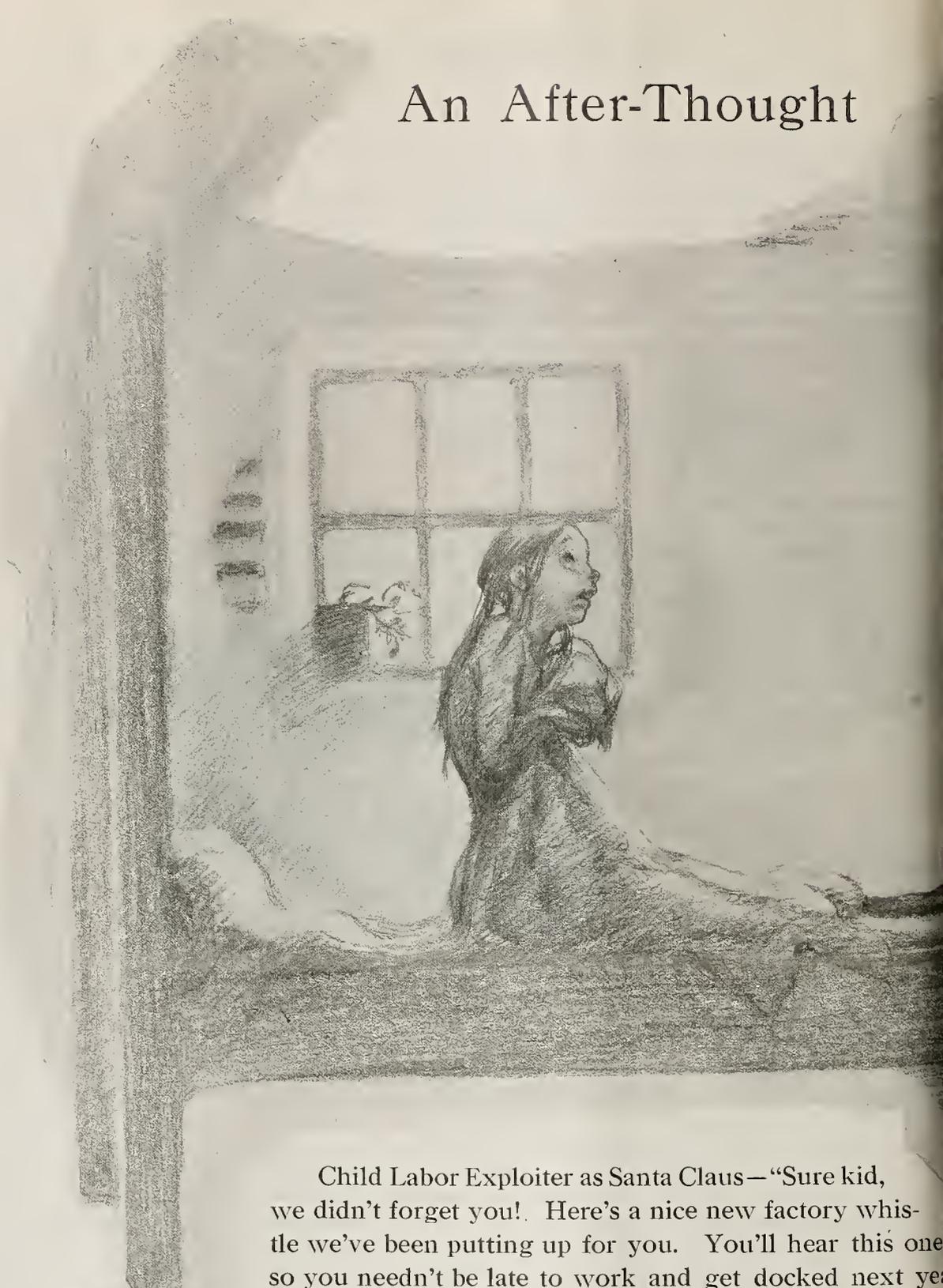


Workers returning from the fields at the end of a sunny December day. Community photographs take on a new, artistic touch under the hands of Comrade Kempf.

can do is to build an industrial village where the conditions of employment shall be just, the products equitably shared; where sanitary and hygienic factors get due consideration, and where socially created wealth will ultimately redound to the benefit of all. Therefore, when you come to Llano, come to go to work with your comrades, and not to make rules and regulations. He who goes to Llano goes to raise alfalfa, chickens, wheat, rabbits, potatoes, beef, garden truck, for the common weal of all. If you have legislative ambitions, go into politics and get elected to the state house. Llano is a corporation under the laws of capitalism, where the owners are the workers, and receive

(Continued on Page 25)

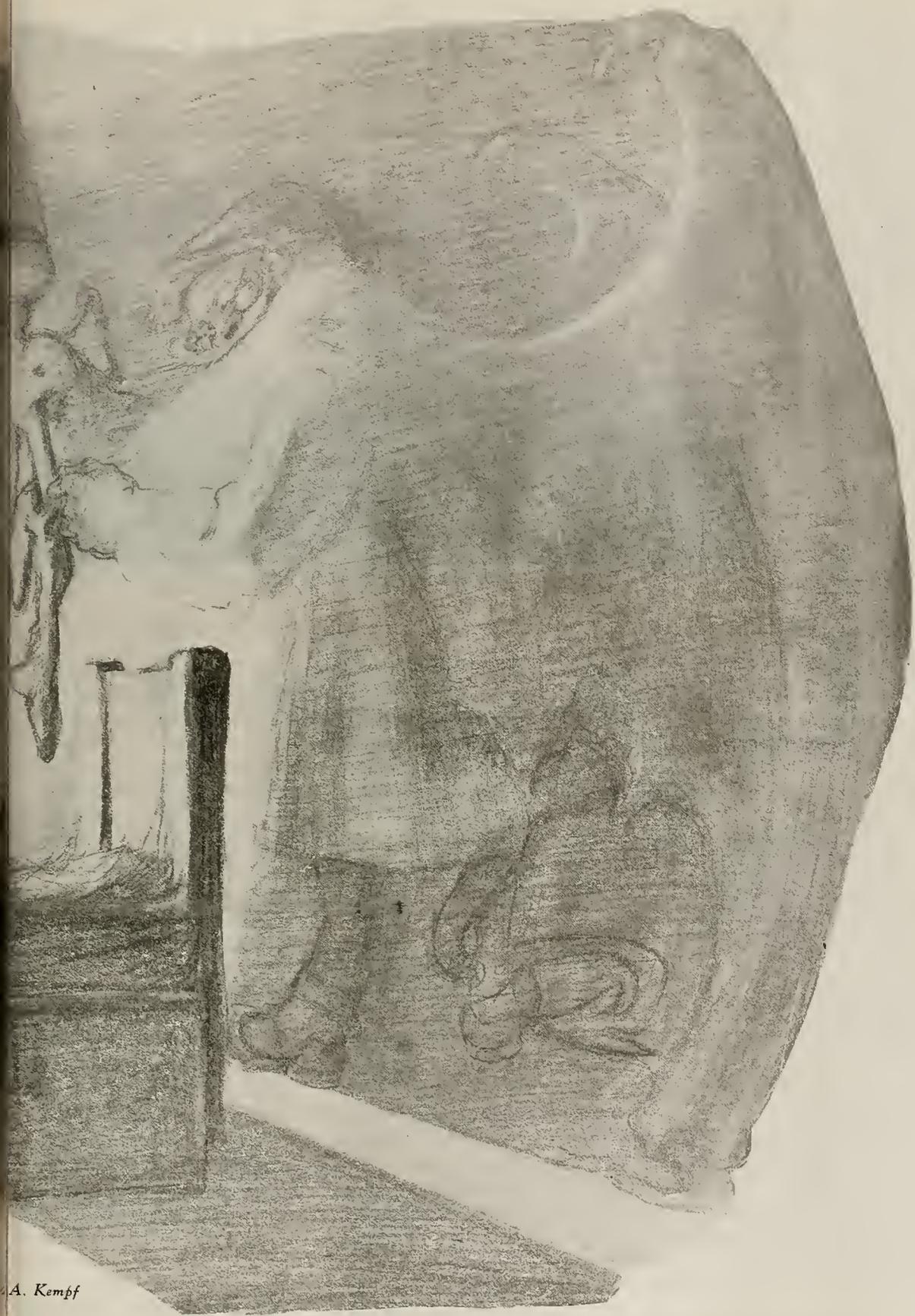
An After-Thought



Child Labor Exploiter as Santa Claus—"Sure kid, we didn't forget you!. Here's a nice new factory whistle we've been putting up for you. You'll hear this one, so you needn't be late to work and get docked next year

! new A Kempf-

-Drawn for The Western C. A.



“NOT since the big wind,” is an expression that henceforth will have some meaning at the Llano del Rio Community. Friday, night, December 3, was an eventful one in the history of the colony. The gale that swept the entire Pacific coast and wrought such havoc everywhere did not spare Llano and the southwest. The storm swept down on us with a fury never before experienced in this valley. Our adobe houses stood like granite and not one of the completed structures was damaged by wind or rain. Two dozen of the tent houses were blown down and a few of them were whipped to ribbons.

At about 10:30 o'clock at night a great black cloud formed in a boot-shape which hovered for a long time over the city. The toe lost particles of clouds from time to time and swirled off into the mountain range behind. For more than half an hour before the wind storm broke a roar could be heard in the foothills resembling the sound of a giant cataract.

The wind was almost continuous until after 2 o'clock Saturday morning, viciously wiping out tents and tearing off the heavy porch of the hotel. The noise of the wind and the sounds of household goods careening drunkenly about the streets lent a sort of terror hard to describe.

As tent after tent collapsed or was swept from its moorings the people gathered in the hotel or in the adobe homes of friends and waited for a cessation of the tempest.

Tent houses were twisted and torn and blown from foundations, but fortunately not a person was injured, although many had narrow escapes from flying debris. The adobe homes stood up with rock solidity, showing that even a four-inch wall, as these adobes are, can withstand very vigorous wind and rain storms. It is understood that the adobes so far built are of a temporary nature and should permanent buildings be erected of this material, thicker walls would obtain.

There was little confusion and but slight appre-

Llano Colonists Are

By R. K.



Storming in the Mountains; Sunshine on the Llano. Picture Shows the

hension among the inhabitants. Mutual assistance was given in the darkness and it was not long before the homeless families were made partially comfortable for the balance of the night.

When daylight dawned a scene of wreckage was everywhere visible. Furniture, washpans, beds, bedding and wearing apparel were blown about indiscriminately and lodged here and there against the fences. Bedding in the municipal or transient tents was thoroughly drenched, but thanks to a hot sun, quickly dried on the fence. Men and women turned out without waiting for suggestions and helped one another in a truly harmonious way. More than 100 men, women and children were homeless, but were more or less comfortably housed within two or three hours after daylight and the work of rebuilding tents and fallen frames began. A roof was quickly placed on the unfinished office building and beds placed within which was quickly filled by people. Work of repairing the hotel was started soon after breakfast and before noon all the damage to the roof proper was repaired, although the porch itself was not replaced. Probably the porch would have stood up against the blast had the beams been anchored to the big stone supports.

Only necessary work on the ranch was done during the two succeeding days as the housing force devoted all energies to reinstating a normal condition. Work

Undaunted by Storm

WILLIAMS



New Dairy Barns, Silo, Rabbitry, and a Portion of the Poultry Department.

Snow covers the mountains south of Llano and gladdens the eye and feelings, as we are warm and comfortable down here, while we know it is cold up there. Much of the snow that fell Friday night and Saturday morning on the low foothills has vanished under the sun and even now a difference in the vegetation can be seen and some change in the water supply is slightly visible. The snow in the Sierra Madres south of us supplies very largely and regulates the Big Rock flow. More snow will fall in the mighty gashes during the winter and when the warm sun of spring gets around to us, the condensed waters will con-

of repair is still going on and will continue until complete and the repair work on the tents and the new tents will be of a more substantial nature. More braces will be placed and the frames strengthened in every way.

However, there is consolation in the fact that the wind and rain was general up and down the mountainous coast region. Much harder winds blew to the north and more copious rains fell to the south. The trouble is, we were not prepared for such a shaking up of the elements and gives a salutary lesson that more substantial buildings are necessary. As a matter of fact, had we been sheltered within solid wooden buildings or adobe none of the disagreeable features attendant upon this incident would be ours. As it is, considerable time has been lost and some setback in the field work will be evidenced.

Notwithstanding the general disruption of the even tenor of our way, the calamitous weather did not affect or dampen the spirit of the colonists to have fun. The usual Saturday night dance was held and nearly all of the homeless people esconced in temporary quarters danced about the spacious dance hall with the usual vim. After all, depression and happiness is a state of mind.

It would require more than a windstorm to daunt the bold hearts of the Llano colonists who bore the hardships with true pioneer spirit.

tribute toward making these lands among the most productive to be found anywhere in all great, fertile California.

The garden season is practically over and work is now under way clearing and preparing lands for next spring's planting near the Tighlman place, although the number of acres may be increased.

Near the first of the year planting of fruit trees will begin on a little more than two hundred acres. The orchard will contain nearly all varieties of fruit trees, such as pear, apple, peach, olive, etc.

Clearing is going on at the present time on sections 34 and 35. It will not be long until clearing work on these 1280 acres will have been finished.

Two hundred acres of alfalfa will be planted in the spring close to the source of water supply. A good deal of the land is now cleared and the remainder will be cleared, plowed and worked in time for spring planting.

It is planned to move the hennery up to the west end of Tighlman's and build substantial adobe chicken, brooder and incubator houses and fix the place up in a thoroughly up-to-date manner. The chickens will have as much alfalfa to run on as thought desirable and will be sheltered from the west winds by the foothills and the tall row of trees that extend to the north of the place.

The boiler for the steam laundry is now being placed



Llano Lads, Imbued With Cooperative Spirit, Building Their Adobe "Clubhouse."

We are working toward a better organization all the time. Things generally are taking on a more substantial character of solidarity. As time goes on a new knowledge of identity of interest manifests itself. A new and stronger understanding of our mission out here on this prolific plain becomes visible. The cobwebs of mystery are disappearing and impractical ideals are being left behind. Soon the knowledge will become common that our

and soon the machinery to do washing for the colony will be established and our troubles in this direction will be at an end. A new industrial field opens with the opening of the doors of the wash house. Doubtless a bid will be made for business in the surrounding towns of the valley.

The bakery has introduced an oil burning system displacing the cumbersome and costly wood fire, so that now two bakings of 135 loaves can be had at a cost of 40 cents outlay. At present the bread consumption averages 250 loaves daily. Of course, there are many colonists who bake bread in their own homes.

The orchestra has been requested and acceded to the request that music be furnished at evening meals at least three times a week. The work of the orchestra has been much improved and enlarged by the addition of several artists. Mr. Copley is always looking for talent and a hearty invitation is extended to anyone who can play.

While music at meals does not take the place of food substantial it adds materially to the zest of eating and takes one away from the meaner things of the physical world. This sort of thing should receive all possible encouragement.

W. H. Peterson has opened a studio in which he teaches many different kinds of instruments, specializing on the violin. Comrade Peterson has had considerable experience along these lines and is eminently qualified to teach orchestral instruments. He is busy with pupils most of the time and puts in considerably more than eight hours per day. The colony is enriched by the presence of Mr. Peterson. In addition to the above accomplishments he is an expert rabbit breeder and spends a part of the day helping Manager Kilmer at the rabbitry.

interests here are identical and when that is thoroughly understood life will broaden for us all.

The reason for the existence of the Llano del Rio Corporation is so plain and apparent that it is mystifying, for as a rule we are always looking for something that does not exist.

People come to us filled with vagaries. Where they get them it is hard to determine. Newcomers arrived here filled with idealism and notions of a weird form of democracy that are utterly out of place in an institution dealing with things and practicalities. It must be insisted that if this colony is to exist we must follow the well tried and wrought out formulas of corporations organized under capitalism. We cannot hope to win in the desperate fight for competence if we deviate from the plans that have proven success in the outside world. Those who imagine, as some of our newcomers do, that a complete revolution of the methods of getting must immediately obtain upon arrival here, are due for a shock. We are not attempting an Utopian phantasmagoria, but are constantly dealing with things of life, nature and harness and horses, plows, wood cutting and the building of homes. In order to succeed, and we are succeeding beyond what the founders of this institution had hoped for, as the present city and development that is to be found here can show, we must follow out the lines laid down by organized capitalism and use the same tools that it is fighting and struggling with.

Will it ever be believed that most of our benefits arise from the method of getting a living? This question becomes more real when we are on the ground working out this problem. It is an aphorism that our ethics and morals flow from our economic condition. Feed the inner man and bring to him machinery of pro-

duction suited to his use and he will by natural process evolve into a society suited to his needs. We are, first of all, trying to solve the question of food supply. Last year we raised almost seventy per cent of what we consumed. Next year we will do very much better than that. We have within our grasp opportunities never hoped for by the working class of any country. We have a principality in the making, but to assure many doubting ones, the first duty here is not to set up a gov-

ernment with which to guide ourselves. The laws of California have taken care of that. The reason for saying this is that arguments have taken place on this very point. Many people living in and around Marietta have asked this question. Some of our Washington and Idaho friends do not yet seem to understand that we are a business concern, incorporated under the laws of this state; that a board of managers stands between the body politic and the state; that the board of directors is responsible for the actions of the individual in the colony and should defalcation of mismanagement arise, they and not the colonists would be stripped to make good the debts of the corporation; that power of hiring and discharging lies with the board and should a change be desired in this respect the only course to follow would be to repeal a state law and recall the board. To take the power of discharge from the board's hands would be a bid for anarchy and chaos.

An organized, central control is absolutely necessary in the present stage of evolution toward Socialism. The scintillating rays of national or world Socialism are but dimly seen over the eastern horizon. As long as the grind of the wheels of the juggernaut causes tears and groans and robs infants of their true heritage no institution surrounded by the competitive system will long succeed in its fight if other than capitalistic means be used.

Once more, this corporation differs from the Western Union, Standard Oil or the Southern Pacific in this respect only: that the profits of this concern goes to the stockholders with working contracts actually working, and that their food, shelter and clothing are assured. We might make apologies for some of our food, the lack of more comfortable shelter and the paucity of our clothing, yet when one considers that when the end



Looking Across Swimming Pool Toward Solarium and Colony Tent Houses

of the month rolls by there are no bills to meet, no worries over the landlord bothering you, there are compensations. And, anyway, we all came here, or should have, with the understanding that there is a certain amount of pioneering to do, and should it become nauseous or irksome the same old blighted world of struggling competition is open and the soft handed and faint hearted should seek its kindness.

This is a very human place. We are composed of men and women of radical thought along every line of human endeavor. To amalgamate these is the desideratum. One of the most difficult things for a person to do is to stand in the other fellow's place and see how he would feel had a certain thing been done. Those that attempt to always give more than they expect to receive come closest to the proper way of thinking.

Before closing permit us to revert a moment to the necessity of having an organized control, the power of discharge to protect the collectivity against the individuals. When an organization of men hand together to accomplish something for their own benefit, or to more strongly build a labor craft into a more formidable rival of the entrenched interests, hirelings come among them. This can certainly be looked for. The ancient fights against tyranny for hundreds and thousands of years lost the fight because of the spy. Spartacus, Dreimakos, and others of the elder world, and Jesus lost the fight and life because of the treachery of the hired spy. Labor organizations the world over today are filled with them. Why should we be exempt from this form of disruption? We are doing something. We are freeing those who join us from the terrors of the struggle and pointing a lesson to the world. Hence, we look for the disrupter and spy. History warrants it, experience and safety demand it.

The Wonders of Llano

By JOSEPH D. CANNON

THE writer of the following article has spent a lifetime in the Labor and Socialist Movements. He is known in every state in the Union and loved by his comrades everywhere, and admired by the industrial overlords from whom he has wrested many victories for the workers. As he was a delegate to the Western Federation of Miners to the recent A. F. of L. convention at San Francisco, Comrade Cannon decided to visit the Llano del Rio Co-operative Community. This story was written shortly after several days' sojourn at Llano.—Editor's note.

PICTURE if you can a scene of bustling activity where the mere onlooker seems so certainly out of place, and where the motive is not one of profit making or wealth accumulation for a few favored individuals—where greed is not the master, at the crack of whose whip the toilers, in fear for their food, clothing and shelter, spring to new and overtaxing efforts—and what you will see in Llano, Llano del Rio, in the sunny Antelope Valley of Southern California.

It is the colony of which you have probably heard more or less, and where co-operation is the motive of the workers—and all are owners as well as workers.

Here a marvel is being wrought, while the scoffer, unaware of the project's assured success, continues to direct his now stingless darts.

A desert is being turned into a garden, and a soil which bore naught but cactus, sage and chaparral is resounding to the call of the husbandmen with teeming crops of great variety.

Four men and a horse, on a then desert waste, eighteen months ago, with nothing but a vision to urge them on, have already shown how well founded was their faith; for now there are more than six hundred souls, men, women and children, in the colony at Llano. Sixty to seventy horses are there instead of one—and these are not sufficient for the work that is there for them to do.

Over one hundred head of Jersey and Holstein cows make up the dairy herd, and this number is increasing rapidly.

Of chickens there seemed many hundreds, all of fancy stock, from which great returns will be sure to accrue.

The rabbitry is far from being the least interesting merit in the colony's growing prospects.

Right now, in December, eighty per cent of the workers are employed in clearing ground and planting crops, mostly grain, which will be followed by alfalfa. Next spring one hundred and twenty-five acres will be put into garden truck, all for home consumption.

Already the colony has its own nursery; and great orchards are being set out. Pears do wonderfully well; and soon "Llano Pears" shall be one of the fancy staples in the grocery world. But peaches, apples, grapes and some other fruits are giving great promise,

and as rapidly as it can be done new ground is being broken and new and varied orchards, as well as other crops, being put in.

There is water sufficient to irrigate not less than twenty thousand acres, with probabilities of enough more being conserved to increase that acreage by fifty per cent. The colony at present has not that much land, but its holdings are steadily being increased and it will ultimately have all for which it can develop water. There are two sources for the supply. One is a tunnel a mile or so in length, from which runs a constant stream of nearly ice cold, pure water, enough to supply the domestic requirements of the colony for all time.

The other is the flow from the ever-melting snows of the mountains. This will not only irrigate their lands, but it will light and heat their homes and shops, turn the wheels of their power machines and eventually transport them and their goods to and from market.

For conservation they have a splendid dam site, and for power plants they have many advantageous locations where the mountain stream will generate their electricity.

With but little difference in labor cost the colonists have the choice of granite, gray sandstone, concrete or brick, all on their own ground, from which to select their building material. Ground is about to be broken for a \$5000 school, which will be the first building on the permanent town site of Llano.

But speaking of schools: the children from two years and up are in school. The Montessori method is in most successful operation and the graded schools are doing splendid work. Last but not least is the night schools at which the workers are given the advantage of lecture courses not usually heard outside of colleges, and at which there are always many students. In addition to this there is a public library which is growing in size and worth, and in which there are always large numbers of readers.

There are many more interesting features. The machine shop, the cabinet shop, the building department, and many others too numerous to list, but all of which are so worth while.

It is not the intent of the colony to sell milk from its great dairy herds, but butter and cheese. Pelts

will not be sold merely as hides, but as shoes, gloves, belts or other finished products. The hares will produce not only meat for the colonists, but the most attractive furs. No article as far as it can be arranged will be produced to sell just as raw material, but as finished product.

Already more has been achieved in eighteen months than the four wise men with the horse thought possible in ten years—and as yet the colony is in swaddling clothes. Watch it when it really begins to move; when its orchards are bearing in full and its herds doing more than merely increasing.

Llano will be modern. It has its struggles to win, and opposition to overcome, but it is in a position to do these. It is increasing in value and it can speak right now in dollars and cents most convincingly. Its lands and waters are easily worth \$150,000. Its herds and machinery just as much. And this—all of this—belongs to the men who are doing the work. Every toiler is working for the benefit of the colony, and the colony is the reward of every toiler.

Llano will demonstrate that co-operation is a greater success than even the advocates of co-operation heretofore claimed.

Socialism Strikes Millville

(Continued from Page 10)

explain, and I says to myself, "Just as I thought!" when the man shouted at her again:

"Oh, I remember now, honey. Look in that book on Rhode Island Red Hens!"

I almost fainted.

She got the book out of a drawer and run through the leaves till she found the paper. It didn't even have a ribbon tied around it, with pretty verses, like is the style now—a days—just a plain slip. I looked at the date carefully and it seemed all right, but the little girl might be small for her age. Mrs. Bricklayer had her hand on her face and her back turned, and the Widow Steele says to her, "Don't cry. We don't aim to hurt your feelin's. It's just the rules of the club, and I'm ashamed of myself." The widow's good hearted, but as I said, she hasn't much sense. She didn't realize the very sofa she was sitting on might be stuffed with some deadly powder.

Mrs. Bricklayer says, no indeed, she wasn't crying, and she'd be delighted to come to the club. I grabbed the widow's arm and hurried out as fast as I could.

I didn't speak until we had turned the corner.

"Safe!" I says, then. "Safe, thank God!"

"Safe?" says the widow. "Wha' da ya mean? Quit pinchin' my arm!"

"Didn't you notice?"

"Notice what?"

"The books!" She just stared.

"Her digging in the garden?"

"What of it? Don't we all dig in the garden?"

"But the gloves! Aren't gloves non-conductors or something?"

The widow stared in her stupid way. "What yu talkin' about?"

"And the sputter in the bedroom? Those people are menaces! And did you notice how her eyes shone when she heard that man coming up the steps?"

"Huh?"

"And the way he looked at her? And called her 'honey?' and did—you—see—what—he—did?"

"What?"

I whispered it. "Kissed her!"

At last even Martha, stupid and uneducated as she is, saw.

"And they been married seven years! For the land sakes!"

"Seven years!" I says, "Mark my words, Lucy Steele, certificate or no certificate, there's something irregular about that family! And heaven help me! I've just thought of something else!"

"I sat right down on a dusty stump in my best dress, I was so weak. My husband, the Judge, has always been attractive to ladies. What if that woman should set her cap for him? I rocked and sobbed.

"What's the matter with yu? Ge up!" the widow kept saying.

"Oh, Lucy Steele! Lucy Steele!" was all I could say. "You ought to be glad your husband's safe buried!"

The Mexican People Their Struggle for Freedom

By
L. Gutierrez de Lara
and
Edgcumb Pinchon



Each new battle of the bloody revolution in Mexico makes this book the more valuable. It is the most remarkable as well as the most intelligent interpretation of underlying motives.

Every one should have this book in his library.

We are fast closing out our remaining copies of "The Mexican People." If you hurry you can get in on the combination offer of The Western Comrade and this book for only \$1.75.

Address The Western Comrade, Circulation Manager, 923 Higgins Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

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.

Every professional man and woman, those dealing with social, medical, criminal, legal, religious and educational matters will find this book of immediate value. Nurses, police officials, heads of public institutions, writers, judges, clergymen and teachers are urged to get this book at once.

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"The Sexual Question"

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One Ounce Jar 60c Postpaid

Prepared By DR. ELIZABETH DAWSON Llano, Calif.

News From the Front

BE prepared for a thriller. Here's the latest from the front and is good for "top right, with eight-col. scarehead, (blood-red ink please, Mr. Pressman)" for any high-minded, yellow-fevered newspaper: The Kaiser has a (or the) zellegewebentzuendung. Is this a form of bacteria? If it is, beware!

Now everyone knows that most maladies are caused from over-indulgence in microbes. But even then, the microbes could all be placed on the point of a needle and not one microbe would get stuck. Now take a needle-point full of these germ distributors into your system and within a few weeks' time wake up some morning with a zellegewebentzuendung inside of you. Shades of a dinosaur!

Take a trip back into the eocene age when microbes were the size of your employer's home and went around at regular periods distributing their Palezoic germs. Suppose you were located on a high cliff and one fine day received a visit from a few of these nice big germs. Then after a few hundred years went by you woke up one day with a coryphodonia inside of you?

While your shuddering get down on your knees and fervently thank your employer's god that you are dog-gone glad you're living in the enlightened age of Christianity and that no matter what happens you can never wake up with anything worse inside you than a zellegewebentzuendung.—F. H. W.

Prosperous 1915

HAS the 1915 prosperity bubble broken? Thousands of business houses in the United States, many long established, harkened to the prosperity call, only to find it a siren blowing their death knell. This song of prosperity sounds like a cheap piano without a sounding-board. It gives forth an unharmonious, grating, tin-like noise that shows up its falsity when the first note is struck. Now that 1916 is upon us, will capitalism still delude the people with its falseness? Will we go through another year of bunko without waking?

So far as we can see, the only ones who are "blessed" with prosperity are munition manufacturers.

Telephone Home A-4533

HARRIMAN & RYCKMAN
Attorneys at Law
921 Higgins Building
Los Angeles, Cal.

Home A-2003

Main 619

A. J. STEVENS
Dentist

306 South Broadway
Room 514 Los Angeles, Cal.

Llano del Rio

(Continued from Page 15)

their own as they produce it. The wage basis is set for a figuring base, as well as to comply with legal requirements.

The company figures itself in debt to you at the rate of four dollars a day and when it begins to pay out you will have yours forthcoming—and it will pay out, as we have the climate, soil and water to do it.

The land is easily cleared and leveled, and the water is available. By putting in a dam in a nearby stream a lake will be formed of 7000 acres area, holding more than ten feet of water over the greater part of its area. This lake will enhance the value of the property millions of dollars and will cause the desert to look like the map of Ireland. The only danger is that too many cooks will spoil the broth. Discipline is essential to success. Still the colony is not undemocratic. They have their assembly where the rank and file discuss the problems. The managers' meetings every evening are open to the membership. Good ideas are at all times welcome.

The social life, even now, is a treat. The short work day gives opportunity for recreation. Music and song are heard even in these pioneering days. There are no restrictions in the colony that are not found in the rest of the world. It is the aim of the board to give as large a measure of freedom to the individual as possible and still be consistent to the welfare of the community.

The colony is a work proposition in a workaday world, and aims at turning the product socially created to the social enjoyment of the community, according to the rule "each according to his deeds."

When you come, comrades (and you will come sooner or later), do not expect to enter another world, for, if you do, you will be disappointed; but come to co-operate in the struggle against capitalism exploitation of the individual, by bending together for mutual good, in such a way that the law cannot destroy us—and we cannot destroy each other.

Read the Gateway to Freedom carefully, in the light of what I have written you. Remember it was written by men large in the faith, and is, in minor points, strong—yes, perhaps overdrawn—but not in the possibilities—they are not overdrawn in any of the literature.

If you intend to join, comrades, now is the time to take out an installment membership, at least. Get in, I advise you; for if you can only pay part of the money, it is my conviction that the time is near when men will give the premium to get Llano stock and a chance to enter the colony.

Do not think I have been swept off my feet. No, not I! After calm investigation I drew my own conclusions; saw it all, and am now telling you, comrades, realizing that should I lie or misrepresent I would justly lose my place as an efficient agitator in the cause we love. I, therefore, say again that I am convinced from a business standpoint, Llano is safe. Safe as anything under capitalism can be.

Let us review the possibilities:

Here is the Antelope Valley, in fact a part of the great Mojave desert, stretching away as far as the eyes can see—land that has lain dormant for ages, because it was not watered. The colony has means at its disposal to put water on the land.

Once this rich plain—which in its dry state is valueless—is touched by water and the plow, a veritable gold mine of virgin strength is tapped. This land will yield its wealth of fruit and grain, of beef, wool. A glance at the trees already grown, and at the growing alfalfa; multiply that by the extent of the desert, and the possibilities of the water and there opens before your eyes a vision of plenty and growth that baffles the imagination.

I realize we are easily baffled. We look at everything from the individualistic standpoint. But when you multiply the individual's power by 1000 and equip them with machinery of production, such as science has placed at our command,

Your Combings

made into switches for one dollar, postpaid.

Work guaranteed.

MRS. E. TURNWALL
Llano, Cal.



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of its kind

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Three years ago Pearson's decided to be a **free magazine.**

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This was the purpose:—

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And, with all this, Pearson's still prints as much fiction and entertainment articles as other magazines. If you want plain facts instead of pretty pictures buy a copy on the news stand for 15 cents, or subscribe by the year for \$1.50.

By special arrangement with Pearson's we are able to make you the following clubbing offer.

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Assistants—James Howe, A. M. Simons, Csmore Smith, Thomas S. Andrews.

The Leader is published in America's stronghold of Socialism. It is the greatest English Socialist Daily in the world. It is a Modern Metropolitan Daily, containing the latest news.

Among its distinctive features are:

SOCIALIST NEWS PAGE, LABOR NEWS PAGE, SPORTING PAGE, MAGAZINE SECTION, WOMAN'S PAGE, EDITORIAL PAGE.

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the horizon of possibilities widens and widens.

Aside from the soil, the water and the co-operation of many men and women, there is the factor of climate. A week before Christmas and the cottonwood still has its foliage. The grass is still green and summer birds are singing in the meadow. The long season is another advantage. The comparatively small cost of shelter and the natural advantages of a high and dry climate on health and well being, are further considerations.

I have spoken much of Llano while on the platform of the Socialist Party. I then had a few misconceptions, but these soon passed away when I saw the colony in reality. I found that to construct a world after our hearts' desire may not be the world of our comrades' dreams; and to put our notions into vogue will not work here. Llano is no dream world. It is a

job. It is employment. It depends upon the strong in heart and the steadfast in faith for victory. It has its hardships now, but we will love it for the price we paid. We are here on the frontier battling with the god of the desert on one hand, and with the monster Mammon on the other.

The influx of new members is great. They devour what was produced last year. Last year the older members were new and had to be accustomed to their tasks. This year they start in a full acquaintance with the problem and each other.

They have wrought wonders in a year. What they will yet do I cannot say and make my meaning clear. You should see for yourselves, comrades, all of you to whom I have spoken of this great work in the field of co-operation. You should come and investigate—not a Utopia—but a business proposition for collective benefit.

Cartoonist Joins Colony

THE large and steadily growing Western Comrade family has cause for congratulation on the fact that Matthew A. Kempf of New York has joined the Llano del Rio Colony and the staff of the magazine. Comrade Kempf is an artist and a cartoonist whose work has won him fame in the East where he has been known through his masterful drawings published in various magazines. Some of the Western Comrade readers are familiar with M. A. Kempf's drawings published in the Masses.

Several months ago one of his drawings occupied the two center pages of that magazine and the picture created a vast amount of favorable comment in all manner of publications in the East. New York daily newspapers as well as scores of other publications reprinted the cartoon. The drawing depicted grisly death on horseback beckoning the United States to join the carnage. The treatment of the ghastly winnows of the slain, the grim darkling of the night sky made doubly gruesome by the burning homes formed a composition that was most compelling. The picture alone was enough to have

brought any artist into the forefront of successful cartoonists. Since that time a number of Comrade Kempf's drawings have appeared in the Western Comrade. Now the artist and his wife have journeyed from New York to California to become members of the Llano del Rio Community.

Comrade Kempf will take up as much outdoor work as he will be permitted to do. He will illustrate articles for the Western Comrade and will teach art classes in the Llano schools, where he expects to develop a large amount of latent talent.

The colony is steadily gathering persons of great ability and in this latest recruit to the community the present and absent members are alike to be felicitated.

With more enrollments in the new art classes at Llano the educational average will be increased. When the population of the community was slightly over 600 there were 260 persons enrolled in the various schools and educational departments. This included all ages from the 2-year-olds in the Montessori school up to some of the 50-year-olds in the night schools.

Marked for Death

By Hortense Flexner

HE had a woodland look—half-startled, gay—
 As if his eyes, light-thirsty, had not learned
 To wake accustomed on earth's joyous day.
 A child, whose merriment and wonder burned
 In harmless flame, even his uniform
 Was but a lie to hide his wind-wild grace,
 Whose limbs were rounded youth, too supple, warm,
 To hold the measure of the street-made pace,
 Music and marching—colors in the sky—
 The crowded station, then the train—farewell!
 For all he had the glance, exultant, shy,
 That seemed to marvel, "More to see—to tell!"
 Yet with his breathing moved, hid by his coat,
 A NUMBERED, METAL DISK, STRAPPED ROUND HIS THROAT!

Watch Congress!

HERE comes the good little Public at this late day accusing the German Socialist deputies with failing of steadfast adherence to principle such as has recently been shown by one Democrat congressman who has opposed militarist plans, and laying at the door of those members the fratricidal war in Europe. All right, let's watch this Democratic congress. Let's also keep an eye on the lonely Socialist congressman. Here we will get a lot of "steadfast adherence to principle," the principle of capitalist greed and grab. It will not be rivers and harbors pork—but it will be pork.

Into Our Pocketbook

EXPENDITURES of the National Government were high enough last year, but this year there will be a call for about \$160,000,000 increase. If Myer London asks for that peace appropriation he is likely to make himself heard even if all the millions finally go for destruction of life. A Socialist congressman won't be smothered even during preparationist madness.

Pictures for Propaganda



Shoot Capitalism With a Stereopticon

Anyone can lecture with the aid of pictures; they tell the story, you point out the moral. Pictures draw a crowd where other means fail. They make your work doubly effective.

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Send stamp for complete information.

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Cut Your Fuel Bill and Get More Heat

By burning air and oil in your cook stove, heater, range, boiler or furnace.

Who would think of running an automobile on coal or wood? Yet hundreds of thousands of people today are using coal and wood to cook with.

If the railroads of today should take off their oil-burning locomotives and replace them with the old style soft coal engines, the inefficiency of the old engines would cause a great deal of dissatisfaction.

Why do you continue to use the old inefficient methods for heating and cooking?

Burn Air and Oil

The I. N. L. oil burner forms a gas that burns with an extreme heat. The cost of fuel is extremely low, ranging from three cents per gallon and up.

The installation is also simple, and the principle of operation is understood at sight.

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

Job Harriman, Managing Editor
Frank E. Wolfe, Editor

Vol. III December, 1915 No. 8

Random Shots

“DO you believe Joe Hill was guilty?” asked an argumentist who squeezed a dozen books on Scientific Socialism beneath his elbow and braced himself for wordy combat.

The question and the bracing was characteristic of the type.

The answer:

“Guilty of what? I don’t even know with what he was charged but I do know the people of the State of Utah are guilty of a brutal and cold-blooded murder. Their deed of blood and horror was studied, premeditated, and was committed after long, cooling time. No more bestial or sickening scene has been enacted in a so-called civilized state in a century. This studied barbarity is infinitely worse than the burning of negroes in Texas or lynchings in bloody Georgia. The people of Utah are as murderous in their instincts as the people of California, and both are guilty as hell!”

* * *

MANY letters have reached this office during the past month wherein readers have expressed opinions regarding the article by G. E. Bolton entitled “Murderers, You and I,” in our November issue. Only a few have disagreed with the writer, and those by way of disavowing that they are murderers and decrying the writer’s final declaration of hate. The article seems to have had the effect of arousing California readers to the realization that we are all made murderers, willingly or unwillingly, by laws that cause “the people of the state” to strangle human beings.

* * *

MAY we be permitted to suggest to some of our dogmatic and hypercritical brethren, who mistake motion for progress, that a dead fish can float down stream, but it takes a live one to swim up.



IVAN'S CHRISTMAS WISH

“You may share your heart with others, dearest,—but not your gold.”

The characters represent Russia and France

—Kladderadatsch, Berlin

THE ignominious defeat of the Allies in the Dardanelles is Germany’s greatest victory. German guns, in German designed fortresses, German officers and doubtless many German fighting men are responsible for the great victory.

Britain has paid a heavy toll in life and treasure and her Egyptian holdings are in danger. Starving Germany seems to be a costly procedure.

* * *

ASSASSINATION on the scaffold is the worst form of assassination because there it is invested with the approval of society.—*Revolutionists’ Handbook.*

IN the stampede brought about by the preparationist conspirators we seem about to be presented the indubitable proof that we are under what Burke called “the hoofs of the swinish multitude.” Shaw says “what the people are in the pit and gallery, they also are in the polling booth.” What the people read, so do they think. Today in this great “democracy” the people are reading—the daily press. Burke’s statement will vary with the square—the ratio being the per cent of people reading and believing the capitalist daily newspapers of America. We are in a position to know the number is dishearteningly large.

BEFORE you read the following lines be warned that they were taken from a speech by one of England's ablest statesmen, a profound thinker with a clearness of vision that lifts him far above his associates. Lord Roseberry, a Liberal in the broad sense, who has in this case no motive other than that of the good of humanity, said in a recent public gathering:

"I know nothing more disheartening than the announcement recently made that the United States—the one great country left in the world free from the hideous, bloody burden of war—is about to embark upon the building of a huge armada destined to be equal or second to our own. It means that the burden will continue upon the other nations, and be increased exactly in proportion to the fleet of the United States. I confess that it is a disheartening prospect that the United States, so remote from the European conflict, should voluntarily in these days take up the burden, which, after this war, will be found to have broken, or almost broken, our backs."

The conspiracy of the American armament trust will not only prove a terrific burden on the workers of our country, but will place a still greater burden upon the people of other nations.

* * *

"OVER there the dollar alone rules, and all diplomacy is a pestilential swamp; decency is an infrequent guest, with scorn grinning ever over its shoulder; the entrepreneur is a rogue, the official a purchasable puppet, the lady a cold-cream-covered lady-peacock."

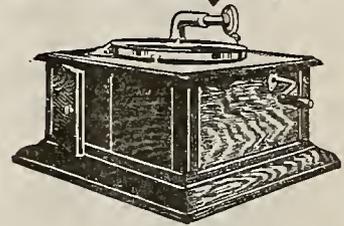
A foreign writer has just said this about the United States. We won't tell you who it was because we must all remain neutral. It's simply awful the impression some of these presumptuous and envious outsiders get of us!

* * *

NOTHING can stop reactionary protectionists from forcing a revision to the high tariff of the good old days. No longer will the need to trot out that tattered demalion "pauper labor of Europe." They have a better scarecrow in the war, and as a result it will be an easy year at Washington—and there will be much pork.

We do with Talking Machines what Ford did with Autos

YOU ASK WHY THIS BEAUTIFUL, LARGE SIZE TALKING MACHINE SELLS FOR ONLY \$10



If you have never been willing to spend \$25 for a talking machine this is your chance.

The MUSIGRAPH is as large, good-looking, right-sounding as machines selling for \$25.

How do we do it? Here's the answer: Gigantic profits have been made from \$25 machines because of patent right monopoly. Millions have gone for advertising \$25 machines, and these millions came back from the public. The attempt is to make \$25 the standard price. It's too much.

The trust price game is broken. Here is a machine which gives perfect satisfaction (guaranteed) for only \$10. It will fill your home with dancing, good music, fun and happiness. Money back if it isn't as represented. MUSIGRAPHS are selling by the thousands. People who can afford it buy showy autos, but common-sense people gladly ride Fords—both get over the ground. Same way with talking machines, only the MUSIGRAPH looks and works like the high-priced instruments.

WHAT BETTER CHRISTMAS GIFT CAN YOU THINK OF? Musigraphs play any standard disc record, high-priced or even the little five and ten cent records. Hurry your order to make sure of Christmas delivery.

We are advertising these big bargain machines through our customers—one MUSIGRAPH in use sells a dozen more.

One cash payment is our plan. So to-day, to insure Christmas delivery, send \$10, by P. O. money order, check, draft, express order or postage stamps. All we ask is that you tell your neighbors how to get a MUSIGRAPH for only \$10.

GUARANTEE.

This machine is as represented, both as to materials and workmanship, for a period of one year. If the MUSIGRAPH is not as represented send it back immediately and

Get your money back.

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Cheapest Because It Wears Best

Women's

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 Union Suits, half low neck, elbow sleeves, ankle length, sizes 32 to 44..... 1.25
 Under Vests, sleeveless, sizes 30 to 44..... .35
 Night Robes, sizes 32 to 46..... 1.50
 Hose, extra wearing, black, sizes 8 to 10½..... .30
 Hose, light weight, all colors, sizes 8 to 10½... .50

Men's

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

Men's Hose

Extra wearing value, black, sizes 9 to 11½.....\$.25
 Heavy weight, black, sizes 9 to 11½, 3 pairs.... 1.00

Girls'

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

Children's

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

Boys'

Union Suits, sizes 20 to 32...\$.60
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 Sportsman's hose for boys, sizes 6 to 10½..... .25 to .40

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Made by Wool Growers' Co-operative Mills
 Direct From Sheep's Back to Your Back

Black and Grey Mackinaw Coat, length 25 inches, sizes 36 to 44.....\$8.00
 Trousers, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes....\$4.00
 Shirts, Grey and Navy Blue, usual sizes..... 3.00

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 Grey, 70x82 in., weight 7½ lbs..... 9.90

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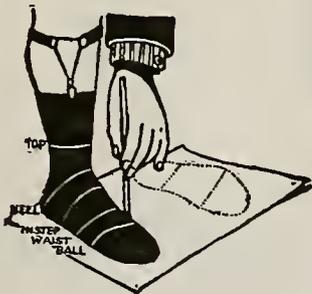
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Child's Elk shoes, 5½ to 8.....	2.00
Child's Elk shoes, 8½ to 11.....	2.50
Misses' and Youths, 11½ to 2.....	3.00

IDEAL FOOTWEAR For Ranchers and Outdoor Men

The famous Clifford Elkskin Shoes are lightest and easiest for solid comfort and will outwear three pairs of ordinary shoes.

We cover all lines from ladies,' men's and children's button or lace in light handsome patterns to the high boots for mountain, hunting, ranching or desert wear. Almost indestructible.

Send in your orders by mail. Take measurement according to instructions. Out of town shoes made immediately on receipt of order. Send P. O. order and state whether we shall forward by mail or express.



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

SALES DEPARTMENT

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

Colony Memberships For Sale

Llano del Rio Community

A NNOUNCEMENT is hereby made that about seventy-five vacancies will be made in installment memberships when that many cancellations are forced by failure to make payments. This is caused in nearly every instance by illness, death or disemployment of absent comrades or members of their family. This is not a large number considering the thousand memberships. It leaves the colony with about 150 memberships for sale. Many of our absent members have taken the short cut, closed out their business affairs, shipped their goods and joined the colonists. This has caused a rather unexpected rush and again congested the transportation department and put the builders behind, but it all clears rapidly. We want workers. Need an additional civil engineer, a photo engraver, a physician, a dentist and about one hundred farmers of experience. The Northwest holds this hundred and we hope to recruit them there. Men and women who have experi-



"Billy" Young Riding Herd at Llano

enced pioneering in the Northwest make excellent colonists. They are always welcome at Llano. We are adding to our land holdings, our machinery, our livestock and implements. We are clearing land and preparing hundreds of acres for planting.

Continuous employment is assured to all who join us. If you are tired of the fight in the competitive world come to Llano and help work out this great problem of cooperation. Read the statements on page two of this magazine; read the stories about the colony. Write for the free booklet entitled "The Gateway to Freedom," ask for an application blank and you will be in a fair way to take the step that may be the turning

point in your life. If you have the pioneer spirit and are a co-operator at heart and you can qualify by showing a clean record for sobriety, industry and honesty you will be welcomed by hundreds of your comrades who are living happily at the Llano del Rio community, Los Angeles County, California.

LLANO DEL RIO COMPANY

Membership Department

924 Higgins Building

Los Angeles, California